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James M. Anthony



THE

CEYLON REVIEW

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. S.—We did not review the work, nor do we know of other books on the subject of which you write.

J. WILLIAMS (The Magic Law of Heredity).—(1) To have parents of good physique—and mentally healthy. (2) It by no means follows that because a parent is a genius the son will become of the same; but much depends, in any case, on energy and perseverance.

BERTHA (Ladies' Corner).—By some writers China is considered to have some claim to being looked upon as the birthplace of the fan. Long before the Christian era, so the story goes, there lived the fair daughter of a mandarin, Lam-si by name. One day she attended a high festival, and the heat oppressing her and causing her to faint, she so far forgot herself and etiquette as to withdraw her mask from its office of concealing her lovely face from the vulgar gaze of sightseers. Involuntarily she with dainty grace waved it too and fro, stirring the hot air into refreshing draughts. Delighted with the idea, others imitated her, and the custom spreading, the fan itself was perfected and originated. Another legend ascribes its invention to the Emperor Teuji, and its origin to the practice of bats folding and unfolding their wings. At all events, the leaf fans of this early period (670) were known and recorded as Kuwahori, which being interpreted means the unlovely animals. Ceylon has ancient records of the use of the fan of banana leaves, palm leaves, and feathers; and equally ancient Hindoo statuary, too, preserves for us the exact form the "air stirrers" of antiquity took.

Here and There.

WE desire to express our thanks to those Subscribers who have favoured us with complimentary letters concerning our new departure. These encouraging missives have come in from all quarters of the island, and some from India; many of them are from enthusiastic lady readers, to whom the Editor bows his acknowledgments.

* * *

THE DHOBY STRIKE.

THE threatened strike of the dhoobies is unfortunately daily drawing nearer, and it is to be feared, will reach an acute stage before long. The Mayor is indulging in a masterly inactivity with reference to the difficulty, as he thinks that what is needed to bring the dhoobies to register themselves is persistence and an unyielding obstinacy. However, it is pertinent to ask whether it is justifiable to the inhabitants that the Municipality should, to satisfy a whim of its own, subject the public to a terrible inconvenience and render a large body of workmen desperate. The wisest course seems to be that the grievances of the dhoobies should be redressed as a step preliminary to registration. But it is of course difficult for the Municipality to eat humble pie, especially at the invitation of the dhoobies.

* * *

STRIKES.

It is not often, fortunately, that people go on strike in Ceylon. If it were possible, the lawyers would have gone on strike with reference to the Court of Requests Ordinance. But that was impossible. The school managers have gone on strike, it is well known—and the dhoobies have now followed the example set them by their cultured superiors. Much sympathy has been expressed both with lawyers and school managers in their grievances, and in the virtual strike of the latter, but little of that has been shown to the dhooby. However, it looks as if the dhooby will attain greater success than either the Bar or the Church has done. It is to be hoped that these agitations and threatened strikes will have a salutary effect

in convincing Government that the people will not always endure its arbitrary and tyrannical action in exacting what it pleases as law. The local Government has yet to learn that sometimes even the worm turns.

* * *

THE planting districts have been to some extent concerned with reference to the now well-known Orwell Cooily Case. It would not have received the attention it did, if it had not been made an opportunity by interested persons to hurl abuse at the Chief Justice, Native Magistrates, at the Supreme Court of the Island, and the Labour Laws of the Island. However, happily for all, though the circumstances in which the case originated are regrettable and to a very great extent reprehensible, the storm has blown over. It is not our desire, therefore, to stir it up again by any comments of ours.

* * *

WE expect that most men are absolutely sick of the recent historical discussion of our Labour Laws. All the same, there is an amusing side to the discussion. There was something absolutely comic in the histrionics of the editor of the *Ceylon Times*, and something more than comic in the attitude of the "unofficial leader of the bar"—whatever that may mean. The *Times* people wanted an opinion and they got it. They printed and reprinted that opinion, and for a time regarded it as the *Magna Charta* of the planters. A little scrutiny, however, showed that that opinion was not worth the paper it was written on. The "facts" were wrong, and the deduction from the so-called facts hopelessly bad, so bad indeed that even laymen were aghast, and wondered by what process of reasoning, if reasoning it could be called, such astounding conclusions were arrived at.

* * *

THE fact is, the "unofficial leader" (shades of Lorenz!) thought he had a grand opportunity when he was asked for his opinion. *Athanasius contra mundum* was a no more imposing spectacle than "the unofficial leader" against the Supreme Court and the Attorney-General. Law is generally a toss-up; and what if a future Bench over-ruled Mr. Clarence and decides against the opinion of the Attorney-General? The game was worth the candle, the risk was worth taking. In any case the opinion ought to be judged on its merits or demerits alone, and when all is said and done we find that history repeats itself, and not unlike Homer the "unofficial leader" has been caught napping.

* * *

MR. CLARENCE returns to the charge and condemns our jury system. Now, we do not say that our jury system is perfect—there are faults in every jury system all the world over. It is very easy to point out faults; but it is difficult, almost impossible, to propose remedies. What would Mr. Clarence substitute for trial by jury? Manifestly not trial before a judge alone, and yet that is the only alternative. Fancy Mr. Clarence, fresh from the office of the *Solicitor's Journal*,

appointed to the Supreme Court, and called upon to try a village murder case, without any experience whatever of the people, their customs, their habits, or their language, and of course utterly unable to follow the evidence except through imperfect interpretation! Would not such a trial be an absolute travesty of justice?

* * *

MR. CLARENCE quotes the *Observer* in support of his opinion. But he entirely misunderstood the drift of the *Observer's* contention. The *Observer* never proposed that trial by jury should be abolished. What the *Observer* said was, that it was unfair that busy merchants from the Fort should be called upon to sit day after day hearing cases which ought to be tried by a Singhalese-speaking jury with a better acquaintance with the people. The *Observer* thought it absurd, for instance, that a young German assistant to a foreign firm, like that of Messrs. Volkart Brothers, or Freudenberg & Co., should be called upon to try a village murder case. The *Observer* is manifestly right there, and we do not envy the young assistant, fresh from Germany, endeavouring to follow witness after witness, and sift native testimony. Such a juror may, and no doubt is, saturated with "sentiments of justice;" but alas! his conclusions, from the nature of things, cannot be regarded as satisfactory.

* * *

WE always thought that a good Singhalese-speaking jury made up of respectable traders and landowners, the most desirable to try native cases. We strongly object to a panel being made up of clerks from the Courts or Fiscal's Offices. These are about the worst jurors, and generally know something of the case before the trial. Sir (then Mr.) Richard Morgan, when a Judge of the Supreme, wrote as follows, after his first sessions at Jaffna: "The best and most intelligent jury in Jaffna are on the Tamil list. The English jury, as it is called, is composed of the young Malabar men educated at the Batticotta seminary; these are men of no property and have therefore little or no stake in the country. They derive their subsistence chiefly by drawing petitions and pleadings, which bring them in contact with the litigants, often the prisoners, with whom not unfrequently they make common cause" (Digby's life of Sir Richard Morgan, Vol. I, pages 224-225).

* * *

WE think there is little cause to complain of our Colombo jury panels. They are composed of respectable Europeans, Burghers and Natives. If an objectionable man is brought in, either the Crown Counsel or the prisoner's counsel has the privilege, without assigning any reasons, to challenge him and keep him out of the trial. Between the two counsel six men may thus be challenged without cause, and as many more on cause. The judge, too, has the power of ordering any man to stand aside, if he is satisfied that the man does not possess the necessary qualifications, and his name may even be struck out of the list. We think these are sufficient safeguards.

WHEN the gentle Native takes to poetry, his originality is of the most daring description. He casts restraint to the winds, and so desperately mangles grammar and defies the rules of prosody that the world stands astounded at his courage. A native in search of employment recently addressed his application to an official in verse. It began:—

Author of good! to thee I turn;

which sounds like the opening of a hymn. But the second and third verses are the gems of first water, and we challenge English bards from the Laureate downwards to produce their like. The combination of business, poetry, and sentiment is as admirable as it is rare. Thus did the poet write and explain his qualifications and his wants:—

I was the student of 2nd class,
This remains for my quality;
And I have nothing else
Except my nobility.

Sir, is there vacancy under you
That may serve as a candidate of you?
It remains so better for me,
If not, adieu my native country!

* * *

THE bringing of Indian troops to Suakin, to take part in the campaign against the Mahdi, is an indication that the Home Government recognises that the climate will be one of the most serious enemies to be met with. All the three Indian armies will be represented in the Suakin force, which will consist of the 26th Bengal Infantry, the 35th Sikhs, the 1st Bombay Lancers, the 5th Bombay Mountain Battery, and a section of the Madras Sappers and Miners.

* * *

THE Bengal Army is the oldest of the three famous armies, for it was founded by Clive before the battle of Plassey. The Madras Army was raised after Plassey, and some of its regiments have also been to Egypt. The pioneer corps, formed in 1870, formed the nucleus of the present Sappers and Miners, which have a long list of battle honours on their colours. They served with Lord Cornwallis in the long war against Tippoo Sultan, which did not end until 1792, in the Burmese wars of 1824 and 1852, in the Chinese wars of 1840 and 1864, and the Scinde campaign of 1843. The Bombay Army, though formed by the Honourable East Indian Company, saw little field service until the Afghan war of 1841. They have since been employed in Burmah, China, Aden, and Afghanistan.

* * *

A FAMOUS force which is represented by Colonel Egerton, the commanding officer, is the Corps of Guides, whose duty it is to guard the north frontier of Hindostan. The constitution of this splendid force is unique, even among our irregular army. It is composed of three troops of cavalry and several companies of infantry. The men are picked and selected for their courage, sagacity, and hardihood. They are taught to rely upon themselves individually, and thus they have acquired discipline and perfect confidence in their mutual co-operation.

THERE is scarcely a wild or warlike tribe in Upper India which does not contribute recruits to the Corps of Guides, and most of them are genuine mountaineers, habituated to warfare from their childhood. Thus we find in their ranks Pathans, Punjabis, Mohammedans, Dogras, Goorkhas, Afridis and Sikhs. With the death of Colonel Fred Battyé, in the Chitral expedition, the regiment loses its third officer of that name and family killed with them on active service. The first of the three brothers to die was Quentin Battyé, commanding the cavalry when Daly brought the regiment down to Delhi on the famous march from Peshawar, 570 miles in 22 days, in the heat of the summer of 1857. Another brother was killed in Afghanistan, and now the tribesmen, whom the regiment was raised to check, have slain the last.

* * *

NEARLY all the principal officers selected by Colonel Egerton on his staff have seen war service. Major Travers, Deputy-Quartermaster-General, has the D. S. O., and is now D. A. A. G. at Bengal; and Captain De Brath, brigade major, is Assistant-Secretary to the Military Department of India. Colonel Elliott, who commands the 1st Bombay Lancers, was in the Afghan war with his regiment, and afterwards in Burmah, where he got his D. S. O.; and Colonel Dening, who commands the 26th Bengal Infantry, was in the same war, he also getting his D. S. O. for Burmah.

* * *

At a drawing room meeting of the National Indian Association at which Lord Hobhouse presided, held in London, on Friday, May 15th, Miss Lena Sorabji read a very interesting paper. She asseverates:

"In the present state of Indian social life, young girls have so soon to take upon themselves the duties of women, that they have no girlhood at all. The sweetest part of life is denied to them; their thoughts and minds are matured, when English girls of the same age are regarded as children, and live the free and happy life they ought—contented with their dolls and fairy tales, and yet able to appreciate the hard-grained muses of the cube and square.

"I have had the opportunity of seeing English and Indian girls learn side by side, and of noticing the difference; and I have also had the joy of seeing how happy the latter can be when taken right away from all adverse surroundings and rightly trained. What we want to see in India and Ceylon is perfect childhood, perfect girlhood, leading up to perfect womanhood—as of course the last cannot be obtained without the first two.

"It is not what they may become in the future, but what they are *now*. Why should they miss so much joy out of life by being hurried into its responsibilities? I call to mind a remark made by an Indian lady who had an ugly child; when a friend tried to console her by saying it might grow up beautiful, she said: 'Even if that were possible, could I ever forget its ugly childhood?' One cannot help regretting the missed girlhood of generations of Eastern women. The remedy must come from within; the home-life must be entirely changed before better days can dawn."

Inventions* . Review.

MOTOR carriages seem to be "on the boom" just now, and numerous inventions and improvements have been made in this kind of road locomotion. Exhibitions of motor carriages have taken place at the Crystal Palace and the Imperial Institute, some of the vehicles being driven by oil, others by steam, and others by electricity.

