



A Train consisting of 18 waggons loaded with cotton was completely destroyed by fire on the G. J. P. Railway, North Eastern extension, on the 16th Instant. Loss estimated at a lack of Rupees.

Mr. Anstey, Barrister, has moved the High Court of Bombay against the "Times of India" for alleged contempt of Court—the motion was dismissed by the chief Justice.

The Bombay Chamber of Commerce has memorialised the Viceroy and Governor General in Council, in favor of a gold currency for India.

A special session of the Peace, Bombay, is to be held to day to ascertain by what means articles of food and consumption may, without injury to the Municipal Fund, be relieved from the Town duties now levied on them.

It has been resolved to erect a statue in Bombay to the Honorable Juggorath Sankersett.—*Times of India.*

## CORRESPONDENCE.

SIR:—Almost all the English Journals give startling accounts of a terrible calamity which befell the Church of La Compania at Santiago the Capital of Chili. On the 8th of December last this building took fire and about 2000 women fell victims to the flames. As the account is on the whole so heart-rending, we extract the following paragraph from the "Illustrated London News" of the 6th February, the latest number received, for the perusal of our readers.

"For some years past this church has been specially devoted to the celebration of religious ceremonies connected with the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception. The time of their celebration lasts several days, and on the evening of the day when the catastrophe took place it was proposed that they should be brought to a close with all that pomp and magnificence in which the church of Rome specially delights. The Church of La Compania was accordingly sumptuously decorated whilst many thousand lights, tapers and paraffin lamps, hung in festoons from wall to wall and pillar to pillar, illumined with a dazzling splendour the interior of the building. The walls of the church were covered with rich drapery, and to this circumstance is in a great measure to be attributed the catastrophe which subsequently ensued. It is believed that of the congregation assembled on that occasion there were nearly 3,000 women, whilst there were only a few hundred men. Not only was the interior of the church thronged, but many who then thought themselves unfortunate in being unable to obtain admission crowded round the entrance to the church. The service had commenced but a short time when a spark of light placed at the foot of an image of the Virgin Mary, which had the altar set some of the drapery on fire. The flames were speedily communicated to the drapery covering the walls, and in a few minutes the interior of the church was a mass of flames. Horror struck the congregation strove to escape. The entrance to the church was, however, blocked up not only by those who thronged the passage but by the crowd outside, and consequently an impenetrable barrier opposed the exit of those within. Then followed a scene of unexampled horror. The burning drapery, saturated with paraffin, fell in masses on the hapless congregation, whilst from the roof a rain of liquid fire poured upon their heads. Every one strove with the energy of despair to reach the door and to force her way through the only outlet of escape. Though nearest the entrance succeeded in effecting their escape, and the majority of the men, who were present partly no doubt by their superior strength, but chiefly owing to the fact of their not having penetrated far into the church, were enabled to fly from the burning ruins. In the mad struggle which took place within the church the unfortunate women speedily succumbed. Within less than a quarter of an hour from the time when the fire first broke out nothing remained of more than 2000 women—the flower of the youth and beauty of the Chilian capital—than a mass of charred and blackened corpses. From the ruins of the church 200 cart-loads of human remains were removed on the following day by sorrowing relatives, who in most cases, sought in vain to recognize in the ashes before them those whom a few hours before they had parted with, animated with youth and life."

Such is the account of this awful conflagration. It is reported that the number of lamps used at the illumination was 20,000, of which 5000 were paraffin, and another periodical states that the explosion of one of these latter was the cause of the calamity.

With reference to the conduct of the priests during this trying event, we could direct the attention of our readers to a paragraph in the Court Chronicle, which runs thus: "When the fire broke out, and people were escaping by the sacristy, they blocked up this door, that they might more undisturbedly save their gemraks. After saving these they all sought their own safety, except one priest who favoured the agonizing victims with his absolution and Ugarte, requesting them to die happy, because they went direct to Mary." Does this not clearly set to light the *evangelical self-denying spirit* of the Romish priest-hood!!!

D.

