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### MERE AND THERE.

THE month of September has been fruitful in events. The principle item, which still continues to occupy men's minds, was the tidings of Sir Arthur Havelock's translation to the more important and remunerative Dependency of Madras. Speculation then became rife as to who would be His Excellency's successor. The older Ceylon papers, however, settled the point to their own satisfaction by appointing Sir Henry Blake, the Governor of Jamaica, but before they could obtain the official ratification of the appointment, the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, the Secretary for the Colonies upset their calculations by appointing Lieut. Col. Sir Joseph West Ridgeway, the Lieut. Governor of the Isle of Man. Since then the papers in question have been rather chary in arrogating to themselves the duty of filling up vacancies in the service.

Sir Arthur Havelock's promotion called forth a mass of complimentary and critical matter, and the consensus of opinion is that he has governed Ceylon ably, impartially, soundly, sympathetically, and some have even gone so far as to say, thoroughly. His rule will long be re-

membered and his memory cherished for the prominent part he took in abolishing the obnoxious paddy tax, the apologists for which are fast becoming an extinct body. His Excellency has also done much to conserve and increase the Island's prosperity. Therefore he is to-day a man whom Ceylon delighteth to honour.

The form in which this honour shall take has been definitely settled. There is to be a grand Farewell Ball at the Assembly Rooms, Colombo, on the eve, or before, of the 24th October when H. E. Sir Arthur Havelock, Lady Havelock and suite will leave for England in the P. & O. "Massilia." Again the Editors of some of the Ceylon papers rushed in where it might safely have been surmised that even angels would have feared to tread. It was a heaven-born inspiration said one, "I'll set down and write the supper menu," said another, and so he did. When it was seen, however, that the native community was greatly concerned by the hasty and one-sided nature with which the farewell was being managed, this terpsichorean enthusiasm began to wane. It is a pleasure to know now that the matter has been placed on a footing enabling the



loyal co-operation of representative classes, and that the sapient Editors aforesaid have seen it wise to follow the lead of the *Independent* and *Examiner*, in advocating the advisability of a more permanent, dignified and deserved memorial.

The tidings of Sir Arthur Havelock's promotion was rapidly followed by the announcement that the Lieutenant-Governor of the Isle of Man, Sir Joseph West Ridgeway was to be the new Governor. Surprise was also evinced at this selection, but the feeling was transient and soon gave way to one of intense satisfaction, for it was quickly discovered that Sir Joseph Ridgeway had the reputation of being a strong, experienced and exceedingly able administrator. A few qualms were felt at the fact of his being a military man, and there was an unnecessary flutter in Protestant circles by the tidings that the new Governor was a Roman Catholic, which evoked quite a remarkable expression of satisfaction from the Catholic press in this Colony. However, there appears to be no immediate danger of the inquisition being set up in Ceylon, as Sir Joseph Ridgeway turns out to be an Anglian Churchman, the son of a Tunbridge Well's clergyman. In fact, in every respect, without a single

exception, it seems likely that in Sir Joseph Ridgeway, the Colony will have a worthy and popular successor to a worthy and popular Governor.

The chief social events in August were, the Bal Masque at the Queens' House, which seemed this year to have been badly managed in one particular and, therefore, hardly attracted the notice and attention which ought ever to attach to hospitable doings of Her Majesty's representative in Ceylon; and the Turf Club Ball. The Society was afforded an excellent opportunity of turning out in force at the Water Gymkhana, and admiring and being admired, and it must be conceded that its representatives took full advantage of the opportunity.

A compromise has been effected in the matter of the Galle Face Hotel. Without being essentially altered in external outline, internally the plans of Messrs Walker sons & Co., are to be so re-arranged as to co-incide with the views of a considerable section of the shareholders. Every advantage is to be taken of the healthful sea-breeze and we are to have another "Finest Hotel in the East!"

## AN ALSATIAN ROSE.

BY MEZ.

### CHAPTER I.

ABOVE the flowers which bloomed in the latticed window of a quaint old house in the town of La Roche, there looked out one evening in the late summer of 1870, a sweet, sorrowful face. It was that of a girl, Adèle Laurent by name, just nineteen that very day: a sad lonely birthday, for her father had died whilst she was still a baby and her mother, whose only child she was, had a week before been laid in the little graveyard on the hill side, in the shadow of the tall grey rock from which the town derived its name.

Madame Laurent and her daughter had only lately come to La Roche, therefore alone in a strange place Adèle felt doubly desolate; she was shy and retiring, and did not quickly make friends. For the last hour or two she had been busy over a wreath, which she intended laying on her mother's grave; it was finished now, and turning from the window she rolled it in soft white paper, and then went down the steep, dark stairs into the narrow street below, with its gabled overhanging houses, nearly meeting over head. Usually at this hour women gossiped together on the door steps, the artisans, their day's work over, lounged about



smoking and enjoying the time of rest, the children played in the rough paved roadway; but this evening they were conspicuous by their absence; La Roche might for all signs of human presence have been a city of the dead.

But when Adèle reached the one small square of which the town could boast, the scene was indeed different, for here all the population seemed to be gathered together, and they were chattering and gesticulating in a manner truly French. In answer to the girl's enquiry as to the cause of this excitement, half a dozen people answered together, at the top of their voices, but with some difficulty she made out, that a detachment of the Prussian army had just marched into the town and were to be billeted there that night. "They are *en-route* for Strasbourg or Metz, or even for Paris, may be, they say; insolent *scélérats*! before a month is over our troops will drive the few of them who remain to the very walls of Berlin, and so on," added an old man, "will do well to get home to her home, it is not wise for her to be out and alone with these German devils abroad."

Thanking him Adèle turned to retrace her steps, but looking down on the wreath, the outlines of which she could discern through the thin white paper, the wreath over which she had spent so much care and loving thought, and which would be faded by tomorrow, she felt that though her visit to her mother's grave must indeed be a short one, yet she *could* not give it up, and with rapid footsteps, and it must be owned a beating heart, she hurried on to the hallowed spot. All was peaceful there; far away the Alsatian Mountains lay bathed in a flood of golden sunset glory, whilst below her in the valley was the old town, with its gabled lattices and pointed roofs. Who could fancy that even now war and rapine threatened this quiet spot? The sinking sun warned Adèle that she must not linger, so plucking a flower growing close to her mother's grave, she hurried down the steep descent which led to the town.

## CHAPTER II.

The Prussian Ober- lieutenant, though a tall, powerfully built man, had as a rule a very gentle face, and kind merry blue eyes, but the latter sparkled with anger now as he

said sternly. "To your quarters, soldiers; the army of the Fatherland fights with the enemy, it does not insult their women."

Then turning to the girl he had rescued from their rude bantering and insolent compliments, he offered a courteous apology. "No, no Mademoiselle," he went on, as after thanking him with white quivering lips, Adèle, for it was she, would have turned away, "I cannot allow you to go home alone, it is not fit that you should do so on such an evening as this, you must permit me to be your escort; but will you not rest a little first, for you look ill and faint," and leading her to a seat close by he went towards a neighbouring cafe, quickly returning, however, with a cup which he silently handed to her. The coffee which it contained and the cool night air soon brought a faint color back to the girl's cheeks; but still she lingered on talking to her new acquaintance. Proud and shy as she usually was with strangers, she felt no timidity with him, he was so strong, so brave, so gentle.

"Ah," he said, when she spoke of her late bereavement, "I am indeed sorry for you. There is no one like a mother, no one. I dearly love mine whom I have left behind, in my Fatherland." How soft and gentle was his voice, what a tender look came into the eyes, that a little while ago had blazed so angrily, when insult had been offered to her, a defenceless girl. How his mother must love him; what pride she must feel in him, thought Adèle, and then she remembered that had hers been living, she would scarcely approve of her daughter sitting so long with a stranger in the moonlight, and she rose to go. The Ober- lieutenant did not attempt to detain her, but courteously escorted her through the narrow streets till they reached her own doorway.

Adèle slept but little that night and rose at early dawn, for she knew that through this very street the Prussian troops would pass on their way to Strasbourg, and she felt that, herself unseen, she must look on her deliverer once again. Dressing herself, she chose from amongst the flowers on the window sill a delicate white moss rose, which she pinned into her bodice close to her slender throat, and smoothing the dark coils of luxuriant hair, she sat down to wait. Sad



thoughts filled her mind, of battle-fields where the dead and the dying would lie, heaped together in horrible confusion, thoughts so ghastly, so terrible, that when she heard at last the tramp of armed men in the street below, she forgot all about her wish to look on unseen, and bent from the window so far that her eyes met a pair of deep-blue ones, raised eagerly towards her. Adèle's room was high up in the old house, but not high enough to prevent her seeing the expression of those eyes, and it made her sweet face flush from brow to chin.

