THE

CEYLON REVIEW

A Monthly Magazine of Literary & General Interest.

VOL. II. JULY 28, 1896. No. 3.

Yearly Subscription Rs. 4 (post free). Single copies 40 cts. Overland Subscription, post free, yearly, Rs. 5·50.

Printed and published at THE CEYLON REVIEW OFFICES, *Colombo, Ceylon.*

All copy for Advertisements should reach the Publishing Offices not later than the 12th day of the month. Alterations in Standing Advertisements must be made not later than the 1st of the month.

Contributions of interest are solicited, and will be paid for according to merit.

Editorial communications should be addressed to THE EDITOR, *"The Ceylon Review," Colombo.*

Contents.

BURNS' FAVOURITE PASSAGE IN "THE MINSTREL."

SHALL I be left forgotten in the dust
When fate relenting, lets the flower revive?
Shall nature's voice, to man alone unjust,
Bid him, though doom'd to perish, hope to live?
Is it for this fair virtue oft must strive
With disappointment, penury and pain?
No! Heaven's immortal spring shall yet arrive;
And man's majestic beauty bloom again,
Bright through th' eternal year of love's triumphant reign.

Here and There.

ONE hundred years have elapsed since Robert Burns passed quietly away in his home at Dumfries. What changes have taken place in the world's history since then! Of all the people born during the vanished century, how many truly great poets can we boast? Shall we say they may be easily counted on the fingers of one hand?

* * *

Poetry came to Burns like flashes of light from heaven. He is at his best when the vehicle of his thoughts runs through the common patois of the people. Being a poor man, and

"To hardy independence bravely bred,"

he struck the common chord which vibrates through all hearts. Throughout his poems we find gleams and glimpses of his intense sympathy towards the poor, suggested or coloured, no doubt, by his own experience, for

"Through all his tuneful art, how strong
The human feeling gushes."

* * *

The local legal profession is generally to the front in shrewdness: the sharp practice of the law as unfolded here is a good school, more than was evident to some of our readers, ere they "digested" the article entitled "Devices of Litigants." Lawyers in Johannesburg are not far behind us, if we take accounts of cases in the South African newspapers as any criterion. Even in Pretoria Jail a certain lawyer managed to overcome the stringent regulations adopted for his safe keeping. Money had something to do with it, as money always can in semi-civilized countries like the Transvaal, where the prisons would evoke the anger of John Howard if he were alive to-day.

* * *

This lawyer, feeling "ill," called the jailer round and asked him to smuggle in a bottle of whisky, for which he paid the official a five-pound note. Subsequently more "medicine" was required, and a sovereign, and then five shillings were tendered, but the jailer demanded another bank note. Then the lawyer intimated that, if

a bottle were not bought at cost price, he would report the jailer for accepting a bribe, and the latter perforce succumbed to legal shrewdness. By using the same methods the practicer of law was able to obtain numerous other benefits for himself and fellow prisoners not allowed under the prison regulations.

* * *

Teachers in schools are the recipients of some very strange messages. Here, for example, is one from a mother who objects to physical culture:—

"Miss Fernandopo—You must stop learnt my Lizzie fisical torture she also needs reading and figors more than as if I wants her to do jumpin' I can mak her jump."

* * *

Instruction in temperance leads to many protests. Here is a copy of a note sent to a popular local teacher:—

"Miss————My small boy tells me that when I drink the petcoat of my stommack gets too thick. Please be so kind and dont't interfere in my fambly affairs."

* * *

Here 's another:—

"Miss ————Please let Benny home at 2 o'clock. I take him out for little pleasure to seen his grandfather's grave the Borella.

* * *

A DHOBIES MEETING.

'TWAS in a spacious hall, well lit, with dhobymen to guard,
Like meetings of freemasons to eaves droppers debarred,—
There met in solemn conclave, according to their grade,
Some dhobies of "heroic blood":—the champions of the trade.

A dhobyman began, amidst the silence of the throng
To voice the unwashed question in baritone sing-song,
He wheezed of all their grievances in tragic manner deep,
But some who caught the speaker's eye were nodding half asleep.

"Descendants of a noble race, our ancestors were blessed
With many royal privileges we do not now possess,
And now, to add to all our woes, the Regulations claim
That every man who plies our trade shall *register* his name."

"One place for that already washed, for dirty clothes another,
Our residence to be a third—Oh, dear me, what a bother!
The Government in all is wrong, the Ordinance a sham,
Then fling thy thunders on its head, Oh God of Katragam.

"Dear friends and countrymen," he said, "'tis true it will be hard,
But even at the risk of much, our liberties we'll guard,
The myrmidons of filthiness our homes shall not invade,
We must abandon, come what may—let others ply our trade!"

In the mixed applause that followed this starchy harangue
Some feelings of enthusiasm in all their bosoms sprang,—
When rose in eager attitude a sober-minded man,
Whose eyes around the assembled crowd in scornful pity ran.

"Why, friends," quoth he, "the Ordinance is naught but good and sound,
And all resistance on you will with double force rebound,
That you should by your stubbornness so suffer in the end
The rigour of the Ordinance, may Devas all forefend!

"No ill-intentioned clauses or provisions in it lay,
Enacted with a due regard to Justice and Fairplay,
Its object does well merit praise, it seeks to save our lives
From foul disease, whose origin from filthiness derives.

"Then let us all, my countrymen, our country's laws obey.
This Act is based on fairness, whate'er some people say;
To combat with our law-givers—the rulers of our land—
Our strength will not suffice. We're a poverty stricken band."

To bitter rage of feeling this speech at once gave rise,
"A traitor in the camp!" says one. "A fool!" another cries.
They handled him severely, they called him "traitrous lout,"
And heedless of entreaties all, they kicked the poor man out.

The consequence of all this was confusion and dismay,
The lights went out; what followed next no living soul can say;
The heroes of the conference with indignation burned,
And on a motion *sine die* the meeting was adjourned. [A. B. G.

* * *

The advice of Dr. T. B. Scott, of the Dispensary, Manepay, Jaffna, to anyone who may be so unfortunate as to be bitten by a dog, is excellent. He recommends vapour baths, and quotes a case of complete cure of hydrophobia under this treatment. The worthy doctor observes: "The method

of cure is so simple, that, should it prove as effectual in further cases, it is well-worth knowing. If those who are in a position to do so, would test its efficacy and prove its curative value, it would be a boon to our island, where this horrible disease is comparatively common."

The Buisson Bath Treatment (as it is termed) is generally and successfully adopted in most parts of India, and is the discovery of Dr. Buisson, of Paris, who says in his pamphlet:

"The beauty of my plan lies in its simplicity and remedial efficacy. A vapour bath prevents the development of hydrophobia, and cures the malady when developed. In order to convince all sensible persons that I am really in earnest, I offer to inoculate myself with the disease." This fact should be some guarantee of the efficacy of the learned doctor's method of cure.

Dr. Buisson relates several facts in support of his theory of the effects of heat upon the animal organization. We give one or two illustrations.

(1) Vaccinate an infant, and give it a vapour bath directly afterwards, the vaccine does not take.

(2) The bite of the tarantula can be cured by dancing. It is the perspiration evoked by this exercise which is the real cause of the cure.

(3) A young man, out hunting in America, was bitten by a rattle-snake. Desiring to die in the midst of his family, he ran nearly the whole of the day in order to reach his home. When he arrived there he laid down, perspired profusely, and the wound made by the snake healed like any ordinary wound might have done.

In conclusion, the doctor observes: "One vapour bath may possibly suffice to prevent hydrophobia: nevertheless, for greater surety, I make patients take seven baths. As hydrophobia never declares itself before the seventh day, it is therefore possible to take a long journey in order to procure the best vapour-bath treatment."

* * *

The Kraal at Danduwawa has been a success. We have not to deplore the reckless use of old-fashioned fire-arms by excited native beaters as on previous occasions, greater care was also taken in the treatment and feeding of the captives.

Numerous instances of intelligence have been recorded of the decoy elephants at the Kraal; giving rise, in a recent local discussion, to various comparisons. One eminent authority unhesitatingly declaring the elephant to be superior in intelligence to any animal next to man, while others gave the palm to the dog.

* * *

What Englishman has not heard of the term: "a briefless barrister?" and heard it applied, too, to thoroughly competent and gifted men, waiting like Micawber, for something to turn up. One is only surprised that more of the legal fraternity do not seek fresh fields and pastures new, say, in India or Ceylon. At any rate there would be fewer sad stories like the following, to record. It is a true story, infinitely full of pathos, and the truth is vouched for by the Editor of a leading London Journal.

"A fortnight ago a letter reached an eminent Q.C. and Member of Parliament, in the handwriting of an old college friend, telling of a pitiful story of a stranded life. The writer had been called to the Bar, hoping some day to land on the judicial bench, even if he did not reach the Woolsack. He had no influence, and no business came his way. But he held on through long years, patiently hoping that some day his chance would come. Now he was sick, probably unto death, and was also in pecuniary straits. His old friend promptly sent a remittance, which was gratefully acknowledged.

At the end of a fortnight it occurred to him that he would call on the sick man and see what more he might do to help him. Arrived at the address, the door was opened by a lady-like woman, still young, and pretty in spite of the pinching of poverty. He gave his name and announced his errand. Whereat the lady, bursting into a passion of tears, told him he was too late.

Her husband had died that morning. "Would you like to see him?" she asked, wistfully. The two walked upstairs to a small front room. On the bed lay the body of a man about 40, fully dressed in the wig and gown of a barrister. In his right hand he held a bundle of foolscap.

"What is that?" the old friend whispered. "That," said the widow, "is the only brief he received in the course of 19 years' waiting. He asked me to dress him thus, and put it in his hand when he was dead.'

* * *

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a Crown," may safely be said of the present Shah of Persia, when we think of the way the late Shah came to his death, and the fact that an attempt has already been made on the present ruler's life. There must be something rotten in the State of Persia: political intrigue, jealousy, abuse of power, and the ever present feeling of discontent among the people are indirect causes. What a number of rulers of Eastern nations have died violent deaths since the commencement of the present century!

The first assassination was that of Emperor Paul of Russia in 1801. Upon the death of Catherine, in 1796, Paul ascended the throne in the early part of the French revolution. He had no knowledge of how to rule, having been in reality a royal prisoner, as far as court knowledge and customs were concerned. By his injustice and lack of judgment he aroused the discontent of his subjects and wounded the pride of his officers. On the night of March 24, 1801, a party of his generals entered the palace and strangled him in his bed-room with a sash.

Turkey was the scene of the next assassination. May, 1807, Sultan Selim III. was deposed by the Janissaries, who enthroned his son. An attempt was made by loyal Turks to restore the real Sultan, but this coming to his son's knowledge, he ordered his father to be strangled in his cell. Abdul Aziz, the most enlightened ruler of Turkey, suffered in 1848. Alexander II. of all the Russias was blown up by a dynamite bomb thrown by Nihilists at his carriage as he was returning from a military review. The Queen of Corea was assassinated soon after the close of the recent Chino-Japanese war, while the Shah of Persia is the last on the list of Eastern potentates who have met their deaths at the hands of their subjects.

Strange Facts of Medical Science.

Is Consumption Curable?

THE quaint but eminent Dr. Abernethy had a large fund of common sense, and could express what he wished to convey in forcible language. He says:—

"Can consumption be cured? Bless me, that's a question which a man who has lived in a dissecting room would laugh at; how many people do you examine who have lungs tubercular, which are otherwise sound? What is consumption? It is ulcerated tubercles of the lungs; then, if those tubercles were healed, and the lungs otherwise sound, the patient must get better."

Anatomists all along the line record an immense number of instances in which they have seen tubercles distributed through the lungs in separate particles, or in groups, whilst during life the individual had not presented any symptoms of the disease. We must not be understood to be referring to isolated cures, one now and again, for we have the testimony of Dr. Williams—an authority on disease of the chest—for saying that he found traces of tubercle in the lungs of half of the bodies he dissected who were above 40 years of age.

Again, post-mortem examinations were made upon 100 inmates of a Parisian Hospital for the Aged with the view of finding traces of consumption. It was found that no less than 51 had had tubercular disease, and in five cases it was evident that cavities had been healed. Dr. Bennett found the disease in 28 out of 73 post-mortems.