Sir,  
"Myself" in your last commits himself most miserably in his attempt to defend the Post Officers at Jaffna. He says that the "Officers decipher them in any way as their fancy directs." If this is true and if they are to be guided by their "fancy" why should we look for any regularity in the Office? It may be that the Deputy Post Master General invariably spells *Batticotta*

in that unpopular way namely *Vettekotta* but your correspondent is not bold enough to deny that the former is the general and the most popular spelling. Again supposing that we follow the D. P. M. G. in that respect, who knows if the Officers will not pack up our letters to *Vettekardo* instead of *Vettekotta*?

March 15th 1864. Yours truly, Trader.

## PURCHASE OF A HOUSE FOR THE BANK.

A Correspondent says:

"The Manager of the Oriental Bank have purchased the house of one Mr. Bawdewyn, situate in the 2nd Cross Street of the town, for the exorbitantly large amount of £400. I think that the house is situated in a very bad locality with a Tavern adjoining, the rendezvous of almost all the worst characters of the place, and the hubbub daily proceeding from the transactions at the Custom House, and the Bankshalls round about the selection of such a house for a Bank, is highly injudicious.

## POETRY.

*Confessions of a Captive—a caution by a confirmed Cynic.*

(From "once a week," Dec. 1863.)

Soft, versifying youths that prate,  
And think themselves immensely clever,  
Their elders often irritate,  
By writing love-sick rhymes for ever—  
A practice we abominate  
Shall we succumb to gammon? Never!

Not that I hate the fellows' rhymes:  
Once I was young too and enamoured:  
Ah, me! those were transcendent times!  
How often I my passion clamoured,  
And loves and woes in jingling chimes,  
Like smith on anvil, stoutly hammered!

Looked love to eyes that looked again—  
Reprocreation rather pleasant,  
And apt to stir both heart and brain  
Of every grade, from peer to peasant!  
Hold hard! this is a silly strain:  
I'm quite obvious of the present!

For I've a wife—a tender spouse,  
Once the ideal of my fancies;  
But since we took to keeping house,  
It happened—~~it~~ always chances—  
We bade adieu to captured vows,  
For real life is not Romance's!

Mat's why the novels mostly end  
At entrance into matrimony!  
The writers may, perhaps pretend,  
Tis one long round of bliss and honey  
A theory so odd, my friend,  
That makes a victim rather funny!

Too soon one feels, when fairly hooked,  
The iron doom, depend upon it,  
One's way of life for ever crooked,  
A zigzag orbit round a bonnet!  
Connubial bliss, though fair it looked,  
Proves no fit theme for mirthful sonnet!

Hard, say the martyrs, is their fate  
Ask them from PETERSBURG to CADIZ,  
And yet the youngsters idly prate  
Of love, and bliss, and witching ladies!  
Be warned in time, or know too late,  
You never can retreat from HADES!

T. STEELE.

## LITERATURE.

*Has the Faculty of Medicine or the Profession of Law done more good to the world.*

(Continued from page 39.)

To the argument which I am now about to advance, I attach greater weight than to any of the others. We have all very fanciful notions of the potency of the nostrums which our medical men prescribe. Listen while I read the opinions of wiser heads than ours. I quote from Dr. Abercrombie, author of "the moral feelings"—"The uncertainty of medicine—which is thus a theme both for the philosopher and the humorist—is deeply felt by the practical physician in the daily exercise of his art. The uncertainty of medicine resolves itself chiefly into an apparent want of that uniformity of phenomena which is so remarkable in other branches of science. These apparent discrepancies regard the characteristics and progress of disorder, and the action of external agents upon the body—the diagnosis of disease, and its antedote. It is an admitted fact that with all the accumulative experience of the past, no certain infallible data have yet been established for ascertaining the characters or external indications of certain internal diseases, as distinguished from those of others—so many exhibiting appearances in common."

"The tendency of disease in nineteen out of twenty cases," says another physician, "is toward recovery, and that uninfluenced as to the ultimate result of death or recovery (more or less complete) by any medical interference."