Then what happened; well we all know that the stalks of moss roses are extremely brittle things; just try fastening one into your dress or coat my dear reader, and ten to one, but in an hour or so, you will find the flower broken off and the stem alone remaining. At any rate that is what happened to Adèle's rose, and she saw it go tumbling down into the street with a sensation of horror, putting out eager hands to stop its career, but in vain; perhaps, he might not see it, perhaps it might fall to the ground and be trampled under foot, oh! if that might only happen. But it did not happen, for when, after a momentary shrinking back, she peeped down again, the rose was in his hand against his lips, hidden on his breast. And then she saw him no longer for a turning in the street prevented it, and the girl flung herself down, on the window seat covering her eyes with her hands, and I fear her cheeks were wet with tears.

### CHAPTER III.

Several months had passed away, and for many of them Adèle had been governess in the family of well-to-do middle class people in the town of Brestnau, situated in the Black Forest and about forty miles from La Roche. Her mother's small pension having died with her; and her own employment, that of painting cards and bonbon boxes for a great Parisian house, having come to an end, the girl was glad to take the first situation that offered, even though it was amongst the enemies of France. Her employers, Herr and Frau Hoffman were kind, the children tractable, perhaps even a little stolid, certainly not troublesome, but the girl's happiest hours now, were spent with the one friend she had made in Brestnau, a

widow-lady named Keiser, who lived a short distance from the Hoffmanns, and who was their pretty frequent visitor.

She had from the first taken a great fancy to the fair young foreigner, and invited her to spend all her holidays at her house, where she made it as pleasant for her as possible, inviting other girls to meet her, and occasionally, but seldom, a young man, *very* seldom, for the men were nearly all employed in fighting and conquering or dying for their fatherland. But for the girls and the men Adèle cared very little; what she liked best, was to sit on a low stool at Frau Keiser's knee, and listen to stories of her little daughter who died so long ago; and of Max her soldier son who had been decorated for his bravery, at the siege of Strasbourg. "But I should not speak of this to thee, little one, for his honors have been gained in fighting against thy countrymen; forgive me my child."

"There is nothing to forgive dear Madame," the girl answered, "it is not his fault, that his Emperor and mine have quarrelled, he only does his duty, and I like to hear about Monsieur Max for he is *your* son," and she laid her head lovingly against Frau Keiser's knee, and a flush rose on her cheek, as she thought to herself he is a brother-in-arms, it may be a friend of my deliverer; for strange to say she did not even know the name of the latter, though she thought of him, far too often for her own peace of mind.

July had come, and the conquering army had already made its triumphal entry into the German capital, "headed by the makers of history, Bismarck, Moltke and Roon," when Max returned to Brestnau on leave.

"And he is well, I hope Madame," said Adèle, who had dropped in for a little chat with her friend, on one of her pretty frequent half-holidays, Frau Hoffman being by no means a hard task-mistress.

"No, poor boy! he has hurt one of his arms and it is bound up, and is in a sling; strange, that he should have passed through the war, without a scratch, and now should be laid up from slipping on an orange-peel; but oh! it is so good to see him again, my Max; "though," she went on a little sadly, "I am first with him no longer; he only returned last



night but off he started at cock crow this morning, to see the girl he loves; I am sorry Adèle, I wanted thee, for my daughter-in-law."

The girl's face flushed, and she made a motion of dissent; at that moment a quick step was heard on the stairway, Max Keiser looking weary and disappointed, entered the room, and in him Adèle, with a great heart throb, recognised her hero, who with an exclamation of surprise, hurried forward to greet her.

"You two have met before," cried Frau Keiser, wonderingly, "why did'st thou not tell me my child?"

"I did not know Madame," began the girl.

"The fact is little mother," broke in Max, "that I a stranger, in La Roche, was able as our troops passed through, to render a slight service, to the Fraulein."

"How strange" cried Frau Keiser, "but Max," looking very bright and happy no doubt, "thou has seen thy liebechen"

"Yes," he answered and his expression certainly was much changed, during the last few minutes "I have" letting his eyes rest on Adèle's down cast face, "seen my liebechen."

The girl's last waking thought that night, was of the happiness of the maiden, who had been fortunate enough to win Max Keiser's love.

(To be concluded)

## MUMOURS OF THE GENERAL ELECTION.

THE General Election of 1895 was rich in humorous incidents. On the day of the polling at Leith, the Tory candidate issued a poster with the words "Vote for Wilson, and save the Church." An hour after, the Liberal candidate followed with a bill bearing the legend "Vote for Ferguson and let the Church save us." The following was heard before a newspaper office in Sheffield when the result was put up for Scarbo rough showing that Sir George Sitwell was defeated — "Hurrah! There's Sitwell unhorsed." When the news of the defeat of Sir William Harcourt at Derby came to hand, an old-fashioned Tory exclaimed, "Ah! God is with us—at last." Overheard near Sittingbourne—Canvasser: "You surely would not vote for Local Veto, sir?" Garge: I'm all local—Local Wheat-o, Local Bean-o, Local Potato, Local Tomato; they beats all your furrin' rubbish." A Stockport elector, when urged to vote for Sir Joseph Leigh, replied, "I can't give Sir Joseph Leigh my support because he voted for the Indian Mutiny." The poor chap had got the Mutiny mixed up somehow with the Cotton Duties. John Burns, delivering window cards before his election, was one

short in a certain district of Battersea. The lady of the missed house informed her husband that John had not left him a card. "What! not left me a card?" was the astonished exclamation. "Hang me, if I don't vote Tory!" In another case Mr. Birns was informed that an elector wished to see him. Upon calling, John was shown through to the back-yard. Elector (pointing to his dust-bin): "Do you see that, Mr. Burns? Well, it has not been emptied for three weeks, and I intend to vote for Ridley-Smith." Two or three days before the late election two candidates for a northern county met in a ball-room "Why do you sit still," inquired a friend, "whilst your opponent is tripping it so assiduously with the electors' wives and daughters?" The aspirant for Parliamentary fame replied, "I have no objection to my opponent's dancing for the county if I am allowed to sit for it." A fact from Bassetlaw Division:—Illiterate Voter (to Presiding Officer): "I want to vote." P. O.: "For whom do you wish to vote?" I. V.: "The blue." P. O.: "But what is the name of the gentleman for whom you wish to vote?" I. V.: "I tell you I want to vote for the blue." P. O.: "But



what name, please? Is it Filmer?" I. V.: "Yes. That's him." At Bradford Town Hall the figures for the Central Division were posted first, and the name of Mr. Wanklyn, the successful candidate, appeared at the top. An individual in the crowd remarked to his neighbour: "Wanklyn! Wanklyn! Wanklyn! Who's he?" and was of course given the desired information, whereupon he observed, "Oh, I remember, nah, Ah saw it on some big bills in Manningham-lane but ah thowt he wor summat at t' theatre". Here is an authentic story from Ross and Cromarty:—Mr. Macleod (the heckler): "Do you believe in dismissing public servants who have rendered faithful service." Major Jackson (Tory candidate): "Is this the teacher question?" Mr. Macleod: "No." Major Jackson: "It would be a foolish thing to dismiss a faithful servant." Mr. Macleod: "Then we in Ross-shire will re-elect Mr. Weir, who has been a faithful servant." At a village meeting in a Yorkshire division the parish clergyman moving a vote of confidence, concluded by stigmatising the policy of his opponent as one of "Robbery! Robbery! Robbery!" "It will be my duty to-morrow," said he, "to read words given from Sinai 3,000 years ago—'Thou shalt not steal.'" Whereupon one of the audience rose and said, "It will also be your duty, sir, to read other words—'Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.'" The following incident occurred at the recent election for the Kingston Division of the county of Surrey:—A prominent Liberal, who is erecting new premises, had received an intimation that his hoarding was likely to be covered with the enemy's bills. He forthwith prepared a strong solution of whitewash, and secreted himself at the top of his scaffold, awaiting the advent of the amateur bill-posters. It happened, however, that some of the party got wind of his device, and utilised their knowledge to the discomfiture of, at least, one of the worthy Councillor's political friends. This gentleman was innocently standing in front of the hoarding when one of the Conservatives exclaimed, "What are you doing there? You are not putting that

bill up straight." The joke succeeded immediately, for the Councillor, supposing that the enemy had commenced operations, straightway discharged the contents of his pail on the unoffending Liberal's head, to the victim's intense surprise, but to the unbounded delight of those for whom it had been so carefully prepared. Overheard in a street at Brixton:—A: "How are you going to vote?"—B: "For the Tories."—A: "Why?"—B: "Because somehow or other trade is allus better under a Tory Government."—A: "How do you make it out?"—B: "I can't make it out, but it is so."—A: "Pray what trade are you?"—B: "An undertaker!" Collapse of A. Scene after an election in an agricultural division:—

Liberal Sub-agent; Well, John, we lost our man! Did you help to push him out?

