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R4 per annum.FROM CALIFORNIA VIA CANADA, TO
FLORIDA ON THE CARS:
A LECTURE.*

CALIFORNIA.

(Continued from page 331.)

The terminus of the Central Pacific Railroad is not in San Francisco, but across the Bay in Oakland, which, with the constantly worked steam-ferry, is equivalent to a suburb of the capital. The terminal station of this most important, almost gigantic line, is but a poor affair—a great wooden shed, with wooden flooring everywhere intersected by the rails on the same level, the approach of each train, being announced by the tolling of its bell, automatically worked by the engine. The train for the far-east is indeed worthy of the journey before it—a long line of huge carriages, far larger than any seen in Britain or its Colonies including two or three Pullman Sleeping Cars and headed by a monster locomotive equal to all the requirements of its part of the trip. In America, as on the Continent of Europe, all heavy baggage not required in the travelling carriage is taken possession of, booked to the end of the stage, and a brass numbered counter given in exchange for each package. I booked my heavy portmanteaux in the first instance to Kansas city, a distance of 2,000 miles, and thence afterwards to Chicago and New York, finding, in both cases, the arrangement exceedingly safe and convenient.

The most important difference between railway travelling in America and that to which we are accustomed (in Ceylon or England) is the absence of compartments in railway carriages, the open passage through the middle for the entire length of the train, each carriage, or rather car, being safely connected by a passage and with a railing on each side of the foot board, while the seats in the cars are arranged on each side. This is incomparably a more convenient and more desirable arrangement for railway travellers than the English system. There is in the first place no anxiety about which compartment to get into, no looking up and down the train, or danger of losing it for want of a place. It does not matter to the hurried passenger what carriage he gets into—front, middle or back—the entrance to all carriages, by the way, being not at the side, but at each end; because, once in the train, he can walk along until he finds the carriage and seat which he considers comfortable. There is also no special necessity for procuring tickets beforehand; save on the very long journeys, the Guard or rather Conductor of each train being provided with a book of duplicate checks on which he can fill up the ticket in return for cash. The Conductor on an American

train has far more responsibility and power than any English Guard, being more like a Station-master and travelling Inspector combined, and ladies travelling alone, as they constantly do for considerable distances in America, feel themselves under his special care, as he periodically walks through the cars, giving or checking tickets and seeing that all is in order. Of course in Republican America, at least in the Western States, no 1st, 2nd and 3rd classes are recognized; but in practice, this is counterbalanced by the addition to nearly every train of what are called Parlour Cars, Reclining Chair Cars and on long journeys, Sleeping Cars. For admittance to these, an extra charge is made, which, of course, is very much the same as travelling by an extra class. There are also Smoking cars and it was very noticeable to me on some of the short lines over which I travelled how the working-men kept themselves to themselves, generally in a smoking car, leaving ladies and passengers of a better class to the occupation of better carriages. But then in America, the birth-place of the Women's Rights Question, the attention paid to lady-travellers is far more marked than in Europe, and ladies travel by themselves 2,000 or 3,000 miles in Pullman Cars with perfect safety. I need scarcely remark on the much greater sociableness of the American system, although this may be considered a disadvantage to those who may be wedded to the privacy and seclusion of single compartments.

To the tourist at least, the open cars are delightful: he has much of the liberty of life on board a steam-ship, being able to meet all the passengers and pick out those who are likely to be pleasant, well-informed companions. I should have missed much interesting information and some pleasant friendships, were it not for the opportunities presented by the open cars on American railways. At the same time I am bound to mention that some Americans who had travelled in Europe expressed their preference for the comfort and reserve of English first-class carriages.

"All aboard," cries the Conductor as the warning bell sounds in the Oakland station on the afternoon of my departure, and the Trans-continental Atlantic Express steams slowly away, running for a mile through the streets of the town at the rate of 8 miles an hour with no protection for the railroad, in the shape of fence and no warning to the inhabitants save the signal bell tolled by the engine. No danger signals nor watchmen were visible, and yet I heard of no accidents. Once clear of the town the speed was quickened to 15 miles per hour, and occasionally on our course, trespassing cattle had to be scared from the line and steam shut off, although there can be no danger save to the "coo" in view of the strong plough guard in front of American trains. At night the strong light maintained in front of the engine made the roadway clear for a considerable distance ahead, and I believe our General Manager in Ceylon, with reference to night

* This lecture by Mr. J. Ferguson was delivered before gatherings in Colombo, Kandy and Nuwara Eliya at different dates and is now republished by request, in an enlarged form.—Ed. L. R.

trains is to give a trial to the American Railway night lamps.* At first we travel for 30 miles on the edge of San Pablo bay at the mouth of the Sacramento river which our train crosses on the *Solana*, the largest Ferry Transfer Boat in the world, capable of carrying at one time 42 loaded cars with three engines—a boat 424 feet long and 116 broad. We did not get out of our train; we were simply moved on to and off the huge vessel, more readily than a horse and a carriage are transferred from shore to shore by an ordinary ferry boat. And then on our train runs steadily from the riverside, through the finest wheat-growing valley in the world, until the dome of the State Capitol, 220 feet high, in Sacramento becomes visible, and the town is reached by a bridge 600 feet long. Passing through fruitful plains and vine-clad villages, orchards and grainfields alternately, a land verily flowing with milk and honey,† we begin to climb the Sierra, and at Colfax, we are 2,000 feet above the sea. It is now mid-night, but we all stay up for a midnight glimpse of Cape Horn and the sensation outlook 2,500 feet to the river flowing at the base of the mountain. In 12 hours from starting we attain an elevation of 6,000 feet and though my journey was made at night I can fully realize how to the traveller westward passing down from grand but comparatively bare mountain scenery, the last 200 miles of entrance to California should be deemed perhaps the most exhilarating and beautiful railway ride in the world carrying one into a veritable fairy land, with the wonderful city of 300 000 people, the "Golden Gate" and the glancing far-reaching Pacific at the end of the journey.

