

# THE CEYLON REVIEW

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## Here and There.

Mr. Hall Caine.

THE writer of a literary column informs us that Mr. Hall Caine has taken a magnificent seat in Rome, that the "Vatican takes a strong interest in the popular novelist," that Cardinals are "as plentiful as blackberries at Mrs. Hall Caine's 'At Homes,'" and that there is a rumour (reported with all reserve) that strenuous efforts are being made to induce Mr. Hall Caine to embrace the Catholic religion. Well, who cares? The vast majority of people interested in literature—even those who like his books—don't care a jot whether Mr. Hall Caine becomes a Roman Catholic, a Buddhist, or a Mohammedan. But stay, perhaps some of his young lady worshippers might feel a little flutter of excitement if he became a convert to the last faith.

## New Cuban Stamps.

THE new postage stamps for Cuba have just been issued. Since the evacuation of Cuba by the Spanish, the stamps used have been the American ones with the word "Cuba" printed across them. These have now been withdrawn, and the new stamps take their place. The one cent. stamp is green, the two cent. pink, the three cent. mauve, the five cent. blue, and the ten cent. is brown in colour. The large ten cent. "express delivery" stamp is of an orange colour. The statue shown on the one cent. stamp is that of Columbus, the two cent. stamp has a group of palm trees, the three cent. an allegorical statue of Cuba, "La Cubana."



The merchant steamer on the five cent. stamp is flying two flags, one American, and the other Cuban, whilst the ten cent. stamp shews a man ploughing a field with a yoke of oxen. The "Express Delivery" stamp has in the centre a picture of a boy mounted on a cycle. Letters bearing this stamp are delivered by special bicycle messenger immediately on arrival of the mail, and in advance of the ordinary delivery.



### An Ingenious Blackguard.

WE have all read lately in the newspapers that the late Baron Grant was the inventor of the plan of sending company circulars to clergymen, the pensioned widows of officers, and so on, and yet there went before him an "inventor," of whose devices thousands have taken advantage, but who, all the same, remains unhonoured and unsung. In the middle of this century there rose to great semi-secret note in the City one H., whose chief claim to distinction was that he established an illicit manufactory of false books of account for people who wanted to go into bankruptcy. For a time H. made a splendid living, for he could, at short notice, "cook up" a whole set of books for even a very large firm, and the ledgers and so on were so artistically done as to appear as though they had gone through years of wear-and-tear, and were yet so beautifully kept, that the Bankruptcy Commissioners were deceived for years, while all the time H.'s services were in such request that he had to turn customers away. And another invention of his was that of teaching fraudulent debtors to account for missing money by pleading that they had lost it on the turf or on lotteries, and he used to buy up vast quantities of such tickets that represented losing numbers in order that "clients" of his might show these when being examined as to their affairs. In spite of his ingenuity, H. died "neglected and penniless in a poor lodging near Moorfields." But he was absolutely the inventor of many dodges to defraud creditors in use to-day.



### When did the World Begin?

How is the age of the earth to be guessed? Sir Archibald Geikie did his best at Dover recently to show to the geological section of the British Association how approximate guesses might be hazarded. We may note

the geological and biological changes that have taken, and are still taking, place, and by comparing the results may arrive at some reasonable estimate. In the most ancient of the sedimentary registers of the earth's history there is no evidence of colossal floods, tides, or denudation, but, on the contrary, incontrovertible proof of continuous orderly deposition, such as may be seen to-day in any part of the globe. One hundred millions of years, Sir Archibald thought, would suffice for that small portion of the earth's history which is registered in the stratified rocks of the crust.



### A Prototype of "She."

Everybody has read Rider Haggard's famous novel "She." It has even been dramatised, and played at the Gaiety by the late Miss Sophie Eyre. The main figure of the story certainly lived and died in the Transvaal, and not so many years ago either. "She" was really Majaji. Only a few years ago there was a native disturbance up north, beyond the Zoutpansberg range of mountains, in what was known as Majaji's country. Commandant Henning Pretorius, an old Boer and a descendant of President Pretorius, after whom Pretoria was called, went up to quell the uprising. The natives have a legendary Queen Majaji, who has really been dead for years and years, but they pretend, and partially believe themselves, that she is still alive, and dwelling in a cave in the mountains, whence she regins over them, and issues her behests through the medicine (mouti) men. Pretorius demanded to see their queen. The induna (chief) of the natives replied, "Show us your Government and we will show you Majaji." The natives speak of her with awe, and refer to "the-wishes-of-She-in-a-cave."



### The Battle Death-List.

JUST at this time, when rumours of war fill the air, many people who discuss the chances are prone to ask, "What is the proportion of men killed in modern wars where white men have been opposed to each other?" And the matter-of-fact statistician answers that all the stories about regiments being "cut to pieces," "utterly annihilated," and so on, are utterly fallacious; there is a pretty general average all round. And all lists of killed



are more or less fallacious when great bodies of men are engaged, for, even in the best regulated armies, many men who are simply "missing" are put down among the slain, whereas these people have simply contrived to slink away. And the statistician declares that these deserters are far more numerous than the public wots of. The great war between North and South America was the most sanguinary of modern times, and the proportion both of killed and wounded in battle was greater far than that obtaining in the Crimean and the Franco-German campaigns. In some of the battles in the States no less than 20 per cent. of the combatants were slain. But, speaking strictly of those killed and wounded in battle, and including white men and modern campaigns alone, the general average of the soldiers killed is something under 5 per cent., while the men "hit" represent about 20 per cent. If the American war be excluded, the average of both killed and wounded is appreciably less.

#### The Prince of Wales as German.

RATHER a humorous incident occurred to the Prince of Wales the other day. He was strolling in St. James's Park, early one morning, when he found that he was being followed by a respectable but cranky old lady, whom he had previously met. He guessed her object, and passed on hurriedly, but she quickened her pace, and soon caught him up. Curtseying, she commenced, "I have a grievance, your Royal Highness," and produced the inevitable roll of documents. "Ah, madam, dese is not ze first time I vas taken for ze Prince of Vales," replied the Prince, in a gruff voice, and with an assumed German accent. The old lady looked surprised, then confused, and putting away her bundle of papers, said, apologetically, "I have the honour to have known all the Royal Family, and if my eyesight were not becoming bad, I shold not have made such an astonishing error as to take you for the Prince." The Prince smiled, raised his hat courteously, and passed on.

#### All about the Hair.

PROFESSOR Bertillon has ascertained that blond hair is decreasing and giving place to darker shades. The English people as a nation are rapidly becoming less and less fair. The reason given by scientists is that

blondes, being less resistant, die sooner than brown-haired persons. On account of changes due to emigration, different diet and sanitary conditions existing in cities from those in country places, cities show a smaller proportion of light-haired and light-eyed persons than the country. Variety of colours in the hair of a population is a sure sign of civilisation and culture. This variety is never found in pure races, like Indians, African negroes, and the Asiatics. The Maltese and the Hebrews have the largest proportion of brown-haired people, and the Danes the smallest. But the Danes make up for it by having the largest percentage of blondes. Of 1,000 Englishmen or Americans from the Northern States 378 will have blue eyes, 331 grey eyes, and 288 brown eyes. Two of the thousand at least will have red hair, and 296 will be brown-haired; 942 will have fair skins, and 58 some shade of a darker skin.

#### "Kinder Sarcaslic!"

IT is well known, says a home paper that the examinations for the Indian Civil Service grow steadily harder every year, as the standard gets put up by the increased efficiency of the competition-wallahs, and the amount of cramming, which successful candidates have to undergo is consequently something tremendous. But it is not, however, so generally known is that when once a candidate has passed his exams. and secured his appointment, he should at once set to work to attain a high standard of proficiency in one of four things, any one of which will ensure his success and rapid promotion in the service, while at the same time giving him a very good chance of having a rattling good time while he is in India. These four things are cricket, polo, whist, and acting. It must, of course, be understood that a very high standard of skill in each of these branches of sport is required to make it of much service to its owner; but a man who gets the reputation of being really first-rate in any of these respects will find his path made wonderfully easy for him.

#### A Common Occurrence in the Case of Roses.

MONSTROSITY is of common occurrence in flowers as in other forms of creation, and it does not seem to affect any one class in particular. Seldom, however, is a more cu-



rious and interesting freak seen than that in the case of a rose which Mr. J. Ferdinandus, Chief Clerk at Peradeniya Gardens, discovered the other day in his compound. This is a well-formed rose flower with stalk, petals, and sepals complete, growing out of the ovary of another rose which has shed its petals. Who can say but this may be the origin of a new type specially suited for button-holes, as the neat knot (swollen ovary) at the base of the new development seems to be an improvement on the old-fashioned spiny and slender stalk.

### The Proposed Ceylon Agricultural Department.

ON this subject the *Agricultural Magazine* (Colombo) writes :—"It is reported that the Commission appointed to consider the advisability of establishing a Department of Agriculture are about to recommend that a Board of Agriculture will suffice for present needs, and further that the School of Agriculture should be transferred to Kandy. As a centre where both low and upcountry products could be grown, Kandy is much to be preferred to Colombo as a site for the school, but it is to be hoped that there will be ample scope for practical work, of which there is little opportunity under present conditions, and that the classes will move about the country instead of being confined to one spot."

### Wilson Barrett at Work.

No doubt Mrs. Langtray's feat of travelling from Brighton to London and back every day while she is performing at night at the Haymarket Theatre is a somewhat notable one for a lady, but of all the stage-workers who distinguish themselves for energy in this way Mr. Wilson Barrett is pre-eminent. During the considerable period when he managed the Princess's Theatre, in London, he also directed the splendid Grand Theatre at Leeds, at which the pantomimes draw the whole county by means of excursions. Though Mr. Barrett was playing the most arduous parts at the Princess's every night he used, for nearly a month together, to set out from Oxford-street for Leeds after every performance. Arriving at Leeds, he had a brief rest in the early morning, and then went at it with the greatest energy—many a time has the writer seen him—rehearsing

the pantomime and directing every important matter. In the afternoon he rushed off to the station to get to London again, and when he reached there, he would play some wearying part, though he had been striving all day, and had travelled nearly 400 miles since the previous night's performance. The remarkable thing about him is that, though he is so vastly energetic, he has for years been fighting against continual attacks of ill-health, as all those who have acted with him know. Yet he has for years occupied all the hours of the early morning, after the play, in planning and writing, and well have his collaborators known it.

### Uses of Turpentine.

Spirits of turpentine will restore the brilliancy to patent leather. Boots and bags look almost new under its influence.

Workmen's white overalls and artists' working aprons should be steeped in turpentine for twenty-four hours before washing, to loosen and remove paint.

A little turpentine added to the steeping-water (a tablespoonful to a gallon) will make linen beautifully white. If one is sensitive to smell add it instead to the boiling water.

A few drops of turpentine in boxes and cupboards will be found useful in frightening off moths.

Soak rags in turpentine, and then place near the holes of mice. Renew the oil from time to time. It effectually drives them away. They are very clean little animals, contrary to general supposition, and anything that dirties them is calculated to drive them away. Soot and mutton fat are frequently employed.

Add a few drops of turpentine to starch to prevent the iron sticking.

For a paint-mark on cloth that will not wash, put turpentine on with a small brush. Begin on the outside of the stain and work to the middle, in order to prevent it spreading.

Turpentine mixed with beeswax makes a well-known polish for floors. A cloth wrung out of turpentine brightens up an oilcloth.

Two parts of sweet oil and one of turpentine make a reliable furniture polish. It instantly removes finger-marks.

### The Bishop and the Baby.

A well-known bishop was at a garden party, and was being bored by the small talk of a lady who was famous for the extent of her family and her taste for conversing with bishops. "By the way, my dear bishop," she said, "I don't think you've seen my last baby yet." "No, madam," replied the bishop, wishing to indicate that he did not care much about babies, "and I don't suppose I ever shall."



## A Curious Petition.

THE following purports to be a petition addressed to an up-country estate proprietor by the wife of one of the Tamil Kanganies in his employ. The language is remarkable. The woman is described as still comely; the three children bonny little brats and "the poor infatuated husband" *ætat* 60, is one of the smartest Tamil Kanganies on the estate.

October 19th, 1899.

To—

Honoured Sir,—More homage has been exacted and more wrongs redressed under that simple banner of justice which waves over the head of every Briton wherever he may be than all the pride and power of the Union Jack have ever achieved; and Kamatchy, the inditer of this epistle of woe, has a thousand and odd grievance which she now desires to pour forth under the shadow of that self same and unpretentious banner, which flutters unceasingly high and unspotted over the head of the master of "St. Botolph's."

Sixteen years ago in her little Indian village home Kamatchy was a happy and contented child of but twelve summers blessed in the abundance of parental love with maiden attractions and neighbourly associations.

Then came the inexorable changes of "time and tide;" but in this instance the changes only augmented her happiness in that she by the natural transition of events became the wife of Pichiandi the head kangany of "Rupeemake" estate.

Profits and Losses are the inevitable results of every move, and all what I had lost as maid by of love of home and kindred I had gained as wife in the devotion of a husband and the attachment of children.

For fifteen short years husband and I have lived happily together secure in the attachment of each other, obeying alike the laws of God and man. During the period I had born him three children to look at whom would gladden any father's heart, and which alone should have proved sufficient to link the parents together in adamant chains of perpetual conjugal bliss.

But alas! it is much easier to probe the depth of the deepest ocean than to fathom the heart of man. It is still easier to check the rising waves of the roaring sea than to

limit man's inclinations. When maternity ought to be respected and dignified—for what is there to compare itself to a woman's sacrifice?—my husband proposes to toss me off like a pair of old sandals and taken to himself another spouse unsanctioned by both religion and law of the name of Angama, daughter to Ramasami Kangany.

Amongst us this woman belongs to a class known as dancing-girls whose life is dancing, &c., who only live with a man with the whole object of fleecing and reducing him to ruin. My poor husband seems to be very much infatuated with the woman, and he shows it in many ways, and the worst of all is that he has already paid over to Ramasami Kangany a lot of money in preference to his other men, and there is already a silent mutiny and invisible riot of the mind raging in the hearts of every neglected Kangany.

The celebration of this novel nuptial event is to come off on Monday next, and already much money has been expended in the purchase of provisions, etc. The first step in the downward path of destruction has already being taken, and if you should continue to withhold your aid for any longer, my poor foolish infatuated husband will inextricably be lost within the folds and machinations of this artful wily wicked woman. He will moreover be overwhelmed with debts and incumbrances from which he could never hope to extricate himself, and helpless woman as I am would naturally be drawn into the whirl of ruin that is certain encompass him. I therefore now appeal for redress in your hands, and sustained by that conviction that the greatest gentleman of the district could not possibly refuse justice to the humblest woman on his property, I hopefully subscribe myself.—Your honour's most obedient servant, MARADAI, wife of Pichiandi Kangany.

