

THE CEYLON REVIEW

A Monthly Magazine of Literary & General Interest

VOL. II.

JAN. 31, 1897.

No. 9.

Yearly Subscription Rs. 4 (post free). Single copies 40 cts. Overland Subscription, post free, yearly, Rs. 5-60.

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

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

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

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

Here and There.

1897.



THE NEW YEAR, which the superstitious amongst us cannot forget commenced on a FRIDAY, and, which from the time of Adam and Eve, has been associated with ill-luck and misfortune, finds cholera in our midst; a plague which threatens to become quite a scourge through the whole of Western India, and the North Western Provinces devastated by famine. So that the words of the Litany "from lightning and tempest; from plague, pestilence and famine; from battle and murder, and from sudden death—Good Lord deliver us," have a peculiar significance at the present time for the people of Ceylon, who do not know to what extent the authorities will be able to stamp out cholera from within, ward off the introduction of the plague from without, and prevent the effects of the famine being felt in Ceylon. The outbreak and spread of cholera in our midst has naturally directed attention to the insanitary condition of parts of the city which is universally condemned, but it is extremely unlikely that the Municipality, as at present constituted, will have the boldness to face the problem in all its naked horrors. The magnitude of the outlay appals those who have ears and eyes only for ostentatious projects of urban ornamentation, and consequently they are all the more inclined to favour a miserable policy of temporary makeshift.

Municipal Vanity.

THE Colombo Municipal authorities are delicately toying with such great utilitarian projects as the drainage of the city, the housing of the poor and the perfection of the system of water supply. No one can deny that each of these three subjects deserves the earliest attention. But what do we find? After a lacklustre discussion or two the matter drops out of sight or is quietly shelved, or other information is declared to be necessary—anything to put off the evil day of reckoning—but other matters which

A New Year's Thought.

THE vervain was a blu-blossoming plant which was used by the ancients for purpose of divination; also as an emblem of reconciliation. It is still supposed to be, by certain people living in remote rural districts, full of enchantments.

There is a language of deep eloquence,

Printed in symbols on fair Nature's page—

Read by the prophet, spoken by the sage—

Interpreted alone by mystic sense.

Like generous warriors of ancient time,

Around a floral emblem we may find

Love's reconciliation for the mind—

An Old Year's dying thought, a New Year's rhyme.

Enchantment dwells within the Vervain plant,

When it evokes from strife a spirit new,

And from discordancy a festive chant,—

Burying the hatchet under heavenly blue,

Spanned by a rainbow's many-coloured arch,

While hearts are beating to a tuneful march.

are not pressing, which can wait for years and years and no one feel their loss, such as tramways, the electric lighting of the Fort, the establishment of a fire brigade with a swagger plant indented from Shand, Mason & Co., or Merryweather's, in a place where a fire does not occur once in a blue moon, and the making of costly and unnecessary roads, so that the *elite* may drive and cycle without the possibility of their aristocratic olfactory nerves being saluted by noxious odours from wayside boutiques—these are by far preferential schemes with our City Fathers, and are brought forward and given a prominence that shows how much of personal vanity enters into the discharge of obligations which are not without their very grave responsibilities.

Sleepy Ceylon.

VERILY in both great and little matters we in Ceylon are asleep and there is need for a sharp awakening. January is over, we see the Continent of Europe disturbed at the prevalence of the Bubonic Plague in Bombay and the Powers devising conferences and so forth, yet the authorities in this spicy little Island comport themselves with masterly inactivity, as if there was not the slightest ground for apprehension and as much as to say that even if the plague be introduced into Ceylon, as an immediate successor of cholera, we need not be under the slightest apprehension. This cocksureness is very well in its way. A bold front is always a politic attitude to adopt so long as it is contained within the limits of prudence, but it can be overdone and here in Ceylon the authorities seem to be wilfully blinding themselves to the fatal consequences that may possibly result from their long course of inaction. It was the same with the cholera, it will be the same if the plague finds its way to Ceylon or the famine exerts a prejudicial influence on our food supplies. Cholera found us totally unprepared, and it quickly obtained a hold and nearly brought about a panic. And not even our recent experiences seem to have made any lasting impression on the authorities who are resorting to a variety of questionable methods in order to prevent the general public from becoming alarmed. That's the one ticket which is successfully played. Ceylon is a veritable Paradise we all know, but it has been left to Municipal authorities to show that it is populated by Fools.

The Hindu Sage.

OPINIONS are freely divided concerning the individuality and cult of Swamy Vivekananda, who has this month been lecturing in Ceylon. There are, however, few who will probably be swayed by the same emotions which surged over the Hon. P. Coomaraswamy, the Tamil Representative in the Ceylon Legislative Council, who, standing in the presence of the Sage, declared that he was enjoying the next best thing to standing in the presence of God. The expression may of course have been pure Oriental

hyperbole, which is a euphemistic way of conveying that when a "mild Hindu" is labouring under intense mental excitement his utterances are not altogether dissociated from extravagance and exaggeration. It is said that the Swami intends after spending a few months in the suspicionless seclusion of ascetic retirement to return to Ceylon and re-engage in his present proselytising mission.

Another Indian Mutiny.

ON top of these disquieting matters we have Lord Roberts in his reminiscences, entitled *Forty-one years in India: from Subaltern to Commander-in-chief*, discussing the eventuality of another Indian Mutiny. Lord Roberts reviews the evils that have grown up since the mutiny. Amongst these are, the centralisation of Government, the strengthening of the departmental spirit, and the increasing of the number of departments and of secretariat offices under the Supreme Government. He deplores the existence in the present day of a class of officials whose "ability is of the doctrinaire type" and who lack "the more perfect knowledge of human nature and the deeper insight into and greater sympathy with the feelings and prejudices of Asiatics." He places amongst the causes which have produced discontent of late years the forest laws and sanitary regulations, the judicial and fiscal systems, which "are so absolutely foreign to native ideas that it is essential they should be applied with the utmost gentleness and circumspection." He thinks that "the official idea of converting the young princes and nobles of India into English gentlemen by means of English tutors and English studies" should be carried out with great care and caution. He deprecates the license allowed to the native press in vilifying the Government and its officials, our tolerant attitude gaining for us neither credit nor gratitude, while our forbearance is misunderstood. He deplores the growth of peasant indebtedness, fostered as it is by the rigid procedure of the law. And lastly he bemoans "the endeavours of well-intentioned faddists to regulate the customs and institutions of Eastern races in accordance with their own ideas. Lord Roberts answers his own question very much in this fashion: another Indian mutiny is possibly but it will be all through the fault of English rule if such a catastrophe does ever recur.

Acetylene Gas.

A Short time ago an exhibition was given in Colombo of the working of Acetylene Gas which was claimed to be equal in luminosity to the electric light and capable of being easily adapted to the existing plant used in the consumption of coal gas for domestic purposes. Another advantage claimed for acetylene gas was that the gas could be generated in portable lamps whilst its manufacture could be supervised and its consumption controlled by miniature gasometers set up in the user's compound. It was pointed

out, however, in Colombo, that the greatest care would have to be exercised with this gas. In mail papers to hand we notice that this caution has been disagreeably emphasized by an explosion of acetylene gas resulting in the death of four persons which took place in a suburb of Berlin last month. It will be news to people in Ceylon to learn that the use of acetylene gas had been expressly prohibited in Germany, owing to its explosive character, and for some time a chemist had been endeavouring to remove this restriction by discovering something to deprive the gas of this dangerous quality. His experiments were successful and the invention was shown to several high officials, and the German Emperor was on the point of going to the laboratory to see the process. In the meantime, however, the inventor desiring to exhibit experiments on a large scale compressed a quantity of the gas in a large iron or steel tube by the enormous pressure of about 100 atmospheres and the tube exploded blowing him and three of his workmen to pieces, besides doing a lot of damage to the house and adjoining residences. Perhaps it is as well under the circumstances that the secret of the invention has perished with the inventor!

* * *

Gubernatorial.

SIR West Ridgeway and Lady Ridgeway have nearly completed the first twelvemonths of their residence in Ceylon and, on looking back, one cannot withhold an expression of admiration at the resolute manner in which His Excellency has applied himself to study the Island's needs, and to make his rule both a pleasant and popular one. In this arduous work the Governor has been cordially supported by Lady Ridgeway, who has most creditably sustained the duties appertaining to the first lady of Ceylon. Both the Governor and her ladyship have entertained upon a lavish scale, dispensing hospitality without the slightest distinction, and our readers, we feel sure, will unite with us in wishing that the same striking success may still attend upon their joint rule.

* * *

The Export of Tea.

AN important subject will come before the Ceylon Planters' Association at the annual meeting to be held in Kandy next month. The matter relates to the way teas are damaged in their transit from the plantations to the wharf. Mr. J. P. E. Ryan has a resolution standing in his name, asking the Association to legislate on the subject. It will be remembered that the question was raised three or four months back by Mr. H. St. C. Bowle Evans, and as the outcome of this gentleman's exposure the then Secretary of the Dimbula Planters' Association addressed circulars to the leading shippers, estate proprietors and tea companies, inviting suggestions for remedying the evils existing. Each was asked to express an opinion as to the present method of packing, the manner in which the chests were

handled, the condition of the carts and lighters, the accommodation of warehouses in Colombo, and lastly, whether there was a sufficiency of European supervision.

Twenty replies were received and a large quantity of valuable information obtained. Perhaps the most important was the suggestion made by Mr. H. L. Rowbotham of a jetty to the ship's side, and direct railway communication with the vessel. We understand Messrs. Boustead Bros. have drawn up a scheme for securing the direct transhipment of produce from the terminus to the wharf. Details of this scheme are not yet to hand, but they have already been submitted, or will be submitted in time to the planting authorities, to enable a satisfactory decision being arrived at next month. Mr. Stopford Sackville suggested that enquiry should be made in London as to which steamers delivered cargo in the best order, and the present chairman of the P. A. is also greatly in favour of the light railway scheme which it is obvious will do away with a great deal of unnecessary labour, such as having to unload chests at the station, carting them to, and unloading them at, merchant's godowns, rehandling and reloading them at the godowns, and finally unloading them at the warehouse. Almost all the replies dilate on the necessity of increased warehouse accommodation, and Mr. John Fraser offers the cynical opinion that if a large percentage of men are content to allow their tea to continue to be spoiled, so much the better for the rest. The subject is an important one, especially in view of this year's estimated record output of tea and in the light of the character of the competition that Ceylon has to meet with from India, neither efforts nor expense should be spared to make our export system as perfect as possible.