Before leaving California, I cannot help quoting an Englishman's account of "Life in California," written in 1889 to the *London Spectator* :—

"Picture to yourselves a square white house nestling among a heavy growth of brushwood, upon one of a low range of hills, overlooking a vast plain some twenty miles in length, and eight or ten miles broad, broken here and there by narrow but wonderfully fertile valleys, each of which, during the rainy season, contributes a stream of water to the ocean, which can be seen sparkling and rippling in the almost perpetual sunshine, and they will have an idea of the situation and surroundings of my own and brother's home. On Sunday afternoons, those looked-for hours of leisure, we never tire of sitting upon our verandah and resting our eyes upon the peaceful scene before us. Here and there large patches of cleared land give evidence of civilisation, for this

* Since adopted.—Ed. L. R.

† This refers to "middle California," but it is true of other parts. As Dr. Macaulay of the Tract Society says :—

"I know not how better to sum up my impressions of California, than by quoting the words of Moses' description of Palestine: It is "a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills; a land of wheat, and barley, and vines, and fig trees, and pomegranates; a land of oil, olive, and honey; a land wherein thou shalt eat bread without scarceness, thou shalt not lack anything in it; a land whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass, (Deut. viii. 7-9.)"

Miss Gordon Cumming's description of Southern California under the title, "Wheat, Wine, and Wool," is of unusual interest. We have all, she says, heard much of Manitoba as a wheat-producing country. But she can imagine no comparison between it, with the bitter cold of a northern winter, and the beautiful valleys of Southern California, where nature so lavishly returns all care bestowed on the fruits of the earth. Wheatfields of one to five thousand acres are common. Those, and there are a few, which run higher are considered somewhat speculative, as the loss of a crop might involve ruin; although, in the perfect climate the risks are few. Everything is done by machinery;

whole track is by Nature covered with bushes, including the wild sage, wild buckwheat, arbutus, manzanita, and greasewood, and dotted here and there with a settler's shanty. It is spring-time, and in every direction we hear the quail calling to his mate, and a noise resembling the winding of a clock denotes the presence of the roadrunner. This latter is a remarkable bird, and a great enemy to snakes, which it is said to kill by dropping upon them the leaves of the "prickly-pear." Humming-birds flit before us, their radiant plumage flashing in the sunlight, while we listen to the drowsy hum of the bees, which are gathering honey from the wild flowers with which the ground is carpeted, and watch the sun sink without a cloud into the boundless ocean. Almost ere we are aware of it, the scene is changed. The moon has risen, the ocean become a sheet of silver, and we hear the music of the waves breaking gently on the rocks. The bees have ceased their labours, the quail retired to roost, and the silence is only broken by the sweet song of the mocking-bird, or the less melodious croaking of the frogs; while thin columns of smoke curling upwards from the scattered homesteads remind us that we too, must be preparing supper. Could your readers follow us in, they would find the rooms but simply furnished. In the centre of the dining-room is a large home-made table, round which are some comfortable chairs, and in a corner stands the useful shot-gun. Upon a shelf lie the local and home papers and a few books. The room is also decorated with the skins of birds, wild cats, and rattlesnakes. When supper is over, we read for a short time, and retire early, to fit us for the hard work of the coming week. The nights are cool, but not too cold to prevent our sleeping with doors and windows wide open all the year round. At daybreak, the rattling of plates and the sizzle of frying bacon announce the arrival of the breakfast-hour. We rise and hastily don our week-day clothes, which consist of canvas trousers, flannel shirts, and warm socks, over which are drawn heavy leather boots reaching to the knees. With the addition of broad-brimmed hats, our costumes are complete, and we sally forth to attend to the wants of the horses and cattle. This duty over, breakfast is steaming on the table, and we are well prepared to empty speedily our basins of oatmeal-porridge, and turn our attention to the beans and bacon,—the staple dish upon most Californian ranches. Breakfast over, we apply ourselves to our various tasks, which consist at this season of ploughing among the vines, hauling last season's crop of hay to the San Diego market (seventeen miles distant), and looking after forty stands of bees, which are now swarming. These busy little creatures are not much trouble, and a source of considerable profit to every careful bee-keeper. Employed in such a manner the days pass rapidly, and Sunday morning soon

so that to the children of this portion of the New World the stories of sowers and reapers must be without meaning. It is clear, indeed, that with all their advantages, the Californians do not enjoy the romance given to existence by fields, hedgerows, and scattered trees. In harvest time on the Pacific, as far as the eye can reach, it sees only the yellow sun-scorched land. But whether it be in growing wheat, or raising stock, a fortune follows enterprise. The farmer is his own master, practically pays no rent, and farms in a wholesale way. The sheep-farmer has no occasion to provide winter shelter: whilst his flocks find their own winter food. The culture of the vine, too, is equally easy and remunerative. In some instances the return is four tons of grapes to the acre. A well-known vine, the Montecito, lately cut down, yielded on the average 12,000 lb. of grapes in the year. "When I think," says the writer, "of the toil which I have seen expended in clearing even a corner of a Highland farm to yield a miserable crop of oats which might as likely as not have to be cut green in October, it sounds too good to be true to know that here is rich soil which needs no clearing of brushwood or drawing of stumps, no costly buildings, no barns, no storing even of fodder."

returns. Your readers would be amused as well as edified were they present for the first time at our Sunday service, which is held in a deserted cabin, about one and a half miles distant. Fortunately do we consider ourselves if we succeed in persuading some wandering preacher to preside at our meeting. The speaker's desk consists of an old sugar-barrel, with some boards nailed over one end, hidden from view by an old table-cloth. At the other end of the room are the pews, equally simple, and made by fastening redwood boards upon empty grocery boxes. The congregation is small, never exceeding thirty, and seldom numbering less than five. Before the preaching (if there is any) a Sunday-school is held, which is attended by old and young, and taken charge of by a superintendent as earnest and conscientious as he is lacking in good breeding and far better known for his charity than for intellectual ability. When the gentleman in question has introduced to the congregation some friend of his who has promised to preach, he will turn to the minister, and good-naturedly ask him, if prepared with a sermon, to "go ahead and spit it right out." While the sermon is in progress, the dogs walk in and out at pleasure through the front and back doors, which are kept open to permit the gentle sea breeze to cool the room. Altogether, our life is a happy one, but we would never recommend people to try it, unless willing to forego many social pleasures, and prepared to face the hardships, which on a new place for the first few years are inseparable from a rancher's life.