"Nature" says a French philosophical writer "is fighting with disease; a blind man armed with a club comes to settle the difference. He first tries to make peace: when he cannot accomplish this, he lifts his club and strikes at random. If he strikes the disease, he kills the disease: if he strikes nature, he kills the patient."

D'Alembert relates that after conducting a prominent practice for thirty years confessed, as his reason for retiring from it, that he was weary of *guessing*.

Napoleon said to his physician; "believe me we had better leave off all these remedies—life is a fortress that neither you nor I know anything about. Why throw obstacles in the way of its defence? Its own means are superior to all the apparatus of your laboratories. Medicine is a collection of uncertain prescriptions, the results of which, taken collectively, are more fatal than useful to mankind."

"If we look" says Addison, "into the profession of physic, we shall find a most formidable body of men; the sight of them is enough to make a man serious, for we may lay it down as a maxim that when a nation abounds in physicians, it grows thin of people."

No words from me are necessary after the testimony of these great physicians. We may agree with one of the writers whom I have quoted that "the tendency of disease in nineteen cases out of twenty is toward recovery and that uninfluenced as to the ultimate result by any medical interference." If it is true as these men have written that diseases are cured not by the influence of medical interference, but solely from a tendency inherent in them, the question at issue between us is at an end. For if the ills of life are and can be healed, independent of medical assistance, physic is of no use whatsoever. To those who would contest this position, I would just say, is not the conclusion I have come to perfectly legitimate? Here we have distinguished authors—some of them now living and become great in the world of letters—laying down the results of their experience. I ask you, is my inference not quite fair assuming that Dr. Abercrombie and the others have stated the case correctly?

Whilst I think of it, let me transcribe two anecdotes illustrative of the great reverence paid by some people to the disciples of Aesculapius. "Some of the Floridian wives had so high an opinion of medical virtue that they buried all their dead except the doctors, whom they burnt, reduced their bones to powder and drank the same in water—a delicious decoction for a delicate stomach!" The foregoing anecdote is authenticated by the poet Southey. "The death of Pope Adrian" says another writer, "occasioned such joy at Rome, that the night after his disease, they adorned the door of his chief physician's house with garlands, adding this inscription, *to the deliverer of this country!*"

Many of those who are in favor of my opponent's view of the question would hardly do so if not that an impression—as unjust as it is common—has taken hold of their minds. For what ideas are associated with the words "the faculty of medicine?" We at once conjure up before our imagination a body of men before whom diseases of every nature give way and of whom even, the king of terrors stands in awe! When such ideas suggest themselves and when men have such an opinion of the potency of prescriptions, it is no wonder that they should, without any further thought at once consider the questioned as settled. But the truth is vastly different. If the faculty really have such power as is attributed to them—if in fact they can of themselves with the assistance of their nostrums, cure any affection which a man may be suffering under: in effect, saving him from an untimely end: if such a power is delegated to the medical man, there need not be any further discussion. But they have no such power. I have quoted in another place the remarks of the most renowned physicians of the age, where they themselves acknowledged that the profession was one of guess work. They themselves admit their inability to master the difficulty of tracing effects to their true causes and vice versa; and that the wonderful cures which are of daily occurrence, are the work of nature, the *tendency* of which in the generality of cases is towards recovery.

I am anxious that you should well consider this point. Medical men have a grand object in view—that of curing our infirmities and of prolonging our lives—but, as it is proved, they fall far short of their aim. If you come to the conclusion that they fulfil their portion of their contract with society, by all means let them have your vote. But if on the other hand, as I have been endeavouring to show you, if they do not exert, because they do not possess, the power, which is generally ascribed to them—if nature is the true restorer—your duty as unprejudiced, reasonable men is to decide against them.

H. F.

## EUROPEAN EXTRACTS.

## LORD STANLEY.

## ON THE OXFORD LOCAL EXAMINATIONS.

(Continued from page 43.)