Agricultural Labourer (an old man, bent nearly double): Naw, zur; I voted blew, as I allus doo.

Liberal Sub-agent: Voted blue? Why, that's the Tory colour.

Agricultural Labourer: I knaw. Look 'ere, zur, if I tell ee summat don't he go an tell on me! Do ee see this 'ere piece o' pensul? (produced after much fumbling from a pocket). I a 'ad this 'ere pensul twenty yeer! Master ee says 'John, vote blew?' I says, 'Yes, zur!' I doant tell a lie, cause I doo vote blew—tho I allus put the X agin the other man's name." The somewhat unexpected defeat of Sir George Newnes, the late member for East Cambridge, by Mr. Harry McCalmont, the Tory millionaire squire, was not without its humorous incidents. After the declaration of the poll Mr. McCalmont's carriage was dragged by a body of men through the main thoroughfares to the Conservative club, where a great speech was expected from him, "Well, my friends," said the newly-elected M.P., "this great and glorious victory. this famous election—er—er—I can't say anything." "Say something else," urged a kind-hearted elector in front of the platform. Thus encouraged, Mr. McCalmont went manfully forward. But all he could say to the excited electors, who were thirsting to hear something about agricul-



tural reform, old-age pensions, &c., was, "Well rowed, Trinity Hall!" During the contest at Cardiff the following amusing incident occurred:—On the Saturday preceding the poll an old man was seen coming round the corner of the main street accompanied by a donkey, which was profusely decorated with blue ribbons and blue-rosettes, the colours of the Tory candidate. All at once the moke was seen to stand still, and refused to move an inch despite all persuasions. A great crowd gathered round, and, of course, there was the usual good-humoured banter. Still the donkey refused to make any progress. Suddenly there were cries of "Look out, lads; make way for the carriage." The crowd opened out, and a spanking pair of chestnuts, gaily trimmed with red and green ribbons—the Radical colours—drove by, dragging a splendid equipage, in which sat the Radical candidate. The crowd cheered lustily, but none louder than the owner of the donkey, who, waving his hat in the air, cheered again and again. "That wasn't the Tory; you've made a mistake, old man!" exclaimed one of the onlookers. "Not at all," replied the old man. "I'm a good old Radical, but my donkey's a Tory!" Whereat the crowd dissolved in laughter. Two of Mr. Darling's supporters were sitting having a chat over the Deptford campaign. Both gentlemen, by the way, are well known in their immediate neighbourhood on account of their conviviality, which leads them into the habit of staying at their favourite tavern, almost without exception, until closing time—12.30 a.m. "Well, Jack," says one, "we shall always be able to remember the exact figures of Mr. Darling's majority. "How's that?" replied the other. "Why, don't you know, Jack?—12.29—Time, gentlemen, please."

Mr. Samuel Barrow, the Radical candidate for North-East Kent, is an original orator. In one of his speeches he said: "They tell me all I have to do in this constituency is to show myself, and I

shall then certainly go in. (Laughter.) Here I am. (More laughter.) What do you think of me? (Renewed laughter.) Fourteen stone; 62 years of age; 42 years a consistent Liberal, without change; 41 years married; and 18 grand-children. (Loud laughter.) Now if that is good enough for you 'Vote for Barrow.'" (Renewed laughter and cheers.) Mr. Robert Wallace's candidature for East Edinburgh was perhaps as interesting a fight as occurred anywhere. His meetings, which were always large, were at the same time most harmonious, even in those parts of the city where "some fun" might have been expected. But they were by no means devoid of incident. At a densely-packed meeting in Broughton-street Halls, an old gentleman respectfully, but very emphatically, questioned the accuracy of Mr. Wallace's description of Mr. Chamberlain's old-age scheme. "I am quite certain," he said "that Mr. Chamberlain has clearly laid it down over and over again that if a man dies before he is 65 he gets what he has paid in." The audience yelled, the platform smiled, and the old fellow sat down triumphantly. In West Nottingham the candidates were Mr. J. H. Yoxall, Liberal, and Mr. Sparrow, Unionist. The miners of Bulwell, a part of West Nottingham, are nearly all Liberal, as Mr. Sparrow found out in the course of the meeting he held there. From time to time the twittering of birds was heard, and at about the middle of the meeting a number of sparrows were let loose, each wearing round its neck a photo of Mr. Yoxall. The cause of the fun stopped speaking and caught one of the birds. He gave it a drink and let it loose, upon which it flew out of the window. His question, "Where has it gone?" received the ready answer, "To take Yoxall to Parliament," which proved to be correct. Riding about in traps, and having a dead sparrow attached to the end of the whip, was also a recreation of the miners.



## BEAR SHOOTING IN CEYLON.

**B**EAR shooting in Ceylon takes place usually in the dry season on the eastern and north eastern quarters of the island, when apart from the few rivers and artificial tanks, the beasts of the forest can only quench their thirst at the rock water holes, with which the jungle is studded. Bears are almost invariably shot at water holes, and it is only by luck that a sportsman manages to bag them in any other manner, for the jungle they infest is of almost impenetrable scrub, and the animal itself of somewhat reserved habits in the daytime. The dry months are usually June, July, and August during which Bruin is engaged cultivating a great thirst for his favorite food, the sweet berries of the ironwood tree. The best sport is to be obtained as a rule at the furthest distance from the jungle villages; and from the coast Moormen, who occupy themselves all the year round in their own neighbourhood by indiscriminate shooting at the water holes from elephant to deer or smaller animals.

The English sportsman, however, confines his attention to bears and leopards at these places, both of which are difficult to bag in any other manner. The sport is by no means so one-sided as it would at first appear, as all animals approach a water hole with their senses keenly on the alert; the glint of an eye or a barrel, the slightest noise or a suspicious scent being sufficient to frighten them away to some safer spot. Moreover, neither animal is to be despised when wounded or enraged, and more than once I have known the sportsman, his tracker and coolie forced in to a hand-in-hand conflict with knife and axe, a dangerous and exciting game in the indifferent light of a young or cloudy moon. A bear gives, however, plenty of warning of his approach in a very audible pit-a-pat over the dry leaves of the jungle track, and strays for some time on the edge of the jungle, sniffing suspiciously until he ventures upon the open rock. On the other hand, a leopard can only be said to appear and disappear

without a sound, he is there on the rock staring in the direction of the sportsman, in another second he is gone, and it is only a ready rifle and a keen eye that stands a chance of securing him in the interval. A favourite expedition is from the pretty little station of Trincomalee to one of the favourite bear haunts between that place and Batticalba, a post some eighty miles on the coast to the south. The water is crossed in a Collias canoe—a long cigar-shaped and shallow boat, carrying a huge sail and, with a wind on the beam, very fast. Sailing up the Mahavilganga, one of the largest rivers on the eastern side, a disembarkation is made at Muttur a little Moorish village not unknown to history, as it was here where a famous banyan tree still stands, that John Knox was captured by the Singhalese during the rebellion. From here carts are chartered, and by a sandy jungle path we penetrate the jungle for some thirty miles, encamping after a tedious journey, in a small open spot in the neighbourhood of the bears' haunt. Here Alla Pitchai a well-known Ceylon tracker, who has served with Royalty, is sent forward to look round the water holes and select us one with a likelihood of a good bag, and having returned with favourable news, we set forth about an hour or so before sunset to make our preparations.

Having arrived at the hole, and carefully avoided that side from which the bears appear to ascend the rock, we select a commanding position over the hole, and prepare what is locally known as a machan, that is a sort of parapet or screen of bush or branches, behind which we lay our rugs and take up our position. Absolute silence is now the order, for after sunset brings a thirsty bear, earlier than his fellows, to the water hole. The sun has now gone down and night is advancing; silence reigns in the jungle, disturbed only by the croak of a few frogs, the bubbling of a night jar or the hiss of a hill cricket. The tracker immovable, betel chewing and silent, with his eye just over



the edge of the machan, watches the hole and the jungle edge. By and by a gentle push has awakened us from dreamland, and straining ears can catch the footfall of a bear over the dead leaves. Presently we hear more, for often bears come together and Alla Pitchai motioning us down, holds up one, two, three fingers and points in the direction of the sounds. Rifles are cocked (we have already tossed for first shot) and one can almost hear one's heart beating with excitement in the silence. Then we hear sniffs, grunts or, perhaps, a most startling roar, for Bruin can make, when he chooses, a blood-curdling noise. More silence follows, till a gentle push from the tracker and I cautiously raise my head above the edge of the machan.