## Verger's "Bibulous" Language.

At the first meeting between the late Dean Gilbert Stokes and the eccentric old verger of St. Bidulph's an amusing conversation took place, says the "London Letter." "And who, my good friend, takes the lead in Sunday school matters here?" asked the Dean in his most suave tones. "Well, I do, sir," was the proud reply; "there aren't no other scholars but me and Sir John in the parish. I larns the children on Sunday afternoons." "And what routine do you follow?" said the Dean. "I first reads 'em substracts from the Gospels, then I gives 'em a little cataplasm, and I generally winds up with a few interesting antidotes, just to keep 'em from getting too restless. But, of course, sir, I always tells 'em in bibulous language."



## Cock-fighting in Burma

COCK-FIGHTING, if it has gone out of fashion, or at all events is only practised in secret, in England, seems to be very popular with the Burmese villager, judging from the following description:—

It was nigh six o'clock and very sultry as we strolled down to the open space at the end of the village selected for the sport. Not a breath of wind stirred; the little kids ceased to bleat, and the lean, unhandsome pariahs to growl, while the great curled fan leaves of the palm trees hung motionless. But the dense eager motley crowd of Burmans, their pasohs twisted deep about their thighs to admit of freer action, seemed to give but small thought to the state of the atmosphere. There were old and young gathered together there, all the faces having the same breathless interest written on them; even the children left their tumbling in the mud, and came up peeping here and there where they could.

Inside the ring of spectators squatted the respective owners of the rival cocks, two ragged looking Burmans without turbans, having thrown their side in the excitement of the moment. Each had his own particular knot of friends close beside him, who made small bets on the issue.

The birds, not over well-fed, to judge by appearances, were clawing viciously to get away from their masters, who soothed, and coaxed and smoothed their ruffled feathers and feelings to the best of their ability, while the spectators exchanged many remarks on the different merits of the two birds. Then the word was given, and they went for each other with indescribable ferocity. In the cloud of dust and plumage that followed it was well-nigh impossible to see who was getting the better or the worst of it. The ring widened to allow them larger scope; their evolutions being followed with silent but intense interest the while. The spectators scrambled over one another's shoulders and between one another's legs in order to see better; even the big, lazy buffaloes wallowing in the muddy chourng put their muzzles up out of the water, betel remained unchewed, cheroots unpuffed, the muscles of every brown face quivered with excitement.

No Derby was ever watched with greater

attention, and at last, as the result of the scuffle, a tall, dishevelled-looking cock, robbed of nearly all his feathers, stood the conqueror. Then the silence was broken, and the people clapped their hands, and shouted, and danced as a relief to their pent-up feelings. The owner of the victor, his small brown eyes literally blazing with triumph, caught the scraggy-looking cock to him and lavished much affectionate praise on its bare, ugly head; but the master of the defeated one walked sulkily away, leaving his property lying in a lethargy of pain. No one took any notice of it; the crowd dissolved, going home anxious to discuss the result and describe the event to their wives. Topics of conversation are very few with them.

## The Twelve Most Popular Books Published in 1899.

It is a curious fact that the books which are most talked about are not always the ones which have the largest sales. Investigation proves this fact, and it is only by inquiries at booksellers and the great wholesale houses that it can be arrived at.

Exhaustive inquiries made with the object of accurately ascertaining which are the twelve books published this year which have sold the best yielded the following result:—

The most popular book of all proves to be a novel, "The Double Thread." Next comes "No. 5, John Street"—another novel; and the third on the list proves to be Mr. W. G. Grace's "Recollections." Three more novels follow: "The Open Question," "The Market Place," and "The Fowler"; while Rudyard Kipling's "A Fleet in Being" is seventh on the list. The story of how the Empress of Austria met with her death is followed by the new cheap edition of "Omar Khyyaam." Next comes the ubiquitous "Mr. Dooley," and the political Struwwelpeter is eleventh. Last of all we have the works of Mr. Dan Leno, whose excursion into literature seems no less successful than his efforts upon the stage.

Switzerland has struck a limited number of a new issue of twenty-franc pieces. The head represents a typical Swiss woman, with hair falling in loose, braided coils. The portion of her robe visible is embroidered with the national flower, the edelweiss, and behind her are mountain peaks. The reverse side bears the Swiss cross on a shield, with a garland of oak, and is stamped 20fr. The issue of the coin, which is extremely beautiful and appropriate, is limited to 200.

## How it Struck the Scotch at Home.

One of the latest ideas in advertising come from Ceylon, where a firm of whisky-sellers has engaged an aeronaut to give a series of balloon ascents, and while ascending to drop sample bottles of whisky attached to miniature parachutes. Each ascent will wind up with a pyrotechnic display.



# The British Association.

## HISTORY OF INDIAN BOTANY.

(By Sir George King.)

SIR GEORGE KING, K. C. I. E., LL. D., M. B., F. R. S., President of the "K" or Botanical Section, gave as his address a Sketch of the History of Indian Botany, of which we append the more interesting passages:—

The earliest references in literature to Indian plants are, of course, those which occur in the Sanskrit classics. These are, however, for the most part vague and obscure. The interest which these references have, great as it may be, is not scientific, and they may therefore be omitted from consideration on the present occasion. The Portuguese, who were the first Europeans to appear in India as conquerors and settlers, did practically nothing in the way of describing the plants of their Eastern possessions. And the first contribution to the knowledge of the Botany of what is now British India was made by the Dutch in the shape of the *Hortus Malabaricus*, which was undertaken at the instance of Van Rheede, Governor of the territory of Malabar, which, during the latter half of the seventeenth century, had become a possession of Holland. This book, which is in twelve folio volumes, and is illustrated by 794 plates, was published at Amsterdam between the years 1686 and 1703, under the editorship of the distinguished botanist Commelyn. The *Hortus Malabaricus* was based on specimens collected by Brahmins, on drawings of many of the species made by Mathæus, a Carmelite missionary at Cochin, and on descriptions originally drawn up in the vernacular language of Malabar, which were afterwards translated into Portuguese by Corneiro, a Portuguese official at Cochin, and from that language finally done into Latin by Van Douet. The whole of these operations were carried on under the general superintendence of Cassearius, a missionary in Cochin. Of this most interesting work the plates are the best part; in fact, some of these are so good that there is no difficulty in identifying them with the species which they are intended to represent. The next important contribution to the botanical literature of Tropical Asia deals rather with the plants of Dutch than of British India. It was the work of George Everhard Rumph (a native of Hanover), a physician and merchant, who for some time was Dutch Consul at Amboina. The materials for this book were collected mainly by Rumph himself, and the Latin descriptions and the drawings (of which there are over one thousand) were his

own work. The book was printed in 1690, but it remained unpublished during the author's lifetime. Rumph died at Amboina in 1706, and his manuscript, after lying for thirty years in the hands of the Dutch East India Company, was rescued from oblivion by Professor John Burman, of Amsterdam (commonly known as the elder Burman), and was published under the title of "*Herbarium Amboinense*," in seven folio volumes, between the years 1741 and 1755. The illustrations of this work cover over a thousand species, but they are printed on 696 plates. The works of Plukenet, published in London between 1696 and 1705, in quarto, contain figures of a number of Indian plants which although small in size, are generally good portraits, and therefore deserve mention in an enumeration of botanical books connected with British India. An account of the plants of Ceylon, under the name of *Thesaurus Zeylanicus*, was published in 1737 by John Burman (the elder Burman), and in this work many of the plants which are common to that island and to Peninsula India are described. Burman's book was founded on the collections of Paul Hermann, who spent seven years (from 1670 to 1677) exploring the flora of Ceylon at the expense of the Dutch East India Company. The nomenclature of the five books already mentioned is all uni-nominal.

Hermann's Cingalese collection fell, however, sixty years after the publication of Burman's account of it, into the hands of Linnæus, and that great systematist published in 1747 an account of such of the species as were adequately represented by specimens, under the title "*Flora Zeylanica*." This Hermann's Herbarium, consisting of 600 species, may be consulted at the British Museum, by the means of which institution it was acquired, along with many of the other treasures possessed by Sir Joseph Banks. Linnæus's "*Flora Zeylanica*" was followed in 1768 by the "*Flora Indica*" of Nicholas Burman (the younger Burman)—an inferior production, in which about 1,500 species are described. The Herbarium on which this "*Flora Indica*" was founded now forms part of the great Herbarium Delessert at Geneva.

### THE "UNITED BROTHERHOOD."

The pioneer, John Gerard Koenig, was a native of the Baltic province of Courland. He was a correspondent of Linnæus, whose pupil he had formerly been. Koenig went out to the Danish Settlement at Tranquebar (150 miles south of Madras) in 1768, and at once began the study of botany with all the fervour of an enthusiasm which he succeeded in imparting to various correspondents who were then settled near him in Southern India. These friends formed themselves into a society under the name of "*The United Brothers*," the chief object of their union being the promotion of botanical study. Three of these brothers, viz., Heyne, Klein, and Rottler, were missionaries located near Tranquebar. Gradually the circle widened, and before the



century closed the enthusiasm for botanic research had spread to the younger Presidency of Bengal, and the number of workers had increased to about twelve, among whom may be mentioned Fleming, Hunter, Anderson, Berry, John, Roxburg, Buchanan (afterwards Buchanan-Hamilton), and Sir William Jones, so well known as an Oriental scholar. Rottler was the only member of the band who himself published in Europe descriptions of any of the new species of his own collecting, and these appeared in the "Nova Acta Acad. Nat. Curiosorum" of Berlin. A little later Sonnerat and other botanists of the French Settlement at Pondicherry sent large collections of plants to Paris, and these were followed at a considerably later date by the collections of Leschenault. These French collections were described chiefly by Lamarck and Poiret. Hitherto botanical work in India had been more or less desultory, and it was not until the establishment in 1787 of the Botanic Garden at Calcutta that a recognised centre of botanical activity was established in British India. Robert Kyd, the founder of that Garden, was more of a gardener than a botanist. He was, however, a man of much energy and shrewdness. Kyd, as a Lieutenant-Colonel of the Company's Engineers, and as Secretary to the Military Board at Calcutta, occupied a position of considerable influence, and his suggestion evidently fell on no unwilling ears: for the Government of Bengal, with the promptitude to accept and to act on good advice in scientific and semiscientific matters which has characterised them from the day of Kyd until now, lost no time in taking steps to find a site for the proposed garden. Colonel Kyd's proposal was dated 1st June, 1786, and a despatch, dated 2nd August, the Calcutta Government recommended Kyd's proposal to the Court of Directors in London. Posts were slow and infrequent in those days, and the Calcutta Government were impatient. They did not wait for a reply from Leadenhall Street, but in the following July they boldly secured the site recommended by Colonel Kyd. This site covered an area of 300 acres, and the whole of it, with the exception of thirty acres which were subsequently given up to Bishop Middleton for an English College, still continues under cultivation as a Botanic Garden. Kyd died in 1793, and in the same year his place as Superintendent of the Garden was taken by Dr. William Roxburgh, a young botanical enthusiast, and one of Koenig's "United Brotherhood."

(to be continued.)

### A Country With One Policeman.

Iceland has only one policeman. The people are so law-abiding that they have no need of a constabulary, and the solitary officer, in spite of his great responsibility, has a very easy time. This police force is large in one sense. Its member is 6ft. high, broad-shouldered and powerful.

## Ceylon's Eternal Offer.

IN deep and mystic conference our  
mighty Men of Tea  
Were thinking of a fitting gift to  
mark the Jubilee;

And suddenly arose a sage; "I have a  
great idea!"

And all in rapt astonishment gasped out  
a faint "hear, hear!"

"A sample of our tea we'll send, to our  
Most Gracious Queen.

"It looks like advertising; but a Royal  
gift I ween."

The others cried: "A happy thought!" and  
cheered it to the echo;

Then sent a chest—the very best—of Broken  
Orange Pekoe.

Then Dewey, with his ships of war, came  
sailing o'er the sea,

And dropped his anchor for a day—to see  
the Land of Tea—

Forthwith the great Association at once re-  
paired on board;

"The man," said they, "who's fought so well  
must have a great reward.

"Besides it's sure to go the round of all the  
Yankee journals—

"Our tea will gain the patronage of all  
the U. S. Colonels;

"If thus, our object we attain, our gift we'll  
never rue;"

"So they gave the mighty Conqueror a chest  
of Pekoe Sou."

The mighty Thirty hugged themselves and  
chuckled in their glee;

They never let a chance go by to make free  
gifts of tea.

They recognised they'd hit upon a great  
advertisement—

So to every King and Conqueror a chest or  
two was sent.

And when from Africa there came the ru-  
mours of a war:

And all the other colonies sent men to  
fight the Boer,

"The C. M. I.? No good!" said all; "but  
help of course we must."

If funds permit the sacrifice, we'll send a  
chest of dust."

And they do!



## The Commander of the East India Squadron.

H. E. Rear-Admiral Day Port  
Bosanquet.

(See Frontispiece.)

His Excellency Rear-Admiral D. H. Bosanquet succeeded Rear-Admiral Douglas in the command of the East India Squadron in July of this year and arrived in Colombo to take over his command in the Royal mail steamer "Omrah" on the 16th of that month. Before leaving England His Excellency was presented to H. R. H. the Prince of Wales at St. James's Palace. The new Admiral was saluted on entering the port by the German man-of-war "Kaiser." Rear-Admiral Bosanquet is considered in some quarters to be a most fortunate officer. Promoted to Commander out of the Royal yacht, he served in the "Raleigh" and "Boscawen" from which latter ship he was promoted to Captain. He captained the "Opal" in Australia for a long commission of over four years, and later the "Neptune" at Holyhead. He next became Inspecting Captain of boys' training ships, and from thence of Flag rank. The command of the East India Squadron is the best paid billet in the service for a Rear-Ral, as, in addition to his pay of £2,737, there is an Indian allowance of Rs. 10,000 a year paid from Indian funds while within limits of station.

Lieutenant C. M. Staveley, whom Admiral Bosanquet has selected as his Flag-Luff, was the navigating officer of the "Hebe" up the Straits. He was also for a while in the Royal yacht "Osborne." With the Mediterranean Station he is intimately acquainted. He first made its acquaintance in the Flagship "Trafalgar," under Lord Walter Kerr and Rear-Admiral Markham, and afterwards in the "Sybille." It is difficult to understand how so able an officer for navigating duties should become enchanted with the duties of a Flag-Lieutenant.

Rear-Admiral Bosanquet's predecessor, Rear-Admiral A. L. Douglas, who was most popular on the station, has been promoted to Whitehall as second Naval Lord, a post which his previous service peculiarly fitted him for. As a Luff of the old "Arrogant" he displayed his intrepidity in many actions up the Congo and Gambia. During the Fenian scare he commanded a gunboat on the Canadian lakes. He was senior staff officer of the Cambridge, as well as Instructor of Harvey Torpedo in the Channel and Reserve Squadrons. As Commander of the Naval Mission to instruct the Japanese Navy he was also Director of the Imperial Japanese College. His Captaincy of the "Serapis" during the Soudan operations was marked by success. He was successively a member and vice-President of the Ordnance Committee.