M. Luenec, a celebrated French physician, who introduced the stethoscope, and devoted his whole life to the study of chest complaints, gives in a work on the subject the details of many very satisfactory cases of cure; indeed, he goes so far as to write, "I am convinced from a great number of facts that in some cases consumption is curable in the later stages, that is, after the softening of tubercles and the formation of cavities."

At the same time it must be noted that many other eminent physicians hold to the belief that when tubercular matter has once commenced to soften, all hope must be abandoned.

Some Singalese are easily hurt. They take the slightest ailment as a severe illness, and they are not the sort to make their aches and pains any less. Even a little sore on the finger is magnified a hundred-fold. It is laughable to note the would-be invalid. He has got the doleful dumps with a vengeance. It is a wonder he is alive:—in fact, he wonders at it himself.

Many Singalese frighten themselves into an illness; and a painstaking Kandy doctor once said that if a native takes it into his head he is going to die, he is generally a gone case. This is accounted for by his lack of physical stamina, and the power of the feeble mind over the more feeble body.

Reviews & Notes.

ADMIRING readers of Mark Twain's works, and those of us who had the pleasure of listening to the grand old man at the Public Hall, should obtain *Harper's Monthly* for May, containing a character sketch of the great humorist, which is illustrated by a portrait as frontispiece and views of his house at Hartford.

"No other literary man of his generation, says Mr. Twichell, in his sketch of the life of his old friend, has enjoyed such universal favour with readers of all ranks. His home in Hartford is naturally a kind of pilgrim shrine.

"Not long since a caller of that class, a big, good-natured countryman—a butcher, as he introduced himself—after a few minutes' chat, asked—

'Now tell me, for a fact, *are* you the one that wrote all them books?'

'Truly I am,' said Mark.

'Of course you are! Of course you are!' cried the honest fellow; 'but, by George, I shouldn't think it from your looks!' Whereat Mark was hugely tickled."

The following is an example of Mark Twain's humorous way of saying a serious thing:

"One Sunday, when he had happened specially to like the sermon he heard in church, he lingered at the door after service, waiting for the minister to come out, in order to give him a pleasant word; which he did in this fashion: 'I mean no offence, but I feel obliged to tell you that the preaching this morning has been of a kind that I can spare. I go to church to pursue my own trains of thought. But to-day I couldn't do it. You have interfered with me. You have forced me to attend to *you*—and have lost me a whole half-hour. I beg that it may not occur again'"

* * *

K. Chakravarti, Author of "Lectures on Hindu Religion," is publishing a Review (complete in 40 parts) of the Sanscrit Epic "Mahabharata." The Reviewer sends us the opening part for perusal. In his introduction he says:

"In the Mahabharata we have not only an epic of the highest order, but, as it were, a museum of the wisdom of the preceding ages of India; of folklore; of history and genealogy of kings and heroes; of queens and heroines, who for beauty, virtue, self-sacrifice or courage are renowned. The Mahabharata is also a picture-gallery of ancient customs and manners; of the pleasures, romances and the daily duties of Hindu life in ancient India. It contains descriptions of principalities and the ways in which they were governed; of all remarkable places, cities, rivers, mountains, lakes, &c.; of sciences and arts; of the mode of ancient warfare, and the arms used in battle. It contains also the names and descriptions of lower animals as well as of higher orders of beings that used to come in contact with man. Such is the wonderful book which I purpose to review and give an index."

Short Story.

THE OLD BO-TREE.

By "ESOREB."

POOR old Uncle Grey-Fenton, that's dead and gone, was, as everyone knew, a very queer handful indeed. He was a strange conglomeration of cynic, bigotist, practical joker, but withal a thoroughly good fellow.

His tea estate marched with mine—or what had once been my father's—and it was always an understood thing that on his death the two estates should be joined into one. Even he admitted that it was quite right and proper that the property should be brought into one pair of hands again, though, of course, he could not help adding a sarcastic comment about "if those said hands are worthy to carry it on."

"There's much in your character, John," said he to me once, "that might well be improved upon. I shall take you in hand one of these fine days and see if I can't educate you a bit more up to what I think you ought to be."

I asked him in what direction he thought my principal imperfections lay.

He replied that it was half-past eight then, and as he invariably went to bed a little after nine it would be useless to begin cataloguing them at that absurdly late hour. But if I could come to breakfast with him next day he would see what he could do for me with plenty of time before him. "But the worst of you is," said Uncle Grey-Fenton, "you're so confoundedly pigheaded."

"Firm," I suggested.

"Pig-headed, John," said he.

"Firm," said I. "I own it. I'm not ashamed of having a firm nature."

"Pig-headed, my dear nephew. I see it, and being a kindly dispositioned relative, I'll not be over delicate and hide it from you."

"Firm, uncle. Good night."

"Pig-headed, John. Mind you don't catch a chill by going out into the damp hot air. You're rather warm just now."

I will own I was a trifle savage at first, but then I shrugged my shoulders and remembered Uncle Grey-Fenton's little ways, and had got over it before I was inside my own bungalow again, and went across again next morning to hear and laugh at the list of my terrible transgressions.

But lo! no list was forthcoming.

"We'll let 'em stand over for the present," said Uncle Grey-Fenton. "I don't feel equal to the strain of talking so long to-day. Fact is, I'm not very well. You know how trivial things upset a man at my time of life? Well, I've had my long-sleever shifted to the cool end of the verandah, and now I find the direct view of the valley is blocked up by that great sprawling bo-tree just inside your boundary. Come and look. Give orders for it to be cut down as soon as possible, there's a good fellow."

"But, my dear uncle, you must be joking! That's a bo-tree, an historical tree, and I don't know what besides. That's, do you know, the Buddhist's sacred tree, and nearly as old as the bo-tree at Anuradhapura. It is, therefore, a most valuable and interesting relic. No, I couldn't cut that tree down. The wife would never forgive me if I did."

"Oh, that's right! Shove the blame on your poor wife."

"Uncle, you're unreasonable. I'll cut down half a dozen arecanut palms, or even my favourite talipot palm to please you."

"Nephew, it strikes me that you are mighty unreasonable. What on earth is the use of your offering to cut down the arecanuts and the good old talipot. Will you remove the one tree I want out of the way? No, but you will chop down others I don't care about. I wonder you don't offer to take the tiles off your house, and roof it with Davies & Co.'s galvanized iron."

"Uncle, you're mighty unreasonable!"

"No, I'm not a bit. I want a tree removed which blocks my view. You can do it if you will. But you won't. You're pig-headed."

"I repeat to you that it would be nothing short of sacrilege to do this thing. The old associations which are linked with that tree——"

"Old associations—fiddlesticks!"

"We won't argue any further in the matter, my dear uncle. I cannot yield to your wishes here. Any other tree——"

"Yes, or a galvanized iron roof. Well, I see you won't give in, but I suppose you're willing to own now that you are just a wee bit pig-headed?"

"I'm not vacillating, sir. I am merely firm. I wish you a very good morning."

"Good morning to you," said Uncle Grey-Fenton.

That little scene happened in '93, and we had the tree question on discussion about once a month on the average till the middle of '94, in which year my Uncle Grey-Fenton died. Poor old man! As he grew older the thing seemed to become a monomania with him. He had shifted his long-sleever back to his old place, so that in reality the bo-tree didn't disturb him at all.

But I did not think that the old gentleman would take the matter in the way he did, for after his death a will was found which deeded every tea-plant and stick of the estate away from me. It was to be put into the hands of trustees, who were to apply the income to civilizing the Veddahs.

I own that the will came as an awful blow to me. I never thought that he would perpetrate a piece of rank injustice like that to satisfy a spite that was, to say the most of it, petty. And I saw, too, that the will came as a surprise to our old family proctor who read it, as well as to myself.

"There's something wrong, Mr. Smiler," said he, when I called in at his office the next day, "and I can't understand it anyhow. My late client intended you to have everything, as I thought. Indeed, I may go so far as to say that I made out a will myself to the effect in '93, which, on referring to my office diary, turns out to be dated the very week after the one we have just acted upon. I know you and he had some difference about the old bo-tree on your place, but I never imagined that he intended to disinherit you for it. Indeed, he used to chuckle over the matter whenever he mentioned it, and I always thought he had got some mild practical joke in hand, such as burning it down himself, or perhaps blowing it up."

"Then what became of the later will?" said I.

"Ay, there's the rub."

"D'you think he burnt it?"

"No, I can't think that. But still it isn't to be found, and I've looked everywhere. I'm afraid, Mr. Smiler, that this other document will have to be proved."

"And it would be no use contesting it?"

"Not a bit. You wouldn't have a leg to stand on, unless you can lay hands on the later will."

Everyone in the Mezzapottater neighbourhood will recollect the terrible monsoon in 1895, when the storms played such awful havoc. Smith's tea-factory chimney and my favourite talipot palm both went.

But the greatest blow was the loss of the old bo-tree. It had been getting decrepit for several years, and this last attack killed it. The trunk was split as though it had been struck by some colossal axe, and one half lay twisted and torn upon the ground.

With others, I went out to view the ruin. The destruction was most complete. No amount of chaining and propping and bolstering up could make that venerable and most religious tree live again. The solitary splinter which remained erect must come down like the rest.

As I looked gloomily at the scene of havoc, the ruddy tinge of crusted metal caught my eye.

I went nearer to the spot to see what it was I made out, and found a good-sized tin tobacco-box which had evidently been thrust into a cleft of the wood. I had half a mind to preserve it as it was as a relic. Such a thing would look well hung in one's bungalow, and I always had been fond of old associations.

But all of a sudden an idea struck me, and unheeding what further destruction I might cause I whipped out my knife and hacked and splintered till that rooted tin box came free. I noted that the lid was fastened with sealing-wax, and I grew more excited as I wrenched at it. But the thing was too tightly fastened on to come free that way, and I had to go back to the house for a tin-opener.

Inside was the will, the will which left me the whole of the estate. But the strangest thing of all, wrapped carefully inside the will, was an old-fashioned pair of arecanut clippers.

My uncle never chewed beetel. Was it a joke on his part to play off on me?

A clerical-looking gentleman, in the hope of obtaining a contribution, the other day entered the office of a certain mouthly Magazine, and finding the editor in, said—

"I am soliciting aid for a high-toned gentleman of refinement and intelligence who is in need of a little ready-money, but is too proud to make known his sufferings."

"Why!" exclaimed the editor, "I'm the only man within the radius who answers to that description. What's the gentleman's name?"

"I am sorry to say I am not at liberty to disclose it.'

"It must be me, parson. Heaven prosper you in your good work!" said the editor, wiping away a tear. He says that the look the parson gave him as he went out will haunt him to his grave.

ADDITION.

Now, one and one are two, 'tis true;
But if the two do marry,
Then in a year, 't may likely hap,
They're two, and one to carry.

There was an angry light in her beautiful dark eyes as she paced the floor recklessly. It was a painful discovery for the happy bride of three months to make—this little packet, endorsed in her husband's handwriting, "July, 1894." And the lock of raven hair—she crushed it fiercely in her hand as she glanced in the mirror at the reflection of her own blonde tresses. "July, 1894." Why, at that time, he was her devoted admirer, her slave, her declared and accepted lover!

She sat down and buried her face in her hands. Suddenly she started up joyously. It was all clear to her now. The explanation of the mystery had dawned upon her.

In July, 1894, she had been a brunette.

"Poor Herbert, how I wish you did not have to slave so from morning to night?" she murmured, as with a fond caress she seated herself on her husband's knee, and gently stroked the locks from his brow.

And the grave, stern man of business understood her at once, and answered—

"Well, Susie, what is it—a hat or a dress, or what? Don't be too hard on me, for money is scarcer than ever just now."

The wise man is he who does not make a fool of himself twice in the same way.

Ladies' Corner.

A NEW patent has come out. It is called "The Patent Kiss." As an invention perhaps the subject should have been placed under "Inventions' Review" and the caress duly considered there, but on second thoughts "The Ladies' Corner" is the only place for the kiss. This must be patent to all.