Two bears are on the rock, looking twice their size in the not too bright light of the young moon. I touch my neighbour, who raises himself and prepares for the second shot—I pick out the nearest bear and, lining the lumps of chunam which do duty for lights carefully upon him, pull the trigger. There is a tremendous report and a most blood-curdling yell, by the sound of which we know Bruin is mortally hit, for the dying scream of a bear is very distinct from his natural roar. The smoke clears and there he lies, a black mass on the rock, struggling feebly. Another shot finishes him and, with some

reluctance, we get down from the machan and haul him out of the way of the hole under the machan. Two bears we bag that night, and there are two misses, not a very surprising thing with the difficulties of moonlight shooting.

In the morning at day break, we tie up their feet and carry them away to camp, where they are skinned, rubbed over with ashes or arsenical soap and dried, and so we go round all the good holes in the neighbourhood, for a hole affords no sport for a second night's shooting and, having got perhaps four or five bears and perhaps a leopard, strike our camp and return home. Only those who have experience of them know the delight of these little expeditions, whether they be for deer, elephant, bear or other game. They afford a blessed relief to the monotony of existence in a small eastern station, a temporary freedom from the trammels of harness and a delightful realisation of the absence of parade and bugle. Ceylon is not a favourite station, but to a sportsman, who is not averse to a little hard work and possess the gift of patience, it affords opportunities for sport that very few military stations east or west can excel or equal, and which to the average British subaltern form the chief qualification of a veritable Paradise.

*J. S. & D. N.*

## A TRAINING COLLEGE FOR TEACHERS.

THE advantages of a Training College for Teachers are being freely canvassed in Ceylon. One suggestion is that a system of Centre Classes should be established and placed under the control of an educationalist of ripe experience and ability, such as Mr. Harvard of the Royal College. The principal objection to such a course is that that gentleman may naturally be inclined to resent all meddling interference with his leisure. However, this is a detail, although an important one, and should not be allowed to clash with the principle,

which is, the desirability or non-desirability, in the interests of education, of establishing a means whereby teachers, and more particularly the younger members of the profession, may more rapidly and effectually be equipped for their labours. Certain systems of examinations for teachers already exist in Ceylon. But co-operation and cohesion are lacking. The first factor of importance in the consideration of any scheme for the improvement of the status of the elementary teacher is to be agreed upon the thing desired. That difficulty, which would be



an acute one in Ceylon, successfully over, the next would be to secure and make compulsory, the advantages of such a scheme on all Government and Grant-in-aid Schools in Colombo. The benefits of the provisions would, apparently, be necessarily restricted within the municipal limits of the Metropolis, at the start at least. A third difficulty would be the overcoming of the objection and stifling the jealousy of the elder teachers. Experience in England shows that the head teachers are very sensitive upon the point of the professional instruction of their subordinates being removed from their own particular aegis. Possibly the fear of professional antagonism is an illusory one. If it is, so much the better, for its absence removes the chief difficulty in the way of arriving at a satisfactory solution of a most complicated problem. In England, it is no easy matter to get the head teachers to regard with favour the setting up of what some regard as a rival establishment, which necessarily

absorbs some of the time and detaches some of the interest which otherwise would be devoted to routine work. The objection that the Centre Classes leads to cramming and to the turning out of mechanical men and women has been exploded by experience, and to-day in England the most satisfactory results are found to accrue from this system of supplying young teachers with a well-directed course of studies. If a similar system is to be successful in Ceylon, something more practicable than the suggestion referred to above will have to be forthcoming. What is really wanted is a school of teachers with a school-master of proved ability and experience at its head. The funds for such purpose must be forthcoming from Government, which ought not be backward in supplying the sinews of war seeing that every grant made for educational purposes is plainly in the nature of an investment, and must on no account be regarded as either a dead loss or an unremunerative outlay.

## THE HISTORY OF MARIONETTES.

IT will, no doubt, be interesting to many of our readers, especially those who have visited this capital exhibition, to learn something of the origin of marionettes. The origin of the Fantoccini goes back too far to give correct dates; but no kind of entertainment comes recommended by such a long train of classical and literary associations. It was popular in the days of the Pharaohs, as we know by the jointed dolls discovered in the tombs of ancient Egypt and Etruria. In India, China, and Japan, too, this kind of entertainment, in a rude form, was known at a very early age. Italy and Germany have long included the puppet show among their principal national amusements. In England they have usually gone by the name of "puppets," which appears first in Chaucer's "Rime of Sir Topas," where it is spelt "popets." Puppet is, of course, derived from the Latin *pupa*, a doll, and the Romans fondled their bab-

ies to the exclamation "pupus," while English and American mammas intend no small compliment to the bairnies when they call them their "poppets." A person who is the mere instrument of another's will is still said to be a "puppet." The Fantoccini Show can boast of a copious literature. The first orthodox account we have was written by Carden, a learned physician of Pavia, in a treatise, "De Subtilitate," published in 1530, at Nuremberg, the headquarter of dollism. In one of his chapters he describes two statuettes of wood, with which two Sicilian accomplished marvels of art, by making them dance upon a tight rope, and perform as many *tours de force* as would fill the pockets of a dozen acrobats. No pleasanter page in the late Mr. Charles Dickens's "Pictures from Italy" can be met with than that where he describes the Company of Milanese Puppets which he saw at Genoa, engaged in the represent-



ation of "Napoleon at St. Helena," It was here he saw the marionette comedian, gifted with "the practicable eye," with which he used to wink at the pit, that was perfectly irresistible. Goethe has told us how it was the drama he saw enacted in a puppet show which impelled him to write "Faust." The readers of "Don Quixote" will remember how Cervantes has depicted the effects of the puppets on the night of the woeful countenance. The great French novelist, Le Sage, when his satirical dramas were prohibited at the Theatre de la Foire, procured dolls instead of actors, and wrote plays for them. Shakspeare's only reference to them is in the play of "Hamlet," where he says: "I could interpret between you and your love if I could see the puppets dallying." In the early part of the last century they became popular in England, chiefly through one Robert Powell, whose simulative theatricals are frequently mentioned by Steele and Addison in the pages of the *Tatler* and *Spectator*. Foote presented a puppet show in 1773 at the Haymarket Theatre, when the play "Piety in Pattens" was performed. Being asked if his dolls were to be as large as life, Foote replied: "Oh, dear, no! not much above the size of Mr. Garrick." As a proof of their abilities, Foote stated that a country girl, who saw his puppet show the first

time, was so struck with the spirit and truth of the imitation, that it was scarcely possible to convince her but that all the puppets were players; being carried the succeeding night to the theatre, it became equally difficult to satisfy her but that all the players were puppets." Burke and Goldsmith, after visiting the marionettes at Panton-street in the Haymarket, had that memorable scene after supper, when Goldsmith scarred his shin by attempting to prove to his friends how much better he could jump over a stick than the wooden actors. Charles Dibdin, the famous song writer, opened a marionette show in Exeter, Change, and called it the Patagonian Theatre. He wrote songs and plays for his dolls, composed the music, recited their parts, sang their songs, and furnished the music by playing on a chamber organ. Flockton, the conjuror, too, was a great proprietor of puppets, and he acquired therefrom a handsome competence. The Misses D'Arc are the oldest exhibitors of marionettes, and have carried them to the highest possible state of perfection, and have never been surpassed. They have visited and made long stays in all the largest cities and towns in Europe, South Africa, Mauritius, India, Java, Australasia, New Caledonia, the Straits, China, and Phillipine Islands.

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## THE SECRETARY OF THE COLONIES.

THE Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, the Secretary of the Colonies is cleverly and deliciously ironically sketched by Mr. W. T. Stead in a recent issue of the *Review of Reviews*. The writer owns that he set himself an awkward task in attempting this, but putting aside the influence of previous criticisms, Mr. Stead essays the novel experiment of portraying Mr. Chamberlain as he believes himself to be. He knows what Mr. Chamberlain thinks of himself for he had had it from his own lips. True it was ten years since that conversation took place; but quoting Mr. Stead, "Mr.

Chamberlain is to-day as Mr. Chamberlain was then, a much honester and a much sincerer man than he gets the credit of being, but by no means the supernaturally clever politician and almost diabolically able schemer that some of his hostile critics imagine him to be." The Keynote of Mr. Chamberlain's career is self-forgetfulness—a readiness to efface himself in serving the cause to which he has dedicated his life.