The above refers to San Diego County, in Southern California; and of the capital town another writer says:—

I once considered the climate and beauty of the Riviera unequalled but after a five years' residence in San and Diego its vicinity, I find the beauty and mildness of the Southern Pacific coast surpasses that of the shores of the Mediterranean. Oranges, lemons, guavas, persimmons, figs, grapes, melons, olives, prunes, and peaches ripen here in abundance, and in the mountain districts of our country apples and pears, of a prodigious size and delicious flavour, cluster on the branches in marvellous profusion. While I am writing, a man is hawking strawberries for sale, which have been plentiful for a fortnight. No wonder that this favoured region is rapidly becoming the sanitarium of the United States. When we landed at San Diego in the spring of 1884, it was a small frontier town of three thousand inhabitants, with unpaved, dimly lighted streets, a deficient water-supply, defective sanitary arrangements, and very limited facilities of locomotion. Now we have well-paved streets, lighted by electricity, good banks, handsome stores, an excellent water-supply, improved drainage, charming residences, some of them standing in well-kept gardens, large and commodious churches of all denominations first-class hotels—especially that of Del Coronado, on the shores of the Pacific, capable of accommodating a thousand guests—and an estimated population of thirty thousand inhabitants, governed under a new Charter, just obtained, by a Mayor, nine Aldermen, and eighteen City Councillors. One of the chief charms of San Diego is its magnificent bay, where in the stormiest weather, large vessels are safely sheltered in our commodious harbour. Our sunrises and sunsets are of unequalled beauty, and in our wet seasons our rainbows are indescribably magnificent. Thunderstorms are of very rare occurrence. Our equable temperature all the year round renders it as pleasant a summer as it is a delightful winter resort, and we only need a few large manufacturing enterprises to increase the advancement of our material prosperity, and to give occupation to honest, industrious Englishmen who need employment. At the present moment, business generally is dull: so, until an improvement takes place, which may reasonably be expected at no distant period, only those possessing a moderate competency would be wise to come out here, and they would find very favourable opportunities of investing money.

(To be continued.)

THE "STANDARD OF COMFORT" IN INDIA.

Sir Auckland Colvin, the Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Provinces—the great region between Bengal and the Punjab—made a speech at Lucknow last week which, if its teaching were only accepted by the people, would work a social revolution. As most of our readers know, though few of them probably quite realise, the standard of comfort among the masses of India is almost the lowest, or perhaps is even the very lowest among the semi-civilised peoples of the world distinctly lower, for instance, than that of the Chinese. A fairly contented Indian peasant or artisan usually seems to Western eyes to possess no comforts at all. His cottage, or rather hut consists practically of a single room, often built of dried mud instead of brick, with no floor, no attempt at a chimney, the fuel used being charcoal and no furniture except sometimes a "charpoy" or two—i.e., the simplest form of trestle-bed—two or three brass lotahs, and some unglazed earthen cooking-pots. There are no chairs, no carpets, no tables for eating, no bedding, in the English sense, nothing, indeed, whatever on which a British pawnbroker would, in an hour of expansiveness, advance 3s. The owner's clothing may be worth 5s. if he has a winter garment, and his wife's perhaps 10s. more, her festival robe usually diaphanous, though sometimes as thick as an ordinary English shirt, having a distinct value. The children wear nothing at all. The man never sees or thinks about meat of any kind. He never dreams of buying alcohol in any shape. The food of the household costs about 6s. a month, and consists of roasted rice or unleavened cakes, fish if procurable, vegetables, milk, and a little clarified butter, the whole being made tasteful with cheap country spices; and his only luxury is sugar made up, sometimes cleverly, sometimes horridly, according to the "way" of each district, into sweetmeats. He has practically no medical aid, though his wife is helped in her confinements by a midwife nearly as ignorant as herself, and never dreams of the purchase of anything of any sort—with an exception to be mentioned by-an-by—which can by any stretch of imagination be described as portable property. He could fly into the jungle with his whole possessions, his farm or hut of course excepted, at five minutes' notice, and carry them all himself. This method of life, with insignificant variations, consisting chiefly in an additional number of rooms, extends from the bottom of society up through the whole body of the poorer peasantry and the artisans, until you reach a grade which in Europe would be certainly ranked with the middle class, the absence of comfort existing as a permanent fact in at least twenty millions of households, or a population of a hundred millions. (We should ourselves put the figures much higher, but we do not want a statistical dispute.) Sir Auckland Colvin, like most Europeans, considers this state of affairs detestable; he calls on the people to want more comforts, and he holds it one of the duties of the English in India to break down the Indian indifference to personal comfort in all matters of daily life. He wants the Indians, in fact, to house themselves better, to clothe themselves more fully, to buy more furniture, and generally to desire more strongly those necessary articles, which like shoes and stockings in London, are classed by many reasoners as among the necessary conditions and most palpable evidences of true civilisation. Is he right or wrong?