* * *

"THE patent kiss" is given by that sweet actress, Miss Olga Nethersole, nightly at the Gaiety Theatre, London. It is quite too utterly the sensation of the evening. Boxes, stalls, pit, etc. are on the tip-toe of expectation until the explosion has taken place. Hundreds of telephones are connected with the theatre for the same purpose. All the papers are talking of it. The men are in raptures over it, while the fair sex exclaim there's really nothing in it, and that they kiss quite as nicely.

* * *

WHO can decide in this meeting of matter? We are *so far away* from the scene of action. But, according to eminent theatrical authorities, the following is the nearest reading or interpretation of—

Olga's Kiss.

It is warm and it is deep,
And it thrills you to the core.
It's a kiss you'd like to keep
On your lips for evermore.
It is lingering and sweet,
And as soft as clotted cream,
And it lifts you off your feet
In a lovely sort of dream.

* * *

Though it settles on the lips
With a melancholy dab,
It is greedy, and it grips
Like the pincers of a crab.
It is spreading, and it clays
With the "stoginess" of pork,
And it makes a funny noise
Like the drawing of a cork.

* * *

It is lingering and loud,
It is tall and it is wide,
And it presses like the crowd
Round a newly-married bride.
It is warmer than they give
In the very sunny South,
And it makes you want to live
On the kiss inventor's mouth.

* * *

A PHOTOGRAPH of Miss Olga Nethersole's patent kiss has been taken by the X Rays, and the result is very properly being considered *in camera*.

WHO shall cavil against cycling for ladies any longer? The Chaperon Cyclists' Association exists in London, and Mrs. Grundy must, however reluctantly, be satisfied. Phyllis, who has hitherto had to ride alone, or in the company of her big brother, whom Mrs. G. would insist in eyeing disfavourably and with suspicion, may henceforward be accompanied by a female of assured respectability, if of uncertain age. Happy prospect; wheeling will have an added charm, and Orpheus will burst into song.

* * *

I HAVE noticed, lately, quite a number of lady cyclists on Galle Face and in the Cinnamon Gardens. Cycling is really getting very popular in Colombo, and quite right, too. One by one objections have been overcome, and now the practicability and propriety of this recreation for ladies is generally admitted.

* * *

THE complaint against some of the lady cyclists is that they look ungraceful. It is purely for want of a suitable costume. One must have a special costume for cycling, just as for equestrianism. A plain narrow skirt, not too short, held in place by a pair of dress-holders, a smart Norfolk jacket, a neat hat, plain black shoes and stockings, a well practised ankle action, a straight back, and lady cyclists will look equally graceful as when indulging in any other recreation.

* * *

THE girl who has two strings to her bow occupies a position both difficult and dangerous. In the first place, she must so dispense her favours that neither of them knows which is the favoured one. Secondly, she must keep them both "on" by keeping them both "off." And, thirdly, she must preserve, at the very least, an armed neutrality between them.

* * *

ALTOGETHER, I would infinitely prefer only one string. It is much safer. We all know the adage about falling to the ground between two stools. Besides, there is something not "nice" about a girl who can skilfully and continuously manipulate a couple of lovers. I say "continuously," because it is there the wrong comes in.

* * *

No woman is to blame for attracting two wooers at one and the same time; but she *is* to blame if one, or both, are not put out of suspense as soon as possible. I once heard a girl say that she could "play" one man against another; and, to tell the truth, I felt really sorry for her—sorry for the lack of delicacy, refinement, and true womanly feeling. Altogether, the maiden with only "one string to her bow" is much happier than the worried possessor of two.

* * *

Linen white as driven snow is what every lady is proud of. It can never go out of fashion while linen lasts, but the supply of really efficient skilled washers has never been equal to the demand.

For, although the dhoby has been on strike many weeks, his loss as a proficient has not been felt much. There are many finishing accomplishments in laundry work which our friend, the dhoby, is absolutely ignorant of.

* * *

During the vacation of the unwashed washers the laundry work has, necessarily in very many cases, been done at home, generally under the superintendence of ladies who were wisely taught the "accomplishments" of delicate clear-starching and ironing at home and at school. Such training has been useful; but, now that the dhobymen are crying to be registered, the matrons will no doubt gracefully and cheerfully retire in favour of "them who washed" before.

* * *

A FRIEND of the present writer of Ladies' Corner called at a Bond-street temple of fashion recently, impelled by a strong curiosity to find out where ladies' fashions originate, and the result of her quest was at once disappointing and rather interesting.

* * *

WHY the great London houses should send their experts to Paris every season for the purpose of buying designs and models for dresses at £100 each, and hats and bonnets at £6 6s. is altogether inexplicable, more especially when one learns that British designers can "build" a dress and trim a hat which for style and taste are equal, if not superior to any creation of Worth or Blanche Lebouvier.

* * *

"IT is no good," moaned the manager: "we're supposed to know nothing beyond the cutting out of a tailor-made dress. Only tell a lady that a gown or hat is the latest thing from Paris, and you not only sell it at once but you can put 50 per cent. on to the price. Two or three of the Parisian houses are incessantly devising new fashions, and their male and female artists not only receive splendid salaries but are pledged to absolute secrecy. As fast as the 'new things' are turned out they are aired in public, as it were, either by some popular society leader or a famous actress. In London, as well as in Paris, many prominent actresses, and even ladies of title are dressed in costly raiment free of charge, solely in order that they may advertise the latest fashions."

* * *

"The Woman at Home" for July is undoubtedly a good number. The question whether "Widows should Re-marry" is ventilated in effective fashion, the contributors to this symposium being Mesdames Annie Swan, Mrs. Lynn Linton, and Mrs. Florence Fenwick Miller. I see that the three ladies stoutly hold that widows ought to be allowed to marry if they want to—as they generally do. I submit, however, that the point is best decided by the bereaved ladies themselves. As St. Bernard wisely said, a widow is doubly tried—by present inclination and the remembrance of past bliss.

Fashions for August.

A Correspondent writes:

Once more the Race Season is upon us, and we are face to face with that perplexing, but ever-engrossing question: "What to wear?"

This morning I was the recipient of a superbly printed 24 page Circular—done at the "Independent" Press—of seasonable novelties now on view at Messrs. Neil S. Campbell & Co., and taking advantage of the invitation so energetically conveyed in all its pages, I wended my way thither in order to make a tour of inspection through the various Millinery and Drapery Departments. I was fortunate in arriving at a time when the Head of these Departments was disengaged, and so able to introduce me to the many lovely materials with which the counters were piled.

First and foremost came the ever-present Grass Lawns, of which they hold some exceedingly novel designs; one with Colored Satin Stripes at R1·50 the yard being particularly cool and refreshing-looking. Others I saw were embroidered with small silk figures in pink, sky or black, while a tufted Grass Lawn with its tiny spots in white, black or brown, was decidedly novel in its effect.

I fell very much in love, too, with a parcel of very *recherche* Dress Lengths which had just been unpacked. Among them I was shewn all the latest continental productions in the much-talked of Chine Mohairs and Secillians, while some of the silk finished Shot Armures looked particularly enticing. I was assured that among all these lengths there was not to be found a repetition, and I cannot but think that Messrs. Neil S Campbell & Co. deserve the thanks of ladies in general for endeavouring to provide them against that most exasperating feeling, experienced when meeting a replica of one's own gown on the back of an acquaintance.

I saw some lovely models in Trimmed Millinery, one in particular being a Toque from Vienna, consisting of a shot green straw coquettishly arranged with a perfect blend in the new shot gauze and shaded yellow roses. The price was only R15·00, and the effect decidedly smart. Some of the reproductions of Paris models were also brought before my notice, and I must say they were carried out with a precision and display of taste that denoted very clearly that the Milliner at Messrs. Neil S. Campbell & Co. is a young lady of considerable merit and thoroughly up-to-date in her work. Really, some of her handiwork was exceedingly artistic and (what I am sure you will agree is of momentous interest to us all) very, very reasonable.

Of course it was impossible for me to turn away from the profusion of charming Glace Silks without falling in love with numbers of the many alluring effects on shot and plain grounds. I was just able to get a peep at a special parcel of Remnants of all the most fashionable silks of the present season which must have been secured under truly favourable circumstances, judging from the prices at which they were at the moment being marked. I believe it was their intention to dispose of these silks at specially cheap rates, beginning from July 20th, and I can strongly recommend you all to go and see these goods for yourselves as early as possible, although I fear many of the choicest goods will have been snapped up on the first day.

TO KANDY.

(Parody. By "Scorcher.")

THE shades of night were falling fast,
As up the Kandy Road there passed
Two cyclists, who, with fervid zeal,
Kept urging on the flying wheel
To Kandy.

Their lips were dry; their eyes, I ween,
With firm resolve were bright and keen,
While, like a silver clarion, rung
The accents of each manly tongue
"To Kandy."

At a resthouse they saw the light
In snug apartment, clear and bright;
A storm was gathering overhead,
But still undauntedly they said
"To Kandy."

"Oh, stay!" the Resthouse-keeper said,
"Dinner I have, and decent bed——"
A tear then dimmed each cyclist's eye,
But still they bravely made reply
"To Kandy."

"Try not the hill!" the old boy cried,
"Thick lies the granite on each side;
The angles sharp your tyres will goad."
Voices replied far up the road—
"To Kandy."

"Beware the cart-rucks, as you pass!
Beware the flints, like broken glass!"
This was the old cock's last good night:
Far off, he heard the echo light—
"To Kandy."

At break of day, as pasture-ward
A native walked his goats to guard,
Whining a very wheezy air:—
A voice spoke from the wayside there
"To Kandy."

Upon a bank that morning grey
Asleep, yet beautiful, they lay,
Their cycles rested by their side,
But one in slumber softly cried:
"To Kandy."

Mrs. Appoi Forboi—Wut yew wont of a bisikle?"
Her Son,—"I want also ter scorch, same as Yeuropeians do."
Mrs. Appoi Forboi—"Kain't yew wait till yo'r dead, yew hasty small boy."

Judge Tokey:—"Um! Ah! "ave you anything to offer before sentence is pronounced?"
Prisoner:—No, your lordship, I did have Rs. 20, but the proctor took that."

A Missing Treasure.

(A True Story. By Anglo-Indian.)

THE following true story excels anything in fiction. Every now and then we hear of expeditions starting in search of treasures lost or hidden in various parts of the world, India being the most favoured, if somewhat vague, destination of such parties. Most people will remember an endeavour being made not long ago under the direction of the British Government, to wrest from the waters of the Ganges a vast treasure that has been missing since the time of the Indian mutiny. For this search there was more justification than many we hear of, but after four months of ceaseless exertions it had to be given up in despair. That the treasure is hidden somewhere in India is undoubted; portions of it have been traced at one time or another, but there is still enough left to make its finder—should it ever be found—a millionaire many times over.

* * *

Six or seven years previous to the outbreak of the Indian mutiny, the Rajah of the province of Gwalior was dethroned for treason to the English. He had long been a ruler over one of the largest provinces in India, and was known to be one of the wealthiest in the empire. He had an army of 2,000 men, a herd of 200 elephants, and lived in a style no European monarch could approach.

While professing to be friendly, he was continually plotting against British rule, and when this was discovered steps were taken to curtail his powers. His army was reduced to a bodyguard of 100 men; his right to issue edicts and make local laws was abrogated; English civil officers were stationed here and there to collect the taxes, until at length the Rajah held only his empty title. He bowed to the terms imposed, but became one of the bitterest foes the Government had to deal with, and was first and foremost in bringing about the mutiny.

The date of the outbreak was known by the deposed Rajah weeks in advance; it was even said that he fixed the date himself. At any rate, he was so well prepared that his troops were almost the first in the field. Although his army had been disbanded for three or four years, he had secretly purchased and stored away large quantities of equipment, and for two months previous to the outbreak, it was afterwards learned, he was secretly enlisting and arming his subjects.

* * *

Two weeks before the uprising the Rajah made preparations to secure the safety of his vast treasure. In his palace, thirty miles from Gwalior, he had a secret chamber, in which the wealth of his family had been stored for three generations. No European had ever set foot in the palace, but it was currently reported that the value of the gems and jewels, many of which had been handed down from his great grandfather, aggregated £3,000,000.

One day the Rajah left his palace with an escort of ten of his oldest and most trusted soldiers, and each soldier had charge of a pack-horse, carrying a share of the treasure. His band travelled to the north-west for two days, and then halted amid the ruins of an ancient city between the town of Jeypore and the river Ganges. This of course, was only learned years after.