THE DAIMLER MOTOR CARRIAGE is the favourite. This motor was invented by Mr. Gottlieb Daimler, of Wurtemberg, who was for a great many years with Dr. Otto, of Deutz, when these two men constructed their now famous "Otto" gas engine. The Daimler gained the first prize in the "Carriage Competition," Paris, 1894 and 1895. In the Motor Carriage Race, run on the 11th of June last, from Paris to Bordeaux and back, about 760 miles, the Daimler Motor gained the first four prizes, also the sixth and seventh—60,000 ft. in all. * * *

Our Director of Public Works has been authorised by the Government to purchase a few Daimler Motor Carriages for the purpose of carrying the mails from the General Post Office to the railway stations at Colombo. The daily distance to be covered by the new mail carriages is about 20 miles. As compared with horses, this innovation will, it is stated, effect a saving of about 60 per cent. * * *

It is claimed for the Daimler Oil Motor that it is so simple that it can be handled by any one; it is thoroughly reliable and extremely economical in working; there is no danger from explosion; it can be started at full speed within two minutes; it can be produced at a reasonable price, and so brought within the reach of every one. * * *

A WONDERFUL invention is "The Linotype" Machine, for setting and casting type for the printing trade. It was originally invented by Ottmar Mergenthaler, but it has since been gradually improved. The patents connected with the machine reach the extraordinary total of nearly 1,500. The Linotype is penetrating most sections of the civilized world, and has superseded flesh and blood type-setters to a very great extent; but a German firm are said to be patenting a type-setting machine, which, it is expected, will entirely supersede "The Linotype." * * *

It was 4 a.m.—The anniversary of the great Ben Franklin's birthday—and his worthy shade visited a modern daily newspaper office.

Just as the office boy, or printer's devil—as the printers would call him—was putting on his cap, preparatory to leaving the office, he felt a rush

of cold air and saw the apparition. The boy started to speak, but his tongue refused to move. Within ten feet of him stood a man, aged, and clad in the raiment of long ago. The shade seemed to be scratching his head in front of a Linotype machine for composing and stereotyping type without the aid of compositors.

"I wonder," at length said the ghost of Mr. Franklin, "why these moderns have harpsichords in their print shops. They never did in our day. When the people wanted to sing they went to church; but here's two long rows of harpsichords here."

The ghost looked startled and glanced around the room.

"Yes, there's the printing office cat and the office towel, and the printer's devil. I guess I'm in the right place. But I don't understand the harpsichord. Peculiar keys, too. Seem to have letters on them. I wonder where the cases are. I should like to set up a stickful or two of type. I really would, to remind me of old times."

Mr. Franklin looked around again.

"As there is nobody looking, I believe I'll play 'Yankee Doodle' on the harpsichord."

He touched the keys, but instead of music there came such a clicking that Mr. Franklin paused.

"Why," said the venerable man, "it sounds like the old hall clock out of order."

Mr. Franklin was perturbed. He drew his ghostly hand across his ghostly brow. He seemed to be thinking.

"Is it possible?" he ejaculated.

"Is it possible this is not a harpsichord, but a type-setting machine of which I have heard rumours? What? set type by machinery! Oh, wonder of wonders! Set type by playing on these keys! O, I must go fly my kite again."

The shade of the old-time printer shook with excitement. "Set type by machinery! Then so can I."

The ghostly fingers crept over the key-board and rattled the keys at a furious rate. Then the hands disappeared, and so did the knee breeches and the cocked hat. Mr. Franklin's spook had disappeared, but the printer's devil glanced at the type which had been set up by the ghostly visitor, and this is what he read:—

"wh En i n th eco URSEE oF, Hoo MaN
EEvnts iT be oOmEs neSesARy fOre wOn
nATIOn too Cast of The Tys whiCh BINdS IT
TOAnoThAre NATIOns aN assom a MonG th
nOtIOns of the EaRTH—I do nOt aPPRove of
SeTTInge TYPE with HarPsichORdS.

Truley, Ben. fRAnkLiN."

A gentleman who was travelling through one of the most insalubrious districts of Ceylon, found living there an Irishman of very 'contented appearance. "I don't see how you can live in a place," said the traveller, "where people die so thick and fast!"—"Tell me the place, sorr," said the man, "where people niver die—tell me the place, and I'll go there meself to end me days!"

FLASHES.

NEVER judge a man by the coat he wears. He may have borrowed it for the occasion.

WHY may sugar-tongs be said to be like matrimony? Because they are a pair of spoons united.

THE world would be fifty per cent better if the people who mean no harm wouldn't do any.

WHEN a man really loves his neighbour as himself, it generally turns out that the neighbour is a pretty girl.

"I PRESUME you carry a momento of some sort in that locket of yours?"

"Precisely; it is a lock of my husband's hair."

"But your husband is still alive?"

"Yes, but his hair is all gone."

THE NEW WOMAN AND NEW PHOTOGRAPHY.

Fair Medico. "I have accepted Mr. Oofey, ma."
Mamma. "But I thought you hated him."

Fair Medico. "So I do; but I took a snap at his lungs, and he can't possibly live more than six months."

ALL men should be cricketers: it may come in useful. It has been useful in one case; for at a certain Court-house in India, an ancient cricketer recently applied for protection from his wife on the ground that for the past 15 years she had been in the habit of throwing papaws and plantains at him.

"How is it that you complain of it now, after having endured it in silence for fifteen years?" asked the magistrate.

"Why, you see, Sir," replied the petitioner, "I find I am getting old and clumsy, and unable to catch them as I used to, and of late a good many of them have got broken against the wall or my head."

ORIGINAL POETRY.



The After-Glow.

(By Nelly Austin.)

NOT yet, black night!
Not yet your reign begins,
Pause ere your sombre pall o'er earth you fling;
Give place, awhile, to that strange glory which
Incomparable peace to men doth bring:
The after-glow!

The fiery sun has set—yet, in the west
What radiance lurks in colours richly blent!
Crimson and gold, purple and milder green—
Beauty, in type transcendent, well is spent
In after-glow!

So, when life's day is spent, and eventime
Is creeping on, and steps grow slow, and stray
Thro' shadow'd paths, with none to guide or cheer,
The only light which falls on that lone way
Is after-glow!

The after-glow of smiles now lost in tears,
Of faces bright which now we never see,
The tread of feet—the clasp of vanish'd hands—
The sound of voices still'd—Ah! these, all these,
Make after-glow!

And when life's eventime is lost in night,
This glory, still, has its sovereignty,
Thro' death's dark vale we pass to brighter day,
And call the glories of Eternity
Life's after-glow!



AN UNEXPECTED DENOUEMENT.

IT was a merry little party gathered together at Milford Bungalow, for Miss Carter and the two Misses Beaufort had come this afternoon for the purpose of playing tennis.

But man proposes and the "clerk of the weather" disposes, and scarcely had they begun their game than the rain came pouring down, and they had to hurry helter-skelter into the bungalow.

But they were all blessed with high spirits, and their ardour, remaining undamped in spite of their disappointment, now expended itself in a rush of words.

And there was so much to talk about, too. How could it be otherwise when such an exciting change was so soon to take place in Colombo—when the Blankshire Regiment was going to take its departure, and make way for one reputed far and wide for its "go-aheadness?"

"Our beauty will no longer be wasted on the desert air," said Ethel Grafton, laughing, and pausing with the teapot in her hand. "Do you remember Major MacDonald, who came to our dance? I *did* think I made a slight impression on him *then*. He said it was too hot to dance, you know, so we sat out together nearly the whole evening. Well, will you believe it? The next time I met him he did not even know my name! I heard him asking Mr. Venables the moment I left him. 'What is that girl's name?' he said. Really," she ended, pathetically, "I think the poor man ought to have been more pitied than anything else. I feel quite sure he was not all there!"

"Major MacDonald? I don't suppose he *would* remember you. He had no eyes for anyone but your sister, did he, Harry?"

It was Ethel's brother Tommy who spoke, he had just come into the drawing-room with his boon companion, Harry Dale.

Ethel looked annoyed at her brother's words, and her straight brows met in a sharp frown, and vexation was reflected in the faces of all the girls present. Nellie Grafton broke in sharply with all the arrogance of her eighteen years.

"Miss Dale?" she said, with a toss of her little head. "Oh, yes, of *course* he got on very well with her. She is more his own age, you know."

The Major must have been quite forty, and looked even older, so Nelly's remark was met with the applause she anticipated.

"I think Mr. Darcy was worse than Major MacDonald," continued Miss Beaufort. "He was absolutely rude. You can't imagine the many times we

asked him to dinner, and he *always* refused, with no legitimate excuse whatever. He told us he never went out in the evening; and yet once, when I was driving home from here after dinner, I *saw* him coming out of the Dales' bungalow. It was past ten o'clock. I *did* give him a look."

"Perhaps he wanted to see Dr. Dale professionally," suggested Ethel; but Miss Beaufort shook her head.

"It is not probable," she said, dubiously, "that great, strong, healthy man; and there was not a sign of the doctor about, and—Miss Dale walked with him to the gate."

A silence of disapproval fell on the group.

"Besides," the girl went on, "I taxed him with it afterwards, and, far from denying it, he told me he had enjoyed himself immensely, and went into raptures over Miss Dale as a hostess!"

It was Miss Carter who spoke next.

"Have you heard about Captain Hamilton, though? From all accounts I should think he must be quite as *difficile* as Major MacDonald."

"Captain Hamilton!" cried the rest in chorus. "How do you know anything about him?"

"Well, you see, my cousin lives at Bombay, and it was there the 272nd were last stationed. She has sent me miniature biographies of all the officers."

"But Captain Hamilton? What does she say about him?"

"She declares he is unimpressionable. He is not like Major MacDonald, because he goes out a great deal, but yet neither the prettiest nor the wittiest can stir him to an extra heart-beat. And the worst of it is, everybody falls in love with *him*."

"But this is serious. Such things must not be repeated here," said Ethel, drawing her slender figure up to its full height, and taking a cursory look at her pretty face in the mirror hanging opposite. "Does your cousin describe him at all, Amy? Perhaps he is short and stout and ugly?"

"Oh, no, no!" cried Miss Carter, with vigour. "He is everything the other way. Tall, dark, deep-set eyes, and a voice which carries you away with it at the first sound. My cousin prophesies that we shall all succumb."

"But it *must* not be," chimed in Miss Beaufort emphatically. "Singly, we might give way; but let us unite to frustrate this all-powerful lady-killer. Let us retaliate, and endeavour to make him fall passionately in love with one of us—it does not matter much which—and show that we do not give our hearts away unasked."

"It does not matter which!"

Ethel smiled with conscious superiority at her friend's words. If it were to be a trial of strength between them, she knew pretty well who would come out best. No mean opinion of her own charms had Miss Grafton.

"It is a capital idea," she said slowly. "We will form a company to subdue Captain Hamilton. It must be done with perfect secrecy, and we must give in our individual reports weekly. And whoever succeeds must promise to do her best in the future for the four unsuccessful shareholders."

"Lovely!" ejaculated Miss Carter. "But what a pity we are only five. Cannot we make up the half-dozen? How about asking Miss Dale to join?"

"Miss Dale!" cried Ethel, tossing her head scornfully. "Why, she must be twenty-eight, if she is a day. It is no use having a veteran like that among us."

She was suddenly stopped by a warning little tap on her shoulder administered by her sister, and, looking up quickly, she met the wide-open eyes of Harry Dale. The sight paralysed her for a moment, and the general silence that prevailed added further force to her words. It was she who found her tongue first again. She leaned back and said meditatively, as if she were only just answering Miss Carter's question:

"Miss Dale—yes, I think Miss Dale must join our company; we cannot manage to do without her. Harry!"—turning to the boy, who was still watching her resentfully—"I wonder if you will take a letter to your sister for me? I will sit down and write it now. You *won't* forget to give it to her, will you?" And smiling brightly at him, she went to her writing-table and scribbled off a little appeal to Miss Dale to join the company that was being formed for the purpose of subjugating the flint-hearted Captain Hamilton, and she gave a brief description of the reputed qualities of that officer. Then after passing round the letter for her friends to read, she fastened it up, and gave it to Harry. "You *won't* lose it, will you?" she said as a parting exhortation, and the boy answered "No" in a surly tone. No bright smiles on Miss Grafton's part could sweep away from his remembrance the slighting words she had applied to his beloved sister.

"Did you ever know anything so embarrassing?" she said when the boys had left the room and returned to their boyish resorts. "Harry heard me—I know he did, he looked so angry. I forgot altogether, you know, that he was here. I hope ardently he will not tell his sister—she would make no mean enemy."

An hour later Harry arrived home, and bursting into the drawing-room in his usual impetuous way, he ran up to a girl who was sitting on a low chair by the window.

"Oh, sister!" he cried, "how horrid they are! I hate those Graftons!"

Vera Dale had been thoughtfully gazing out on the Cinnamon Gardens, her hands folded on her lap, and doing nothing.

The boy's voice startled her: and as she turned round, the abstracted look left her face.

"Why, what is the matter, Harry?" she asked quickly, taking his troubled-looking countenance between her two hands and kissing it.

"They are horrible!—the whole lot of 'em!" he repeated angrily, with a fire of indignation burning in his eyes. "They called you a *veteran* sister!" and then Harry told his sister all.

Miss Dale laughed lightly, but her grey eyes flashed all the same.

"My dear little champion!" she said, kissing him again. "But, after all, it is very nearly true, you know. I was twenty-seven last week."

"Oh! I nearly forgot!" Harry abruptly exclaimed. "Miss Grafton gave me a letter to give you. She was frightened when she saw I had heard what she

said about you," he ended shrewdly, "and tried to be extra pleasant to make up. Perhaps she says she's sorry in her letter?"

Miss Dale took the note from his hands and read it slowly.

"What a ridiculous idea!" she exclaimed, laughing, when she had finished. "The girls must be mad. I suppose Ethel felt obliged to ask me after what she had said." She looked at the letter again, and a name she had previously scarcely noticed caught her eye.

"Captain—Captain Hamilton. Tall, dark, with deep-set eyes," she said breathlessly. "Harry, did you by any chance hear his Christian name?"

Harry shook his head.

* * *

Dinner was just over at Milford Bungalow when the doctor's boy left Vera Dale's note. Ethel looked at it eagerly.

