SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT AND PRESERVATION OF INDIAN ART.

This Society has sent to the Chicago Exhibition, through her Royal Highness Princess Christian's Committee, by the Lady Agnes Burne and Mrs. David Carmichael, a small but representative collection of work done by Indian women. As a larger space has now been allotted than was first thought possible for this purpose, they hope to add to the exhibits already sent.

The following letter, written by Mrs. Potter Palmer's Secretary, will be read with interest. It shows how anxious the Board of Lady Managers are to afford the women of India this opportunity of showing, for the first time in Indian history, what they can do with their fingers; and of proving how, unknown to the outer world, they have for generations been accustomed to employ their time for both ornament and use, and that they can produce specimens which compare favourably with work done by women in any other part of the world:—

Board of Lady Managers,
World's Columbian Commission.

Mrs. Carmichael.

Dear Madam,—I have the honour to acknowledge, for Mrs. Palmer, the receipt of your favour of March 6th, informing her that you would send to the Women's Building a loan exhibit of the work of the women of India.

Mrs. Palmer wishes to express her sincere thanks for
your kindness, and for the willingness with which you have responded to her request. We shall look with great interest for this case of exhibits, the value of which will be most highly appreciated, all the more that our collection of Indian work does not promise to be extensive.

Thanking you again, not only for this especial favour, but also for your kind wishes regarding our Exposition in general,—I have the honour to be, very truly yours,

(Signed) SUSAN G. COOKE.
Secretary, Board of Lady Managers.

Among the articles sent were:

1. A Bourkha, or wrapper, used by the Mahomedan ladies of Peshawar when going through the streets to visit their friends, &c. English longcloth, embroidered with yellow Indian silk; the eyeholes in white cotton-thread embroidery. This Bourkha was made and embroidered by the wife of a member of an old Pathan family in Peshawar. Lent by Mr. Archibald Constable.

2. Red Silk Tartan Cloth worn by the women of a Burmese tribe (Fakiahs) settled in Upper Assam, notable for the Tartan pattern. Lent by Lady Bayley.


4. Phulkari, or Shishadar (looking-glass). Has small circular, slightly convex, mirrors sewn in the pattern. This is done by women. Mr. Kipling says in judging a Phulkari for texture and workmanship, as it is worked on the back, the back should be examined for evenness and fairness of stitch. Lent by Lady Lyall.

5. Mantle or Toga (Phulkari), worn by Toda men and women. There is very little stitching to be done, but they embroider the edges of the cloth with blue thread, which they prepare themselves from the wild nettle growing on the Nilagiri mountains, and dye with indigo.

6. Wedding Cloth, woven by Ját and Baishnava women, and embroidered by them. The red ground is woven, but all else is hand embroidered. These cloths take two years to make, and are only worn on the wedding day. Made in Bikanir, Rajputana, India.

7. Table Border, daffodils on black satin, worked by H.H. the Princess of Wadhwan.
8. *A Cushion*, on pale blue satin, worked in gold twist by Mrs. Pheroze Langrana, an Indian lady. The design is copied from the red sandstone pierced window in the mosque at Futtahpoor Sikri. 5, 6, 7, and 8 lent by Mrs. David Carmichael.

9. Yellow silk embroidery on white silk, made by pupils of the Hobart School for Mahomedan girls at Madras. Lent by Miss Manning.

10. Assamese lady's dress, woven by women. (a) *Nekhala* (skirt), (b) *Rheiha* (wrap), (c) *Artria* shawl. The first and second are woven from a kind of tussa, the third from a fibrous substance (*Artria*).

11. Saree with silver embroidery, done by Benares ladies.


13. Phulkari on red dungree, embroidered in yellow and white floss silks, worked by a maid of Mrs. Ram Singh. Lent by Rai Bahadur Bakshi Ram Singh.

Besides needlework, &c., Lady Agnes Burne and Mrs. David Carmichael have sent, through Mrs. Gordon, who has charge of the Women's Literature Branch at the Chicago Exhibition, the following interesting MSS. and books written by Indian women.

1. A portion of a M.S. history of Bengal in Urdu, by a Mohomedan lady of Dharbangah, in Behar, named Hassan Begum. It is a highly valued manuscript, and has only been lent to H.R.H. Princess Christian's Committee, on the understanding that it will be returned to Mrs. David Carmichael, who will re-transmit it to the Hon. Mr. Justice Ameer Ali, through whom it has been forwarded by the owner.

2. "*Saguna.*" To be presented to the Women's Library at Chicago, at the close of the exhibition, by the author, Mrs. Krapa Satthianaddhan; also proofs of the first two chapters of a new story "*Kamala*," which is appearing in the Christian College magazine, published at Madras, India.

4. "*The Paradise of Childhood.*" Translated from the English into Guzarathi by Mrs. Pheroze Thomas, née Sorabji.


The publication of the current number of *The Industrial Quarterly Review of Western India* was, we regret to notice, delayed by severe illness of the editor, Mr. Mahadev B. Namjoshi. As usual, its contents relate more to the mechanical and constructive arts, and their commercial aspects, than to those decorative handicrafts which are our chief concern in this Society. But there is much in this practical publication to encourage those who are anxious to see new life infused into Indian industries, as well as to cherish the hereditary skill of Indian art-workers. There is, for instance, a valuable paper, typical as an exposition of local industries, which treats on each branch of that subject as presented in the present circumstances of the Kolhapur State. It is contributed by Mr. Balaji P. Modak, who represented that little kingdom at the last Industrial Congress—and we mention this by way of eliciting similar expositions from other Indian States or special districts, which, if carefully compiled, as this is, would give us, *inter alia*, just the sort of direct information needed by the S.E.P.I.A. for the successful carrying out of our desire to preserve and encourage the lingering, but invaluable decorative arts in the secluded portions of the Indian peninsula. The Kolhapur State has little fertile territory, hence the greater relative importance for its people—too many of whom, it seems, come under the category of the unemployed—of utilising such mineral and other industrial materials as are available within its rocky boundaries. To this intent, a Geological Society has done much practical work, and brought to notice many descriptions of stone, slate, gypsum, and earth, that can be turned to various industrial purposes, including the making of pottery, bangles, and, we presume, common glass vessels. For instance, the local bangle-makers pointed out a kind of stone which, though quite soft when excavated, becomes as hard as granite afterwards; and it is suggested that this may be utilised in place of expensive imported firebricks for the engine furnaces of the cotton mills. Lime­stone, suitable for lithographic purposes, is also found; and excellent plaster of Paris may be made from other descriptions—though we can scarcely admire the idea that this may prove useful in the Bombay cotton mills for weighting calico. Our friends should leave to Lancashire the sophistication of piece-goods with "china-clay."

One of the more encouraging results of the Industrial Survey carried out by the Kolhapur durbar is the increasing attention given to forestry, to divi-divi and other tans, dyes,
and drugs, that can be obtained from jungle products. One incidental result of these investigations has been to check the destructive practice of burning the brushwood on the Ghats for the *kumari*, or wood-ash cultivation. In many respects forest conservancy does good service all round in otherwise barren districts of India. Fibres of various kinds abound in this State, including the wild plantain (*Musa textilis* = Manilla Hemp), though this is not mentioned in the report; and, as these, with the Agaves, grow without cost, this is one of the most easily developed sources of new industries. The Geological Survey, as might be expected, have pursued the attractive object of utilising the iron ores that are found here, as elsewhere, in the Deccan; but when we observe, in the calculation given, that two tons of charcoal required for making one ton of iron, cost Rs. 62, we fear there is not much chance of Kolhapur competing with imported bar iron, quoted in Bombay at Rs. 130; while as to steel, the further appliances required, including fuel, render its profitable production at present impossible. On the other hand, it is quite likely that these Deccan ores, treated by the indigenous methods—which really convert it into fine steel—might serve for certain cutlery purposes better than any "Europe" metal of similar kind.

The Technical School is a promising modern institution in the Kolhapur State; and it is interesting to observe that it was founded on funds raised in honour, jointly, of the late Regent Aba Sahib and of Sir James Fergusson, then Governor of Bombay. In this school we are glad to find attention is being given to several objects that do come under our S.E.P.I.A. rubric—such as artistic pottery and tiles, goldsmith's work, carving, and modelling. We shall be glad to be furnished with more specific particulars, in these respects, directly from the managers of the Technical School of this Deccan State.

But we must not altogether neglect the rest of the matter in this interesting Indian quarterly. For instance, there is the conclusion of the controversy as to the unduly heavy railway rates on ornamented copper and brass-ware— including bells, which eluded the surcharge by being classed as "pots."

There is also in this review a paper on a subject quite apart from industrial or art topics; that is, the lecture by Rao Bahadur Mahadev G. Ranade on "Indian Political Economy," which is treated with his usual masterly and discriminating good sense. His summary of the twelve
dogmas of the older school of economists would serve well as a text for a modern professor of the science; but he is careful to exempt J. S. Mill from the reproach of dogmatism. There is also a dissertation, by Mr. David Gostling, on the Indian Currency Question, in which he justly condemns the "partly ignorant and partly misled policy" of the India Office in pressing its Council Bills on the market irrespective of the position of silver. W. M. W.

Her Excellency the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava, C.I., has kindly consented to become a Vice-President of the Society. As one so imperishably associated with the noblest and most beneficent work ever set on foot for the women of India, the Executive Committee cordially welcome the addition of her Excellency's name to the list of Patronesses of their Society.

Mr. T. N. Mukharji, F.L.S., Indian Museum, Calcutta, has become an Honorary Member of S.E.P.I.A.
We hear much of Indian Schools, of their educational progress, and of the noble endeavours being made to advance the educational care of girls; it would be interesting to know more of the condition of the children themselves. As the result of an examination of 50,000 children whom I have seen individually in schools, and reported on for a Committee of the Charity Organisation Society, it is now possible to give some account of the condition of children in and around London. Fewer girls than boys present deviations from the normal standard of bodily development, brain condition and mental capacity, but more girls are pale, thin, or delicate; this is mainly due to the fact that, when of low physical make, girls suffer most. Children below the average in development of body and mental capacity have been carefully classified, so as to demonstrate the groups requiring special care. A group of 817—or 16 per 1,000 of the school population examined—includes imbeciles, cripples, epileptics, and children of more or less permanent, constitutional, and mental feebleness; each of these cases appear to demand special attention. Nearly 6,000 presented bodily defects of more or less importance; over 5,000 exhibited deviations from the normal nerve-states; 3,600 were reported by teachers as mentally dull; 2,000 were pale, thin, or delicate.

Low make of body is shown to predispose the child to delicacy of constitution and mental power; thus the class which, more than any other, requires the full benefit of National education, is that most likely, on account of feebleness, to be neglected through difficulties arising from their condition. The whole question has a direct bearing on the educational system and social life of the community. The conditions referred to are confined to no social class, but appear more frequent among the upper classes than among the poor. Children in day schools appear in better condition, and more free from mental dulness than among those in Institutions where there is a want of full touch and sympathy with the outer world and home life—a monoto-
rous life prevents free development in intellectual and moral character. Conditions vary greatly among English, Irish, and Jew children—the latter ancient race presenting the fewest with deviations below the normal. The indications as to delicacy among boys and girls, and their respective requirements appear to differ; in boys there is more spontaneity, both in growth of body and brain action, which needs active training; in girls, when of defective make, a greater tendency to permanent impairment under adverse surroundings.