At the end of five days the Rajah returned to his palace, accompanied only by a servant who had acted as cook. But almost immediately this servant was locked in a dungeon on some pretext, and was never seen again. No one dared to ask what had become of him or the soldiers, and those who suspected wisely kept their thoughts to themselves, well knowing what would follow a word of gossip.

Two months after and the Rajah had taken the field against the English at the head of a thousand men, but he was killed in battle. A month later, his palace was captured. When the treasure-room was entered a great find was expected, but it was empty. From some of the servants it was learned how and when the wealth had been removed, but the Government was too busy quelling the mutiny to search for it just then.

* * *

When peace came, a party in charge of an official was started out to search for the Rajah's treasure. By this time not a soldier or servant who knew anything of the matter could be found. All that could be discovered was that the party had gone towards the north-west.

After several days' search, the treasure-hunters came upon the ruins, and the spot commending itself as a likely hiding place they began work. Their operations had to be spread over fully a square half-mile of standing and fallen walls, with trees and bushes and vines growing in the greatest profusion, containing quite a thousand safe spots in which to hide treasure.

The party, which numbered four Englishmen and sixty natives, went to work, however, and it was five months before they gave up the hunt, and the leaders reported to the Government that it would take a thousand men fully two years to clear away the débris.

* * *

Not long after, a native was arrested at Delhi charged with the murder of two European women at the outbreak of the mutiny. When he was placed on trial an English ensign came forward to testify on his behalf, proving that it was a case of mistaken identity. As soon as the native was released from custody he went to his preserver and declared that he was one of the Rajah's soldiers who removed the treasure. It was buried in the ruins, he said, and when the work had been finished the Rajah had given the party several bottles of wine to drink to his health.

This wine was poisoned. Every man who partook of it, except this one, died within two hours.

He had partaken sparingly of it, but was made very ill, and had simulated death to escape the Rajah's dagger. When the cold-blooded ruler departed, leaving the dead to be devoured by beasts of prey, the sole survivor crawled away, and after a time recovered and made good his escape. He fought against the English to the last, but was ready to divide the hidden treasure with the man who had saved his life.

At that time, the Government offered 25 per cent. to finders of treasure, and the officer and native proceeded to Jeypore and made up a party. In due time they reached the ruins, but only to find that the treasure was gone. The native pointed out the spot where it had been concealed, and there was no doubt of his veracity, but some one had removed the wealth. As it had been taken away during the war it was almost useless to hope for a clue, although the native declared he would devote the remainder of his days to following the matter up.

* * *

It was three years before anything further was learned of the Rajah's treasure. Then a native who was confined in prison, at Lucknow, for theft, told a story which subsequently reached the ears of Government officials.

During the last six months of the mutiny, the regiment to which he belonged was encamped for some days near the old ruins. By that time most of the natives began to realise that ultimately English rule must be restored, and this man and five comrades decided to desert their colours, and make their way to the east. Believing they would be pursued if they started off across the country, they secreted themselves among the ruins until their comrades marched away. In removing some of the débris for their own concealment, they came across the treasure, which was in teakwood and iron boxes.

Here was the ransom of a king in the world to be divided among six natives, not one of whom had ever been possessed of £5 at once in his life, but yet avarice soon entered into the hearts of them all. In making a division of the spoils, they quarrelled, and within five minutes of the first hot words three of them lay dead. The three survivors were content that their shares had doubled, but they could do little with their booty. They could only carry away a few handfuls of it on their persons, even if they could find purchasers in those turbulent times.

When the neighbourhood was clear of troops, the treasure was carried, on post-horses stolen for the purpose, a distance of nine miles towards the Ganges and reburied in a thicket. The three men then started for Delhi, each having a few of the gems with him, but within a week they were captured by mutineers, and two of them shot down. The third managed to escape. When the mutiny was a thing of the past he was at Lucknow, enlisting a party to go after the treasure, when he committed a robbery and was sentenced to gaol for a year.

* * *

The Government lost no time in investigating this story. The prisoner retold it to officials, and was promised a pardon and 10 per cent. of the value of any treasure found for acting as guide, and he led a party straight to the spot. The hole

where the treasure had been buried was speedily found, but of the gems and jewels not one remained. The despoilers had in turn been despoiled.

It was a year before another clue was found, and then it came through a woman. She was the wife of a ryot, or farmer, and from a hiding place in the thicket had seen the three soldiers bury the boxes and caskets. Assisted by her husband she dug up the treasure and reburied it in one of the cultivated fields.

Her husband was killed in battle, and at the close of the war, when bands of natives were riding about and plundering right and left, her hut was one day visited by a band of six scoundrels, who demanded money. In order to save her life she told them of the treasure, and they were speedily in possession of it. They decided to convey it down the Ganges by boat. It was taken to the river on horses by night, but instead of purchasing a craft, they seized one by force and murdered the crew of three men.

This craft, with the six robbers on board, was seen by various people during the following days, and though every effort was made to discover what had become of the men and their plunder, it was a month before the Government obtained any reliable information concerning it.

* * *

Then it was learned that the boat had reached Allahabad, where two men had gone ashore to purchase supplies, and she was again seen thirty miles below the city. Then all traces of her were lost. Every seaport was watched and every dealer in gems notified, but it was months before any new developments took place. Then a villainous-looking native offered some diamonds and rubies for sale in Bombay, and was arrested.

He had on his person about £2,000 worth of unset gems. For several weeks he refused any explanation, but at length confessed that he was the leader of the gang who obtained the treasure from the woman. After passing Allahabad, they started to divide the treasure. As all were grasping and avaricious, a quarrel arose, and in the height of this the boat ran upon a snag and received such damages that she soon filled and went down. Five of the men and all the treasure, except that found on this man, went to the bottom in forty feet of water.

The fellow stubbornly refused to name the locality or to go with a party, and after a few weeks died in prison of fever. A dozen different parties searched for the wreck at much trouble and expense, but it had apparently been covered by mud or sand and could not be found. Of the vast treasures of the rebel Rajah, computed on good authority at from £4,000,000 to £5,000,000, the trifling amount found on the robber was alone recovered.

As already stated, the Government made a new attempt to discover the wreck not long ago, but was again unsuccessful.

One gives a sigh when one thinks that such vast treasure has so successfully eluded capture for over forty years; and it seems likely to remain lost for ever.

James Russell Lowell.

(Concluded.)—BY R. N.

"GREECE had her Aristophanes; Rome her Juvenal; Spain has had her Cervantes; France her Rabelais, her Moliere, her Voltaire; Germany her Jean Paul, her Heine; England her Swift, her Thackeray; and America has her Lowell." These are the words of the author of "Tom Brown's School Days," in his Preface to the first English edition of the *Biglow Papers* published nearly forty years ago. That Hughes' encomium was no mere platitude is shown by the universal acknowledgment of "the real unmistakable genius—the glorious fulness of power which knocks a man down at a blow for sheer admiration, and then makes him rush into the arms of the knocker down, and swear eternal friendship with him for sheer delight."

The *Biglow Papers* has stood a severe test. When the satires made their first appearance in a Boston newspaper they were directed against some special object. The Southern States were engaged in a war against Mexico, and the *Biglow Papers* attempted to show as forcibly as possible the wantonness, the ridiculousness, and the sin of their militant attitude. When, therefore, these poems had attained their end, when the evil satirized no longer existed, they might, in the ordinary course of events, have become entirely a thing of the past, bearing no mission and a subject of no interest for future times. But, to-day, we find them yet alive, circulated with ever-increasing wideness, in more and more popular forms, through the length and breadth of the English-speaking world. What more cogent argument is needed to feel assured of the truth that they are the production of genius! It is not unlikely that the further we drift from the age which produced the *Biglow Papers* they will tend to lose their hold on the average reader, both because of their local and temporal interest, which must of force be like the forbidding dust on a volume that would otherwise have grown to be a treasure, as well for the fascination with which current literature ever lures readers away from "the grand old masters the bards sublime."

But in spite of the passage of time and the tendency to sacrifice the Past on the altar of the Present, there are lines in these satires that are destined to become household words for the public spirited man.

"Indolent humanity" says Sidney Low, "will not willingly abandon such portable and handy additions to the literary travelling bag, as—

"Wal, it's a mercy we've got folk to tell us
The right an t'wrong o' these matters, I vow—
God sends country lawyers and other wise fellows
To start the world's team when it gets in a slough!

or

Civilization *does* git forrard
Sometimes upon a powder cart!

or

Glory is a kin' of thing I shan't pursue no furder,
Coz thet's the officers' parquisite, yours only just
[the murder!

or this, on England and the impenetrable self-complacency of the Britisher—

She's praised herself until she fairly thinks
There ain't no light in nature when she winks!

The *Biglow Papers* is a store-house of such."

War and slavery are the two butts at which his shafts are mainly levelled. Mr. Biglow is very emphatic in his condemnation of the state of things which makes it a matter of importance that every state should have its armed forces—

"Ez fer war I call it murder,—
There you have it plain an' flat,
I don't want to go no furder
Than my testyment for that."

Again, to those who engage in warfare with cant about their fatherland.

"Ef you take a sword an' dror it,
An' go stick a feller thru,
Guv'ment ain't to answer for it,
God'll send the bill to you."

Slavery comes in for its share, too. The magnitude of the task that lay before the man who undertook to shake the institution of slavery, was Herculean. There it was existing as an institution for generations, and one that must have seemed to those who profited by it the very keystone of freedom. But it found its grave at last, vanquished not so much by the force of armies, or of dollars, as by the skill and dexterity with which Lowell laid about him in his *Biglow Papers*.

Here is a snatch that must have contained too much argument in it to have let anyone deceive, at any rate, his own conscience:

"Slavery's a thing that depends on complexion,
It's God's law thet fetters on black skins don't chafe:
Ef brains waz to settle it (horrid reflection!)
Which of our 'onnable body'd be safe?"

The *Biglow Papers*, though they seem to be quite another thing to the earlier poems, will nevertheless on analysis, reveal, to us its author as the same man, making it the purpose of its life to set things on a footing of truth and humanity. Though his was not the higher poetry of thought and imagination, but that of sentiment and action, to him must always be accorded the full measure of that praise that belongs of right to the poet who seizes the objects of general interest and appropriates them, not to his designs, but to himself.

Lowell made several European tours, each time with such "an expansion of his intellectual sympathies, the widening of his judgment and the mellowing of his taste," till he came at length to be the striking example he was of a citizen of the world. The old England he loved with a loyalty that it is to be hoped will one day characterize "that young eagle of the west" as a people. As American Minister in London, he was beloved of all for his rare qualities of heart and head.

It might seem strange that one who had begun his career

"With a whole bale of *isms* tied together with rhyme"

should in his last years have contented himself with striving after a desire to give his writings that finish and elegance which in his earlier years was not everything with him. But it all seems to be as if he felt that he had fought his good fight and had finished his course, and was waiting yearningly yet with patience for the next great change. This is very beautifully put in a poem of his, entitled "His Ship."

"O watcher on the minster hill
Look out o'er the sloping sea;
Of the tall ships coming, coming still,
Is never one for me?

"I have waited and watched (these weary years!)
When I to the shore could win,
Till now I cannot see for tears
If my ship is coming in."

The results of the new discovery in photography are astounding. Its possibilities seem to be almost unlimited. It is reported that an instrument is now being used in various post offices for detecting coins, jewellery, &c., which have been inserted in letters, newspapers, sealing wax, and other articles, contrary to regulations.

THE strangest clock in the world is owned by a Hindoo prince. Here an ordinary clock dial is a huge gong. Beneath, scattered on the ground, are heaps of artificial skulls and the various bones of human beings, twelve in all. When the hands mark the hour of one, the number of bones necessary to a human figure come together with a snap, the skeleton, by invisible mechanism, springs to its feet, seizes a mallet, strikes the gong one blow, and then returns to its pile and falls to pieces. At noon or midnight the spectacle presented by the bones uniting to form twelve skeletons is described as very awe-inspiring.