Be it remembered he is not, as so many kindly men who do not know India will immediately assert, talking optimist nonsense, or suggesting changes hopelessly impossible on account of the poverty of the people. There is a poor class of workers in India as everywhere else, and in a land where everything is on the Asiatic scale—that is, immoderately large—that class is numerous enough to make a people; but a majority of the masses whose living we have described, and about whom the Lieutenant Governor was talking, could live otherwise if they chose. The man in a waist-cloth and nothing else, has always a hoard of some kind, often a hoard so large that its multiplication by millions nearly explains that drain of silver to India which has worried economists ever since our reign began, and which remains one of the most inexplicable facts in commercial history, the silver disappearing as if it fell through into a hidden reservoir. The woman with a thin sheet for her only covering tinkles at every step she takes, her ankles and arms being loaded with silver bangles, which are not unfrequently supplemented with a waist-belt of valuable coins,—English sovereigns sometimes in the North, when the harvest has been immense or prices in Europe tempt speculators to ship wheat in such quantities that the very rivers are over-weighted with traffic. The child who runs about without a rag on is burdened with silver anklets, and on festival-days tempts every scoundrel to murder her merely for the value of her heavy ornaments. The “poor” men of India possess a mass of jewels which, if applied to that purpose, would in a few years house them comfortably—that is, solidly—while the sums they waste on festivals and the marriage ceremonies of children would provide more furniture than the parents could ever use. It is not poverty which prevents the growth of the thirst for comfort in India, but luxury,—if hoarding and jewel-buying be luxuries,—thrift carried unhesitatingly to its logical consequence, that money shall not go out of the house, and the “indifference” of which Sir Auckland Colvin speaks in terms of reprobation, and would use the influence of the dominant race finally to dispel.

We ask again, is he right in his wish? Most Europeans, full of their inbred conviction that comfort and civilisation are identical, will answer at once, “Certainly he is;” but we are not quite so sure. There is a civilisation which is independent of furniture, and even of clothes, not to speak of many-roomed houses; and the Indian very often indeed possesses that. It is not, of course, a Christian civilisation, nor has it reached the level of civilisation attained by the freemen in the old pagan countries on the shores of the Mediterranean; but still, it is a very different thing from savagery or Socialism. His self-respect is not in the smallest degree wounded by his want of “comforts,” nor is he conscious why, standing there in his loin-cloth, he should not take pride in himself, his wife, his home, or any of his belongings. As a rule, he is a respectable man, even according to English ideas of respectability,—that is to say, he commits no crimes, is faithful to his wife, pays all he owes, is the best of fathers, performs all small civic duties that fall to his lot with growing accuracy, and so long as expenditure is not asked of him, is an unusually helpful and steadfast friend. He usually knows who his great-grandfather was, which the European of his class does not, and often is as full of the pride of race, and that in its better form, as ever was Sir Francis Doyle’s drunken private of the Buffs, who died rather than surrender his pride of caste. He is one of the most industrious of mankind; he will no more steal than an English maid-servant will; and he

is, for all his ignorance, which no doubt is fathomless, as sensitive about what he considers his honour as any old English squire. He is not a bad fellow at all in ordinary times, though there is a bad drop in his pagan heart which shows itself on provocation; and he derives much of his good qualities from his sense of a personal dignity independent of material circumstances. A life-long struggle for nice furniture would demoralise rather than raise his character, as would also waiting for marriage until he possessed a carpet, or working for pay amidst an impure crowd in order to enrich his mess of food. He is an aristocrat of a sort, and in urging him into the race for physical comfort, which at present he does not regard at all you are at least running the risk, or, as we should say, incurring the certainty, of breaking down the aristocratic or haughtily independent side of his character, which is its strongest buttress. He would descend from the yeoman or self-managing artisan who lives in his own house, and can make marvels almost without tools, into a member of an over-numerous proletariat, all struggling with each other, and gradually placing comfort before dignity, independence, or any other ideal of civilised life. It would be wise, the economists say, to spend his hoard on furniture, but then his sense of security would be gone; and wise to melt his wife’s jewels, but then where would be her social pride, no mean preservative, be it remembered, in a non-Christian land? We were no passionate admirers of Thoreau as he was, or even of the man Thoreau wished to seem to be; but an unconscious Thoreau, wholly unaware of effort, and respecting the bareness of his hut because it was bare too in his forefathers’ time, seems to us nearly the equal in character of the smug Englishman who, owing all the civilisation he has to Christianity often glibly dismisses the teachings of that creed as “talk good enough for parsons.” In inspiring the Indian with the thirst for comfort, we may do his character much disservice; while as to his happiness, we question if any comfort except one, medical attendance, would add to it one jot,—the best proof, perhaps, being that many of his countrymen, when they have attained to position, and even large wealth, live precisely as he does, buying, no doubt, good houses, and occasionally English furniture, but living, in their own offices and their women’s rooms, as simply as peasants or artisans. The Indian poor man is not harassed by the climate of Europe; he has plenty of easy society, he has no employer to fear, and as he sits on the estrade of baked earth round his house, drinking the soft sweet air, and watching his children, he is as full of humour, often of the gayest and most satirical kind, as any Parisian artisan. To exchange his religion, with its endless terrors about the past and for the future, for the light of Christianity; to alter his moral code till he becomes pitiful and forgiving; to enlarge his mind till intellectual interests fill some space in his life, and his talk is not eternally of pence and trifles,—these seem to us great objects: but to “raise his standard of comfort,” and so fill all India with discontent, in order that furniture-dealers and clothiers and confectioners may make great businesses,—we confess that this effort to revolutionise the habits of a continent seems to us hardly worth while. Our success in such a task would be good for the Indian revenue, no doubt, and therefore for the useful machinery of administration; but it would not be equally good for the people, who are at present, amid much suffering from ignorance at least free of that burden of endless wants and strugglings which make up so much of the system we vaunt as Western civilisation.—*Spectator*.

MEETING OF MUSALMANS IN KANDY.

THE STUDY OF ARABIC.

There was a large meeting of Muhammedans at the residence of Mr. Siddi Lebbe of the Kandy Bar on the night of the 15th May, (Friday), 1891.

There were present Mahmood Samy Pasha, Yacoob Samy Pasha, Sayed Omar Mowlana, Sayed Alawi Mowlana, Mohamed Lebbe Alim Sahib of Rasawatta, C. L. M. Yoosoof, Tamby Rasa Casie Lebbe, O. S. Mahmood, and 80 other Muhammadans.