Among our British population these questions appear of urgent importance. The question arises whether in the public interest there should not be more special care in the numerous cases of weak-minded children (frequently girls, whom, it has been proved, pass in large numbers from schools to swell the ranks of our pauper, lunatic, and criminal classes). These and other equally important points claim earnest consideration and careful enquiry. The after-life of the child may be bent and distorted in many ways injurious to the welfare of the community, if the early education and training are neglected or unsuitable. Undoubtedly, defects in constitutional constitution existing in infancy, unchecked, frequently when accentuated by conditions in after-life, produce changes in the moral nature, which evidence themselves in startling and repulsive ways. A great deal of ignorance as to the needs of weak children exists among those responsible for children and for their training, and the teachers as well as the children require to be educated.

The labour of conducting a scientific investigation into the condition of children is being now prosecuted by an International Committee, and the Secretary, Mr. E. W. Wallis, Sanitary Institute, Margaret St., London, W., will be glad to hear from any who are willing to advance the work.

Francis Warner.
As an old member of the Oxford University Volunteer Rifle Corps, I feel bound to give some little account of that body. Besides her Regular Army and her Militia, England possesses a defensive force of undoubted value in her Volunteers. These are civilians who have undertaken to serve in case of any great emergency. They are trained on the same lines as the regular soldiers, and give many of their leisure hours, and even many of their holidays, to learning the duties of a soldier. For all their work and sacrifice of time they receive no pay, and the officers incur very considerable expenses. Oxford University would be disgraced if she could not find men who would do as much for England as many thousands of artisans do. She ought to have her representatives among the 215,000 Rifle Volunteers. The University Corps is small in number, but to have belonged to it is to have gained some insight into the working of the Volunteer movement. To be an “efficient,” one has to keep a certain number of drills and firing practice at the target in the year. The private pays from his own pocket for his uniform; in artisan corps the uniforms of the privates are provided for them by private subscriptions. But the Government provides them with a Henry Martini rifle and bayonet.

For the purpose of learning how to manœuvre properly, the Volunteers are taken into the open country, and once in the year the corps is inspected. The inspection generally takes place during the summer term at Headington Hill, at a short distance to the east of Oxford. The ground where tents are pitched belongs to the Colonel of the Volunteers. On the appointed day all those who wish to go out “camping” assemble at headquarters, and march to Headington. On reaching there they find tents ready to be pitched by the privates. The Captain divides his company into two portions, giving each of them as a guide and instructor one of the members who has had experience in camping out. He is accompanied by some of the inexperienced ones, who come, for the first
time, to such work as pitching tents. Some of them are sent to make a place for a bonfire by digging out a large circular hole in the ground, and the sods thus removed serve as seats instead of chairs. Every private is provided with an overcoat and a waterproof cloth to be spread under his bed to prevent his catching cold; he is also supplied with a bed and blanket. The beds are of this kind: each man receives an empty bag which he has himself to stuff with hay; a quantity of this is kept in store for that purpose. At night the waterproof sheets being stretched on the ground, the beds laid on them, and the blankets put over the beds, the men have a couch sufficiently warm and soft for wearied limbs to rest upon. Many of us slept in flannels and thus had further protection against damp. The men in every tent have, for their common use, a lantern, a wooden bucket for fetching water, and a bowl for washing in. The whole week is spent in real work, yet it is a week of great enjoyment. There are three or four drills every day in order to make up the necessary number for the men to become “efficient.” In the evening, at about six o’clock, a party of half-a-dozen privates and an officer go out to forage; that is, to obtain food and other necessaries from the villages. As a matter of fact this was for us a mere form, as we were supplied from stores sent for our use; but it put the image of war plainly before us. All the privates, whether sons of nobles or of commoners, are equally treated as soldiers, and each had to take his turn in performing the various camp duties, to act as sentry, to keep watch over property, to clean the weapons, to roll up the beds in the morning, and make them up at night, to fetch water for themselves and the officers, and all else that it falls to the lot of a private soldier to do. At meals some of us, by turn, were told off to wait on the others. After dinner, all the privates, and some of the officers, sat round the cheerful bonfire, singing, telling stories, and smoking. At ten, a bugle sounded to warn us to retire. Every one had to hurry to go to bed, because the lights were soon afterwards put out. After some minutes a captain, with a private carrying a light in front of him, visited the tents, and, in a commanding tone, ordered all lights to be put out, which was done in an instant.

At an early hour, the bugle again sounded for us to turn out, and get ready for morning drill. Very few of us read a line during the whole week. We took our baths in the open air. This life of ours in camp taught one how limited our real wants are, and how little one need be
really dependent on the services of others. On the last day but one, an officer from the War Office comes to inspect the corps, and report on its progress to her Majesty’s Government. He causes certain evolutions to be gone through, and, at the close, thanks the corps for the interest they are taking in their work, and says that he is very pleased with what he has seen, and will report the same to the War Office. On the last day the whole camp is crammed with human beings of all sorts and conditions. Races take place, some of which are called “hurdle races,” because hurdles have to be jumped; others are named “obstacle races,” because every kind of obstacle is placed in the way of the racers. There is also the “egg race,” in which each of the racers carries an egg placed on a spoon, and has to run as fast as he can without touching the egg, or suffering it to fall down. Though there are many other kinds of races, this is, perhaps, as amusing as any. I had the pleasure of taking part in many of these sports. Some of us performed on this day the duty of a “Bobby,” keeping the people at a respectful distance from any prohibited spot, and assisting to keep the race-courses clear, and generally to look after the interests of peace and tranquillity. I much enjoyed the life of a Volunteer in camp, and feel sure that those who have not had a like experience can scarcely imagine how much pleasure such a change from ordinary life produces.

The 1st of May, the first Monday in September, and the 5th of November are three days well-known to Oxford citizens; the first and the last are well-known to the undergraduates also. The 1st of May was, centuries ago, kept as a festival by the English, and it was the custom to rise very early to welcome in the month of May, the bringer of flowers. This old practice is maintained in Oxford by the Choir Boys of Magdalen going up upon the tower and singing a hymn there as the sun rises. Many people assemble on the bridge at the foot of the tower to listen to their song, which floats sweetly over river, meadow, and street. A fair is annually held on the first Monday in September, and it is called St. Giles’s Fair, because it takes place on the day dedicated to the memory of that Saint. The street in front of St. John’s College bears the same name, and it is there that the people who come to the fair assemble. I will try to give some idea of this fair. Amusement rather than business is the object of those who attend it, and this is furnished by various shows, and by feats of jugglery. The performers live in large waggons,
so covered in that they resemble small houses on wheels, and which they use to carry them and their belongings about the country. These are painted on the outside with rough, brightly coloured pictures of the things they have to show. A woman of exceeding fatness, a man of gigantic height, or some such monstrosity is often the object of exhibition. This the public may enjoy the sight of by simply paying a penny. I saw in the fair a man who had lost both his arms and had only small stumps left, reaching but a few inches from the shoulders. This man could do everything with his two legs. The toes of his feet served him as fingers; he could write and shave with his foot, holding the pen and the razor with his toes. He could also pick up a pin, and shoot; he could, indeed, do everything with his feet which other men do with their hands. I also visited the fat lady, and she reminded me of the fat beasts that are exhibited at agricultural shows—unhappy masses of flesh that seem only able to eat and sleep, and which cannot rise when once they have settled down. In another tent was a man of middle height, whose hands were covered with long hair. An American girl was performing several shooting feats; these were very good, and her hand was steady as a rock, and her aim unerring. All these things are exhibited under cover of some screen of canvas, or in a tent, quite contrary to our Indian custom. Outside are merry-go-rounds, automatic and electric instruments of different kinds, some for measuring strength or power of endurance; others for giving the height and weight of the person who uses them. A very favourite sport was shooting at eggs, or at a white mark, about the size of an Indian lemon, which was thrown up by a fountain. “Aunt Sally” herself is a wooden head, fixed on an upright stick, and her disrespectful relatives throw sticks at her, specially trying to break the pipe which ornaments her mouth. Those who are successful receive from the showman a cocoa-nut as the prize of their skill. Any one can join in the game at the rate of “three shies a penny”—that is, he can for a penny have three throws at “Aunt Sally.” On every side the air is filled with the loud cries of the showmen calling on all the passers-by to seize the golden opportunity and purchase entrance into their booths. These booths are the small tents or covered stalls, in which the objects of exhibition are placed, and in which spectators have their seats. The 5th of November has an altogether different character to that of the 1st of May and St. Giles’s fair. The disturb-
ances which even now take place on the night of that day, and which are known as town and gown rows, are memorials of centuries of old discord between the city and the University. In the fourteenth century, the citizens drove the students far away by force of arms, and for this outrageous conduct were soon punished by the Government, when peace was restored, and students were admitted again within the city. Now, of course, the tone of society is so changed that even the petty squabbles of the 5th of November are fast dying out.

In order to produce the best results of education, physical, moral, and mental training must go hand-in-hand. One of the things that most strikes a foreigner at Oxford—and it is the same at Cambridge—is the great amount of time spent by the undergraduates in amusement. In the winter, boating and football are the most popular sports, fox-hunting being limited to those who can afford to keep or hire the necessary horses. Polo has been introduced from the East, but, like hunting, it is for many men too expensive. Cricket takes the place of football in the summer, but the river has still more visitors then than ever. In the winter, boating men go upon it in large numbers, but in May and June idlers like to paddle a canoe, or lounge in a punt under the shadow of the trees which overhang the Cherwell. It would almost seem that it was the purpose of the students rather to cultivate the bodily strength and powers than those of the mind. Yet all have to read, to attend lectures, and pass Examinations for Degrees, and that the standard of the past Examinations is sufficiently high may be allowed when the number of men who fail to pass is taken into account. Those who obtain honours have read deeply and widely, and with an intelligence above that of an average man. The self-denial, the industry, the spirit of endurance, of generous rivalry and love of fair play, which the constant training for, and taking part in, the different athletic sports promote, are also an undoubted aid to the proper moral education of the students, making them, in the full English sense of the word, men. Another point which must strike the mind of the visitor very forcibly is the great and continuous liberality shown to learning by generation after generation of Englishmen of wealth and position. These noble edifices which we see to-day are the results of their support to the cause of education and learning, and testify to their desire to spread among all classes the highest education, having thus thought and intended to
bestow a great benefit on their country. Many of more moderate means have founded Professorships, Fellowships, and Exhibitions, thus supplementing the work of those who were able to found Colleges. Pleasant was my Oxford life, pleasant is it to me to recall it, and much do I wish that it had been possible for me to have written worthily of that great and venerable seat of learning. My readers must allow me to say that my notes aim at being nothing more than notes. If they have amused them for a moment, if they should lead any hesitating man to make up his mind to go to Oxford, greatly should I rejoice to know it. He would, I doubt not, be the first to pardon the imperfections of my notes, and to add his voice to mine in praise of Oxford and her modes of life.

SAMPATRAO K. GAIKWAD.
SHOULD INDIA HAVE A GOLD STANDARD?

In a late number of this Magazine, a short notice was inserted of a paper read before the East India Association by Mr. A. Cotterell-Tupp on the Indian Currency Question. On the 15th March he read a second paper in continuation of the same subject under the title given above, entering into details of the various remedies that have been proposed, and pointing out the imminence of a crisis in the monetary world if some definite scheme to better matters should not be formulated before the second meeting of the Monetary Conference at Brussels in May next.