IT would take you a long time to guess what is the latest living picture. It is really so curious that it almost surpasses the most ingenious of advertisers. The idea has been hit upon by a New York patent medicine firm. They have discovered a man who is a paragon in baldness, and his unusually large, unusually shiny, poll has been rented, together, of course, with the use of the remainder of the man, by the firm as a hoarding. The name of the medicine is painted across this bare surface, and as soon as it is pronounced perfect (and dry) the living picture is presented with a ticket for a theatre. As soon as he removes his hat he becomes the observed of all observers; the stalls chuckle and titter, the circles laugh, the pit shouts, and the gallery roars like Olympus. What must the managers think?

An Awful Picture of Age.

THE distinction of being the oldest man in the world is claimed for a North-American Indian named Kwo-Ka-Num. His tribe say he is certainly 150 years old, and it may be that two centuries have passed since his birth. He is Chief of the Skiquamish, a tribe of flat-head Indians, who paddle their canoes about the waters and tributaries of Puget Sound. All their own old men say that they knew him when they were youths, and that he was a very old man then. They say, further, that their records show that the aged Chief was born many years before the white men came to that country, and that his wisdom is as great as his age. "His spirit will never die," say they. A wandering newspaper man found this ancient Chief with his tribe encamped on the sandy shore of Salmon Bay, an inlet of Puget Sound. One very old squaw was being fed with some fish-soup by another almost as helpless. "She is the fifteenth wife of Kwo-Ka-Num," said the guide. He was lying doubled up like a jack-knife in a heap of hot sand. A fold of a blanket was thrown over him, a torn and dirty shirt partly covered his body—that was all; surely a strange garb for so celebrated a Chief.

He presented an awful picture of age. His face was turned upward directly to the sun. The sun gave him life, but no sight. He was blind. A shaggy mane of iron-gray hair covered his head. The balls of his eyes had sunk in the sockets. His body seemed shrunk to bones, over which was stretched a skin. The feet and hands looked like knot-growths, such as are seen on old oaks. His hands and feet were veritable claws. He did not move. Once in a while a slight inspiration, but no visible trace of expiration. He seemed to be a thing of constant sleep. The visitor measured him. He was 2ft. 5in. high and 18in. wide. Of this height his head took 11in. Flattening his skull when a child, as is the custom of his people, it had grown upward. He was shrunk together, pinched up; yet they say he had been a great warrior in his day. He did not weigh 50 pounds. All his joints were stiff. All the vertebræ had cemented together, forming the spine in one rigid curve. Every rib could be seen, shrunk in their sockets, now ossified beyond movement. The skin stretched over these bones like a stiffened veil. The skull had shrunk but little. The arms could barely be raised an inch. They were rigid, and curved inward, the fingers being in the same curve, clasped over each other. The jaw was but slightly movable on its pivot; it had fallen low down, and a little open always. The gums and tongue were white in colour, seemingly bloodless. His upper teeth had worn away, but, the lower still remained, ground down level with the gums.

For 20 years his people have fed him on soft clams and other sea-food, in the form of soup. But though he was sightless, almost incapable of movement, he could hear and speak. He said he saw the first big ship. He remembered the first powder. Fifty years ago he was too old to go to the Council of the Tsihalis, but his gray-haired grandson went. He was a Chief before the natives possessed iron to point their arrows with. That was more than 125 years ago. So Kwo-Ka-Nmu, by that reckoning, is at least 150 years old.

THE FREEMASONRY OF THE WHEEL.

THE Hon. Algernon Duncan was pedalling along majestically down a famous highway. His bicycle was the acme of perfection—so was his attire. He wore a neat and becoming suit of striped flannels, his trousers neatly clipped at the ends with the latest and most approved trouser clips. His collar was a high one of snowy whiteness, and with a gloss like polished marble. He rode along serenely, ignoring disdainfully the scores of knickerbockered "scorchers" that quickly passed him by. *He* was a Superior Person, and his deportment was superlative.

'Arry 'Awkins ambled along, with many a lurch, over the same classic highway. His machine was of ancient pattern, with solid tyres. His bell-bottomed trousers were gathered in at the ends with common string; a red "choker" adorned his thick-set neck, and his coat swung open displaying an array of "pearlies" and fantastic velvet facings that must have been the envy of the "lads" around "Whi'chapel," when 'Awkins first ventured forth in his dazzling raiment. 'Arry was not by any means the master of the fearful and wonderful machine he rode; the amount of sag on the chain bespoke an absolute disregard of comfort and ease in pedalling, and the fact that the rear wheel, instead of trailing behind the front one, wabbled along erratically half-a-foot at the side of its leader, proclaimed that 'Arry 'Awkins was no stickler for strict mechanical accuracy of detail, or perfection in adjustment.

'Arry was a strange mixture of good humour and bad breeding. In the ordinary walk of life he held in religious hatred the genus "toff," but as a cyclist a good many seasons out of date, he believed in the freemasonry of the wheel; and as he careered along with spasmodic jerks at the pedals, his shoulders elevated, his arms protruding angularly, and his head down, he imagined himself as good a brother of the wheel as any of them that flitted fearfully around him.

After he had toiled along painfully over some miles of highway, and after surmounting two or three of the smallest hills by dint of frantic efforts, 'Arry 'Awkins summed up his condition in his own choice phraseology, as being "bloomin' well knocked."

Like many others who find themselves in like condition, he therefore concluded there must be something wrong with his machine, and dismounting, discovered that the back wheel was looser than it was wont to be.

He appealed to several "flyers" for the loan of a "screw-'ammer," but they sped past him with looks of scorn, and 'Arry proceeded to walk the hill, leading his sorry Pegasus by his side.

At the top of the hill the Hon. Algernon Duncan was indulging in a siesta; he lolled at ease on the grassy bank, a fragrant cigarette between his perfect teeth, his glittering machine by his side.

"Ah," said 'Arry to himself, as he pushed along, "I'll jest arst this 'ere cove for the loan of a screw

'ammer. I'll lay a dollar he's got one—looks the right sort, he do."

Hearing the rattle of what he thought must be a traction engine, the Hon. Algernon elevated his dreamy eyes and stretched his aristocratic chin over his high glazed collar, in the direction of the voice.

"Bloomin' 'ot, aint it, guv'ner?" was 'Arry's opening salutation.

"It is deucedly sultry," remarked the Hon. Duncan, expecting the "howibly low fellow" in front of him to move on.

"D'yer' appen to' ave a screw' ammer, cocky?" was 'Arry's next venture, and the Hon. Algernon was horror-stricken.

Familiarity might breed contempt, but 'Arry 'Awkins didn't know it.

The Hon. Algernon was about to answer angrily in the negative, but there was a bellicose gleam in the eye of 'Arry 'Awkins, and something, if not that, prompted him to oblige the man. He produced a nickel-plated wrench, and tossed it to him.

"Fanks, ole pal," said 'Arry, fervently.

The other was silent.

"Blimey!" 'Awkins ejaculated presently, after he had undergone a fearful struggle with a refractory nut, "I lay this 'ere crock 'll corpse me one o' these dyes. It's a good job I come acrost a pal like you. I arst eny amarnt o' blokes flyin' apast, for a screw-'ammer, but ne'er a one on 'em 'ud stop for the likes o' me. Arter all, we're all on the same lay, and we're all bruvers of the wheel, aint we, mate?"

The Hon. Algernon winced, but essayed no answer.

"I shall be awfully glad," he drawled out, "when you've finished with my wrench, because I wish to resume my journey."

"Orright, Captin," said 'Arry, "don't set yerself afire, I shan't be long."

There was a lull in the conversation whilst 'Arry lunged about with the wrench, missed biting the nut, and accompanied the clashing of metal and flesh with deep drawn and unpresentable expletives.

"I lay," he said presently, mopping the perspiration from his forehead with a greasy rag, "I lay that there crock o' yourn corst a quid or two."

"Thirty sovereigns," remarked the Hon. Algernon, indifferently.

"Firty quid!" exclaimed 'Arry; "reckon I wants a new 'un, but I aint so bloomin' likely to give no firty quid fer it."

He commenced to struggle again with the wrench and the nut, remarking, as he did so:—

"I give firty 'ogg, I did, for this 'ere crock, two year ago, and paid two-and-a-tanner a munf. I reckon I aint 'arf 'ad my firty 'ogg's wuth art on it yet."

"I really do wish you would let me have my wrench," said the Hon. Algernon, impatiently.

"Or right, cocky; or right," said 'Arry; then, with a portentous wink, "we'll 'ave a drink up the road. Aint no false pride abart me, matey: I aint like some 'o dem 'umpty backed blokes as won't oblige a feller cyclist. I carn't abide 'em—straight, I carn't."

The Hon. Algernon got up and insisted, in his blandest tones, upon his wrench being returned.

"'Ere y'are," said 'Arry, "but 'er yer got a' screw a' bacca abart yer?" he added, withholding for a moment the proffered wrench.

"No; but you can have a cigarette," said the Hon. Algernon.

"Carn't abear 'em."

"Well, I've no tobacco, really. Do give me that wrench?"

"Give us free o' dem cigarettes. I'll unscrew 'em and smoke the bacca in my pipe. Swelp me Bob! 'ere's my pal Ike comin' up de 'ill."

The Hon. Algernon Duncan looked in the direction indicated, and became violently agitated. It was not the wabbling and perspiring Ike that arrested the aristocrat's attention, but a smart tandem team, driven by an elegantly dressed lady. At the very same moment, the dog-cart and the scarlet-faced Ike arrived on the spot, and it was at the very moment that the Hon. Algernon was handing his silver cigarette case to the grimy 'Arry 'Awkins in exchange for the plated spanner.

* * *

"Good Heavens! Algernon," said the Hon. Lady de Vere, "whatever odious creature was that you were apparently so familiar with?"

"Some plebeian fellow asked me for a wrench, don't you know, and I foolishly lent it. It's one of the penalties of bicycle riding, you know; these fellows think there is a levelling influence in the wheel, don't you know."

* * *

"Who was that there bloomin' toff as was 'anding you dem smokes?" queried Ike of 'Arry 'Awkins, as they wriggled down the hill.

"On'y a pal o' mine as rides a bike," loftily replied 'Arry.

A naval officer, wishing to bathe in a certain river of Ceylon, asked a native to show him a place where there were no alligators. The native took him to a pool close to the estuary.

The officer enjoyed his dip; and, while drying himself, he asked his guide why there were never any alligators in that pool.

"Because, sah," the Singhalese replied, "they plenty 'fraid of shark!"

Condoling Friend to Young Widow: "My dear you really must bear up. You are fretting yourself to death."

Young Widow: "Ah! my dear, my sorrow is a very heavy one. (Sighing.) But I, at least have the consolation of knowing where he spends his evenings now!"

Explained.—Client: "What do you proctors charge for—your ability, or the work you do?"

Proctor: "It depends. If I win, I charge for the work; if I lose, I charge for my legal ability."

FLASHES.

WHEN a man sees no way out of a difficulty there is always a woman's way.

BEFORE a woman can be compromised, she must compromise herself.

A woman can achieve more by ten minutes of gentleness than a man can by an hour of violent bluster.

IT is so unnatural for a woman to be selfish that when she is so she is apt to be thought more selfish than any man can be.

A man seeks and demands a woman's first love. A woman feels most secure when she feels that she has a man's last love.

THERE may be nothing new under the sun. But there are many new things under the moon which we all pretend to see and which nothing would persuade us to speak of.

THE purest and best of women always show the deepest and tenderest compassion for their fallen sisters. For a woman to be without sympathy is to be a woman without the highest trait of womanhood.

"Handsome is as handsome does" is not mere antithesis and epigram. It is a practical truth. We are continually changing; our bodies are continually taking new form; our souls determine what kind of form, and toward what completeness. Have we inherited physical beauty to begin with? We may waste and lose our inheritance. Do we bear a stamp of something ugly that we have never been? In our own life lies the redemption, the power of removal. The ugly does disappear; the beautiful does replace it.

Original Poetry.

IN the February Number of the "Ceylon Review" was published under the heading of "Original Poetry," a good old-fashioned love composition, entitled: "A Humble Offer," by A. B. Gomes, of Kotahena. We repeat the lines, for the benefit of our readers.

A Humble Offer.

'TIS true no honoured post I hold,
No office dignified,
Nor prospects such as win the love
Of maiden tender-eyed.
No costly pomp, no show I own,
Nor riches great, nor fame,
But what is more than these is mine:
A good untarnished name.