* * *

Nota Bene.

AT the beginning of a New Year we would appeal to our readers to show in a practical way their good wishes to the *Ceylon Review* for 1897, and assist our efforts in popularising the magazine and extending its circulation. The subscription is only Rs. 4 a year, and there could not be a better time than the present to send in orders.

* * *

The Queen's Record Reign.

TIME is getting on, and still not a whisper has yet been heard as to how the Queen's liege subjects, in the first of the Crown Colonies intend to celebrate the auspicious event of Her Majesty's record reign. Are we going to be content once again with the ignominious position of last in the field? In various parts of the world schemes are being projected to commemorate this unique attainment with fitting loyalty. But the prevalent enthusiasm has not spread to Ceylon yet. When will it? In the closing months of last year the suggestion was made that, at all events, Ceylon should during the coming year rectify her past remissness, and put up in a suit-

able central position a statue of the Queen, but the suggestion does not seem to have provoked much or any enthusiasm, and it has lately passed completely out of sight. Surely it is high time the proper authorities, if they intend to do anything, bestirred themselves and commenced the necessary initiation of the preliminaries!

* * *

Rudyard Kipling.

MR. W. T. Stead describes Rudyard Kipling, whose presence is not unknown to us in Ceylon, as the inspired Bard of the God of Things as They Are, and as being in a special manner the Poet Laureate of the Empire. "His verse does not exactly roll with the full note of the great drum, but it pulses and throbs with the intense pursuing note of the barbaric tom-tom. Only now and then does he make us breathe a diviner air; but on these stray excursions his note is true, clear and limpid as the silvery note of the flute piercing through the brazen clangour of the band." Mr. Stead writes a shrewd critique of Kipling's last published volume of poems, "The Seven Seas" which is in the main sympathetic and appreciatory, and has been to the pains of collating a miscellaneous selection of Kiplingesque showing the poet's power, pathos, and pungency. The refrain to the "Lost Legion" is hideous in its gruesomeness:—

We're little black sheep who've gone astray
Baa-aa-aa!
Gentlemen-rankers out on the spree,
Damned from here to Eternity,
God ha' mercy on such as we,
Baa! Yah! Bah!

In a typical sea piece, Kipling sings how seven men took the *Bolivar* a coffin screw-steamer from Sunderland to Bilbao:—

Just a pack of rotten plates puttied up with tar,
In we came, an' time enough 'cross Bilbao Bar
Overloaded, undermanned, meant to founder,
[we
Eucared God Almighty's storm, bluffed the
[Eternal Sea.

In the new volume there are also some ballads akin to "Tommy" and "Fuzzy-Wuzzy" in the Barrack Room ballads. All said and done however, Kipling's genius though distinct and unique is at times repulsive, but then he is the high priest of the God of Things as They Are, and however revolting his verse, no one can escape the conviction of the fidelity of the picture that is drawn.

* * *

Disinfected Kisses.

IT is an old story by this time that the practice of kissing assists in the dissemination of the disease; yet young people go on kissing each other with the perversity of those who love darkness rather than light. What is to be done? America, as usual, comes to the rescue with a suggestion, the originator of the suggestion being

the Secretary of the Board of Health of Columbus, Ohio. An edict against kissing, says this philosopher, would be difficult to enforce in the present state of public opinion; but he recommends all those who contemplate the indulgence to prepare for it by rubbing their lips with a powerful disinfectant. It is a brilliant idea, and the citizens of the State of Ohio ought certainly to give it a fair trial. The objection that disinfectants are not usually handy when one is sitting out the lancers in the conservatory, though serious, is by no means insurmountable. The chemists have only to put up disinfectants in pretty cut glass bottles, and the ladies will be able to carry them about in their pockets just as they now carry smelling salts.

* * *

Enthetic Diseases.

BRIGADE Surgeon Lieut.-Colonel W. Hill-Chino has contributed a striking article entitled "The British Soldier in India and Enthetic Diseases," in which he claims that the exceptional circumstances of India demand that the Contagious Diseases Act should be re-enacted. He gives a table showing the ratio of admissions for venereal disease, per 1,000 of strength in England and other British possessions, including India and Egypt for 1893, and as will be seen below, the subject is not without its importance to the garrison in Ceylon. Here are the figures:—

England	194.6	Jamaica	190.6
Gibraltar	306.5	South Africa ...	255.7
Malta	157.5	Mauritius	159.7
Cyprus	185.5	Ceylon	295.2
Canada	97.1	China	380.5
Bermuda	43.9	Straits	356.4
Barbadoes	402.1	India	458.3
Egypt	408.3		

In other words the proportion of vice-begotten disease is ten times as much in the British Army in India as it is in the French Army. Dr. Hill-Chino finds a solution to this most distressing problem, either in conscription or the re-enactment of the C. D. Act. Another writer on the same subject in the *Contemporary Review* makes a vigorous appeal to the English nation, to recognise the possibility of training the British soldier in the virtues of a Christian Knight.

THE SHOEMADOO AT PEGU.

This is a vast eight-sided pyramid,
A Berman temple, spiral to the sky,
Oblivion claimed it, and the Fates undid
The former splendours one may still descry.

The fleur-de-lys in fancy one may trace,
And leaves of a Corinthian capital
About the mouldings of the figured base,
Along the circuit of this fissured wall.

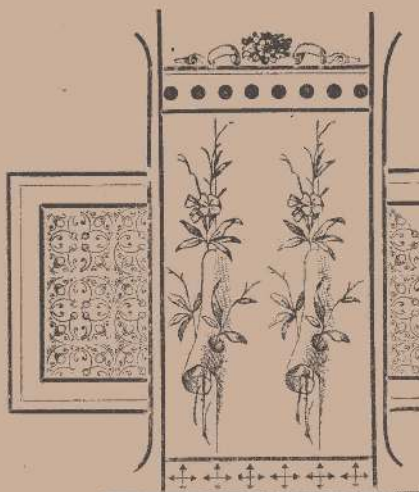
The images are prostrate on the ground,
Dejected emblems of the gods that were;
The bells disused, aloft no more will sound.
Unless the storm winds shake them in mid-air.



Etched in Copper by
C. H. KERR.

Photo by
W. L. H. SKEEN & Co.

Ceylon's New Knight, Sir W. R. Kynsey.



The Hon. Sir WILLIAM RAYMOND KYNSEY,

K.T., C.M.G., F.R.C.P., L.R.C.S.I., M.L.C., M.M.C., & J.P.

THE Principal Civil Medical Officer and Inspector General of Hospitals of the Island, whose eminent services have been recognized by the Sovereign by his elevation to knighthood, has for the last 22 years been so prominently associated with the Medical History of the Island, that we are induced to present our readers to-day with a biographical sketch of his life and career, accompanied by an etching from a photograph by Messrs. W. L. H. Skeen & Co.

Sir William Raymond Kynsey was born on the 29th April, 1840, and is thus in the 57th year of his age. He is the son of the late Thomas Brett Kynsey, Esq., M.D. and J.P. of Athy Co., Kildare, Ireland, and was educated at Dublin University, London and Paris. He entered the Army Medical Staff in 1863, and served in Ceylon (1864-67,) having been stationed at Colombo, Kandy and Newara Eliya. He married in 1866 Isobel Keith, youngest daughter of the late Capt. John Keith Jolly, H.M.E.I.C.S. (first Chairman of the Ceylon Planters' Association), of Fairland, Kandy. On his return to England, he was appointed to the Royal Artillery, and served in it in England, Ireland, the Channel Islands and Bombay. He accompanied the 42nd (Black Watch) to the West Coast of Africa, and served during the whole of the Ashantee Campaign, being present at all the engagements, including the capture of Coomassie, for which he received the medal and clasp, and was recommended for promotion. On his return to England, he was appointed Assistant Professor and Instructor Army Hospital Corps, Royal Victoria Hospital, Netley, and from here he was appointed Principal Civil Medical Officer and Inspector General of Hospitals, Ceylon, 1875. Created C. M. G., 1888, and Knight Bachelor 1897. He is a F. R. C. P., Ireland, and L. R. C. S. I., a member of many learned societies, M. L. C., M. M. C., and J. P. for the Island.

Sir William Kynsey assumed the reins of office in Ceylon at a critical time in the history of the Civil Medical Department. It had only a few years before undergone a complete reorganization at the hand of the late Principal Civil Medical Officer Dr. Charsley; the emoluments of the officers were regulated on a higher and more liberal scale, and several important alterations were made in their rank and status. The Medical School which was established in 1870, had only just begun to yield its first fruits, and a class of officers hitherto not at the disposal of the head of the department was annually turned out by that institution. It was therefore in the fitness of things that a forward policy should be initiated, and very little time was lost in giving it effect. Fortunately the financial prosperity of the Colony, which about this time was specially marked, and the fostering care of a beneficent Governor, the late Sir W. H. Gregory, aided Sir William in the opening of dispensaries in localities hitherto destitute of medical aid, in the building and opening of hospitals in populous districts, and in the sending out of qualified officers who brought the benefits of European practise to the very doors of the inhabitants. These were merely matters of time, and this has formed the history the Medical Department from then till now, and we have not yet reached finality. How far we have gone in that direction the following figures will show, and Sir William might well look upon these as the present tangible results of a good work steadily done and vigorously accomplished. The Medical School transformed into a College, furnished the men, and these in their turn speedily found the means of qualifying themselves in Great Britain, till at last the Government relieved of the necessity of educating their own medical men at great expense in Europe, found itself employing a body of qualified Medical Officers of the most undoubted efficiency. The first years of Sir William's administration were characterized by the prevalence of outbreaks of epidemic cholera brought over from the Indian Continent, and the administrative ability with which these were

localized and checked, won for him much *kudos*. Concurrent with the development and progress of the department proper, the success of the tea planting enterprise, after the failure of coffee, led to the formation of an estates' branch of the medical service, which, after a variety of transitions, was ultimately amalgamated with the Civil branch, and the unified department now consists of 4 Colonial Surgeons, 3 Government Medical Officers, 1 Office Assistant to the Principal Civil Medical Officer, 1 Medical Superintendent of the Lunatic Asylum, 1 Physician in charge of the General Hospital, Colombo, 22 Assistant Colonial Surgeons, 1 Lady Doctor, 26 Deputy Assistant Colonial Surgeons, 47 Sub-Assistant Colonial Surgeons, 98 Medical Assistants, 4 Medical Practitioners, 100 Vaccinators with 7 Inspectors, besides a staff of Hospital Assistant, Dispensers, &c.

