NOOKS AND CORNERS IN INDIA.

Many are the travellers and sightseers who now visit the East, but in most cases they content themselves with visits to the larger cities, keeping carefully to the railway track. Few see more than the outside of native houses, or if they do, it is only among the educated and Europeanised class in Calcutta or Bombay, whose houses are as English as they know how to make them. Such travellers carry away a general idea of dust and dirt as being the characteristic of the lower classes. It must be admitted that, seen from a railway carriage, Indian villages do mostly seem a mere collection of the rudest mud hovels, thrown together haphazard, and surrounded by an over-grown hedge of some thorny plant—cactus or milk bush—for defence and protection from wild beasts. Sometimes the village has a mud wall all round, with a quite imposing gateway, boasting of huge heavy wooden gates, all barred with iron. But inside they seem much alike, all built without plan or order, or, as a Hindu gentleman once described it to me, “they seem to have sprung spontaneous,” such a beautiful absence of plan is visible in the streets. Every house almost has a little court, or compound, of its own, in which stands the family altar, and where the cattle are tied up, which are the riches of the householder. Each evening the cattle are all driven in by the village herdsman, each animal going to its own home in the wisest way, and in the morning the same man drives them out to pick up what food they can in the jungles round about, the herdsman getting a very small monthly payment for each cow. This gathering together in a crowd of people, cattle, dogs, cats, &c., every night inside the high wall or hedge, would be
much worse, in a sanitary point of view, were it not for the custom of using all the cattle manure as fuel. It is made into round cakes, dried in the sun, and then used for fuel. This helps to keep compounds, and even the roads, clean, as you often see women gathering it from the roads. I have even had the preparation of these cakes made an excuse for the absence of a little girl from school. "Why has Junga been removed?" I asked, and the master made reply: "Her mother needs her at home. They have three cows, and much fuel to make," illustrating with his hands as he spoke, the method in which the "oplas" were made ready for drying in cakes. Even with this custom, however, sanitary matters in an Indian village are very primitive—much, I should think, as they would be in Europe in the Middle Ages. To travellers, these dusty and dirty looking villages therefore offer no attractions.

But this is only the outward aspect of things. If you penetrate into a village in a Native State that is well governed, where the people are fairly well off and happy, you will be most agreeably surprised. Some years ago I went with my husband to a small outlying village in the state of H.H. the Jam Sahib of Nawanagar. It was quite a small village—about 1,000 people—and lay six miles from the line of rail then lately opened through the South of Kathiawar. Tents had been pitched for us close to the village, and the villagers, who were not accustomed to visits from Sahib log (English people) were much interested in the camp. It had been put in the shade of some trees, and close to it was a small stream, which here formed a reach, where the water was pretty deep, and even in the hot season did not dry up. On its sloping banks the short thick grass was always green, and quite a pretty bit of turf lay between the tents and the river. Some fine large banyan trees shaded the ground, and I noticed, to my surprise, that overhanging the water, and bordering it on both sides, were masses of pink and white flowers. Going nearer, these proved to be oleanders, planted by the villagers to adorn the banks of their favourite stream. Lest any storm should happen to destroy the trees on this pretty spot, they every year set one or two new ones, so that trees of all ages, mostly banyans, were growing all around. Two little shrines, rude but picturesque, stood under the shade of the trees, and here the villagers came in the mornings and evenings to worship, and make their little offerings of rice, ghi, and flowers. On the turf on either side of the stream every sort of bird was to be seen. The peacock swept his
long tail over the green grass, showing himself off in his beauty in the early rising sunlight, and pigeons, hoopoes, doves, wagtails, thrushes, &c.—all manner of birds—hopped and strutted about, and rejoiced, and sought their food, and found it, in the grass or trees. On the other side of the stream were large "waris" or gardens, well hedged in, and filled with large patches of sugar-cane, hemp, maize, castor oil, bananas, &c., all the things usually grown in these enclosed fields.

On our arrival the village people welcomed us heartily, bringing us little packets of sugar candy and wreaths of flowers in token of welcome. On our journey my husband had caught cold, and inflammation in his eyes was causing him extreme pain, so the shelter and shade of the tents and trees were most agreeable after the glaring drive from the railway station. But the kind people were much concerned about him, and all sorts of remedies were sought for. The "wise woman," who is an institution in Indian as well as in English villages, was called to aid, and she sent a large lime with the top cut off, stuffed full of opium, and this held to the eye gave great relief. Limes and opium play a large part in native cures, and in some cases are magical in their effects. No better remedy for that painful thing, a whitlow, can be found than a lime hollowed out like a big thimble and then put on the finger. Many valuable remedies might be found in an Indian village, though, on the other hand, their remedies are often worse than the disease! I have seen a huge stone heated in the fire and applied as a fomentation, and they burn and blister in a terrible fashion.

When we were settled in our tents, we asked about the village, and if there was a school in it. To our surprise, in this remote little spot they not only had a flourishing boys' school, but a year earlier they had petitioned H.H. the Jam Sahib for a girls' school! With his usual goodness, His Highness at once made a small grant, and a girls' school had been opened, which now had 25 girls on the roll, one of whom could read.

We were invited to visit the schools; so when afternoon coolness permitted, I sallied forth and walked through the village, guided by a Hindu who knew a little English. After winding about through the lanes of the village, we reached the school, and found a large clean room where 70 boys were assembled. A pleasant, sensible young master had them all in good order, and their progress did him credit; for two boys were in the seventh standard, the
highest taught in vernacular schools, and four boys were in the sixth standard—a very large proportion indeed for a little village where the boys are taken very early from school to earn their living. The little girls' school was not far off. It was but a tiny place, and the old Brahmin, the only caste approved of in a girls' school, seemed quite a venerable person, and rather aged for his pupils; but that the girls should be taught at all—that was the marvel, for we know how utterly distasteful women being educated at all is to the majority of Indian people, yet here were these poor people voluntarily seeking the good of their children. After going through the usual forms of a school visit, I invited the children to come to our tents the next afternoon and have some sweets.

Returning through the village by another road, I stopped to look at a large pallia stone, such as are to be seen in or near most Kathiawar villages. These are stones set up like old-fashioned gravestones. On the upper half is a rudely cut figure of a warrior, often on horseback, and in one corner is shown a moon or half-moon, to show the time at which the warrior whom it commemorates had fallen. Very often, alongside, stands another stone, much the same in shape and size, but the carving on it represents an arm—bent, with the hand held up. This marks the spot where sati was performed, the warrior's faithful wife following him to the next world, believing that in his next existence she would be rewarded by again becoming his wife. Most of these stones seem to be painted red. In Veradh there was no sati memorial, only the one with the figure of a warrior rudely carved on it. It was quite in the middle of the village, and when I stopped to look at it, I noticed a man apparently between 30 and 40 years of age, who stood on the other side of the stone and gazed at me very fixedly. My guide pointed to him, and said, "This is that man's father's pallia." I had always looked at such stones as memorials of times long gone by, so felt quite startled to find one, so to speak, a thing of the present day! It appeared that thirty years ago a party of people from Scinde had attacked Veradh and attempted to plunder it, but the brave villagers had defended their hearths and homes, and in the fight this man's father had been killed—a village hero—and this stone had been put up in his honour. Next day we had occasion to go to a native town of some size about six miles off. All round the village the fields were well marked out and carefully cultivated, and the whole country had an
air of comfort and prosperity pleasant to behold. The country people all looked well fed, well clothed in stout cotton garments, and contented and happy. In the fields all about game abounded, great herds of deer passed us, and game birds of many kinds seemed almost tame, so safe were they from dog or gun; any country people we met were quite at ease. They were full of politeness, and hearty welcomes greeted you wherever you went, expressed in the most polite terms, and with evident sincerity; yet there was not a tinge in their manners of that cringing servility such as you meet in some parts of India, and which is so utterly hateful to see.

In the afternoon, at the set time, my servant came to tell me that the school children had assembled, and that sweets were ready. On going out I found that my little attempt at making a play for the bairns was being treated by the village as quite an event. Not only were the children assembled, all armed with their books and slates and seated in classes on the grass, but the School Committee, and specially that of the girls' school, were all present, all seated near the shrines in the shade of the large trees. The Girls' School Committee, seven of the elders of the village, were first introduced to me, and they thanked me for the interest we had shown in their schools. They, on their part, were also giving a treat to the children, a piece of sugar cane being ready for each child, and the more to encourage the little girls in their pursuit of knowledge, a whole sugar cane was ready for each girl. It was quite a pretty scene, and I did wish some of those writers and speakers whose one theme is the poverty and misery of India could have seen these villagers sitting, cheerful and contented, on their pretty river bank, made gay with its wreaths of oleander blossoms and shaded by the fine old trees. Poverty and misery are to be found everywhere, and at all times in this world, and will be while this world last, but certainly their chief abode is not in India. The meeting lasted some time. The children sang many songs, not perhaps to our ears very melodious, but which delighted them. Like some of our own old ballads, an Indian song has always a refrain, which is repeated after every two or three lines, and serves to make the melody very "long drawn out" indeed. Fancy "Fair Helen of Kirconnel" sung with the first verse repeated between each of the others, and it would be like these country songs. This made the music last till after sunset, when the company gathered up their cloths, the children their school books, sweets, and sugar cane, and
after many friendly adieus, away they went to their own homes.

The next morning we departed with many regrets, several of the village people coming to wish us good-bye and giving us the white flowers, which are thought a propitious offering on starting on a journey. The soul of the young school-master had been even stirred into poetry by all this unwonted excitement, and as we were going off he presented us with a poem describing our visit, and, à propos of it, all the benefits of modern civilisation and the happiness it brought. I must add that on our return to Jamnagar the young heir of H.H. the Jam Sahib, on hearing of the good progress made in this village school, sent the master and the boys in the highest standard each a book, and to make his gift more valuable, the small boy (he was about seven years old) got their names, and with infinite pains wrote in each book the name of the happy recipient. I heard that these gifts caused great excitement. The arrival of the books was the occasion of another gathering, this time in the school-house, that the books might be received with due honour. The love and reverence felt by all classes for their Rajah made the little heir’s kind act doubly pleasant to them.

I will never see Veradh again; but it is always a pleasant memory, and I hope its happiness and prosperity are just what would be found in many an Indian village if people only saw them as I then did.

B. H. McCLELLAND.
SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT AND PRESERVATION OF INDIAN ART.

GENESIS OF ORIENTAL DECORATIVE ART.

"The Termless Antiquity, Historical Continuity, and Integral Identity of the Oriental Manufacture of Sumptuary Carpets" — there's a grandly comprehensive title! And the work thus introduced is everyway worthy thereof. It is by Sir George Birdwood, prepared by him, as we understand, at the instance of the Imperial Government of Austro-Hungary; and from this we may infer in how much more sumptuary manner do Continental authorities promote and support research, literary and other, than do ours, who move and have their being under the constant restraint of budget-bondage. This great work, published under the auspices of the Vienna Court, we know of, and desire to make others aware of it, as republished in the columns of the Bombay Gazette's summaries. So extensive, discursive, and far-reaching is this marvellous historical, classical, and artistic survey, which, most emphatically, is "rich with the spoils of time," that we can do little more here than give a good advertisement of it, and invite the attention of persons of leisure and taste to search for themselves amidst its multifarious treasures.

First, it is desirable to explain that the term "carpets" — which is merely as a brick to a palace — expands into the whole field, not only of cloth of gold (kinkabs), but of curtains and hangings of every description; tapestries of all sorts; coverlets, counterpanes, coverings for chariots and coaches; veils of temples and for ladies of high degree; and, even, corselets such as that through which "Cleopatra's white breast shone in Sidonian tissue, finely wrought with the sley of Seres, the needle of the Nile," what time, in the age of gold, the fascinating queen was enrobed to meet the great Cæsar at the banquet in Alexandria. But the eager historian's research goes far beyond that period in order to illustrate one of his favourite theories — namely, that
"already at the time of the composition of the Iliad and Odyssey these textiles had acquired the ritualistic Euphratean types by which they have ever since been predominantly characterised throughout Central, Southern and Western Asia, as also in their passage through Phoenicia and Phrygia into Europe." From this, and other passages that deal largely with the Greeks and Hebrews, it will be seen that in this survey the term "Oriental" covers far more than India. It, indeed, supplies a much fuller exposition of the influence of the East in general than that which Mr. Gladstone toiled after, half in vain, in the essay read on his behalf by Professor Max Muller at the Oriental Congress in 1892.