Commencing with pointing out the evils that have arisen in India owing to the fall in silver as regards Government, the Indian official and professional classes, and the merchants, he proceeds in the second place to show that the causes which have led to this fall affect other nations as well as India, and therefore require a general and not a local remedy. He considers it proved in Mr. Barr Robertson's paper, noticed in our last number, that it is not silver that has changed, but gold that has increased in value, and that by some 32 per cent. since 1873. I do not propose to enter into this complicated question, but would merely remark that other financial authorities, notably Sir J. Lubbock, are of opinion that the appreciation of gold has not amounted to 5 per cent. The fact remains, whether it has arisen from one cause or from the other, that silver has greatly diminished in value as measured in gold. In seeking a remedy for this depreciation, to quote Mr. Cotterell-Tupp's words, we must evidently not expect to find it by taking any action with regard to the rupee or to India's currency generally, but by trying to remove the causes which have led to the appreciation of gold. The disease from which India is suffering is the decreased use of silver as measured in gold; anything that will increase the use of silver in the currencies of the world, or will decrease the use of gold, will tend to cure this disease. By increasing the use of gold and making it the legal standard of value for India, where it has never been the legal standard, and by decreasing the use of silver by closing the Indian mints to its coinage, would be homoeopathy with a vengeance—the curing of like by like. With
this reasoning I entirely agree. The proposals brought forward by the advocates of a gold standard for India are described as follows: The Indian mints are first to be closed to the free coinage of silver, that is, they will be open only to such silver as the Indian Government may choose to send them, and not, as they are now, to any one who brings it to them to be coined. It is believed by those advocates that by not coining any rupees for some time the internal or India value of the rupee could be raised considerably, say to 1s. 6d. or more, and the competition of bar silver being removed (as it could not be taken to the mints to be coined) Council bills would be the only means of remittance to India. These it would be in the power of the Government to regulate in such a way as to force the rupee up to such a value that there would be no difficulty in introducing a gold standard.

Mr. Cotterell-Tupp holds, for the following reasons, that the attempt thus to force up the value of the rupee would not succeed. The power to raise the rate of the India Council bills depends on the balance of trade remaining, as it always hitherto has been, favourable to India—that is, on the value of the exports exceeding that of the imports, so that the difference between the two values may have to be made up by importing the precious metals into the country. But if the value of the rupee is artificially raised, say from 1s. 2d. to 1s. 6d., rupee prices in India must fall, and the inducement to export produce will correspondingly decrease. It will then not be necessary to send bullion to India: India Council bills will not be required, and it will be impossible to keep up their price. The action and counter-action of commercial and financial forces will result accordingly in the fall of the value of the rupee in place of the rise anticipated by the advocates of the gold standard.

After quoting in favour of his own arguments the opinions of Sir T. C. Hope, late Public Works Member of the Governor General's Council, and of Sir D. Barbour, the present Finance Minister, of Mr. Hermann Schmidt, one of our ablest currency writers, of the late Mr. Bagehot, former editor of the *Economist*, and of Mr. T. Lloyd in the *Statist*, he proceeds to show that the effect of the proposed artificial inflation of the rupee, and an attempt to introduce a gold standard into India, while leading to a further fall in the value of silver measured in gold, would seriously injure the trade of China, Brazil, the Argentine, Mexico, and other silver-using countries, and the finances of the Government of India, especially in its dealings with China in the matter
of opium. The Indian Government might obtain as much silver as at present from the sale of opium, but that silver would no longer be the equivalent of so many rupees at their enhanced value, even if payment could be received in silver at all. Silver bullion thus received would be comparatively useless to the Indian trader, for he could no longer send and get it coined into rupees at the Indian Mints. The Indian producer would meet with the same difficulty in the export and sale of his tea, silk, indigo, grain, cotton, &c., the result being, of course, the ruin of the trade of the country, unless the cost of their production could at the same time be greatly lowered. This would involve a grave political danger, for it could only be brought about by a corresponding reduction in the wages of labour in India. Add to this that the value of the enormous hoards of silver known to exist in the country would be at once seriously reduced, and the gravity of the political consequences can hardly be overestimated. Before leaving this part of the subject and entering on that of the remedies proposed, it will be as well to quote Mr. Walter Bagehot on the breach of contract on the part of the Indian Government that would be involved in the forcing up of the value of the rupee, and consequent lowering of that of silver. The ryot would complain, and justly, of breach of contract. The Government agreed with him to take so much silver for so many years; but now, in effect, it says it must have so much more silver... The Indian creditors of the Government, who are paid in silver, would say that their contract ought to be put upon the same footing as the ryot's contract; and their case will be all the stronger, because the depreciation of silver will be increased by this action of the Government. The officials of the Indian Government will at once say that they ought to be paid in gold too, at a fixed rate. The last class already begin to cry out when the fall in the rupee has not been brought about by the action of Government. Would that cry not be much louder if the fall were accentuated by its direct interposition in the manner proposed?

The fourth division of Mr. Cotterell-Tupp's address is: "Is there any other course open to us which will cure the evils from which India and England now suffer, and which will not entail the dangers already described?"

The only complete remedy, according to the bimetalists, is a general resort to the dual standard of gold and silver or bimetallism. The demonetization of silver after the Franco-German war is said by Professor Foxwell to
have enhanced the demand for gold by £80,000,000 sterling, and decreased that for silver by £54,000,000; and it is maintained that nothing short of the reversal of this policy will bring back the demand for the latter to its old strength, and so cause silver to rise to its old value. In the meanwhile, however, means should be found for checking a farther fall—means by which the demand for silver may be increased to some extent. It would be useless to attempt to diminish the supply of silver, which will be produced as long as there is any profit in it beyond the eight to ten pence an ounce its production is believed to cost, and considering that even now the market price is 38 or 39 pence, it will be long before we arrive below the point of profit. It is equally useless to endeavour to increase the supply of gold, for gold does not exist in very large quantities in any part of the earth. There remain, then, the remedy of increasing the demand for silver already noted, and that of diminishing the demand for gold, practically the same thing.

To accomplish this object the best way is, no doubt, to make both metals legal tender in every country at a fixed ratio to one another, for it seems evident, from the fact that the great fall in silver began from 1873, when the French Mint ceased to coin it, and from its having held its own with gold at a fixed ratio for the previous 70 years when they did coin it, that it was this demonetisation that, to a great extent, actually caused the fall, and brought on the subsequent great demand for gold. It is not meant by this proposal that every nation should have its main legal-tender currency of both metals; what is meant is that each nation should agree to receive both metals freely at its mint when presented there, and to accept them at a fixed ratio to one another. England, Germany, and other gold-using countries need have no larger legal-tender coinage of silver, nor need the United States and India have a large legal-tender coinage of gold; but by receiving both at a fixed ratio, that ratio would be maintained. When that was the case, people would want silver just as much as gold, and the demand for the former would be increased.

There is a weak point, however, in this proposal—viz., that it would depend on the consent of the principal nations being obtained to its being carried into practise, and it might be difficult to obtain that consent, especially in the case of poor countries. It must not be forgotten that such an arrangement might put it into the power of the great financiers of the world, such as the Rothschilds, to bring pressure to bear on such poor countries for their own
purposes by threatening them with bankruptcy through a sudden demand on their treasuries for either metal.

Again, silver and gold being both marketable commodities, and their mercantile values relatively to each other being determined by the law of demand and supply, could the ratio fixed by consent remain constant for any time, and must it not be liable to fluctuation just as that of other mercantile commodities? If so, and I confess I do not see how such fluctuations could be avoided, would not all mercantile transactions between different countries resolve themselves into pure gambling? Would not combinations of financiers be able to make either of the metals, for a time at least, dearer or cheaper in any particular country, as they chose? Rings have been formed successfully for commercial purposes in Europe as well as America, and why should they not be so again for the far more mischievous purpose of driving the treasury of a particular country to extremities? If the chief commercial nations should agree to a fixed ratio, as proposed—a very unlikely event, to my idea—would that ratio remain fixed for any length of time? Nay, would it not be continually fluctuating according to the law of demand and supply, and would not the great essential for a proper currency system thus not be attained? Mr. Cotterell-Tupp, in the concluding sentence of his paper, is very hard on the English Monometallist Delegates at the Conference when he says they will never give up their half-sovereign, though a world should perish. But is this a mere whim or fad on the part of the British nation, or is it really based on the suspicion that if bimetallism were re-introduced in the present state of the world's markets, the relative values of gold and silver for currency purposes must continually fluctuate to keep them in line with the value of those metals as mercantile commodities?

I entirely concur in the idea that the only way in which silver can be rehabilitated is in providing means by which it may be more used and a greater demand for it created, but we may be perfectly sure that if the chief commercial nations were to agree to the scheme proposed by Professor Soetbeer, which Mr. Cotterell-Tupp has adopted, such agreement would sit very lightly upon them, and would be repudiated at a moment's warning in case of war, or whenever any small advantage might accrue to them from doing so.

My own opinion as to the practicability of doing anything to set matters right was given in my previous paper on the Currency Problem.

A. Rogers.
REVIEW.

THE FIRST LETTER BOOK OF THE EAST INDIA COMPANY.*

This volume embraces the first 178 letters, and other documents, connected with the East India Company, from the time of its founding to the year 1619; and about 50 of them relate to the first six years of the existence of the Company. In fact, among the old records of India Office, there are only four more original letters, beyond those published in the volume, belonging to the period between 1600 and 1606. Its value, therefore, to those interested in the history of the British Indian Empire, and particularly of the trade of India, cannot be exaggerated, and Mr. Bernard Quaritch deserves the highest credit for its publication, which must have entailed a heavy expenditure, nothing having been grudged to make the book in printing, paper, and illustration, worthy of its unique contents. The work is annotated throughout by Sir George Birdwood, and Mr. William Foster of the Record Department of the India Office, and is preceded by an Introduction by Sir George Birdwood, giving an exhaustive history of the development of the Indian trade from the earliest antiquity down to the discovery of the ocean-way to India by the Cape of Good Hope, and the establishment of the English East India Company. From this Introduction we make the three following quotations, which will satisfy our readers that it is not at all necessary that a treatise of this sort, dealing with the subject matter of musty old commercial papers, should necessarily be uninteresting.

The first is a foot-note on the hands and feet of the women of India:—

The Hindu women of the higher castes, or as it might now, under British rule, be more accurately said, of the wealthier classes, are remarkable for the perfect proportions and dainty modelling of

their hands and feet, the classical beauty of which is enhanced in its effect on the beholder by the unrestrained ease and natural grace of their whole presence, demeanour, and carriage, as they recline in statuesque repose, or move about, like the immortal goddesses of Homer, enwrapped in the long elegant folds of their bright flowing draperies. Their olive-tinted hands, passing into ivory white on the palms, moderately plump, and with straight firm fingers, tapering to the tips, are the sweet gracious hands of the Capitoline Leda, the hands attributed also by the Greeks and Romans to Pallas Athene. Their feet are the fair feet of the Medicean Venus, smoothly rounded, high arched in sole and instep, full and elastic in the tread, the toes all delicately dimpled at the articulations, the second being longer than the first, and the little toe “preternaturally small,” as some modern critics have ignorantly affirmed of the masterpiece of Cleomenes [I.], and with the strongly knit round “heels of Atalanta,” one of the lesser pulcherities ascribed to Aspasia. They are the “winged heels” of the poets, and, with the corresponding springy tread, are the result of the free exercise throughout unending generations of the naked, or the simply sandaled foot. But now-a-days, Hindu ladies, particularly in the Presidency towns of India, under the blighting influences of our western ideas of impropriety, are becoming more and more opposed to appearing in public with uncovered feet, and are rapidly accustoming themselves to the use of shoes and slippers. In Bombay they had already in my time almost universally adopted the Persian style of slipper; and since then they have taken to English shoes, happily, made up in all sorts of coloured stuffs, and even, as I am informed, to stockings. It is saddening that in this way the healthful, picturesque habits of the ancient Aryas should one after the other be obliterated in their last surviving sanctuary, leaving the life of the modern world lowered to the dead level of the timid uniformity of the self-conscious West. But in spite of their going into shoes and stockings, and the scarcely less unwholesome abomination of gloves, the Hindu women will always retain an attractiveness, especially their own, in the automatic, rhythmical comportment, whether in rest or action, of their shapely hands and feet, which I can compare, in English art, only to the unlaboured freedom and refinement of the disposition of the feet and hands, as of the limbs generally, in Thomas Stothard’s charming compositions of female figures. And after all, for lovely woman is supreme over every detraction, the “glancing,” beneath waving robes, of “many twinkling feet,” all in their “finical shoes” of gayest dyes, and spangled over with sparkling gold, will make a pretty picture anywhere, and is a sight to be constantly seen in the loftily shadowed streets, and among the spacious suburban gardens, of the many-languaged Town and Island of Bombay.