Among matters in which Sir William may be said to have taken a warm and personal interest are, the development and progress of the Ceylon Medical College, the *alumni* of which can now register their licenses and practise in Great Britain; the improvement and extension of the Colonial Medical Library and the Museum attached to it; the establishment in Ceylon of a Branch of the British Medical Association which was inaugurated under his auspices in 1888; and the starting of a Medical Journal, which after running through its 5th volume, has now unfortunately ceased to exist, temporarily, we hope.

This is neither the time nor the place to enter into a critical examination of an administration which has extended over a period of 22 years, but looking at the Department as it stands at present, in numerical strength, and in professional efficiency; reckoning the rapid increase in the number of medical institutions in the Island, chiefly of the dispensaries, which brought the European methods of treatment to the very doors of the natives, and tended more than anything to alleviate untold miseries and nearly eradicate the terrible scourge of the Parangi from certain parts of the island; comparing the marked increase in the number of hospitals, throughout the Island; who can grudge the administrator, no matter how favorably he may have been situated as regards surrounding circumstances, the praise that is his due, for recognizing at least his situation, and taking every advantage of the circumstances in which he was placed, to improve the efficiency of the department over which he presided.

Sir William Kynsey has during his residence in Ceylon devoted much time and attention to the study of various diseases peculiar to the Island, and his researches and contributions on the subjects of Beri-beri, Anchylostomiasis and the Parangi disease, are to be found embodied in contributions to the local Medical Journal and in Sessional Papers printed and published by order of Government. We cordially join with his many well-wishers in the Island in tendering Sir William and Lady Kynsey our best wishes that they may be spared for many years to come to enjoy the honour bestowed on them by Her Majesty.

An Ideal Love Song.

O, you plant the pain in my heart with your wistful eyes,
Girl of my choice, Maureen!

Will you drive me mad for the kisses your shy sweet mouth denies,

Maureen!

Like a walking ghost I am, and no words to woo,

White rose of the West, Maureen;

For it's pale you are, and the fear that's on you is over me too,

Maureen!

Sure it's our complaint that's on us, ashore, this day,

Bride of my dreams, Maureen;

The smart of the bee that stung us, his honey must cure, they say,

Maureen!

I'll coax the light to your eyes, and the rose to your face.

Mavourneen, my own Maureen;

When I feel the warmth of your breast, and your nest is my arms' embrace,

Maureen!

O where was the King o'the World that day—only me,

My one true love, Maureen,

And you the Queen with me there, and your throne in my heart, machree,

Maureen!

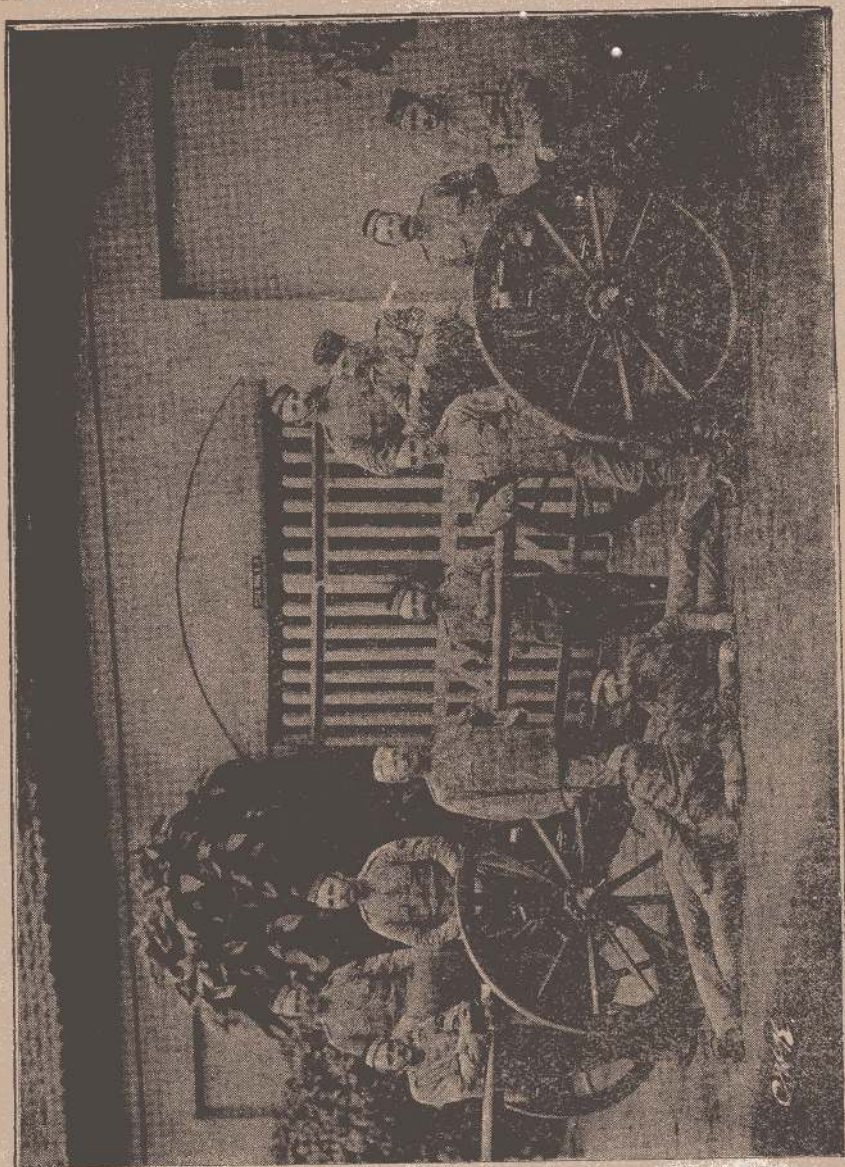
Motor Mortality.

Fifty little motor-cars formed up in a line,
One blew up in Whitehall place—leaving forty nine
Forty-nine motor-cars started for the drive,
Some cracked at Kennington—remainder forty-five;
Forty-five motors on roads so wet and dirty,
Fifteen bucked at Brixton-hill—then there were [thirty.

Thirty throbbing motor cars belching fumes so free;
Seven failed at Croydon—leaving twenty three,
Twenty three motors reaching Purley Green,
Five ran short of water—then there were eighteen;
Eighteen little motor-cars belching benzoline,
Two cracked up at Reigate—then there were sixteen;
Sixteen little motor cars hurried from the scene,
Two burst at Preston Park—then there were fourteen;
Fourteen jolly motors, indistinctly seen,
One fired at Preston Park, so that the actual number of all those which set out from the Metropole for Brighton was reduced by mishaps on the road to the unlucky number of thirteen.
Fifty little, forty little, thirty little motor-cars,
Thirty little, twenty little, fifteen little! fourteen little, thirteen little motor-cars!

The GHARRY POET.

The
Royal Artillery
Ceylon



A GROUP OF NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Royal Artillery.

WE issue with this number a group of the Warrant Officers, Staff Sergeants, and Sergeants of the Royal Artillery, lately stationed in Colombo. At present there are two European Companies stationed in Ceylon and two (local) Ceylon Companies. Of the former No. 6 Company, Southern Division, is at present at Trincomalee, and No. 37 Company, Southern Division, at Colombo. The group of Non-Commissioned Officers was taken previous to the departure of No. 6 Company for Trincomalee, and comprised the whole of the members and hon. members of the R. A. Sergt.'s Mess. Lieut. Manley, Divisional Adjutant, R. A., Ceylon, kindly consented to sit in the group. In addition to the Service Companies, there is a small force called the District Establishment, or in other words, a kind of permanent staff which does not move with the Companies, but are attached to whatever Company there happens to be at their station for the time being.

We have to thank Mr. C. H. Kerr, of Messrs. Skeen & Company for favouring us with a copy of the Royal Artillery group. We hope to issue in our next number a group of the Sikhs by the same well-known photographer.

LATTER DAY PROVERBS.

No man wants his exact deserts.
 Every man is a failure at something.
 Keep your good resolutions—to yourself.
 Shoot folly before it gets a chance to fly.
 He laughs best who laughs at the right time.
 The higher criticism—hisses from the gallery.
 The older a woman gets the fewer heroes she sees.
 Opportunity ruins more reputations than it makes.
 What man has done the new woman wants to do.
 The road to poverty is easy to find, but hard to travel.
 Wit in the lover is apt to become sarcasm in the husband.
 The sluggard goes oftener to the uncle than to the aunt.
 The survival of the fittest doesn't necessarily mean the survival of the best.
 Don't answer a fool according to his folly; answer him according to his size.
 The frequent lamentable results of love at first sight would seem to justify love in taking a second look.

How I Won the Victoria Cross.

IN Lord Roberts' Indian reminiscences appears the following account of how "little Bobs" won the Victoria Cross. It was in the cavalry charge at Khudaganj, after the relief of Cawnpore, that Lord Roberts earned the coveted V. C. He was galloping along with Younghusband's squadron in the cavalry pursuit that followed the mêlée, and he thus describes what took place:—

"On the line thundered, overtaking groups of the enemy, who every now and then turned and fired into us before they could be cut down, or knelt to receive us on their bayonets before discharging their muskets. The chase continued for nearly five miles, until daylight began to fail and we appeared to have got to the end of the fugitives, when the order was given to wheel to the right and form up on the road. Before, however, this movement could be carried out, we overtook a batch of mutineers, who faced about and fired into the squadron at close quarters. I saw Younghusband fall, but I could not go to his assistance as at that moment one of his *sowars* was in dire peril from a sepoy who was attacking him with his fixed bayonet, and had I not helped the man and disposed of his opponent, he must have been killed. The next moment I descried in the distance two sepoys making off with a standard, which I determined must be captured, so I rode after the rebels and overtook them, and while wrenching the staff out of the hands of one of them, whom I cut down, the other put his musket close to my body and fired; fortunately for me it missed fire, and I carried off the standard."

TOGETHER.