Then, in attempting to go back to the very beginning of these mysteries of decorative art—if our author would permit us to imagine, art really was made, not created—he thus pierces the profound obscure: "The decoration of textile fabrics was at first extremely ritualistic, and prehistorically it would seem to have originated in—tattooing: from which the rich symbolical vestments worn by kings and priests have, in great part of the world, been obviously derived. The practice was once universal, and is still widespread, and where it yet survives is invariably ritualistic, indicating the relation of those so 'stigmatised' to their tribes and tribal divinities." Not content with this wide generalisation, Sir George Birdwood, in utilising the Biblical record where possible, finds the very fount and origin of tattooing, the divine primordial germ of all decorative art in the text: "And the Lord set a mark upon Cain, lest any finding him should kill him;" and this is followed up by references to the marks "set on the forehead of the men who remained true to Javeh," and so on, to the mystical marks engraven on "the Beast, and on those who overcame the Beast," as in the Apocalypse of St. John.

Now, as it is evident that we and "panting time" can only toil after these mystic symbolisms in vain, it behoves us to descend to secular and work-day aspects of this vast and varied subject. There is only one method we can adopt in trying to link on to this transcendental retrospect our humble practical task, of restoring or cultivating respect for the decorative handicraft arts of modern India. That is, we must pick out of the mighty maze and prismatic display a few passages and hints of taste and design that survive in, or can be associated with the textiles, the chased metal-work, the carvings or architecture found, or traceable in the various branches of Indian art. In trying this plan
we get back to carpets. Then, after escaping from Chaldea and struggling through the influence of Saracen, Iranian, and Persian instincts, or conventional ornamentation and colouring, we strike Indian ground thus:

After these, the wonderful carpets of Bangalore (Mysore) probably approach, in their bold scale of design, and archaic force of colouring, nearest to their Euphratean prototypes. The old blue and red chequered cotton carpets (satranjis) of the Mahrattas, and the gaily striped, or otherwise mat-patterned, cotton rugs (daris) of Kattyawar, Gujarat and Rajputana, have in their crude, primitive designs, and almost prismatic colours—black, orange, red, yellow, green, blue, and white—preserved their ancient Egyptian physiognomy, of the period of the Ptolemies, without the slightest change to the present day; while the Indian susni, or counterpane, embroidered with white water lilies, has preserved in its name the record of its original importation from Susa—i.e., the City of "Lilies."

And again—

The Italianesque style introduced in the treatment of modern Persian carpets, and, with marked local modifications, of the Masulipatam (Coromandel), and other denominations of Indian carpets, if a departure from the traditionary Euphratean mode, is yet undeniably pleasing; and on account of its broken patterning, and generally diffused colouring, better adapted to carpets intended for European rooms, where they are overcrowded and overshadowed by the furniture than the severely co-ordinated designs and immense masses of clearly defined deep-toned colours of the carpets of Ushak, Koula, and Bangalore. . . . . . The late Sir Bartle Frere had one of these Abbasi Persian carpets, brought for him by Sir Frederic Goldsmid, direct from Kirman. It is referred to by Sir Henry Yule in a note on the Chapter (17), "concerning the Kingdom of Kirman," in Book 1. of his edition of the travels of Ser Marco Polo; and I knew it well. The field was of a creamy white, overspread with pink and yellow roses, and the border black and green, scrolled with white roses and red.

Then we come upon a passage which does really lend itself to our plain expository duty:

Notwithstanding, however, the sweet charm of the Abbasi Persian carpets of modern trade, the palm for pre-eminent artistic merit, above that of all other denominations of Oriental carpets now manufactured for merely commercial gain, must be awarded to those of Masulipatam and Bangalore; to the former, for their perfect adaptability to European domestic uses; and to the latter, on account of the marvellously-balanced arrangement of their colossal proportions, and the Titanic power of their colouring, which in these carpets satisfy the feeling for breadth, and space, and impressiveness in State furniture, as if they were indeed made for the palaces of kings, and the temples of the gods; and these Southern-Indian carpets, the Masulipatam, derived from the
Abbasi Persian, and the Bangalore, without a trace of Saracenic, or any other modern influence, are both, relatively to their special applications, the noblest designed of any denominations of carpets now made, while the Bangalore carpets are unapproachable by the commercial carpets of any time and place.

Glancing back to that blessedly vague region of Mesopotamia, we notice that our author has to confess there are "no actual remains of Assyrian and Babylonian carpets"; but Sir George is not beaten by mere lack of samples to show; and he proceeds to restore the sumptuary textiles and floor-cloths of that extinct civilisation with as much intrepidity and scientific accuracy (the latter must be taken for granted), as Professor Owen was wont to rehabilitate antediluvian monsters from the imprints on the rocks of their fearful hoof-prints. This is how that feat of resuscitation is done in the present case, and the whole strange artistic story from Babylon to Bangalore is linked on to the surviving Indian art of our day:

The slab with large rosettes sculptured in the centre, and "the knot and flower" pattern along the border, discovered by Layard, in the doorway of the palace of Sennacherib (b.c. 705—681), on the Koyundjik mound near Mosul (Nineveh); and the door sill, with a similar border, and a centre of a cross-barred, semi-floreated, semi-geometrical diaper, found in the palace of Sargon (b.c. 722—703), on the Khorsabad mound, north of Mosul; together with the enamelled bricks found at Khorsabad, and in the palaces of Esarhaddon (b.c. 681—668), and Assurbanipal (b.c. 688—626) at Nimrud (Calah); and the decorations of the royal robes of the Chaldean King Merodach Nadin-Akhi (b.c. 1100), and of the Assyrian kings represented on the Nineveh marbles: all these contemporary documents incontestibly prove that, in design and colour, the carpets woven in Hindustan and Central Asia today, are the self-same carpets as were used for awnings and floor covering in the palaces of Sargon, Sennacherib, Esarhaddon, and Sardanapalus, "the great and noble Asnaper" of the Book of Ezra (IV. 10). The stone slab from Koyundjik, and the door sill from Khorsabad, are palpably copied from carpets, the first of the style of the carpets of Bangalore, and they were probably coloured like carpets; while the pectoral worn by Sardanapalus, as it is seen on the Nineveh marbles, is an exact miniature of a Kurdish carpet of the present time. The field is filled with a palm-headed "Tree of Life," and the border set with alternate bars and rosettes (lotus flowers); while the same difficulty has been felt by the designer in turning the corners of the amulet with the latter as may be still observed in Kurdish and other Eastern carpets. In short, the carpets now woven in Asia Minor, Persia, and Turkestan, and in Southern India, faithfully repeat, alike the general scheme of design, the decorative details, and the colouring of the Assyrian and
Babylonian sumptuary textile fabrics of B.C. 1000—607 (Fall of Nineveh) and 538 (Fall of Babylon).

Now let us touch on tapestries; but first, by way of going to the very foundation of the art, we will quote a passage in which ancient looms are described with their archaic technicalities; and this, by the way, may serve to throw light on certain notes in another page of this Magazine describing the decaying art of muslin weaving in the Masulipatam districts at the present day:

Among the ruins of the great necropolis at Medinet Abu (Thebes) of the Pharaohs of the New or Second Theban Empire (B.C. 1700—1000), one of the frescoes represents the weaving, by three men, of a patternless web, on an upright loom furnished with a regular cloth beam (insubulum, "tela insubulis"). At Beni Assan (Speos Artemidos) the beautiful grotto-like tombs, with proto-Doric columns, of the Pharaohs of the Middle, or First Theban Empire (B.C. 3100—1700), one of the wall paintings represents a party of Egyptian women, apparently superintended by a man, filling the distaff with cotton or lint, twisting it with a spindle into thread, dyeing the thread, and weaving it on a simple, that is cloth-beamless, upright loom ("tela jugalis"); separating, that is decussating, the threads of the warp (tela, stamen) with a leash rod (liciatorium, arundo) to form the tramway (trama, cf: trames, "a cross-path") through which the threads of the woof (subtegmen, subtemen, subteximen) are being passed, and beaten home, not with the true shuttle (alveolus) and batten (spatha, arundo), or the comb (pecten), but with the radius, a very ancient textrine instrument, similar to the long weaving reed of the Hindus, and serving at once as shuttle and sley. In both of these looms the web is fastened down to a yarnbeam (scapus), instead of being kept taut by weights, usually stones (pondera), as is still done in India. Another of the Beni Haffan pictures represents a man weaving a small chequered carpet on a horizontal loom. . . . . In Western India I have seen the horizontal loom kept stretched by swathing the web, as worked, round the weaver's body. And I have seen thread spun from cotton wool by the simple expedient of using the left hand as the distaff, and the right as the spindle and reel.

Taking up our thread of tapestries, we find, in Part V. of Sir George Birdwood's work, a finely coloured record of these textiles, skilfully gathered up from the Pentateuch, to the Song of Solomon and Ezekiel. Following a text in the latter, we get a compact summary of this glowing Hebraic field of decorative textile art:

"Dedan was thy merchant in precious clothes (cloths) for chariots." Some have translated this as "magnificent carpets for
chariots.” It is indifferent which translation is the closer to the original Hebrew, for either equally indicates the sumptuary tapestries for which India, and Irak Arabi, have ever been renowned. . . . . .

All the commentators are agreed that the cotton, woollen, and silken stuffs of ancient India, in which the Arabians traded with the West by way of the Persian Gulf, and Aden, and the Red Sea, are here meant: and the “cedar boxes” were probably deodar cases, containing woollen stuffs, similar to the present Cashmere shawls, and the blue clothes, or “blue foldings” as the marginal version has it, were possibly the indigo-dyed vestures, still made upon the loom, without seam, and woven in one piece, all over India.

After this, our author harks back to the “personality of Homer,” and the “Semitic strain in his Meonian blood”; and then, with all his enthusiasm, tells us, from the Odyssey, how “Helen spreads on the couches where Nestor and Telemachus are to sleep, beautiful (purple) blankets, and tapestry on top of them as a counterpane;” and shows how “the sons of Aeolus are described as sleeping with their chaste wives on tapestry, as the humbler classes of the natives of India still sleep on carpets unrolled for the purpose every night, and rolled up again every morning and laid aside during the day.”

Here then is a touch of nature that makes us kin with the archaic world in which our erudite author has revelled, and well-nigh bewildered us in bright dreams of the golden age when time was young. Thus, in spite of the apparent impossibility of the task, our audacity, or rather Sir George’s, has served us to indicate, if not to prove, that the humble practical programme of the S.E P.I.A. has sanction for its claims which rest on the perennial principles that underlie all true decorative art. So, a fig for your academic definitions! The hereditary rule of thumb, combined with oriental mankind’s innate perception of the fitness of things, are sufficient for our purpose.

There are in Sir George Birdwood’s work only few references to fictile art; but these serve to bring in one of the very few notes bearing on the architectural branch of our subject—and this will have an interest in Western India. This occurs in a passing mention of the Church of St. Apollonare, built in the sixth century, which contains a mosaic representing the palace of the Ostrogothic King. From this it appears that its “corridors were hung with curtains in the very same fashion as was followed during the picturesque times of the Peishwas, in draping the colonnades of the old Mahratta Palace at Poona.” In a foot-note is given a concise description of that building.
and its associations, with which our discursive review may fitly conclude:

The destruction of this palace by fire in 1827 [ten years after our occupation], will never cease to be regretted by the student of the history of art in India; for, like the still standing temple of Vishnu, in his avatar of Rama, on the island of Ramisseram, it was a striking example of the survival of the sumptuous building style of Mesopotamia in India down to the most modern dates immediately preceding the English conquest of the country. It was commenced by Baji Rao I., the second Peishwa (A.D. 1720—1740), and completed by his successor Balaji Baji Rao (A.D. 1740—1761); and was built in the Shanvar ward, because Baji Rao I., happening one day to see a hare drive a dog off the spot, thought that a palace built there would never be taken by the Mongols of Delhi. It was seven stories high, the seventh story being the Asmani Mahal, or Palace of the Firmament, erected by Baji Rao II., the last Peishwa (A.D. 1795—1853), whose adopted son was the infamous Nana Sahib. It was divided into four larger, and three smaller courts; and contained seven Divan Khanas or reception halls. The latter each consisted of a long hall with lateral corridors, separated from the body of the hall by richly carved pillars. The ceilings were covered with beautiful carving in wood; and the walls were all painted with scenes from the Itihasas and Puranas in enamelled colours and gold.