From his boyhood up, Joseph Chamberlain has been consumed by a passionate longing to benefit the lot of the common people. To outward appearance short sighted people



might imagine that in his screw-making business days he was intent upon the interest of the capitalist, and in his late political developments, when he was basking in the sunshine of duchesses, and being lionised in the stately places of our splendid paupers that he was somewhat more sympathetic with the classes than with the masses. But to draw such conclusions would be to do Mr. Chamberlain wrong. Not John Burns, not Keir Hardie, not Louise Michel, is more constantly pre-occupied by the necessity of doing something to make the cottage of the labouring man less of a hovel and more of a home. It is true that his devotion to the disinherited of the world has not seemed to him to demand the sacrifices which were in vain suggested to the young man of many possessions in the Gospel. But Mr. Chamberlain denied himself this showy form of self-abnegation, only in order that he might strengthen himself for the purpose of befriending the friendless poor. Even in regard to his fortune Mr. Chamberlain can never bring himself to consider that he has any right to more than half of his own private fortune. The other half is not his, it is theirs—a kind of trust fund of which he is merely the administrator. It is this conception which gives unity to his career, that redeems it from all charge of self-seeking, and vindicates his unswerving consistency. Mr. Chamberlain—says his detractors has been everything by turns. In his salad days a Tory, in his early manhood a Republican, then a Radical and Home Ruler, after that a Radical Unionist, now a member of a Tory Cabinet. To which Mr. Chamberlain would reply. "Parties are as means to an end. If I would reach my destination, what matters it whether I go by rail, travel by steam boat, or use the stage coach, so long as I always use the means that will most directly and speedily carry me to my goal? Who would be fool enough to flout a traveller for not consistently sticking to a railway train when the sea had to be crossed, or for taking a carriage from the railway terminus to a country seat. The only consistency that counts is the consistency that is colour blind as to the means so long as they help you to your end." Mr. Stead hints that Mr. Chamberlain would contend that the change is in the parties and not in

Joseph of Birmingham; that the Tories have come to him and not he to them. As to the sneer of his always making programmes he would reply that it was his destiny. The article attempts to give a Chamberlain explanation of the right hon. gentleman's apparent change of front on Home Rule, the Peers and the Church. Extracts from speeches delivered in the days of the author's palmy Republicanism are cited, besides a lot of other matter concerning the home, religion and business aptitude of the clever partner in Messrs Nettlefold's screw business. An interesting chapter is devoted to Mr. Chamberlain's Municipal career, and Mr. Stead drops his satirical flights and expresses admiration at his energy and administrative ability. But the most interesting portions of the sketch to Ceylon readers are the references to Mr. Chamberlain's future actions as Colonial Secretary. There were some persons at the headquarters of the Liberal party who declared that Mr. Chamberlain had gone to the Colonial Office with the benevolent desire of going to war with France. That belief probably sprung from the somewhat unguarded fashion with which Mr. Chamberlain is in the habit of speaking of foreign affairs. "A hoity-toity fellow, that Chamberlain," said Cardinal Manning to Mr. Stead one day. "I've been studying him for a long time and never could see that he had anything in him."

Addressing the Birmingham Jewellers' and Silversmiths' Association in 1893, he foreshadowed in advance the policy which he intends to adopt at the Colonial Office:—

The duty of the country was to take every opportunity of extending and developing the foreign trade, and especially of securing new markets, which were also free markets, for the introduction of our goods. We were landlords of a great estate; it was the duty of a landlord to develop his estate. What was the use of having a country, for instance, like Uganda, which would grow almost anything, which was, as regarded a considerable portion of it, capable of receiving European inhabitants—what was the use of our taking a country of that kind if we neither give to that country nor to those who would colonise it the opportunities which were necessary for the purpose? All this trade depended on the existence



of satisfactory methods of communication. Without that what was the good? How could they expect that trade would be created, that production would take place, if it cost £300, £400, or £500 a ton to bring down the productions of Uganda to the coast, or to carry our goods from this country to Uganda? In his opinion it would be the wisest course for the Government of this country to use British capital and British credit in order to create an instrument of trade in all those new and important countries, and he firmly believed, not only would they in so doing give an immediate impetus to British trade and industry in the manufacture of the machinery that was necessary for the purpose, but that in the long run, although they might lay out their money for a few years—which in the history of a nation was nothing—they would sooner or later earn a large reward, either directly or indirectly. Later on in the same year he received a deputation from the unemployed which was introduced by Mr. Arnold White, and he explained more or less in detail how close was the connection which existed between the unemployed question and the expansion of the British empire. He put the policy of Imperial expansion as the alternative to that of municipal workshops, and pointed out with homely eloquence the fact that the municipal workshops would not give more work to bootmakers, and they might easily take away some of the work which bootmakers at present enjoyed. He said:—What you want to do is not to change the shop in which the boots are made, but to increase the demand for boots. If you can get some new demand for boots, not only those who are now working but those out of employment may find employment. That should be our great object. In addition to the special point before me, you must remember that, speaking generally, the great cure for this difficulty of want of employment is to find new markets. We are pressed out of the old markets—out of the neutral markets which used to be supplied by Great Britain—by foreign competition. At the same time, foreign Governments absolutely exclude our goods from their own markets, and unless we can increase the markets which are under our control, or find new ones, this question of

want of employment, already a very serious one, will become one of the greatest possible magnitude, and I see the gravest reasons for anxiety as to the complications which may possibly ensue. I put the matter before you in these general terms: but I beg you, when you hear criticisms upon the conduct of this Government or of that, of this Commander or of that Commander, in expanding the British Empire, I beg you to bear in mind that it is not a Jingo question, which sometimes you are induced to believe—it is not a question of unreasonable aggresssion, but it is really a question of continuing to do that which the English people have always done—to extend their markets and relations with the waste places of the earth; and unless this is done, and done continuously, I am certain that, grave as are the evils now, we shall have at no distant time to meet much more serious consequences. We have here the policy which Mr. Chamberlain would adopt. As he multiplied the municipal debt of Birmingham eight times in order to secure an economic advantage for the ratepayers, so he will use British credit unhesitatingly in order to open up new territories and develop the resources of the colonies. This may be a very great policy. It certainly is not lacking in boldness, and it may produce very unlooked-for results in the colonies, where it is not usually supposed that the British Government takes a very keen interest in developing their material resources. Mr. Chamberlain may not change all that, but he is at least going to try. I am afraid that the course which he has seen fit to pursue on the subject of Home Rule has greatly increased the chances against his success in his new enterprise. No scheme can be devised which will attain the ends outlined in his somewhat vague but sounding generalities which does not pre-suppose an honourable understanding on both sides. In other words, it is impossible to carry out any such scheme without the cordial co-operation of the Colonial Governments and Downing Street. Now it so happens that Mr. Chamberlain at the Colonial Office is very far from being a *persona grata* with a very influential element in the governing bodies of all our great dependencies. It may not altogether be a disadvantage that Mr. Cham-



berlain should have it borne in upon him by his experience of colonial administration that until the Irish are pacified the Empire can never be united. Irishmen outside Ireland are far more influential than in their own native country. It is not until you cross the Atlantic and live in one of the great American cities that you begin to understand the rôle which is played by those, the virtue of whose ancestors caused Ireland to be called the Isle of the Saints. The ascendancy, the predominance, not to say the domination of the Irish in the great American cities is a phenomenon which must be witnessed to be understood or even to be realised. They are not so powerful, it is true, in the British colonies, but there is not a large town in any part of the world under the Union Jack where there is not a large section of men who are either Irish born or of Irish descent. These men would be less than human if they were to make the path of Joseph Chamberlain smooth. The temptation will almost be overwhelming to do just the opposite. The Unionists may trample upon the Irish National movement at home, but the sons, the brothers, and the friends of Irishmen abroad will pay them out as best they can when their time comes. If Mr. Chamberlain is to bind the Empire together, and to bring the colonies into a closer union with the mother country, he will find that in some way or other he must propitiate the Irish. It is possible that in this he may find an ally in the one colonial statesman whose fame is of imperial dimensions. Mr. Cecil Rhodes is an Imperialist of the Imperialists, but he was quite shrewd enough, being detached by his South African residence from the mists and fogs of faction, to see that in Home Rule lay the keynote to the future federation of the Empire. He therefore made terms with Mr. Parnell, and has always remained in the closest alliance with the Parnellite party. If Mr. Chamberlain is bent upon any scheme which meets Mr. Rhodes' approval, he may find the relations which Mr. Rhodes assiduously cultivated with Mr. Parnell and his followers indispensable for his projects. What Mr. Chamberlain will do is as yet uncertain, but like Mr. Rhodes, he has come to the conclusion that it is to the interests of the British working man that as much of the