The next extract is from the conclusion of a long passage in which Sir George Birdwood points out the danger that has arisen to the commercial supremacy of
Broadly speaking, the temperate countries of the world are more and more becoming dominant manufacturing powers, and the tropical countries mere agricultural territories, in direct industrial subjection, if not political subordination, to the temperate countries with which they are commercially linked. This is why the United States of America offer us no reasonable hope of any adequate extension of our future commerce with them; and why the development of our trade with India, and the countries of the Indian Ocean generally, in progressive proportion to the need for employing our rapidly increasing population in profitable manufactures, is of the most vital consequence to us. Every manufacturing state in Europe is beginning to feel the necessity for securing the markets of the East for its manufactures; and we in England are absolutely dependent on the freedom of those markets, not only for the maintenance of our industrial supremacy, but for the continuance of our very existence as an independent people. Large countries like France, Germany, and Russia, can be economically self-sustaining, but a small country like England can with difficulty support a rapidly-increasing and energetic population, such as our own, except on imported food, for which it can pay profitably only by exporting its manufactures. We have warnings, in short, of every kind, historical, political, industrial, and social, that these islands are passing through a severe crisis in their fate. The time has evidently come when we can no longer neglect to make the best of every natural advantage we possess, and to diligently make up for every disadvantage with which we may be weighted. It is the sum of unobserved, unconsidered deficiencies and negligences which brings about the deadliest forms of failure, and in these days of close international competition a serious catastrophe suffered by any one of the leading powers of the world could only with the greatest difficulty be retrieved, if at all. It is remarkable what a difference the slightest natural advantage makes in even the most artificial conditions of human society, and in the ordinary retail business of shopkeepers. In most northern cities every street has what those living in it call a “right side,” and a “wrong side,” the rents differing between the two sides so much as from 25 to 30 per cent. I have never met with anyone who could explain it, except that it had always been so. It will, however, be invariably found that the “right side” of the street is that on which the sun shines from the south and west, making a brighter show of the shop windows, and therefore attracting the greater number of people, and of casual buyers, to them. But every nation is a shop, and the oceans and the rivers are the high streets and the bye-ways of the nations; and when the busy traffic that always has subsisted, and always will subsist, between the East and the West went overland, the nations
situated along the Euphrates, the Nile, and the Mediterranean, made the first, and the whole profit of it. Then after it was diverted round the Cape, the nations fronting the Atlantic, and particularly England, which fronts at once India, Europe, and America, monopolised it, while the Mediterranean nations had, as it were, to put up their shutters and retire from business for nearly three hundred years. And now that this trade is gradually returning to its original overland routes, our disadvantage in relation to them is at once beginning to be seen, and would be still more clearly seen but for our immense present dealings with the Americas. Nevertheless, the Eastern trade is the great trunk trade current of the Old World, and France, with her unique advantage of having a frontage on both the Mediterranean and the Atlantic, if she ever seriously enters into the trade with the East Indies, will compete with us on almost equal terms round the Cape of Good Hope, and on more than equal terms in the Mediterranean, where her recent acquisition of Tunis, the cornerstone of her Algerian shop frontage, and the modern representative of Carthage, gives her a commanding commercial position throughout northern Africa: to be neutralised only by our exercising a perpetual protectorate over Egypt.

Finally, in the following passage, Sir George Birdwood describes the Colophon with which the book is decorated, and which, by the kind permission of Mr. Bernard Quaritch, is here reproduced:—
Before parting with the volume, I would offer some explanation of its ornamentation; of which the most important feature is the Colophon. This device originally marked the last page of a book, and contained the place and year of its publication, but was ultimately transferred, with these particulars, to the title page, where, chiefly through want of sufficient space, the Colophon gradually dwindled to a mere trade-mark, of the baldest, and, too often, most disfiguring kind. In the present volume it has been replaced in its proper position at the end of the book, its central geometrical elements only being repeated on the title page, and here in their consonant colours, on the very spot assigned in the highest usage to some personal badge, or to the arms, of the writer or editor of a work. Whoever may be the author of a book, its finisher is, after all, the much abused publisher, without whom it could not be brought to its fateful issue; and as the word "Colophon" is derived from the circumstance of the cavalry of Colophon, one of the twelve cities of the Ionian league, having always been kept in reserve by the allies to make the last charge and decide the battle [whence the Greek proverb, "He put the Colophon to it," τὸν Κολοφόνα ἐπέθηκεν], it is doubly appropriate, in etymology as in ritual, that the publisher's distinctive device should be imprinted at large on, or opposite to, the last page of a book; and that, proportionately to its use and significance, the utmost art should be lavished on its colophon, or "finishing touch." The printer and binder are also each entitled to their personal stamp, and should take a pride in contributing it, draughted by the best designers of their time, to the consecration of every book of good faith in the preparation of which they have had a helping hand. They are, for the most part, men of substance, and can well afford to publicly prove in this reverential form that they not only know their trade, but love their art. In the present instance, Mr. George C. Haité, twelfth President of the brotherhood of "the Sette of Odd Volumes," founded by Mr. Bernard Quaritch in 1880, has taken the general plan and delineation of his design from the colophon of a Catholicon of the year 1497, in my possession; developing its significance by collating it with similar symbolical figures in Indian art; and adapting it to Mr. Quaritch's family history. The specific charm of Indian, as of all ancient Asiatic, art is that, whether in the vague amplitude of the metaphorical descriptions of the theologised astrology of the Revelation of St. John the Divine, or in the definite epitome of such traditionary decorative types as the "knop and flower pattern," and the "cone pattern," it is everywhere the conscious reflection of the whole universe of things seen and unseen, the sanctified cypher, as it were, of the visible creation of forces and phenomena, and of their invisible, inscrutable Creator, the one God of all human faith, and love, and adoration. Thus it has, from the earliest times, in the ultimate types of its poetical and pictorial imagery, portrayed the cosmos as a virgin mother, a suffering and redeeming
god-man, a holy mountain, a four-square heavenly city, and a
garden enclosed, with its Paradisaical tree planted by the
four-parted waters of eternal life. The first Paradise, and
the first Tree of Life, were of direct physiological origination
[compare εὐκήρυκτος and “hortus”], and the most obvious exponents
of the generative and reproductive principles of nature; the second
Paradise was geographical, and its characteristic tree was ever its
worshipful Tree of Life, as the date palm in Chaldaëa, and the
ash tree of the Norse nations in “Asgard” [the country about
the Sea of Azov]; while the final, transcendental Paradise was the
green earth itself, or, at least, its northern hemisphere, “the
mountain of the Lord,” rising above the 7 [or 9] hells of the
southern hemisphere, and the final, consummate Tree of Life,
the 7 [or 9] planets simulated as a date palm, or some other tree,
deep-rooted in the earth, and carrying its 7- or 9-branched head
into the highest heavens, and guarded by the mystical cherubim
[“the Two Witnesses”], all encircled, or ensquared, by the twelve
signs of the Zodiac, and their twenty-four deacons, the “flammmantia
menia mundi.” It may be said that nearly all the traditional
devices in decorative design are derived from this sublime Chaldaean
presentment of the Tree of Life; and throughout their infinite
permutations, they in Indian art retain, “void of all prophanation,”
their original sacramental significance, and still utter forth their
hallowing voice of archaic praise: “Alleluia! for the Lord God
Omnipotent reigneth! Alleluia! Salvation, Glory, Honour, Power
unto the Lord our God!” In the colophon designed for Mr.
Quaritch, the earth is indicated by a circle divided through its
horizontal diameter into the nether world of night and winter,
destruction and death, and the upper world of day and summer,
fight and life and glory; and the planetary tree by the Papal
Cross, as the emblem of the historical continuity of the develop­
ment of religious doctrine and ritual in the formulated Christianity
of the Catholic Roman Church. The geometrical structure of the
striking type thus obtained symbolises the creative forces of nature
with the ingenuousness of the corresponding lingam-yoni symbol of
the Hindus, and I have emphasised this in transferring a reduction
of it to the title-page by colouring it red in its active and blue in its
passive element. The zodiac is conventionally denoted by the oak
sprays, bearing between them twelve acorns and twenty-four leaves;
and these sprays refer again to Mr. Quaritch personally.

THE G. V. JUGGAROW OBSERVATORY, Daba Gardens,
Vizagapatam: Results of Meteorological Observa­
tions, 1891. By A. V. NURSINGROW, Esq., Rao
Bahadur. Calcutta, 1892.

THE Observatory at Vizagapatam in the northern part of the
Madras Presidency, was established by the late Mr. G. V.
Juggarow, whose name it bears, and whose interest in
meteorology has been mentioned in English books reporting the progress of this science. His daughter married Mr. A. V. Nursingrow, Rao Bahadur, and under the direction of that gentleman the results for 1891 were issued in the above pamphlet. On June 18th, however, of last year, Mr. A. V. Nursingrow died. The cremation took place the same day in the Daba Gardens. His widow, the founder's daughter, Sri Ankitham Achayyamma Garu (Mrs. A. V. Nursingrow) has liberally endowed the Observatory with the sum of three lakhs of rupees, in order to place it on a permanent footing, and she, in concert with her son, Mr. A. V. Juggarow, has now executed a registered deed of transfer, assigning and transferring the trust of the Observatory, with its endowment and all its belongings, to the care of the Government of India, in order to ensure its continuance and its work for the public benefit.

The meteorological observations conducted at the Observatory appear to be very full and valuable. The Report contains the results for every month of readings of the barometer and thermometer (with calculations as to maximum and minimum, and mean daily range), observations regarding humidity, radiation, ozone, winds, general weather, &c.; comparisons of temperature and of air-pressure at this station during the last 22 years, and other useful tables. In the Astronomical Department, the transit of Mercury was observed in May 1891, and a diagram is given of this event; the total eclipses of the moon of May 23rd and November 16th were carefully recorded, and interesting observations were made as to the relation between the magnitudes and the colours of Binary stars. Tables are also given of the apparent rising and setting of the sun. The Observatory was surmounted in that year with a revolving corrugated iron dome, and early in 1892 spouting and lightning conductors were supplied from England, which will probably be placed upon a high rock in the gardens. Mr. A. Nursingrow, who had managed the Observatory for 28 years, however, added to his report, "With this uncertain life, we know we are not masters of the things to be executed." And, shortly after writing these words, his death occurred.

It is satisfactory that the Observatory has now an established position among similar institutions in India, and it is an interesting fact that the munificence of this family should have been devoted to the furtherance of a science which was the earliest to attract the notice and the reasoning powers of the ancient East.
The book contains photographs of the Observatory, of the founder, of his daughter, of his grandson, and of his late son-in-law, Mr. A. V. Nursingrow, Rao Bahadur, who prepared the pamphlet. A lakh of rupees was bequeathed by this gentleman to establish in the town of Vizagapatam a College, attached to the Observatory, to be called the "Mrs. A. V. Nursingrow College."