"Miss Dale's answer, Nellie!" she cried. "I wonder if she is going to join the company. Oh! I hope Harry did not tell her what I said."

"A good thing if he did," said Nellie sharply. "It will take her haughtiness down a bit, and do her good."

"I wish we had not had to ask such a person," said Ethel, tearing open the envelope. "She is so very second-rate."

And she unfolded the paper, and read its contents.

"Miss Dale is sorry to have to say 'No' to Miss Grafton's kind suggestion that she should join her scheme. She prefers trusting to her own resources, and thinks of starting an opposition shaft to theirs. It will then be the 'veteran' *versus* the 'recruits,' and she feels confident the 'veteran' will win. She can, however, be generous, and, knowing her strength will give the 'recruits' a whole month's start before she appears on the scene.

"Miss Dale will be glad if Miss Grafton will send her intelligence of their first 'yield'; but she fears the whole thing can only terminate with the result of a very bad 'crushing.'"

"Impertinent! Intolerable!" cried Ethel, angrily, between her teeth. "Let her do her worst!"

And Miss Grafton, her cheeks flaming with resentment, tore the letter into minute portions, and scattered them into the soft night air.

* * *

How is it that matters can never be kept secret anywhere in Ceylon?

Directly the 272nd set foot in Colombo, they were informed of the company which had been got up to subjugate Hamilton, and yet no one seemed to have the least idea how the intelligence got abroad. The besiegers had certainly been silent on the subject and indignantly put the blame on the "opposition."

It was the subject at mess that first evening, and Hamilton enjoyed the discussion as much as any of the others.

"You will be caught for a certainty this time, old chap," said one. "Nobody who calls himself human could withstand the siege of six pretty girls and come out heart-whole."

"Perhaps I am not human, then," answered Hamilton, with his quiet laugh. "The mere fact that I should be the besieged instead of the besieger would turn me against any girl. "But Miss Dale must have a good deal of self-confidence to run in opposition—one of those big, strong-minded-looking women, I should think. I should rather like to see Miss Dale."

It was an hour or two later, and the two—Captain Hamilton and Russell—were sitting together in the former's room.

Russell was thinking of the foregoing conversation, and wondering how it was that Hamilton had never succumbed to the fascinations of the fair sex.

"I wonder why you don't marry, Hamilton!" he said, suddenly.

His friend started from his reverie.

"Marry?" he said, surprised. "Why, for the same reason you don't, I suppose—because I am happier single."

"But that is nonsense," answered Russell, briskly. "I would marry if I could, only I have not the means; but you!—you *ought* to marry! Money is no consideration with you, you lucky beggar!"

Hamilton stretched himself lazily.

"Oh! I will marry as soon as I can find a girl I should care to make my wife; but I am afraid they do not make that pattern nowadays!" he said, with a sigh.

Russell looked at him sharply.

"Ah!" he said slyly, "you have not always been so adamant. Who was it, Hamilton? It must have been someone extra special to have reigned in your heart so long."

Hamilton took the cigar from his mouth, and knocked off the ashes absently.

"It was five years ago now," he said, slowly.

Russell lowered his tones.

"Is she dead?" he asked, sympathetically.

Hamilton shook his head.

"Not as far as I know," he answered, despondently. "But I lost her; she disappeared suddenly and so effectually that she might as well be dead to me. I have sought her everywhere. She seems to have vanished off the face of the earth. And yet I know it is no doing of hers. I would trust her for ever. She is waiting for me somewhere, I know; somewhere—oh! if I could only find out where! But it happened five long years ago."

Russell was gazing at his friend as at some revelation. *This* the reserved, passionless Captain Hamilton!

"Tell me about it," he said, slowly.

Hamilton's tongue was loosed.

"There is not much to tell," he said, gazing up at the stars. "It was the year I was up the hills. She lived close by, in a splendid old bungalow rented by her aunts. There were only the two old Misses Beresford and herself. Well, you see, it is the old story—we met often—almost daily, and we loved as only one can love once in a lifetime. Oh, Russell, you *hâve* no idea of her beauty! My description of her would convey nothing. Her charm was not only in her golden head, her clear grey eyes, her sweet red lips, her tall, willowy figure; it emanated from her whole being in some mysterious way, seeming to influence the very atmosphere surrounding her. And yet—poor fool that I was!—I never *told* her I loved her. It seemed so unnecessary—our hearts were one—we knew we loved; it seemed almost sacrilegious to put it into words, and so I put it off until it was too late.

"One morning I went to the rendezvous as usual, and Vera was not there. I waited nearly all day, and still she did not come. I became anxious, but, not knowing Miss Beresford, could not go and inquire at the house.

"The next day it was the same—she did not come. Fearing she was ill, I risked a snub, and went to call on her aunts. But I received a repulse.

"Miss Beresford and her sister were not well, and declined to see anyone. Miss Vera Beresford had gone away.

"I was in despair, for that something had gone wrong I was sure. Something was behind the Misses Beresford's indisposition and their niece's speedy departure. I wrote to Vera at last, telling her of my love, and begging her to tell me where she was, and I put 'To be forwarded' outside the envelope; but it was returned to me the next day with 'Not known' written across.

"Then I knew that matters were growing serious—and a sort of presentiment came over me that I should never see my darling again." Hamilton broke off suddenly, and, rising from his chair, went over to the window to hide the painful agitation which swept over his usually immovable countenance.

"But the aunts?" broke in Russell, who had been following the recital with interest. "You could surely have wrung the truth from them?"

"They always declined to see me," answered Hamilton, bitterly. "One of them is dead now, and the brain of the other has given way, so I can never hope for help from that quarter."

Russell was touched by the pain in his friend's voice.

"Cheer up, Charles!" he said, kindly. "It is a long lane that has no turning. You will meet her again yet." And, turning away, he went out of the room, and considerably left his friend to the bitter reflections that had come from raking up the past.

CHAPTER III.

"A GREAT deal might be managed in a month," reflected Ethel Grafton.

To-day the regiment had started their tennis parties, which were to take place on every succeeding Wednesday throughout the season.

The Graftons attired themselves with extra care. Ethel was glad that the first meeting should be at a tennis party, for she felt convinced that her play must attract notice, and very charming she looked as she stepped out of the carriage.

Captain Hamilton was introduced to her almost at once, and she looked up curiously at the man of whom she had heard so much.

"I have been asked to find a partner for tennis," he said, quietly. And as he spoke the girl remembered how Miss Carter had spoken of the fascination of his voice, and trembled for herself. "Will you come? Russell and Miss Beaufort are to be our antagonists, so we shall have to play up. I do not know how you play"—smiling—"but I am not at all confident of my own powers."

"Now I am sure you are only pretending to be modest," declared Ethel, trying to be arch. "I expect you are awfully good, really! Now, is it not so?"

"No," he answered, in the same even tones. "I meant what I said. Russell can always beat me."

Perhaps the sight of the two together upset Miss Beaufort; anyhow, she did not play up to her usual form, and Ethel, gaining confidence every moment, showed off to her best advantage, so that Captain Russell and his partner were easily vanquished.

"You played beautifully," said Hamilton to Miss Grafton. "It was entirely through you that we won. I did nothing but handicap you."

"Oh, Captain Hamilton, how can you say so?" lisped Ethel. "I am afraid"—apologetically—"that I poached once or twice, but I hope you did not mind?"

"You were quite right to do so," he answered, gravely. "We should have been ignominiously beaten if you had not. Will you come and have an ice? You want something, I am sure, after your arduous exertions."

Ethel did not quite like his tone. She was afraid she must be looking very heated, which was, indeed, the truth.

Her appearance was certainly not pleasing to the eye, and Captain Hamilton thought sardonically that, if he were a girl, he would prefer to play tennis well and keep a respectable appearance. He turned with almost relief to Miss Carter, when he reached the refreshment-tent, who, not having yet played, was quite cool-looking and fresh, and whose face did not emit a glow when he stood near it.

"Captain Hamilton," began Miss Carter, gushingly, "I so wanted to talk to you! You know my cousin, Mary Carter, I believe? She lives at Bombay. How was she when you left? Isn't she a jolly girl?"

"Charming," answered Hamilton, without enthusiasm. He had not the slightest remembrance of the girl in question, but thought it more diplomatic not to betray his ignorance. "Can I get you anything?"

"Oh no, thanks; I am longing to have a set of tennis. Is there a court vacant? Yes; I see some people are just going away. Come quick, Captain Hamilton, and let us take it before anyone else does. Ethel, find some man, and come and play against us!"

"No, thank you," answered Miss Grafton, coldly. "I have just had a set, and am tired."

Hamilton had resolved to be introduced to all the besiegers and find out what each one was like, and so as the evening wore on he talked with them all in turn, and Ethel's previous triumph of the first set dwindled away into nothing.

She flung down her racket savagely when she turned indoors, and ground her little teeth together with rage.

CHAPTER IV.

AND as matters were on that first day, so they went on through the month. Ethel, who had hoped to do such great things, seemed to be no further at the end than she was at the beginning. At the end of three weeks' time not one of the besiegers was on speaking terms with the others.

Ethel was in despair—not because of the defection of her friends, but because of the failure of her enterprise. The days had flown by, and the month was nearly at an end, and soon Miss Dale would appear on the scene, and the whole regiment would be at her feet.

Ethel recalled the instance when a certain old colonel had been caught in Miss Dale's toils, and, having heard the girl say she had never witnessed a regiment marching, how he had called out all the men the next morning, and in great state had marched them forth before the doctor's gate so that Vera might have her wish.

Captain Hamilton had been dining at the bungalow, quite *en famille*, for Ethel thought there was more intimacy in being asked first among themselves than having a stiff, formal party; and she hoped great things from this evening if that little wretch Nellie would only keep out of the way.

But it was with something of a shock that she heard the Captain ask, after a short pause in the conversation:

"Is there not a girl in Colombo named Miss Dale? I have heard her spoken of, but have never met her."

"Miss Dale?" Ethel wrinkled her brows in well-affected perplexity. "Well, there is a Miss Dale. She is the daughter of our doctor. But I don't think you can mean her. She could be hardly called a 'girl!'"

"Really?" answered Hamilton. "Is she, then, what they call an 'old maid?'"

"Well, she does not consider herself so," with a little slighting laugh. "But then people never will allow when they are growing old, will they? Especially if they have had any claim to good looks once, as Miss Dale must have had at one time, I think"—with apparent generosity—"she is quite pretty now."

She was sharp-witted, and saw that Hamilton had not approved of her first remarks, and so put the saving clause in at the end.

And after dinner Ethel went to the piano, and he sat beside her while she sang. She had a sweet, sympathetic voice, and she sang one love ballad after another at his request, and her heart beat quickly at his appreciation.

She stole a look at him at last. Was he watching her all the time? she wondered; but no—a cold shiver ran through her when she saw him.

He was leaning back in his chair, with his arms folded across him, and gazing straight into vacancy with a hungry, unsatisfied longing in his eyes, totally engrossed in his own thoughts.

He did not even notice when her voice had stopped; and so, with a sudden access of anger, Ethel came down on the piano with a loud discord which not only startled Hamilton from his reverie, but also aroused the other inmates of the room.

"Really, Ethel!" cried her sister, snappily. "What a bad-tempered note! I don't know what has put you out, but if you cannot restrain your anger at the piano, please refrain from attempting to play."

Nellie had been furious the whole evening, for she had felt quite left out in the cold. Perhaps, if there was any variation in Captain Hamilton's feelings towards the separate besiegers he disliked Nellie Grafton most.

He rose slowly and took his departure. He had not understood Ethel's mood, but he had been acting over again in his mind that sweeter time when Vera Beresford had taken his heart.

But Ethel had made the discovery that Captain Hamilton was in love, and now understood why he was so impervious to feminine charms, and she decided at last to call a meeting of the besiegers.

Somewhat to her surprise, the two Beauports and Miss Carter all arrived in response to her call.

"Girls," Ethel began, matters are growing serious. A month has passed, yet not one of us is any further on in our enterprise. To-morrow at the tennis party Miss Dale will appear on the scene, and if we are not very careful she will succeed where we have failed. Girls, this *shall* not be. I don't care about our own disappointment, so long as she does not triumph over us. And only think for a moment. If she wins in the end, we shall be bankrupt—wholly bankrupt. We have put our little all into this concern, and have neglected every other man for Captain Hamilton. We must arrange to thwart Miss Dale somehow. Girls, say at once, will you help me?"

And all the besiegers answered "Amen."

"Why is Miss Dale so long in commencing the attack?" asked Hamilton of his friend.

"Ah," he said, "she is wise in her generation, and evidently knows how to treat our sex. She is lying in ambush, ready to spring out at the right time; and I am not at all sure she won't be successful, for 'pon my life, Hamilton, I never saw you so interested in a girl before."

"Not at all," answered his friend, hastily; "for I have heard she is quite an old maid."

It was the same day as that on which the besiegers were holding their meeting, and Russell declared his intention of walking out and calling on Mrs. Carter, for she had rebuked him rather strongly for his neglect in doing so when they last met.

But he could not get Hamilton to go with him, and went off grumbling by himself. Mrs. Carter had a knack of rubbing him the wrong way.

But he returned in a different mood. He was radiant, and declared he had never enjoyed himself so much in his life.

"Hamilton, my boy!" he cried, "she was there—Miss Dale was there! And, by Jove, you are a lucky chap! She is Venus personified; and her voice and her smile!"