How the years come and how the years go,
 Merrily, wearily, swift-foot or slow,
 Passionate night and jubilant noon,
 Sweet-hearted lovers in May month or June,
 Fragrance of life departed too soon.
 We, who have seen the day pale together,
 Borne the wild bolts and the bright shafts of weather,
 Carelessly greet the shadows that fall,
 Lovingly listen to echoes that call
 Out of the infinite heart of it all.

FEBRUARY FANCIES.

When Celia meets me half afraid,
 And blushes tint her cheek of snow,
 I need to seek no other maid—
 The precious lore of love I know.
 When in her eyes of baffling blue,
 As tenderly her hand I press,
 She shows her welcoming grace anew,
 I know there's nothing left to guess.
 So, boldened by her sunny look,
 And spurred by love's consummate bliss,
 I read her wishes as a book,
 And find the whole world in a kiss!



(SEE ILLUSTRATION.)

THIS Branch of the local Volunteer Force, consisting of Europeans only, was first organized in April 1888, and placed under the Command of Captain C. E. H. Symons, (late R.A.). It was afterwards divided into two divisions, viz., A Division in charge of Lieut. A. P. Green and B Division in charge of Lieut. R. L. M. Brown, the total strength at first being 97 men. In 1892 a third division was enrolled at Trincomalee, and shortly afterwards another at Galle. For several years the Ceylon Artillery Volunteers exercised with the 7 pdr. Field Guns, lent by the Royal Artillery, and they were also dependent upon the same Corp for a drilling ground and stores for Garrison Gun drill. In 1894 a Battery of 9 pdr. Guns was sent by the Colonial Defence Association for the use of the Artillery Volunteers, and a substantial Building erected for its accommodation in the Racquet Court. The Volunteer Artillery has always been of the most popular branches of the Auxilliary Force, and has enrolled among its members many gentlemen prominent in Business and Sporting Circles in Colombo; and attached to this body is an Athletic Club, second to none in the Island. The Artillery Volunteers at the present time are in a most efficient condition and hold an important position in the defence schemes of the Colony. The Roll shows 120 names in addition to the following Officers and Instructor.

Major C. E. H. Symons (late R.A.) in
 Capt. G. M. Cookson. [Command.
 Second-Lieut. E. J. Hayward
 Second-Lieut. H. Tarrant
 Sergeant Instructor F. C. Prime, R.A.

Division of Love's Labour

'Twas she,
 Not he,
 With blushing cheek,
 Who sweetheart love disclosed.
 'Twas he,
 Not she,
 In tones so weak,
 United love proposed.
 'Twas he,
 Not she,
 With lips aglow,
 Imparted first a kiss.
 'Twas she,
 Not he,
 As you must know,
 Reciprocated this.
 'Twas he,
 Not she,
 Who asked consent,
 From stern but lovingsire
 'Twas she,
 Not he,
 Who plead assent,
 And calmed paternal ire.
 'Twas she,
 Not he,
 Who named the day,
 When hearts as one would throb.
 'Twas he,
 Not she,
 Who had to pay,
 The parson for his job.

FINGER RINGS.

Chancer alludes more than once to the thumb ring as common in his time.

Roman ambassadors, sent abroad, wore gold rings as a part of their state dress.

The state ring of the Pope is set with a large cameo bearing the portrait of Christ.

Early Celtic rings were made in interlaced work, often of very intricate patterns.

The ring of the Jewish high priest was invested by tradition with many mystic powers.

Greek legends declare that the mystic ring of Gyges, the King of Lydia, made the wearer invisible.

Down to the sixteenth century every physician in Europe wore a ring as a badge of his profession.

In the later Roman empire rings cut from solid stones, generally agate or onyx, became fashionable.

Lorenzo De Medici wore a ring that, according to tradition, had once belonged to the Emperor Nero.

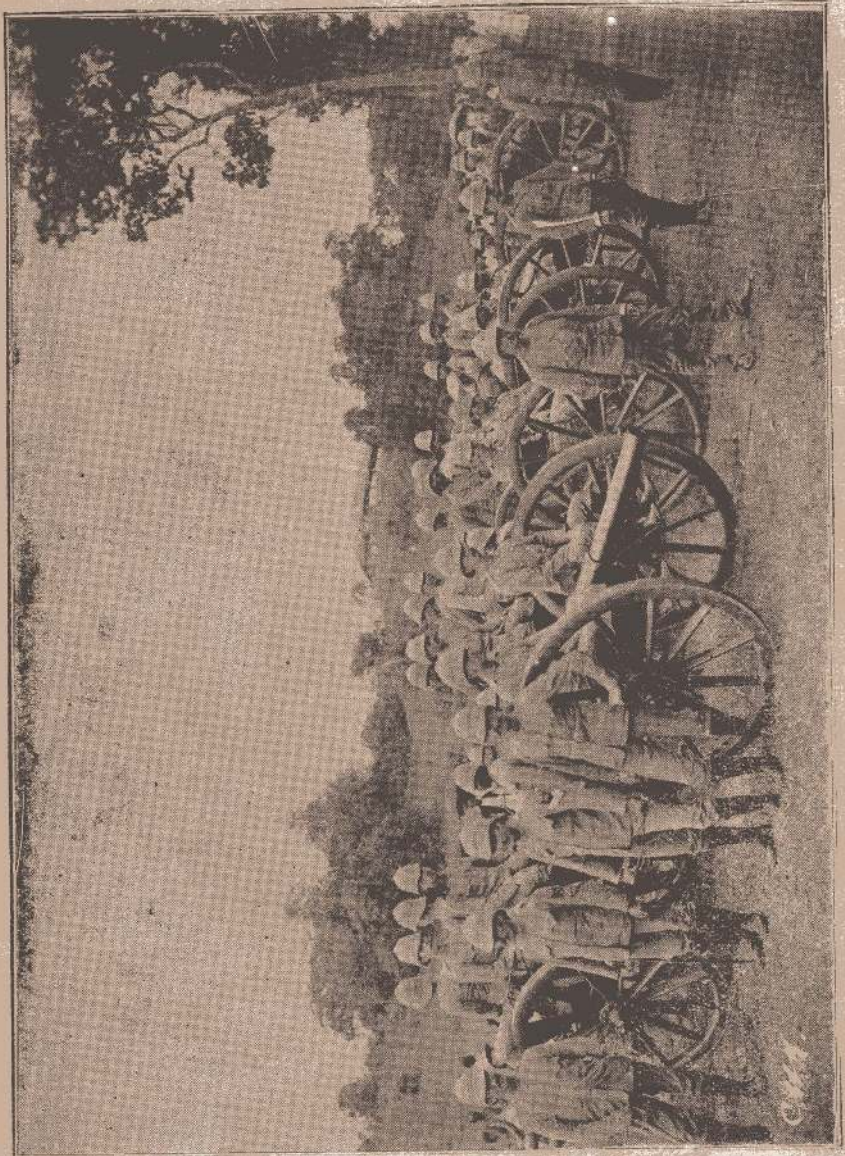
Anglo-Saxon rings were fashioned after knotted cables, the knot being worn on the outside of the hand.

Most of the Mediaeval kings wore and used signet rings because they were unable to write their own names.

The

English Chertsey

Members



Some Heroines of Old Greek Verse.

(By MEZ).

DEJANIRA VII.

IT is curious to note how alike are some of the old pagan stories to those of the Bible. We have already seen the resemblance, between the tragic tale of Jephtha his fair high-spirited young daughter, slain as a thank offering to the God, who had given the Ammonites into her father's hands, and that equally pathetic one, in which the "King of Men," slays the child who loves him best, in order to propitiate, the angry and offended goddess, by whose decree it is, that the combined hosts of Greece, are detained through contrary winds, in the bay of Aulis.

The likeness is equally great between the stories of Samson, and of Hercules, both the mightiest men of their country and their time, so strong that the wild beasts of the forest fled before them, or else are torn asunder, and men their foes, are sore affrighted for who can withstand their valour and their strength; and yet each is done to death, by a woman, but between the two women, the traitress Delilah, and the loving and sorrow-stricken Dejanira, there is a great difference, the betrayer of the Biblical hero, being of infamous character, a vile decoy, who under the mask of tenderness, lures from her lover the secret of his power, in order that she may deliver him into the hands of his enemies, whilst the sad Dejanira is Hercules' true affectionate but neglected wife, who in seeking to regain her hold over his heart uses, what she believes to be a love charm, but which is in reality the cause of his death, amid throes of the most inexpressible anguish. In the Bible story all our sympathies are with the *man*, who has not felt his heart go out to the poor blind giant, whose brawny arms, which had once rent the young lion, which had roared against him, "as he would have rent a kid," are later on employed in grinding in his prison-house, in the very town of Gaza, the doors of whose gates, and the posts and the bar, he had in other years wrenched off, and borne away, as easily as though they had been the play-toys of a child? Who has not rejoiced at the fate which befalls his tormentors, when assembled in their thousands on the house top, they feast their cruel eyes on the spectacle of the once mighty man of valour, "making sport," forlorn and sightless before them? Who is there, who has not hoped that the treacherous Delilah may be amongst the number of the pitiless and ungenerous throng, of whom Samson slew more at his death, "than they which he slew in his life?"

But in the sad story of "Alcmena's mournful son," probably most of our pity falls to the *woman's* share, she who having seen herself supplanted in the affections of her husband, by the

fair young girl "whose youth is stealing onward to its prime," whilst hers "is withered," resolves to use the charm given her in other and happier years, by the Centaur Nessus, in case of such a contingency as the present one, which then glowing with youth and beauty as she was, must have appeared impossible. The vest which has been dipped in the blood of the dying Centaur, and which being once worn by Hercules, is to revive all his former fondness, has scarcely, however, been sent to him by a trusty messenger, before the poor wife bethinks her, that her act is a rash one, for has not Nessus fallen by the hand of her husband, "why then should the dying savage, wish to serve his murderer?" And when indeed her forebodings meet with a terrible realisation, and she knows that the great Alcides, is writhing in torture, poison running "through every vein," and "limbs convulsed with agonising pain," Dejanira resolves to tread, "the last sad path of mortals," and even before her husband breathes his last, the unhappy woman, dies by her own hand.