No gold I have to 'dorn thy neck,
No gems of pearly hue,
As budding flowers with beauty deck
Spring morning's early dew;
But I can give a gift more rare,
Of gold and gems in lieu,
'Tis this—my promise true and fair:
That I will live for you.

The luxuries of wealth and ease
Perhaps are not for me,
The slender means of lowly toil
Will e'er my future be;
But what is mine: a humble home,
And, more than all, my heart,—
I lay them meekly at thy feet
And pray we'll never part.

The earnestness of the lines duly obtained notice: for—without requiring further plea or apology—a lady, who signs herself "Lizzie," simply takes the poet to her equally poetic heart, and asks to be allowed to share his humble home, in the following lines:—

The Humble Offer Accepted.

NAY! think not every office high
Its holder dignifies,
Nor honour great alone can melt
A woman's tender eyes.
Than ostentatious glory vain,
Than wealth's uncertain game;
A noble mind more glad will be
To share a noble name.

What need of gems in gold beset,
Nor pearls of value rare!
Can aught on earth in woman's eyes
With man's true love compare?
Then give the gift of love my choice,
Adieu to all the rest,
The noblest gift a man can give:
And woman's treasure best.

Wealth with all its luxuries
Less happiness affords
Than honest toil; its lowliness
A dearer prize awards.
Then let me share your humble home
Where all with love resounds,
Where reigns supreme humility
And happiness abounds. LIZZY.

It is quite delightful to notice the moderate desires of "Lizzie," after having heard so much of "woman's rights" and the exactions of the fair sex. Evidently the poetess is a person of feeling and intelligence, and can understand the relative fitness of things.

JULY 21, 1796.

THE CENTENARY OF ROBERT BURNS

JULY, 21 1896.

A Sketch.

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne?"

"GREAT men taken up in any way are profitable company," says Carlyle. The dictum is not disproved when we "take up" "Rantin' Rovin' Robin," although some of his critics seem to have agreed upon forgetting the good there was in his character.

There is just now a burst of centennial celebration of Robert Burns; but, as if through some tactless enthusiasm, or some strange desire to emphasize a certain popular impression of the man, the commemoration is not of his birth but of his death. The occasion might spur some of us with a desire to celebrate the poet's advent in the world.

The characters of most men are apt to reveal what the searcher looks for. If we look for courage, honesty, big-heartedness, the championship of the oppressed and needy, and the power to achieve greatness in the face of almost every circumstance of opposition—and these surely manly qualities—we shall find them in Robert Burns, in spite of many writers and much popular unbelief.

Burns is one of the poets whose character has received more aspersion than understanding from the world. Comparatively few of those who talk so much about him now comprehend either his Ayrshire dialect or the contradictions in his character. Everyone agrees that he is one of the most famous of poets who has written in English—or in perversions of it—yet even in Scotland there is to-day but a minority which understands and appreciates all the curious twists and turns of his phrasing, and in the outburst of comment which memorializes the centenary of his death more is said about his faults outside Scotland, as a man, than about his merits as a master of song. That is because Bobbie was never over-modest. He was no hypocrite. His verses abounded with his own confessions.

The popular impression has never allowed itself to go much further than Burns' confessions. But it is possible to go much further and find a great deal that is admirable in the character of the "Ploughman Poet."

To begin with, it is necessary to understand something of the Scotland in which he lived. Whatever it may be to-day, the Scotland of a hundred years ago was a country of hard-grained Puritanism over-laid upon a human nature having most of the defects of the Celt. Living was hard to get, morals were discussed more than they were practiced, and though preaching was universal it was too often accompanied by hard drinking.

Some communities seemed to live on cant. The air was rent with the squabbles of sects, whose pretensions seldom squared with their daily lives. In such a community Robert Burns was born. He came into the world on the twenty-fifth of January, 1759, in a rude, clay built cottage, two miles to the south of Ayr, and in the immediate neighbourhood of the Kirk of Alloway, and the Auld Brig o' Doon. A week after his birth the house was nearly destroyed by a gale, and baby Bobbie and his mother were carried through the storm to the shelter of a hovel near by.

Storms of one sort or another followed Burns from his cradle to his grave—storms of adversity, of joviality and melancholy, of persecution and flattery, of enthusiasm, of passion, of remorse. He remained what nature made him—a man, undeterred by hardship, unspoiled by fame; courageous, frank, sometimes boisterous, often ungovernable, staunch in friendship, generous always, detesting sham and pretence, falling often into evil ways, and yet reverencing goodness and purity and sacred things.

Given a youth of unusually ardent imagination, filled with a love of beauty and song; endowed with tremendous manly vigor, while yet in his early teens; born with a reckless, generous, jovial spirit, mingled with a turn for satire, a keen love of fun, a delight in melody and musing; an intensely affectionate nature always craving for sympathy; place him in the midst of a hard, grinding life; batter him with the hardest, most unsympathetic Puritanism, which he clearly sees that you do not practice; yoke him to the plough, and stifle all his highest aspirations, and what do you expect to make of him in the rural Scotland of the seventeen hundreds?

One thing we can learn from Burns' life, and that is, a lesson of pluck, and though not enough

has been made of this aspect of Bobbie's character it was shown in his thorough-going belief in the soundness of his literary judgment. I was on the point of saying "his professional judgment." But we must remember that literature was not a profession with Robert Burns. He did not abandon farming in order to become a poet, but in order to become a gauger in the excise department and thereby to earn a steady income for his family. His poetry made him famous enough, but it brought him very little money.

We must judge any man by the age in which he lived, and by what he did. What did Burns do? He purified Scottish song! He found it a repository of vileness, he made it a fountain of inspiring and enduring melody. He glorified the lives of the people. And, though you may think it strange, I find diligent Scotch teetotalers upholding Burns as the temperance reformer of his age. And so stern a moralist as the late Dr. McCosh was once heard to say that "The poet who wrote 'A man's a man for a' that' within six months of his death, and who kept the excise books without blot or mistake, was not very far gone as a man."

Burns was a wonderful worker. In the course of his brief life he gave to the world six hundred and fifty poems. And all the while he was an industrious farmer, and in the latter years an exciseman! Here at Ellisland, pressed as he was with his various duties, he wrote some of his best poems, including "Tam o' Shanter," "Willie Brewed a Peck o' Maut," and "To Mary in Heaven." Too much has been made in the thousand stories of Burns' life of the "Highland Mary" episode, and too little of what he really left for Jean Armour, and of Jean's intense loyalty to him and devoted care of him.

The real facts about Highland Mary will never be known. They comprise the one episode of Burns' life which is veiled in mystery. But one can study the poet's life closely enough to see that the persecution which in the early days seemed to hopelessly separate him from love drove him to Highland Mary for solace, and that Mary's sudden death idealized that Highland lassie in his memory. There was not much more to it, and Jean never troubled herself about it.

There has been a sad waste of popular sympathy over Highland Mary. It is to loyal Jean our thoughts should turn. Burns' love for her and for his children was very great. That is a pleasing picture of him handed down by one who saw him "sitting in the summer evening at his door with his Little daughter in his arms, dandling her, and singing to her, and trying to elicit her mental faculties."

During the last few years of his life he lived on a small salary, earned as an excise officer. In July, 1796, the protracted illness from which he had been suffering became so acute that he was advised to go to the seaside as a last resort. He went off to Brow, on Solway Firth. All his thoughts at this time were of his wife, whose condition was such as to warrant his fears. His anxiety for her increasing, he hastened back to Dumfries. He was so weak on reaching home that he could hardly stand. Barely able to hold a pen he wrote a note of appeal, begging his wife's mother, who was estranged from her daughter, to come on to Dumfries, as Jean was in urgent need of her care. They were the last words he ever wrote.

Let us not forget that the expiring effort of the failing genius was impelled by tender anxiety for his loving wife. In his dying hours he begged her, if his mind should wander, to touch him and thus recall him to himself. It was as he wished. The touch of his Jean was the last sensation which Robert Burns carried with him to eternity. He died on the twenty-first of July, 1796, in the thirty-eighth year of his age. On the day of his burial his son Maxwell was born. The little fellow lived less than three years.

The Scottish admiration for Burns was so great that his widow and children (three sons and two daughters) were not suffered to know want. A subscription was immediately raised for them. Fours years later, that is to say, in 1800, Currie's well-known edition of the poet's works appeared. This realized a snug little fortune for the family. Duly invested, the amount yielded an income for the modest though comfortable maintenance of Jean and her children. Jean Burns survived her husband thirty-eight years.

Some time since, one of the petty maharajahs residing in the north-western provinces of India, came into the city of Agra, attended by a ragtag and bob-tail following, for the purpose of spending a few days in the place. Whilst looking about the various bazaars, his highness visited the shop of a half-caste merchant, who had a number of old wire dish-covers which he had once bought in a sale at the English military depôt. for which he quite failed to obtain a customer.

The maharajah's curiosity was greatly aroused by this heap of dish-covers, and he inquired the purpose for which they were used.

"Oh," said the mendacious merchant, with a profound salaam, as he scented the possibility of a sale, "these are the new helmets which the Queen of England has ordered to be worn by her household guards."

The maharajah took no time for further consideration, but immediately bought the entire consignment, and all Agra was startled next day, while many of the people were vastly amused, at seeing the maharajah's body-guard trotting alongside his carriage with these wire dish-covers on their heads!

"Yes," said the meek-looking man, "I've no doubt you had some decent hunting experiences when you were stationed at Trinco."

"I had indeed."

"Cheetah hunting——"

"Yes."

"And bear hunting——"

"Of course."

"Well, you just come round and let my wife take you bungalow-hunting and bargain-hunting with her. Then you'll begin to know what real excitement is."

THE WARNING LETTER.

By "ESORER."

SLIGO Waddell was a planter, careless, light-hearted and idle. He was a short, bald-headed, podgy little fellow of about forty years of age.

Sligo had been paying his addresses to the fair for some time past. He and a rival, in the coconut-desiccating business, had been making a close race of it for the hand of a widow.

The time he had lately devoted to his personal adornment was to be attributed to the fact that he had received an invitation to a little party at the widow's bungalow, which Sligo hoped to make decisive.

At last the hour arrived, and Mr. Waddell, scrupulously attired, presented himself at the widow's. He had not been long there before a fresh arrival was announced, and there entered a gentleman of furrowed countenance and stiff demeanour, habited in conventional evening dress and a little ahead of Sligo in the excellence of his garments generally. It was his rival.

"I believe," exclaimed their fair hostess, "that you and Mr. Loconibs have met before?"

The rivals glared at each other with a bitter smile.

"I think you can play cards, Mr. Waddell, and I know you can, Mr. Loconibs," said the widow. "What do you two gentlemen say to a game?"

"Oh, I'm agreeable," said Mr. Loconibs, easily, "if anybody else is."

"If you mean me, sir," replied Sligo, sharply, "I'm quite as agreeable as you are."

"Been down to Colombo to see the opera at the Public Hall, Mrs. Pinkle?" asked Mr. Loconibs.

"No, I have not," answered the widow, sweetly, smiling at them both. "Have you, Mr. Waddell?"

"No," answered Sligo, gloomily. "I like to see good pieces when I go."

"May I ask you what you call good pieces, sir?" put in Mr. Loconibs, sarcastically. "I should like to have the benefit of your judgment, sir."

"You can be easily obliged, sir," cried Sligo, fixing him with his eye. "Plays, sir, with murder in them. Slaying of rivals, sir, and all that kind of thing. Pulling out a dagger and plunging of it into disagreeable people without a minute's warning. They are what I like."

"Indeed!" responded Mr. Loconibs, paling visibly. "Queer taste, sir."

"Not at all, sir, not at all," went on Sligo, warming to the subject. "Fancy, leading your enemy up to a lonely cocoanut tree, and then saying, 'Ha, ha! we are undisturbed, villain; naught but the silent sand's around us,' and then leaving him a corpse for the ants to eat. What d'ye think of that?"

"Revolting!" exclaimed Mr. Loconibs, getting paler still. "I think we had better change the subject."

"What would I not do for a woman?" cried Sligo. "I would die for her. Give me the bright and flashing steel. Hand to hand, toe to toe, a quick eye, one false step, and where is your opponent, sir? He is run through the backbone!"