"But Miss Grafton said she was old," objected Hamilton, looking surprised.

"Old?" answered Russell. "Ye gods! what a libel! I tell you her loveliness dazzled me."

Hamilton laughed at his enthusiasm. *That's all right,* he said, "as long as she is different from the rest of them, and does not simper."

"Miss Dale is coming here to-morrow, and you can see her for yourself. She asked such a lot about you—your Christian name, minute particulars as to your appearance, your height, even to your pursuits and character."

"Impertinent!" exclaimed Hamilton, angrily. "I hope you did not satisfy her!"

"Oh, yes, I did, my boy! I told her all your good points, and bad points too. You lucky beggar! And what do you think she asked me? She wanted to know how 'The Captain Hamilton's Heart-mining Company' had been getting on."

"And you said—"

"I said it had been a hopeless failure, and they were quite bankrupt. She laughed at this, and asked me if I knew she was running in opposition, and if I thought she would fail too."

"What a brazen-faced girl she must be!"

"She's not at all!" cried Russell, sharply. "You did not see her as she asked the question, or you would never say so. I told her you were impregnable, but she was not to be daunted. 'I feel perfectly confident of success,' she said, with *such* a soft light in her eyes. She—"

"Oh, stop it!" Hamilton cried furiously. "You seem so *epros*. I wish you would take the girl yourself and keep me from further persecution!"

CHAPTER IV.

THE doctor's daughter was late. Five o'clock had struck, and yet she had not turned up, and Ethel gave a sigh of relief when Captain Hamilton turned to her and asked her to be his partner in the next set.

There was a little stir in the group where the Colonel was standing receiving the guests, and Russell hurried to join it at once. He felt sure that it must be the advent of Miss Dale which called that look of admiration to the old soldier's countenance.

Russell laughed.

And Miss Dale it proved to be—Miss Dale, lovely, bewitching, ravishing; and her perfect figure shown off to its best advantage in her soft, clinging white gown.

Russell took immediate advantage of his previous acquaintance—slight though it was—and took possession of her at once, and strolled down to the tennis courts, where Captain Hamilton was standing alone.

He saw Russell bearing down on him, accompanied by something tall and white, and, guessing at once who it was, deliberately kept his back turned. Russell's infatuation of the doctor's daughter amused him.

"No," she was saying, shaking her charming head, "I have never played tennis. I should not dare to begin now, among all these experts. I—" And she stopped suddenly as she caught sight of the solitary figure standing alone. "Is—is not that Captain—Hamilton?"

And Russell looked at her in surprise, for there was agitation in her tone, and the lovely roses had left her cheeks.

"Yes," he answered. "May I introduce him?"

"Please do," she answered, in such a way that he had no alternative but to comply.

"Charles," he said, rather sharply, "I want to introduce you to this lady. Captain Hamilton—Miss Dale."

Hamilton had perforce to turn round then, but when he did so, and met the half shy glance of Miss Dale's grey eyes, all the colour fled from his bronzed face, and his breath came quickly. "Vera!" he half gasped.

"Yes," she answered softly, holding out both hands towards him. "Yes Charles; it is I!"

At the sound of the dearly loved voice Hamilton's presence of mind came back to him.

"Come away! come away!" he cried quickly. "Away from this gaping crowd—somewhere where I can talk to you alone, Vera."

But just as the two turned away they were arrested by a sound behind them.

"Captain Hamilton," said a sharp voice. "You asked me to play tennis with you, if you remember."

"I am sorry, Miss Grafton," he said, turning to her with an effort, but I find I shall be unable to play tennis at all this afternoon. You will find Russell a far better partner than I."

Ethel's lip curled.

"You—a soldier," she said scornfully, "and yet do not fulfil your engagements!"

"Perhaps I have one of longer standing," he said, "which is more binding. Come!"—turning impetuously to Vera.

But they were not to be allowed to go in peace yet. Miss Carter spied them together from a little distance off, where she was standing with her mother.

"Why, Vera!" she cried (she had never called her "Vera" before). "What a long time since I saw you! Mother wants to speak to you a moment. Do you mind coming to talk to her?"

"I can't go now, dear," Vera said, patronizingly. "I am going for a stroll with Captain Hamilton. Perhaps another time—"

Miss Carter fell back. The audacity of Vera's statement struck her dumb, and by the time she recovered, they were many yards away.

Beyond the gaze of curious eyes they stood together explaining gradually the cause of the long silence which had existed between them.

Vera told how, directly after their last interview, she had received a telegram summoning her to the death-bed of her stepmother.



English Parody.

(BY TELIPHAS.)

"My aunts always disliked my father," she said, "and never forgave my mother for marrying him. When she died I was only ten, and they offered to adopt me; and my father being very poor, and thinking it would be for my good, at last consented to part with me. I scarcely ever heard a word about him and only knew of his second marriage because they were so furious with him they could not control their words.

"And time passed on, and I met you, Charles, Ah, those happy summer days! They were so few, and they had to be spread over so many blank years; but I always knew we should meet again at last!"

"At last!" he echoed gladly. "At last!"

"My aunts were furious with my father for wiring to me and asking me to go to him. They declared I should not consent, but I took matters into my own hands—and went.

"You see, my stepmother begged me with her dying breath to stay with my father—to comfort him, and I promised I would not leave him, but would stay and be a mother to my little step-brother Harry.

"I did not think that by resuming my rightful name I thereby cut off all clue by which you might find me. I would never have believed that Miss Beresford would be so—*despicable* as to send your letter back. Oh, Charles, it has been a long and weary silence; but," with a happy look in her lovely eyes, "it is all over now."

"Vera, Vera! You darling! To think that you should wait for me *all* this time!"

"Ah!" she said, nestling close up to him, and breathing a happy sigh, "I *knew* you would be waiting, too."

A little group of girls was standing at the end of the furthest tennis-court.

"Here they come at last," said Miss Beaufort, bitterly. "They have been spending a whole hour together. What can we do against such brazen-faced pursuit as that?"

"I should think we had better go," suggested Miss Carter. "Don't let her have the satisfaction of seeing that we *witness* her triumph."

"I shall stay here till they come," said Ethel, determinedly.

Hamilton and Vera were strolling along leisurely, so engrossed in their conversation that they did not notice the little antagonistic group until they were close up to it.

"You are getting on capitally, Miss Dale," Ethel said pleasantly. "Do you know, Captain Hamilton, that she has made a wager that you shall fall a victim to her many charms within the week?"

"No," answered Hamilton, gravely, looking straight at the girl with quiet scorn. "I know of no wager. I heard of a company that was formed ostensibly to lay siege to my heart, but I did not believe the rumour; I could not imagine it possible that any girl could so far forget her self-respect. If Miss Dale had laid a wager I am glad to say she has easily won it, for Vera has, only five minutes ago, promised to be my wife!"

The girls stood almost paralysed for a moment, and then, realising their entire defeat, the besiegers both literally and metaphorically turned tail and fled.

They played no more at tennis that season.



IT is only of recent years that the subject of English Parody has formed a literature in itself. The publication of the famous "Rejected Addresses," in 1812, was the first step in this direction, followed, among others, by the "Ingoldsby Legends," "Bab Ballads," "Carols of Cockayne," "Shotover Papers" and "Heptalogia."

Parody, or more strictly burlesque, appears to have been in vogue among the Greeks as early as the Fifth Century before Christ, as readers of the *Batrachomyomachia* are aware, and later, Aristophanes travestied the style of Euripides in the *Acharnians* in a manner that has never been equalled. But it is not the intention of the writer to treat of foreign parody, there is sufficient scope for the subject in English literature alone. Prose parodies are for the most part uninteresting and may be discarded. As regards poetical parodies, considering the wide field before us, we shall restrict ourselves to the travesties on the poets of the last and present centuries, and the poems most familiar to ordinary readers.

Mr. Shirley Brooks, the author of "Wit and Humour," acquaints us with an entirely new and humorous version of Goldsmith's advice to fair but foolish woman.

When lovely woman, lump of folly,
Would show the world her vainest trait,—
Would treat herself as child her dolly,
And warn each man of sense away,—

The surest method she'll discover
To prompt a wink in every eye,
Degrade a spouse, disgust a lover,
And spoil a scalp-skin is—to dye!

Of Byron, Moore, Wordsworth, Scott, and Southey, the brothers Smith in their "Rejected Addresses" have written some excellent imitations. But these are parodies of style rather than of particular poems. Byron's grandiloquence is mimicked in "Cui Bono," Moore's tinkling Muse, in "The Living Lustres;" Wordsworth's puerile prattle, in "The Baby's Debut;" Sir Walter Scott, in a "Tale of Drury Lane," and Southey, in "The Rebuilding." We give as a specimen the verses in the style of Moore:—

The apples that grew on the fruit-tree of knowledge,
By woman were plucked, and she still wears the prize
To tempt us in theatre, senate, or college—
I mean the love-apples that bloom in the eyes.

There, too, is the lash which, all statutes controlling,
Still governs the slaves that are made by the fair;
For man is the pupil, who while her eye's rolling,
Is lifted to rapture, or sunk in despair.

One could hardly believe that the following lines were not written by the author of "Lalla Rookh." The credit of them is due to Bon Gaultier.

THE BARD OF ERIN'S LAMENT.

O weep for the hours when the little blind boy
 Wove round me the spells of his Paphian bower,
 When I dipped my light wings in the nectar of joy,
 And soared in the sunshine the moth of the hour.
 From beauty to beauty I passed, like the wind;
 Now toying with lilies, now fondling the rose;
 And the fair, that at morn had enchanted my mind,
 Was forsook for another ere evening's close!

The pen of the parodist has not spared Moore's pathetic "Twas ever thus." Three writers to our knowledge have parodied it—Henry S. Leigh, H. C. Pennell, and C. S. Calverley, the inimitable author of "Fly Leaves." We give "C. S. C.'s" version,—we should have said perversion—of it.

'Twas ever thus from childhood's hour!
 My fondest hopes would not decay:
 I never loved a tree or flower
 Which was the first to fade away!

I never nursed a dear gazelle;
 But I was given a paroquet—
 (How I did nurse him if unwell!)
 He's imbecile, but lingers yet.

Mr. C. L. Dodgson ("Lewis Carroll") has an amusing skit on Southey's "Father William."

"You are old, Father William, the young man said,
 "And your hair has grown very white;
 And yet you incessantly stand on your head—
 Do you think, at your age, it is right?"

"In my youth, Father William replied to his son,
 I feared it might injure the brain;
 But now I am perfectly sure I have none—
 Why, I do it again and again!"

"You are old, said the youth, and your jaws are
 For anything tougher than suet; [too weak]
 Yet you finished the goose with the bones and
 Pray how do you manage to do it? the beak—

"In my youth, said his father, I took to the law,
 And argued each case with my wife;
 And the muscular strength which it gave to my jaw
 Has lasted the rest of my life.

Canning's burlesque of Southey's "Sapphics" appears in the "Anti-Jacobin;" it is a good instance of political satire.

A delightful imitation of Southey's "How the Waters come down at Lodore," will be found in Mr. H. C. Pennell's "Puck on Pegasus." It is unfortunately too long for quotation.

No happier parody of Wordsworth's "We are Seven" has been made than that by Henry S. Leigh in "Carols of Cockayne."

I marvell'd why a simple child,
 That lightly draws its breath,
 Should utter groans so very wild,
 And look as pale as death.

Adopting a parental tone,
 I ask'd her why she cried;
 The damsel answer'd, with a groan,
 "I've got a pain inside!"

"I thought it would have drove me mad
 Last night about eleven."
 Said I, "What is it makes you bad?
 How many apples have you had?"
 She answer'd, "Only Seven!"

"And are you sure you had no more
 My little maid?" quoth I;
 "Oh, please, Sir, mother gave me four,
 But they were in a pie."

"If that's the case," I stammer'd out,
 "Of course you've had eleven;"
 The damsel answer'd with a pout—
 "I ain't had more than seven!"

Poe's "Raven" has been parodied times without number. Mr. Henry S. Leigh's version is as good as any.

Once upon an evening weary, shortly after Lord
 Dundreary
 With his quaint and curious humours set the town
 in such a roar,
 With my shilling I stood rapping—only very gently
 tapping—
 For the man in charge was napping—at the money-
 taker's door.—
 It was Mr. Buckstone's playhouse, where I lingered
 at the door.
 Paid half-price and nothing more.

But at last a lady enter'd, and my interest grew
 centr'd
 In her figure and her features, and the costume that
 she wore.
 And the slightest sound she utter'd was like music, so
 I mutter'd
 To my neighbour, "Glance a minute at your play-
 bill, I implore,
 Who's that rare and radiant maiden? Tell, oh, tell
 me, I implore!"
 Quoth my neighbour, "Nelly More!"

Then I ask'd in quite a tremble,—it was useless to
 dissemble—
 "Miss, or madam, do not trifle with my feeling any
 more;
 Tell me who, then, was the maiden, that appear'd so
 sorrow-lad'n
 In the room of David Garrick, with a bust above the
 door;
 (With a bust of Julius Cæsar up above the study
 door)
 Quoth my neighbour, "Nelly More!"

I've her photograph from Lacy's; that delicious
 little face is
 Smiling on me as I'm sitting (in a draught from
 yonder door);
 And often in the night-falls, when a precious little
 light falls
 From the wretched tallow candles on my gloomy
 second-floor
 (For I have not got the gas-light on my gloomy
 second-floor)
 Comes an echo, "Nelly More!"