Though it be vain, as we have hinted, to ask for definitions, we find, in a single sentence, two comprehensive indications that may serve as clues for students of the mystic and symbolical side of Oriental decorative art, for which, on their behalf, we may thank the author: "The broad hem of this regal or sacerdotal robe (of a Hittite priest-king) bears the Swastika pattern—the predominance of which now, everywhere, marks the Turanian art of the Old World; as that of the Tree of Life and knop-and-flower distinguish the Aryan."

W. M. W.

Textiles in Ganjam-Chicacole Muslins.

It is not very difficult to put our finger on the spot whence proceeds the irritation which by degrees scotches and often kills off the manufacture of Indian textile fabrics. The effect is most readily apparent in the Presidency and other large towns, the nuclei of trade; but in the villages of remote districts, where the past seems to linger longest; it does not so easily come under observation, so that an industry, indigenous or transplanted thither centuries ago,
may die and be no more seen before those interested in its preservation may know anything about it.

We know, of course, how methods of assistance issuing from the most friendly hands may, if misapplied, destroy where they were intended to vivify. Truly, it is not easy to say how this or that industry may be best assisted so that it can hold its own in the strife of modern trade; and I confess to little belief in the efficacy of any extraneous assistance from without which will not put it in the way of doing this.

Perhaps a concrete example of what has been done on these lines may be worthy consideration, as it indicates what may be done in a small way towards really and not only spuriously preserving a genuine Indian textile industry. Some of us flatter ourselves that everything English (of the United Kingdom, at any rate), whether an apple or a shirt, whether a bit of coal or a plough, a dog or a cow, anything that comes out of or is produced in England, is superior to the like elsewhere. One holding this view would have his horizon widened if he went to Chicacole, in the far-away Ganjam district, and examined the local textile product. Chicacole muslin was once widely known. Our great-grandmothers in Southern India knew the value of this material, and subdued it into gowns, and so on; but Lancashire stuffs, bad in texture, bad in every quality which cotton goods for wear or use should possess, but having the supreme characteristic of cheapness, gradually pushed it aside; and, at last, the muslin-weavers were compelled to put their skillful hands to work demanding labour, but little skill, competing with the Parias in making coarse cotton stuffs. Their muslin-looms were in pawn, and they were—well, not flourishing. Their hereditary work was practically dead, and would have remained dead but that the good fairy came ere it was too late; ere, in fact, the old muslin-weavers were dead. Her name I dare not put down here without her permission. Let me but say she is an old friend, and this is but one of many occasions on which she has "helped lame dogs over stiles."

Quickly appreciating the state of things when she came to Chicacole in 1884, in her own quiet way she set about effecting improvement, and before long the little muslin-weaver’s hamlet was again happy, full of the hereditary work of its inhabitants. The weavers, illiterate to a man, were taught as far as possible to do everything for them-
selves—to help themselves, in fact. Orders were obtained for them from people who really wanted the product of their hands, and they were made to pack their own goods, take them to the post office, and despatch them, retaining the receipt, and to perform many unheard of operations, even to cashing their own money-orders.

It was no easy matter to help them in their own way. Their notions of demand and supply, how the latter should meet the former, and so on, were as hazy as my own on "fractions" or "long division." Their solitary idea as to the best way to increase their sales was expressed in starting for Vizagapatam and Vizianagram, forty miles off, armed with a load of their worst work, for which they tried to extort thrice its value; and not succeeding they were disheartened. After Mrs. S.'s departure, it happened that I was going to Madras from Chicacole, and, anxious to get orders for muslin from friends who would be glad to get some of the material if they only knew it, the weavers' houses were visited and their work and stock examined, while my purpose was explained.

In spite of all rational argument, nothing would induce them to give me representative patterns of their work, answering my request to cut off ever so small a scrap from a piece of each pattern thus: "If we cut anything off a piece no one will buy it, and then what shall we do?" "If anyone wants us to make let them give us the order, and we will make." And so on. At last they sent some filthy scraps, refuse rags, which they said were specimens of their handicraft, but which could not have been shown with any prospect of getting orders for the weavers.

However, with the help they were given to reach the world outside their own village, they were able to redeem their looms and keep at work, and even do something in the way of competition with Manchester stuff at home. Their work and the work of their fathers was revived. Without such help as they received it could not have been. Nevertheless, their native customers valued fully their handiwork. It was of two qualities and prices. The best was muslin, woven of cotton of good staple, locally grown, and spun by their women folk; the second was muslin woven of English yarn (native dyers used for both). Price of the former per piece (about 12 yards in length and 3 or 4 ft. wide) was 10 to 11½ rupees, while that of the latter was 7 to 7½ rupees. The muslin woven of their own yarn was always beautifully soft, almost invincible by the dhoby, improved by washing, and would wear at least twice as long
as the muslin woven of English yarn, the inferiority of which was also apparent in the hardness of its texture: it was, moreover, not so amenable to the dye as the other. Hindus have often told me that a "cloth" of the muslin of the home yarn would last at least two years, while one of the English yarn would last but one year, "Then why don't you buy the best—its cheaper in the end?" "I know it is; but the other is cheaper at the time, so I buy it."

Mrs. David Carmichael, at whose request I write, has been sent two patterns of Chicacole muslin, from which may be judged the use to which the fabric might be applied; and should any one want pieces of the material they can be obtained. Here is an opportunity for members of the Society! In these days of depreciated rupees, the stuff would be cheap enough. The first thing would be to obtain a good set of patterns, know the exact width, &c. It could be woven to almost any required length.

I have seen morning gowns of Chicacole muslin—it is not so flimsy as the word muslin suggests—and very pretty they looked. Of course, it might be good for curtains and the like. One Chicacole pattern is in spots of blue or red on white ground; and this can be changed to cream colour or a very light yellow by the simple process of washing the material once in water in which has been mixed a little yellow earth from the bed of the Chicacole river. It makes a fast dye. The spots are fixed into the muslin in process of weaving with the fingers, using a thread of blue or red as required, so that the fabric is woven through the spot which is not stamped on it. Patterns which are not spots must be in straight lines.

My allotted space is already outrun, and no more than a hint can be thrown out as to what is perhaps the gravest reason for preserving Indian industries. We have introduced the spirit of discontent with the past, which fosters restlessness and desire for change; thus many innocent-looking factors may insidiously bring about results that are greatly at variance with the beneficially conservative character of the people of India.

F. FAWCETT.

As mentioned some time since in these pages, the abolition of the import and excise duties on gold and silver plate has not availed to further the free sale of Indian art wares of the kind in this country, though it has facilitated
private purchases of them from India. An insurmountable obstacle to free sale of these articles still exists in the system of compulsory hall-marking, from causes that are well understood. Hence we are glad to learn that the East India Association is sending in a Memorial, on behalf of the Indian workers in gold and silver, praying that this compulsory condition shall be removed, leaving hall-marking to be voluntary and optional.

It is with no common pleasure that S.E.P.I.A. communicates to its subscribers the following extract from a recent number of the well-known Indian newspaper, the Pioneer. The action taken by H.H. the Maharao of Kotah, at the suggestion of Mrs. Curzon Wyllie, for the encouragement of the local industries of Kotah, where the present dynasty has been established for nearly 300 years, is certain to result in furthering the important objects for which S.E.P.I.A. was organised. May other native rulers be led to exhibit similar prescience.

KOTAH.

[From a Correspondent.] 2nd April.

A most interesting experiment has just been made in this distant, but well-regulated State, in the shape of an exhibition of local arts and manufacturers. Kotah has long been renowned in Rajputana for its muslin, arms, carpets, and silver work. But owing to the introduction of cheap foreign cloths, arms, &c., the demand for Kotah manufactures had fallen off, and the local industries showed signs of languishing.

With a view to stimulate these local industries, his Highness the Maharao, at 5 p.m. on the 9th April, opened the first exhibition of purely local handicrafts; a camp having been pitched in a lovely spot in the beautiful public gardens for which also Kotah is celebrated, four large shamiandas being erected to contain the different articles exhibited. All the Sirdars and the State officials were in attendance on his Highness, while a very large crowd witnessed the opening ceremony, which was held in the central shamiana, that had been tastefully decorated with palms and flowers for the occasion.
The Political Agent, Captain C. Herbert, and the ladies and gentlemen in Kotah were also present. The proceedings commenced with a speech in Urdu by Kanwar Onkar Singh (Secretary), on behalf of the Committee, of which the following is a translation:

"Your Highness,—The Committee have great pleasure to announce to your Highness that the Wyllie Fair is now an accomplished fact. The artisans and manufacturers of Kotah, responding to your Highness's recent idea to start a local exhibition on a small beginning, have brought a number of things made by themselves, and though we were diffident of success on this occasion, the exhibition being the first of its kind in Kotah, yet our tables are loaded to-day with no less than 560 exhibits, consisting of arms and articles appertaining to dress, adornment, or comfort in general, such as furniture and the like, a fact which proves that the people of this place are not void of skill. This is the result of your Highness's desire to promote the welfare of your subjects, and if similar inducements continue to be offered by your Highness in future, it is to be hoped the arts of Kotah will receive great encouragement. We pray devoutly that the fair commenced to-day on a small scale, may develop in time into a large exhibition, worthy of recognition by the outside public, and so promote the commerce and prosperity of the people and add to the good name of the State.

"The Committee respectfully request your Highness to open the Wyllie Fair."

His Highness then made the following reply:

"Captain Herbert, and gentlemen of the Committee,—I am very glad indeed that the pleasant duty of opening the Wyllie Fair has fallen to my lot, but before doing so I wish to say a few words regarding its origin and inception.

"On my return from the Mayo College, I turned my attention, as the Committee have already observed, to devising means to promote the well-being of my subjects, a matter which is and ever shall be in my thoughts. Consequently, I took hold of the suggestion made to me by Mrs. Curzon Wyllie to start, upon a small scale, an exhibition of Kotah arts, as a means of encouraging local industries, some of which are peculiar to the State, and as the idea had emanated from Mrs. Curzon Wyllie, I obtained her permission to give it the name of 'Wyllie Fair.' I sincerely regret her absence and that of Colonel Wyllie to-day, occasioned by Colonel Wyllie's transfer to Oodeypore. But, on the other hand, I feel happy to think that this exhibition will not only add to the ties of friendship already existing between us, but will also serve as a memento of their connexion with this State.

"I also have to thank my friend Captain Herbert who kindly helped me with his advice in securing success in the matter, and those ladies and gentlemen who have promised their assistance to me in awarding the prizes."
I have also to give my thanks to the gentlemen of the Committee, who have worked with a will in collecting the exhibits. I can say from my personal knowledge that they most willingly exerted themselves for the benefit and improvement of my people, and I beg to assure them that my efforts will not abate in future to promote the interests of this exhibition. I now declare the Wyllie Fair open."

All present then adjourned to inspect the exhibits, and judging from the fact that every article exhibited for sale found a ready purchaser, and in many cases numerous orders were booked for similar articles to be made at once, we may hope that the exhibitors were repaid for their trouble in bringing articles for exhibition, and derived considerable benefit.

The fair remained open for four days, and was daily attended by large crowds of sight-seers. On the evening of the 12th inst. His Highness distributed prizes to the successful exhibitors, each money prize being accompanied by a certificate which much delighted the recipients.

We trust the exhibition, which is to be an annual affair, will year by year improve, and that the substantial money prizes which were distributed for purely local art, will induce the local workers to endeavour to continue to produce articles, the art of making which seems, in several instances, to be more or less a secret, and which would die out with a few folk who now work at these trades, were they not encouraged to continue their work and bring up their children to the same. Nearly all the beautiful muslins and other works are made by the very poorest classes, who have not the capital wherewith to open shops of their own, and this way of bringing their goods before the public has so far been, and promises to be, a success. Some day, when the railway connects this old historical town with the outer world, these products may find the larger market which they richly deserve.

New Members for S.E.P.I.A.: Monsieur de Wesseletsky Bojidarovitch; Samuel Hopgood Hart, Esq. (junior).
Kinchinjow: The Snow Lord.