Mr. SIDI LEBBE addressed the meeting in Arabic, at great length, explaining the object of which all had been called together, Mr. Mahmood interpreting the speech into Tamil. Mr Siddi Lebbe commenced in the Oriental style, and stated that he was thankful to God that there were two persons present in that assembly (alluding to the two Pashas present,) who were distinguished for their great learning—one of whom was an eminent Poet, and held the office of Minister of Education and also Prime Minister in Egypt. Their love to their fellow-religionists had induced them to be present at that meeting. The object the convener of the meeting had in view was to encourage the study of Arabic amongst the Muhammadans residing in the Province. For their benefit, and with that object, he (Mr. Siddi Lebbe) had compiled a work which would enable anyone who studies Arabic with the help of that book to speak and write in that language with ease in a few months. That he was writing a series of books which are adapted to give one a thorough knowledge the Arabic language. His book would be a key to the knowledge of that language—a proper use of which would help them in a way they never dreamt of before. The book embodies the thoughts of great philosophers, of great poets, and the speeches of the most eloquent orators, for Arabic is a language of poetry, and one worth studying. He then stated the plan he intended to adopt in the establishment of schools. Five night schools were to be opened in Kandy where his book will be used. One will be under his personal supervision and the rest under competent Arabic teachers. An examination will be held after three months and the best scholars will be rewarded. He asked all present to encourage the good work which was intended to be done.

MAHMOOD SAMY PASHA then spoke also in Arabic. He said he was glad to be present at the meeting, as he thought it was the duty of every Muslim to learn Arabic. It was the richest, sweetest and the most scientific language. It was the language in which their holy Koran was written and a language with a vast literature. He had seen Mr. Siddi Lebbe's book, which was an excellent one and well adapted for the purpose it was written. He would hold an examination, and would himself give three prizes to the most proficient, and he would take the best five scholars and teach them himself.

SAYED OMAR MOWLANA of Medina said that Mr. Siddi Lebbe's book was written in pure Arabic, and it was an excellent help to anyone desirous of acquiring a fair knowledge of that language. He added that the Muhammadan youths would do well to learn it.

Mr. MAHMOOD also spoke in Arabic (the address being interpreted in Tamil by Mohamado Lebbe Alim Sahib). He testified to having studied the language on Mr. Siddi Lebbe's system, and as the result, he was able to address that meeting in Arabic, and asked all present to follow his example.

Several others then addressed the meeting in Tamil. The meeting broke up at out $\frac{1}{2}$ past nine o'clock.—*Cor.*

CHRISTIANITY AND BUDDHISM.

I am told that Mr. Oswald Felix has published the following statement: "According to the Lalita-Vistara, one of the sacred books of Northern Buddhism, Buddha converted his first disciples, half of them formerly followers of his precursor, Rudraka, while sitting under a fig-tree. The first disciples of Christ were seceders from the followers of John the Baptist, the precursor of the world renouncing Messiah. 'I have seen you under the fig tree,' says Jesus, when his converts introduced Nathanael. Nathanael then at once recants his doubts. Sitting under the sacred fig-tree is one of the mystic tokens of Buddhist Messiahship." So far Mr. Oswald Felix. Let us now examine the case more closely. That the founders of the Christian and Buddhist religions should both have had precursors, can hardly be called a very startling coincidence, particularly when we consider how different was the relation of John the Baptist to Christ from that of Rudraka to Buddha. But that the Buddhist and the Christian Messiah should both have converted their disciples under a fig tree does sound strange, and, being without any apparent motives, would seem to require some explanation. If there was borrowing on this point between the two religions, one would naturally think of India as the original home of the story. In India it was perfectly natural that Buddha should be represented as sitting under a fig-tree. Hermits in India lived under the shelter of trees, and no tree in India gave better shelter than the Indian fig-tree. Different Buddhas were supposed to have been sitting under different trees, and were distinguished in consequence by the trees which they had chosen as their own. The fig-tree in Palestine, however, has nothing in common with the fig-tree in India, nor do we ever hear of Jewish Rabbis sitting under trees while teaching.

But is there a child in a Sunday school that could not at once tell Mr. Oswald Felix and his predecessor, Dr. Seydel, that Christ never sat under a fig tree? We read: "Before that Philip called thee, when thou wert under the fig tree, I saw thee."* Of Christ Himself sitting and teaching under a fig-tree there is no trace anywhere. No judge, I suppose, would hesitate to say after this, "There is no case." But Dr. Seydel, who seems to be Mr. Oswald Felix's chief authority, is not discouraged. He tells us that Abubekr recognised Mohammed as sent by God, because he sat under a tree, and because no one could sit under that tree after Jesus. This, he maintains, proves that Jesus also sat under a tree, and that this was a sign of His Messiahship. But, unfortunately, the tree thus mentioned in a Mohammedan legend is not a fig-tree, but, as we are told distinctly, a Szyphus tree. Nor is it said that Mohammed was recognised as sent by God because he sat under a tree, under which no one could sit after Jesus had sat under it. The words are simply: "The prophet sat under the shadow of a tree, where he and Abubekr had before been sitting together. Abubekr then went to a hermit, and asked him for the true religion. The hermit asked: 'Who is the man under the shadow of the tree?' He answered: 'Mahomed the son of Abd Allah.' The hermit said: 'By Allah, this is a prophet; no one but Mohammed, the messenger of God, sits after Jesus under that tree.'" Nowhere is it said that the hermit recognised Mohammed because he sat under a tree. Sitting under a tree never was a sign of prophethood with the Mohammedans. It simply means that he recognised him while sitting in the shadow of a tree, as the prophet who should come after Jesus.

It is not every case that breaks down so completely under the first critical examination.

* Nathanael had doubtless been engaged in prayer respecting the expected Messiah, who by His divine thoughts and aspirations.—Ed. L. R.