(To be concluded.)

Strange Facts of Medical Science.

ILLUSIONS OF THE SENSES.

THE sense of hearing is not so often deceived as the sight. But some people are, all their life, annoyed by imaginary bells, whistles, rumbling of waggons, &c. One lady heard delightful music for 20 years. Another lady begged her neighbours to remove a loud-ticking clock, as the noise coming through the wall kept her awake at night. There really was no clock in the neighbour's house. A third lady bought the house next door and evicted the tenants, because they taunted her through the wall. But the taunts continued when the house was empty. This lady was probably on the line between sanity and insanity—a line on which such crowds stand.

An old gentleman, a great opera-goer, and about whose perfect sanity there was no doubt, used to be visited by three phantom vocalists, who sang selections from the operas in a delightful way. But another was not so fortunate, for the noises he heard were so troublesome that he was in the habit of placing a musical-box under his pillow to drown them.

Hallucinations of hearing are most common in the insane, and in the case of the recent Coombes murder the doctor who thought the boy insane was greatly influenced by the fact that he had heard voices telling him to kill his mother. Thousands of crimes are committed in this way. A voice begins to tell a person to do something. At first he may know that it is an hallucination. But soon he forgets this, owing to its never ceasing, and, finally, he is actually forced into doing what it tells him. Then, of course, he is insane, for, as soon as a delusion governs a man's conduct, he is certainly insane.

Just when dropping asleep or beginning to awake is a favourable time for hallucinations. And also when a person is dying. Then the blood-supply to the brain is failing, and strains of delightful music and visions of dazzling brightness are perceived.

Hallucinations can be voluntarily produced sometimes. Talma, the actor, could divest his audience of flesh and convince himself that he was playing to a house of skeletons. When the arteries in the neck of a certain woman were pressed she cried out in terror that a negro was rushing on her with an axe. A tumour in the brain of one person made him have dazzling visions of angels with flaming swords, and, in a second, a tumour caused him to perceive horrible odours. In another case a growth in the brain so affected a man that when he read, silently, 50 or 60 voices shouted the words in his ears. Blind people continue to have visions for many years after getting blind, but those who are born blind never have them.

It is not so much

WHAT you think as what you say.
 What you sing as how you sing it.
 What you want as what you need.
 What you believe as what you do.
 What you give as how you give it.
 What you possess as how you use it.
 What you profess as what you perform.

Ladies' Corner.

"THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN."

THE "new woman," the "advanced woman," the "equal rights" woman, the Ceylon man knows not. He sticks to the custom and training of the past—the deference which he, perhaps, saw his father pay to his mother. All the foolishness about a woman being the equal of a man has not touched him. He knows that it is not so. He believes his mother or his wife to be morally his superior, but physically his inferior, and he does not propose to lower God's estimate to earthly conceptions. In short—as a man—he regards the opposite sex with esteem and deference—and the Ceylon woman, in response, fulfills her mission nobly.

BUT of the old country we cannot help feeling that the old-time gallantry and deference are gradually passing away. When a man is courtly to a woman in England, now-a-days, we say that "he is a gentleman of the old school." Young men of fashion seem to regard the young ladies with less respect, and a general cheap-and-easy standard of manners is the result. This changing condition of affairs is due, in a measure, to the different social status of men and women.

NO community gains an iota in a single respect which loses the refinement and delicacy of the old social conditions, and English women of every mind are on all sides beginning to reckon the cost of this "movement" for the extension of their "privileges." Even those who were strong adherents in the "faith" at the beginning are showing signs of an abatement of enthusiasm.

THE rules of propriety in England have been stretched and liberalized to suit what the "advanced women" chose to call the "enlarged views of social duties and relations." Young women have assumed an air of independence; young men, an air of indifference. New ideas have been interjected into lives, and they have brought forth new conditions. Whereas, only a few years back, one sex occupied a position above the other, the two are now side by side competing fiercely in every occupation, in every branch of life. Antagonisms have been born which hitherto have been unknown between the sexes. The aggressive spirit of the woman of advanced ideas has asserted itself.

AND what is the result? Men have tacitly inferred that women scorn the sort of consideration which at one time they felt was their tribute to womanhood. Naturally, politeness has become lax, the grace of homage is often forgotten. Women first discovered this when they went into business; now they are experiencing it in their social relations.

HAPPILY a quiet revulsion of feeling, on this question of the sexes has slowly become noticeable, and the opinion is general that there has become a distinct turn of the tide, and it is well that it should be so, and that the mother-country can look forward to a return of old-time politeness on the part of the men, and a gracious acceptance of it on the part of the women.

* * *

AND so let us hope that the English woman will soon be again upon her old pedestal. In the minds of chivalrous and sympathizing men she has always been there.

* * *

THE "New Woman" movement has brought out many successful platform speakers; but a woman gathers a meeting and makes her converts mainly because she has womanly qualities. It must not be forgotten, however, that the advantage of a rapiertongue woman has over a man, stands her in particularly good stead in picking up points—an art which every electioneer admits tells more upon a meeting than a well reasoned out exposition. A volume of such *bonmots* could be compiled, but we content ourselves with one for which we believe Mrs. Chant is responsible. A man rose after her lecture to express his agreement with Plato that the best woman's intellect only brought her up to a level with a second-rate man, and concluded by asking why it was that women had not yet produced a Shakespeare. "Oh, haven't we, though!" The audience roared and the inconsequent retort did more perhaps than the lecture to convince the scoffers.

* * *

"FULL choral service" at weddings will undoubtedly soon give place to "full whistle service." For it is stated that at a recent Yankee wedding twelve girl friends of the bride whistled the "Wedding March." And, of course, the idea will be improved upon, for it is capable of endless amplification. Twelve bachelor friends of the bridegroom can purse up their lips and give forth an equally appropriate selection. In fact, the organist is likely to find his occupation gone, and be thankful if he can earn a sixpence by opening the carriage doors. The principal objectors to the movement may, however, be the ancient and fish like spinsters, each of whom through long years, has whistled for a husband, but found him not.

* * *

THE scribes who wrote themselves silly in the *Daily Telegraph* and other papers when discussing the question, "Is marriage a failure?" may refresh themselves with a few interrogatories put by Sir Edward Clarke to the respondent in a divorce suit not many days ago. The facts of this particular case and the result of the inquiry matter nothing; the only object of this allusion to them is to draw attention to as remarkable a set of queries as ever were asked of a married woman. Here they are: "Have you ever threatened your husband with a poker?" "Are you a violent and passionate woman?" "Have you ever kicked your husband, or attempted to bite him?" "Did you, on more

than one occasion, threaten to take his life?" "Did you tell him you wished he was dead, and that he was a fool and idiot?" "Did you say you regretted you had married such a boor?"

Suppose some missionary returned to London had recited these questions in his speech at the May meetings in Exeter Hall, as having been asked of a heathen woman before administering to her the rite of baptism? Why, it would have brought down the house, or rather the hall, and trebled the collection; while the more pious among the audience would have turned up their eyes, and thanked Heaven that in happy England such things were utterly impossible!

* * *

THE latest bicycle dodge, which is the correct thing for ladies, is to jump on the machine when it is in motion. The right foot is put across the bike on to the right pedal high up. The lady presses that pedal forward, and simultaneously draws herself up by the help of the handles on to the left pedal. Standing on the pedals, and propelling all the time she next proceeds to raise herself, by help of the pedals and handles, backward on to the saddle, and the thing is done. But it is much harder than it sounds on paper.

HUMAN TALONS.

IN the most secluded parts of China live an extraordinary ascetic clan whose religious fervour takes the form of wearing the finger-nails several feet long. These men lead the lives of hermits. They do nothing but meditate. They do not stop meditating even for meals. The objects of their meditations are immortality, the end of all things; conceptions too elusive even for language.

The one proof of their sanctity is the length of their finger-nails. The longer their finger-nails, the greater their sanctity. If there be any part of the human body upon which work tells soonest it is the finger-nails. Even to get them to extend an eighth of an inch beyond the finger tips requires a most arduous abstention from industry of all sorts. But when a man actually coaxes his finger-nails out into the vast beyond to the extent of several feet, he has demonstrated beyond cavil his capacity for repose. The slightest thoughtless movement would destroy a whole ribbon of finger-nail and sanctity.

The awe with which the native Chinese gaze upon these holy objects is beyond belief. In the first place these ascetics are hard to meet. Very little is known about them. They shun their fellow-creatures. Only the fact that they are credited with unusual esoteric powers results in their being sought out at all.

The Chinese themselves know little of the sect. It surrounds itself with impenetrable secrecy. It shrinks from mortal contact. The mere idea of a handshake would give a member his death. The somewhat contradictory accounts extant with reference to these men render any statement of their point of view quite hopeless. It seems that they are summoned to Court now and then when any affair of unusual holiness is on the tapis. They are credited with powers of divination and exorcism, and it has been said that they play a prominent part in the progress of events in China during certain special crises.

Reviews and Notes.

ON LEPROSY.

WE have to thank Dr. C. S. Durand, of Harda, Central Provinces, India, for a copy of his work entitled *Observations on Leprosy and Its Treatment*, published at Madras at Rs. 1 a copy. The author gives us the pathology of this disease. Moses committed the scientific blunder of classifying several diseases as leprosy. Naaman had not leprosy, as we understand it, but was afflicted with leucoderma, in which the skin turns white in spots. Not that leprosy, as we know it to-day, did not exist in the time of Moses.

According to Dr. Durand, leprosy is essentially a gangrene due to impaired nutrition in the extremities, caused by the contraction of the smaller blood-vessels, and consequent diminished blood supply. There is a loss of sensation in the diseased parts, consequently the term "anaesthetic" has been applied to one form, and the term "tubercular" to another form. There are also dry and suppurating leprosy. In the former, limbs will drop off without bleeding and without pain; in the latter, there is a great deal of foul suppuration. The three stages are fornication, anaesthesia and disarticulation.

Dr. Durand gives fifteen years as a rough average of the duration of life after contracting the disease. We learn that men are more subject to leprosy than women, the ratio being not far from that of three to two. Other short chapters deal with some pathological peculiarities, causes, prevalence of the disease, treatment, &c.

There is much that is interesting and instructive in Dr. Durand's *brochure*. Two statements are made which will create some alarm in the lay mind. One is, that Europeans are—as many people are aware—liable to contract the disease; the other is, that there is a surprising amount of leprosy among the better classes of people.

* * *

Everything gives way before the restless utilitarianism of the West. We gather from the "History of Hindu Civilization under British Rule," by Mr. Pramatha Nath Bose, a melancholy declaration that Indian art is doomed. The demand for it is daily decreasing, and will continue to decrease as the price of labour rises. In these days of cheap imitation things, genuine art productions requiring a vast amount of labour are not likely to hold their own. But, on the other hand, industries, such as cotton manufactures, iron-smelting, paper-making, &c., are likely to develop the resources of the country, and make it rich, and are, therefore (Mr. Bose thinks) specially needed.

* * *

A good story is told by Mme. de Novikoff in her *Souvenirs d'Angleterre*, in the "Nouvelle Revue." While Kinglake was writing his history

of the Crimea he received a letter from a husband and wife in one of the Colonies, telling of the death of their son in the trenches, and asking that his memory might be perpetuated by mention in Kinglake's great book. The Historian replied that he must have more details before he could comply. As answer came the following:—"What details do you require? He died on the spot like many others. We know nothing more, but anything you can invent on his account will be gladly accepted by us. We rely entirely on your kindly imagination."

* * *

HE FOUND NO PLACE FOR REPENTANCE.—Under this title Mrs. Ellen F. Pinsent has contributed a very acceptable addition to the "little novels" library (T. Fisher Unwin, London). The story is based upon an episode which occurred in the little Lincolnshire village of Cowsthorpe. The inhabitants are "startled" by the wholly unexpected news that the vicar, old Mr. Nugent, had, owing to failing health and advancing years, decided that he must have a curate to help him. Upon this clerical assistant the interest of the tale is centred. Harold Champion—for such is the name of the hero—is selected by the vicar, and he "rouses even the apathetic marsh dwellers by his fiery enthusiasm." He, not unnaturally, too, falls in love with Beatrice Foster, a young lady in whose welfare Mr. and Mrs. Nugent exhibit unusual interest.

Harold is conscience smitten by the fact that during the years he was at college he had become dependent on alcohol. A London East-End curacy, its hardships and excitements, drove him after an ineffectual battle with himself to again seek strength from his old enemy. He foresaw what would happen, and to save appearances resigned his curacy. After a period of despair came the offer of the Lincolnshire curacy.

As Harold reviewed his life it seemed to him that circumstance had followed circumstance, regardless of his efforts, and beyond the reach of his control. His life was so unlike what he had wished for himself that he fell to wondering if he had really had much share in making it what it was. The arguments of his old teacher recurred painfully to his mind. What if after all he was not one of God's elect?

* * *

All Cowsthorpe had come to keep its harvest festival. For the Reverend Harold Champion was to preach, and on such an occasion the congregation hoped that he would give them a more than usually stirring sermon. It was with a sense of true thanksgiving that the congregation rose to join in the harvest hymn.

Beatrice, too, had her own thoughts, her own reasons for thanksgiving.