Dejanira, or as she is more generally called Deianira, is the daughter of Ceneus, and in early life, and whilst still possessed of "fatal beauty," is sought in marriage by the river-god Achelous, who it must be confessed does not set about his wooing in a way very likely to lead to successful results, for we hear that,

"With triple form
He came affrighting—now to sight appeared
A bull, and now with motley scales adorned
A wreathed serpent, now with human shape
And bestial head united; from his beard,
Shadowed with hair, as from a fountain dripped
The ever flowing water."

Rather an uncomfortable sort of lover, we must allow, and it seems strange that if able to alter his form at will, it does not strike Achelous, that he will have more chance of a happy ending to his suit, if he comes as a handsome and attractive young man, but it *doesn't* evidently strike him, or else the incarnations of which he is capable are limited, for we hear only of these three unattractive aspects in which he appears before the maiden of his choice, who naturally does not regard him with much favour; indeed he would not be likely to meet with acceptance, even from the most husband-hunting of damsels. Fortunately however the great, the irresistible Alcides, offspring of Jove, comes to the maiden's rescue, and having fought with, and freed her from her most objectionable suitor, he makes her his wife, and it is on their homeward journey that the fair young bride becomes possessed of the luckless charm, which in the after years, she uses to her lord's undoing and her own. For coming to the rapid flood of deep Evenus, she is borne through the swift current by the hoary Nessus, whose occupation is that of carrying travellers from bank to bank, when the Centaur showing too keen an appreciation of the beauty of his fair burden, her husband pierces his breast, with a shaft from his stout bow, a poisoned shaft,

for has it not already been dipped in Chiron's blood; the dying monster with a pretence of doing good for ill, thus addresses Dejanira:

"Daughter of Eneus, listen to my words,
So shalt thou profit, by the last sad journey
That I shall ever go. If in thy hand,
Thou take the drops outflowing from the wound
This arrow made, dipped in the envenomed blood
Of the Lernean hydra, with that charm
May'st thou subdue the heart of thy Alcides,
Nor shall another ever gain his love.

The life of Hercules and Dejanira is not all sunshine, for the former is in great request, wherever there is wrong to be righted, and great deeds to be done, and the wedded pair are often parted for many months at a time; they are driven into exile at Trachis; and it must be confessed that the great Alcides takes after his father, in so far that he is not the ideal knight.

"Who loves one maiden only and who cleaves to her" for he seems to have had many fancies even before maddened by the beauty of Iole, daughter of Eurytus, he gives up friends, country, honour, kindred for her sake, slaying her father and laying waste his city, because he could not "gain the assenting voice" "to his unlawful love."

After fifteen months of absence and silence he despatches a herald to announce his home-coming, and with him he sends a troop of captive women of whom one is the fair Iole, whose beauty and superior breeding at once strike Dejanira, who questions the messenger Lichas in regard to her, but he pretends ignorance, and it is only later, that on hearing rumours through another source, she forces him to a full confession. The heart of the poor wronged wife, is filled with sorrow, rather than anger, for with a rare magnanimity she says,

"Love conquered me,
And wherefore should it not subdue another,
Whose nature and whose passions are the same?
If my Alcides is indeed oppressed
With this sad malady, I blame him not;
That were a folly. Nor this hapless maid,
Who meant no ill no injury to me."

In all this we see "the idea of Fate or predestinate misfortune," so strong a *motif* with the Greek tragedians; and yet not because of it, is due punishment withheld, the guilty dragging down the guiltless in their fall. "Ruskin, the victim may be indeed as innocent as Antigone but is in some way resolutely entangled with crime, and destroyed by it, as if it struck by pollution, no less than participation."

It is so with Dejanira, who is as stainless, as is the fair loyal-hearted daughter of blind Ædipus; but innocently destroying another she is herself destroyed; in her eager longing to regain her husband's affection she remembers the love-charm of Nessus, and taking from its coffer the garment woven by her own hands, which she had dipped in the slain Centaur's poisoned life-blood, she gives it to the herald Lichas, as a love-gift to her absent lord, who "pleased with his gaudy vest" dons it, only to find "convulsion rack his bones," and the serpent's deadly venom raging through his veins whilst

"To his body stuck
As by the hand of some artificer
Close joined in every part the fatal vest,"

Hercules it must be allowed, does not bear his troubles in a very heroic fashion, for seizing the hapless Lichas, the innocent bearer of the fatal gift, he hurls "him headlong on a pointed rock," where his brains are dashed out, after which flinging himself on the ground, he lies and groans, and then uprising, bellows forth his griefs, whilst the mountain-tops of Loeris echo and re-echo his shrieks of agony.

All which Hyllas, the angry son, relates to his despairing mother, reproaching her as being the cause of all this misery, and crying

"Oh! would that thou wert dead!
Would I were not thy son! or being so,
Would I could change thy wicked heart!"

the poor wronged heart, whose only crime was in loving "not wisely but too well."

Hyllas, however, sees cause to change his opinion later, and when he hears the sad story of his mother's anguish, how wandering from one deserted chamber to another she

"lamented loud her widow'd state,
And ever as she lit on aught her hands,
Had used in happier days, the tears would flow,"

and how flinging herself on the couch of her Alcides, she bared her bosom as though prepared to strike, he rushes to her side alas! too late for she is herself wounded to her heart! Then laying his lips to hers he reproaches himself that he had "accused her guiltless."

The mourning son goes but from one scene of anguish to another, from the death-bed of his wretched mother, to that of his luckless, and dying father, who commands him to raise a funeral pile, and lay him still living on it, that so his tortured body may have peace, in a shorter time, than if the deadly vest, were left to do its cruel work unaided, he also enjoins him to wed Iole, against which command the angry son at first rebels, but finally promises obedience to his father's dying wish, though such a union scarcely gives a hope of a very happy future, for the fair "shining mischief," who has been the cause of all this woe; nor I think will any one feel very sorry for her, if in the future it is her turn, to feel neglected and despised. Verily these old Greeks knew how to sweep the strings of the heart's anguish; what are the sorrows of a Bride of Lammermoor, or even an Amy Robsart to the great agony and self-reproach, of the unhappy Dejanira?

JACKIE'S LOGIC.

Jackie: Mamma, may I have a slice of bread and jam now? Mamma: No; you must not think of eating now, because you will spoil your appetite for dinner. It will be ready in three hours. Jackie: I only had lunch three hours ago, didn't I? Mamma: Yes. Jackie: Then I don't see how the bread and jam can spoil my appetite for dinner when my lunch did not spoil the appetite I have now for bread and jam.

HOW I WON MY LITTLE WIFE.

By Sportsman.

CHAPTER I.

IT was on the 3rd of November, 18—I received an introduction, I am proud to say to my little wife *Baby*. We have been married nearly fifteen years and “it don’t seem a day too much.” The 13th August, was a Saturday and having had a complimentary stall ticket presented me by one of my brother law students, I found my way into the Adelphi Theatre. It was a cold night for August, and I was glad to get within the large and beautiful hall. My seat was in the third row, and next to an old friend of mine, Ernest Fawcett, whom we used to call “Faust” and later my readers will find that he becomes the villain of this story. I was always under the impression that he was not the good friend he tried to make me believe. He was always up to practical jokes and dastardly mean tricks even when he was a boy of eleven. There was one thing in his favour, and that was he was very good looking and well-built. On the night in question he looked particularly handsome, and I felt rather out of it, but I was told afterwards that there was not a patch to choose between us, which was really saying a great deal on my behalf, and that if anything I looked more of a gentleman! That memorable night I shall never forget. In the box on the left of me sat rather an elderly lady and two young ladies about the age of eighteen and sixteen, and a young man who bore a most striking resemblance to the two girls. I came to the conclusion that they were his sisters. In some unaccountable manner the younger of the two whom I will for the present name “Pearly” for I could see she wore a lovely pearl and brilliant necklace to which was attached a heart of pearls. *Pearly* dropped her programme and strange to say it fell at my feet. By this time *Pearly* and I began to gaze steadily at each other. I was fairly struck. She was exquisitely pretty and fair with cheeks of a pretty pinkish hue and brown hair and light blue eyes. She looked a picture to me in a lovely white satin bodice, and a perfect accompaniment to *vieux bleu* or petal pink satin skirt. Two transparent epaulettes of unique shape. These covered a band of pink roses with a white chiffon sort of a frill. Roses again adorned the front. At this stage we could not help smiling and oh, how goddess-like she seemed! I picked up the programme (and as I write this that programme stares me in the face in a pretty gilt frame) and handed it to one of the waitresses

and asked her to take it to that young lady. *Pearly* gave me a slight bow in recognition of my gallant services. My heart was throbbing as it never throbbed before. The curtain fell and we were all moving towards the entrance. I could not forget that face. I saw her once again stepping into a “Hansom” with her sister, and to my utter surprise and exceeding joy she turned towards me, gave a slight bow, and her cab drove off. I could not resist the temptation of hailing a similar vehicle and following. My Cabby, an exceptionally smart youngster seemed to grasp the situation as most of the London Cabbies do, and away we went in pursuit. Unfortunately for us we were hindered by the traffic in Piccadilly and lost sight of *Pearly*’s “Hansom.” She was gone, I thought to myself, never to be seen again. I had no rest that night. I was mad, I was imagining all sorts of things. Would I put an advertisement in the papers or what would I do? If ever a man was near losing his senses, I was that night. That face haunted me where’er I went. Hours, days and months passed, I was still in hopes of seeing her. The girl I adored. Was her mind in the same state as mine, I used to wonder, seated in my little attic. Whether it was so or no, I was determined to see her. It was very nearly three months afterwards on the 3rd of November, on which date I was asked to an “At Home” at Glos’ter Terrace in the West of London. I received the invitation through a fellow student, George Sears. It was his mother’s “At Home” and as I was supposed to be musically inclined, I had a special note from my friend asking me to bring my music and banjo. I might mention that he and I had often played at “concerts” mandoline and banjo respectively. This was to be the my first *outing* since that memorable night at the Adelphi. I reached Glos’ter Terrace at about half-past four, and young Sears greeted me on the door step and we walked into the drawing room together to find that I was the first arrival. Mrs. Sears was there, a nice-looking old lady of about 60 years of age, and I was formally introduced by her son who soon after left the room as he had not got his mandoline in order. I had just begun relating the “petit drama” at the Adelphi (for I used to hold forth about it to everybody I met, when who should glide into the room gracefully and noiselessly but “my *Pearly*!” “Allow me to introduce you to my second daughter Miss Marie Sears” said Mrs. Sears. The last word of the introduction had hardly been uttered when I noticed