## An Engaging Manner.

An engaging manner is useful everywhere. This axiom is amusingly illustrated by a story which Justin McCarthy tells. "Soon after the Civil War," he says, "I happened to be standing on a bridge in New York, amusing myself by studying the crowd, when a shrill, youthful voice accosted me with, 'Cap'n, shine yer boots?' The chance distribution of military titles was ready and liberal at the time, when so many soldiers were returning to civilian life, and I paid no attention to the invitation. Just then a rival boot-black passed and imagining where the cause of my indifference lay, he advanced, and, pushing past the unsuccessful claimant, he gave me a military salute and appealed to me with the captivating words: 'Brigadier General, shine yer boots?' I had my boots shined on the spot."

## Justice Hawkins and the Tailor.

Mr. Justice Hawkins was on one occasion presiding over a case in which the plaintiff was giving evidence against a man who had stolen a pair of trousers from his shop. "How much were the trousers?" queried the judge. "Well," replied the plaintiff, "it depends who wants to buy them. I sell them to one man for thirty shillings, to another for twenty-five, but you can have them for twenty-three and six." "Sir!" cried Hawkins, angrily, "I want you to tell me how much those trousers are worth." "Well," replied the plaintiff, shall we say twenty-two shillings for you?" "Look here," thundered Hawkins, "if you do not instantly tell me what those trousers are worth, I'll send you to gaol for fourteen days for contempt of court." "Well, well," replied the frightened plaintiff, conciliatingly, "you may have them for a guinea. I'm giving them away; still, you may have them at that price." Even the stern aspect of Justice Hawkins could not stop the roar of laughter which broke out on hearing the reply, a roar in which Hawkins himself joined.



## Upon the Birth of His First Child.

THE readers of the *Ceylon Review* will probably enjoy the raciness of the following lines, the first stanzas of which were written by the well-known Yankee poet, David Barker, upon the occasion of the birth of his child:—

"One night as old St. Peter slept,  
He left the door of Heaven ajar,  
When out a little angel crept,  
And came down like a falling star.

One summer, as the blessed beams  
Of morn approached, my blushing bride,  
Awakened from some pleasant dreams,  
And found that angel by her side.

God grant but this—I ask no more,  
That when he leaves this world of pain,  
He'll wing his way to that bright shore,  
And find the road to Heaven again."

Mr. John G. Saxe, another poet, deeming that injustice had been done to St. Peter, wrote the following as St. Peter's reply:—

"Full eighteen hundred years or more  
I've kept my gate securely fast;  
There has no little angel strayed,  
Nor recreant through the portal passed.

I did not sleep as you supposed,  
Nor left the door of Heaven ajar,  
Nor has a 'little angel' left,  
And gone down like a falling star.

Go ask that blushing bride and see,  
If she don't frankly own and say,  
That when she found that angel babe,  
She found it in the good old way.

God grant but this—I ask no more,  
That should your number still enlarge,  
You will not do as done before,  
And lay it to old Peter's charge!"

LITTLE GIRL: "Mamma, are all people made of dust?" Mother: "Yes, dear." Little Girl: "Well, then, I suppose the negroes are made of coal dust!"

AWFUL SILENCE.—Perkins: "How very quite it is 're, Miss 'Arrington?" The Lady: "Yes, dreadfully; one might almost hear an 'h' drop.

## The America Cup:

ITS ORIGIN AND HISTORY.

BY G. F. LORIMER.

IN the latter part of the year 1850 it began to be rumoured in English yachting circles that the recently formed New York Yacht Club had determined on building a clipper schooner yacht to cross the Atlantic and to compete during the year of the Great Exhibition with the crack yachts of this country, in order to show the owners of British boats of what the Yankee fast-sailing yachts were capable.

In the days before the laying of the first Atlantic cable news from America filtered but slowly through the channel of the comparatively infrequent transatlantic mail boats, and although from time to time reports, more or less authentic, had been brought to England by eye-witnesses of the splendid sailing qualities of Yankee yachts generally, but little credence was attached to the statements that "they were the fastest boats in the world," and but scant respect paid to the opinions that the best Yankee built boats could "show their heels" to any British-built boat afloat.

However, on the truth of the rumour of the building of such a clipper yacht for the purpose aforesaid being to some extent confirmed, Lord Wilton, the commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron, in February, 1851, addressed a letter to Mr. John C. Stevens, the commodore of the New York Yacht Club, mentioning that he had heard of the building of the new boat and of the proposed visit to English waters, inviting all and every member of the New York Yacht Club who should come over to witness her performances to be visitors to the Royal Yacht Squadron clubhouse at Cowes, offering them a cordial welcome, and ending up with the expression of opinion that yachtsmen in this country would gladly avail themselves of "any improvement in shipbuilding that the industry and skill of your nation have enabled you to elaborate."

The upshot of a courteous and unassuming reply to this letter of Lord Wilton's was that at a very numerous attended meeting of the Royal Yacht Squadron, held at the Thatched House Club on May 9th, 1851, "it was unanimously agreed to give a cup of



the value of £100, open to yachts belonging to the clubs of all nations, subject to the sailing regulations of the Royal Yacht Squadron, the course to be round the Isle of Wight."

This Royal Yacht Squadron Cup of £100 is the trophy which we now style the America Cup, but which by some curious mistake is usually termed in America the Queen's Cup. It was not a Queen's Cup at all, for, as will be shown later in this article, the *America* never sailed for a Queen's Cup.

During the spring and early summer of the year 1851 there was a good deal of more or less unreliable gossip afloat concerning the new clipper yacht which was going to "lick creation," and as to her wonderful sailing powers, and what she would do if she came up to the expectations of her designer and builder. Mr. Wm. H. Brown, a well-known and, by reputation, extremely skilful shipbuilder, of New York, had undertaken to build a schooner that would outsail any other vessel at home or abroad, and had, indeed, agreed to make the purchase of her by the New York Yacht Club contingent on her success. His offer was accepted by the Club, and the *America* was built; but when her capabilities were put to the test, she failed in repeated trials to beat Commodore Stevens's yacht *Maria*, so that the Club was not bound to, and in fact did not, purchase her. Nevertheless, she had proved herself so fast in her trials that Commodore Stevens and a few friends bought her on their own account, and sent her across the Atlantic to Havre, there to be completed and made ready to take part in the Royal Yacht Squadron Races, at Cowes, in August.

When, at intervals, the news came to this country that the *America* had been beaten time after time by the sloop *Maria*, there was naturally a good deal of jubilation, and to some extent depreciatory comment, in the English press on the presumed failure of the much-vaunted Yankee boat. "There appears," said one writer, "to be considerable doubt whether the boasted Yankee clipper yacht will ever 'astonish the Britishers,' as it was so confidently asserted she would do. Indeed, she has been well beaten in her trials, and it is quite possible that, after all, she may never cross the Atlantic."

However, when it became known that not only had the *America* started from New York, but that she had made the transatlantic voyage in safety, and had arrived at Havre, and would certainly come to Cowes and meet

the best boats that could be pitted against her, immense interest was aroused, not only in yachting circles, but generally throughout the country.

Her appearance at Cowes, on July 31, created a perfect furore. Thousands of spectators were on the look out for her arrival, and, as described by a special correspondent of a leading journal, "the graceful and easy way in which the *America* slipped through the shipping at once proclaimed her to be an exceptionally fast vessel." From the time that she made her advent in the Solent there were no more scornful observations made as to the capabilities of the "Yankee clipper." There is no doubt that she came as a complete revelation to the British shipbuilder, who at the same time was not slow to recognise the immense advantages for speed which she possessed. Indeed, on her first appearance in British waters it was at once brought home to unprejudiced judges that no British-built schooner then existent could possibly stand the least chance with her. For, as stated by a prominent yachtsman of the day, English schooners of that time were not built for match sailing. "We have some very creditable schooners, but have not now, nor are we likely to have, any large vessel built for match sailing on the most modern and improved principles. In fact, our schooners have all high bulwarks and standing bowsprits, and are built and rigged more for comfort than for match sailing."

During the three weeks that the *America* was at Cowes, prior to the R. Y. S. Regatta, she gave in various trial spins such evidence of her sailing capacity and of her ability to defeat all possible competitors, that for a long time there was not found one to take up the trumpet-tongued challenge which "the New York Yacht Club, in order to test the relative merits of the different models of the schooners of the Old and the New World," put forth, in which they offered to sail the yacht *America* against any number of schooners belonging to any of the yacht squadrons of the Kingdom.

One scarcely need state that the race fixed for Friday, August 22nd, 1851, the Royal Yacht Squadron Cup for yachts of all nations, was the one absorbing event of the Cowes week in that year. The Queen's Cup was sailed for on the Monday, and Prince Albert's Cup on the Wednesday, while a Subscription Cup was the race fixed for and sailed on Thursday. But for none of these



three events was the *America* qualified under the conditions to compete; but to show that interest centred in the specially organised Royal Yacht Squadron Cup, no fewer than eighteen boats were entered for the event. These were—

• TONS.		TONS.		TONS.
<i>Beatrice</i> , 161	<i>Titania</i> , 100	<i>Bacchante</i> , 80		
<i>Volante</i> , 48	<i>Gipsy</i> , 160	<i>Freak</i> , 60		
<i>Arrow</i> , 84	<i>Alarm</i> , 193	<i>Stella</i> , 65		
<i>Wyvern</i> , 205	<i>Mona</i> , 82	<i>Eclipse</i> , 50		
<i>Ione</i> , 75	<i>America</i> , 170	<i>Fernande</i> , 127		
<i>Constance</i> , 218	<i>Brilliant</i> , 393	<i>Aurora</i> , 47		

In the actual race, however, *Titania*, *Fernande*, and *Stella* did not start. Of the fifteen competitors who did get under way seven were schooners and eight cutters. The fifteen yachts were moored in two lines, and on the gun being fired the *America* purposely lagged behind and allowed all the others to get away in front of her. It was not long, however, before the Yankee clipper gave evidence of her sailing powers. In a quarter of an hour she had passed all but three, and coming round No Man's Buoy a bare two minutes behind the leading boat; off Brading Harbour she was only led by the *Volante*. Her steadiness and speed were wonderful. "Whenever the breeze," says a writer of the time, "took the line of her hull, all her sails were as flat as a drumhead, and without any creaking or staggering she 'walked along' in a admirable style, and at twenty-eight minutes past eleven she contrived, without any seeming difficulty, to slip by the *Volante* as she had done the rest, and away she went, keeping close to the Island." After this the *America* was never again headed, winning with the utmost ease, though owing to the wind dropping altogether at sundown she had to drift home for the last hour and a half. Owing to some blunder in the printing of the conditions of the race a protest was entered against her on the ground that she had not sailed the stipulated course, but it was eventually withdrawn, and the Commodore of the N. Y. Y. C. was duly presented with the Cup.

While the race was in progress the Royal yacht, *Victoria and Albert*, with the Queen and other members of the Royal Family on board—including the Prince of Wales, a little boy in his tenth year, dressed in a white sailor's suit—steamed out to the Needles, accompanied by the *Fairy*, with Lord Alfred Paget on board.

The yachts not being in sight, the *Fairy* was deputed to go round the Needles and to

signal to the *Victoria and Albert*, which had returned and lay to in Alum Bay, how the race was going. When at length the signal was made that the competitors were in sight, the question was put, "Who leads?" the answer being returned, "The *America*." To the further question, "Who is second?" came the reply, "There is no second"—a summing up of the situation which recalls the famous old-time placing—"Eclipse first, and the rest nowhere."

As is not infrequently the case under similar circumstances, all sorts and conditions of ridiculous rumours were put in circulation to account for the tremendous speed of the American boat, some persons even going so far as to seriously assert that she had a screw propeller under her keel which was worked by the crew. Curiously enough, having been commanded to Osborne for inspection by the Queen on the Saturday—the day after she had won the Royal Yacht Squadron Cup—she grounded on a bank off the harbour and carried away about thirty feet of her false keel, so that she had to go into dry dock for repairs, and thus was effectually able to dispose of the silly suggestion that her speed was to be accounted for by the use of a screw propeller.

While the great thing that struck Englishmen was the extraordinary speed and sailing power of the Yankee boat, the Americans appear to have been equally as much, if not more, impressed with the enthusiastic way in which their victory was received by their opponents. Subsequently, on the return of Commodore Stevens and his friends to America, Colonel Hamilton, one of the party who had brought the boat over to Cowes, in relating the circumstance of victory at a dinner of the New York Yacht Club, given to celebrate the event, speaking of the impression left on the Americans by the way the Britishers took their defeat, said, "The return of our vessel, far in advance of all the Squadron, was greeted with as much warmth of acclamation as if it had been in our own harbour; and it is only fair to say that fair play and a manly acknowledgment of defeat were never more honourably exhibited."

So interested was her Majesty the Queen in the American boat that she gave a Queen's Cup of £100 to be sailed for by the yachts of all nations on the Monday following. For this cup the *America* was entered, but did not compete owing to the lack of wind on the morning of the race-day, her owners not caring to risk the reputation of their



boat on what might, from weather indications, eventually terminate in a drifting match.

But, nevertheless, on this day she accomplished her most astonishing performance in English waters. After the yachts had been started fully an hour, or more, a good breeze sprang up, and the *America* got under way and sailed after the competitors to give those on board of her an opportunity of seeing her race. She was not long before she caught them up, one after the other, and sailing over the prescribed course in advance of them all came home 41 minutes before the winner, the *Alarm*, thus really defeating them all by 1 hour and 41 minutes!

On the following Thursday she sailed a match against Mr. Robert Stephenson's *Titania*, the only schooner that would meet her challenge, but the *Titania* was outsailed at every point and beaten "all ends up!"

This was her last race in American ownership, and thus, to quote a leading journal of the time, "the match terminated in favour of the *America*, which, had anyone ventured to foretell a few weeks ago, he would have been looked upon as a fit candidate for a lunatic asylum; but even the most sceptical have now to admit the complete superiority of the American yacht over anything seen in these waters."

The *America* was not taken back to New York, but was sold to the Hon. John de Blaquiere for 5,000 sovereigns, but Commodore Stevens and his friends took the Royal Yacht Squadron Cup back to New York and in memory of the famous victory of the *America* presented it to the New York Yacht Club as a perpetual challenge trophy, open to the yachts of all nations, to be held by no individual person, but to remain for the time being the property of the Club to which the yacht that last won it belongs, and when challenged for to be sailed for on the water of the club then holding it.

The second race for the America Cup took place on August 8th, 1870, in American waters. There were seventeen competitors, the *Cambria* being the only English yacht; all the others were owned by members of the New York Yacht Club.