The rustling of the congregation as they settled themselves down ceased, and perfect stillness reigned in the church. All eyes were on Harold, waiting. He opened his mouth to speak, and paused, looking not at the rows of expectant faces, but over their heads into the dark arch of the tower at the west end. The cawing of a few

rooks in the elms outside was the only sound which broke the silence until a long low ominous rumble came from the direction of the distant wolds. A storm was coming—Harold closed the open Bible before him, and spoke—

“For he found no place for repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears.”

The words fell like a cold blast upon the congregation brought there to rejoice. His voice sounded thin and far-off as the darkness gathered and heavy rain beat upon the windows. He told them the story of Esau, drawing him as the sensuous man given to self-indulgence, to pampering his appetites, until they gained dominion over him, and he was willing to part with God’s most precious gift, his birthright, for a mess of pottage.

His voice had risen, and the tone was one of vehement insistence, making his hearers uneasy. He put both hands on the pulpit, and leaning forward, continued in a lower tone—

“If we are not free, but are compelled to do wrong whether we will or no, then God becomes a devil, wrong rules the world, and we are damned, here in this life.

“The man who has sold his birthright stands alone, isolated even among crowds of his fellow-beings. He can expect no help or sympathy from God or man—he has nothing to look forward to in this world but a life of impotent slavery to his ruling passion; and, beyond the grave, he puts that thought from him lest it should drive him mad. God help you to remember Esau, to resist each sin as it comes with all your strength; for to-morrow it may be too late, one more failure and you may find that you have sold your birthright, that your power of resistance has left you. Then, indeed, you are past prayer and past hope, for it may then be said of you as it was of Esau, *He found no place for repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears.*”

His voice broke on the last words, and there was a solemn hush. He seemed to be trying to regain his self-possession, when suddenly across the aisles now nearly dark, there came a flash of light and a peal of thunder overhead. With an effort he descended the pulpit and went at once to the vestry, where a few minutes later the vicar found him lying unconscious on the stone floor.

The congregation dispersed slowly, in ignorance of what was happening in the vestry.

The following morning Mr. Champion was missing. A note to the effect that he was going away for a few days’ rest and might be expected back on Saturday was found on the parlour table.

The news of Harold’s abrupt departure deeply affected Beatrice. Towards the afternoon of that day restless misery drove her to seek the relief of a long walk. Upon her return she was alarmed by the behaviour of a drunken man. As she approached, keeping on the other side of the road and never taking her eyes off him, she pulled up short, arrested by an idea which made her heart beat wildly. There was something strangely familiar about the figure. He, too, had paused, and seemed to be listening; then he broke out into

a few lines of an old college song, and tried to run forward. But his foot caught on a stone, and he tripped, falling heavily on his face; and his hat rolling off, he lay there crying, with the half-frightened, half-angry tone of a child that has been hurt.

In a second Beatrice stood over him. “Get up, Mr. Champion, get up, and stop crying. Bell’s just behind, and will hear you.”

Surprise quieted him, and he managed to get to his feet. She turned away from him with a stifled sob.

He followed expostulating, pleading with her, and denying that he was the worse for liquor, in language which appalled her from his lips.

Then she stood still—Bell was now in sight, and she knew that she could not save him.

“He’s—drunk—can you get him home without anyone knowing? Say he’s had a fainting fit.”

The rough face of the villager looked down at hers blankly for what seemed a full minute, then at Harold, who had ceased crying and was staring up stupidly. Slowly he swung his huge frame down from the cart, and, taking Harold by the arm, he forced him, resisting feebly, to get in.

So, jolting and jogging along painfully in an empty muck-cart, the Rev. Harold Champion returned to Sheepbank.

Harold Champion subsequently left the village where he had worked with such success until overcome by his old enemy, returned to London, and associated himself with the Church Army.

* * *

A NEW Novel, entitled “Joan and Mrs. Carr,” by *Rita*, is sent us by the Publishers: George Bell and Sons, London and Bombay. The author has already written several masterpieces, notably: “Peg the Rake,” “Sheba,” “Asneath of the Ford,” etc. The reading public should remain constant to such writers as *Rita*. “Joan and Mrs. Carr” contains some of the best work *Rita* has ever given us. The plot is consistent, and the whole book is excellent reading.

Local Reviews, &c.

A DIGEST OF THE LAW OF CONTRACT.

FROM a notice in the Law-students’ Hall, we learn that “*A Digest of the Law of Contract*” is in the press. The author’s name is modestly left to be guessed, and Mr. Advocate Blazé contributes a preface to the book. The book is very comprehensive, its contents being:—*Digest of Pollock and Anson, Roman Law of Contract, Roman-Dutch Law of Contract*, with citations from Voet Grotius, Vanderkeesel and Pothier, *Local Ordinances Summarised*, Supreme Court decisions, and a complete index. We shall have more to say when the book is out.

We are told “the evening wore on,” but we are never told what the evening wore on that occasion. Was it the close of a hot day?

The

Devices of Litigants.

WE have all heard the story—now worn threadbare in the profession—of the man who sued on a forged promissory note, and finding it impossible to show that it was a forgery, checkmated his adversary by producing a forged receipt. Scores of similar stories are current in the profession, and for the benefit of laymen, some of them—which are within the personal knowledge of the writer—are reproduced in this article.

It may sound strange to Western ears, but it nevertheless is within the experience of those engaged in the administration of justice, that in almost every case, however true, there is intentionally introduced some false evidence or even a false witness. Especially is this common in cases of housebreaking by night. Naturally the witnesses to such cases can only be the occupants of the house broken into. The village mind thinks such evidence insufficient. An accommodating neighbour is always ready to swear that when he was out at night to fetch a *vederalle* for his ailing child, or on some such errand, he saw the man charged come running from the direction of the house broken into with a bundle under his arm. The evidence, if believed, is of course conclusive; but the story of the quest for the *vederalle* is invariably laughed out of Court, and a good case is in this manner spoilt.

As a rule, the evidence in most burglary cases is absolutely false; but generally the right men are charged, with occasionally an admixture of one or two, whom the village headman wishes out of the way. A particular witness may also refuse to give evidence, unless he is allowed to bring in his man, and thus for once settle old scores. In short, a case of housebreaking in a village has far-reaching results. The occupant of the house has the whole village at his mercy. A word from him, and any villager may be arrested and kept in the stocks till he is marched to Court. The headman may implicate anyone he desires, and the professional witness is one to be propitiated. As a rule, the right men are charged, and complainant, headman and witnesses save their consciences by reason of their conviction of the guilt of the accused.

In the early days of my practice I was retained by a complainant in a case of burglary. The evidence was clear and conclusive against the man. He was caught red-handed inside the house, with a jewel box in his hand. There was a hole in the wall large enough for a man to go through, and near the hole a crowbar. The headman was brought to the spot and the man given in charge. In vain he protested his innocence. He was convicted and got three years hard.

Years after, I met the complainant again. He told me that the case was an absolutely false one. The hole in the wall was dug by one of his men. The crowbar was his own. The jewel box was taken by himself out of the almirah. The fact was, he said, with perfect nonchalance, the man was the pest of the village, the produce of no man's garden was safe, and he was caught that night stealing a bunch of plantains, for which a Gansabawa Court would probably inflict a fine or fourteen days' imprisonment. They were determined to teach him a lesson, or at least keep him out of the way for some time. They succeeded in both. When he came back to his village, his fellow villagers made it clear to him that unless he adopted an honest livelihood a worse fate would befall him, and broadly hinted that he would be implicated in the next murder case. That man was wise in his generation, and settled down to a quiet, sober life. He is now one of the best men in the village, and steals not, nor drinks, nor gambles. My quondam client is proud of his handiwork. I did not care to argue the matter with him, for we should have differed on first principles.

Some years after I came across a more extraordinary case. An old woman complained to me that she was condemned to pay an absolutely false claim, and she unburdened herself to me. She lived not far from Colombo, and amongst other worldly possessions owned a good fat pig. This the headman wished to purchase for Rs. 15—for his son was about to marry;—but the woman would insist on Rs. 20.

Negotiations fell through. But on the morning of the wedding the woman found her sty deserted. The pig was gone. There was no doubt where the pig went to. It was cut up for the wedding feast of the headman's son. But proof of this there was none. She consulted the village "case-maker;" but he was dead against any criminal charge. Sue the headman for the value of the pig, was his advice, and accordingly an action was instituted in the Court of Requests of Colombo. The woman blandly swore that the headman bought the pig for his son's wedding for Rs. 20, that the pig was removed by her son and another, and that the headman put off payment from day to day.

The headman stoutly denied that he purchased the pig. The magistrate told him he ought to be ashamed of himself, threatened to report him to the Government Agent for dismissal, and gave judgment for the woman. Her witnesses were herself, her son, and the man who drove the pig to the headman's. This last witness was a very good man, she remarked, who had pity on a poor woman and agreed to give evidence for the small sum of one rupee! The headman appealed, of course, but his appeal was rejected, with the remark that it was a most frivolous one.

The woman's triumph was, however, brief. She found herself sued by a woman in Colombo for the return of a chain worth somewhere about thirty rupees, alleged to have been borrowed by herself and another. In vain she protested that she never

set eyes on the plaintiff. There was positive evidence that she borrowed the chain for her niece's betrothal. To crown all, the woman who was sued with her admitted the borrowing, but said she had given it to the other, who told her it had been lost.

The judge waxed wrath at the perjury of the quondam owner of the pig. He regretted that he had no power to punish summarily for wilful perjury (the oaths ordinance was not then in operation) and gave judgment for the plaintiff. It was an absolutely false claim, and the headman was at the bottom of it; but there was nothing whatever to connect him with the matter in the slightest degree. The plaintiff denied that she even heard of such a headman. The claim included everything the headman was out of pocket over the pig case! I persuaded the woman not to appeal, for I knew it was hopeless. Whether she took my advice or not I do not know. I heard nothing more of her.

I remember another case, where a respectable man came to me, saying he was falsely charged with assault and robbery. The evidence was clear. It disclosed that as the complainant was passing the accused's house, the accused and another man followed him, knocked him down and rifled his pockets. The accused himself was seized by the complainant, to whose cries a policeman came, and another constable ran up almost immediately. The case looked black for the accused. Of course, the second man was a myth, and I suspect the constable on beat was in the swim. The man's story was that as he was strolling out after dinner, the complainant, whom he did not know, rushed at him, seized him and cried out "I am beaten and robbed." The case was got up, he said, by some enemy of his. I subsequently learnt that the man was fined fifty cents for assault only, and that the complainant got such a slating from the Magistrate as he would not forget in a hurry. The defence was simple and ingenious. "I gave the complainant a licking," he said, "because he came after some woman in my house," and he called two witnesses to support his story.

An amusing story is told of a Notary at Negombo, to whom an accused in a burglary case went for advice. "You fool!" he said. "Don't retain counsel. Give me your money and I shall arrange for your acquittal." With that he went round to the witnesses, gave them each a *santhosam* and promised them something more if they did as directed. Then going to the accused he told him to ask the witnesses only one question each. "How was I dressed?" "You had only a crupper on," said the first witness. And the Crown Counsel winked to the jury, as much as to say: "That's how burglars go about." The second witness was asked the same question, and the reply was: "A black coat and white cloth." "Sure?" queried the judge. "Positive," was the reply. The third witness replied: "A white banian and red sarong cloth." The prisoner was acquitted.

Old Sam Weller was not the only man who believed in an alibi. The first thoughts of a native when charged turns to an alibi. Some years ago

a very respectable man was sued for some jewels which it was alleged he borrowed for a wedding. He wrote some letters to the plaintiff, asking for the loan of these jewels; but a few days before the wedding he informed the plaintiff that he did not want them, and as a matter of fact he did not get them. There was no use, he said, of speaking the truth. The plaintiff had his letters and the could bring the best evidence if he denied the borrowing. He had better admit the borrowing, and he had any amount of evidence to prove that the jewels were returned. I naturally told him that I could not be a party to such proceedings, and asked him to speak the truth. Alas! he did, and lost his case. The letters were produced, and there was overwhelming evidence that the jewels were handed to him. But he clutched at an alibi—the last straw of the drowning litigant. The alibi, too, failed him, and never after did I, nor ever shall I, get another fee from that man. A native can never satisfactorily establish an alibi. He has very vague ideas of time, place and distances. There are cases, however, in which a successful alibi has been established. In these cases, however, men have created, so to speak, the alibi.

Men who have instigated crime invariably keep out of the way the day the offence is committed, knowing well that they would be charged. During the well-known Kotahena riots, the chief instigators took particular care to keep themselves as far out of the way as possible. Of course they were charged, and as a matter of course they were able successfully to establish an alibi.

I have a graphic recollection of one such case: A notary at Kalutara, who coveted a bit of land belonging to a poor villager, which was necessary to round off his property, got some roughs to burn down the villager's house. The villager, of course, knew who was at the bottom of the outrage, and charged the notary. The notary's defence was complete. He was able to prove that at the time he was hundreds of miles away in a Kacheheri, and he called the Government-Agent as a witness. He paid in a large sum of money on that day, and got a receipt from the Agent himself. The villager was put on his trial for perjury, and a planting jury acquitted him.

I am afraid I have exceeded the bounds of a *Review* article. I shall therefore stop.

Quite recently at the Courts a barrister found an opportunity to air a grievance. He had been robbed. "It's shameful the way things go on under the very eyes of the law," he exclaimed.

"What's the matter now?" asked the judge.

"Matter? It's an outrage. Had my coat stolen from the law library."

The judge smiled a little. Then observed: "Coat, eh? Pah! That's nothing! Whole suits are lost here every day!"