world's map should be coloured red as possible, and it is pretty well certain that if Mr. Rhodes were to renew the proposal which he made to the Colonial Office during the late Administration for the creation of constitutional safeguards against the levying of prohibitive duties on British goods, he would not be received with a cold shoulder. Mr. Chamberlain and all Birmingham at the back of him are determined Free Traders, and Mr. Chamberlain might possibly look askance on Mr. Rhodes' idea of a Customs Union which was based upon the principle of a differential duty. Mr. Chamberlain, however, has married an American wife; he has travelled in America, and is capable of looking at things from an American standpoint. He is therefore well aware of the incalculable importance to the American Republic of its Inter-state Free Trade—advantages which are so great as to enable the industries of the Republic to survive the incubus of a McKinley tariff. It is therefore possible that Mr. Chamberlain may welcome much more warmly than did Lord Ripon the tentative proposals which have been put forth from time to time in favour of Free Trade between the mother country and the colonies, and the differential treatment of foreign countries. Mr. Chamberlain's mind, however, does not seem to be moving in the direction of tariffs. His idea, so far as it can be gathered at present, seems to be distinctly the idea which he first realised as a municipal administrator. His mind does not run on tariffs; his idea is to utilise the credit of the Empire in order to help the more backward communities within its boundaries. The emissaries of Mr. Rhodes, who are in London at present preparing for the extension of the railway to Matabeleland, will find a sympathetic supporter in Mr. Chamberlain: 'The Uganda railway, we may depend, will be carried on with vigour; and wherever a railway can be built, or a line of steamers subsidised into being, there Mr. Chamberlain will do what can be done to open up new markets and to extend the area within which British manufactures have a free course. It hardly falls within Mr. Chamberlain's department to promote the making of that famous railway which was suggested sometime ago, and which was to start from the Suez Canal,



cross Arabia, skirt the Persian Gulf, and bring Bombay a week nearer to England than it is at present. That will belong more to the Foreign Office and the India Office. He will have more field for his activity in promoting the extension of British trade in China. Mr. Chamberlain has been President of the Board of Trade, and we may depend upon it that he will not be deterred from seeking to make fresh markets in China because China does not belong to the Colonial Office. Everything belongs to Mr. Chamberlain in which he takes an interest, and after all Hongkong is a British colony which stands as a sentinel box at the gateway of China. The worst of Mr. Chamberlain's position, from his own point of view, is that it does not give him all the power which is wielded by a Prime Minister, and he will find himself cramped and confined at every turn by the limitations of the Colonial Office. Still, he can do his best, and there are very few departments in the Administration into which Mr. Chamberlain will not put his fingers. There are other schemes of which people speak with bated breath. The proposal to bring all the colonies and the Indian Empire into closer relations with the mother country by an imperial guarantee of all their debts would be just the kind of magnificent project which would commend itself to the Birmingham statesman. A man who raised the Birmingham town debt from one to eight millions in a couple of years is capable of doing mightier things now that he has an imperial arena in which to work; and although more cautious financiers would stand aghast at a joint

imperial guarantee of all the debts of the colonies and dependencies of the British Empire, it would enable the Government which promised it to make almost any arrangement they pleased in the way of equalising tariffs and reserving their imperial rights upon all not yet peopled territory. These things, however, are upon the astral plane. All that is certain is that almost for the first time in this generation the Colonial Office has at its head a man who is not only willing and capable, but eager to make it the hub of the whole machine. This is Mr. Stead's conclusion of the whole matter:—"It is indeed not too much to say that he may find his new place as purgatorial as Lord Rosebery found the Prime Ministership, and for much the same reason. Lord Rosebery represented a minority in his own Cabinet, and he succeeded in imposing with difficulty his Imperial ideas upon the bulk of his own party. Mr. Chamberlain is in this position, with this difference: he is not only in a minority, he is not even Prime Minister. He has succeeded, better than any one anticipated, in reinforcing his own personal followers in the House, but he is still in the minority, and the leader of a Radical remnant in a Cabinet of Tories is not likely to find his path altogether smooth. The more Home Rule fades into the distance and becomes to the Unionists a mere nightmare of the past rather than an alarming menace for the future, so much more difficult will it be for Mr. Chamberlain to maintain his position and keep up his own end of the stick in the Administration which he has done so much to create."

## ISLAM AND CHRISTIANITY.

THE sensation of the month has been the conversion of a prominent member of the Ceylon Civil Service to the Islamic faith. The convert is Mr. C. J. R. Le Mesurier, the Assistant Government Agent of the District of Matara in Ceylon, who will, henceforth, be known in Moslem circles as Abdul Hamid Le Mesurier. Naturally, the followers of the Pro-

phet are disposed to make the most of their acquisition, although it must be candidly admitted that the renunciation has not caused much flutter in the Christian community. Since the conversion the Ceylon papers have teemed with spicy paragraphs concerning the devotion and enthusiastic zeal of Abdul Hamid. His attendance at jumma prayer at the Mat-



ara mosque is noted; we read that Abdul Hamid was apportioned a prominent seat in the inner mosque; and that, at the end of the service, any amount of "salaaming" was indulged in. Mr. Le Mesurier, we further read, has altered the appearance of his bungalow so as to make it correspond with the stereotyped Moorish habitation; has abjured European food; is being taught how to properly go through his daily quantum of prayers; and is reported to have already applied for permission to make a pilgrimage to Mecca.

Jubilant before, the Moslems can hardly restrain their delight at perceiving such enthusiasm in their convert, who, it is believed, will shortly don the fez and be ready to shout with the most experienced sherbet-drinker amongst his new friends:—"Vive the true faith; a bas the unbelieving and heretic dogs."

In view of this remarkable recantation the following extracts from an article by Mr. Justice Ameer Ali, which appeared in a recent number of the "Nineteenth Century," will not be without interest:

"The assertion that, security for life, religion, property, honour, is due to Christianity provokes a smile. Security for religion forsooth! The fires of Smithfield, and the drastic methods adopted by the different sections of Protestants towards each other and towards the Roman Catholics to induce the conformity are not such old histories as to escape our memory. From the dissolution of the Roman Empire until well nigh the close of the sixteenth century, when Christianity was most dominant over the conscience and conduct of its professors, the condition of the people was most deplorable. Rights they had none; there was no security of either life or property, much less of honour. One has only to read a school history of the times to discover how utterly unfounded is the claim here advanced for Christianity. It is enough to recall one incident of a *freeman's* life in those days. When his daughter married she had first to submit to an infamous outrage—and rarely indeed would the Christian lord of the manor waive the atrocious privilege of barbarism. Nor is the high position assigned to women in some countries in

modern times due to Christianity. In the early ages, the Church of CHRIST placed the sex under a ban. They were excluded from society; they were prohibited from appearing in public or going to feasts and banquets; they were condemned to lifelong household drudgery. And this state of things, as I had occasion to point out in an article in the September number of this Review for 1891, continued for centuries. The gloomy interval which elapsed between the overthrow of the Western Empire and the rise, under the influence of culture and freethought, of modern society, has been well described by MASSEY as an age of 'rapine, falsehood, tyranny, lust, and violence.' Respect for women showed itself in women-lifting, which was an everyday occurrence. As for morality, the less said the better. The history of every country tells the same tale—that foulness and impurity were the chief characteristics of the times. The "Registrum Visitationum" of Archbishop RIGAUD, not to mention other works dealing with countries nearer home, throws a lurid light upon the morals and manners of Christendom; and the picture of bestial depravity drawn by Cardinal PETER DAMIANI, a friend of Pope GREGORY VII., surpasses anything painted by ATHENÆUS or PETRONIUS. Even down to fifty or sixty years ago neither life nor honour nor property was safe in Christian London or Paris: young Mohawks paraded the streets after dark, and amused themselves by slitting open the noses or cutting off the ears of inoffensive citizens: no woman was safe from molestation. And what is the case ever now in Spain, in Greece, in Sicily, in delectable Bulgaria?—I will not multiply instances. The daily papers witness to the fact that Christianity is not a safeguard against the passions or vices of the lower natures. Let it not be supposed for a moment that I ignore the fact that there have always been good and pure and pious men and women in Christendom, even in the Dark Ages. It would be as unjust and wilfully dishonest to do so as it is on the part of our critics to ignore the existence of such men and women in Islâm. When confronted with



the undeniable facts to which I have briefly referred here, and writhing under the lash of truth, the critics of Islam descended to the usual argument common

with a certain class of controversialists—the *argumentum ad hominem*, and make a comparison between JESUS and MOHAMMED.”

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## OUR ALMANAC.