The *Cambria* was a schooner of 188 tons, and was built by Michael Ratsey, of Cowes, for Mr. James Ashbury. The *Cambria* had won many races, and in July, 1870, she beat the *Dauntless*, a Yankee schooner, in a race across the Atlantic to New York. She failed, however, to win back the America

Cup. The course for this event was through the Narrows, round Sandy Hook Lightship, and return. The *Cambria* was much impeded by other vessels. With one or two of these she came into collision, and as some of her canvas was carried away she lost all chance of winning the race. The winner was the *Magic*, a small schooner of 93 tons; the *Cambria* came in eighth.

The next America Cup Competition was in 1871. Mr. Ashbury was determined to have another try for the much-coveted Cup, and he accordingly commissioned Michael Ratsey to build him a schooner specially for the purpose. This was the *Livonia*, of 265 tons. She went to New York to compete for the Cup, and had a stormy crossing, but arrived without damage.

After the *Cambria's* effort in 1870 against seventeen American schooners, the New York Yacht Club decided, owing to numerous appeals, that only one vessel should in future matches for the Cup compete against the challenger. The Club, however, reserved the power to select the defender of the Cup on the morning of the race, according to the state of the weather. Needless to say, this arrangement did not find favour with English sportsmen.

In the 1871 race matches were arranged, and the Club named four yachts as competitors—the *Sappho*, the *Dauntless* (keel boats), the *Palmer*, and *Columbia* (centre-board schooners).

On the day of the first match the wind was very light, and the Club selected the *Columbia*, "a light-weather centre-boarder," as the *Livonia's* opponent. The former won by 25 minutes. The second race gave the challenger no chance, the American boat arriving at the winning post 3hr. 7min. 32sec. ahead of the *Livonia*. In the third race the *Dauntless*, *Palmer*, *Sappho*, and *Columbia* were all disabled, and it was thought that the *Livonia* would have a "sail over." Mr. Osgood, the owner of the *Columbia*, however, determined to start his vessel, and the race came off: the result was a win for the *Livonia*, but it must be stated that on the return something went wrong with the *Columbia's* steering wheel, the clew of her main-topmast staysail, fore-sheet, and her fore-gaff topsail split, and shortly after she lowered her mainsail and gave up.

The fourth match was between the *Sappho* and the *Livonia*: the former won by over half an hour. In the fifth and last match



the *Livonia* and the *Sappho* were competitors, and the victory lay with the latter, which ended the race twenty-six minutes ahead of *Livonia*.

The result of the five matches was that the Cup stayed in the States. It is stated that Mr. Ashbury's effort to win the Cup cost him in all £22,000. It may be mentioned that this was the last occasion on which an English schooner competed for the Cup. In subsequent contests the competitors were cutters.

Five years elapsed before England made another attempt to bring back to its shores the America Cup, but in 1876 the competitors were the Yankee schooner *Madeleine* and the Canadian schooner *Countess Dufferin*. The former was built by David Kirby, of Rye, New York, and launched in 1859. In her original form of a "sloop" she was a failure; and in 1870 she was changed to a schooner, and became a very fast racer, too fast indeed for the *Countess Dufferin*, which was proved to be quite her inferior.

After 1876, the next race for the Cup was held in 1881. The representative of America was the *Mischief*, while the *Atalanta* was a Canadian sloop. The victory fell to the American yacht. The next race was held in September, 1885, the competing boats being the English cutter *Genesta* and the American cutter *Puritan*, the latter proving the victor.

In the year 1886, the competitors were the English yacht *Galatea* and the American cutter *Mayflower*. The latter was built by Burgess, and was considered a speedier boat than *Puritan*. At any rate, she succeeded in holding the Cup for America.

In the year 1887 several of the most prominent Scottish yachtsmen joined hands in a determined endeavour to recover the America Cup, and one of the most hard-fought battles in the history of yachting was the result. When the *Thistle* left home she carried eleven winning flags, but she did not succeed in accomplishing the purpose for which she had been built, for she was defeated in both matches by the centre-board sloop *Volunteer*. After the 1887 struggle, the greatly coveted Cup enjoyed a season of rest until 1893, when the Earl of Dunraven, greatly to the delight of all Britishers, determined to see if he could not carry off the Cup.

In December, 1892, Lord Dunraven's challenge for his new *Valkyrie* to sail a series of races for the America Cup was accepted by the New York Yacht Club. At the same

time that the *Valkyrie*, *Britannia*, *Calluna*, and *Satanita* were being built in England, the Americans were building for new yachts, the *Colonia*, *Vigilant*, *Jubilee*, and *Pilgrim*, and great was the rivalry between the last four. The *Vigilant* was at last chosen as the "Defender of the Cup," and justified her country's faith by winning after a magnificent struggle; and thus the Cup remained in American waters.

In 1894 Lord Dunraven, having built a new yacht, *Valkyrie III*. (210 tons), sent a challenge to the New York Yacht Club for the America Cup, and races were arranged to take place in 1895. The other competitor was the *Defender*, a cutter of 202 tons, and five races were arranged.

The first took place off Sandy Hook on September 7th, when the *Defender* won by 8 min. 49 sec. Great annoyance was caused to both boats by the fleet of excursion steamers which accompanied the race and persistently hampered them, the stewards of the New York Yacht Club being unable to hold the steamers in check. The second race took place on September 10th, over a triangular course of thirty miles.

In the manœuvring before the start, the two vessels came into collision, and the *Valkyrie's* gaff struck and carried away the starboard top-mast shrouds of the *Defender*. Both, however, continued the race, the result of which was that the *Valkyrie* finished 2 min. 18 sec. ahead.

A controversy arose as to the foul, and the Regatta Committee of the New York Yacht Club, after going into the matter, adjudged the race to the *Defender*, on the ground that the *Valkyrie* had broken the racing rules, and was therefore to blame for the foul.

Lord Dunraven, immediately after the race, sent a letter to the America Cup Committee declining to sail his boat any more under the circumstances which prevailed during the first two races, on the ground that it was exceedingly dangerous to attempt to start two such large vessels in so confined a space and among moving steamers and tiny boats, and that the crowd of these vessels made it impossible to see the mark boats, and hampered the competitors all along the course. In response to this appeal the Committee decided that no start should be made in the next race until the excursion boats were half a mile distant from the yachts.

This concession did not satisfy Lord Dunraven, who asked for a postponement of the race in order that arrangements



could be made for the boats to race in clear water. This request the Committee were unable to grant.

In the third race, therefore, on the 12th, Lord Dunraven brought the *Valkyrie* down to the mark, but after crossing the line to give the *Defender* a start, he withdrew from the contest. Into the long and bitter controversy which ensued it is not necessary to enter.

On September 24th, 1895, Mr. C. D. Rose, a member of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club, appeared as a challenger for the America Cup. He proposed to build a yacht to be called the *Distant Shore*, but after a good deal of correspondence, the challenge was withdrawn, and it was left for the enterprise and public spirit of Sir Thomas Lipton, acting in unison with the Royal Ulster Yacht Club, to make a fresh struggle for the prize in the current month with the specially built *Shamrock*. At the present moment the eyes of not only the yachting world, but also of that far larger public which takes a keen interest in all questions of healthy and inspiring international sport, are fixed upon the *Shamrock* in her plucky attempt to rout the *Columbia* and bring this historic Cup back to British waters.

THE WRONG COLOUR.—Miss Forgetful: "Oh, Mr. White-wood—Blackwood—Redwood—dear me! hope you'll excuse me. I always do forget the colour of your name."

ADVANCE ECONOMY.—Boarding-house Keeper (to new servant): "I wish you would go up and down stairs *two at a time*, Matilda; it would save my carpets so much."

## THE TRANSVAAL.

OCTOBER 9, 1899.

Patience, long sick to death, is dead. Too long  
Have sloth and doubt and treason bidden us be  
What Cromwell's England was not, when the sea  
To him bore witness given of Blake how strong  
She stood, a commonweal that brooked no wrong  
From foes less vile than men like wolves set free  
Whose war is waged where none may fight or  
flee—

With women and with weanlings. Speech and song  
Lack utterance now for loathing. Scarce we hear  
Foul tongues that blacken God's dishonoured  
name

With prayers turned curses and with praise  
found shame

Defy the truth whose witness now draws near  
To scourge these dogs, agape with jaws afoam,  
Down out of life. Strike, England, and strike  
home.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

## How Cinnamon is 'Faked.'

[FROM "OLD CEYLON" BY THE LATE JOHN  
CAPPER.]

Ten miles an hour—not a yard less, dashing through horse-traps and water-gullies in the road, over treacherous heaps of broken metal, along the edges of dangerous drains, skirting ugly-looking culverts, on goes that fast-trotting mare, black as night, sleek as velvet, safe as anything, through Panadura, dashing into Moratuwa, scaring hackery bullocks, scattering groups of children at Ratmalane, and flying like a puff of dark wind past sober hired horses along Colpetty. The whip is a middle-aged Singhalese, clad in purest white, with showy gold buttons on his jacket, watch and chain, and the tallest of marvellous combs in his hair. He is a dealer in produce generally, but in two articles especially. Matthes Appoo was in early life much attached to coir, and in pursuing the bent of his affection in the direction of that special article he had become an adept. He knew to a nicety how much jackwood-dye badly-coloured yarn would stand without betraying the hand of the manipulator; and had made money by the device. But yarn was slow work, and he eventually abandoned his first love for two other more attractive, because more remunerative objects—cinnamon and plumbago. There is no sort of similarity in these two, on the contrary—one is very heavy, the other is light—one is dug from the bowels of the earth, the other is shaved off, if we may so say, from the earth's surface. There is this, however, in common between them, they are both valuable articles, and are both susceptible of a good deal of manipulation, so much so indeed, that they might almost be classed as art-manufactures, instead of as raw-products, seeing how much "cooking" enters into their composition.

### MATTHES' EARLY CAREER.

Matthes began his commercial and manufacturing career at an early age: he had served his time to an uncle, and under him had acquired a knowledge of many little matters, which were afterwards turned to profitable account on a larger scale: at fourteen he had become an adept at bargaining for cinnamon, sorting it and even at "making it up," which is the technical or artistic term for blending the bark of the real cinnamon plant, with that of spurious spice, or of trees which have no relationship to the "laurus" family. There is an active trade carried on in America in wooden nutmegs. Ceylon can equally boast its guava cinnamon, and its "laterite" plumbago.

### DISTRIBUTING HIS INITIAL PROFITS.

Beholding the dashing "whip" of the Galle road, one would scarcely imagine the humbleness of



his first beginnings in the outskirts of Maradana beneath the shady roof of a primitive hovel, and a rickety out-house, rented at eight shillings a month, he mapped out his future career, content to bide his time with small beginnings, his cheap and simple conveyance at that period of his life was a bullock-hackery. His first essays in the dyeing of worthless coir yarn yielded him profit, and gave him the means to lay in a stock of "palm oil," which he distributed with great tact, amongst the store-keepers and head-coolies of the principal exporters in the Fort.

#### MATTHES IN THE SOCIETY OF STORE-KEEPERS.

It was a saying of a former popular Governor of Ceylon that "the best lubricator for the wheels of the State, is champagne:" the State wheels ran pleasantly enough in his time. Matthes was of pretty much the same opinion in regard to the wheels of fortune, sparing neither thirty shilling champagne, or two-guinea brandy with gilt labels. Those who spend but little on themselves, can afford to be liberal to others, especially when sprats are given to catch herrings, and even larger fish. No wonder then, that the little shady hovel, and its rickety godowns in the black slums of Maradana were soon exchanged for a tiled dwelling, and a range of solid godowns, at we are afraid to guess how much monthly rent, in one of the main thoroughfares, at a convenient distance from water carriages, and not very remote from the family abodes of the storekeepers of two large buyers of native produce. Cheerful, and occasionally not unprofitable evenings, were spent at the society of the said storekeepers, who sipped Matthes's liquor in the front veranda, and chatted about coir, cinnamon and plumbago in the most satisfactory manner, until it was time to say which were more sold, the produce of the masters.

#### "CABOOK" CONVERTED INTO PLUMBAGO AND OTHER "CONVERSIONS."

But no matter how many corks were drawn on these occasions, the dealer was up at the usual hour to take his early bath, and seek for the early worm, which he generally managed to find. Coffee and hoppers despatched, his people began to arrive, and by seven o'clock operations were in full play. There were the cinnamon storing rooms, the coir steeping rooms, and beyond all, in later days, in another compound, the plumbago manufactory, in which cart loads of "laterite," or vulgarly "cabook," were converted into the finest plumbago by the skilled myrmidons of this "Wizard of the East." Within his long range of godowns, there were many chambers with intricate divisions and entrances, all piled with produce in various stages of manipulation, and we may as well add in varied modes, to suit the different tastes or capacities of the dealer's buyers. For the lately landed British merchant, fresh and green from the environs of Cornhill, Matthes had bales of the smoothest and most golden looking spice that ever Spanish Don set eyes upon: these were the produce of an extensive tract of young guava trees in Saffragam, peeled, prepared and dried as cinnamon, and so closely resembling it

in general appearance, save that it was too pale and too smooth, that unwary buyers might easily be imposed upon by it; but what about the sweet taste peculiar to the bark of cinnamon? This is managed in a few hours by immersion in large tubs of the waste water from the distillation of cinnamon oil, and afterwards when dry, by the slightest touch on each end of a bundle of the false guava pipes, with a cloth saturated with cheap cinnamon oil, which leaves behind it a searching and tolerably permanent aroma. The perfume, and the taste left by cinnamon water, are quite sufficient for the newly caught shipper of native produce eager as he is to develop the resources of the country and add to his own. For the buyer who has been two or three years in the country, and has had an awakening to a sense of the existence of guava trees in Ceylon, our dealer has other varieties of spice, almost as worthless, but less easy of detection: these are the produce of spurious varieties of the cinnamon plant, grown in the jungles of the interior, and, when cut young, presenting a good deal of the external appearance of the genuine article: this, too, is doctored in the manner prescribed, and as eagerly bought by the advanced griffin. A third mode of manipulation is by false packing, which consists in filling the centres of pipes of good cinnamon with pieces of guava bark or of spurious cinnamon: this requires skilful operation, and when wellworked is not easily detected. The sale of guava or jungle bark, which probably costs about six pence the pound in Colombo, in place of spice worth from eighteen pence to two shillings in ordinary years must be a lucrative business if a dealer can transact much of it, and that much of it does change hands at these prices, advices from home assure us, equally with the increasing wealth of Matthes, and his co-traders.