Kinchinjow, the high Snow Lord,*
In his silver mail he stands,
Mighty, giant frontier-guard,
Ever keeping watch and ward
O'er the ancient Indian lands.

Gleams of green his helm reveal,
O'er his great brows forward tossed;†
Ice, the rolling years anneal,
Chill and temper hard as steel
In the armoury of the frost,

Grind and polish smooth as glass.—
Winds, from Sikkhim to Thibet,
At his feet, the lonely pass,
On whose other side the mass
Of Chumlāri's mount is set.

So they stand, one west, one east
Of the pass, that winds between
Where the ridge's height is least;
There scent trains of man and beast
Through the summer months are seen.

But in winter none intrude
On the stillness stern and hard,
Brooding o'er the solitude
Of the regions rough and rude,
Where those giant chiefs stand guard.

* Kinchinjow (in Thibetan The Snow Lord) and Chumlāri stand on either side of the pass, at the head of the Lachen Valley, leading north into Thibet. The Lachen and Lachung unite to form the Teesta. The valley of the Teesta is Sikkhim.

† Kinchinjow is topped by a solid green cap of ice, overhanging the side next the pass, like that which overhangs the Kicking Horse Pass, on the Canadian Pacific Railway. "A stupendous mountain, from which a glacier of shining green ice, eight-hundred feet thick, hangs directly over head." E. A. Gordon—Clear Round, p. 73.
SONGS OF SUNRISE ON THE HIMALAYAS. 299

So they stand, these high snow lords,
   Chieftains they of old renown;
   When the moon a view affords,
   See them raise their steel-blue swords
   Through her pale light streaming down;

   While behind their followers throng,
   Throng in close and serried ranks,
   Duly ranged in phalanx strong,
   Stretching out in order long,
   With the moonlight on their flanks.

   Eastward soon a streak appears
   Of a cold and sober grey,
   Silver gleam the serried spears,
   Every warrior uprears
   In the glorious array.

   Then the bright and smiling dawn,
   Fair young Ushas mounts the skies,
   Blithe, but coy, as is a fawn
   On secluded woodland lawn,
   Scattering rose-wreaths as she flies.

   Fall the wreaths around the blades
   Raised in air to greet the queen.
   Countless colours, lights, and shades,
   This that deepens, that that fades,
   Changing evermore are seen.

   Sudden from the east a beam
   Shoots, of golden dazzling light,
   As Pururavas's team,
   Fiery steeds, with manes that stream
   Far o'er heaven, rush up the height.

   Following Ushas with his hot
   Eager quest, that ceaseth never,
   All in vain; though wildly sought
   She eludes him, she is not
   To be clasped though followed ever.†

   How the burnished spear-points glow
   As the level fiery beam,
   Keen as arrow from the bow,
   Striking straight along the row,
   Wakes on each a golden gleam,

† The legend of the never-ending, but fruitless pursuit of Ushas, the dawn, by Pururavas, the rising sun, is fully discussed in Max Müller's *Chips from a German Workshop*. 
And with radiant lustre fills
Every point, each snowy spire,
Till the brightness it instils
Shows the contours of the hills
Limned in lines of living fire.§

So they greet Pururavas,
The strong king, the rising sun,
Flame the spear-points o'er the mass
Of the troops that flank the pass,
Flame to greet him everyone.

Then, as goes he, leaping higher
Into the deep blue of day,
Sapphire flash and golden fire,
Hues scarce seen ere they expire,
On the spear points fade away.

Stand the chiefs in surcoats white
Over shining silver mail,
Spotless as the pure young knight,
Soul of truth and arm of might,
Who beheld the holy grail.

So they head their proud array,
Heavenward flash their sword points keen,
Raised our hearts are in their sway,
Forward ! where they point the way
Those high lords in silver sheen.

M. R. WELD.

§ See notes to Kinchinjunga, in the May number, p. 264.
REVIEWs.


This handsome volume contains work by many contributors, of whom Sir M. Monier Williams is responsible for no less than 229 pages. There are some dozen illustrations, portraits, and views, and a good General Index adds much to the reader's pleasure. Sir Monier also furnishes an "Introduction," and there is perhaps no indiscretion in our regarding him as the Editor of the work—which issued, as he informs us, from a suggestion made by him when a number of the quondam-students were dining together just four years ago.

Events move so rapidly that an institution which rose and fell during the first half of the present century has already entered into the domain of what is known as "ancient history." There is, indeed, a place of education on the same spot, and one which uses the same buildings. But that is not "Old Haileybury;" and the work before us deals with a special institution once closely connected with Indian administration.

The "East India College"—to give it the true designation—arose out of the far-sighted, if somewhat premature, policy of Lord Wellesley, whose contempt of "the cheesemongers of Leadenhall Street," as he described his honourable masters, led him to project the establishment of a British Indian Empire. Not, indeed, on the scale of Lord Dalhousie, nor on a basis of universal conquest. Native States were still to be recognised and respected. But they were to be induced, by force or by persuasion as the case might be, to accept the British Government as their patron, guide, and general arbiter and peace-maker. One immediate result of this policy, and of the extension of direct dominion in which it resulted, was the necessity for administrators on whose integrity and ability some dependence might be placed. The last vestige of Native officialism in Bengal had long since disappeared; the
reforms of Lord Cornwallis had led to an extensive introduction of the European element; and the Company's Civil Servants, although still and long after known as "writers," "merchants," and "factors," had to assume the duties of Judges, District Officers, and Political Agents. One of Wellesley's first measures after the conquest of Hindustan had been undertaken, was to open a college in Calcutta, where the young officers sent out from England should be instructed in law, literature, and the languages of their respective Presidencies. From a "Calendar" published at the time, we learn both the nature of the studies included in the curriculum and the names of the students, among whom were Charles Metcalfe, Mountstuart Elphinstone, Richard Jenkins, and Butterworth Bayley, all destined to distinction in various fields of public employ. But the Court of Directors at home was jealous of its already decreasing authority, and distrustful, generally, of its self-reliant Governor-General. The College of Fort William was reduced to the level of an examining board, and an Academy for the training of the future administrators of India arose at Hertford.

The first habitation of the students was in the Castle of that town; but in 1806 the College was moved about two miles to buildings erected for the purpose on "Hertford Heath," from designs by Wilkins, afterwards the architect of the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square. From this unlucky beginning the College started on its brief career unsightly and even mean in appearance. Unhealthy, by reason of its bleak situation and clay soil, removed from the traditions of University life, and from the salutary control of public opinion, the institution must have been a place of torment for the tutorial staff, in spite of the high-sounding titles of "Principal," "Dean," and "Professors," with which they were decorated. The young men, being nominees and often near kinsmen of the Directors of the East India Company, felt secure against expulsion; in the most extreme case the worst that could befall a man declared unfit for the Civil Service of India would be a Commission in the Army. Thus deprived of the ultimate sanction on which academical regulations ought to repose, the College authorities were almost powerless, and the only wonder is that there was any discipline at all.

But superiority to circumstances is characteristic of the Briton—we must not say the "Englishman," because some of the best Haileybury men came from Scotland and Ireland. The teaching staff of the College included men of
earnestness and ability; and many of the students showed by subsequent achievements that their College course had not been unprofitable. Among them may be named Holt Mackenzie, Robert Bird, John Lawrence, Sir Richard Temple, and Sir A. C. Lyall, some of the Indian civilians who have attained a more than local reputation, and who owed their training to "Old Haileybury."

The list of office-bearers, at p. 20, also comprises some distinguished names. Among those who filled chairs at various periods of the College's existence, were Le Bas, once a well known clergyman of the school of "High and Dry" Churchmen, who immediately preceded Pusey; Henry Melvill, the celebrated "Golden Lecturer;" Jeremie, afterwards Regius Professor at Cambridge and Dean of Lincoln; Mathias, the father of modern demography; Empson, the son-in-law of Lord Jeffrey and Editor of the Edinburgh Review; Sir James Mackintosh, and the late Sir James Stephen's father, of the same name. A glimpse of these men is afforded on the very first pages of the present book, where interesting extracts from Harriet Martineau's Autobiography record that writer's impressions of visits to Mathias between 1832 and 1834. The whole is well worth reading; there is, however, no room for transcription here, and the reader will find it well-rewarded trouble to refer to the original. We must be content here with saying that Miss Martineau, reviewing her Haileybury visits more than twenty years later, and after the abolition or the College had been decreed, looked back with gracefully expressed regret to the happy days that she had passed among the professors. "The subdued jests and external homage and occasional insurrections of the young men, the archery of the young ladies, the curious politeness of the Persian Professor,* the fine learning and eager scholarship of Principal Le Bas,t and the somewhat old-fashioned courtesies of the summer evening parties, are all over now."

In point of fact, the whole chapter of Indian History with which the College was connected was finished when

* The Persian Professor of that time was the Rev. H. G. Keene, M.A., of whose varied experiences and blameless life a notice will be found at p. 205. Possibly Miss Martineau intended to refer to Mirza Muhammad Ibrahim, Keene's assistant, who was an able man, but not primarily renowned for "politeness."

† This is a slip of the lady's memory; Le Bas did not become Principal till 1838. At the time of her visit he was only Dean.
these words were penned; and the "Memorials of Old Haileybury" are chiefly to be commended to those who, in an agitated time of deficit and doubt, care to turn back for an instant to the record of an extinct and almost forgotten state of affairs.

G. H.

THE INDIAN MAGAZINE AND REVIEW.

THE INDIA OF SIXTY YEARS AGO.


The famous "Rambles and Recollections" of Sir W. H. Sleeman have been republished, with the careful and judicious annotations of Mr. V. A. Smith, as the fifth work included in Constable's Oriental Miscellany. Time cannot diminish the deep interest with which this volume has ever been invested, first as being the production of the skilful suppressor of Thugī, and next as the mirror of Indian sentiment revealing the influences which made his success possible. From the first day of his forty-five long years of service, India was the home of the young cadet. He gave himself without hesitation to the acquisition of the languages, and to the understanding of the people, their customs, and their desires. And this was done from no motives of personal gratification. He had no ambition to be a linguist or a student of traditionary lore; nor an anthropologist, nor folklorist, nor scientist of any other grade. He obtained complete mastery of the ordinary spoken dialect of the district in which he laboured; and he learned Persian and Arabic also, as these languages enabled him to meet with satisfaction Indian scholars and gentlemen, and to converse with them on equal terms. His studies were directed by a sense of duty, and were throughout his whole career made subservient to that guiding principle. The languages were acquired for the duties of his office, and hence were used as the means of daily communication with the people among whom his life's work had to be done. He became, therefore, a conversationalist, and the complete freedom of his intercourse with Indians is shown in the many conversations which he has preserved. Oral communication is, and always has been, the method of conveying
information in India; and a man like Sleeman, who went out daily to converse with and gauge the sentiments of the people on all kinds of subjects, brought himself at once in touch with them, and won their confidence. It is on the confidence which such men inspire that the reputation of the Government rests; and an alien government must always be in danger when such friendly communication is non-existent.

The "Rambles and Recollections" were written in 1839 to recount the incidents of a vacation tour to the Himalayas in search of health, which the author had enjoyed about three years before that date. There is nothing resembling the ordinary tourist's narrative in these pages. The places reached seemed merely to recall to the writer's mind the religious, social, military, and historical thoughts which they respectively suggest; and thus the chapters contain a large amount of information on the life and ideas of the people which will never lose its interest or value. There is a large-hearted sympathy with Indians discernible in every page, even where unamiable characteristics have to be discussed, which shows how completely General Sleeman entered into the feelings of those around him, and gauged the motives which impelled them, and regulated their conduct. This may be illustrated by the chapter on Veracity, where the author shows sound reason for holding that the level of veracity is as high in India as elsewhere in the world, notwithstanding the prejudice to the contrary. The perjury, so much and so justly complained of, is produced by the system of legal procedure which English rule has established; and General Sleeman, by an exposition of the circumstances in which Indians actually live, holds that any people similarly situated would act in a precisely similar manner. The same man who would unhesitatingly lie to his employer, or perjure himself in Court, would never deviate from the truth in his native village for very shame. A "point of honour" is involved in the process, which requires an accurate knowledge of Indian life to realise and duly appreciate. General Sleeman also shows that the elaborate judicial procedure, instituted by the English with the best of all intentions, has been the direct parent of much of the crime we struggle to suppress. The process was again and again explained to the author with perfect frankness; and it has its root in the trouble, annoyance, and loss occasioned to the victims of an outrage by their compulsory attendances at various distant places in order to
prosecute and give evidence. The worry, vexation, and at times danger of the prosecutions impels the people to endure the first injury, and assist the wrong-doers in hiding the crime, rather than bring upon themselves the additional losses which our unsuitable procedure entails. In the same way the income-tax has driven trading people to falsify their accounts, and thus to deprave the people in another direction. On this point, General Sleeman writes:

I have mentioned the village communities of India as that class of the population among whom truth prevails most; but I believe there is no class of men in the world more strictly honourable in their dealings than the mercantile classes of India. Under native governments merchants' books were appealed to as "holy writ," and the confidence in them has not diminished under our rule. There have been instances of their being seized by the magistrates, and subjected to the inspection of the officers of his Court. No officer of a native government ventured to seize them; the merchant was required to produce them as proof of particular entries, and, while the officers of government did no more, there was no danger of false accounts. (Vol. II., p. 45.)