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- Sept. 1.—Volunteer Camp, first day. Mohamedan Protest against new Courts of Requests' Ordinance.
- „ 2.—Local Commemoration of the Battle of Sedan.
- „ 3.—Cricket, Up-Country *vs.* the Garrison, first day.
- „ 4.—Cricket, Up-country beats the Garrison by 3 runs.
- „ 5.—Sir Arthur Havelock appointed Governor of Madras.—C. M. S. Bazaar—Master Vanlangenberg wins the Governor's Reading Prize.
- „ 6.—C. M. S. Bazaar concluded. Marriage, Mr. Advocate Perera—Miss McCarthy. Cricket C. C. C. *vs.* Up-country, first day.
- „ 7.—The Volunteer Camp closes.  
Cricket C. C. C. beat Up-country by 64 runs. Nondescripts *vs.* the Colts. Kandy Meeting of Thirty Committee.
- „ 9.—Mr. E. C. Engelbach died.
- „ 10.—Sir J. W. Ridgeway appointed Governor of Ceylon. Interesting paper on the Ruins of Sigiriya read at the C.B.R.A.S. Marriage, Mr. G. Granville Ross—Miss C. M. Dongall.
- „ 11.—Sir Visto wins St. Leger.
- „ 12.—Royal College, Sir A. Havelock distributes the prizes.  
Capt. Bruckshaw died at Galle. Marriage, Mr. H. G. Jonson—Miss J. M. Pulford.—Polo and Hockey.
- „ 13.—Meeting, Municipal Council. Public Hall, Gymkhana Ball.
- „ 14.—Havelock Race Course—Gymkhana. Mr. C. J. R. LeMesurier turns a Moslem.
- Sept. 14.—Cricket, Nondescripts *vs.* the Colts, & draw; the C. C. C. *vs.* Mr. May's XI. first day.  
Rugby, Kandy beat Dimbula.  
Farewell dinner to Inspector Nell.
- „ 15.—An engine driver commits suicide.
- „ 16.—Marriages, Mr. C. De Silva—Miss Maud. Mr. E. J. Smith—Miss McAllister.
- „ 17.—Lord Beaumont accidentally killed.
- „ 18.—Meeting of Law Students.
- „ 19.—Marriage, Mr. C. H. Pate, Jun.—Miss O. E. Van Eyck.
- „ 21.—The Courts of Requests' Ordinance; Opposition of Lawyers.  
Successful Cyclist Meeting.  
Cricket C. C. C. *vs.* Mr. May's XI, a draw.  
Public Hall, Miss Sallie Booth's Entertainment.
- „ 23.—Surgeon-General Irvine died.  
Public Hall—D'Arc's Marionettes opening night.
- „ 24.—Adams Peak Hotel—Nursing Assn. Mtg. Legislative Council, Public Meeting *re.* the Governor's Farewell.  
General Baumgartner died.
- „ 25.—Arrival of H. M. S. "Bonaventure."
- „ 26.—Uva Gymkhana, first day.  
Meeting of the Ceylon Church Synod Football and Hockey.
- „ 27.—C. R. C. Regatta, 1st day.  
Uva Gymkhana 2nd day.
- „ 28.—D'Arc's Marionettes; Malinee and Fashionable Night.  
C. R. C. Regatta 2nd day.  
Uva Gymkhana 3rd day.  
Annual Meeting, Newera Eliya Hotels Company, Limited.
- „ 29.—Dr. Louis Pasteur died.
- „ 30.—Ceylon Turf Club Meeting.



## NOTES ON READING.

J. S. C.

"YOU MAY BE STRENUOUSLY ADVISED TO KEEP READING."—Carlyle.

IF you come to think of it we are very fortunate in Ceylon in possessing almost a limitless choice of good reading. The Colonial Libraries, such as Methuen's and Longman's, keep us well supplied with the literature of the day, whilst the enterprise of several of the Colombo business houses enables us to read any book published in London within a very few days of its issue. Without this provision and assistance we should be sadly off indeed. How heavily time would pass without such opportunities to cultivate, or acquire a taste for reading. In Ceylon, as in other of Her Majesty's dependencies, the amount of reading done in the course of the year must be very considerable. But is the quality in proportion to the quantity?

I am a bookworm of bookworms, a dilettante sort of a reader certainly. Reading is both my hobby and my business. I pity the man who can extract no enjoyment from books. To paraphrase a well-known writer:—"In the office I spend my days, amongst my books I spend my nights. Books are the true Elysian fields where the spirits of the dead converse, and into these fields a mortal may venture unappalled."

There are magazines and newspapers, which tell us all about books, the most popular and widely circulated of which are, doubtless, *The Review of Reviews* and the *Weekly Sun*. Whatever may be thought of "Tay Pay" as a troublesome atom in the world of politics, there is no gainsaying that he has laid the English reading world under obligation by his successful efforts to instil into it a love for the better class of literature. The reviews, which are so marked a feature of the *Sun*, are carefully and attractively done. And the extracts given are epicurian snacks which whet the appetite for more.

Mr. W. T. Stead has, perhaps, done even more to accentuate the love of pure and wholesome literature amongst the youth and masses of England. His cir-

culating library started some time back, supply a want long felt in the rural villages at home and amongst English communities abroad. Boxes of well assorted literature are now sent to the Far East, and I notice that an effort is also being made to establish something of the same kind on identical lines in Denmark.

This year the versatility, indefatigability and restlessness of the Editor of the *Review of Reviews* has prompted him to go even one better. The formation of the "Penny Poets" series has met with wonderful success, each issue having enjoyed an average circulation of 100,000 copies. The first three numbers I was fortunate in being able to obtain from Messrs. Wijayaratna & Co. Enclosed in neat red covers, printed on excellent paper, the purchaser receives a weekly pennyworth of the cream of the best of English classics. In other words, Mr. Stead resolved to test the question, whether the working of the Education Act had resulted in the development of an appetite for literature, by providing a sufficiency of good nutritious provender. Amongst the numbers issued are Lord Macaulay, Sir Walter Scott, Lord Byron, Lowell, Mrs. Barrett Browning, Thomas Campbell, Milton, William Morris, all of which contain selections from, or abridgments of, the *magna opi* of these masters.

There are many and various ways and styles of reading books, and you will find some people as ready to dogmatise on this and that method as an orthodox theologian is on his own pet "ism." Make up your mind at once to be set down as a literary heretic and mental salvation will follow. Of course, it is the veriest folly to set up a hard and fast rule, beyond which the reader must not go, lest he jeopardise his intelligence. The matter may best be left to the reader's own commonsense. It may be premised that every one who reads has one or more objects in so doing. It may be merely to



pass the time away—an unworthy object that—amusement or instruction. Purposeless reading should be discouraged at all hazards.

Mr. Gladstone, I once saw it cited, has a passion for making marginal summaries on the pages of the volume he is intent on, but I am not Mr. Gladstone and, perhaps unfortunately, have not Mr. Gladstone's wonderful patience. The habit of marking *en passant* the chief paragraphs which strike you is a good one, as is evidenced by the liberal use which lovers of devotional literature make with pens, pencil and many-coloured inks.

The practice of some, which may be safely commended, is to read a book, providing it is good and wholesome, three times, first out of curiosity, skimming through the leaves to see what is in it; secondly, more slowly for one's own personal pleasure; and lastly, carefully for the profit of others. Again, however, it is not given to every man or woman to have either the time or patience to put this excellent advice into effect.

Personally, I am the most desultory reader imaginable. Everything is fish which comes to my net; but, all the same, it is a wise course to keep one or two standard works always by you and to saturate yourself with their contents. You are then able, in spite of the sloven-

liness of your studies, to lay in a good foundation, and to achieve any good result, this should be done daily. History, poetry, biography, essays—either one is useful, in securing that firm stratum, upon which your reputation for being fairly well read must rest.

Young men especially may well be advised to get into the way of treating their mind as they do their body. See to it that your mind is given at least one good meal a day. If you do, you and others will be surprised at the growth of your mental powers.

If you ask my opinion what should form a good mental breakfast, listen to this menu:—

One Master piece Poem  
A Bacon's Essay  
One Chapter from T. A. Kempis  
A Generous Helping from Ruskin  
Ten Minutes with the Patriarchs  
A selection from Shakespeare

I would strongly recommend all young men to encourage the habit of daily reading out loud. I know from experience how difficult and sometimes embarrassing this is, especially in a country where you have to be satisfied with partitions instead of walls, and drowsy neighbours instead of mental athletes. But if it can be done without provoking a storm of oburgations, it certainly should be tried for the resultant good will be invaluable.