#### FURTHER TRICKS OF THE PLUMBAGO TRADE.

The plumbago trade has grown up marvelously of late: from small beginnings it has come to be, like our friend Matthes amongst shippers, in great request. Its value has doubled, and its exports have trebled in not very many years. In former times it was known chiefly as a lubricant, and a polishing powder for fire-grates, and some other such purpose. Now its chief use is in the construction of crucibles for melting obstinate metals, and again for a very useful purpose, in the manufacture of pencils in substitution of Cumberland lead which is becoming more scarce and dearer year by year. For both these latter purposes it is essential that the article should be pure and free from sand or soil of any kind, and in proportion to this quality is its value. A shipper who is careful on this point will insist on seeing every barrel filled and packed in his own yard, before paying for it, yet with all this precaution, he is not unfrequently sold by a clever legerdemain between storekeepers and dealers who occasionally manage to pack away some of the cabook covered by plumbago artfully rubbed over it. Some wholesale frauds of this



kind have been known to take place, always, of course, with connivance on the part of some subordinate in the shipper's employ. The most notable instance of the kind occurred some dozen years ago, when a loss of nearly a thousand pounds was sustained by a large exporter of plumbago who had most carefully seen to the filling, packing and marking of every barrel of the finest plumbago. Our friend, the clever manipulator of guava cinnamon, was in this case equal to the occasion. He had supplied the fine silvery mineral and the barrels, and his men had assisted in marking the packages for the merchant. His procedure was to fill a like number of similar barrels with rubbishy plumbago dust, mark the packages with the same numbers and marks which are usually very simple, generally one or at most two letters, send his barrels to the wharf on the same day with the others, and then for a dexterous quick hand to go carefully round in the dead of the night, and by the light of a dark-lantern, mark a cross or a star below the distinguishing letter on all the barrels of good plumbago. On the morrow when the coolies went to load the plumbago in boats, they naturally loaded the barrels containing the rubbish as they alone had the mark indicated in the shipping order, the others with the star beneath the initial letter, they of course left on the wharf, and these were afterwards either removed to the dealer's premises, or sold as they stood on the wharf ready for shipment, and being found of first rate quality fetched a high price. It is scarcely necessary to add that the shipper who had such a long and angry correspondence with his American constituents, to whom he made the consignment, never succeeded in tracing the manner of the fraud or the perpetrators.

#### SOME DEALERS ARE HONEST.

But let it not be supposed that all produce dealers are, as Matthes Appoo, given to manipulations of a doubtful kind. It is not so. We do not care to venture on any guesses as to the proportion which manipulating dealers bear to the plain and straight-forward dealing contractors who conscientiously give you the article they profess to sell; suffice it to say there are somewhat too many of the former to make the life of a young beginner at merchandising quite one of velvet and roses. That they are thus numerous is a matter for deep regret. But on the other hand, there are dealers, Singhalese and Tamil, whose word may be taken as their bond, and whose goods will pass the most cunning scrutiny without fail or fault. Meantime Matthes has married the dowered daughter of a wealthy cart-contractor, and has taken a suburban villa somewhere in the direction of Mount Lavinia so as to be handy for the plumbago business. He has a number of pits giving employment to some scores of work-people, who bring to the surface many tons of the mineral monthly. At first Matthes had no idea, but that of getting a few facilities from the headmen in the matter of royalty, but when his padaboats were delayed, sometimes for weeks

together, for the Mudaliyar to come and see to the weighing of the plumbago, he became so exasperated that it needed small persuasion to induce him to despatch his boat loads of the mineral, without the operation of weighing, or the formality of paying the royalty; and none were the wiser. That which he adopted at first in self-defence, he now practises from force of habit, and as he keeps a store of good liquor always at hand, the overworked headman does not trouble himself to enquire whether the amount of royalty paid by Matthes can possibly represent the extent of business he must do to build up the fortune he is evidently making.

#### Father John of Cronstadt.

Many wonderful tales are related of the miracles performed by the famous Father John of Cronstadt. He is worshipped almost as a saint, but his tastes are of the simplest. The following is one of the latest stories which are circulated in the Russian capital:

A personage of great importance at St. Petersburg, who had an only son struck down by typhus, went personally to Cronstadt to bring back with him the holy man, that he might pray at the bedside of the dying youth, and if possible cure him, and brought with him as an offering several thousand roubles. Father John accepted the sum, as he accepts anything given him, without looking at it, and put it into the large pocket of his cassock. He having agreed to comply with the father's request, they set out together for the steamboat landing whence the boat was to start. At the horror of the dignity, Father John took from his pocket the envelope containing the money, and, without opening it, gave it to a poor woman who implored charity. Thinking to stop him, the dignitary told him the amount which the envelope contained, but the priest replied in the words of Scripture: "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth," adding, "One has received the other has given." The poor woman kept the treasure, and the priest serenely went on his way as though nothing had happened. He prayed at the bedside of the dying young man, who from that time recovered, and is now in excellent health, and is convinced that he owes his life to the prayers of Father John.

#### The Congregation Smiled.

The following extraordinary coincidence occurred at Tinwald recently. A young preacher, who has lately married, was planned to take the morning service, but, by a misreading of the plan, he mistook his appointment for an evening one. Consequently the congregation gathered on the Sunday morning waited in vain for his appearance. Thereupon one of the office-bearers of the church present undertook the service. Totally unaware that the absent preacher had recently been married, he electrified and amused his audience by announcing as his text, "He has married a wife, and therefore he cannot come."



## New Australian Poet "Discovered."

**A**LL Australia is talking of a new poet who has just come to light. His name is Henry Lawson. He is a true poet of the people, and sings of their trials and sufferings with real human sympathy, as the following extracts show:—

### "FACES IN THE STREET."

They lie, the men who tell us in a loud, decisive tone  
That want is here a stranger, and that misery's unknown:

For where the nearest suburb and the city proper meet

My windowsill is level with the faces in the street—  
Drifting past, drifting past,  
To the beat of weary feet—

While I sorrow for the owners of those faces in the street.

And cause I have to sorrow, in a land so young and fair,

To see upon those faces stamped the look of Want and Care;

I look in vain for traces of the fresh and fair and sweet

In sallow, sunken faces that are drifting through the street—

Drifting on, drifting on,  
To the scrape of the restless feet;  
I can sorrow for the owners of those faces in the street,

### "SEZ YOU"

When you're camping on the mulga, and the rain is falling slow,

While you nurse your rheumatism 'neath a patch of calico;

Short of tucker or tobacco, short of sugar or of tea;  
And the scrubs are dark and dismal, and the plains are like a sea;

Don't give up and be downhearted—to the soul of man be true!

Grin! if you've a mate to grin for, laugh and jest and don't look blue;

For it can't go on forever, and—"I'll rise some day," says you.

Bother not about the morrow, for sufficient to the day  
Is the evil (rather more so!). Put your trust in God and pray!

Study well the ant, thou sluggard. Blessed are the meek and low.

Ponder calmly on the lilies—how they idle, how they grow.

A man's a man! Obey your masters! Do not blame the proud and fat.

For the poor are always with them, and they cannot alter that.

Lay your treasures up in Heaven—cling to life and see it through

For it cannot last forever—"I will die some day," says you.

## History of Indian Botany.

(By Sir George King.)

NATHANIEL WALLICH AND ROBERT WIGHT.

**B**UCHANAN-HAMILTON remained only one year at Calcutta, and in 1815 he was succeeded by Nathaniel Wallich, a native of Copenhagen, who, prior to his appointment to the Calcutta Garden, had been attached to the Danish settlement at Serampore, twenty miles higher up the Hooghly. Wallich remained Superintendent of the Calcutta Garden for thirty years. In 1846 he went to England, and in 1854 he died. During his tenure of office in the Calcutta Garden, Wallich organised collecting expeditions to the then little-known regions of Kumaon and Nepal (in the Himalaya), to Oudh, Rohilkund, Sylhet, Tenasserim, Penang and Singapore. He undertook in fact a Botanical survey of a large part of the Company's possessions in India. The vast materials thus collected under his own immediate direction, and the various contributions made by others, were taken to London by him in 1828. With these were subsequently incorporated the collections of Russell, Klein, Heyne, Rottler, Buchanan-Hamilton, Roxburg and Wight. And by the help of a band of distinguished European botanists, among whom may be named DeCandolle, Kunth, Lindley, Meissner, Nees von Esenbeck, Von Martius, and Bentham (the latter in a very special manner), this vast mass of material was classified and named specifically. A catalogue of the collection was prepared by Wallich himself (largely aided by Bentham), and sets of the named specimens were distributed to the leading botanical institutions in Europe, every example of each species bearing the same number.

During much of the time that Wallich was labouring in Northern India, Robert Wight, a botanist of remarkable sagacity and of boundless energy, was labouring in Southern India, chiefly in parts of the Peninsula different from those on which Koenig and his band had worked. Wight was never liberally supported by the Government of Madras, and it was mostly by his own efforts and from his own resources that his collections were made, and that his botanical works were published. The chief of the latter is his "Icones Plantarum." This book consists of figures with descriptions of more than two thousand Indian species.

Besides this *magnum opus*, Wight published his "Spicilegium Nilghirensis" in two vols. quarto, with 200 coloured plates. And between 1840 and 1850 he issued in two vols. quarto, with 200 plates, another book named "Illustrations of Indian Botany," the object of which was to give figures and fuller descriptions of some of the chief species described in a systematic book of the highest botanical merit, which he prepared conjointly with Dr. J. Walker-Arnot, Professor of Botany in the University of Glasgow, and which was published under the title "Prodromus Floræ Peninsulae Indicae." The "Prodromus" was the first attempt at a flora of any part of India in which the natural system of classification was followed. Owing chiefly to the



death of Dr. Walker-Arnot, this work was never completed, and this splendid fragment of a Flora of Peninsular India ends with the natural order Dipsacæ.

#### WILLIAM GRIFFITH.

The next great Indian botanist, whose labours demand our attention, is William Griffith. Born in 1810, sixteen years after Wight, and twenty-four years later than Wallich, Griffith died before either. But the labours even of such devotees to science as were these two are quite eclipsed by those of this most remarkable man. Griffith's botanical career in India was begun in Tenasserim. From thence he made botanical expeditions to the Assam Valley, exploring the Mishmi, Khasia, and Naga ranges. From the latter he passed by a route never since traversed by a botanist, through the Hookong Valley down the Irrawadi to Rangoon. Having been appointed, soon after his arrival in Rangoon, surgeon to the Embassy to Bhotan, he explored part of that country and also part of the neighbouring one of Sikkim. At the conclusion of this exploration he was transferred to the opposite extremity of the northern frontier, and was posted to the army of the Indus. After the subjugation of Kabul, he penetrated to Khorrassan. Subsequently he visited the portion of the Himalaya of which Simla is now the best-known spot. He then made a run down the Nerbudda Valley in Central India, and finally appeared in Malacca as civil surgeon of that settlement. At the latter place he soon died of an abscess of the liver brought on by the hardships he had undergone on his various travels, which were made under conditions most inimical to health in countries then absolutely unvisited by Europeans. No botanist ever made such extensive explorations, nor himself collected so many species (9,000) as Griffith did during the brief thirteen years of his Indian career; none ever made so many field notes or wrote so many descriptions of plants from living specimens. His botanical predecessors and contemporaries were men of ability and of devotion. Griffith was a man of genius. He did not confine himself to the study of flowering plants, nor to the study of them from the point of view of their place in any system of classification. He also studied their morphology. The difficult problems in the latter naturally had most attraction for him, and we find him publishing in the "Linnæan Transactions," the results of his researches on the ovule in *Santalum*, *Loranthus*, *Viscum*, and *Cycas*. Griffith was also a cryptogamist. He collected, studied and wrote much on Mosses, Liverworts, *Marsiliaceæ*, and Lycopods, and he made hundreds of drawings to illustrate his microscopic observations. Wherever he travelled he made sketches of the most striking features in the scenery. His habit of making notes was inveterate; and his itinerary diaries are full of information not only on the botany, but also on the zoology, physical geography, geology, meteorology, archæology, and agriculture of the countries through which he passed. His manuscripts and drawings, although left in rather a chaotic state, were published after his death under the editorship of Dr. McClelland, at the expense of the enlightened and ever-liberal East India Company. They occupy six volumes in octavo, four in quarto, and one (a "Monograph of Palms") in folio.

#### WILLIAM JACK AND VICTOR JACQUEMONT.

Another botanist of much fame, who died

prematurely in 1822, after an Indian career of only nine years, was William Jack. In 1814-15 Jack accompanied Ochterlong's army to the Nepal terai. He was transferred in 1818 to the Company's settlement in Sumatra under Sir Standford Raffles, and during the four years of his residence in Sumatra he contributed to botanical literature descriptions of many new general and species which were published in his "Malayan Miscellanies." His collections, unfortunately, were for the most part lost by an accident, but those which were saved are now in the Herbarium Delessert in Geneva.

Somewhat similar to Griffith in temperament and versatility was the brilliant Victor Jacquemont, a French botanist, who, at the instance of the Paris Natural History Museum, travelled in India for three years from 1829 to 1832. During this period Jacquemont collected largely in the Gangetic plain. He then entered the North-West Himalaya at Mussoorie, explored Gharwal and Sirmur, ascended the Sutlej to Kanawar and Piti (at that time unexplored), visited Cashmir, and returning to the plains, crossed northern Rajputana to Malwa and the Deccan. He finally reached Bombay with the intention of returning to France, but at Bombay he succumbed to disease of the liver, brought on by hard work and exposure.

#### THOMAS THOMSON.

The roll of eminent botanists who worked in India during the first-half of the century closes with the name of Thomas Thomson, who collected plants extensively between 1842 and 1847 in Rohilkund and the Punjab, and again still more extensively during a Government mission to the North-West Himalaya and Tibet, which was continued from 1847 to 1849. During the period Dr. Thomson explored Simla, Kanawar, Cashmir, Ladak, and part of the Karakoram. His collections, which were large and important, were transmitted to the Botanic Garden at Calcutta and thence in part to Kew. They formed no insignificant part of the materials on which the "Flora Indica" and "Flora of British India" were founded. Dr. Thomson also published an account of his travels—an admirable book, though now jostled out of memory by the quantities of subsequently issued books of Himalayan travel and adventure.

#### WORK COMMENCED IN THE N.- W. PROVINCE.

About the year 1820 a second centre of botanical enterprise was established at Saharanpore, in the North-West Provinces. A large old garden near that important town, which had been originally founded by some Mahomedan nobles of the Delhi Court, was taken over by the Honourable Company, and was gradually put upon a scientific basis by Dr. George Govan, who was appointed its first superintendent. Dr. Govan was in 1823 succeeded by Dr. J. Forbes Royle, and he in 1832 by Dr. Hugh Falconer. Dr. Royle made collections in the Jumna-Gangetic plain, in the Lower Gharwal Himalaya, and in Cashmir. He was distinguished in the field of Economic rather than in that of Systematic Botany, his chief contribution to the latter having been a folio volume entitled "Illustrations of the Botany of the Himalaya Mountains." His valuable labours as an Economic Botanist will be noticed later on. Hugh Falconer was an accomplished palæontologist who devoted but little of his splendid talents to botany. His great



contribution to palæontology, the value of which it is almost impossible to over-estimate, consisted of his exploration and classification of the tertiary fossils of the Sewalik range. Falconer was transferred to the Calcutta Garden in 1842.