"Oh!" murmured Mr. Loconibs, faintly, "you seem to think, sir, that all is fair in love and war. Is that your settled opinion?"

"It is, sir," replied his rival. "It is."

* * *

The next day proved to be one of profound thought on the part of Mr. Sligo Waddell, and he ran through his mind the various forms of putting forward a second edition of the all-important question to the buxom fair.

While engaged in these thoughts the Appoo brought him a letter, and, hastily running a penknife up the edge of the envelope, he took out the enclosure, which he read with no small amount of excitement and agitation.

"Honord sir," it began, "I was cannot see you, the sun of my ded father's benefacto, conspiraced against. Sir, Mistress Pinkle owes lots cash to Chetties. Some peoples not know and also thinks rich. Also, your honor, I prays not to fall into trap and I prays also Almighty God to pour Thy richest blessings on you."

At the conclusion Mr. Waddell sank down on a chair. "What a narrow escape!" he breathed.

But Loconibs? Waddell laughed exultingly as he thought of the coming doom of his rival.

"Go in and win. Pay her debts. Ha, ha, ha! Loconibs, mine enemy, I have you now—I have you—on the hip. Give you warning? Never!"

* * *

It was a beautiful morning, exactly six weeks after the events detailed above, when Sligo was, marvellous to relate, "happy," for so early in the day.

He was discussing his third whisky and soda when he heard the postboy's voice. It was a letter. A newspaper slip fell to the floor out of the envelope. He stooped to pick it up, and read upon it:—

"A very pretty wedding took place * * * The service was fully choral * * * The bride looked charming * * * Solomon Loconibs * * * Rosanna Pinkle * * * We have to give the happy pair our hearty congratulations."

Mr. Waddell had got halfway through this sort of stereoed newspaper report with a laugh of joy, when he caught sight of the notepaper, written in a hand that somehow seemed familiar to him. He read the following:—

"The widow is a sound spec. All is fair in love and war—eh? Your own confession. Your father's benevolent actions are not forgotten. Ta-ta!"

No signature was appended. No signature was wanted. A light darted in upon the brains of the planter. With a wild exclamation he rushed to his desk, and tore from it the warning letter—the handwriting was one and the same.

"Foiled, foiled!" he groaned.

The Devices of Litigants.

(*Concluded.*)

WE gave in our last issue some of the subterfuges of Litigants in Ceylon. Without offering comparisons let us now glance at the methods of deception practised by London delinquents.

A legal friend of mine was seated in his office one evening, when an exceedingly pretty little woman, dressed in furs, came in and said that her husband had been caught by a detective stealing a purse in an omnibus. She appeared very much upset and begged the solicitor to go and see the prisoner in the cells, but not before she had reluctantly confessed that this was not his first offence.

Well, not to make the story too long, my friend appeared for the man when he was put on his trial the next day. Of course, he could advance little or nothing in the prisoner's favour, but he asked the magistrate to put a few questions to the heart-broken wife. The pretty young woman then came forward, howling and weeping fit to flood the floor of the court.

The magistrate inquired how long she had been married.

"Only-only-a-a-fortnight, sir," she whined, still weeping tears copious enough to break the flinty heart of a ninety-year-old policeman.

The court was visibly affected, and the magistrate ordered the prisoner's release on condition that he came up for judgment when called upon. This, of course, was practically an acquittal.

Well, my friend had hardly got back to his office when the lady and the pickpocket were shown into his room. They were in high glee.

"Did you ever see such a mug?" laughingly cried the lady, alluding to the magistrate. "We're not married at all!"

For cool impudence, I think this requires some beating.

Some prisoners endeavour to influence the bench by declaring that they have been in regular work, but this dodge is a stale one, and the magistrate always orders the man to hold up his hands for him to see if there are any corns on them.

"Swells" who have been taken to the police court for drunkenness have a very effective little dodge. After being bailed out they appear in court the next day dressed in the seediest clothes they can find. In this way their presence does not attract attention, they avoid the publicity of their misdeeds by reporters, and they often get discharged, whereas if they stood in the dock as well-dressed gentlemen they would be subject to a heavy fine.

Clothes count for much in the courts. For example, when there is a judgment summons out against a man it is quite a common thing for him to appear in court arrayed almost in rags. He thus avoids imprisonment, for the prosecution has to prove that he has means, which is a difficult thing to do when he dresses in rags. People with plenty of money resort to this artifice.

The dodges of litigants are very numerous. I remember appearing for an old woman who had been knocked down by a trap. She came to the trial with her hand in a splint and apparently in pain. I got her twenty guineas. The following day I called at her house and found her turning a mangle as fast as she could. She said the doctor had advised her to exercise her arm!

Any amount of perjury goes on in the police courts. Professional witnesses are in clover to-day. These men chiefly confine themselves to running-down cases. If they happen to be near the scene of an accident, though they may not have actually witnessed it, they always volunteer to swear that they were eye-witnesses, and in return get a commission on the amount of the damages awarded.

I remember a tailor who had been run over coming to me for advice. He said he had three witnesses to support him. I told him to bring them to me, as I should like to see them. My client thereupon went out, but returned shortly saying he was too late. The witnesses had been appoached by the other side and had agreed to speak against the tailor.

Of all doubtful denizens of the witness box the manipulator of cooked evidence possesses the most elastic conscience. Litigants are ever on the search for proofs of allegations that are the weapons of forensic warfare. The individual in question does not set to work to unearth these: he simply manufactures them.

In one instance, it was necessary for the plaintiffs in a particular case to prove that a certain caretaker was an untrustworthy person. Unfortunately for them, evidence of this was difficult to obtain. The man was a "dark horse," and he indulged in frequent drinking bouts—in private. His accusers already despaired of effecting their end when assistance arrived.

"If I get proofs for you of his being drunk, what will you pay me for them?" asked a pseudo-friend of the man threatened.

A £5 note was suggested and accepted. Then the schemer went to work. He declared that a gallon of rum had been presented to him, and, to substantiate what he said, brought the liquor to the caretaker's rooms. Craftily, the man was plied with the spirit till he became too intoxicated to move. Out in the street the evidence-manufacturer called the attention of a passing policeman to the door of the premises being open. Then he decamped, his five pounds easily earned.

A case somewhat similar occurred at a well-known place of entertainment. "No gratuities allowed" was the rule, which was sternly enforced. Dismissal followed the taking of a "tip." An individual who had been promised the next vacancy that occurred had a little plan proposed to him by a friend. For a couple of pounds or so

the latter agreed to "create" a vacancy. Disguised as a country gentleman, he visited the place. A victim was selected, a "tip" was offered and refused.

"Well, have a cigar, anyway?" The offer was accepted. Next time it was: "I haven't got a cigar: get yourself one," and a six pence was handed over. Feeling safe, the official foolishly pocketed the offerings until, at a fourth visit, he accepted half-a-crown. Then at last the "country gentleman" affected to first catch sight of the notice. He was indignant. How dare the man openly set at defiance the rules of the house by accepting money? He was reported and dismissed. Into his place stepped the individual who had paid for the evidence that ruined him.

A remarkable swindle, designed to supply an estate with a long-lost heir, was brought to light in a peculiar fashion. The money was supposed to rightfully belong to a little boy of extremely swarthy complexion, who, however, could not be found. An obliging next-of-kin provider thereupon started to secretly supply the deficiency. Having a photograph of the rightful heir he journeyed about till he discovered a child that might pass muster. He kidnapped it, and fled.

Some time after, the curiosity of a fruit dealer was aroused by the circumstance that an individual came often to him and paid a good price for walnut rinds. What could he want them for? The question was put. "For dyeing purposes," came the hesitating answer. One day the papers were full of the news of the unearthing of the missing lad. A picture was printed of the man who had found him. It was the walnut-rind purchaser. The fruit-seller scented a fraud. Inquiries were instituted, and the daring juice-operator was routed. By the aid of the stain he had been toning up the complexion of the long-lost heir to the required pitch of brownness.

Clients think that if they can cheat their lawyer they can cheat anybody. And here they make a mistake. If they acknowledge their guilt the solicitor would be better able to guard himself against unexpected attack, but being in the dark he is always liable to be confronted with surprises. It is the experience of the leading police-court lawyers that the ordinary criminal client nearly always withholds something material and tries to cheat his solicitor.

Criminal clients are the most ungrateful people under the sun. If you get them off they take it as a matter of chance; if you fail they abuse you with selections from that vocabulary of choice expletives which they know so well. I need not say that it is always advisable to get one's fees in advance.

There is nothing clever in making spiteful remarks about people, even though at the moment they may raise a laugh among hearers who would not for the world be indiscreet enough to utter such themselves. A finished man or woman of the world holds his hatreds, says Emerson, at arm's length; and does not remember spite.

British Rule in Ceylon.

BY THOMAS BERWICK,
Retired District Judge of Colombo.

A PAPER recently read before the Royal Colonial Institute by Mr. Clarence, lately a Puisne Judge in Ceylon, on a Century of British Rule in that Island, is of a nature to excite considerable surprise and misgiving in the minds of many who have hitherto rested in the belief that if there be one point more than another, next to our free institutions at home, for which we might justly claim pre-eminence over other nations, it is the manner in which our government has been exercised abroad in the interests of the native races that have come under our dominion, and the impartiality which characterises, or is supposed to characterise its measures for the prosperity of Native-born and British-born subjects alike. This belief must be rudely shaken if we are to accept some of Mr. Clarence's statements with the interpretation that may, not unreasonably, be put on them; and even without that interpretation they are sufficiently serious. With gentle purpose, he may have abstained from saying in direct and express words that the interests of the natives of the country have been subordinated to those of the British planter and merchant; but bearing in mind that the terms "commercial and planting interests" have come to be commonly employed in Ceylon in the sense of indicating the special interests of the latter, and that he himself employs them elsewhere in this sense, such does seem to be the underlying drift of the sentences in which he sums up the results of a century of English government in the words: "the truth is that our rule has been less successful in promoting the welfare of the natives than in the realms of commerce;" and "its commercial and planting successes have overshadowed the needs of the people." Seeking to put the most favourable construction on his meaning, the first sentence quoted might, if it stood alone, be read as intending simply to signify that our general administration has resulted in a more marked measure of success in the way of benefiting the British planter and merchant than in promoting the welfare of the natives:—a matter of opinion on which British Capital, if it had a voice, would probably give a very decided and different utterance. But it is very difficult to find any meaning at all in the immediately succeeding sentence if it be not meant to imply, at the least, that the needs and prosperity of the people of the country have been less considered in the measures of Government than the interests of the British planter and merchant, and been allowed to suffer while these were advanced:—that those were left in the shade while these basked in the sunshine of Government favour.

The real truth is that in the realms of commerce, agriculture, public works,—in fact in all that concerns the *creation of wealth*, it is impossible to say or insinuate, with a shadow of justice, that, under British rule, the interests of the natives have ever been subordinated to, or have received less anxious consideration than those of Europeans, either by the Legislature or the Executive Government; or, that, in the result of that rule, the native races have not prospered as rapidly, and far more continuously, than the European. It has been neither the fault nor the merit of our administration if British capital and British energy have been able to obtain, in particular pursuits which have known immense vicissitudes, successes which there was neither Sinhalese capital nor enterprise to accomplish to the same extent. In point of fact, the spread of wealth and increase of material prosperity among the natives—mainly in consequence of the presence of a handful of British planters—has been enormous, and the evidences of these strike with astonishment anyone who travels now along the principal arteries of communication and compares what he sees with his recollection of his first drive from Galle to Colombo less than 50 years ago. I know of no country in Europe which can match such a development so patent to the eye.