NEW BOOKS RELATING TO INDIA.


The First Letter Book of the East Indian Company, 1600—1619. Edited, with Introduction, by Sir George Birdwood. 42s. nett. (Bernard Quaritch.)

Where Three Empires Meet: A Narrative of Recent Travel in Kashmir, Western Tibet, Balistan, Ladak, Gilgit, and the Adjoining Countries. By E. F. Knight. With Map and 54 Illustrations. 18s. (Longmans.)


Ancient India, 2,000 B.C.—800 A.D. By Romesh Chunder Dutt, C.I.E. (Epochs of Indian History.) 2s. 6d. (Longmans.)

By a Himalayan Lake. By "An Idle Exile." 3s. 6d. (Ward & Downey.)

Rhyning Legends of Ind. By H. Kirkwood Gracey, B.A., C.S. 6s. (W. Thacker & Co.)

Lays of Ind. By Aliph Cheem. Ninth Edition, Illustrated. 10s. 6d. (W. Thacker & Co.)

In Times of Peril. By G. A. Henty. New Edition. 5s. (Griffith & Farran.)
AN INDIAN VIEW OF THE MODES OF LIVING IN ENGLAND.

(A FEW HINTS FOR INDIANS.)

So far as I know, a student in India does not possess the same amount of general information as a student in England does. In fact, exceptions excluded, the former knows, if not more, as much of the book he reads or studies as the latter; but not much in the way of general information outside the book. An Indian student, strictly speaking, has no idea of the life in Germany, in France, in Russia, in America—in fact, he knows the life in no other country besides India. Not only that, but to the surprise of many, he does not well know even the life in England—a country that he has much to do with from various points of view. He does not know what institutions and establishments exist here, how many modes there are of living here in England, and so forth. Whereas an English student knows as much of Japan, China, India, &c., &c., as any Englishman does. Of course, one sometimes comes across rare and exceptional cases. For instance, I was once asked a most ludicrous question—whether we had comfortable carriages in India! And only the other day I was asked, to my great astonishment, whether we had chairs and tables as in England.

Now it is a most natural question to inquire how it is that a student in India does not know so much of foreign affairs as a student in England does. The usual complaint the former makes is that he does not find a hand-book on such subjects to read; and has no time to go through rare and voluminous books. When he goes to a library—which I am sorry to remind him—he very seldom does—he finds a few periodicals lying about on the tables. He takes one of them, glances over the contents, and sees a series of articles. Some of these deal with questions too deep for him to enter into; some are too stale and uninteresting for him to read; and, perhaps, a few there are—at the most two—that give a description of some country. He opens the
MODES OF LIVING IN ENGLAND.

page and looks at the article, and finds, to his despair, that it deals with some phase of oriental, or rather, Indian life (which only an English pen can faithfully describe?). In fact, he finds himself reflected in it, and this gives him nothing new. Then he turns to one of those few that profess to improve Indian matters; but even this appears to him lacking in novelty. I need not describe his disappointment at this periodical, because one can imagine what it is to fail to find a thing where one expects it.

Who is to blame for all this? I say the fault lies with us. The absence of periodicals of our own—doubtless, a principal means of diffusing information—and the unbecoming silence of our Indian travellers and experienced men on such subjects are accountable for this difficulty and inconvenience.

With such hazy ideas of England, not to speak of other countries, an Indian student ventures to cross the seas and come over to England. A very commendable step no doubt, but the only pity is that he comes to England as to a grammar school, and not to a country where he should travel a great deal, compare it with his own, mix much with the people, investigate the principles upon which many institutions worth imitating are based, pick up the best ideas of the western world—which might result in very fruitful work for his country. But under the present circumstances I should not advise him to follow any extreme. The happy medium is the best.

The first thing an Indian student thinks of, while on his way to England, is where he should go to, and how he should live. The nearer he comes to England, the more this thought worries him. At last he suddenly finds himself in London! And if nobody comes to receive him at the docks or at the station, he finds himself dumb-founded. Then I do not know how he proceeds. I will describe what I did. Not to mention in detail the difficulties—the sudden change of climate, an absolute ignorance of the continental languages, the sight for the first time of the snow-clad mountains in Italy and Switzerland (a pleasant sight indeed, if I could have kept my wits about me), the tedious length of a 52 hours' journey without any substantial food—on my way from Trieste to Dover, I arrived at the Victoria station at about 5 o'clock on a Sunday evening. It was a Sunday at the close of that horrible winter of 1890. A dark and quiet Sunday! Very few people to be seen about the streets, although on week days the number of people walking about in the streets of
London is greater than the number of trees in the thickest jungle of India. Dark it was, because of the notorious weather of London. The fine blue vault of the sky was entirely hidden from the eye by the thick layers of clouds. Even the powerful eye of a telescope could not have pierced through! Quiet it was, because it was a Sunday in a Christian land.

To return to the subject: no one came to meet me at the station, as had been expected; consequently I proceeded to a gentleman whose address I had. All this was not done in the calm and cool spirit of an experienced hand. The first thing I saw written on the door of this house was "Knock and Ring." I obeyed the orders. A lady and a gentleman answered the bell. I asked "Is Mr. —— in?" "No, sir," replied the lady. "Do you know when he will be back?" I added. "Could'nt tell you, Sir," she answered, and wanted to shut the door; but I said I had only then arrived from India, and would be very pleased if they would let me wait for him. They took me in with the "greatest pleasure." After I had a comfortable wash, I was taken to the sitting room, where, believe me, the sight of the fire was to me as that of bread is to a starving wretch. It is justly said that there is nothing more pleasant than the fire side in an English home. And I say no one can better realise the truth of it than one in the same circumstances that I was in. At about 9 o'clock I heard a gong, and the gentleman who was sitting with me asked me to accompany him.

In the dining-room there were ladies and gentlemen sitting on each side of the table. The lady who opened the door was sitting at one end of the table, having two dishes, with a big joint of meat in each dish, before her. I should say the meat was colder than the snow-balls of the season. I was asked whether I would take mutton or beef. There was not much choice. I said "mutton." Had I not seen other people eating the cold meat I would have thought it an insult and impertinence on the part of the people to serve me with that cold stuff. But I may well add that now I am fond of the very same stuff, especially of the well-known English beef.

The supper was over, and after a little while I was shown a bed-room—a very good one, indeed. There I lay meditating upon the kind, considerate, and hospitable nature of the English people. And I fully believed that it was highly obliging of those here to give a perfect stranger at least a night's shelter. I do not mean to bring in a
controversy, but I was not quite forming a true idea of the English people under those circumstances; for, I was told the next morning, to my wonderment, that this was a boarding-house, which I can translate into Hindustani as Bhatiarkhana. The people in the dining-room were not members of the same family! They were a mixture of different nationalities and inhabitants of different climes! Of course, everything was done for them in proportion to what they paid. The lady who kindly let me in was, as she is known here, a land-lady—a Bhatiaran.

It must not, however, be supposed that, as the literal meaning of a boarding-house is a Bhatiarkhana, these two are in any way comparable. The one is in its developed form, and the other in its rude and primitive one. In the former one can live as in one's home, while in the latter one would not like to live for more than a week, at the most.

There are various modes, however, of living in England, as everywhere else. Some honour castles, some favour palaces, some dwell in palace-like hotels, some in their private houses, some live in flats, others in boarding-houses, some in apartments, some in chambers, many exist in workhouses, and a good many have no homes at all. But there are three advisable ways of living here for foreigners, and especially for Indian students. Those that care to know what real English life is, should go and live in a family worthy of its name; those that want to keep close to their books, caring little for what goes on around them, should go to apartments; and those that wish to be acquainted with the nations of the world without travelling into its different parts, to add to their general information, and instruct themselves upon multifarious points, should without hesitation go to boarding-houses. They say England is the home of liberty—I say its boarding-house is a home of knowledge.

A. M. K. DEHLAVI.

(To be continued.)
CHAPTER III.

"Brother, this is Sir John Montgomery,
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceived."—Shakspeare.
(King Henry VI., Part 3, Act 4, Sc. 7.)

MR. AHMAD ALI arrived the next morning, as he was summoned by my friend Ghaffoor. Something must be said of this wonderful detective. He was one of the cleverest men I ever met. Being a follower of Islam, and of the Shia sect, he was as bold as the Lion of God himself.* No superstitious ideas could ever enter his clear head. He was a strict follower of Islam, and observed the rites scrupulously. "God Almighty, his Prophet, the Koran, and moral duty," was his motto. He was tall and finely built, with dark eye-brows and a moustache which fell over his fine lips. His complexion was as fair as can be expected in sunny climates; his manner so obliging and refined—after the fashion of the Persians—that it very soon won my admiration. He dressed in the manner of the Ajamis;† which suited his style of beauty. He was young and brisk, and spoke English like a native. When I first told him of the strange being I had seen, he merely smiled, and said: "I have made my theory, and I shall see whether the facts fit in."

"And now, perhaps, you would like to see the house and examine the witnesses," put in Ghaffoor.

* The Shias hold Ali, the cousin-german and son-in-law of the Prophet Mohammed, in great reverence, next after the Prophet himself. Ali means a lion. Mohammed many a time said he was the "Lion of God." Ali was a bold young man, and his courage is so widely known in the Mahomedan world, that people who esteem him say, that if anyone takes his name to do a daring thing he will succeed. Indeed, some have done so, hence the allusion.

† The Persians.
"If you please," was the answer.

"Then you had better commence," I remarked; "I am ready, if you wish to know anything from me."

"I should like to question you and your servant too; in fact, I think he will supply me with material information," said the officer.

I was astonished at his remark, but did not say anything, for I felt he was a better judge (as I afterwards found he was) than myself.

"Well, Mr. Fletcher," he went on, "will you please first tell me again about your adventure carefully, remembering every point. I am asking of you this favour because the first time you told me about it, you spoke in a hurry; but now, you will think of the importance of the occasion, and I hope you will go slowly and carefully over the matter."

"With pleasure," said I, and began to describe it as well as I could. I did not miss anything that was within my recollection.

"Allow me a moment," interrupted he, "the black man you saw did not come near you, did you say?"

"No, he did not," I commenced again.

"Where did you say you aimed the fifth time?"

"At his temple," I replied.

"And what was the result?"

"The same as before."

"All right; go on, please."

So I carefully went over the whole thing. When I had finished he called Keramat.

"Khuda wand" (my lord), replied Keramat at the top of his voice, and shortly presented himself.

"Keramat," asked the detective, "did you see anything after the jin disappeared?"

"Khuda wand," he began, "when my master was firing I could see the jin walking."

"No, no, no," said Mr. Ahmad Ali, "I do not ask you that. Tell me, did you see or hear anything after the jin went away? Your master forgets all that."

"Khuda wand, what I know perhaps my master knows."

"No, no; I want to know if you heard any sound."

"A dull thud I heard, my lord, as before."

"Yes; that is what I wished to ascertain. The case is clear," said he, turning towards me, "but it is a difficult case; my life may be in danger."

"And do you now wish to have a look through the house?" asked Ghaffoor.

"Let me see," he began, pulling out his watch, "it is
11.15. Oh! we have plenty of time; I should like to go there in the afternoon at about four o'clock."

"Yes, that will suit us all," put in Ghaffoor. "If you do not mind, will you kindly dine with us to-day? By-the-by, have you come here straight from the station?"

"Yes, I have."

"Then I suppose you have not yet arranged as to your whereabouts during your visit?" asked Ghaffoor, anxiously.

"No, I have not," said the officer.

"Then Bismillah! (in the name of gracious God) let me offer you what hospitality I can. The room will be ready for you soon, and you shall stay with me so long as it pleases you."