It is amusing to find that Indians ascribed the decline in the fertility of the soil to the increase of perjury provoked by our law-courts. The following conversation is related:

"To what, my old friend, do you attribute this very unfavourable change in the productive powers of your soil?"

"A man cannot, sir, venture to tell the truth at all times, and in all places," said he.

"You may tell it now with safety, my good old friend; I am a mere traveller going to the hills in search of health, from the valley of the Nerbudda, where the people have been suffering much from blight, and are much perplexed in their endeavour to find a cause."

"Here, sir, we all attribute these evils to the dreadful system of perjury, which the practices of your judicial courts have brought among the people. You are perpetually putting the Ganges water into the hands of the Hindoos, and the Korân into those of the Muhammadans; and all kinds of lies are every day told upon them. God Almighty can stand this no longer; and the lands have ceased to be blessed with that fertility which they had before this sad practice began. This, sir, is almost the only fault we have, any of us, to find with your Government; men, by this system of perjury, are able to cheat each other out of their rights, and bring down sterility upon the land, by which the innocent are made to suffer for the guilty." (Vol. II., p. 49.)

The whole of these chapters on the popular notions of things are curiously interesting; and so also are those on the Indian Police, and Sepoy Fidelity, and Anglo-Indian
Society. The last is refreshed by an anecdote of Begam Johnstone, mother-in-law of Lord Liverpool, Prime Minister of England.

"She had been a very beautiful woman, and had been several times married; the pictures of all her husbands being hung round her noble drawing-room in Calcutta, covered during the day with crimson cloth to save them from the dust, and uncovered at night only on particular occasions. One evening Mrs. Crommelin, a friend of mine, pointing to one of them, asked the old lady his name. ‘Really I cannot at this moment tell you, my dear; my memory is very bad’ (striking her forehead with her right hand, as she leaned with her left arm in Mrs. Crommelin’s) ‘but I shall recollect in a few minutes.’" (Vol. II., p. 251.)

The perseverance and ingenuity of the Thugs is illustrated by the following anecdote:

"A stout Mogul officer of noble bearing and singularly handsome countenance, on his way from the Punjab to Oudh, crossed the Ganges at Gurchmuktesar Ghät, near Meerut, to pass through Muradabad and Bareilly. He was mounted on a fine Turki horse, and attended by his khidmatgār (butler) and groom. Soon after crossing the river he fell in with a small party of well-dressed and modest-looking men going the same road. They accosted him in a respectful manner, and attempted to enter into conversation with him. He had heard of Thugs, and told them to be off. They smiled at his idle suspicions, and tried to remove them, but in vain. The Mogul was determined; they saw his nostrils swelling with indignation, took their leave, and followed slowly. The next morning he overtook the same number of men, but of a different appearance, all Musulmans. They accosted him in the same respectful manner; talked of the danger of the road, and the necessity of their keeping together, and taking advantage of any mounted gentlemen that happened to be going the same way. The Mogul officer said not a word in reply, resolved to have no companions on the road. They persisted—his nostrils began again to swell, and putting his hand to his sword, he bid them all be off or he would have their heads from their shoulders. He had a bow and quiver full of arrows over his shoulders, a brace of loaded pistols in his waist-belt, and a sword by his side, and was altogether a very formidable looking cavalier. In the evening another party lodged in the same serai, became very intimate with the butler and groom. They were going the same road; and, as the Mogul overtook them in the morning, they made their bows respectfully, and began to enter into conversation with their two friends, the groom and butler, who were coming up behind. The Mogul’s nostrils began again to swell, and he bid the strangers be off. The groom and butler interceded, for their master was a grave, sedate man, and they wanted companions. All would not do, and the strangers fell in the rear. The next day, when they had got to the
middle of an extensive and uninhabited plain, the Mogul in
advance and his two servants a few hundred yards behind, he came
up to a party of six poor Musulmans, sitting weeping by the side of
a dead companion. They were soldiers from Lahore, on their way
to Lucknow, worn down by fatigue in their anxiety to see their
wives and children once more, after a long and painful service.
Their companion, the hope and prop of his family, had sunk under
the fatigue, and they had made a grave for him; but they were
poor unlettered men, and unable to repeat the funeral service from
the holy Koran—would his Highness but perform this last office
for them, he would, no doubt, find his reward in this world and
the next. The Mogul dismounted; the body had been placed in
its proper position, with its head towards Mecca. A carpet was
spread, the Mogul took off his bow and quiver, then his pistols and
sword, and placed them on the ground near the body; called for
water, and washed his feet, hands, and face, that he might not
pronounce the holy words in an unclean state. He then knelt
down and began to repeat the funeral service in a clear loud voice.
Two of the poor soldiers knelt by him, one on each side, in
silence. The other four went off a few paces to beg that the
butler and groom would not come so near as to interrupt the good
Samaritan at his devotions. All being ready, one of the four, in a
low undertone, gave the signal; the handkerchiefs were thrown
over their necks, and in a few minutes all three—the Mogul and
his servants—were dead, and lying in the grave in the usual
manner, the head of one at the feet of the one below him. All the
parties they had met on the road belonged to a gang of Jamaldehi
Thugs, of the kingdom of Oudh. In despair of being able to win
the Mogul's confidence in the usual way, and determined to have
the money and jewels which they knew he carried with him, they
had adopted this plan of disarming him; dug the grave by the
side of the road, in the open plain, and made a handsome young
Musulman of the party the dead soldier. The Mogul, being a very
stout man, died almost without a struggle, as is usually the
case with such, and his two servants made no resistance."
(Vol. I., p. 98.)

Gen. Sleeman was unremitting in his attention to the
Thug fraternity; and between 1826 and 1835 no less than
1,562 prisoners were tried for the crime, of whom 1,404
were hanged or transported. One of these criminals
confessed to 719 murders. The virtual extinction of these
wretches must have been a great blessing, and it is probable
that pukka roads, railroads, and telegraphs have rendered
their revival impossible; but their existence in those
romantic days is little to be wondered at, when we read a
little further on that—

There is hardly a single chief of the Hindoo military class in the
Bundelkhand or Gwalior territories, who does not keep a gang of
robbers of some kind or other, and consider it a very valuable and legitimate source of revenue; or who would not embrace with cordiality the leader of a gang of assassins by profession, who should bring him home from every expedition a good horse, a good sword, or a valuable pair of shawls, taken from their victims. It is much the same in the kingdom of Oudh, where the lands are, for the most part, held by the same Hindoo military classes, who are in a continual state of war with each other, or with the Government authorities. Three-fourths of the recruits for native infantry regiments are from this class of military agriculturists of Oudh, who have been trained up in this school of contest; and many of the lads, when they enter our ranks, are found to have marks of the cold steel upon their persons. A braver set of men is hardly anywhere to be found. (Vol. I., p. 178.)

The Editor adds a note to this in order to explain that the barbarous habit of alliance and connivance with robber-gangs is by no means confined to Rajput nobles and landholders, and instances a case in which some Jat and Muhammadan supporters of banditti were detected so recently as 1891.

Many curious legends are related, some to account for customs or natural objects, or to point a moral. Not far from Bhopal—

One may see by the side of the road, upon a spur of the hill, a singular pillar of sandstone, rising in two spires, one turning above and rising over the other, to the height of from twenty to thirty feet. On a spur of a hill half a mile distant is another sandstone pillar not quite so high. The tradition is that the smaller pillar was the affianced bride of the taller one, who was a youth of a family of great eminence in those parts. Coming with his uncle to pay his first visit to his bride in the procession they call the bardat, he grew more and more impatient as he approached nearer and nearer, and she shared the feeling. At last, unable to restrain himself, he jumped upon his uncle’s shoulder, and looked with all his might towards the spot where his bride was said to be seated. Unhappily she felt no less impatient than he did, and raised “the fringed curtains of her eyes,” as he raised his, and they saw each other at the same moment. In that moment the bride, bridegroom, and uncle were all converted into stone pillars; and there they stand to this day a monument, in the estimation of the people, to warn men and womankind against too strong an inclination to indulge curiosity. (Vol. I., p. 124.)

The legend of Lake Sāgar may have truth as its foundation, but is to be hoped not.

The city occupies two sides of one of the most beautiful lakes of India, formed by a wall which unites two sandstone hills on the north side. The fort and part of the town stands on the wall,
which, according to tradition, was built by a wealthy merchant of the Banjara caste. After he had finished it, the bed of the lake still remained dry; and he was told in a dream, or by a priest, that it would continue so till he should consent to sacrifice his own daughter, then a girl, and the young lad to whom she was affianced, to the tutelary god of the place. He accordingly built a little shrine in the centre of the valley, which was to become the bed of the lake, put the two children in, and built up the doorway. He had no sooner done so than the whole of the valley became filled with water, and the old merchant, the priest, the masons, and spectators, made their escape with much difficulty. From that time the lake has been inexhaustible; but no living soul of the Banjara caste has ever since been known to drink of its waters. (Vol. I., p. 122.)

The description of a remarkable storm now quoted is sufficient to show that Gen. Sleeman could write with graphic power when inclined to do so.

About half way we were overtaken by one of the heaviest showers of rain I ever saw; it threatened us from neither side, but began to descend from an apparently small bed of clouds directly over our heads, which seemed to spread out on every side as the rain fell, and fill the whole vault of heaven with one dark and dense mass. The wind changed frequently, and in less than half an hour the whole surface of the country over which we were travelling was under water. The dense mass of clouds passed off in about two hours to the east; but twice when the sun opened and beamed divinely upon us in a cloudless sky to the west, the wind changed suddenly round, and rushed back angrily from the east, to fill up the space which had been quickly rarefied by the genial heat of its rays, till we were again enveloped in darkness, and began to despair of reaching any human habitation before night. Some hail fell among the rain, but not large enough to hurt anyone. The thunder was loud, and often startling to the strongest nerves, and the lightning vivid, and almost incessant. (Vol. I., p. 364.)

The whole book is full of anecdotes of a very instructive character, told in the best of spirits. No part of the volumes can be opened without finding matter delightful to peruse. The annotations are very valuable, because the changes that have taken place in India during the last sixty years are very great indeed. The change is about as great as that from mediaeval times to the eighteenth century in Europe. As trade develops and enlightenment spreads days of prosperity may dawn—for the prodigious resources of the country are sufficient to place both the people and the Government at ease, as soon as Indians themselves can be induced to give their capital to the working of mines, the opening of fresh manufactures, the
construction of railways, ships, and other essentials of trade and commerce. Foreign capital may open up a country; but it can never give wealth and contentment to a people. The people themselves must take up the work, and participate in the profits, and be influenced by the spirit of enterprise. The changes which have already taken place are pointed out by the editor, whose careful work throughout has greatly increased the present value of the book. An excellent map has been supplied, showing the lines of communication, railways, &c., in the North-West Provinces, Oudh, and Central India. It is a carefully-prepared map, and the lettering is remarkably distinct. Of course, its object is to show the line of route followed by the author, in the course of which the notes for his interesting Rambles were taken.

FREDERIC PINCOTT.