But as wealth is not the only factor in a nation's happiness and welfare, there would have been less ground for criticism if Mr. Clarence, instead of accentuating the imagined greater benefits of our rule to English than to Native interests, had said that the successes of our administration are more apparent in what more directly concerns the creation and spread of wealth among the *people* and *their* material prosperity, than in some other matters which deeply affect their vital welfare; or even that an undue preponderance of attention had been given to the former over the latter. While we survey with satisfaction the enormous amount of benefit to the natives, in the respects specified, which has resulted—and was intended to result—from the encouragement accorded to the employment of British capital and the facilitating of traffic within and without the Island, it is plainly due at the same time to measure up the successes and shortcomings of our administration in other matters: such as the sufficiency and efficiency of our efforts to control the evils which grow up and spread as wealth grows and spreads; —the effects of attempts to forcibly alter in a day ancient customs interwoven with the rights of property and inheritance, and the moral standards of thousands of years of a civilization older than our own, framed on different lines, and needing different social safeguards for the common weal; —the effect on the security of titles to land and business transactions of judicial foistings on the country of patches of law and methods of procedure taken from the complex and confused web of English jurisprudence, and which it has been found cannot be made to piece in with the rest of the law by which the rights and devolution of property are regulated:—the injustice that has been done, the confusion that has been caused, and the uncertainty as to rights and remedies which has arisen, as the consequences of sending out English Judges to administer law based on a system of jurisprudence of which they were profoundly ignorant, and which their sturdy Anglo-Saxon prejudices made them proportionately indisposed to appreciate, although it does happen to be that which, with diversity in details but community of principles, prevails in almost every Christian country of Europe, including a very considerable part of the United Kingdom itself, to say nothing of countries and British Colonies in other quarters of the globe:—and still confining ourselves to the quasi-judicial region of administration, and only to mention one more of the many subjects that concern the health of the body politic, but one which is of appalling significance in Ceylon,—what has been done, or left undone, or misdone, in the way of attempting to diminish the amount of grave crime and private bloodshed which give that fair Eden of the East a dark and sad pre-eminence over every other of the Queen's dominions. If such an enquiry were made, it might indeed transpire that English rule was open to criticism in some matters of even greater moment than measures conducing to enable the sons of peasants and pedlars to sport patent leather shoes and substitute English beer and groceries for the simpler and healthier fare of their fathers, and to transform new luxuries into new necessities of existence.

But thus merely to contrast the results of our rule in the dissemination of wealth and material prosperity among the natives with what has attended it in other matters concerning their welfare; and to point out certain fields in which we have been less successful, or have acted unwisely, is a very different thing from setting in strong and false contrast its special benefits to Europeans against its general benefits to the people of the country; and very different from saying, as Mr. Clarence has in effect said, that the interests of the British planter have been suffered to overshadow those of the natives:—language which is liable to be construed as implying—and which indeed seems naturally to involve—an innuendo of partiality that is utterly unjustifiable. And the assertion contained in the words "but the truth is that our rule has been less successful in promoting the welfare of the natives than in the realms of commerce,"—interpret it as we like—is one which there is no possible means of transferring from the region of surmise to that of accurate knowledge and admeasurement. If therefore it was intended to express, in a euphemistic way, his own opinion that our rule has not been in the main a very successful one in its relation to the natives—and his general pessimistic strain would almost lead to the inference that it had been rather a curse than a benefit to the Sinhalese—then, without indulging in any of those "cheap phrases about the blessings of British civilization" which he deprecates immediately before telling us, after only a comma and a "but," what "the truth is," I can only say, with the weight due to nearly 40 years' intimate association

in both public and private life with all ranks and classes of the natives, in the *camaraderie* of the snipe field, the social intercourse of the bungalow, the confidences of both the lawyer's chamber and of private friendship, as well as in the thousand relations of official and judicial duty—with men who were already men when the British took Colombo, and many more who were in the prime of life when we annexed the Kandyan Provinces, and with their sons, down to a very few years ago:—with that right to speak with authority, I can say that Mr. Clarence's opinion (if such it be) is not shared by the natives themselves; that they consider our rule to be such a "blessing" that they would not exchange it for their own or any other rule; and that their loyalty is not a phrase but a feeling begotten of traditions of a grinding past, and of a confidence which is based on their experience of our administration, its equity, its unselfishness, and its aims, and of the benefits which they do enjoy under it, even if these be not as complete as we desire them to be, and may leave much for us still to do, and to do with their own help.

It sometimes happens that an unfortunate phrase, not plain in itself, or rendered ambiguous by its collocation in the context, conveys an impression very different from what was in the speaker's intention. Possibly the author of the paper does not entertain and did not mean to express what I have taken exception to, and what his expressions do seem to suggest! and in that case regret is due for unconscious injustice done to him. All who have knowledge of and affection for the Colony dealt with—though they may not agree with everything that paper contains in matters of opinion or fact—will recognise not only its ability, but a good work done which may be expected to reap a good result, if it receives the attention it deserves from those who, in various degrees, are concerned in the active work of promoting the continued success of British rule in Ceylon to all the multifarious races that inhabit it. But it is not the less to be deprecated that an address to such a body as the Colonial Institute should, without just cause, furnish a powerful argument to those who are all too ready to decry the advantages of our Empire, and the justice of our dealings in the government of our Eastern subjects.—*Asiatic Quarterly Review.*

On Advertising.

LIKE a ship without a rudder,
Like a kite without a tail,
Like a door without its hinges,
Like a bent and headless nail,
Is the business, great or little,
That attempts to make its way
Without advertising succour—
Soon or late 'twill go astray.

"For the Sake of Somebody."

THAT he was a decent fellow I do not wish to deny, but I cannot conceive the idea of having a worse chum in a bungalow than one helplessly and hopelessly in love. He was married just a fortnight ago. Jo married a girl from the land o' cakes. He said he didn't care for the general run of girls out here, although they were undeniably sweet and too utterly utter; but no girl could read Burns' poems to him o'nights, like the fair maid of Perth who was to be his wife.

The engagement was of about 10 years' standing, and during that period they exchanged some 500 letters. I know the number was 500, as I helped him to pack them in bundles of 50. These letters he gave as a wedding present to his wife.

My friend was just a couple of months whistling "My darling o'er the Blue" and preparing for the wedding. I never noticed a man work harder, and had it been the last two months he had to live it was impossible for him to look more ill or miserable. With bungalow furnishing and attending to his business as well, sleeping and eating appeared out of the question; but he had an eye on the whisky, nevertheless.

His advent into my room of a morning would be marked by "Did you see me tie a knot in my handkerchief, yesterday?" or "What price in a month's time, old cock?" digging me in the ribs as he chuckled with joy.

In his bedroom he kept a large memorandum sheet pinned to the wall, and on this he would just dot down a few things to specially remember, as they occurred to him. Every now and then, when he wasn't about, I used to pop in and have a look at this sheet just to see how it was filling up. I would then see items on it like the following:—

Apothecaries' Co. to photograph at bungalow after ceremony.
Miller & Co. for "cham."
Read through Marriage Service again.
Siedle & Co. for wedding-ring.
Must tell dhoby to bring clean sheets and white waistcoat.
"Independent" Press for W. Cards.
Must see Walker & Co. for bicycle built for two "Rovers."

As I anticipated, the affair was a crowning success. There wasn't a hitch of any kind, as far as my friend was concerned. "The bride looked charming." The "cham" was excellent, and everybody seemed happy. ["ESORER."

AFTER THE REQUISITION.

Mrs. De Mandis.—"Do you really think that young friend of yours, who has sent his requisition in for my daughter, a good catch?"

Mr. VanBagatalaway.—"Good catch, Mistress De Mandis! Rather. Why, he's been the best fielder of the Scripto Cricket eleven this season."

Inventions' Review.

A Baby Incubator.

M. Lion, a Parisian, who has already had a maternity hospital in Nice called after him, is the inventor of a baby incubator. It is a metal box on a stand, with glass doors and a sliding-panel in the side. The child lies in a hammock of wire gauze, and hot air coming from a hot-water coil in the bottom of the apparatus circulates round it. Air enters from the base, is filtered, and sent up warmed, so that there is no danger of chill or infection, which are so important in the case of weakly children. A few weeks of the treatment fits a delicate child to start fairly on the battle of life, and it is said that in the Nice hospital already mentioned, the l ves of 80 per cent. of the children placed in these incubators are saved.

* * *

The Electrophone.

There is very little probability that the electrophone will assert itself in Colombo, or become a stumbling block to the ministrations of our popular clergy, but in England and America these gentlemen are not taking at all kindly to the innovation of sermon-hearing by electrophone. They complain greatly of dwindling congregations, and the new departure, which may be useful in the case of invalids, may also be expected to reduce the number of their flock still further. It offers an excuse for non-attendance, of which, perhaps, many lukewarm churchgoers will avail themselves. Some English papers take rather a gloomy and extreme view, and seem to say that if the experiment becomes widely adopted there is nothing but the prospect of the pulpit being abolished entirely, and the minister condemned to discourse before transmitters fixed within the walls of his study.

* * *

The Rontgen Rays

Jewellers, and purchasers of jewellery too, will be glad to learn that yet another use has been discovered for the Rontgen rays—the detection of false gems. True diamonds are transparent; sham ones are not. Crystalline alumina, by which term a number of precious stones are included, such as ruby, sapphire, emerald, topaz, and catseye, comes midway in opacity between diamond and the common imitation stones. With Rontgen rays available there should be no fear of sham stones being sold at the price of the genuine. This will perhaps, affect the profitable industry of a few local enterprising individuals, who show a great liking for passengers and strangers.

* * *

In Germany patents may be taken out for improvements of inventions already patented.

SUMMARY FOR JUNE.

1st.—Funeral of Miss Holloway at Kandy. Governor's departure from Kandy.
2nd.—Wedding at St. Michael's, Polwatte, Powell—Wright. Governor's arrival at Bandarawella.
3rd.—Levy and Durbar at Badulla.
4th.—Breakfast to Governor at Badulla. Subscription dance at Town Hall. Concert at Matara. Etonian dinner at Florence Villa, Kandy.
5th.—Deputation of Badulla Planters' wait on Governor. Lady Ridgeway's At Home at Residency.
6th.—Governor visits Passara and Madulsima.
7th.—Fight between Sailors and Natives in Pettah.
8th.—Kalutara Planters' Assocn. Meeting at Neboda.
9th.—Meeting of Ceylon Rifle Association.
11th.—Meeting of Royal Asiatic Society at Colombo Museum. Accident at Wharf and Warehouse Building. Man killed.
12th.—Meeting of City Council at Town Hall.
13th.—Return of Governor and Lady Ridgeway to Colombo.
15th.—Death of Mrs. W. J. Stork at St. Sebastian Hill, Colombo.
16th.—Death and funeral of Miss Mabel Kellar at Matara.
17th.—Governor visits Customs. Consecration of St. Mary's Church, Veyangodde. Wedding at Christ Church, Galle Face, Weeks—Brown. Wedding at Matale, Westland—Esson. At Home on H. M S. "Marathon." Executive Council Meeting at Queen's House. C. M. S. Gleaner's Meeting at Galle Face School-room.
18th.—Gymkhana Club Assembly, Public Hall.
19th.—Colombo Gymkhana Club Meeting 1st day.
20th.—Prize distribution C. M. S. Schools, Cotta. Colombo Gymkhana Meet, 2nd day. Disturbance in Slave Island between Sikhs and Malays. Miss Ridgeway's 1st dance at Queen's House. Fire at Vavasseur and Co's Mills.
22nd.—Volunteer Inspection at Matara, by Lieut.-Col. Vincent.
24th.—Wedding at Polwatte, Toussaint—Anderson. Association Football: The Regiment *vs* Mr. Alexander's team. Lady Ridgeway visits the Home for the Aged.
25th.—Wedding in Colombo: Navzell Arasu—Rockwood. Hockey on Galle Face: The C. H. and F. C. *vs* The L. N. L. Regiment.
26th.—Lady Ridgeway 1st At Home in Colombo. Deputation of Ceylon Educational Association wait on Governor. Meeting of George Wall Memorialists, Colombo.
27th.—Return of H M. S. "Marathon" from Maldive Island. Rugby Football at Kandy: Kandy beats Dimbula. Wedding at Kandy, Fleming–Greason.
28th.—*Fourth Sunday after Trinity.* The 58th Anniversary of Coronation of the Queen.
29th.—Lieut.-Col. Tidy and Officers of the L. N. L. R. entertain the Governor to dinner. Russian Volunteer Fleet Steamer under arrest. Opening of third sessions of Supreme Court, Western circuit.
30th.—Miss Dora Wright drowns herself in the lake, Kandy.

Printed by LESLIE SADLER *at the Offices of* THE CEYLON REVIEW, *Queen Street and Chatham Street, Fort.*