Pearly's face grow pale, she staggered for a moment and then fell. She had fainted into my arms. I need not say what commotion this little incident caused in the house. However I managed to carry my precious little burden on to a sofa and at the same time I was very careful that my arm was the rest for her dear little head. I was in this delightful position for fully ten minutes when I walked James Sears, brother of George, and who had escorted his sisters to the Adelphi that night. He bowed and asked me whether he could relieve me when she opened her eyes and thanked me. She was better. During the whole evening we were together, she soon recovered and we were in a state of obliviousness to all around. "O what a night that was," said she, and we started the conversation regarding the 13th August, at the Adelphi. I stayed for supper that night, and before I left I found out to my heart's delight our feelings were reciprocal that night at the theatre. Sears (whom I will now call George) and I went out that night to the "Bell and Anchor" Hotel (?) and I told him the whole story and the reason of the fainting scene over a small bottle of Moët and Chandon. It was strange to note that I did not recognise Mrs. Sears as one of the occupants of the "box" at the Adelphi, and the gentleman, Marie's elder brother Jim whom I preferred in every way to George. He was a full-fledged doctor of about three months, but had not started practice owing to ill-health. Well, by this time our glasses were empty and George called for another "small 'un." This reminds me of Tom Dunville's well-known song the chorus of which I give:—

Then we had another one, not the same as the
other one
But the one before the t'other one, the brother or the
mother one
Didn't quite agree with the other one
So we had another one, then another, 'nother,
'nother, 'nother, 'nother one
But that one, and the other one, the one before the
t'other one
Made us go and have another 'nother one!

It was 2 a.m. before I turned in, and oh! how happy I felt, and how soundly I did sleep. It was eleven o'clock when Lucy, the servant girl woke me. What a transformation scene there had been? I glanced at my mirror. The miserable dejected face had disappeared and in its place there was a jovial looking and bright one. I felt as lively and happy as a kitten. I called at 31, Gloster Terrace, two days afterwards, and was supplied with an invitation to a dance in West Kensington. We went, but it was at the third dance I accompanied them to, that I fell a victim. I proposed and was accepted by Marie. It was undoubtedly a case of love at first sight on both sides. Mr. James Sears, Marie's father's consent had to be obtained. There was only one thing I knew he objected to, and that was my *continuous* betting and gambling. At the time of this story I was particularly hard hit, I owed a considerable amount of money, and Mr. Sears accidentally heard

of my difficulties. A week after the 17th January, (the day on which I was accepted) he sent for me, and gave me a bit of his mind on my gambling propensities.

"If you will promise me never to back a horse again for more than a fiver, I'll pay that two hundred for you Bob Dallas," said Mr. Sears. "I cannot accept that offer sir" I said. "I have made a fool of myself and I'll get out of the mess the best way I can. My cousin has a Bay mare, which he has handed over to me and will win the Elgin Cup next month. He has presented her to me and I mean to race her." "Do you mean to say you have a horse good enough for that race?" said Mr. S. "Yes, you ought to remember the mare 'Dolly,' she belonged to Mr. Jersey at first, and won a small race for him" said I. "My horse," said Mr. S., "I won her in a raffle and sold her, two years ago. Why on earth didn't you tell me before." In his excitement at hearing I had a good one for the race he forgot all about gambling and the money I owed. Marie came into the room and her father said as he left us together, "look after Bob, Marie, for a few moments, I'm going back with him and must see to my business before I leave. Mr. Sears was easily persuaded to let Marie also accompany us next morning to witness Dolly's Gallop.

CHAPTER II—THE MEAN TRICK.

Next morning we travelled by the early morning train from Victoria Station and got down to the course just in time to see "Dolly" do a mile and a half spin. Marie whom I shall call "Baby" now, as that was her pet-name at home seemed to be more excited than I was. She and her father were good judges of horse flesh, was fond of riding. It was a rattling good gallop, and the betting rose to 4 to 1 against that day. "Glencairn" and "Lily" were favourites at evens. After the gallop Baby went towards "Dolly" and put out her hand to stroke his neck. "Better mind her miss" said Sam; "she's a bit nasty this morning. She made a grab at me when I saddled her." "You won't hurt me, will you?" said Baby as she patted her neck. "Dolly" looked round and remained still. "She'd be an uncommon bad judge if she turned nasty with you miss," said Sam. "I quite agree with you," said a voice behind me. It was Ernest Fawcett, I thought him a bit familiar, but did not say anything, nor did Baby. We got home, in time for a good lunch, and the first remark Baby made to me was "promise me you won't have anything to do with that horrid fellow Mr. Fawcett." She little knew I owed him £500. Of course I promised her, how could I refuse. She would not give me a reason, she told me I would find out for myself some day. I am thankful to say I never mentioned anything about the theatre to Fawcett, although he was seated by me the whole time. We had a brandy and soda together *that night* and that was all. Well, Baby put me on my guard and with the result that I was very very careful. I gave special orders to Sam not to allow anybody to touch the mare or go

within a yard of her, and warned him about our friend Fawcett, I was surprised when Sam said, "That's allright sir. The little miss that comes up with you the other day told me as to be careful with that 'ere gentleman." This gave me a lot of food for thought. Why was Baby so down on Fawcett? Surely she must know a lot of him. Nevertheless I must let it pass and wait and see for myself. She must be an uncommonly good judge of character thought I. As from what I could gather, Fawcett was never asked to the house.

The week following the gallop, Ernest Fawcett and a friend of his, Dennis Felce, drove up at my place in Russel Square. I cared for neither gentleman. Well they were shown in and after a little conversation Fawcett said "I hear 'Dolly' is good for the Cup, and if she wins, you make your fortune and marry Marie." At this my anger was roused and I asked him who he meant by Marie. "Miss Sears," said he. At this he apologised for he saw I was put out and continued. "You marry Miss Sears and give up studying for the Bar." "Yes" I said "and what's that got to do with you?" "I believe you are aware or let me tell you so, that my friend Mr. Felce owns 'Glencairn' and means to win or he becomes utterly ruined for life and so do I" said Fawcett. I began to see the object of their unexpected visit, and the reason of Baby's good advice to me. "I am very sorry for that. Perhaps 'Dolly' won't win at all," I remarked. "No, no," cried the two gentlemen simultaneously, "she is bound to win." "Then may she win, and pray tell me what you have come here for, for then I may know how to act," I said. This direct question somewhat upset them both, but Felce very coldly asked me whether I would scratch "Dolly" and let his horse win, and there was a look in his eyes I did not like. "If you expect me to scratch my horse to please you two, you are very much mistaken," I said. "I shall do nothing of the sort." "Oh won't you. If you can be nasty so can we. It would look better if you pay your debts" said Fawcett. If you don't pay me that £500 I shall post you up at the club. Say you'll scratch "Dolly" and I'll let you off the five hundred." I was in an awful fix, but did not hesitate in replying "I will not do anything of the sort." "Then look out for squalls said Fawcett. Come along Felce. Leave the young fool to himself." "Clear out of this!" I said and banged the door in their faces.

I was not at all pleased with the course events had taken. I did not care to let Mr. Sears know what had happened. If Fawcett posted me at the club room, there would be trouble. "I'll never get into debt again" I said to myself. "I wish I could send the money to that scoundrel." After thinking the matter over, I decided to go over to Glosster Terrace and tell Baby all. I did and she appealed to her father. He listened and sent for me and said "I hope this will be a lesson to you. I will give the cheque for £500 and you can send it to Fawcett to-morrow morning." Mr. Sears had not given his consent yet, and I dared not ask him a second very great favour so soon. But Baby said she would marry me or no other.

CHAPTER III—THE RACE.

The next morning I sent Fawcett the £500 and I shall be ever grateful to Mr. Sears for it, or rather Baby. The long-looked for day arrived. The race was timed for 3-15 in the afternoon, but I went down by the 11 a.m. train. Baby saw me off with Mr. Sears, who gave me a bit of advice and told me not to plunge on "Dolly" on any account, as Fawcett and his friend may be up to tricks and that he himself would try and come by a later train as he had a lot of business to attend to. After wishing me good luck they went off as Mr. Sears had an appointment, Baby said she would try and come by a later train. The Races commenced at half past one, and a little before that time I was in the Paddock by "Dolly's" stables talking to Sam and his brother Dickey Earle, who was to ride my mare. In a few words I told him all that had happened concerning Fawcett's visit, etc. Just at this moment I caught sight of Fawcett and Felce, and I pointed them out to Dickey. "Never mind 'em Sir, they can't do me much harm, Sam and I have looked after the mare very careful you bet. I have just put on twenty pounds 3 to 1 against 'Dolly' and by jove she'll win." Three o'clock struck, when a well-known voice greeted me. It was Baby's, she and her father had managed to get away from London, and arrived just in time for the saddling bell. Dickey Earle had gone to get his things ready. The board showed thus:

1—Mr. D. Felce's	... Glencairn, 16	... Rider, Bob Tate
2—Sir F. Tatanham's	... Lottie Collin	... " " T. Craig
3—Mr. Shifter's	... Lily, 10.4	... " " M. Rotes
4—Mr. Bob Dallas'	... Dolly, 9.10	... " " D. Earle
5—Mr. Harde's	... Trilby, 9.0	... " " Nichols
6—Mr. Baker's	... Big Ben, 9.4	... " " Jenks

By this time we had all taken our stand, in the enclosure for members. "Lily" was the first to show herself. A splendid looking black mare and moved well. "Glencairn" galloped pass the stand in fine manner. "Moves well" said Baby who knew a good one when she saw it. The other horses had their preliminary but there was no sign of Dolly. I rushed out closely followed by Mr. Sears and Baby. Sam met me excited and with tears in his eyes. "Dickey's dead sir. He fell down soon after having a glass water." There was no time to be lost. I met the Chief Inspector of Police and set Mr. Sears at him to tell the story of Fawcett and his friend Felce. I went in search of a jock. There was no one and no other alternative but to ride myself. I was in the act of rushing into the Dressing Room to put on my colours when I met Baby who had dressed herself and looked every bit a professional jock. I had missed her in the excitement. "Don't tell father" she said "but I have weighed myself and am going to ride 'Dolly.'" Here was a nice game. I remonstrated with her a great deal, but it was of no use; but that I knew she was the best girl-rider in London, I certainly would have stopped her from such a daring act even by force. Eventually she had her own way, and she was at the starting post just in time. Fawcett and Felce did not recognise "Dolly's" fair rider. Some said it was Jack Moore and others Jim Reel and so on.