"Do you love me?" said the paper bag to the sugar.—"I'm just wrapped up in you," replied the sugar.—"You sweet thing!" murmured the paper bag.

The Professor's Ruse.

THE Professor had been racking his brains to find out some way of making more money than was sufficient to pay his hotel bill. A light gleamed over his face.

"I'll risk it!" said he.

It was a very simple idea, you know, and it came to him as a kind of inspiration, in the same way that ideas had come before. It was after this wise:

"Confound it all!" said he, viciously kicking the arm of his long-sleever. "Why can't I hit upon something novel?" And then he gave a start. *The idea had struck him!*

So, full of confidence, and putting on an air of importance, he made for his bedroom, and that night slept the sleep of the just.

The next morning the Professor did a bold thing. He hired the largest public building in the place; had some wonderful posters printed, and plastered them all over the town.

THE FLIGOE HALL.

PROFESSOR PLASSAS PLASSORUM

will perform a feat never before attempted by living man,—an act so novel, and of such daring surprise, that not a single member of the audience will have guessed of what it will consist. In proof of this a gold watch and chain will be presented to anyone who shall successfully predict the nature of this unparalleled feat.

N. B.—Cute spectators may, perhaps, glean a wrinkle by what is being built on the roof of the Fligoe Hall, but none will pierce the actual secret.

So ran the Professor's poster, which, launched broadcast upon the town, caused an immediate and immense sensation; and, all day long, large crowds of natives stood in the road-way outside the Fligoe Hall, gazing open-mouthed at the little wooden hut that was being erected on its lofty roof.

The appearance of this aerial hut, too, occasioned the lodging of scores of guesses as to the nature of the feat, which flood of prophetic efforts was, however, speedily stemmed when the Professor issued a further manifesto, in which he negatived the idea that his Great Act would merely consist of a dive through the roof.

Well, the important evening arrived at last, and although it was in the middle of a period of scorching heat, there was not room for another single human being in the Fligoe Hall.

In the middle of the building a ring had been left, as for a circus, in which stood a tiny car, ornamented with flags and connected with the ceiling high above the people's heads, by a stout rope passing through a pulley; close beside which an aperture had been made in the roof.

Densely thronged as was the place, not a sound was heard, as the Professor, attired in evening dress, stepped into the ring.

In a calm, clear voice: "Ladies and Gentlemen," he announced, "I am now about to keep my promise, and perform a feat, novel, daring and absolutely unique, and which will come as a surprise to every one of you!"

Into the ring bounded two native assistants. Bang went the Volunteer Band; and gracefully waving his hand to the audience, revolving slowly round and round as he ascended, the Professor was hoisted to the roof.

"Steadily watch this opening, my friends!" came the Professor's voice, from far above, as he disappeared through the aperture.

Watch it they did, eyes staring, mouths open, with aching necks. A minute went by, then two, three, four, and nothing happened. Silent and still the whole crowd gaped steadily at the small black square above, till suddenly a soldier at the back of the hall, keener than the rest, shouted:

"Don't you see! That's the surprise! Hiram's bolted—and you've been had!"

It was, alas, too true! When one of the boys got out through the aperture on to the roof, there was the little wooden hut, with no one in it and a plank across the roof leading to a ladder which the Professor had evidently used in his descent.

Loud taking could have been heard in the Fligoe Hall; a few smiles and even loud laughs, on the principle that companionship makes us wondrous amiable—but no matter! The Professor had taken the oof with him. The Volunteer Band hastily collected their instruments and did not play "God Save The Queen" that evening.

POEMS.

What are poems but the jewels
Which are gathered from the brain,
Cut and polished by the artist,
With his tools of Love and Pain;
Glowing with the heat of passion,
Gleaming with the passion slain?
What are poems but the flowers
Which are gathered from the heart,
Wrought in every style of beauty
By the master hand of art;
Blushing with the modest sweetness
Which the air and skies impart?

For people to live happily together, the great secret is that they shall not live too much together.

The motives of the best actions will not bear too strict an inquiry. It is allowed that the cause of most actions, good or bad, may be resolved into love of ourselves, but the self-love of some men inclines them to please others, and the self-love of others is wholly employed in pleasing themselves. This makes the great distinction between virtue and vice.

The laws of intellectual progress are to be read in history not in individual experience. We breathe the social air, since what we think depends very largely upon what others have thought. The paradox of to-day becomes the commonplace to-morrow. The truths which required many years to discover and establish, are now declared to be innate.

The Volunteer Movement in Ceylon.

(A sketch of its rise and progress, with a running commentary on men and things connected with the Corps since its initiation.)

FIRST LIEUTENANTS.—FREDERICK CHARLES TURNER (29th July, 1881), resigned.
FREDERICK VANLANGENBERG, 29th July, 1881, deceased.

GEORGE HAMILTON ALSTON, 29th July, 1881, resigned.

CHARLES GOOD, 29th July, 1881, resigned.

ADRIAN HOPE, 6th January, 1882, was A. D. C. to Sir James Longden, Governor, resigned.

JOHN HERBERT FEARNLY HAMILTON, c. c. s., 23rd June, 1883, deceased.

BRABANDT LUDWIG POTGER, 23rd February, 1884, resigned on the disbandment of the Volunteer Company at Badulla, in 1889.

STANLEY BOIS (8th May, 1884), resigned.

EDMUND BURNSIDE, 18th October, 1886, resigned.

ALBERT ERNEST WILLIAMS, 8th January, 1887, P. W. D.—resigned.

G. W. BURTON, 25th May, 1887, resigned on the disbandment of the Volunteers at Badulla, of which he was an officer.

A. P. GREEN, 15th March, 1889, belongs to the Artillery Volunteers.

C. V. BELLAMY, 25th October, 1889. Lieutenant Bellamy holds a commission in the Devonshire Volunteers, which is the only other Volunteer Regiment of which H. R. H. the Prince of Wales is Honorary Colonel. He took considerable trouble in raising a Company at Jaffna, when he was stationed there; but the financial position of the Corps would not permit of this.

F. R. WATSON, 25th October, 1889.

RICHARD ANNESLEY BROHIER, Jr., 25th October, 1889.

M. D. COCKBURN, 7th January, 1891, was a non-commissioned officer, when he was appointed Quartermaster with the rank of Lieut.

FREDERIC HENRY DE VOS, 9th January, 1891.

CHARLES JAYATILLEKE, 6th March, 1891.

WALTER D. DRIEBERG, 19th March, 1891.

G. COOKSON, c. c. s. 16th October, 1892; Ceylon Artillery.

E. J. HAYWARD, Ceylon Artillery.

PRIOR S. PALMER, 11th August, 1892, Mounted Infantry.

J. P. DOVE, 30th December, 1892, Mounted Infantry.

W. L. MURRAY-MENZIES, 15th February, 1893, Mounted Infantry.

A. H. THOMAS, 29th June, 1893, Mounted Infantry.

C. A. MURRAY, c. c. s., 3rd August, 1893, Mounted Infantry.

J. RETTIE, 22nd December, 1893, Mounted Infantry. *Lieutenants*.—T. H. CHAPMAN, 2nd Lieut. 30th December, 1892.

J. G. VEALL, 2nd Lieut. 30th December, 1892.

E. M. D. BYRDE, 2nd Lieut. 30th December, 1892.

G. WADDELL, 2nd Lieut. 18th October, 1894.

T. S. CLARKE, 2nd Lieut. 18th October, 1894.

E. A. BEVEN, 2nd Lieut. 18th October, 1894.

W. R. F. LUKIS, Private 2nd Batt. York and Lancaster Regt. of Volunteers in 1881; Lanc Corp. 1882; Sergt. 1883; Colr.-Sergt. 1885; Q. M. S. 1888; 2nd Lieut. C. L. I. V. in 1893; Lieut. in 1894.

A. E. CALDICOTT, 2nd Lieut. 18th October, 1894.

ARTHUR RICHARD BARTOLOMEUSZ, 1st Lieut. 11th January, 1894, 2nd Lieut.

Second Lieutenants.—DANIEL YOUNG, 15th July 1881, resigned.

RALPH TATHAM, 15th July, 1881, resigned.

FREDERICK DORNHORST, 15th July, 1881, resigned.

ABRAHAM ORLANDO JOSEPH, 15th July, 1881, resigned.

RICHARD ANNESLEY BROHIER, c. c. s., Sr., resigned.

C. J. H. F. TOWNSEND, 15th July, 1881, resigned.

FRANCIS MAHAN GREEN, 15th July, 1881, resigned.

WALTER HENRY DICKMAN, 7th September, 1881, resigned.

WILLIAM EASTLAKE of the late 1st Devon. Rifles, resigned.

T. H. STEPHENS, 28th February, 1894.

H. BUCKNALL, 26th May, 1894.

JAMES DUNBAR JONKLAAS, 7th July, 1894.

FREDERICK NELL DANIELS, 16th August, 1894.

EDWARD HUMAN, 9th October, 1894.—Member of the Editorial Committee of the *Ceylon Volunteer Gazette*.

W. BRICE GREGSON, 18th October, 1894.

H. E. WIJETENGE.

J. OHLMUS.

PERCY WILTSHIRE.

THOMAS HENRY FREDERICK TOTHILL, 29th July, 1881, resigned.

SURGEONS.—JULIAN LOUIS VANDERSTRAATEN, 7th September, 1881; Sur.-Major, 8th February, 1892.

HAYMAN THORNHILL (7th September, 1880.) resigned.

THOMAS FOREST GARVIN, 7th September, 1881, resigned.

JOHN ATTYGALLE, 15th September, 1881; Sur.-Captain, 8th February, 1892.

EDWARD GRATIAEN, 25th March, 1890; Sur.-Captain, 8th February, 1892.

GEORGE WOUTERSZ, 6th June, 1890; Sur.-Captain 6th June, 1893.

J. B. DRIEBERG, 8th February, 1892.

HENRY GEORGE THOMASZ, 10th December, 1892.

PETER FRANCIS SOLOMONS, 10th December, 1892, resigned.

CHAPLAINS.—Rev. H. NEWTON, M. A. (Episcopalian Chaplain) 29th July, 1881.

Rev. S. LINDSAY (Presbyterian Chaplain) 5th December, 1881.

Rev. MAURICE C. ODELL, Episcopalian Chaplain in the Kandyan Provinces, 6th January, 1882.

C. T. BOYD, (7th January, 1891).

A. DUNNETT, 5th November 1891.

Rev. Father J. B. BALANGERO.

Rev. Father D. WILKINSON.

Staff Sergeants.—SERGT. MAJOR RADFORD made a model instructor. He possessed an excellent voice, and though he never admitted he was short-sighted, he would always find fault with the dressing of his squad. He was an ex-schoolmaster, and fairly intelligent, and found the task of teaching the Volunteers very congenial to his tastes. He kept his men well in hand and merited the well-deserved compliment that his Company, chiefly composed of Burghers, was one of the crackest, before it was distributed into the numerous other Companies subsequently formed and distinguished by the letters of the alphabet. He sought fresher fields and pastures new under the Southern Cross, and was succeeded by Sergt.-Major FITZ-PATRICK, who with capital lung power, and rare talents as an instructor, was ever a

favourite with the men, as he was a *persona grata* with the officers, who thought so much of his smart appearance and excellence in drill. It was this popular feeling which helped him to secure the Sergt.-Majorship, which Radford had relinquished. Fitz-Patrick rejoined his regiment, and we are glad to hear good accounts of him from Erin's shore, where we hope he has for his motto "Save me from my friends." His too-obliging nature was his only enemy, and deprived the Corps of his invaluable services.

The first draft of instructors including Fitz-Patrick was made from the Royal Dublin Fusiliers, which was then stationed in the Island. To this compliment was added Sergt. DHAL of the Police Force, a Malay, who was presented to Her Majesty the Queen at Windsor, as a specimen of the Ceylon Rifle Regiment, and was educated at Hythe, and CHIPPADEN another efficient Malay soldier, who excelled as an Armourer, and was as amusing in his gait as he was clever at his craft. Dahl did credit to the instruction imparted to him at the School of Musketry at Hythe, and his unique experiences with the Coldstream Guards were refreshingly told, but he was ridiculously faulty in some of his words of command.

Nevertheless, Dahl was much relished, and may his shadow never grow less. Of the regular drill instructors we must not forget LYNCH, who since joined the Railway Department and was deprived of his legs; though he certainly preferred losing them, as he used to say, in "bloody warfare." He had the Malays in hand, and that Company was as strong in numbers in those days as it was well up and efficient in drill, thanks to its instructor. The Sergt. had a partiality for the Bamboo Restaurant opposite to the Raquet Court, whither he would repair early every morning *en route* to drill, for an "eye opener." And what soothing comfort he would find when "stand at ease" was ordered, and be given an opportunity of taking refuge under the umbrageous foliage of the wide-spreading banyan tree in the Raquet Court, where 'neath its friendly shelter he would lovingly "suck the monkey!" This operation used to be repeated every time the Company rested, and when the Company marched home to Headquarters or was dismissed on the parade ground, the jovial instructor beamed with gladdening "smiles;" but who could suspect that his Bacchanalian ally would meet him round the corner and administer to his thirsty cravings in cool grotto or forest glade?

Of the old batch, Sergt. DELAHAUTY had a short period of service, having met with an untimely death. This was the first Volunteer funeral. He was buried with military honours, the firing party being in command of Lieut. F. M. Green. Keleiger was forced to rejoin his regiment, as his too frequent visits to a friendly Planter who was unfortunately too close to the station where he was posted, were reported to have prejudicially interfered with the due discharge of his duties.