The increasing attention bestowed upon Eastern subjects renders a biographical dictionary of much practical use at the present time. The need of such a work was felt by Oriental students, and was partially met by the biographical notices of Eastern worthies collected by Mr. Beale for his own guidance. Mr. Keene, whose name is familiar to the readers of this Magazine from his many literary productions, edited and supplemented Mr. Beale's collection of materials; and the work was speedily bought up by the reading public. The utility of the book having been thus demonstrated, a fresh edition has been prepared with such enlargements and improvements as almost entitle it to be treated as a new book. The facts and statements seem to have been carefully verified throughout; and dates have been supplied freely, and the spelling amended where needful, and the native characters given, so that scholars may have before them precisely accurate names. Much skill has been shown in condensing matter, and in supplying cross-references, so that names can be readily found under any of their many forms. Work of this kind gives the book a wide utility, which has been increased by the introduction of modern names, which brings the matter of the dictionary down to the present time. The defect of the book is the paucity of Hindu celebrities recorded. The
many battles and royal disputes have naturally given prominence to Muhammadan names in what is usually called history; but the history of the life of the people, as shown by the administrators, authors, inventors, and commercial men, belongs to the Hindu side of the nation. The Dictionary would be a more valuable work of reference if it contained a few thousand sketches of the great Hindūs who made India famous in ancient days, and who produced the literature of which the world is proud, down even to the present day. It is pleasant to see in the book the names of some who have but recently passed away; and many others might easily have been added, such as Pandit Iswarachandra Vidyāsāgar, the Rājā Rajendralal Mitra, Dayānand Saraswati, and Bābū Harischandra. Within the last hundred years such Muhammadans as Shahamat 'Ali Khān, Saiyid Sher 'Ali, and Saiyid Shāh Mujib-ullah Sāhib; and such Hindūs as Rājā Nārāyan Mall Der, Diwān Jhabulāl, Śrī Bhaktāwar Shankar Dās, and Shambhu Sāh Seth, deserve a place. It should be borne in mind that names of the second and third rank are even more wanted in a book of reference than names of the first rank. It is the less known names which are more likely to be referred to. The subject of Mr. Keene’s book is an inexhaustible one, and we must be thankful for the large amount of valuable matter which is now placed at the service of readers interested in Indian history.

F. P.


A USEFUL little book on the ornamental botanical products of Western India has been written by Mr. Nairne in order to interest District Officers and others whose duties call them to the jungles of India, and also to provide a handy text book to the educated natives, many of whom are much inclined to pursue the pleasing study of flowers. Very few books are to be obtained in India which give the whole information needed for the elementary study of any scientific subject; and, therefore, the author of the present book not unreasonably thinks his work will supply a want. It is a very carefully prepared little book, giving full details of about 1,500 flowering plants, the scientific and native names, their classification and uses. The book is
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preceded by an explanatory introduction, and a careful
definition of the technical terms employed throughout; and at
the end indexes are provided which direct the reader to the
spot where any plant is described under either its scientific
or native name. There can be little doubt that the little
volume will open a field for intellectual amusement to
many who desire to employ their leisure moments profitably.

F. P.

ALCOHOL NO TONIC.

No notice having been taken of Mr. Pincott's critique on
Lala Baij Nath's work, "England and India, &c., &c.," in
which he points out to the author that the "alcohol
drinking" which had shocked him so greatly is "a potent
cause of the Englishman's energy and strength of
character," I venture, in the interest of India, to invite
attention to the fact that science and experience have
shown that this statement is based on a popular fallacy.
The researches of Sir B. W. Richardson, of Dr. Norman
Kerr, of Dr. J. J. Ridge, and of others, prove that alcohol
is not a food, in the strictest sense of the term. Containing
no nitrogen—no building-up material—it cannot nourish
the frame, through which a large portion of it passes,
altered; yet often doing much mischief in its progress.
Whence it might be inferred, as experiment and experience
have proved, that work is as well, or even better, done
without it. The truth of this statement has been demon-
strated by athletes of every description — oarsmen,
cricketers, cyclists, pedestrians, pugilists; likewise in
schools, in hospitals, in workhouses, in prisons, in life
assurance societies, in the Army, Navy, and merchant
service, in expeditions to polar regions, in hot and cold
climates, under every variety of circumstance, in com-
unities from which such beverages are rigidly excluded—
the verdict being everywhere the same. So far from being
promoters of strength, alcoholic beverages, in the long run,
diminish it; and are apt, moreover, to lay the seeds of
diseases which, but for them, need never have been sown.
Alcohol, in fact, is a dangerous luxury. Indulgence is apt
to lead to excess. It has been ascertained by independent
observers, that 120,000 of our population annually lose
their lives owing to this excessive indulgence—doubtless
commencing with the moderation supposed to be necessary
for health: but how much working power is, from the
same cause, lost to the nation and to individual families cannot be so readily estimated; though it is calculated that in the iron trade nine hundred Americans can do the work which it takes a thousand Englishman to accomplish in the same time. They are less frequently Monday-ish from drink. America is taking England's place as the workshop of the world. Those Indians who have unhappily adopted the social habits of England in the matter of drink, have, in too many instances, sadly realised their mistake. The Anglo-Indian Temperance Association have just resolved upon the formation of a temperance society for the especial benefit of Indian students resident in London, which will help to show the other side of the question, and warn them of the danger of adopting these habits.

All discoveries, bearing upon national progress and social happiness, pale before that which has proved that mankind throughout the world benefits by abstinence from alcohol. Some twenty thousand European soldiers in India testify to the fact; upwards of five million individuals in the United Kingdom proclaim it; and I can point to my own improved health as a result of the abstinence which I began thirteen years ago. The superior strength and energy of Englishmen, and of other northern people, are not due to alcohol but to climate. The decadence of nations never was yet, nor ever will be, due to drinking only the fluid so bountifully provided by nature. Luxurious habits may more justly be credited with their downfall. The inferior physique of the Bengalee, as compared with that of the Hindu and Muhammedan of Upper India, is the result of prolonged residence in an enervating climate. By migrating to a purer and more bracing atmosphere this may be improved; but by resorting to alcohol—never. As a medicine alcohol may occasionally be of great value—how many consider the medicine to be necessary in their own particular case!—but, as a daily beverage it is, in the language of one of the most able and most popular of modern physicians—Sir Andrew Clarke—"an enemy of the race." I hope Mr. Pincott will kindly pardon my suggesting to him a perusal of Dr. B. W. Richardson's "Cantor Lectures," delivered before the Society of Arts, on Alcohol; of Dr. Norman Kerr's "Inebriety" (second edition); of Dr. J. J. Ridge's "Alcohol and Public Health"; and of Mr. Frank Cheshire's "Scientific Temperance Handbook." Against meat I say nothing.

May 3.

CHAS. R. FRANCIS.
NEW BOOKS RELATING TO INDIA.

EAST INDIA: Statement exhibiting the Moral and Material Condition and Progress of India during the years 1891-92, and the nine preceding years. 3s. 11½d. (Eyre & Spottiswoode.)

THE PROTECTED PRINCES OF INDIA. By William Lee-Warner, C.S.I. 10s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

LAYS OF ANCIENT INDIA: Selections from Indian Poetry rendered into English Verse. By Romesh Chunder Dutt, C.I.E. 7s. 6d. (Tülbner's Oriental Series.)

FAUNA OF BRITISH INDIA, including Ceylon and Burma. Edited by W. T. Blanford. Moths. Vol. II, By G. F. Hampson. 325 Figures. 20s. (Taylor & F.)

DIARY OF A JOURNEY ACROSS TIBET. By Captain Hamilton Bower. With Map and numerous Illustrations, 16s. (Rivington & Co.)

CLIMBING AND EXPLORATION IN THE KARAKORAM HIMALAYAS. 300 Illustrations and Maps. 31s. 6d. net. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

REMINISCENCES OF AN INDIAN POLICE OFFICIAL. By T. C. Arthur. Fully Illustrated. 16s. (S. Low & Co.)

THE FLOWER OF FORGIVENESS. By Flora A. Steel. 2 Vols. 21s. (Macmillan & Co.)

WHEN WE WERE STROLLING PLAYERS IN THE EAST. By Louise Jordan Miln. 28 Illustrations. 16s. (Osgood, McIlvaine & Co.)

THE JUNGLE BOOK. By Rudyard Kipling. (Macmillan.)

BARRACKS, BIVOUACS, AND BATTLES. By Archibald Forbes, LL.D. (Macmillan.)

ARCHAEOLOGICAL SURVEY OF INDIA: South Indian Inscriptions. Vol. II. Part. II. 10s. (Luzac.)

STATISTICAL ACCOUNT OF THE TOWN AND ISLAND OF BOMBAY. Vol. I. History. 7s. 6d. (Luzac.)

MEMORANDUM on the Progress of the Madras Presidency during the last Forty Years of British Administration. With Map. 2s. (Luzac.)
THE ORIGIN OF LINCOLN'S INN.

Among the antiquities of London the Inns of Court are pre-eminent. The researches of legal historians have failed to ascertain the precise date of their foundation. They have not been incorporated by charter, but are "voluntary societies, which for ages have submitted to government analogous to that of other seminaries of learning": such was the definition laid down by Lord Mansfield.

Formerly the clergy used to practise as advocates, but they were forbidden to do so in the thirteenth century. On the clergy withdrawing to the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, the professors of the common law formed themselves into societies, and established themselves in different places between Westminster and the City of London.

The Inner Temple and Middle Temple were formerly only one Society, and were first settled in their present quarters in 1315; the separation did not take place until the fifteenth century, when it became necessary to build a second dining hall. Gray's Inn takes its name from Lord Gray de Wilton. In days gone by a distinction of considerable importance existed between the various Inns of Court, but, practically speaking, it has now ceased. These Inns are situated in what was then a suburb of London.

The term "Inn" formerly denoted the residence of a nobleman. "Inns of Court are so called because the students therein did not only study the law, but used such other exercises as might make them more serviceable to the King's Court. In the earliest times they were filled with the sons of the aristocracy, who were sent thither not so much for the purpose of acquiring proficiency in the law, as for the sake of mental discipline; and the expensive style of living in these legal seminaries was of itself sufficient to confine them exclusively to this class of students." Again, later on, an order was made by James I., signed by Sir E. Coke, Lord Bacon, and other persons, that "none be from thenceforth admitted into the society of any House of Court that is not a gentleman by descent." Is this order, in the present democratic and
socialistic period, strictly carried out? No; I should not think so. There are some men in these Societies with whom a gentleman by descent would not even associate outside of the Dining Halls. The Inns of Court should follow the old rule strictly, according to its spirit. The mere signatures of two barristers on the "declaration" ought not to be enough. Though the new "Consolidated Regulations" (just out) are much better than the old ones, yet a student from India should be compelled to bring a certificate from a high official of his district, in order to make him eligible to enter any of the Inns of Court.

I must now return to the main object of my article. By referring to the earlier maps of the metropolis, it may be seen that the space of ground between Temple Bar and Westminster was not, as at the present day, crowded with rows of houses, but one saw there a few noblemen's mansions, with fields and gardens interspersed.

Lincoln's Inn was founded partly on the ruins of the monastery of the "black friars" (these friars came to England with their prior, Gilbert de Fraxinet, in the year 1221), who resided here previous to their removal to the quarter which now bears their name, and partly on the site of two mansions, formerly belonging to Ralph Neville, Bishop of Chichester, and Lord High Chancellor of England in the reign of Henry III.; and to Henry de Lacy, Earl of Lincoln. This Lord Lincoln, after whom the Inn was called, the last and greatest man of his line, was the confidential servant and friend of Edward I., and favourite of Edward II. He was Protector in England while Edward II. was in Scotland, and Viceroy in the Duchy of Aquitain. By his first wife, Margaret, granddaughter of the Earl of Salisbury, he had one daughter, named Alice, married to Thomas Plantagenet, Earl of Lancaster. The town of Denbigh was built by him after the conquest of Wales. He was one of those who received King Edward's dying instructions at Burghley-Sands in 1307. He died in February 1312.

The following curious particulars respecting the Earl of Lincoln's garden, may not be out of place here: An account appeared in the twenty-fourth year of Edward I. to the effect "that apples, pears, large nuts, and cherries were produced in sufficient quantities, not only to supply the Earl's table, but also to yield a profit by their sale. The comparatively large sum of nine pounds, two shillings and threepence, in money of that time, equal to about one hundred and thirty-five pounds of modern currency (1848),
was received in one year from the sale of these fruits alone." (Archaeological Journal, 1848.)