"They've started" the cry went up. "Trilby" who had the light weight rushed to the front, followed by "Dolly" and "Glencairn" with "Lily" at their heels. I was in a terrible state of anxiety over Baby. "May Providence keep her safe," I prayed. As they rounded into the straight "Lily" led, "Glencairn" second and "Dolly" close up. Then there was a cry "there's a spill." "Lily" had fallen. The race lay between "Dolly" and "Glencairn." "Glencairn" wins" shouted Fawcett who was close by. "Who's riding 'Dolly,'" cried Mr. Sears who had just come up, "Baby" I answered. There was no time for an explanation. The horses were about five hundred yards away from the Grandstand. Would "Dolly" get up in time. Slowly but surely the dark blue, light blue and gold drew alongside. It was level with old gold and maroon on "Glencairn." "Dolly" wins!" "Glencairn" wins!" shouted the crowd. Nearer and nearer they drew to the winning post. "Dolly" wins" cried the mad crowd, and she did. Some people thought that it was a dead heat, but the Judge pronounced it "Dolly" won by a-head. I was mad, I did not know how I got there, but I was again just in time to save Baby from falling off "Dolly" through faintness, at the entrance to the weighing enclosure. However she recovered herself, and having weighed herself again and found "correct" I took her to the Refreshment Room and had a "small bottle" opened, which revived her a great deal. Mr. Sears was very angry but forgave her. On settling day Fawcett and Felce were missing. Glencairn's defeat had settled them, and a month later Fawcett was condemned to death for the murder of poor Dickey Earle and Dennis Felce to prison for fifteen years. Three months afterwards a pretty little wedding took place at St. Saviour's Church. It is needless to say whose it was.

Among sporting men there were many discussions as to how "Baby" Sears rode "Dolly," the winner of the Elgin Cup, and won for me my great fortune. Baby has not yet told me the reason of her great dislike to "Faust." I have promised Mr. Sears never to gamble again!!!

THE MILLENNIUM.

When sermons are ten minutes long, and never stale or flat;
 When congregations rise and pay before they pass the hat.
 When silver jingles everywhere and banks go not to smash;
 When bill collectors are to spare and people buy for cash,
 When politicians join the Church and cease to plot and plan,
 When there are fifty offices to every blessed man;
 Then will the great millennium dawn brightly, but alas
 You'll die while you are waiting for these things to come to pass.

Omar Khayyam.

LITTLE did Omar in his most exalted visions dream that a Northern race which was contending every inch of its paternal soil on the field of Senlac, would in the process of centuries become merged with the conquerors, develop into a mighty nation and perpetuate his memory by instituting a club in his honour—a club which includes among its members some of the most distinguished English *litterateurs* of the present day.

The popularity of the "Astronomer Poet" in England is doubtless due to the brilliant paraphrase of his "Rubaiyat" by Edward Fitzgerald—"that golden Eastern lay," wrote his friend Tennyson, "than which I know none more nobly done."

HIS LIFE.

Omar was born at Naishapur the capital of Khorasan about the middle of the eleventh century, and died within the first quarter of the twelfth (1,123 A. D.) He obtained his *takhallus* or poetical name (Khayyam, tentmaker) from his father's calling. His name is associated with two others of great prominence at that time, Nizam-al-Mulk and Hassan Sabbah, fellow-pupils of Iman Muffik the great Sunni doctor. It is said that the three friends made a compact that whichever of them attained wealth and power should share his fortune with the others. When Nizam rose to be minister to the Sultan Alp Arslan, Hassan was given a place at court. The latter however made an unsuccessful attempt to supplant the minister, fled from court and joined the Ismailians, a sect notorious for their murderous depredations.

"He left a name at which the world grew pale."

The word Assassin is, on the authority of some writers, derived from his name.

Omar on the other hand was content to live under the friendly wing of the Vizier, receiving an annual pension of twelve hundred pieces of gold.

HIS POEMS.

The *Rubaiyat* or quatrains are independent poems, consisting of four lines of which, either all rhyme, or the the third remains a blank.

The poems may be classified under the two heads of gay and grave. The first would include those light pieces in praise of wine and women, the second, the more serious ones, relating to man's beginning and destiny. Love with Omar is an all consuming passion.

"True love is his who through long days and nights rests not, nor sleeps, nor craves for drink or meat" and what wonder, since

"Hearts are like tapers, which at beauty's eyes
 Kindle a flame of love that never dies;
 And beauty is a flame where hearts, like moths offer
 themselves a burning sacrifice."

He discovered long before Shakspeare that
"Love is blind"

"To lover's eyes what matters dark or fair
Or if the loved one silk or sack cloth wear,
Or lie on dust or down, or rise to heaven,
Yea, though she sink to hell, he seeks her there."

According to the Moslem's creed, one needs no
excuse for loving women and wine.

"In Paradise are Houris, as you know,
And fountains that with wine and honey flow.
If these be lawful in the world above,
What harm to love the like down here below?"

Wine he regards in the same light as the Greek
Poet Anacreon.

"Wine the cure of every ill
Proves the best physician still."

He finds in it a remedy for care.

"Pour me some wine as rosy as thy cheeks
My mind is troubled like thy ruffled hair."

He considers it "richer than the realm of Jam"
and not content with draining two beakers a day.
"Two double beakers brimmed with heady
wine" be exhorts his comrades when sick.

"Comrades I pray you, physic me with wine,
Make this wan ember face like rubies shine,
And if I die, use wine to wash my corpse
And frame my coffin out of planks of wine."

And more curiously

"When death has trod to dust my lifeless brain,
And shed my lively plumage on the plain,
Then mould me to a cup, and fill with wine,
Haply its scent may make me breathe again!"

Turn we now to graver topics. Omar's religious
view may be best gathered from his poems.

GOD AND HIS WAYS ARE INCOMPREHENSIBLE.

"They, at whose lore the wide world stands amazed,
Whose thoughts above high Heaven's self are raised,
Strive to know thee in vain, and, like Heaven's wheel
Their heads are turning, and their brains are dazed."

Man is the puppet of a higher power,

"We are but chessmen, who to move are fain
Just as the great chess player doth ordain;
He moves us on life's chessboard to and fro,
And then in death's box shuts us up again."

And since his destiny is preordained he is not
accountable for his actions.

"When Allah mixed my clay he knew full well
My future acts, and could each one foretell;
'Twas he who did my sins predestinate
Yet thinks it just to punish me in hell."

Heaven and Hell have no existence beyond
himself,

"Hell but a fire enkindled of our griefs,
And Heaven a moment's peace stolen from our
fears."

His coming and going are the same,
"From dust we came and back to dust return."

The climax of all this pessimism is reached in
the following quatrain where he cries.

"I never would have come, had I been asked;
I would as lief not go, if I were asked;
And to be short, I would annihilate
All coming, being, going, were I asked."

We have here the philosophy of the Buddhist,
the craving for "the nectar'd anodyne of selfless-
ness." Omar's was an easy going philosophy.
It was like Horace's, a peculiar mixture of Epi-
cureanism and Stoicism, that happy combination
which seems best suited to men in all conditions
of life.

He held the key to true happiness—content-
ment.

"Give me a flask of wine, a crust of bread,
A quiet mind, a book of verse to read,
With thee, O love, to share my lovely roof,
I would not take the Sultan's crown instead."

There is much in Omar's Poems that is com-
mon to the substance of classical poetry; apart
from this a few of his verses bear a striking
resemblance to those of Greek authors. For
instance the two following lines

"We are not as the meadow grass,
Which when they mow it down, spring up anew"

remind us of Moschus (Idyll.)

Alas, when mallows in the garden die,
Green parsley, or the crisp luxuriant dell,
They live again and flower another year;
But we, how great so e'er, or strong or wise;
When once we die, sleep in the endless earth,
A long, an endless, unawakeable sleep.

The line "Tis best to know none and he known
of none, recalls Theognis.

"Most fortunate are those, alive or dead,
Of whom the least is thought, the least is said."

Let us enquire now into the reasons of Omar's
popularity. What is it in his teaching that has
endeared him to us more than any other Eastern
Poet? It is his liberality of thought and freedom
of expression in an age of religious bigotry; his
revolt from the preaching and practice of the
hypocritical Suffis.

"Some look for truth in creeds and rites and rules,
Some grope for doubts or dogmas in the schools;
But from behind the veil a voice proclaims,
'Your road lies neither here nor there, O fools!'"

His wise exhortations that we should seize the
present moment for our enjoyment.

"Ah, my beloved, fill the cup that clears
To-day of past regrets and future fears,
To-morrow, why, to-morrow I may be
Myself with yesterday's seven thousand years."

Remembering at the same time that we must
bow to the inevitable.

"Oh heart! this world is but a fleeting show,
Why let its empty griefs distress thee so?
Bear up and face thy fate; the eternal pen
Will not unwrite his roll for thee I trow."

He exhorts us to meet our fate courageously.

"Deep in the rondure of the empyreal blue,
There lies a cup, hid from all mortal view,
Which comes to all in turn; oh, sigh not then,
But drink it boldly when it comes to you.

And not distress ourselves by anticipating it.
Wherefore waste thought on fate and destiny,
And vainly rack thy brain to find the key?
Give respite to thy brain, and let fate be,
When fate was fixed, they ne'er consulted thee."

SHRIMAT SWAMY VIVEKANANDA IN CEYLON.

Original Poetry.

A VISION IN PINK.

*I was out for my usual ramble,
(A walk I take every day),
To pace 'midst the briar and the bramble,
Along the well-trodden way;
I had got just a hundred paces,—
Scarce a step more or less, I think,—
When arrayed in the richest of laces
There shot past a Vision in Pink.*

* * *

*My thoughts were running of Flaccus,
On his wisdom, his pathos, and wit,
On his devotion to Venus and Bacchus
In the sweetest of madrigals writ;
Snapt was the chain of my musing,
Sundered was every dear link,
As I started for fear of losing
A glimpse of the Vision in Pink.*

* * *


*She passed 'mid the roar and the rattle
Of wheels, and crack of a whip,
And I swore that I would give battle
To all for a word from that lip;
For the very moment I met her
I felt my heart rise and sink
And I knew I could never forget her
That heaven-sent Vision in Pink!*

* * *

POSTSCRIPT.