#### WESTERN INDIA.

During the first half of the century, a considerable amount of excellent botanic work was done in Western India by Graham, Law, Nimmo, Gibson, Stocks, and Dalzell, the results of whose labours culminated in the preparation by Graham of a "List of the Plants of Bombay," which was not, however, published until 1839 (after his death), in the publication by Stocks of various papers on the Botany of Scinde, and in the publication by Dalzell in 1861 of his "Flora of Bombay." It is impossible in a brief review like the present to mention the names of all the workers who, in various parts of the gradually extending Indian Empire, added to our knowledge of its botanical wealth. It must suffice to mention the names of a few of the chief, such as Hardwicke, Madden, Munro, Edgeworth, Lance and Vicary, who collected and observed in Northern India; Jenkins, Masters, Mack, Simons and Oldham, who all collected extensively in Assam; Hofmeister, who accompanied Prince Waldemar of Prussia, and whose collections form the fine basis of the fine work by Klotsch and Garcke (Reis. Pr. Wald); Norris, Prince, Lobb and Cuming, whose labours were in Penang and Malacca; and last, but not least, Strachey and Winterbottom, whose large and valuable collections, amounting to about 2,000 species, were made during 1848 to 1850 in the higher ranges of the Kumaon and Gharwal Himalaya, and in the adjacent parts of Tibet. I cannot conclude this brief account of the botanical labours of our first period without mentioning one more book, and that is the "Hortus Calcuttensis" of Voigt. Under the form of a list, this excellent work, published in 1845, contains a great deal of information about the plants growing near Calcutta, either wild or in fields and gardens. It is strong in vernacular names and vegetable economics.

(To be continued.)

INGRATITUDE.—"Some people," said the boy with the dirty face, "never thank ye, no matter what ye do for 'em. A feller put a bent pin on the teacher's chair th' other day, and when the teacher was about to sit down I pulled the chair out from under him to save him from the pin. An', by George, he licked me for it!"

A SHOCK.—"Hist!" whispered the first accomplice, "there is a price upon your head." "Heavens!" exclaimed the female villain, paling visibly, "can it be possible that I have forgotten to remove the tag from that bargain-counter-hat?"

MOTHER (SUSPICIOUSLY): "If you haven't been in swimming, how did your hair get so wet?" Little Dick: "That's perspiration—runnin' away from bad boys wot wanted me to disobey you an' go in swimmin'."

## Sir West Ridgeway's Visit to Manxland.

### A HEARTY RECEPTION.

SIR West Ridgeway arrived at Douglas in the "Tynwald" on Tuesday to make a brief stay in the island as part of his holiday from his duties as Governor of Ceylon. The reception was an informal one and the heartiness with which all classes of the community spontaneously joined in it must have made it the more gratifying to Sir West. There were two disappointments in connection with it. The principal disappointment, and it was deeply and widely felt, was that owing to the delicate state of her health and the roughness of the sea, Lady Ridgeway was not able to accompany Sir West. The inclement weather was the other disappointment. The stormy sea greatly delayed the arrival of the "Tynwald," and during the long weary wait the large concourse of all classes that had gathered on the Victoria Pier were fiercely assailed by wind and rain but the fact that, for the most part, they stayed through it all was a good practical test of the heartiness of their grateful appreciation of the good service done for the island during Sir West's brief but able and energetic viceroyalty.

Amongst the large assembly on the Pier were the Mayor of Douglas (Alderman Webb), Sir Wm. Drinkwater, Deemster Sir James Gell, the Lord Bishop, the Vicar-General (Mr. S. Harris), Col. Freeth, Mr. and Mrs. George Drinkwater, Mrs. J. F. Gill, the Archdeacon, the Attorney-General, the Receiver-General, Miss Gell, Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Storey, Mr. A. W. Moore, J. P. (Speaker of the House of Keys), Mr. J. A. Mylrea, H. K., Mr. J. T. Cowell, H. K., Mr. J. J. Goldsmith, H. K., Mr. John Joughin, H. K., Mr. Thos. Allen H. K., Mr. J. D. Clucas, H. K., Mr. J. C. Crellin, H. K., Mr. T. Clague, H. K., Mr. J. R. Kerruish, H. K., Mr. James Mylchreest, H. K., Alderman J. Hall, Councillors Cottier, Joughin, Kewley, A. Lewthwaite, Moore, Chadwick, and Cubbon; Mr. A. Robertson (town clerk), Mr. A. E. Prescott (borough surveyor), Mr. John Callow (town overseer), Mr. R. D. Gelling (Secretary House of Keys), Mr. J. S. Gell (High-Bailiff of Castletown), Mrs. Gell, the Rev. R. B. Baron, Rev. S. A. P. Kermode, Mr. F. Browne, Mr. G. H. Quayle, Mr. R. Garside, Mr. H. S. Christopher, Mr. W. A. Stevenson, J. P., Mr. W. Hutchinson, J. P., and many others.

The Douglas Volunteers, accompanied by their band, and under the command of Lieutenant



Mackenzie, were formed up by the landing steps a guard of honour.

The "Tynwald," which had encountered very heavy seas, steamed into the harbour at twenty minutes after four, and as she approached the Victoria Pier rockets were fired in salute from the breakwater and the flag on the Douglas Head Lighthouse was dipped as she passed. Sir West Ridgeway, who stood on the bridge, acknowledged with smiles and bows the cheers of the assembled throng. The members of the Legislature, and the late First Deemster, (Sir William Drinkwater,) went on board the steamer as soon as she was moored, Sir William being the first to greet with a hearty handshake, the island's guest.

The only touch of formality in the proceedings was the presentation to Sir West on his landing of an address by the Mayor and Corporation, but this was specially appropriate as the Act incorporating Douglas as a borough was one of the last of the measures passed during his governorship, as Sir West reminded the Mayor, who read the address, which was as follows:—

To Sir J. West Ridgeway, K. C. S. I., etc.,  
Governor of Ceylon.

The Mayor, Aldermen, and Burgesses of the Borough of Douglas bid your Excellency a hearty welcome to the island in which, for an all too short period, you acted as Her Majesty's representative, and whose people, on behalf of her Majesty, you governed with wisdom and kindness.

To Lady Ridgeway and Miss Ridgeway we also extend this welcome, remembering gratefully the uniform kindness and courtesy by which her Ladyship, during her residence here, endeared herself to all classes.

It is the wish of every inhabitant of this island that Lady Ridgeway and your daughter may share with you all happiness and prosperity in the future, and that you may be long spared to continue the brilliant service to Her Majesty which has distinguished your Excellency's career in the past.

SAMUEL WEBB, Mayor.

ALEX. ROBERTSON, Town Clerk.

Douglas, October 3rd, 1899.

(The Mayor explained that the reference to Lady Ridgeway and Miss Ridgeway was written when it was hoped that they would accompany His Excellency to the Island).

Sir West, in reply, said: I cannot thank you sufficiently for this address. I am sure I am very much touched by the cordial and unexpected—no; not unexpected altogether—welcome which you have given me I assure you it was the keenest disappointment to Lady Ridgeway not to be able to accompany me. We had fixed on this time of the year because, after studying our diaries, and the Vicar-General, after studying the statistics of the Island, had come to the conclusion we could command perfect weather. I hoped to find you in quiet, when the visitors had left you, and to be able to renew my acquaintance

with friends and places. However, this unruly element has ruled otherwise. It is the one unruly element the High-Bailiff cannot control; his persuasive eloquence cannot go beyond the limits of this day. I feel rather vindictive after my voyage. I only wish he could have condemned that element to solitary confinement, though not to hard labour (laughter). Mr. Mayor, I thank you. You don't know, perhaps, that I regard you as my child (applause). Almost the last act of my Governorship was to sign the Act which gave a Mayor and Corporation to Douglas. I congratulate Douglas most sincerely on possessing such a Mayor and Corporation as it has at present. I am a constant reader of the *Manx papers*, and I see how well the experiment of a Corporation for Douglas has succeeded. I hope the people of the town may long command your services, and after you, someone equally efficient and dignified.

The Mayor briefly thanked Sir West Ridgeway for his kind expressions.

Sir West Ridgeway then entered his carriage with the Vicar-General and drove off amidst renewed cheering.

#### SIR WEST RIDGEWAY AT MARATHON.

"Marathon," the pleasantly situated residence of the High-Bailiff of Douglas (Mr S. Harris), was the scene on Wednesday afternoon of a most enjoyable social function in connection with Sir West Ridgeway's visit. It took the form of a reception given by His Worship with the intention, in the first instance, of enabling both Sir West and Lady Ridgeway to meet their many friends and well-wishers in the island in a way that would serve as a reminiscence of the "at homes" which Lady Ridgeway's graciousness made so enjoyable during their three years' occupancy of Government House. Unhappily, Lady Ridgeway, owing to the state of her health, was unable to accompany Sir West, as she had fully intended and greatly desired to do, but there was a message to those present at the reception in the form of a telegram to the High-Bailiff, and which was attached to a photograph of her ladyship which hung in the drawing room at "Marathon." The telegram was as follows:—  
"Please give kindest remembrances to all my friends this afternoon, and express my keen disappointment at enforced absence.—Lady Ridgeway." The host and the hostess (Miss Harris the High-Bailiff's respected daughter), were assisted in the entertainment of the distinguished visitor and their other guests by Miss Harris (grand daughter) and Mr. Maxwell Fleming (grandson). The reception took place in the drawing room, from 3-30 to 4-30, and all through the house the spacious apartment was crowded by people from all parts of the island, who gladly availed themselves of the opportunity of exchanging greetings with His Excellency and of showing their high appreciations of his good service to the island during his brief but vigorous and able viceroyalty. Amongst the first callers were the Mayor of Douglas and the Misses Webb and they were quickly followed by other ladies and gentle-



men, amongst whom were noticed the High Bailiff of Peel and Mrs. Laughton; Mr. Herbert Storey and Mrs. and Miss Storey, Capt. Ponsonby, Dr., Mrs. and Miss Farrell, Sir William Drinkwater, Mr. and Mrs. George Drinkwater, Miss Roddam, the Attorney-General and Mrs. Ring, Dr. Mackenzie, the Clerk of the Rolls, Miss Bigg-Wither, the Rev. R. B. Baron, Mr. and Mrs. Cheslyn Callow, Col. Freeth, the Receiver-General, Miss Gerard Robinson, the Misses Cookson, the High Bailiff of Ramsey, (Mr. J. M. Cruickshank), Mr. (J. F.) and Miss Gill, Miss Charlotte Devine, the Rev. T. A. Taggart, Miss Bruce and Miss Nan Bruce, and Mr. F. C. Callow.

On Thursday Sir West Ridgeway visited Castletown, and was met at the railway station by Sir James Gell, the High-Bailiff (Mr. J. S. Gell), and several other gentlemen. His Excellency viewed the Castle, lunched with the Deemster, joined in a game of golf at the links on Langness, and also visited King William's College, where he was heartily cheered by the assembled boys. On his return to Douglas, His Excellency proceeded to the new Town Hall, in company with the Mayor (Alderman Webb), Alderman Hall and Goldsmith and Councillor Cottier. He especially admired the oak-wainscotted Council Chamber, and congratulated the Mayor on the fact that the Douglas Town Council would have a suitable meeting place at last, and expressed surprise, that such a large and handsome building could have been erected at a cost of only £12,000. Yesterday (Friday) Sir West Ridgeway visited Peel, and dined in the evening at Kirby with Sir William Drinkwater. To-day His Excellency will proceed to Ramsey, and on Monday he returns to England.

#### "M. A. P." ON SIR WEST RIDGEWAY.

Sir West Ridgeway, Governor of Ceylon, who is spending his long leave in London and visiting various parts of the country, is a keen-eyed, alert, soldierly-looking man, with a well-set-up figure and the air of one accustomed to be obeyed. The son of an English clergyman, he began life in the Indian Army, and has had a varied career, climbing the ladder of success by undoubted ability and a capacity for hard work. He has considerable administrative talent, and was picked for the Under-Secretaryship of the Government of India after the Afghan War. This important appointment was the tide in Sir West's affairs which led on to fortune, and he was not the man to lose any opportunities which came his way. When Mr. Arthur Balfour wanted an Under-Secretary for Ireland, in 1887, he chose the ex-Indian officer in preference to men who had graduated in official life at home, and he has never lost sight of him since.

Sir West is a pleasant acquaintance, and an excellent host. He enjoys society; from a race meeting to a ball no social gathering comes amiss, and he is a decided acquisition wherever he goes. He married the lovely Miss Bewicke (a member

of the well-known Yorkshire family) who, in addition to beauty, was dowered with a very nice dot Lady Ridgeway, as I remember her some years ago (adds my correspondent), was really a vision of beauty, with light golden brown hair, clear grey eyes, good features, and an exquisite creamy complexion which was the envy of three-quarters of her feminine acquaintances. She has no conspicuous talents, but thoroughly understands the art of dress, and of artistic house decoration and household management—which after all, is sufficient mental endowment for one to whom nature was so lavish in the matter of good looks.

"MANX SUN," Oct. 7th.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON (Mandell Creighton, D. D.)

Of Episcopals, Londoners' Creighton,  
is a sturdy, Right Reverend "fight" 'un;  
Author, teacher, and preacher,  
Famed historic creature,  
For next Cantuar's Arch \* he's the right 'un.  
\* Archbishop.

GENERAL BOOTH.

The Salvationist General Booth,  
Still is fighting the tempter of youth,  
And the betting is level  
He'll knock out the devil,  
Hallelujah! his war-cry is TRUTH.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

An author, a critic dramatic,  
An expert in things operatic,  
A study in dress.  
They are All G. B. S.  
He is everything—even erratic.

KAISER WILHELM.

King, Emperor, architect, poet,  
Cook painter, and dramatist—blow it!  
If not lese-majeste,  
His poor subjects would say,  
"Were you Statesman, how gladly we'd know  
it!"

MONSIEUR LEBON.

Lebon is a Frenchman of fame,  
Ill-gotten and branded with shame.  
He pleads in excuse  
That to torture Dreyfus  
Was a high-class political game,

PRESIDENT KRUGER.

There was an old person, "Oom Paul,"  
Whose hat and whose talk were both "tall,"  
Yet he outwits "Joe" slyly,  
And for Rhodes is too wily.  
Is it he—is it they—who will fall?

ESTERHAZY.

As lover of France, professor,  
A strangely prolific confessor,  
For the sake of good gold  
Lies or truth will unfold—  
A mischievous, meddling messer.



## Cyril Silvester.

A TALE OF CEYLON SCHOOL LIFE

by

The Author of the *Mudaliyar's Daughter*

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### PART 2.