Until the beginning of the reign of Elizabeth, the enclosure which separated Lincoln's Inn from Chancery Lane on the one side, and from the fields, since called Lincoln's Inn Fields, on the other, was merely an embankment of clay; but in the first year of that Queen an order was made that a brick wall and gates should be set up.

The ancient Hall of the Society is the oldest edifice of the Inn now remaining, having been erected in the 22nd Henry VII. (1506). It is about 71 feet in length, and 32 feet in breadth; the height nearly the same as the breadth. This Hall has been used for the sittings of the Lord Chancellor and the Lord Justices, the Benchers having granted its use for the time being. In this Hall were held all the revels of the Society, customary in early times, in which the Benchers themselves, laying aside their dignity, also indulged at particular seasons. The exercise of dancing was especially enjoined for the students, and was thought to conduce to making gentlemen more fit for their books at other times. On one of such occasions King Charles II. was present.

I must not omit to mention the second visit of Charles II., which is rather interesting on account of what took place on that occasion. King Charles, in company with his brother the Duke of York, Prince Rupert, the Duke of Monmouth, and others of the nobility, on February 29, 1671, was entertained in this Hall, and these illustrious and distinguished personages were admitted as members of the Hon. Society of Lincoln's Inn. The King, with his attendants, made his entrance to the sound of trumpets and kettle-drums. As His Majesty went to the Council Chamber, the barristers and students in their gowns stood on each side. After a little while the King was conducted into the Hall, where he dined under a canopy of state, the Duke of York sitting at the end of the table on his right hand, and Prince Rupert at the other end. The noblemen dined at tables on either side of the Hall, the barristers and students waiting upon them. The Reader and some of the Benchers waited near the King's chair, and four of the Benchers, with white staves, waited as comptrollers of the Hall. Violins played during all the time of dinner in the gallery. Towards the end of dinner, His Majesty and his suite entered their names in the Admittance Book of the Inn, thus enrolling themselves as members of the Society. The noblemen, before the King,
rose from dinner, borrowing gowns of the students, put them on, and waited on his Majesty, much to his delight. After pledging to the welfare of the Society, the King retired to the Council Chamber, and conferred the honour of knighthood on several members of the Society as a testimony of royal favour. On his departure, His Majesty expressed much satisfaction, and returned his thanks to the Reader. So ended the Royal visit in the seventeenth century.

In 1843 the Benchers of Lincoln's Inn determined to erect a new hall and library suitable to the requirements of the age. On the 20th of April, in the same year, the foundation stone of the new building was laid by the Right Hon. Sir J. L. Knight-Bruce, Vice-Chancellor, then Treasurer of the Society. On this occasion the Benchers, with the dignitaries who attended as visitors to witness the ceremony, formed a procession, which was most picturesque.

The magnificent dimensions of the Hall are of themselves sufficient to excite admiration, while in architectural beauty the room will bear comparison with the most admired and largest existing halls in the world. This Hall is the largest of all the halls of the Inns of Court, as may be shown by the following figures:

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<th>Length</th>
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<td>Lincoln's Inn</td>
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<td>Middle Temple</td>
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<td>Inner Temple</td>
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<td>Gray's Inn</td>
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Above the panelling of the dais there is a noble fresco painting by Mr. George F. Watts, executed in the year 1859. This work represents an imaginary assemblage of the great early law-givers of various nations, from the prophet Moses down to Edward I., and is entitled “The School of Legislation,” as bearing some analogy to Raphael's fresco of the “School of Athens” in the Vatican.

On the 30th of October 1845, the buildings being complete, the ceremony of inauguration took place, it being honoured by the presence of Her Majesty Queen Victoria. This royal visit may be compared with that of Charles II., showing the difference of manners between those of the seventeenth century and those of the present age.

The Benchers and Barristers having assembled in the Hall, the Queen, with H.R.H. Prince Albert, attended by her ladies in waiting, and the high officers of her household,
arrived at the Inn about half-past one o'clock, with a military escort, and were received at the south-eastern entrance by the Treasurer and Benchers, and the Cabinet Ministers. Her Majesty, amidst loud and hearty acclamations, proceeded up the central avenue of the Hall to the Council-room, and thence to the Library, where a brief levée was held—the Benchers, a few barristers and students, and Mr. Hardwick, the architect, being severally presented to the Queen, after which an Address was read by the Treasurer on his knee. In answer to the Address Her Majesty was graciously pleased to utter the following words:—

"I receive with cordial satisfaction this dutiful Address.

"My beloved Consort and I have accepted with pleasure your invitation, for I recognise the services rendered to the Crown at various periods of our history by distinguished members of this Society; and I gladly testify my respect for the profession of the Law, by which I am aided in administering justice, and in maintaining the prerogatives of the Crown, and the right of my people.

"I congratulate you on the completion of this noble edifice; it is worthy of the memory of your predecessors, and of the station which you occupy in connexion with the Bar of England.

"I sincerely hope that learning may long flourish, and that virtue and talent may rise to eminence within these walls."

This being over, the honour of knighthood was conferred upon the Treasurer.

H.R.H. Prince Albert became a member of the Society, and Her Majesty wrote her name in the Admittance Book. The Prince entered his name after that of the Queen, and then were added those of the Lord Chancellor, the Duke of Wellington, and many other illustrious personages.

After this, the Queen, with Prince Albert, the other guests, and the Benchers, proceeded to the Hall, where Her Majesty occupied a chair of state on the dais, and granting permission to the assembly to be seated, partook of the banquet prepared for the occasion. On the right of the Queen sat the Prince, next to him the Lord Chancellor, supported by the Duke of Wellington. On the left of Her Majesty sat the Treasurer.

The banquet was brought to a close by the Treasurer proposing the health of the Queen, and that of the Prince. His Royal Highness, after returning thanks, said that he had received Her Majesty's commands to propose as a toast, "Prosperity to the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn."

Now a word or two about the Library. The original
foundation of the Library of Lincoln’s Inn is of earlier date than that of any now existing in the metropolis. It is a magnificent building, with its clustered pillar-shafts, beautiful oriel windows, with their enriched soffits mouldings. In fact, it would be difficult to name a library that would not lose by comparison with this admirable specimen of architecture. This Library has the oldest and most valuable manuscripts, and a beautiful collection of books, not only of law books, but of books of general interest, and it is admitted to be the most complete in this country. On the invention of the art of printing, the law books were among the earliest works that issued from the press in England.

Before I come to the subject of the modes of study I must not omit the recent Royal visits to this ancient Inn. It was in the lovely summer of last year when our young Duke of York, the “sailor prince,” accepted the Treasurer’s invitation, and dined with his brother Benchers of the Inn on the 6th of June. A distinguished company was present, including the Archbishop of York, Lord Coleridge, the Comte de Franqueville; while among the Benchers were the Lord Chancellor, Lord Justice Bowen, the Right Hon. G. Denman, Mr. Justice Mathew, and several others. The Attorney-General (the Treasurer) proposed the health of her most gracious Majesty the Queen; later on, the Treasurer, in a brief speech, craved permission to propose one other toast, suggested by the circumstances of the time. It was the health of H.R.H. the Duke of York. The sentiment was cordially honoured.

Last but not least was the visit paid by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. This was on the 17th of last November, it being the “Grand Day” in Michaelmas Term. The Hall has never been so crowded on any other occasion as on that night. It presented a very animated appearance, as there were about 450 members of the Inn and guests present. Owing to the limited space, fifty of the students had to dine in the gallery. The tables were profusely decorated with flowers. The entertainment fulfilled all the expectations which had been formed in regard to it. In fact, the dinner was a memorable event in the history of the Inn, already rich in honourable traditions and interesting associations. Owing to the care and forethought bestowed upon the arrangements there was neither confusion nor overcrowding. The Prince of Wales, who, with Major-General Ellis, arrived punctually at the appointed time, was, with the
other guests, received by Sir Charles Russell, and the Masters of the Bench, in the Library. The reception ceremony being over, His Royal Highness, the other guests, and the Benchers, traversed the corridor and entered the Hall by the doorway behind the tables, at which seats had been assigned to them. The Prince sat at the right hand of Sir C. Russell. To the right of His Royal Highness sat Lord Hobhouse, then Mr. Gladstone (once a student of the Inn), and others, among whom were Lord Esher, Sir Osborne Morgan, Mr. J. Morley, Sir M. Hicks-Beach. At the left hand of Sir Charles sat Prince Kitiyakara, the second son of the King of Siam. The seats to the left of the Siamese Prince were occupied by the Lord Chancellor, Lord Alcester, the Rev. Dr. Wace (the Preacher), Mr. A. J. Balfour, Count Vichit, and others. Among other Benchers present were Lord Justice Davey, Lord Grimthorpe, the Solicitor-General, Sir E. Clark, Sir R. Webster, Mr. L. Courtney, and many more. As a matter of course, plenty of members of the Bar belonging to the Inn were present. Only one toast was given, that of the Queen. Everything passed off in the most satisfactory manner. It was my good fortune to have been invited to the dinner, and to witness that brilliant gathering, the pleasant memory of which will last as long as I live.

Now a few words as to the modes and ways of studies and examinations. A Royal Commission was appointed in 1854 "to inquire into the arrangements of the Inns of Court and Inns of Chancery for promoting the study of the law and jurisprudence." One of the things recommended by the Commission was that examinations should be required for the call to the Bar. The four Inns of Court accepted this suggestion, and the principle of compulsory examination was adopted. "Consolidated Regulations of the four Inns" were issued by them in Michaelmas Term, 1869. The scheme came into operation in 1872.

Last year the Council of Legal Education very wisely introduced the new regulations, under which the legal education is based on a far better footing than it was before. Those who attend the lectures derive great benefit by them, and a proof of this will be seen at their examinations. But some Students, unfortunately, have an absurd idea that private tuition is all that is really required. Such Students in most cases find out their mistake too late. It is very gratifying to learn that the Council of Legal Education has just issued "Regulations" which go one step further towards improvement—i.e., from next year there
will be five subjects, all compulsory, to be taken up by every Student, in addition to Roman Law, namely:

I. Law of Real and Personal Property.
II. Law of Contracts and Torts.
III. Principles of Equity.
IV. Procedure and Evidence.
V. Constitutional Law and Legal History.

It is to be hoped that the Council will soon make the attendance of Students to the Lectures compulsory, as their presence is at the dinners, and, also that the Council will take steps to declare it as an inflexible rule not to allow any Student to be called to the Bar who has not kept fully twelve Terms; the only exception to this rule might be made in the case of Solicitors. Now it only remains for me to apologise for the length of this article.

London, April 2nd. Syed A. M. Shail.
WE regret to record the death at Calcutta, on the 8th April last, at the comparatively early age of 56 years, of Rai Bankim Chandra Chatterji Bahadur, B.A., C.I.E. He was one of the first batch of B.A.'s of the Calcutta University, and was a member of the Subordinate Executive Service until his retirement in 1891. But it is by his contributions to Bengali literature that he is best known and loved. A master of the English language, he chose to write in Bengali, and in this way the literature has been enriched and the resources of the vernacular greatly expanded. "His novels (says the Indian Nation) will be read and admired as long as the Bengali language or Bengali life endures." And justly so, if we may judge from those which have been translated into English. Of necessity, much is lost by transference to a western tongue, but sufficient remains to indicate to the English reader great descriptive power, strong national sympathies, a wide knowledge of domestic and social life among his countrymen, and an impartial recognition alike of their faults and their virtues. The Indian Nation writes:

"One lesson of Bankim Babu's life it would be unpardonable to ignore. The influences of western culture on the Hindu mind are not necessarily sterilising and denationalising. No Bengali had drunk deeper draughts at the fountain of European thought and learning than Babu Bankim Chandra; no one was more Anglicised in his modes of thought and modes of expression. His novels are English in taste, in the construction of the plot, in the setting of character, sometimes to a fault. He was no imitator, but the moulds of his thought had come to be, by much reading and assimilation, English, and they imparted their stamp to all his productions."

"Those who have read "The Poison Tree," which is the only one of Bankim Chandra's novels at all familiarly known to English people, will hardly concur in this criticism, and it is questionable whether it would have received the assent of the author himself, inasmuch as he has always main-
tained the difficulty of rendering the language of his novels into English; and only a short time before his death gave a somewhat unwilling consent to the translation of one of his most popular novels.

Babu Bankim Chandra was a liberal Hindu, with large views on religion and social reform. "Nothing that is inexpansible and unchangeable has lived (says the Indian Nation), and as Bankim Babu was anxious that Hinduism should live, he desired its adaptation to changing ideas, and, in particular, to the changing conditions of life."