Still our case shows how eager certain writers are to discover Buddhist influence in Christianity, and how carefully every statement has to be tested before it can be accepted as trustworthy. There are some similarities between Christianity and Buddhism which are much more difficult to explain. I do not mean such outward similarities as that a star stood over the place in which the young prince who afterwards became the Buddha, *i. e.*, the Awakened or the Enlightened, was born. We know that no auspicious event could happen in India without an auspicious star. At the birth of former Buddhas also the rising of certain stars is recorded. In fact, the record of these constellations does not mean much more than if we were to say that each Buddha was born under a fortunate star. The same applies to the miraculous conception of Buddha. The greatest miracle of all, the conception and birth of a human being, was not considered sufficiently miraculous for a Buddha. Though in the early records his birth is natural enough, in the later writings he is represented as entering the right side of his mother in the shape of an elephant. That Buddha should have been tempted by Mara before he began the preaching of the new law is again an element that is found in the history of many religions, and does not necessitate by any means the admission of a loan either on the Buddhist or on the Christian side. No doubt the visit paid by the old saint, Asita, to the place, in order to worship the child that had just been born, and to prophesy his greatness, is startlingly like the visit of Simeon to the Temple, to greet the child Jesus and to prophesy the consolation of Israel. And yet the two are not alike. The hope for the coming of a Deliverer, or a Messiah, was a historical fact among the Jews, but it cannot be proved to have existed in India before the rise of historical Buddhism. We find it, indeed, in the Buddhist Scriptures, but the Buddhist Scriptures are later than Buddha, and no trace of such an expectation has been discovered anywhere in the Buddhist documents.

I must confess that I was myself startled when I came across for the first time the following lines in which the incarnation of Buddha is described: "A great light appeared, the blind received their sight, the deaf heard a noise, the dumb spake one with another, the crooked became straight, the lame walked." This sounded indeed so much like the message given to John that one wished that there might be a historical channel through which it could have travelled from East to West, or from West to East. But here again we have only to look for the antecedents on both sides, and we shall find that there is no necessity at all for such a channel. We know that the answer given to the messengers of John the Baptist was only meant to say that the Messiah had really appeared, such, as Isaiah and others had prophesied. As Isaiah had prophesied that "in that day shall the deaf hear the words of the book, and the eyes of the blind shall see out of obscurity, and out of darkness," therefore John, who wished to know whether the Messiah had really appeared, was told "that the blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor have the Gospel preached to them." In India, too, we can trace the same expression back to a time when there could be no idea of any intercourse between India and Judæa. As far back as the Vedic hymns we meet with the almost idiomatic expression, "The blind sees, the lame walks." When the great works of Indra are described we are told (Rigveda ii. 15, 7) that the lame stood, and the blind saw. Again, in another place (Rigveda vii. 79, 2), we read: "Soma covers all that is naked, he heals all that is weak, nay, the blind saw, and the lame came forth." The Buddhists, therefore, need not have borrowed these expressions from Hebrew or Greek, supposing that they ever understood these languages. They borrowed them where they borrowed so much of their wisdom—namely, from the Brahmans—only that they multiplied what they

received ten-fold and a hundred-fold, till we can hardly recognise the simple stones in the gorgeous mosaic which they elaborated. With all this I do not mean to deny that there are similarities between Buddhism and Christianity which are perplexing. Some of them, however, cease to perplex us when we have traced Christianity on one side and Buddhism on the other back to their historical antecedents. Many things which seemed to be alike are then perceived to be totally different in their original intention, while others are simply due to our common human nature.—Professor MAX MÜLLER, in the *New Review*.

VALENTYN'S HISTORY OF COFFEE.

(Concluded from page 336.)

PART V.

Coffee houses at Constantinople for the accommodation of Sailors—In spite of Mandates and Edicts, the Coffee Kettle is still "singing on the hearth" and the Turks are sipping away Coffee like mad—If a Turkish wife did not get a *quantum suffi* of Coffee she was entitled to sue her Lord for a divorce—People of rank and fashion and their *Ganymedes*—Their Silver Trays and Gold Cups—A few drops of the Essence of Amber or Clove give an agreeable odour to Coffee—Monsr. Thevenot makes a Coffee Party in Paris in 1657, and invites his friends—Of the Venetians who are supposed to have been the first Coffee bibbers amongst European Nations—Petro dalle Valle once more—of the Druggists of Marseilles who carried on a *roaring trade* with the Egyptians—How certain Coffee Houses were established in that rising Town, and how certain Merchants and Brokers discussed Commercial matters and enjoyed their Pipes therein—How certain Doctors and Physicians made another foolish attempt to suppress the use of Coffee and most signally failed—The probable supposition that Coffee was first introduced into Paris by Soliman Aga and his Retinue in the Reign of Louis XIV—and lastly how the said Soliman Aga sought an audience, which was vouchsafed to him by the French Monarch after a delay of *only six months*.

"Whilst Mr. Galland was still in Constantinople there were 2 or 3 Coffee houses at Galata for the accommodation of the Sailors in particular, though there were many more houses in the other Towns of the Turkish Empire, which were for the most part frequented by People of learning and rank.

The Order or Mandate from Constantinople had the effect of bringing about only a more extensive use of Coffee in the other Towns, so much so, that it was taken twice a day by strangers; and besides the Coffee kettle used to be kept in constant readiness by some in order to be able to offer to visitors a single cup at least. The custom was carried to such an extreme, that the non-presenting of a cup of Coffee, or of its refusal when offered was considered as indicative of a great want of courtesy.

Some spent on Coffee as much money perhaps as would have paid for their Wine in Paris or elsewhere; and what was more extraordinary was, that if a husband did not provide his wife with a *quantum sufficit* of Coffee, this was considered sufficient to entitle her to sue for a divorce.

People of rank and station here, have a special Cup bearer or *Kahvehgi*, and Overseer over Coffee who is stationed in a certain apartment near the hail where they generally receive company.

In serving out this beverage, it is first presented to strangers, and lastly the owner of the house, excepting when the Grand Vizier entertains Envoys at Coffee. On such occasions he drinks simultaneously with his guests. The non-presenting of Coffee, indicates a want of friendly feeling, and is commonly regarded as one of those things likely to lead to a *breach of the peace*.

Here Coffee is served out upon a varnished or Silver Tray or Salver capable of holding from 12 to 20

Cups which the wealthier classes get partially mounted with silver.

Their Cups are somewhat larger than ours, but they never fill them to overflowing.