"I am glad to see that so much of hospitality is still left in you, notwithstanding your visit to England."

"I am glad to say," said Ghaffoor with an amiable smile, "I have avoided this particular defect of that country. The reason I will tell you when I have an opportunity; it leads to a short story, which my friend, Mr. Fletcher, knows well."

And thus our conversation flitted from one subject to another, and even political questions crept in.

Shortly, the dinner was announced. We soon found ourselves seated in the big familiar dining-room, after the Oriental fashion. The big Dusterrkhan (similar to our table-cloth), with moral inscriptions upon it—such as,

\begin{quote}
\textit{Adeem-e-zamin safra-e aam oost,}
\textit{Barin khan-e-egman che dushman che dost.}*
\end{quote}

was laid in the centre of the room over the Farsh (carpet). Around it we sat in Eastern style, and after a short grace (by the name of the merciful God), we began our dinner. I will not attempt to describe the dishes, for three reasons—first, because of their variety; secondly, because the Arabic and Persian names puzzle me; and lastly, because I do not wish to lengthen the story on these points. I am sure in omitting them I am depriving the readers of something worth knowing. I can only say that anybody who has ever lived with the Musulmans of either Asiatic or European countries would testify to my statement; but as my aim in writing this story is not to enlighten the world with regard to Muhammadan dishes, I shall now commence the detective's story.

* "The surface of the globe is His common table, And upon it both friend and foe have equal shares."
After dinner we all had a short siesta, and then, when it was four o'clock, we started for Rol. We walked all the way, as the afternoon was a most glorious one. We passed our time till we reached the house in talking, joking, and chaffing.

Ali, after examining the house to his entire satisfaction, exclaimed, "My theory is correct, Mr. Ghaffoor. Tomorrow you shall hear everything. If you will excuse me, I mean to be left behind, and if it please God, and by the blessing of our forefathers, I shall see you to-morrow."

We looked at our watches; the two hands were just on six; so Ghaffoor and I bade him good-night, and then walked home, talking of the poor man's fate.

"He knows how to take care of himself," put in Ghaffoor, in answer to my remark.

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**CHAPTER IV.**

"Powers divine behold our human actions."—Shakspeare.

(Winter's Tale, Act 3, Sc. 2.)

"My Lord! My Lord! I was passing the Thana (police-station) and I saw a crowd of men, all with handcuffs on. There seems to be something going on inside the Thana."

This came from a tall man who stood before us as we sat on our cane chairs, idly smoking Manilla cheroots. It was about ten o'clock, and the bright sun was throwing its warm lustre over the verandah where we sat. The tall pale-looking man was Ghaffoor's servant, who had been out in the morning for a walk. At that moment we heard the rattling of a coming carriage. In a few minutes it stopped, and, as we perceived, at our gate: we were anxious to know who the comer was.

"It is Mr. Ali," ejaculated Ghaffoor, excitedly; "Thank God!" thank God!"

We hurried downstairs to receive him. Ghaffoor and Ali embraced each other as if they were brothers; but I only shook hands, and then we all came up. Another chair was brought out for him, and the noble fellow sat there with a haggard face, though with a triumphant smile.

"Well, Mr. Ali, come in and make a clean breast of the whole matter," said I.

"That's what I intend to do."
"All's well, I hope," said Ghaffoor.
"Praise be to God" he exclaimed in Arabic, and then, turning to me, he said, "Pray forgive my rudeness!"
"Oh, certainly! I am very glad indeed to hear it, too," said I, when he had translated his words into English.
"Who is there?" cried Ghaffoor, at the top of his voice. This had its effect, and a servant instantly appeared.
"Hukka!" This word came from Ghaffoor, and was sufficient. The well-trained servant understood the technical term well. He disappeared, and shortly returned with the hukka, and laid it on a low stool.

So Mr. Ahmad Ali sat there, puffing the perfumed tobacco, and began to give us a full description of his adventures.

"The case is most admirable, for the plot was scientific as well as natural. The man you saw was a rough image made of India rubber, and was managed by means of wires. The house is, or at least was, under the sway of 350 Dacoits, who are now in the Police Station. This was exactly my idea when I first heard the story from your lips."
"Marvelous! Marvelous!" I exclaimed; "but how did you deduce it?"
"The thing that struck me at once was the strange being's not coming any further than the door near the corner. Now there could be but three things—(1) a man, (2) imagination, or (3) an invention of human intellect. The first theory cannot stand against the gun. The second must also be swallowed by absurdity, for two reasons—(a) that for a strange form and its actions to be imagined by two of different nationality, belief and principles, and without their ever having seen a form of that nature, is improbable; (b) the murdered man was a proof of something more than imagination. Therefore, the only possible and probable explanation remains that mentioned lastly."
"Good," remarked Ghaffoor.
"How did you find the criminals out, though?" I asked.
"How?" and he smiled. "You and your servant gave me the substantial clues. There was no doubt that those men came from somewhere, and that they retired; but you surprised me very much when you told me that the whole retinue vanished in no time, for it was already nearly morning. There was a possibility of their going away, even then; but people who could devise such a grand trick, would hardly risk it. I therefore jumped to the conclusion—though, mind you, with doubt impending over my theory—that they had some sort of subterranean passage. This
belief of mine was backed up by the dull thud with which all began, and it was not till I had learned from Keramat's lips that there was another dull thud as the whole scene disappeared, that my belief was substantiated. So far, therefore, was clear, that there was a subterranean passage with a door, and that it was a vile plot of an infernal mob."

"How grand! You do reason well, I must say," I observed, notwithstanding my prejudice.

"I think every man of education ought to," interposed Mr. Ahmad Ali. "It is nothing but the mere outcome of logic, common-sense, observation, and an inquiring mind. Well, so I wired to Mr. Griffiths, the Inspector General, who is now in Burdwan on a visit to the Rajah's manager, for some help."

"When did you do that?" asked Ghaffoor, with astonishment.

"While you were at rest after dinner," replied the officer, curling his moustache. "Well," began he, "so the help came to me at about nine o'clock; two hundred armed men from the Maharajah, and a hundred policemen from the Burdwan Police Station. Of course, I gave the direction and address. When they arrived I began to search for the passage by lighting my detective lantern. Little did they understand my object, and I just overheard some of them whispering to each other, 'What is the matter with him? what has he lost?' Some said I was crazy, and so on. My search was over shortly, and I began to find my way through a narrow passage by the help of the lantern I held in my hand. I told you that my life might have been in danger, because, if they had had any intention of coming that day, I should have been seen, and for ought I know they would have dragged me out and killed me. I, however, had a strong hope of safety, for I was sure that they would not appear, or attempt to appear, within the course of at least a week. They are clever, you know; such devils are always very sharp. They would think that a search was sure to follow, and the best thing they could do was to keep out of the way. However, I was not hindered. I slowly found my way unmolested all along the subterranean passage, till I arrived at a little hamlet. The way the houses were built, and the scenery around, suggested to me what it meant, for such things are not very uncommon. I gave the alarm at once, by pulling the rope which the armed men I had left behind in the house held at the other end, and then, as pre-arranged, they rushed to my help. I thus soon succeeded in arresting all the popula-
tion, which numbered 350. I had still some sort of uneasiness, for I thought that the whole population might not have had anything to do with the affair, but I was glad to find a proof afterwards to substantiate my previous theory.

"And what was that, may I ask?" put in Ghaffoor.
"Certainly. There were neither any children among them nor any women."
All of us sat amazed.
"And now one thing remains which I should like to know," said I.
"What is it?"
"What did you mean when you said that my servant could supply you with material information? It was as much as saying that my servant was a better witness than myself."
"Nothing of the sort. The thing was this: that you were excited, what with one thing and another, and it was quite possible that you would not have noticed many things. I knew your blood was up, and that you were not yourself. As a matter of fact, you see, Karamat did give me the best information."
"Of course, I might have seen this for myself."
A man in livery came shortly to inform us that we were wanted at the Police Station, so all of us went at once.
The case was tried, and the Dacoits were found guilty. We learnt afterwards that those wretched people used to plunder travellers, and share their booty in my house. That was their resting place, and as it served them also for many other purposes, they wanted to drive away by fright any one who might deprive them of their rights, if rights they could be called.
And now, my dear readers, what should we learn from this short tale?
We should learn four things distinctly. First, that human intellect can do a great deal. Secondly, that though evil may prosper, it will be only for a short time. Thirdly, that reasoning is better than prejudice. And last, but not least, that there are no such things as ghosts, unless we create them out of our own imagination.

JOHN FLETCHER.
RUSSIAN LITERATURE IN ENGLAND.

A Society has been formed in London to encourage the study of the Russian language and literature, and to promote friendly relations between Great Britain and Russia. It mainly owes its existence to the exertions of Mr. Edward A. Cazalet, who has been elected President. By the formation of a library, by holding monthly meetings for reading and discussing papers, by procuring Russian periodicals and newspapers, the members hope to make Russia better known and more appreciated in England. The opening took place on January 3rd, at the Imperial Institute, which will be the usual place of meeting. The President having explained briefly the objects of the Society (which are entirely non-political), Dr. Pollen, of the Indian Civil Service, gave an address, which his experience of Russian life and his intimate knowledge of Russian literature made very interesting. Our readers will like to read Dr. Pollen’s remarks—which we give almost in extenso:—

“We ought to know Russia better,” so says Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace, in the closing chapter of his admirable book on Russia; and it is in the hope of contributing somewhat to this desirable object that this Society has been started, and that I have the pleasure of addressing you to-day.

Now, the objects of this Society, as recorded in the printed statement we have all received, may be described as—(1) general, or social; and (2) particular, or literary.

The particular objects are—(1) to promote the study of Russian; (2) to form a Russian library; (3) to take in Russian periodicals and newspapers; (4) to encourage literary debates.

The general object we have in view is the promotion of friendly feelings between the peoples of Great Britain and of Russia.

To take the last first. A friend said to me, “That is a wide and somewhat tall order! How do you propose to do it?” My answer was “By promoting knowledge!” I am persuaded that the more we know of the Russians, the
better we shall like them; and I am vain enough to believe that the more they know of us, the more they will return the compliment.

Now as a man is seldom more interesting than when he talks of himself, I hope you will bear with me while I give a few reasons for the faith that is in me. I took up Russian, for the first time, when I was approaching my fortieth year; and I learnt the Russian grammar chiefly on camel-back, riding over the little deserts of Sind. It was hard work, I can assure you, for powers of memory generally begin to go to sleep towards the close of the fourth decade; and reading on camel-back is not always easy work. But I stuck to it for twelve months and more—came home, passed the preliminary examination, and set off for Russia.

I carried with me to Russia, in addition to a knowledge of the peasantry and constitutions of my native land, a thorough acquaintance with our Indian village system, and our methods of administration, from the subdivisonal Local Boards up to the Secretariat and Legislative Councils; and I thus possessed certain advantages over the ordinary run of Englishmen who have travelled in Russia. I consequently found little new or startling in the system of Imperial Administration, or in the constitution of the village communities, for they are both very like our Indian systems, and the East and West curiously conjoin in Russia. But I must own that nearly all my previously conceived ideas of the Russian people were completely upset. I had, unfortunately, not read Sir D. M. Wallace's kindly, and, on the whole, fair and accurate description of the country and its people, before I went to Russia; and, following the misleading lead of many popular English books, magazines, and journals, I had pictured to myself the Russians as a semi-barbarous, tallow-candle-eating, backward, untruthful, demoralized race—living under an iron tyranny, and imbued with the greatest suspicion of, and hatred towards, all foreigners, especially Englishmen.