"But that is not the case. Many fathers have not the leisure or the will to investigate very carefully the qualifications of the school-master. Those who have made their own way in the world—and happily there are a large class, more numerous in England than in any other country, except perhaps the colonies—naturally wish their children to have a better education than they had themselves. And they are willing to give a good prize but they are liable to be duped by any confident pretenders, and they want some test by which to know a good school from a bad one. That test is supplied by these examinations. I do not hesitate to say that during the six years of their existence they have done more to expose bad schools and to bring good ones into notice than any other into machinery that could be devised for the purpose—(cheers)—for they have put, not the lads but their masters, upon their trial, and it is not easy to see in our state of society what other agency could have accomplished so much. Government inspection is very well for schools that get help from the state, and great national foundations, such as the universities and public schools may from time to time be subjected to the supervision—cautiously and moderately exercised—of Parliament, or of the executive, but we should never endure in England to have Government interfering with private teaching establishments, and I may say for one that we ought not to endure it. (Hear) The plan that has been adopted is open to no such objection. It is perfectly voluntary. No school need send any candidate unless the masters choose. It implies no dependence, and it leaves the teaching absolutely free. It simply marks out for honor and distinction those schools in which the most accurate and effective teaching is given; for I believe it will be found that in these, as in all such trials, where they are properly managed, success depends far less on the amount, which is supposed to be known, than on the thoroughness of the knowledge attained. (Cheers) It is in that respect that our University system is thoroughly sound and good. There will always be disputes as to what are the fittest subjects for boys and young men to study, for the field is vast, time is short, and life is busy; but I think there can be no dispute as to the soundness of the rule which every Oxford or Cambridge examiner lays down—to take no account of, to ignore and pass over altogether, any answer which is not so accurate and precise as far as he goes. That is, I think, the very best part of mental training that university men get in early life. The Archbishop of York said lately, and I quite agree with him, at a meeting held for the same purpose, that there is no test of knowledge like the pen. One may have "strong opinions" as the phrase goes, upon some question, and imagine one understands it thoroughly, but it is surprising when one sits down to write about it how the consciousness of imperfect or uncertain, or perhaps wholly deficient information comes upon one, and how much there is to be supplied of which one would never have felt the want in mere conversation. It is a common place to quote Lord Bacon's saying—how that "reading makes a full man, speech a ready man, and writing an exact man." But though common place, it is one of those sayings which occur to one's mind because so exactly and so universally true. Do not fancy that the question of accuracy is unimportant. I doubt if any man ever made himself eminent in any line of business—except perhaps as a popular speaker or preacher—who was habitually careless in his habits of thought. ("Hear," and laughter.) I look on cultivation of what I may call our "judging faculties" as one of the very first duties which civilization imposes on the members of the community, for though we may not be all magistrates, or policemen, or jurymen, we all have to sit in judgment as it were on one another—it is the necessary condition of social life—and to weigh doubtful evidence in cases which concern ourselves. Now that power of judgment is not born in us. It has to do, I am free to admit, with the moral as well as the intellectual nature, and depends on temperament to some extent. But it is an intellectual quality, also, and, as such, the experience of mental and moral training. The first condition is to get clearly and exactly the facts before you; the next to use the reasoning faculties upon them. Now it is in enabling men to do these things that school teaching is mainly useful. Whether the form adopted be mathematical—the study of figures and symbols—or the study of language—the intention is the same. Questions properly put will discover whether memory and attention have been exercised in supplying the materials for answers, and whether those materials have been

turned to account—whether what has been read has been digested also. And here let me say that I think the duty of an examiner is to give the least possible prominence to—he cannot exclude altogether—such questions as test the mere mechanical power of recollecting only, without any independent action of the answerer's mind."

(To be Continued.)

## REVIEW.

## ARICHANDRA, THE MARTYR OF TRUTH.

(Continued from page 43.)

The virtuous king will neither lie nor cheat his creditor, and accordingly, with his wife and child, he is delivered to a tormentor in the form of a Brahmin, until he has raised the money at holy city of Kasi, or Benares. To his cruel attendant, Neekshetra, he behaves with the profoundest submission, and during the journey he frequently saves the Brahmin's life at the risk of his own. After undergoing numerous sufferings and tortures, he sells his wife and child, to pay his debt to Wis-Wamitra; and finally, his faithful Minister, who had followed him into exile, sells his master at his own request to pay Neekshetra for his trouble and the tormentor as he departs, at last acknowledges the unequalled virtue of the victim whom he had long insulted and persecuted.