We learn that a movement is on foot among his countrymen to raise some appropriate memorial to Babu Bankim Chandra. We trust the proposal will meet a hearty and prompt response.

J. B. K.

General Robert Maclagan, R.E., whose death, at the age of 73 years, took place on the 22nd April, was one of a distinguished family of seven sons, one of whom is the present Archbishop of York; and another, Sir Douglas Maclagan, Professor of Medical Jurisprudence and Public Health in the University of Edinburgh. Their father was Dr. David Maclagan, physician to the forces in Scotland. General Maclagan was educated at the High School and University of Edinburgh, and entered the Engineer service of the East India Company in 1839, after a brilliant career at Addiscombe. In 1842 he was attached to the Bengal Corps of Sappers and Miners. In 1846 he accompanied Sir Charles Napier to Lahore, and was placed in charge of the defences of the city. In 1847 he was selected for the office of first Principal of the Government Civil Engineering College at Roorkee, and filled the post with conspicuous success until 1860. He aided in the suppression of the Mutiny in the vicinity of Roorkee, and received the special thanks of the Government for his services on that occasion. From 1860 until the date of his retirement in 1879 he held the important post of Chief Engineer and Secretary to the Punjab Government in the Department of Public Works. After his retirement he became an active member of various scientific, literary, and religious societies. He was the author of several articles in the "Encyclopædia Brittanica," and at the time of his death was engaged upon a "Life of Akbar." In 1890 he received the honorary degree of L.L.D. from the University of Edinburgh. On his leaving the Punjab the native members of the Public Works Department founded a scholarship in his honour.—Times.
We have to correct a mistake in the *May* Magazine as to the date of the death of Miss S. D. Collet. It occurred a week earlier than we stated—on March 27th instead of April 3rd.—Mr. A. M. Bose, President of the Sadharan Brahmo Somaj, who arrived in England a few weeks after Miss Collet died, brought a letter from the Executive Committee of the Sadharan B.S., which he had hoped to deliver to her on arrival. The letter expressed the anxiety of the Committee on hearing of her continued illness, and their deep gratitude towards her for her long continued services on their behalf. Mr. Bose was also to present to Miss Collet a copy of the following resolution, proposed at a meeting held at Calcutta (on the day following her death in London): "Resolved that Mr. A. M. Bose, President, Sadharan Brahmo Somaj, be requested personally to convey to Miss S. D. Collet the heartfelt gratitude of the members of the S.B. Somaj for her life-long devotion and unwearied exertions, in health and sickness, and amid many difficulties and trials, in the cause of the Brahmo Somaj." On the day that the intelligence of Miss Collet's death was received at Calcutta (April 18th) the office of the Somaj, the Brahmo Girls' School and the Printing Press, were closed for the day as a mark of respect to her memory. By a recent mail, a letter of sympathy was sent to Miss Collet's niece, Miss Edith S. Collet, written by Pundit Siva Nath Sastri, for the S.B.S. Committee, testifying to the sincere regard in which she was held by the Brahmos, and their high appreciation of her zeal and of her unfailing interest in the B.S. movement. The Rammohan Roy Club also expressed their condolence to Miss Collet's friends through their Secretary, Mr. U. C. Dutt, Principal of the City College, and their hope that some suitable arrangements will be made for completing the Life of the Raja.
I.

While I was coursing on the forest grounds,
Up starts a hare before my two greyhounds;
The dogs, being light of foot, did fairly run
Unto her fifteen rods just twenty-one;
The distance that she started up before
Was four-score fifteen rods, just and no more.
I pray you, Scholar, unto me declare,
How far they ran before they caught the hare!

II.

All pronounce me to be a wondrous piece of mechanism;
yet few perhaps have numbered up the strange medley of things which help to make my whole: I have a large box and two lids; two musical instruments, three established measures, and many little articles that the carpenter cannot do without. Then I have always about me a couple of eatable fishes, and a great number of a smaller species; also two lofty trees, two fine flowers, and the fruit of an indigenous plant; two playful young animals, and some of a less tame kind. I have besides two halls, a number of weather-cocks, two caps, two useful weapons of warfare, two students, and half a score of Spanish gentlemen to attend upon me.

III.

Double Acrostic.

I.

I am a poet by the Muses' grace,
My name on ev'ry bookshelf you can trace;
And I do entertain on many a day
My eager readers with the grandest lay.
II.

I'm sure I'll only serve to anger you,
But I may urge you to find out the clue;
I'm what I am of my hard riddle curst;
The riddle worth your solving is the first.

1. "A rosy blonde and in a college gown."
2. "I will place this manacle of love
   Upon the fairest prisoner."
3. "And poesied with hers in dewy rhyme."
4. "An' shure thin ye'll meet me — Machree."
5. "Her cheek had lost the rose, and round her neck
   Floated her hair, or seemed to float, in rest."
6. "The —— is coming up, but I shall never see
   * * *
   the leaf upon the tree."

V. PADMANABHA AIYAR.
   Trivandram.

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES.

ENIGMA.

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

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

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

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

C. B.

Solution—(The Isle of) Man. (The heraldic arms of the Isle of Man consist of three legs.)

RIDDLE.

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

Solution—Co; Nun; Drum: Conundrum.

In giving the solution last month of an Acrostic that had appeared in our April number, one point was by mistake omitted. The first verse was as follows:—

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

The solution was rightly given as MORN, but we should have added in explanation of the last two lines the word Mo[U]RN.
INDIAN INTELLIGENCE.

The Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal has requested Mrs. Kadam-bini Ganguli, B.A., Calcutta, L.R.C.P., M.R.C.S. (Edin), to take charge of the out-door women patients of the Eden Hospital, Calcutta. She has also been appointed one of the lecturers to lady students at the Campbell Medical School.

Miss Hamilton, who has lately had charge of the Dufferin Hospital, Calcutta, has accepted an appointment at Kabul for six months as medical attendant to the ladies of the household of the Ameer. While in Afghanistan Miss Hamilton is to have a personal guard of six Afghan soldiers, three of whom will accompany her whenever she goes out. She has been allowed to take one Indian servant, as kitmutgar. It will be necessary that she should learn Persian, as she will not find any woman interpreter, and only one or two of the Kabul ladies can speak Urdu.

We have received accounts of the annual prize distribution ceremony in several interesting Girls' Schools at Bombay: 1. The three Schools of the Zoroastrian Girls' Schools Association held their prize-giving at the Bai Bhikajee Shapoorjee Bengallee School on April 14th. A large number of Parsi ladies and gentlemen attended, Mr. Framjee Dinshaw Petit in the chair. The Report was read by Mr. D. R. Chichgar, Hon. Sec. It stated that about 900 girls had been under instruction during the past year in the three Schools, and that very creditable progress had been made. Miss Billington, the special correspondent of the Daily Graphic, had visited the Fort School, and had been struck with the happy faces of the children, and with the good standard of discipline. The elder girls had made satisfactory progress in cookery, and had passed an examination in that art in the presence of Lady Harris and several other European and Parsi ladies. There were some good recitations and songs, and the Chairman gave an address in Gujarati, in which he praised the sound and reasonable methods employed in the Schools, and emphasized the value of the Kindergarten teaching, which, through the exertions of Mr. D. R. Chichgar, had been introduced with excellent effect.

2. The anniversary of the Victoria Anglo-Vernacular School was held on April 18th, at the Framji Cowasji Institute. This
School is attended by Parsi girls, but the proprietor is a Hindu gentleman. The number had increased during the year from 272 to 311. Twelve years ago the School was opened with three scholars, but within a year there were 125. The Mary Carpenter Scholarships (from the N.I.A. Central Committee), for which the competition is keen among the Bombay Schools, have been frequently won by the pupils of the Victoria A.V. School. Last year the scholarship for Standard VI. was gained by Miss Meherbai Manekji Mehalpatel. The prizes were distributed by Mrs. Mackichan. Mr. D. R. Chichgar (President of the School Committee) spoke of the great improvement in methods since the days when the old Puntojees kept school, and he rejoiced that the Hindus were now equalling the Parsis in promoting education, and that the Muhammadans, too, were making much progress.

3. On April 20, the prize distribution to the Girls' Schools of the Students' Literary and Scientific Society, took place at the Framji Cowasji Institute. These schools are for Hindu girls, and a large number of ladies and gentlemen of the Hindu community were present. Mr. Justice Jardine presided. The report stated that the Society's schools were increasing in popularity among the Marathas of Bombay. Some songs were given by the pupils, which were much appreciated. Mr. Justice Jardine spoke of the losses sustained by the Society in the death of some of its prominent members, such as Mr. Justice Telang, Mr. Shunker Pandurang Pundit and Mr. Athalay, of Baroda. He compared the education imparted to the girls to a sort of stridhan—a dowry which was worth giving and receiving. That education comprised, besides reading, writing, grammar, music, and arithmetic, also industry, regularity, and good manners. Some were afraid that education for girls was going too far and too fast; but in judging of that point it should be remembered that the gentlemen connected with the Society were not fire-brands, but men of high intellectual attainments and respectable positions. Girls were naturally fond of ornaments, and if he knew Sanskrit, which unfortunately he did not, he could have quoted numerous proverbial and poetical sentences to show that the different branches of study were the best ornaments for them to try to secure.

The Madras Sanskrit and Vernacular Text Publication Society met under the presidency of Dr. G. Oppert, Ph.D., on April 5th, when the Hon. Sec., Rao Bahadur V. Krishnama Chariar, read the report for the past year. The Society is preparing for publication an important Sanskrit Grammar—Prakriya-Sarvasva—(a commentary on Panini), the date of which is not exactly known. Prince Kerala Varma, of Travancore, is helping to edit the grammar, and H.H. the Maharaja has given a liberal contribution for this object. A rare Malayalam version of the Bhagavadgita will also be shortly published.
A Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to animals has existed at Madras for the last seventeen years, and it appears to do much good by proceeding against those who ill-treat bulls, horses, ponies, or poultry, &c. Some difficulty is found, however, in securing satisfactory agents. Many animals are detained in the Infirmary until they have recovered from the effects of bad treatment, and during the year 4,346 persons were convicted.
The Council of Legal Education have awarded pass certificates to the following Indian students: *Lincoln’s Inn*—Daulat Ram Mulchand Seth; Syed Abdul Majid Shah. *Lincoln’s Inn*—Khaja Taqui Tan; Syed Ahmed Shere. *Middle Temple*—Nolini Mohun Chatterjee; Hem Nath Dey; Syed Alay Hassan; Syed Mahboob Hassan; Parma Nand; Goonee Lall Sham; Kirpal Singh; Mohammed Majid Ullah. *Gray’s Inn*—Sheikh Meeran Buksh; Athanasius Apurba Kumar Ghosh; Fida Mohamed Khan; Damodar Vinayek Kirtane.


M. N. Chaudhuri has passed the First Professional Examination in Medicine, University of Edinburgh.

Masha Allah Khan, M.R.C.S. Eng., L.R.C.P. London, has been elected Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh.

The following medical students passed in the April Examination for the Triple Qualification of the Royal Colleges of Edinburgh and Glasgow: Tirumangalath Canjavaden Krishna Kirrup, from Malabar; Gulab Singh (Punjab).

*Arrivals*: H.H. the Maharaja of Kuch Behar, with his son, Mr. Prafulla Chunder Sen; Mr. M. M. Bhownuggree, C.I.E., his son Merwan, and two sons of Dr. Burjorjie Byramjee (Mr. Dinshaw and Mr. Nusserwaujee); Mr. A. M. Bose, B.A. (Cambridge), Barrister-at-Law; Mr. B. Borrah, Government Engineer, with wife and child; Lieut.-Surgeon K. Dutt; Mr. Cursetjee Manockjee Cursetjee; Mr. Uma Sankar Misra, M.A., Senior Civil Judge, Nagpore; Mr. Jahandar Meerza, from Moorsheadbad; Mr. C. Krishna Menon; Mr. Ratanjee Dinshaw Dalal L.M.S. (Bombay); Hakim Abdul Ghany; Indrajit, son of Mr. Kallubhai Lallubhai.

*Departure*: Mr. M. M. Murzban, Barrister-at-Law.
THE INDIAN MAGAZINE AND REVIEW.

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