#### CHAPTER THE FIRST.

MR. NEWCOME.

WE now come to the second part of our narrative. Four years have passed since we first saw Cyril—an innocent boy of thirteen—meekly kneeling by his bed-side and saying his prayers in his country home at Piyagama. Many changes have since then come over him. He is no more the same innocent boy of thirteen, but a stripling of seventeen, high up in the school and well acquainted with the worst side of St. George's life. His old Bible, the precious treasure of his boyhood is now a forgotten, little-cared-for book, seldom remembered and never read except when an examination in religious knowledge is in view. Saying prayers too is a thing of the past in his experience to which he now seldom gives a passing thought. But prayers for him are constantly rising up to heaven. His praying mother and godly father, far away in their secluded home at Piyagama never fail to intercede for him every morning and evening at the throne of grace. Laurie Maclean also, true to his attachment to Mrs. Silvester, is mindful of her wayward boy. He seeks to arrest him in his downward course by his example and prayer, though no longer by his advice. So long therefore as we believe in a prayer answering God the prodigal must return from his fruitless wanderings to the home of a loving Father.

Towards the close of Cyril's fourth year at St. George's, something happened that changed the whole history of the school. About the middle of the third term it began to be vaguely reported that Mr. Evans was thinking of shortly proceeding to England. There were all sorts of speculations among boys and masters as to the cause of this. Some said that Mr. Evans was going "home" to return with a partner in life; others made out that the change was for the benefit of his health; a third lot still speculated that he was going "for good" never to come back. Whatever might have been the cause of his going away there could be no question as to the fact. So every boy in the school, true to the good old traditions of St. George's, was anxious to give the out-going Principal a right enthusiastic farewell. The Kandyan and the Low-lander, the Jaffna-boy and the Burgher accordingly put away their peculiar prejudices and united in giving Mr. Evans a hearty send-off.

A subscription paper was circulated by Mr. Weeragoda to which all liberally subscribed; and at the end of the year some valuable Kandyan curiosities were presented to him with an illuminated address read by the head-boy of the school, eulogising in Eastern hyperbole the many excellent virtues Mr. Evans did and also did not possess. Thus the Rev. George Evans, M. A., Principal of St. George's School for five long and tedious years, bade farewell to the scene of his labours; and the next morning sailed away to England by a steamer "homeward" bound.

After some time it was discovered that Mr. Evans would not return to Ceylon. He had been offered and had accepted a living in England.

One morning after breakfast, during the interregnum that followed, a knot of masters and boys were seen assembled at the door-way leading to Mr. Ratnaike's room eagerly reading an announcement in that morning's issue of the *Ceylon Sentinel*. The announcement was as follows:—

"The Rev. Edward Herbert Newcome, M. A., Queen's College, Oxford, has been appointed Principal of St. George's School, Ceylon, in succession to Mr. Evans, resigned.—*Home Paper*."

Concise and brief as this announcement was it aroused curiosity in all concerned to know more of their new Principal. But the only information they could glean of him was from a letter received by the Headmaster a few weeks later from Mr. Newcome himself. The letter, though it said very little about the writer, was nevertheless sufficient to inspire confidence in him. What it said was that Mr. Newcome was hoping to start in a week more, and was bringing out with him a goodly supply of the latest and best editions of school books, and the boys were therefore not to buy any new books until his arrival; and that he was bringing with him a camera, tools for teaching carpentry to the boys, air-guns and skating shoes to amuse them, and dumb-bells, boxing gloves, swings, etc., to make them manly. Altogether the letter promised the dawn of a new and better era for St. George's. The Headmaster made the letter public property; and every boy examined it with as much interest and curiosity as if it had been some ancient inscription recently dug out. But they were more anxious to see Mr. Newcome himself. And the one month of anxious waiting passed quickly away.

On the day that Mr. Newcome was to arrive the school was given a half-holiday. The Headmaster and one or two other teachers went to the landing-pier to meet and escort him home to the scene of his future labours. Those who remained behind, masters and boys, busied themselves in making arrangements to give the new-arrival a warm reception. The school-hall was tastefully decorated by them for the occasion with so lavish a profusion of tropical ferns and flowers and the tender leaves of the palm-tree, as had seldom before been seen. The St. George's colours and motto were put up high on an arch



at the entrance, while a floral emblem of the Coat-of-arms, and a large "Welcome to the Rev. Edward Herbert Newcome, M. A.," Wrought in ferns and flowers stood on the wall. At 6 p. m. all the Georgians mustered in full at the railway station. No sooner had the train drawn up and Mr. Newcome jumped out of the carriage and stood there before them, a tall, broad-shouldered, muscular hero, than three hundred of the lusty voices of the Georgians shouted at their very top pitch three cheers to the new Principal that it was even feared that the corrugated iron roofing of that building was in some danger of being blown off. Then before Mr. Newcome had had any time to look about him or examine the faces of his new pupils they hurried him into a wagonette much against his wish, and dragged him like a caged lion along the streets right up to the Principal's bungalow. There they left him, monarch of all he surveyed, and dispersed. The boarders came in to dinner, while day-boys went to their several homes—all equally glad of everything they had done and seen. The dining hall of St. George's was more noisy that evening than usual, mingled with the clatter of spoons and forks, the merry voices of the boys were heard ringing aloud, volubly talking of what they thought of their new Principal. The hurriedly-formed opinion of every one of them was indeed favourable. Some praised his athletic figure, others his winning manners—and in short everybody felt sure that he was a good man. Nay indeed, with the little they had seen of him, they went so far as to declare that his reign would place St. George's in the zenith of its glory. Nor were their expectations veiled. Mr. Newcome, during the four years he resided in Ceylon, did more for the prestige of St. George's School than any before him. But the hurriedly-formed opinion of an excited group of boys, like that of a frenzied mob, is very capricious and liable to sudden, fitful change.

When an hour after, Mr. Newcome came down for prayers, an address of welcome was read to him by Mr. Ratnaike. The Principal briefly replied. He told them how very pleased he was to receive such a loyal welcome from them. His friends in England, he said, would be much more pleased when he told them of the reception he had received in Ceylon. He had come fully prepared to work, and asked them to be willing and ready to support him cheerfully by downright, earnest, hard work. He then went back to the bungalow, and sent for the head-boy of each class, one by one, to ascertain from him the lessons they had to do for the following day. Now, the school had fully expected a whole holiday on the morrow, and it was this one thought that had encouraged the boys in their decorations of the afternoon. But as each boy, who had the honour of going up to the Principal, came down with a serious face and told his fellows, from what had taken place in the bungalow, that it did not look as if they were going to get a holiday their hurriedly-formed opinion of Mr.

Newcome quickly changed. When the boarders were retiring to bed that night they were accordingly heard to mutter against what they called the stiffness of the new arrival.

Mr. Newcome, accompanied by Mr. Ratnaike, went round all the dormitories, and having seen all the house-masters in their rooms and interchanged a few words with each of them, himself retired to bed. He was very tired after the journey, but withal much pleased with every thing he had seen. His heart was moreover full of thankfulness and gratitude, though it must be observed, not without some serious misgivings. Thankfulness that Ceylon was not what he had pictured it to himself—that he had not come to instruct "rude savages and little Cingalese cannibals," but that Ceylon was in every way fairer than his fairest dream of it; and misgivings that in the midst of all this pleasantness a blood-thirsty cobra-de-capella might be lurking under his bed-sheets, or that while he slept a fierce vampire-bat or huge musquito or some other "monster" might put an end to his existence, before he was yet half conscious of it.

In spite, however, of all these absurdities concerning Ceylon which Mr. Newcome had in his good nature conjectured to himself before he landed, he had an undisturbed night of rest. He heard indeed, half conscious, half in dreams, a tiny gnat singing outside the curtains; and far off in the moon-lit sward the weird howl of a jackal piercing the stillness of the night disturbed him. But apart from these, there was nothing to rob him of his peace of mind. He slept soundly and was up early. The first harsh croak of the Ceylon raven as it flew cawing over the roof of his bungalow in search of garbage, awoke him. It was a beautifully fresh morning. The cool air laden with the aroma of large Eastern blossoms was making a flutter among the slender plumes of the palm trees, while round their coronals of white flowers a thousand bees were incessantly humming, and tiny honey-suckers pleasantly hopping hither and thither. Far off in the Eastern horizon, a little above the circle of light that joins the earth and sky, the sun was shining through a film of mist, and trying to penetrate with its slender rays the thick screen of green foliage, bathed in dew, thus casting over the whole landscape a spell of unsurpassed loveliness. Mr. Newcome enthusiastically stepped out and drank his fill of the beautiful scenery; and the few minutes he had before school he spent in conversation with the Headmaster.

In the meanwhile the large hall was full of noise and uproar. Some of the idle Georgians, at the bottom of their classes, ignorant of what had taken place in the boarding house after prayers, were so sanguine of a holiday, that they did not think it even worth their while to bring their books to school that morning, but came with empty hands and lessons totally unprepared. Even among the boarders there were some, who, in spite of the warning they had received, could not seriously make up their minds that they would



go without a holiday. So all the scum of the school got together into the hall with sticks and other engines that helped to create clamour and disturbance, and began to amuse themselves by striking the desks with these and raising a most unearthly yell, in the confused din of which, the magic word "holiday," so sweet in a school boy's ear, was distinctly heard above the uproar.

When the second bell rang there was comparatively silence and order. By the time the new Principal put in his appearance everything was quite inside. Mr. Newcome with very little ceremony took his seat in the chair where upwards of five Principals had sat and given laws. He went through the usual morning prayers as if nothing out of the ordinary in the history of the school was happening. When prayers were over another address of welcome was read to him in the name of the whole school. Mr. Newcome thanked them for their good wishes and sent the boys' to their several class-rooms for the work of the day. Each boy went away with a face as long as a cucumber and cold with bitter disappointment. Even the junior masters little appreciated the way the school had been treated. As the long file of boys was retreating they gave expression to their feelings in harsh, bitter complaints.

"He does not deserve the reception we gave him," said one.

"We have gone from the frying pan into the fire," remarked another who had thought himself particularly wronged during the last *regime*, but was willing to forget the torture of the frying pan in what he considered was the beginning of another kind of torture by fire.

"I say, you will never again get a Principal like Mr. Evans!" whispered low another malcontent.

It may be thought from these remarks that Mr. Newcome was making a bad beginning. Indeed if the opinion of such boys was any criterion, so he was. But Mr. Newcome, as they afterwards found out, fully knew what he was about.

When the classes were in full swing, Mr. Newcome visited them all, and acquainted himself thoroughly with the nature of the work they were doing, both the teachers and the taught.

During the interval for breakfast, after the boys had finished their meal, Mr. Newcome came down and freely moved among them, showing himself to be personally interested in every boy. That stiffness also that had characterized him at school had now disappeared. He was among them like one of them. He brought down for their amusement the air-guns, the Camera and the skating shoes, and exhibited them on the open square. The boys again changed their opinion of Mr. Newcome. The popular talk was now in favour of him. Nay, indeed, during that half hour they came so much to like him, that the disappointment of the holiday they forgot in their enthusiasm, and when the bell rang for school none of them grudged to work the rest of the day in class.

When afternoon school was over the boys again rallied round their Principal, and before evening the popular talk was, without a single garring note, in favour of their new chief.

And Mr. Newcome deserved their confidence. His intense zeal and dauntless courage found him everywhere. Were they at cricket, there he was ready to join and encourage them. Were they at work trying to follow some elaborate train of thought, or wearily "thridding some socratic dream", there he was telling them the most practical way to cut the Gordian knot. Were any sick, he was there by the bed-side with a picture book or reading some story, like a faithful friend and Pastor. And wherever he was seen after school hours his presence always carried cheerfulness there. Boys and masters alike were soon inspired with his spirit, and caught the contagion of his energy, and ere long they all felt that a new force was at work at St. George's.

(To be continued.)

#### THE PRIMATE OF ALL ENGLAND.

The Primate, at Lambeth did say,  
"Clear incense and candles away;  
You'll be left in the lurch  
If you use them in church;  
So be dutiful, clergy, I pray.

#### KAISER WILHELM.

A potentate, William the Kaiser.  
Where in Europe, is one that is wiser?  
Amusing his aims  
For he certainly  
To be head, end the adviser.

#### RANJI

There's a grace in his style at the wicket,  
Where untiring he's able to stick it.  
Should scoring be stingy,  
'Tis then Ranjitsinhji  
Is a long-distance runner at cricket.

#### JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

The Radical Joey from Brum,  
Once posed as the working-man's chum—  
He's since become high-class,  
An orchid—an eye-glass—  
As a Tory he's built out of plumb.

#### MR. RUDYARD KIPLING.

A journalist first, when a stripling,  
Then word-pictures cleverly stippling;  
Anglo-Indian life,  
With its passion and strife,  
And its brave Tommy Atkins, paints Kipling.

BRIDE (throwing her arms about the bridegroom's neck): "You are my prisoner for life." Bridegroom: "It's not imprisonment for life, love; its capital punishment."—

A GOOD EXCUSE.—Wife: "What's the matter, John? You walk lame." Husband: "Yes, a pretty girl with fluffy hair and diamond earrings got on the car coming up and I sprained my leg in giving her a seat."



## The Old Issue.

The following poem by Rudyard Kipling has been published:—

**A**LL we have of freedom—all we use or know—  
This our fathers bought for us, long and long ago.  
Ancient Right unnoticed as the breath we draw—  
Leave to live by no man's leave, underneath the Law  
Lance and torch and tumult, steel and greygoose wing.  
Wrenched it, inch and ell and all, slowly from the King.  
Till our fathers stablished, after bloody years,  
How our King is one with us, first among his peers.  
So they bought us freedom—not at little cost—  
Wherefore must we watch the King, lest our gain be lost.  
Over all things certain, this is sure indeed  
Suffer not the old King; for we know the breed!  
Give no ear to bondsmen bidding us endure,  
Whining "He is weak and far:" crying "Time shall cure."  
(Time himself is witness, till the battle joins  
Deeper strikes the rottenness in the people's loins.)  
Give no heed to bondsmen masking war with peace.  
Suffer not the old King here or overseas!  
They that be our barons wait his yielding mood—  
Pledge the yoke we have to trust—pawn our brother's blood,  
Howso' great the price, whatso'er their claim,  
Suffer not the old King under any name!  
Here is naught unproven—here is naught to learn.  
It is written what shall fall, if the King return.  
He shall mark our goings; question whence we came,  
Set his guards about us, all in Freedom's name.  
He shall take his tribute, toll of all our ware.  
He shall change our gold for arms—arms we may not bear.  
He shall break his Judges if they cross his word:  
He shall rule above the Law calling on the Lord.  
He shall heed our whispers for the night shall bring,  
Watchers; neath our window lest we mock the King—  
Hate and all division; hosts of hurrying spies;  
Money poured in secret, carrion-breeding flies.  
Strangers of his council, hirelings of his pay,  
These shall deal our Justice: sell—deny—delay.  
We shall drink dishonour, we shall eat abuse  
For the Land we look to—for the Tongue we use.  
We shall take our station, dirt beneath his feet,  
While his hired captains jeer us in the street.  
Cruel in the shadow crafty in the sun,  
Far beyond his borders shall his teaching run.  
Sloven, sullen, savage, secret, uncontrolled—  
Laying on a new land evil of the old;  
Long-forgotten bondage, dwarfing heart and brain—  
All our fathers died to loose he sha'l bind again.