Sergt. KENNY made an excellent instructor, but he preferred to remain in his regiment than seek his fortunes in Ceylon, by lending his services to the citizen army.

Later on came Patrick O'Brien, who was a character in himself and was the embodiment of genuine Irish wit. In politics—which he dilated on in his own broad and delicious national brogue—he was head and shoulders over his brother instructors, and in general information had specially excelled them. Though a red-hot Radical, he subserved his small feelings to the best advantage to serve the public

good; but there was no man to "best" him in whatever he said or did. Who has not heard of Pat's misfortune, so no more of it. The amusing account of the meeting of Judge Dodwell Browne and the quondam drill instructor in his *role* as a waiter in a College on his native heath, brings back to memory some incidents of his life at an outstation in Ceylon, which deserve recounting. When a certain religiously inclined District Judge, now at home, insisted on Pat, who was in uniform, uncovering his head and paying due respect, which the dignity of his Court he imagined was entitled to, O'Brien retorted: "Parrdon me, Sirr, I'll do nothing' o' the kind. I only take me helmet off in the presence of me Queen and when I take me oath. I am doin' nayther." Much correspondence ensued between the judge and the military authorities, but Pat scored. Again, never was a Chetty done out so well before. With Pat's palaver, he managed to cajole a local jem into lending him Rs. 60, repayable at the end of the month; when his draft came in this was paid, and the Chetty pleased with the promptness, lent a further sum of Rs. 100; but this was not paid Pat agreed to give a bond, provided Rs. 100 was added to the consideration. To get the necessary security which a written document is thought to contain, the Chetty agreed, but he required an hypothecation. Pat consented, got the money, and mortgaged the furniture belonging to the Armoury. Failing payment, the bond was put in suit, and judgment obtained. Writ issued. The Chetty went over to the Armoury to point out property for seizure. He was civilly treated and even given a chair, which, it was not observed at the time by him, stood on three legs. Fussing about in his seat, on discovering that there was no property leviable, "Humpty, Dumpty had a just fall," and before he could regain his standing posture, Pat in an assumed rage covered him with his rifle, which it may be parenthetically observed, was loaded with blank cartridge. Bang went a charge! Bang went another! and another! The Chetty, oh, where was he? To complete good Mrs. Heman's appropriate quotation:

"Ask of the winds that far around, etc!" In his hurry to save his life, as he thought, from this fiendish moonlighter, the unscrupulous Chetty had left his sandals behind, which Pat was careful to take possession of, and are now included among the archeological exhibits of an Irish museum. The bond remains unpaid and is now nearly prescribed. Unless the genial District Judge of Colombo favours the Chetty with the address of the Irish waiter, he will be without his remedy. O'Brien is yet in the land of the living, and has not joined the majority, as rumour said. He must be a changed man. So mote it be!

Professor Rontgen, the discoverer of "the new rays" in photography, lately interviewed, frankly confessed his ignorance of the nature of the discovery.

"Is it light?"

"No," he replied.

"Is it electricity?"

"Not in any known form."

"What is it?"

"I don't know," said the Professor.

An Awful Conviction.

FOR many years I had been suffering from a disease known as catalepsy. To those unacquainted with my particular form of this dreadful malady I should explain that sometimes the patient lives for a day, sometimes for a week, a month, or even a longer period than that, in a trance.

Often the patient only escapes being buried alive by the knowledge of his friends that he has been previously subject to catalepsy.

My own case differed in no important particular from those mentioned in medical books. Sometimes, without any apparent cause, I sank, little by little, into a half-swoon, and, in this condition, remained without pain, without ability to stir or think. At other times I was quickly and impetuously smitten. I grew sick, and numb, and chilly, and dizzy, and so fell prostrate at once. Then, for weeks, all was void, black, and silent.

But there was one danger to which I was subjected, and which haunted me night and day—the danger of being buried alive. When nature could endure wakefulness no longer, it was always with a struggle that I consented to sleep—for I shuddered to reflect that upon awaking I might find myself the tenant of a grave.

To guard against such an affair happening, I entered into a series of elaborate precautions. Amongst other things I had the family vault so remodelled as to admit of being readily opened from within. The slightest pressure upon a long lever that extended far into the tomb would cause the iron portals to fly back.

There were arrangements also for the free admission of air and light, and convenient receptacles for food and water within immediate reach of the coffin intended for my reception.

This coffin was padded, and was provided with a lid, fashioned upon the principle of the vault-door, with the addition of springs so contrived that the feeblest movement of the body would be sufficient to set it at liberty.

Besides all this, there was suspended from the roof of the tomb a large bell, the rope of which it was designed should extend through a hole in the coffin, and so be fastened to one of the hands of the corpse. But not even these well-contrived securities sufficed to save me from the agonies of living inhumation, which I must now detail.

It happened that at the particular time I write of I felt myself awaking from an ordinary sleep, and my shuddering spirit was, as usual, overwhelmed by the one grim danger—by the one spectral and ever-prevalent idea that I had been buried alive.

For some minutes after this fancy possessed me I remained without motion. I dared not make the effort which was to satisfy me of my fate. Despair, such as no other species of wretchedness ever calls into being—despair alone urged me, after long irresolution, to uplift the heavy lids of my eyes.

I uplifted them. It was dark—all dark. I knew that the fit was over. I knew that I had now fully recovered the use of my visual faculties, and yet it was dark.

I endeavoured to shriek, and my lips and my parched tongue moved convulsively together in the attempt, but no voice issued from the cavernous lungs, which, oppressed as if by the weight of some mountain, gasped and palpitated with the heart at every struggling inspiration.

The movement of the jaws, in this effort to cry aloud, showed me that they were bound up, as is usual with the dead. I felt, too, that I lay upon some hard substance; and by something similar my sides were, also, closely compressed. So far, I had not ventured to stir any of my limbs—but now I violently threw up my arms. They struck a solid wooden substance, which extended above my person at an elevation of not more than six inches from my face.

I could no longer doubt that I reposed within a coffin at last.

I thought of my precautions taken to prevent being buried alive. I writhed, and made spasmodic exertions to force open the lid; it would not move. I felt my wrists for the bell-rope, it was not to be found. And now hope fled for ever, and despair reigned triumphant; for I could not help perceiving the absence of the paddings which I had so carefully prepared—and then, too, there came suddenly to my nostrils the strong peculiar odour of moist earth. The conclusion was irresistible. I was not within the vault. I had fallen into a trance while absent from home—while among strangers—and it was they who had buried me—nailed up in some common coffin—and thrust into some ordinary and nameless grave.

As this awful conviction forced itself upon me I once again struggled to cry aloud. And in this second endeavour I succeeded. A long, wild, and continuous shriek resounded through the realms of the subterranean night.

“Hillo! hillo, there!” said a gruff voice in reply.

“What’s the matter now?” said a second.

“Get out o’ that!” said a third.

And hereupon I was seized and shaken without ceremony for several minutes, by some very rough-looking individuals.

They did not arouse me from my slumber—for I was wide awake when I screamed—but they restored me to the full possession of my memory.

This adventure occurred near Powelville. Accompanied by a friend I had proceeded upon a fishing expedition some miles down the banks of the Powelville River. Night approached, and we were overtaken by a storm. The cabin of a small sloop, lying at anchor in the stream and laden with garden mould, afforded us the only available shelter. We made the best of it, and passed the night on board. I slept in one of the only two berths in the vessel, and the berths of a sloop of sixty or seventy tons need scarcely be described.

That which I occupied had no bedding of any kind. Its extreme width was eighteen inches. The distance of its bottom from the deck overhead

were precisely the same. I found it a matter of exceeding difficulty to squeeze myself in. Nevertheless, I slept soundly, and the whole of my vision arose naturally from the circumstance of my position, and from my ordinary bias of thought. The men who shook me were the crew of the sloop, and from the load itself came the earthy smell. The bandage about the jaws was a silk handkerchief in which I had bound up my head.

The tortures endured, however, were indubitably quite equal, for the time, to those of actual burial. They were inconceivably painful; but out of evil proceeded good, for their very excess wrought in my spirit an inevitable revulsion. My soul acquired tone—acquired temper. I went abroad. I took vigorous exercise. I breathed the free air of heaven. I thought upon other subjects than death. In short, I became a new man, and lived a man's life. From that memorable night I dismissed for ever my apprehensions, and with them vanished the cataleptic disorder to which I had been such a martyr.

TROP DE ZELE.

“John, faithful John,” the husband cried;
 “Your zeal I never have denied;
 Your motives no one could impugn.
 My bride—with your kind help—will soon
 Be mistress of the biking art,
 Which you are striving to impart.
 But, John, were it not better taste
 If you would cease to clasp her waist,
 And grip the saddle, while you guide,
 Along the track, my wobbling bride?”
 “Sir,” replied John, “I quite agree;
 It do look odd to make so free.
 But, for at least an hour or more,
 I've sought those regions to explore
 Where that same saddle ought to be,
 And what's become o't puzzles me.”

An eminent doctor says:—“An organically sound woman can cycle with as much impunity as a man. Sex has nothing to do with it, beyond the adaptation of machine to dress and dress to machine. Women are capable of great physical improvement when the opportunity exists.

“The diseases of women take a front place in our social life; but, if looked into, ninety per cent. of them are functional ailments, begotten of *enau* and lack of opportunity of some means of working off their superfluous muscular, nervous, and organic energy. The effect of cycling, within the physical capacity of a woman, acts like a charm for gout, rheumatism and indigestion. Already thousands of women qualifying for general invalidism, have been rescued by cycling. Women are very subject to varicose veins in the legs. Cycling often rids them of this trouble. Cycling is a luxury for men and a necessity for women.”

IN THE NEAR FUTURE.

Lawyer: “I now offer in evidence a photograph of the broken heart of the plaintiff, taken by the Rontgen process.”

Judge: “Admitted. Let it be marked ‘Exhibit X.’”

ALMANAC FOR MAY.

- 1st.—Meeting of Blackstone Estate Company, Ltd.
- 2nd.—Entertainment at Industrial School, Wellawatte
- 3rd.—4th Sunday after Easter.
- 4th.—Medical Fee Case. Judgment against Dr. Duke.
- 6th.—Governor goes from Kandy to Nuwara Eliya.
- 8th.—Meeting of the Colombo City Council.
- 9th.—Match at Nuwara Eliya—Queen's Cottage vs. St. Edward's School, win for the former.
- 10th.—Rogation Sunday.
- 11th.—Concert at Public Hall. Acquittal of Shroff Ramalingam. Drowning of a Lancashire Soldier at the Mount.
- 12th.—Swearing in of Mr. J. H. Templer, as Acting Solicitor-General. Return of Governor to Kandy. Death of Mr. H. F. Dunbar, at home.
- 13th.—Death of Mr. O. Ransom at Deltotta. Arrival of Lieut.-Col. Vincent in Colombo.
- 14th.—Death and funeral of Mr. C. S. Dias Bandaranayake. Murderous assault at the Kandy Barracks. Ascension Day.
- 16th.—Lady Ridgeway “at home,” at Kandy. Opening of the Up-country Rugby Season at Darrawella and Radella. Shocking double murder at Watawella: Sinhalese labourer kills his wife and the Postmaster of the place. Meeting of the Darrawella Club. Prize day St. Thomas' College. Sale of valuable house property at Colpetty. Fire in Dcan's Road.
- 17th.—Sunday after Ascension.
- 18th.—Meeting of the Dimbula Planters' Association.
- 20th.—Prize Distribution at Annanda College, Maradana. Meeting of the Great Western Tea Company of Ceylon, Ltd. Dance at the G. O. H.
- 21st.—Departure to England of Mr. W. Forsyth.
- 22nd.—Appointment of Mr. F. H. Price as Mayor of Colombo. First Volunteer parade under Col. Vincent.
- 23rd.—The Mohamedan Hadji Festival commences. General Meeting of the Pussellawa Planters' Association at the Gampola Hotel. The Orwell Cooly Case discussed, sympathy evinced for Mr Taylor. Wedding at St. Andrew's Church, Fort, Thomson—Carmie. Chevalier de Kontski's Entertainment at the Public Hall.
- 24th.—Whit Sunday. Queen's Birthday. Arrival of Siamese Princes in Colombo.
- 25th.—Death of Mr. Eaton Woolley at the General Hospital. R. A. Supper and Smoking Concert at R.A. Mess. The princes continue their voyage to Europe by the “Saghalien.” Reception to Hon. P. Coomaraswamy at Kandy.
- 26th.—Funeral of Mr. Woolly. Celebration of Queen's Birthday Festivities at Kandy. Levee at Pavilion 1 p. m. Investiture of native chiefs, noon. Ball 9 p. m. Gymkhana at Kandy. Military parade at Kandy and Colombo.
- 27th.—Second day, Kandy Gymkhana. Lady Ridgeway “at home,” Pavilion, Kandy. Military Band Concert, Town Hall, Kandy.
- 28th.—Band Concert, second night. Sale of Kehelwatte Estate. Inspection of C. M. I. at Rifle Green, Colombo.
- 29th.—Kontski Concert, Town Hall, Kandy.
- 30th.—Special General Meeting, Ceylon General Steam Navigation Company, Slave Island. Volunteer Mess Dinner at the G. O. H.
- 31st.—Trinity Sunday. Ordination at the Cathedral.

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