The climax of the story is constructed with considerable skill in the accumulation of intolerable sufferings. Sandramati and her child Devadesa have become the slaves of a Brahmin, who sends the boy into the woods to gather sacred grass for religious ceremonies. The child is killed by a serpent, and the mother finds the corpse and carries it to a cemetery, where she requests the keeper to burn it. Arichandra has in the meantime been sold to the Pariah Verayakoo, who is public executioner and burier of the dead. In consistency with his unvarying rule of conduct, he conscientiously obeys the orders of his master, and it is the dethroned king who is watching in the burial ground when his wife brings the body of his son. It is his duty, before he complies with her request, to require payment of the proper fees, and the penny-less wife and mother is forced to leave the body while she attempts to beg the necessary sum from her master. On her way home finding the body of an infant who had been stolen from the palace of the king of Kasi, she in a frenzy accuses herself of the murder, and ultimately she is condemned to death, though the king, with a caution unknown to the Continental judges of Europe, refuses to convict her, without further evidence, on her own confession. As the slave of the executioner, Arichandra is ordered to behead his wife, and faithful to the last, he determines to discharge his duty, and exhorts her to prepare herself for death. He tells the tempter Wis-Wamitra who appears at the fatal moment to offer him full reparation on condition of his telling a lie, that he no longer dreads his wrath or courts his favor.—

"This keen sabre will do its duty. Thou dead, thy husband dies too; this self-same sword shall pierce my breast. First the child, then the wife, last the husband; all victims of a sage's wrath. I the martyr of Truth. Thou and thy son, martyrs for me, the martyr of Truth. Yes, let me die cheerfully, and bear our ills meekly. Yea, let all men perish, let all gods cease to exist, let the stars that shine above grow dim, let all seas be dried up, let all mountains be levelled to the ground, let wars rage, blood flow in streams, let millions of millions of Arichandras be thus persecuted; yet let truth be maintained; let truth ride victorious over all; let truth be the light, truth the guide. Truth alone the lasting solace of mortals and immortals. Die, thou, O, goddess of chastity. Die at this, the shrine of thy sister goddess of Truth.

It is difficult to believe that so eloquent a burst of English declamation has been written by a native Hindoo. The dramatic merit of the original falls below the highest order, because Arichandra is not a living individuality, but a symbol or representative of certain abstract qualities. Yet the literary ability of the author of the play is conspicuously displayed in the gradual aggravation of the sufferings of the martyr, until all the victims of the sage's hatred are grouped together in a state of hopeless misery, which at the same time converts itself into a triumph. It is almost a disappointment to find that like his Arab prototype, Arichandra is to be materially rewarded by the restoration and increase of his former prosperity.

The knot has become insoluble by human means, and it is time for the gods, to descend. When the sword strikes the neck of Sandramati it changes into a garland of pearls, and suddenly, all the gods, the sages, and the kings appear to the view of Arichandra. Siva commands him to resume his kingdom, and restores his son to life, as well as the child of the king of Kasi, Arichandra objects that the slave of a Pariah cannot become a king, nor the slave of a Brahmin a Queen. The difficulty is removed by the declaration of Verayakoo, that he is Yama, the god of death, and Sandramati's master avows himself to be Agni, the god of Fire. Vasitta declares that the cemetery, but, as it now appears in its true form, a holy grove, is the abode of hermits and ascetics. The King and Queen are therefore unpolluted by their apparent degradation, and after Wis-Wamitra has tendered an off-hand apology for his conduct, which seems to be thought satisfactory, Indra and his retinue are commanded by Siva to escort Arichandra back to his dominions, and to recrown him emperor of Ayodiah. It may be assumed that there his latter end was blessed than the beginning. The number of his camels and sheep and oxen is not recorded

but as Siva wishes that his reign may be long, he probably saw his sons and his son's sons, even to four generations. To the native spectators of the drama which records his virtues he provides excitement and pleasure which is not devoid of a moral lesson. English readers also will find genuine amusement in this story, and they will scarcely meet with a work which transfers their imagination so easily into a remote time and region where they will recognize no familiar object beyond the domestic affections and the belief in the paramount eminence of duty.