*Here is naught at venture, random nor untrue—  
Swings the wheel full-circle, brims the cup anew.*

*Here is naught unproven here is nothing hid:  
Step for step and word for word—so the old Kings did!*

*Step by step and word by word: who is ruled may read.  
Suffer not the old Kings—for we know the breed—*

*All the right they promise, all the wrong they bring.  
Stewards of the Judgment, suffer not this King!*

## Our Local Sporting and Athletic Record.

### CRICKET.

**R**ETURN of Matches played in Colombo and elsewhere from 1st October, to 31st October, inclusive:—

#### COLOMBO.

September 23rd and 30th:—Colombo C. C. *vs.* St. Patrick's C. C. Played on the C. C. C. ground. Won by the C. C. C. by an innings and 70 runs.

#### Total Scores.

St. Patrick's C. C. 57 and 57.  
Colombo C. C. 193.

Highest individual scores:—St. Patrick's C. C., S. de Saram 19 and O. G. de Alvis 30; Colombo C. C., F. W. Waldock 61.

September 23rd and 30th:—Sports Club *vs.* Royal College. Played on Gall Face. Won by the Royal College by eight wickets.

#### Total Scores.

Sports Club 121 and 52.  
Royal College 92 and 83 (for 2 wks.)

Highest individual scores:—Royal College E. Weerasuriya 33 and D. Gunasekere 42 (not out); Sports Club H. G. Hall 29 and F. May 14 (not out.)

September 23rd and 30th:—Bloomfield A. & C. C. *vs.* St. Joseph's College. Played on St. Joseph's College ground. Won by the Bloomfield A. & C. C., on the first innings.

#### Total Scores.

St. Joseph's College, 86 & 142 (for 7 wks.)  
Bloomfield A. & C. C. 172.

Highest individual scores:—St. Joseph's College, A. Goonewardene 17 (not out) and W. Fernando 51; Bloomfield A. & C. C., T. Pollocks 65.

October 5th and 6th Kandy Sports Club *vs.* The Colts. Played on Galle Face. Won by the Colts by seven wickets.

#### Total Scores.

Kandy Sports Club. 77 and 166.  
The Colts 149 and 99 (for 3 wickets.)

Highest individual scores:—Kandy Sports Club, W. W. Sevier 23 and S. de Saram 42; The Colts J. Heyzer 53 and (46 not out.)

October 7th:—Kandy Sports Club *vs.* Colombo C. C. Played on the C. C. C. ground. Match ended in a draw.



## Total Scores.

Kandy Sports Club 243 (for 5 wks.)

Colombo C. C. 206 (for 2 wks.)

Highest individual scores:—Kandy Sports Club, W. W. Sevier, 82 (not out); Colombo C. C., H. C. Stockwell 72.

October 7th & 14th.—The Colts *vs.* Malay C. C. Played at the Rifle Green. Won by the Colts on the first innings.

## Total Scores.

The Colts 114.

Malay C. C., 21 &amp; 53 (for 7 wks.)

Highest individual scores:—The Colts, J. C. Heyzer 40; Malay C. C., Z. H. Mantara, 13 (not out) and C. H. Mantara 14 (not out).

October 21st & 28th.—Nondescripts *vs.* St. Joseph's College. Played on St. Joseph's College ground. Won by the Nondescripts by an innings and 26 runs.

## Total Scores.

St. Joseph's College, 78 and 67.

Nondescripts 270 (for 6 wks.)

Highest individual scores:—St. Joseph's College, J. de Silva 21 (not out) and A. Goonewardene 18; Nondescripts, E. H. Joseph 101 (not out).

October 21st and 28th.—Colts *vs.* Wesley College. Played at the Racquet Court. Won by the Colts by 35 runs.

## Total Scores.

The Colts 68 &amp; 39.

Wesley College C. C., 45 &amp; 27.

Highest individual scores:—The Colts, A. H. Jayawardene 34 (not out) and J. Ludovici 13; Wesley College A. W. Nathanielsz 18 and 7.

October 21st and 28th:—Sports Club *vs.* St. Thomas' College. Played on Galle Face. The Match ended in a draw.

## Total Scores.

Sports Club 80 &amp; 120.

St. Thomas' College 38 &amp; 159 (for 4 wks.)

Highest individual scores:—W. H. Jackson 46 (not out), and F. May 32; St. Thomas' College, J. C. Heyzer 9 and 82 (not out).

October 28th:—Prince of Wales' College C. C. *vs.* Technical College. Played at Moratuwa. Won by the Technical College by an innings and 45 runs.

## Total Scores.

Prince of Wales' College C. C. 59 &amp; 55.

Technical College 169.

Highest individual scores:—Prince of Wales' College C. C., C. Orr 14 and P. Potger 18; Technical College C. C., A. Grenier 72.

October 21st & 28th:—Malay C. C. *vs.* Police Sports Club. Played at the Rifle Green. Won by the Malay C. C. by 26 runs.

## Total Scores.

Malay C. C., 63 and 31 (for 7 wks.)

Police Sports Club 37 and 39 (for 8 wks.)

Highest individual scores:—Malay C. C., S. A. Ahamat 24 and B. N. Preena 9; Police Sports Club D. Attygalle 6 and S. Emaum 25 (not out).

## UP-COUNTRY.

September 30th:—Kandy Sports Club *vs.* Carltons C. C. Played at Kandy. Won by the Kandy Sports Club on the first innings.

## Total Scores.

Kandy Sports Club 216 and 78 (for 7 wks.)

Carltons C. C. 152.

Highest individual scores:—Kandy Sports Club, W. L. Kindersley 85 and C. Jonklaas 13 (not out). Carltons C. C. H. P. Borrett 35.

October 28th:—Pussellawa C. C. *vs.* Trinity College C. C. Played at Kandy. Won by the Pussellawa C. C., by one run.

## Total Scores.

Trinity College 47 and 64.

Pussellawa C. C., 75 and 37.

Highest individual scores:—Trinity College C. C., W. Aluwihara 20 and P. B. Ratawatte 39 (not out); Pussellawa C. C., S. Jayawardene 32 and 11.

## CALENDAR

FOR

September, 1899.

1st.—Pussellawa Tennis Tournament. Cricket: Sports Club *vs.* Bloomfield A. C. C. Hockey: Nuwara Eliya *vs.* Colombo Kachcheri. Sale of Crown Land. Polo on Havelock Racecourse. Accident on the Railway, the night down mail train passing Watawala broke down. Death of Miss Emily VanCuylenburg. A Sinhalese man stabs another of his nationality in Fort.

2nd.—Pussellawa Tennis Tournament. Meeting: Nuwara Eliya District Planters' Association: Galle Face Hotel: Guest Night. Public Hall. Concert. Cricket: Nuwara Eliya *vs.* Kandy Sports Club; Sports Club *vs.* Bloomfield A. & C. C.; H. L. I. *vs.* Mutwal Union C. C. Parsee Theatre: Lecture by Mr. S. K. Nair. Rugby Football: Dickoya *vs.* Kandy, at Darrawella. Meeting of the Maskeliya Estate Co. and Maha Uva Estate Co. Adams Peak Hotel: Dance. Farewell Dinner to Mr. H. E. Hayes at Galle.

3rd.—Bristol Hotel: Special Dinner.

4th.—Chamber of Commerce: Special General Meeting, Tea Traders' Association. Bambalapitiya Presbyterian Sunday School: Prize giving. General Meeting Dumbula P. A. Polo on the Havelock Racecourse. Hatton Estate meeting. Colombo Kachcheri: Sale of the Lease of Plumbago Lands.

5th.—Industrial School, Maradana: Concert. Association Football on Galle Face. Royal College re-opens. Colombo Kachcheri: Sale of Crown Land. Term begins City College. Return of Mr. R. V. Webster.



- 6th.—Meeting Pussellawa Planters' Association. Chamber of Commerce: Tea Sales. Grand Oriental Hotel: Guest Night. Polo on Havelock Racecourse. Arrival of the s.s. "Omrah," arrest of a passenger on board. Wedding at the Agras, Mr. L. S. Maudslay Miss Flora Mayow.
- 7th.—Public Hall: C. M. S. Fancy Bazaar. Hockey on Galle Face. Concert, Ladies' drawing room, Galle Face Hotel. Entries close for Gampola A. C. C. Meet. H. R. H. Prince Chakkraphonges, of Siam, passed through Colombo. Return of Mr. J. H. Renton from England.
- 8th.—Public Hall: C. M. S. Fancy Bazaar. Term begins Wesley College. City Council Meeting. Pettah Girls' School re-opens. Colombo Garden Club: Distribution of Prizes. Colombo Kachcheri: Sale of Crown Land. Term begins at St. Thomas' College. Orient Club: Dinner to Dr. C. T. VanGeyzel.
- 9th.—Galle Face Hotel: Guest Night. Gampola A. C. C. Meet. Foot Ball A. C. C. vs. Agras. Meeting of the Nyassaland Coffee Co. Meeting of the Vogan Tea Co. Cricket: Kandy Sports Club vs. Matale; Nondescripts vs. Railway C. C. "At Home" at "Fairlight," Turret Road. Annual Volunteer Camp begins.
- 10th.—Return of Mr. Stanley Gardiner from Minicoy.
- 11th.—Polo on the Havelock Racecourse. Cathedral Girls' School re opens. Meeting of the Ceylon Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society. Dinner at Queen's House.
- 12th.—Association Foot Ball on Galle Face. Term begins Kollupitiya Girls' School. Colombo Kachcheri: Sale of Crown Land. Council Chamber: Meeting of the Tramway Commission.
- 13th.—Wolfendahl Church: Wedding: of Dr. C. T. VanGeyzel with Miss Annie Beling. Chamber of Commerce: Tea Sales. Meeting of the Legislative Council. Departure of the Lieutenant-Governor for the Volunteer Camp.
- 14th.—Public Hall: Colombo Ladies and Men's Glee Club Concert. Hockey on Gall Face. Four members of the English Australian Team in Colombo. Return of the Lieutenant-Governor from the Camp.
- 15th.—Uda Pussellawa Gymkhana Club Meet. Colombo Kachcheri: Sale of Crown Land and Sale of Toll Rents.
- 16th.—Meeting of the Game Protection Society. St. Benedict's Institute Dramatic Entertainment. Cricket: Nondescript vs. Railway C. C. Mr. May's XI vs. Colombo C. C. Rugby Football: Dimbula vs. Dickoya. Galle Face Hotel: Guest Night. Half-yearly General Meeting St. James Temperance League. Meeting of the Ratawatta Co. Uda Pussellawa Gymkhana, 2nd. day. Volunteers return from the Camp Dinner at the Prince's Club.
- 18th.—Galle Criminal Session opens. Association Football: D. Coy. vs. A. Coy., H. L. I. Meeting of the Fatalities Commission.
- 19th.—Colombo Kachcheri: Sale of Crown Land Association Football: C. H. & F. C. vs. C. Coy. H. L. I.
- 20th.—Council Chamber: Tenders to be received for the purchase of Arrack Rents. Grand Oriental Hotel: Guest Night. Polo on the Havelock Racecourse. Chamber of Commerce: Tea Sales. Association Football: Bloomfield A. & C. C. vs. E. Coy., H. L. I. Steam Riding Gallery, Band Night. Death of Sergt. Marlow, R. A. Mr. Edwin Mead Wilcox, P. H. D., in Colombo.
- 21st.—Special General Meeting Pettah Library. Marlo's American Globe Trotters, Parsee Theatre, Racquet Court.
- 22nd.—Colombo Chess Club: Finals to be played. Colombo Kachcheri: Sale of Crown Land. Polo on Havelock Racecourse. Association Football: H. Coy., H. L. I. vs. Fort F. C. Royal College Sports. Meeting of the Tramway Commission.
- 23rd.—Colombo Gymkhana Meet. Cricket: Colombo C. C. vs. St. Patrick's; Colts vs. Prince of Wales' College; St. Joseph's College vs. Bloomfield A. & C. C. Meeting of the Pallegama Grant Association. Association Football: H. L. I. vs. Gampola A. C. C. A. Coy. vs. C. Coy., H. L. I. Meeting of the Udabage Co. Meeting of the Galle Districts Planters' Association. Prince's Club: Dance. Death of Mr. James de Livera.
- 25th.—Meeting re Proposed Residency for the Bishop. Polo on the Havelock Racecourse. Association Football: C. H. & F. C. vs. D. Coy. H. L. I. Dinner at Queen's House.
- 26th.—Sale of Crown Land, Colombo Kachcheri Association Foot Ball C. H. & F. C. vs. D. Coy. H. L. I. Serious carriage accident at Galle. Sudden death of Mrs. A. Thornhill (Senior).
- 27th.—Chamber of Commerce: Special General Meeting, Colombo Golf Club. Meeting of the Notaries' Commission. Steam Riding Gallery: Band Night. Polo on Havelock Racecourse. Tea sales Chamber of Commerce Association Football: Fort F. C. vs. C. Coy., H. L. I.; St. Joseph's College vs. Technical College. Grand Oriental Hotel: Guest Night.
- 28th.—Ada Delroy Co., Public Hall. Association Football C. H. & F. C. vs. A. Coy., H. L. I. Bogawantalawa Tennis Tournament.
- 29th.—Mobilization of Troops in Colombo. Dedication Festival, St. Michael's Polwatte. General Meeting, Putupaula Tea Estate Coy. Sale of Sale of Crown Land, Colombo Kachcheri. Meeting of the Oodoowere Estate Co. Entries close for Nuwara Eliya Tennis, Golf and Croquet Tournament. Nuwara Eliya Golf Tournament. Sudden Death of Dr. Gratiaen.
- 30th.—Bogawantalawa Tennis Tournament. Ceylon Tea Co., Meeting at Kandy. Galle Face Hotel: Guest Night. St. Paul's Concert Public Hall: Ada Delroy Co. Colombo Croquet Club, 13th. Anniversary celebration. Cricket: Colombo C. C. vs. St. Patrick, Sports Club vs. Royal College; Bloomfield A. & C. C. vs. St. Joseph's College, Nuwara Eliya Golf Tournament. Association Football: D. Coy. vs. E. Coy. H. L. I. Elkadua Polo and C. C. Meeting. Meeting of the Education Association.