They take it very hot without any sugar, but rather strong. At Court a few drops of the essence of Amber are added to each Cup, and sometimes a bit or two of Cloves or Cardamon or some Indian Aniseed which impart a very agreeable odour to the Coffee.

That well known Traveller Mr. Thevenot, was the first who introduced the use of Coffee into Paris on his return homewards from his first trip in 1657, when he entertained some of his particular friends and treated them to a dish of Coffee.

The Armenians also it would appear subsequently imported Coffee into France, as we shall presently see.

It is not possible to say the exact period when Coffee was first introduced from Arabia or Egypt into Europe, but the most probable conjecture is, that the Venetians and some other Italians were the medium thro' which a knowledge of it was imparted to other European Nations.

Some assert that Petro della Valle was the first who introduced Coffee into Italy, and he himself mentions in the 1st Vol. of his Work page 90, that he brought it with him to Italy in 1615, when Coffee was not even known there. It was Mr. Thevenot, however who first introduced it in France as far perhaps as its use was concerned, for it would seem that Mr. Galland's father, who was an Attache to the Legation of Mr. de la Haye in 1644, brought Coffee into France and all its appurtenances with him from Constantinople.

Coffee was imported to France by the Merchants of Marseilles in 1660; since which time an extensive Coffee trade was carried on by the Druggists of the place, who ordered out whole bales of it from Egypt (*doende die met geheele Baalen wyt Egypten komen.*)

In 1671 the first Coffee house was established in Marseilles near the *rendezvous* (*vergader plaats der kooplieden*) of the Merchants where smoking and games of all kinds were also permitted. This house was of great service to the Merchants, Mariners, and the Orientals, who were wont to meet there and discuss their Commercial affairs. This led to the establishment of many other public Coffee houses there.

Some time after this the Doctors and Physicians came forward with serious objections to the use of the beverage, which they said was very prejudicial to health in that dry and sultry Region. These objections were treated at first very much in the same way as those that were raised in Mecca, Cairo, and Constantinople, but with this difference, viz. that there the objections were taken on religious grounds, and here on the score of health.

Hereupon there arose public differences, discussions and academical controversy (1679) and Coffee was denounced on account of its dry and hot properties, and on account of the powerful effects it produces on the brain, causing thereby too profuse an evaporation of the bodily fluids, whilst it at the same time obstructs the pores of the coarser parts (*de grove deelen*) of the body and induces the animal spirits (*dierlyke geesten*), which bring on sleep, to ascend into and penetrate the brain, by which means the sinewy sap (*de zenuw-zappen*) which is so essential to the restoration of health becomes entirely absorbed and the sinews themselves relax and lameness and other bodily infirmities ensue.

And further that by the sharpness and dryness of the blood, which is entirely burnt up (*door de schertheid en droogte des bloeds, dat reeds als geheel verbrand is*), the different members of the body are so completely drained of their essential fluids, that the body itself must necessarily become enfeebled and emaciated; and those especially, of a sanguine or melancholic temperament or who have a hot liver, like brains and fine spirits (*en die genen, die een heet lever, sulke hersenen en fyne geesten hebben*) are most liable to suffer from these effects, which are produced by the noxious and unwholesome properties of Coffee.

All this stir and opposition ended at Marseilles much in the same way as the clamour which had been raised by the Priests at Mecca, Cairo, and

Constantinople, nor did it in any way check the use of Coffee in that town, or its neighbourhood; but on the contrary it laid the foundation of a successful trade there and at Lyons, to which places large quantities of Coffee were imported from Egypt and Smyrna.

Prior to the year 1669 they knew nothing of Coffee at Paris; and indeed nothing more was known or heard of it earlier than 1657, beyond Mr. Thevenot's allusion to it, and the casual accounts given of it by some travellers.

The most probable supposition is, that Coffee was first brought into Paris, when Soliman Aga, was sent as an Envoy there by Mohammed the IV. to Louis the XIV., and that large quantities of it found their way into Paris thro' the followers or retinue of Soliman, who made presents of it to the Parisians.

This ambassador arrived in Paris in July 1669, but had audience only on the 5th December, and quitted Paris in May 1670, and it was at this time that the use of Coffee became properly known in Paris and the demand for it became gradually so great, that large quantities of it were obtained from Marseilles for consumption."

PART VI AND LAST.

In 1672, an Armenian comes over to France and opens a Coffee shop, but is obliged to shut it up for want of Customers.—Some years after another Armenian, Maliban, attempts a similar thing, but in spite of the free-pipe offered by him to his Customers he is also obliged to shut up shop and cut to Holland—Gregor, Makara, and Gantoise meet with a better fate and vend Coffee more successfully—Of the little cripple Candiot who draggel himself along the streets and sold Coffee sweetened with sugar; and of Stephen of Aleppo and others from the Levant who could not compete with some sharp Frenchmen who had established splendid Coffee houses in Paris which in a short time became the resort of the "great and the high born"—The great Coffee controversy in France—The question is put to the vote and there appears in favor of Coffee, Monsieur Andry, against it Messrs. Duncan of Montpellier and Hecquet of Paris—The Noes have it—Coffee finds its way across the Levant to France—Thence to London and thence to Holland and the principal Towns—Meets with a barrier in Holland but overleaps it—Helvetius a German, writes a little work in favor of Coffee, which never sees the light, and a celebrated Physician Bontekoe also writes a very luminous treatise on Coffee and dilates upon its great virtues—Numberless Coffee houses spring up in Holland, and every man woman and child therein partakes of it freely—Dutch hospitality incomplete without a cup of Coffee being offered and swallowed—Coffee versus Beer—If some people choose to take a *grog* after Coffee, by way of a *Diuretick*, it is no fault of ours—Brutes will be brutes—The moderate use of Coffee recommended and Domestic and others exhorted not to indulge in what is called "Perpetual sipping"—The Author bids his Readers adieu, slips upon the saddle of his Dromedary and is off to Persia.

In 1672 an Armenian named Pascal came over to Paris, who sold Coffee openly at the Fair of St. Germain and subsequently established a permanent shop there and served out Coffee at 2 stivers and 6 Deniers the Cup; but as his shop was frequented by only a few strangers, he was soon after obliged to give it up.