## GRAVE AND GAY.

A BACHELOR'S DEFENCE.—Bachelors are styled by married men who have put their foot into it as only half-perfected beings, cheerless vagabonds, but half a pair of seissors, and many other titles are given them; while on the other hand they extol their state as one of perfect bliss, that a change from earth to heaven would be somewhat of doubtful good. If they are so happy, why don't they enjoy their happiness and hold their tongues about it? What do half the men get married for? Simply that they may have some one to darn their stockings, sew buttons on their shirts, and trot their babies; that they may have somebody, as a married man once said, "to pull off their boots when they are a little balmy." These fellows are always talking of the loneliness of bachelors. Loneliness, indeed; who is petted to death by ladies who have daughters? invited to tea and to evening parties, and told to drop in just when it is convenient? The bachelor. Who lives in clover all his days, and when he dies has flowers strewn on his grave by the girls who could not entrap him? The bachelor. Who strews flowers on the married man's grave? His widow? Not a bit of it; she pulls down the tombstone that a six weeks' grief has set up in her heart, and goes and gets married again, she does. Who goes to bed early because time hangs heavily on his hands? The married man. Who has wood to split, house-hunting and marketing to do, the young ones to wash, and the lazy servants to look after? The married man. Who is taken up for whipping his wife? The married man. Who gets divorced? The married man.

DANGERS OF MARRIAGES OF CONSANGUINITY.—The dangers of consanguineous marriages, and their influence, in multiplying deaf and dumb cases among children, is the subject of a paper presented to the Academy of Science in Paris, by M. Boudin. It supplies matter for grave consideration. Taking the whole number of marriages, the consanguineous represent 2 per cent, while the proportion of deaf and dumb children born of these consanguineous marriages is to the whole number of deaf and dumb births at Lyons, at least 25 per cent; at Paris 28 per cent; at Bordeaux, 30 per cent. The nearer the consanguinity of parents the more does this proportion increase; and if we represent by one the danger of begetting a deaf and dumb child from an ordinary marriage, it would have to be represented by eighteen in marriages between cousins-german; by thirty-seven in marriages between uncles and nieces; and by seventy in marriages between nephews and aunts. It will surprise some readers to hear that the subject is one in which the religious element is involved. Protestantism is more favorable to consanguineous marriages than Roman Catholicism is; and it appears by a return from Berlin, that the proportion of deaf and dumb children in 10,000 Catholics in that city was 3.1; in 10,000 of other Christian sects, mostly Protestant, it was 6; and among Jews, 27 in 10,000. A similar result comes out in other circumstances. By a census taken in the territory of Iowa in 1840, there were found 23 deaf and dumb in 10,000 whites; 212 deaf and dumb in 10,000 blacks (slaves) or 91 times more than among the whites. In this case the habits of the blacks were favorable to the increased result. It is found that where intermarriage is in some sort a necessity, from geographical position, there is an immense increase in the proportion of deaf and dumb births. For the whole of France, the proportion is 6 in 10,000; in Corsica, it rises to 14 in 10,000; in the High Alps, to 23; in the canton of Berne, to 28. In Iceland it is 11. The whole number of the Deaf and dumb in Europe is estimated at 250,000; and when we consider that other infirmities of a very serious character, including idiocy, are distinctly traceable to consanguineous marriages, we are led to inquire, what are the means by which relatives may be persuaded not to marry one another? Is it not a question which the Social Science Association might take up and discuss with advantage.

Two persons were once disputing so loudly on the subject of religion that they awoke a big dog which had been sleeping on the hearth before them, and he forthwith barked most furiously. An old divine present who had been quietly sipping his tea while the disputants were talking, gave the dog a kick, and exclaimed, "Hold your tongue, you silly brute! you know no more about it than they do."