## OUR LADIES' CORNER.

### Chivalrous Ceylon.

SOCIETY in Ceylon generally, and in Colombo particularly, will welcome the opportunity to bid farewell to Sir Arthur and Lady Havelock at a Grand Ball to be given by the general community. Unfortunately, the structural accommodation for a mammoth function of this nature is limited in Colombo, but doubtless the large and representative Committee appointed will make elaborate provision and will skilfully utilise every available nook and cranny. The ladies ought to be specially pleased with this decision,

for a Ball was decided upon solely for the pleasure it would confer upon the gentler sex. The array of beauty, I expect, will be only equalled by the splendour of the costumes. The success or non-success of this Ball or any Ball is wholly dependent on the ladies, but we are sure that the ladies of Ceylon will prove fully equal to the occasion, even though the occasion may be one not unmixed with heart-burning consequent upon the wholesale clearance from Queen's House, which it will commemorate.



### Money for School Prizes.

The French carry out an excellent idea in the way of prize-giving in their schools. While in this country we give to our school-children, as rewards of merit, a certificate, a medal or a book, the most frequent prize in French schools is a savings bank-book with a small sum to the credit of the prize winner. The sum thus deposited to the pupil's account is, on an average, about five francs. The result is that early in youth the French child is taught the lesson of saving money. The girl or boy takes a pride in his bank-book, and his greatest desire is to add to it and to "see it grow." The result is, as recent statistics published in France show, that comfortable fortunes have been built upon these small bank accounts. In over seventy per cent, of the instances where the bank account was started for the pupil the habit of thrift was inculcated and the accounts were continued, while only in thirty per cent, was the desire to add to the account lost. The application of the above is that in Colombo, College Principals and School Managers should give a five-rupee note as a prize instead of a book, which will too surely become affected by the climate.

### Conversation at the Dinner-Table.

Talking is one of the best of all recreations, and a woman who understands the art possesses a most useful and enjoyable accomplishment, writes Amelia E. Barr in the September *Ladies' Home Journal*. No dinner-table is well-appointed without good talkers; and the basis of interesting conversation is reality. After a course of London dinners, Sir Walter Scott said, "The bishops and the lawyers talked better than the wits," that is, the wits talked for the sake of talking, and the Church and the Law had something to talk about. Yet specialties and hobbies are not admissible at a dinner-table and a woman who can only talk on her own fad has no business in society. She ought to write a pamphlet, or go to the lecture-platform, for any conversation at the dinner-table that is a strain on the attention or the

patience soon becomes a bore; indeed, one of the chief elements of pleasant company is a readiness to talk, or to be talked to, on any rational subject.

### The Child's Mind.

Child instruction should in the first instance proceed upon the principle that the young mind is an incalculable possibility, and that schooling should be of a character to carry that possibility just as far as may be toward its realization, writes the Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D. D., in the September *Ladies' Home Journal*. The child's mind is as thickly studded with interrogation points as the sky is with stars. The primary genius of a child is the genius for asking questions. There is a natural affinity between the mind and the truth. Inquisitiveness is as natural to intelligence as hunger is to the stomach. One of the most common effects of current schooling is to destroy that affinity. Intellectual stuffing in the nursery or in the schoolroom is worse and more wicked than gluttony in the dining-room. Children who commence going to school when they are six and continue at it till they are sixteen hate knowledge a good deal worse than they do sin, and if they had the courage of their impulses would assassinate their instructors and practise nihilism on their schoolrooms and text-books. The distinct symptoms of nihilism are discernible in every schoolroom that has been used for educational purposes more than six months. This intellectual demoralization of the schoolroom will pursue its present course till teachers are selected who have enough of the genius of Froebel to understand that the mental constitution of the child is itself prescriptive of the course to be followed in its development, and that the proper office of school commissioners and school committees is to help the teacher to carry out the intentions of nature rather than to compel him to embarrass and controvert those intentions.

### Men and Marriage.

Now ladies do you not agree with this? It was clearly meant that all men, as well as all women, should marry; and



those who, for whatever reason, miss this obvious destiny are, from Nature's point of view, failures. The unmarried man is a skulker, who, in order to secure his own case, dooms some woman, who has a rightful claim upon him, to celibacy. And in so doing he defrauds himself of the opportunities for mental and moral development which only the normal experience can provide. He deliberately stunts the stature of his manhood, impoverishes his heart and brain, and chokes up all the sweetest potentialities of his

soul. To himself he is apt to appear like the wise fox that detects the trap, through it be ever so cunningly baited; that refuses to surrender his liberty for the sake of an appetizing chicken or rabbit, which may after all be a decoy, stuffed with sawdust; while, as a matter of fact, his case is that of the cowardly servant in the Parable, who, for fear of losing his talent, hid it in a napkin, and in the end was deemed unworthy by his stewardship.

### A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

**L**IMBS of the mind. One is curiosity; that is a gift, a capacity of pleasure in knowing, which if you destroy you make yourselves cold and dull. Another is sympathy; the power of sharing in the feelings of living creatures, which if you destroy you make yourselves hard and cruel. Another of your limbs of mind is admiration; the power of enjoying beauty or ingenuity which if you destroy you make yourselves base and irreverent. Another is wit, or the power of playing with the lights on the many sides of truth which if you destroy you make yourselves gloomy, and less useful and cheering to others than you might be. So that in choosing your way of work it should be your aim, as far as possible, to bring out all these faculties, as far as they exist in you, not one merely, nor another but all of them. And the way to bring them out is simply to concern yourselves attentively with the subject of each faculty. To cultivate sympathy you must be among living creatures, and thinking about them; and to cultivate admiration you must be among beautiful things, and looking at them.—*J. Ruskin.*

#### NAPOLEON'S ESTIMATE OF WAR.

In Mr. Stuart J. Reid's recent biography on "Lord John Russell" (in continuation of the Queen's Prime Minister series) a vivid description is given of Lord

John's meeting with Napoleon, then in banishment at Elba. In the course of conversation the fallen autocrat gave his estimate of war. The talk had drifted to Wellington or rather Napoleon had adroitly led it thither. He described the man who had driven the French out of Spain as "a grand chasseur," and asked if Wellington liked Paris. Lord John replied that he thought not, and added that Wellington had said that he should find himself much at a loss as to what to do in time of peace, as he seemed scarcely to like anything but war. Whereupon Napoleon explained, "*La guerre est un grand jeu; une belle occupation!*" This, then, is how war appealed to the greatest soldier of his age: "Grand sport; a fine occupation!"

#### MEDICAL STORIES.

It has been left to the author of "Sherlock Holmes," Dr. A. Conan Doyle to enlarge the province of fiction by writing a series of medical stories throwing powerful and oftentimes pathetic side lights on the lives of the men who cure or kill us. "Round the Red Lamp" (issued by Methuen's Colonial Library) is the title given to the book, and the author has fulfilled his task with unusual skill. Some of the stories are humorous, others painful, a few pathetic and all engrossing. Dr. Conan Doyle gives us typical pic-



tures of the private and professional life of the faculty, and the reader is forced to the conclusion that, if this is fiction, it is the best and most wholesome of the modern kind procurable.

#### NAPOLEON IN BANISHMENT.

The following is Lord John Russell's description of Napoleon as he saw him at Elba :—"Napoleon was dressed in a green coat, with a hat in his hand, very much as he is painted; but, excepting the resemblance of dress, I had a very mistaken idea of him from his portrait. He appears very short, which is partly owing to his being very fat, his hands and legs being quite swollen and unwieldy. That makes him appear awkward and not unlike the whole length figure of Gibbon's, the historian. Beside this, instead of the bold marked countenance that I expected, he has fat cheeks and rather a turned-up nose, which, to bring in another historian, makes the shape of his face resemble the portraits of Hume. He has a dusky grey eye, which would be called vicious in a horse, and the shape of his mouth expresses contempt and decision. His manner is very good-natured, and seems studied to put one at one's ease by its

familiarity; his smile and laugh are very agreeable; he asks a number of questions without object, and often repeats them a habit which he has, no doubt, acquired during fifteen years of supreme command."

#### MERRY ENGLAND.

Under the guidance of Mr. Robert Blatchford, Editor of the Clarion, and a well-known writer on Socialism, writes vigorously on a number of subjects allied to the writer's pet theory. The book has had a remarkable circulation and eight editions have been called for at short intervals. It is now being translated into Welsh, Dutch, German, Scandinavian and Spanish. The reason of its success is not far to see. It has not been written as a Socialist text book, but more with the object of giving the general public an idea of what Socialism is; to remove the prejudices against Socialism and to answer the arguments commonly brought forward by its opponents. The style is simple and attractive, and no one can get up from his reading without abating somewhat the harsh judgement previously existing against all things Socialistic and destructive.