After an interval of 3 or 4 years, there came another Armenian to Paris named Maliban who vended his Coffee in a certain street there; indulging his Customers, at the same time, with a pipe, but this also did not last long, as he had to leave the place for Holland.

He left, however; a substitute, a youth, named Gregoor, whom he had brought with him from Ispahan and who died in an advanced age. Gregoor was succeed by a Persian named Makara, who, after having carried on the business for a time, returned to his native land, leaving one Gantoise, a Liege, in his room,

In former times a little Cripple by the name of Candiot was seen walking the streets who used to sell Coffee sweetened with sugar at 2 stivers each cup. He was assisted in this traffic by a mate.

Eventually there came another called Stephen of Aleppo. These were the first Coffee houses. Afterwards, there came over many others from the Levant, who however, in the very commencement made but very indifferent sales, owing to the paucity of Customers of any respectability who ventured to enter these Coffee houses, especially on account of the smoking and the drinking of Beer which was tolerated therein. But shortly after Frenchmen themselves established similar houses and began to serve out Tea, Chocolate and other beverages with the allowance of a biscuit and confectionary in fine roomy apartments, which became the usual resort of even people of rank and station.

Some of the Faculty in France have likewise written against coffee, to wit, Mr. Duncan, Physician of Montpellier whose work against Coffee, Chocolate and Tea was printed at Rotterdam in 1705, and Mr. Hecquet Physician at Paris, whose little work entitled "The dispensing with Fasts" was printed at Paris in 1705, and Mr. Andry, who wrote an answer to it entitled "The maintenance or upholding of Fasts" which was in favor of Coffee. In 1710 a similar discussion took place in Latin at Valentia, which was published in the Dauphine.

As Coffee was introduced into France from the Levant, it seems probable, that much about the same time between 1670 and 1680 it became known in England, especially in London, from which place, after some years, it was carried over to Holland, first to Amsterdam, Rotterdam, the Hague and Dordrecht and subsequently to all the other Towns, yea to the very thresholds of the Peasants, with whom Coffee like Tea, has now become so common a beverage.

There were some in this Country too, who at the very beginning, like the Oppositionists in Arabia, Cairo, and Constantinople were vehemently opposed to the use of Coffee, reiterating all the reasons which were advanced by the French Physicians before alluded to.

Helvetius the venerable German Physician of the Hague wrote a little work in opposition to this popular opinion, but it never saw the light. The celebrated Physician Bontekoe also wrote a small work in which he pointed out very clearly the utility and beneficial effects of this beverage upon health. This led to a more extensive use of it, so that there is now scarcely a house of any respectability where Coffee is not regularly taken in the mornings, not to speak of the great number of Coffee-houses which have since been established in all the streets of Holland and which are frequented not only by Merchants and Foreigners, but, now and then, by even the Rulers of the place who enjoy the beverage in special apartments. These houses are besides, situated so very close to the exchange, that they likewise afford an opportunity to the Merchants to meet and talk to each other, whilst sipping their Coffee, on Commercial affairs.

Indeed the practice of taking Coffee has been carried to such lengths here, that Ladies and Gentlemen even after they had sumptuously entertained their friends at dinner parties, imagine that their hospitality is incomplete if they omit, tho' it be near midnight to offer them a Dish of Coffee, which is always drunk with great relish.

We could scarcely pass the street of the Town without noticing the number of houses where Coffee and Tea are sold; a clear and manifest proof that this trade has, in spite of all former opinions become uncommonly extensive; nor are there Physicians to be found who tho' ever so clever, would not stand up as advocates for the moderate use of the drink.

The only reasonable objection that could be made to the use of Tea and Coffee is the great injury and loss which is experienced by the brewers of Beer.

Again there are many who make use of some strong drink (*die sterken drank drinken*) immediately after their Coffee and Tea to serve as a Diuretick as they call it. This is certainly a very pernicious practice, but this should not therefore prevent a moderate use of

Coffee by the more abtemious class of people. One might in the same way easily, abuse the most whole some physic, which would otherwise be beneficial to health if used at proper times and seasons. So it is with Coffee.

But what is still worse is, that many common people whose condition in life can but ill afford it, as well as domestic servants, spend too much of their time in drinking Coffee and Tea; the former to the great prejudice of their calling, and the latter to the detriment and inconvenience of their masters and mistresses.

Thus you'll perceive that I have wished to say of the Coffee Tree, its fruit, and its use in connection with the trade of Mocha, and I shall now close this Chapter of the Company's Transactions, in order to proceed on with the affairs of Persia."

The learned Historian thus closes his interesting chapter on Coffee and proceeds to give an account of Persia. Had we time we would follow him to the land of Ferdousi and Hafiz where the Moon shines as bright as the Sun at noonday, and listen in raptures, to the nightly serenaders, who walk the streets of Ispahan. But to "return to our muttons" — It would I think, be a very profitable task if some of your clever Planting friends would take up the subject where Valentyn left it off and bring the History of Coffee down to the present time, when the cultivation of it seems to have attained a high state of perfection.

Valentyn appears to have taken considerable pains to trace out, step by step, the manner in which Coffee was gradually introduced into Europe; and amongst other curious facts mentioned by him, as already observed, is the preparation of a kind of beverage resembling Beer from the Coffee husk or shell. Perhaps some of your enterprising friends who are versed in the mysteries of Coffee planting and are intimately acquainted with all the uses to which Coffee may be applied, may be disposed, *improving upon this idea*, to try the experiment; and I wish them every success.

The imperfect translation, which you have been good enough to publish, is the production of a few leisure hours; and if it has, in any small degree contributed to the amusement of your readers, any little trouble to which I may have been put, is amply rapid.

If I happen to stumble upon any similarly interesting passages in old Dutch Authors, I may perhaps at some future period, trouble you for a corner of your valuable paper. And now farewell, dear Sir and believe me,

Your's truly
P. B.

Colombo, September 12, 1856.

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