To my surprise, I found a happy, contented, cheerful, companionable, hospitable, loveable, self-respecting people, peaceably disposed towards all men, full of kindliness and of quaint curiosity towards foreigners, and cherishing profound and very flattering regard and admiration for the English in particular.

It is true that this is not the picture ordinarily painted of the Russian people either by themselves or by others—and some of the hardest things about Russian characteristics
RUSSIAN LITERATURE IN ENGLAND.

and peculiarities have been said by Russian writers themselves. But this saying of hard things about national defects is not confined to Russian writers alone. Witness the writers and poets of our land, and even of France. But no one pretends to believe that the caricatures of Dickens truly represent the great bulk of the English people; and there are few who hold that all the maiden fancies of France are perpetually wallowing in the sinks of Zolaism. Only the ill-informed believe that Rudyard Kipling's low-toned imaginations represent the average English woman in India; and Ouida's fanciful creations are only regarded by a romantic few, as real men and women. Life in all nations is made up of lights and shadows, and some of the shadows are dark enough; but as fair-minded critics, we do not pretend to take as our criterion of any race or people the basest and lowest, or most abandoned amongst them.

As a prototype we take the highest, and for ordinary every-day purposes of comparison we take (as Walt Whitman would put it) "the common average man." Thus—when I speak of the "Russian people," I speak of the "common average Russian" amongst the various classes I fell in with during my wanderings through the dominions of the great white king. And, as I have already said, the "common average Russian" impressed me most favourably.

Dr. Pollen, after referring to some of the difficulties to be encountered in promoting the general or social object of the Anglo-Russian Literary Society, continued:—

I am, however, persuaded that "truth" will prevail, and that it is by following truth, not (as so many love to do) "through the foulest sewers of the town," but "over her high hill passes of stainless snow," that we shall gain the best and noblest views of Russia and her interesting people. We, ourselves, while we look with intolerance on petty peculiarities, such as unrecognised uses of the knife and fork, absence of salt spoons, hirsute kissings, a tendency to forget to have the hair cut, and completions of the toilette in public, or generally what is known in Russia itself as "dressing-gownedness," or kalatnost, little suspect how failure to doff the cap on entering a shop or office, or wearing a shuba, or goloshes, on entering a room, or sitting or leaning on a table, or crossing the legs, or eating with the hat on, jar on the feelings of a Russian. We have our own peculiarities of manner and ways, and the Russians have theirs, and I take it that not the least important function of this Society will be the cultivation of a spirit of tolerance on both sides.
But our first particular, or literary, object is to promote the study of the Russian language, and in this connexion I have been sometimes asked, "Is Russian really worth studying?" My reply has always been that, even for itself alone, it is well worth studying. It is the grandest language that I have any knowledge of. It is both soft and strong, and its structure is eminently scientific. In the formation of the language the practical, as in everything else, no doubt preceded the theoretical; but in the development of the Russian language, the theoretical has clearly been prosecuted independently—the language being carefully refined, and its grammatical forms cunningly elaborated.

As a mental exercise, therefore, the study of the Russian language brings its own reward. It educates the learning faculties in a way no other language, except Greek, does. Some Russian writers regard their language as a gift from on high, and speak of it as if it had leaped from the head of Jove, like Minerva, "full grown" in perfect panoply. But the fact that the Russian language, like all other healthy languages, is still growing, would dispose of this theory (even if it were not opposed, as it is, to all experience). No doubt, like all articulate sounds, Russian was a gift; but it is a talent that has certainly not been hidden away in a napkin. Someone must have worked hard to make the Russian tongue what it is. It was probably (if I may be allowed the expression) sacerdotally developed. The much-maligned priesthood of the Greek Church must have devoted much time and attention to it, for, like our own language, its leading forms and expressions have been, in a large measure, fixed by the phraseology of the Great Book and of the Church. The influence of the Scriptures and Pushkin on the spoken and written language of Russia of the present day is almost as marked as that of the Bible and Shakespeare on ours! But it is clear that, long before the time of Pushkin, Russian writers were conscious, and not unjustly proud, of the strength and beauty of the Russian tongue.

Turgenev's slightly stilted, but sincere tribute to his native language is probably well known to you all. He declares that in days of despair, doubt, and depressing reflections on the destiny of his country, the great, powerful, just, and free Russian tongue has been his chief solace and support: that, but for it, he had would have fallen into despair at things he has seen happening at home; but that he finds it impossible to believe that such a language could have been bestowed on any but a great nation!

And, ladies and gentlemen, I am free to admit that this
has been my own impression of the Russian tongue. I speak, of course, as a foreigner and as a translator. I constantly find it absolutely impossible to convey in English words the peculiar charm of the Russian:

"A charm in words, a charm no words can give."

Pushkin, Lermontoff, Turgeneff, Shenshin, Maikoff—all may claim the praise of our late Laureate bestowed on "Roman Virgil." "All the chosen coin of fancy" (in the works of these Russian writers) "often flashes out from many a golden phrase;" and sometimes "all the charm of all the Muses," flowers "in a lonely word." Over and over again have I tried to convey some idea of the charm of the original Russian, but all in vain! and I gather from what I have read and heard of German, French, and English translators from the Russian that the difficulties I have experienced have also been felt by other better and abler translators than myself. On the other hand, judging from translations I have read of Shakspeare and other English writers, and of Béranger, into Russian, I am inclined to think Russian translators do not experience the same difficulties of translation as we do in dealing with their language. English and French certainly do not lose in force by translation into Russian.

Perhaps the most striking feature or characteristic of the Russian language is what I may call its voracity. It has a remarkably healthy appetite, and will, apparently, swallow anything! But its digestion is good; and, in undergoing the assimilating process, foreign words become thoroughly, or, at any rate, capitally and terminally, Russianised. They get, as it were, Russian heads and tails! Thus Russian rapidly absorbs all the useful terms offered by other languages. In one point, at any rate, English has a decided advantage over Russian. It is a better business language; and merchants in Moscow and St. Petersburg have assured me that the meaning of a contract, or the substance of a business transaction, can be put much more concisely and clearly in commercial English than in Russian.

And here I might pause to say how much struck I was, during my residence in Russia, with the possibilities of almost indefinite expansion of British trade with that country. I am aware that the trade conditions of the two nations are different. Russians take longer to pay, while we believe in small profits and quick returns. The Russian, however, can and does pay; but, owing to
adverse conditions of climate and market, he generally requires nine months instead of three. If this Society even indirectly aids in stimulating the commercial relations between the two countries, it will render no mean benefit to both.

At any rate, we desire to welcome to our literary circle Russians visiting London to further commercial enterprise, and I trust I may be forgiven if I venture the assertion that young Russians of the mercantile world could spend their holidays much more profitably amongst us than in loafing aimlessly about the beautiful city, called by Tennyson "The centre and crater of European confusion!"

But our chief object is to strengthen the bonds of literary intercourse and union between the two countries.

The Russians already pay us the compliment of studying our writers much more frequently and closely than we study theirs; and it has, I know, in certain circles, become the fashion to speak slightingly of Russian literature as a mere echo of the literature of the West. If this assertion had any foundation in fact, I should feel inclined to retort that, in volume and power, the "echo" bids fair to reduplicate and outrival the original sounds until "Earth passes and all is lost in what they prophesy, our wise men, sunflame or sunless frost!"

Of course, I do not deny that (as Sir Donald Wallace has conclusively shown), there has existed ever since the days of Peter the Great a very close intellectual connexion between Russia and Western Europe; but I maintain that it is to the songs and traditions of the people, and to the common wellspring of Greece and Rome and the East, that the literature of Russia must be traced.

(To be continued.)
Forty years of beneficent English rule have changed Rangoon from a collection of bamboo and mat huts, built over a malarial swamp, into a large and wealthy city. Pilgrims as of yore flock from all parts of the country, to kneel on the platform of the golden Pagoda, and repeat the Pali sentences which they committed to memory while children in the Buddhist schools. They gaze in admiration at the wonders of the famous building—the tall gilded and jewelled spire glittering in the fierce sun, with a brilliancy that is perfectly dazzling; the huge images of Gautama Buddha; the hideous dragons; the horrible frescoes and enormous bells. Truly the place is magnificent in its barbaric splendour. But there is one sight which fills every visitor, be he pilgrim, tourist, or European exile, with pity. On the steps of the main staircase which leads to the Pagoda platform sit, from morning till night, a number of poor Burmese lepers, who hold up their maimed hands and beg with husky voices from the passers by. The condition of the lepers there and in other parts of Rangoon is something terrible. Most of them have their faces disfigured by the fearful disease, many are blind, and some that I saw were so mutilated about the hands and feet that they were compelled to crawl about on their elbows and knees. Unfortunately, the number of lepers in Rangoon increases yearly, and will continue to do so, for as the railways open up the country the lepers will quit their native villages, where they are burdens to their friends, and go down to Rangoon to beg at the golden Pagoda. The pilgrims, as they hurry by, respond generously to their afflicted countrymen's appeals; but nevertheless, leprosy is a subject which a Burman will not readily discuss with any one, for he dislikes the very mention of it, preferring to forget, if possible, that the fearful disease exists. If by chance he should talk about it, he declares that lepers are being punished for their sins in a previous existence, and that if they lead meritorious lives they will be born again and live
free from the terrible taint. It is quite certain, therefore that while the Burmese remain Buddhists there is little probability of their ever establishing Leper Homes.

But cannot we at home do something for the poor Rangoon Lepers? The Mission to Lepers in India would gladly start a home in Rangoon; but their rapidly extending work and the increasing demands made upon them render it impossible for them to do so, unless they receive the necessary funds. If they do open a home, I am confident that it will do incalculable good, and that once started it will receive liberal support from the wealthy merchants—European and Asiatic—who reside in Rangoon. A proof of this has been already received—an English resident hearing of the proposed Home having generously offered to give twenty acres of ground as a site for it. This offer, coming from a gentleman who resides in Rangoon, proves unmistakably that the great need which exists for such an Institution is recognised in that city, and it will be a great pity indeed if, through want of funds, no advantage can be taken of it. The Home would be conducted on the same lines as the one which the Mission to Lepers in India support in Mandalay. That excellent Home was started by the energy of the Rev. W. R. Winston, of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, who, being struck by the pitiable condition of the lepers in that city, collected funds, and had the place built previous to his departure from the country on furlough. Upon his successor, the Rev. A. H. Bestall, fell the duty of gathering in the first inmates, and this he did by going himself to their haunts and persuading them to enter the Home. Now, knowing and thoroughly appreciating its advantages, they come in willingly, and at the present time there are over fifty inmates. A Home at Rangoon would undoubtedly be as successful as the one at Mandalay, and I trust sincerely that all who can will contribute speedily to this most worthy object, addressing their communications to Wellesley C. Bailey, Esq., Secretary and Superintendent of The Mission to Lepers in India, 17 Glengyle Terrace, Edinburgh.
CHARADES.

We have received the following correct answers to Sir John Shaw Lefevre's Charade, which we repeat for the convenience of our readers:

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

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

I.
The "time" that we can claim? The present: "NOW."
"HERE is the little "space" to mortals given.
Such "favoured land" is NOWHERE, you'll allow,
On this poor Earth—it may be found in Heaven!

G. F. S.

II.
Time past is gone, and future still unknown;
Now is the time that man may claim his own.
Not there—and there—in dreamy lands, but Here
The hero acts, and strives to mould his sphere.
Join Now to Here: Nowhere's, O sage Muni,
The land on earth where is what ought to be.

- ABDULLAH IBN K. B. YUSUF-ALI.

III.
There's many a pleasant spot on this fair earth
Where Virtue reigns and Love finds its true worth,
But the fair land that through these lines doth gleam
Alas! lives only in the Poet's dream.
Now is the time when we for good may strive,
Here is the space in which we mortals thrive,
But could we roam and search the globe around,
This favoured spot is Nowhere to be found.

J. B. K.

IV.
'Tis plain—too plain—that 'Nowhere' is the word,
For any other answer 'd be absurd;
But if the word is nowhere, who's to see it,
Unless he undertakes himself to be it,
Not 'Now,' not 'Here,' but now and here together,
Without a Then or There to serve as tether?
So, after all, the answer proves illusive
When most we wanted it to be conclusive.

G. E. W.

CHARADE.

[Answers are invited to the Editor, I. M. & R. The solution will appear next month.]

Let us look more closely at it;
'Tis a very ugly word;
One that should make men shudder
Whenever it is heard.

It mayn't be always wicked;
It must be always bad;
It tells of sin and suffering,
Enough to make one sad.

It speaks of swords and rifles—
Proscriptions—bowie-knives—
And all the horrid implements
By which men lose their lives.

Let's see if we can't mend it;
'Tis possible we may,
If only we divide it
In some new-fashioned way.
For most folks take the one,
   And make it into two,
And then they decompose it—
   As, of course, they're free to do.

But why of its twelve letters
   Do they take the foremost three,
And leave the nine remaining
   As bad as they can be?

For while they seem to make it less,
   In fact they make it more;
And bring the brute creation in,
   Which was left out before.

You'd think 'twould make no difference
   (At least none very great),
If instead of three and nine,
   We make it four and eight.

Yet, only see the difference!
   'Tis all that need be done,
To change this mass of sadness
   To unmitigated fun.

The spell has waken'd Nature's voice;
   How clearly it is heard!
The very soul of merriment
   Now dwells within the word!

Yes! four and eight's the way, my friend!
   Let that be yours and mine;
While Tigers, Thugs, and Termagants
   Rejoice in three and nine.

ANON.

MESSRS. W. H. ALLEN & CO. have just issued a revised edition of their Six Sheet Map of India by John Walker, Geographer to the India Office. This map was executed by order of the Government of India, and has now been carefully corrected to the present year from the latest authorities, showing railways already finished and in progress. It includes Burma, and indicates the subdivisions into Collectorates in British India, as well as the position and boundaries of each Native State. The price of the map (6 Sheets), is £2; in cloth case, mounted on linen, £2 12s. 6d. mounted on rollers, varnished, £3 3s.
THE INDIAN MAGAZINE AND REVIEW.

DR. P. DEUSSEN.

DR. PAUL DEUSSEN, Professor of Philosophy in the University of Kiel, has been travelling in India accompanied by his wife, and before leaving Bombay he delivered (February 25th) a learned address before the Bombay Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society. His subject was, "The Philosophy of the Vedanta in its Relations to the Occidental Metaphysics," with which his long study of Sanskrit literature specially fitted him to deal. After a "cold season" journey, which Dr. and Mrs. Deussen thoroughly enjoyed and appreciated, they are now on their return to Europe, and the following lines express their farewell to India, where they received a most friendly reception, and where the Professor had the great pleasure of conversing with the most learned Shastris of the country:

FAREWELL TO INDIA.

O, sun of India, what have we committed,
That we must leave thee and thy children now:
Thy giant-trees, thy flowers, so well befitted
To thy blue heaven's never-frowning brow.

And you, our Indian friends, whose hearty feeling
Deep sympathy with you has fast obtained—
From Ceylon to Peshawar and Darjeeling,
Are you now lost to us, so soon as gained?

Farewell! Now Space and Time, in separating
Our bodies, will create a cruel wall;
Until forgetful darkness over-shading
Like Himalayan fog, bedims you all.

Did we but dream of your brown lovely faces,
Of your dark eyes, and gently touching hands?
Was it a dream that left such tender traces,
We carry back with us to foreign lands?

O, yes, a dream is what we all are living,
And India be a dream in this great dream;
A dream, repose and recreation giving,
Under a paler heaven's fainter beam.
But what are Time and Space, whose rough intrusion,
Will separate what is so near allied!
Are they not taught to be a mere illusion?
May we not be against them fortified?

O, yes, this thought shall be our consolation,
When we are severed soon by land and sea!
Your sun and ours is one! no separation!
Keep friendship, friends, let it eternal be.

Colombo, 17th March 1893. P. D.

M. D.

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**CORRESPONDENCE.**

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**INDIAN NOTES AND QUERIES.**

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**TO THE EDITOR OF THE INDIAN MAGAZINE AND REVIEW.**

Could you oblige me by inserting the following query in your next issue?—

Is there any tomb or epitaph to Colonel Andrew Hearsey at Allahabad, date 1798?

I want to know his age when a Cadet in 1769. I have lately found the death of his father (Andrew) in 1778. I believe they were related to the Stuarts *via* Crane and D'Auvergne families. James D'Auvergne was in the service of the H.E.I.C., or Royal Navy.

C. HERSEY.
H.H. the Maharaja of Kapurthala is making a tour through Europe before visiting Chicago. He is accompanied by Mian Aziz Buksch, Chief Revenue Officer of the State; Dewan Doulat Ram, Private Secretary; Captain Sundar Singh, A.D.C.; Dr. Sadig Ali, in Medical attendance; and Major Nihal Singh, a Sikh of commanding appearance, who is head of the Body-guard. The Maharaja and his suite have already spent some time in Egypt and Rome. His Highness has also had the honour of being received by her Majesty the Queen-Empress at Florence, and at Rome he has been present at the Silver Wedding ceremonies of the King and Queen of Italy. After going to Vienna, and through Switzerland to Paris, the Maharaja will probably come next month to England, and will reach Chicago in July. Mr. Lakshmi Narain, Barrister-at-Law, is travelling with the party, and being a Kayasth, that large community have deputed him to represent them at the Chicago Exhibition.

The prize distribution of the Alexandra Native Girls' English Institution, took place on March 17th at the Framji Cowasji Institute, presided over by the Hon. Mr. H. M. Birdwood. The prizes were distributed by Mrs. Birdwood. The Maharaja of Kapurthala and his suite, were among those present. The Chairman referred in his address to his friendship with the late founder of the School, Mr. Maneskji Curseji; and he spoke of the time—many years ago—but within the memory of one still living, when not a single Parsi lady in Bombay "knew one word of English, to say nothing of French. Yet now, many have mastered not only the perplexing intricacies of the tongue which Shakespeare spoke, but even the delicate tones and inflections of the French language." Mr. Birdwood reminded the audience of the great risks that attend the absence of female education, for its spread is not only "desirable for the refining and ennobling effect it has on the characters of men," but the neglect of it is "absolutely suicidal, for where the women remain uneducated, the education of men is an unnatural, artificial thing, which cannot endure. Once educate the women, however, and you have something that will grow. You educate then, not individuals only, but families and nations."

The pupils performed several songs and choruses, and gave some excellent recitations, after which Mrs. Birdwood distributed the Scholarship and other prizes, including gold and silver medals, valuable books, and many desks, work-boxes, and other useful articles. The Report, read by the Hon. Secretary, Mr. J. C. Cama, gave a satisfactory account of the progress of the pupils belonging to the Institution. Among the special prizes was the Avabat Bhownageree Medal, for the highest number of marks in the Matriculation Examination of 1892, which was awarded to Jerbai Kharshedji Khambata.
Mr. Budroodin Tyebjee presided lately at the prize distribution of the Islam School, Bombay, which took place in the New Islam School Building. The proceedings were in Urdu. The Report gave a good account of the attendance, and of the management. The Chairman made an impressive speech on the advantages of higher education. He referred to the backwardness of the community in regard to education, and advised those present to give a sound and liberal training to their children.

The Cossipur Horti-, Flori-, and Agri-cultural Institution arranged a grand flower show in the Seven Tanks Garden at Dum-dum, Calcutta, last February. There was such a crowd of visitors that the line of carriages on both sides of the road was nearly a mile long. The variety of roses was remarkable; one of the largest was five inches across. Plants, bushes, and creepers were picturesquely grouped amongst small artificial water-falls, and fruits of all seasons were exhibited. In one part of the garden, butter, ghee, cheese, &c., were seen in process of preparation. The manufacture of silk was also shown from beginning to end. The Maharaja of Burdwan and other noblemen were among the exhibitors.

Mr. Ravi Varma, the portrait painter of Travancore, has prepared ten oil-paintings, representing some of the most interesting phases of Indian life, for the Chicago Exhibition.

The Director of Public Instruction, Madras, has submitted proposals to the Government for encouraging education among the Pariahs, several of which have been sanctioned, as, that special schools for children of this class should be opened in all large Pariah villages and suburbs where such do not already exist, and that the usual scholarship grants for Pariahs who seek admission into training schools shall be increased.

Miss Christine Subrahmanyam, daughter of Mr. N. Subrahmanyam, Barrister-at-Law, has passed the Intermediate Examination in Music at Madras in the First-Class. She passed the University Matriculation Examination in 1889, and has since studied music under good tuition.

The marriage of Mrs. Subrahmanyam's brother, Mr. W. Venkataramiah, B.A., took place at Madras at the end of December. At the "Hermitage," the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Subrahmanyam, a large party was received after the ceremony. The house was beautifully decorated, and in the evening the trees and fountains in the garden were illuminated with excellent effect.

An orthodox Hindu lady, Mangala Bai, who has lately become a widow, has been travelling with her father, Pundit Krishna Shastri, of Navuola, in the Punjab, and both father and daughter have surprised the Shastris of Nagpur by their great knowledge of Sanskrit and their power of lecturing. The lady has received a sound education, and has specially studied Hindu philosophy.
PERSONAL INTELLIGENCE.


Mr. R. P. Vorah, L.M. & S., has passed the L.R.C.P. Examination of London.

The following Indian gentlemen had the honour of being presented to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales at the Levee held on April 24th: Kazi Kabiruddin, Mr. Harkishan Das Batra, and Rai Bahadur Bakhshi Ram Singh; all by the Political A.D.C. of the Secretary of State.

An Indian Cricket Club has been instituted in London, of which Mr. H. S. Puri is President, Mr. Parma Nand, Captain, Mr. Iradatullah, Vice-Captain, and Mr. Prabh Dial, Middle Temple, Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, from whom particulars can be obtained.

Arrivals.—H.H. the Maharaja Thakur Saheb, of Bhownagger, and suite, Mr. and Mrs. Cowasji Jehanghir, Mr. M. M. Bhownaggree, C.I.E., Mr. M. N. Choudhuri, Dr. Burjorjee, Dr. P. C. Mozoomdar, Mr. Bhimbhai Dajibhai Desai, Mr. Gokaldas Hemchand Geria, Mr. Devchand Uttamchand Parekh, Mr. Chhaganlal Haridas Vora, Mr. R. Abdulla Sayani, Mr. R. Ahmed Sayani, Mr. Pertab Singh, Dr. Chumnoolal, Mr. D. P. Sethna, Mr. K. R. Bomanji (Bombay Statutory Civil Service), Mr. C. H. Dady, Moung Tunwin.

Departure.—Miss Cornelia Sorabji, B.A., for Bombay, after a very successful course of study in England; Miss Sundabai Powar; Munshi Hafiz Abdul Karim.

We record with regret the death, on March 18th, at Gola Gokurnath, Lucknow, of Mr. J. C. Sarkar, C.E., who was for many years in the service of the Kashmir State. He visited England only last year, accompanied by his daughter.

We acknowledge with thanks—Convocation Addresses, Bombay and Madras; the Deccan College Lectures (V. Kalyanavam Iyer, Madras).