(Written two years after.)

*I was then a rose-spectacled fellow
But, alas, now my jaundiced eyes blink,
Seeing numberless phantoms in yellow
And never a Vision in Pink.*


 GREAT interest has been aroused in the Island this month by the arrival from Europe of Swamy Vivekananda, a Hindu scholar of note, belonging to the order of the Sannyasies, a leader of Hindu religious thought, and the representative of Hinduism at the World's Parliament of Religions in Chicago, U. S. A. The interesting personality of the Sage, coupled with his great gifts of speech, have attracted the attention of all classes of the community, and he was accorded on his landing in Colombo a most enthusiastic reception by thousands of native devotees. In stepping on shore his neck was entwined with a sweet jessamine garland, and he made a triumphal entrance into the City, being conducted with much state and enthusiasm to the residence of Mr. Rajaratna in Barnes' Street, where, after the "Thevaram," a Tamil hymn possessing the respectable antiquity of two thousand years, had been sung, an address couched in the most flattering terms was read by the Hon. P. Coomaraswamy, the Tamil representative in the Legislative Council. The Swami, in eloquent and impressive terms, replied. After lecturing twice in Colombo the Swamy proceeded upon a short tour up-country. In America the Hindu Missionary attracted a good deal of public notice, his lectures being attended by leading lawyers, scientists and other public men in America. His class lectures were eagerly attended by those desirous of gaining an insight into the Vedanta Philosophy of India. From fragmentary information appearing in current periodical literature, the Swamy appears to have been a well-connected Hindu who, achieving high scholastic distinction in an Indian University, was fairly on the path of worldly advancement when his life's course was suddenly diverted into quite a different channel. About this time a noted Hindu Sage, Sri Ramakrishna Paramahansa was at the very height of his fame. This Sage, although not remarkable for wide erudition was yet renowned for his great piety; and the wonderful tranquillity of his philosophy captivated all his hearers. An appreciative article upon this personage was given sometime ago by Professor Max Muller in the *Nineteenth Century*. Swamy Vivekananda formed one among twenty young men who were attracted by Ramakrishna's teaching, and all gave up considerable prospects to live a life of self-renunciation and retirement. The Swami's attitude towards other religions is one of reverence, and his references to the Founder of Christianity are always respectful. His lectures which have been reprinted have an extensive circulation in India and Ceylon. The people of Madras who were instrumental in sending him to America, are making great preparations to accord him a fitting welcome on his arrival from Ceylon. Another of the twenty disciples of Ramakrishna, Swami Saradananda



Swami Vivekananda.

by name, is still prosecuting a propagating mission in America, based on the lines of Swami Vivekananda's teaching. Reduced to a sentence the Swami's theology may be said to be this:—*Ekam sat vipra bahudha vadante*, which being interpreteth meaneth "That which exists is one; the Sages call Him by various names."

Our portrait is taken from a half-tone block executed by Messrs. S. K. Lawton & Co., of the Jaffna Photographic Works, and concerning it we have neither to apologise on the score of likeness nor the style in which it is reproduced.

IF!

If I had a girl with golden hair,
And teeth of exquisite pearl,
And eyes that were gems resplendent rare,
Do you know what I'd do with that girl?
I'd carry the beautiful, precious thing,
Right down to a jeweller's place,
And I'd sell her quick for what she would bring,
As an ornament to her race.

TIES OF FRIENDSHIP.

"Oh, where are the friends of my youth?"
In a moment reflective I cried;
Through the door peeped a head, and the office
boy said
"There's a gent wants to see you outside,"
'T was one of those friends of my youth?
With emotion he grasped my hand tight;
"You will pardon these tears—I've not seen you
for years—
Could you lend me a sov. till to-night?"

SOMETHING LIKE A NAME.

IT IS A CRAZE WITH SOME PARENTS TO weight their offspring with a long string of names, and many instances of princes and potentates, peers and peasants who have been thus honoured (?) might be collected. It is open to doubt, however, whether any one has received so many, and such long, names as the defendant in a case some months ago in the Madras High Court who is the possessor of the following 77 name:—Srimat Paramahasa Parivrajakacharya Padavakya pramana paravara pareena yama mijama asana pranayama pratyahara dhyana nishtagarishta tapas chakravarti Anady avichachima guru parampara prapta shad darsana stapanachariya vyakhyanana simhasanadheesvara sakala vedardha Sri Rushyasringa puravasad heeswora Thungabhadra teera nivasa Sri krooppaksha Vidyana-garadi Mahasagadhanee karnataca Simasana-dheeswara Sarvatantra Svatantra Sreemat Rajadhiraja Maharaja Garu Bhumandalacharyatvadyanvardha Sakala birudavalee Virajamana Srimat Abhinava Nriswriha Sankara Charati Karakamala Sanjata Sri Vidya Sankarapadapad-moradhaka Srimat Abhinavod danda Sankara Bharatee Guru Swamulavaru. It is understood he is called Sammy for short.

Original Poetry.

IT WAS ART NOT NATURE.

*Her rich brown hair, her bright blue eyes,
Her sunny smile, her face so fair,
Her voice, in cadence sweet that, dies
Melodious on the charmed air;
Ah! who would see, or feel, or hear,
And not in worship bow the head,
And know that whether far, or near
His heart to her, his lodestar fled!*

*So sang the youth with soul aflame
As homeward turned, from bower of bliss
His fine dark eyes as bright became
As star of eve in blue abyss.
When came a thought like poisoned dart;—
Has Marion's cheek the rose-pink hue
As gift from Heaven, or painter's art?
I'll be resolved, if false, or true.*

*Retraced his step, his bosom heaved,
With strong emotion scarce suppressed
"Oh! Marion, have I been deceived?"
"Relieve a heart, so full, distressed"
"The bloom longest, that crown of hair,"
"Is it a secret long suppressed,"
"But art, not nature, placed it there?"*

*"Oh! Robert cruel, once so kind"
Forgive, and ne'er again I'll try"
"To dull the fervour of a mind"
So wholly yours, to please the eye."
She said, when closer to his breast
He drew the maid, whose face so fair
A glow of joy, so full expressed
It chased from his, all trace of care.*

J. W. B.

A Burglar Befooled.

AN up-country planter whom we will call Aleck Gordon, a young Scotsman of good family, who had lately come out to Ceylon, was a man of remarkably cool and facetious temperament; his nerves were either made of iron or else, which is more probable, he had no nerves at all. However that may be, on one particular night in January, this dreadnought Scot was lying on his bed in his bungalow in a town near Nanu Oya. The door of the bedroom was open, and the bed was situated in the furthestmost apartment, facing the door. The hour was between one and two o'clock. The moon was crescent, and nearly setting, so that it shed but a feeble glimmer through the window. Aleck as his friends called him, lay in that state which is between sleeping and waking; drowsy, but conscious, quietly awaiting the happy moment when his senses should be "steeped in forgetfulness." Suddenly he was aroused by the faint sound of a footstep in the verandah leading to the room next to his chamber. Presently a fumbling sort of noise was heard, as if someone was trying the handle. This was soon turned, the door opened, and the dim form of a man appeared. Aleck lay regarding the figure rather amused than otherwise; but what surprised him most was that the burglar—for such he evidently was—was not a native but a white man—down on his luck, no doubt Aleck thought.—While he calmly contemplated the movements of the intruder, he observed him silently close the door and begin stealthily to grope his way along the wall. On reaching the right-hand corner of the first apartment, he fumbled with his hands, clearly with a view of reaching the second chamber where the occupant of the room lay.

Cautiously evading all intervening obstacles, he at length reached the dressing-table, which seemed to be an object of interest to the stranger, who no doubt hoped to find thereon either jewellery or money, or both. No trace of any valuables could be found, and the stranger next approached a chest of drawers, the top ones of which he quietly opened, handling their contents with much care, but apparently with no greater success. He then pulled out the lower drawers, but meeting with no other booty than linen and clothing, he quietly replaced them. In closing the last drawer he was startled and astounded to hear a sudden roar of laughter, violent and uncontrolled, proceeding from the bed.

Aleck who had hitherto lain a silent and motionless spectator of the burglar's fruitless search could contain himself no longer, and now he sat up in bed and fairly split his sides with laughter.

At this strange and novel interruption the burglar was taken aback, and felt almost inclined to roar himself. Conquering his surprise and fears at the same time he surely observed.

"Why, what in —'s name are you laughing at?"

"Laughing at?" responded our friend, as soon as he could articulate. "Why I'm laughing at you, of course, you fool."

"Well, I don't see anything to laugh at in me?" "O! yes there is, a great deal," said Aleck "It would make an owl grin; she's a fool like you. Here you are at infinite risk and trouble, groping about in the dead of night in a chap's room, idiot enough to expect to find in a few minutes what I have been looking for for years, labouring with might and main in the broad daylight, to meet with, and have not succeeded yet in finding—and that is money!"

At this reply Aleck again burst into a roar of laughter, and the burglar utterly routed by such an unprecedented proceeding in consternation sidled out of the apartment and disappeared, leaving Aleck in undisturbed possession of his household effects.

SOME INTERESTING FACTS CONCERNING THE PLAGUE.

The following is the opinion of an eminent medical authority on the spread of the plague delivered before the Epidemiological Society of London:—

DISTRIBUTION OF THE INFECTION.

The rat seems to be infected before the human being; and the fact of dead rats being found about the house during the plague epidemic is a true warning that the inmates of the house will in all probability be affected. How is the rat infected? 1. Experiment proves (a) that the rat is inoculable and dies from a disease identical with bubonic plague in man; the inoculation of both the blood and inflammatory fluids of the plague infected is effective; and further, a pure cultivation injected hypodermically also sets up signs and symptoms of rat plague and causes death within a few days; and (b) that supplying the animal with plague-infected food, whether flesh or cultivated germs, causes plague in rats. How does the rat in his natural state become infected; by inoculation? We cannot assume that every rat has a scratch or open wound by which it is infected. It is more likely he inhales or imbibes the poison either as a miasm in concentrated form or he ingests it with his food. It may be both forms of infection are at work; and, further, it must not be forgotten that rats are cannibal in their habits, and direct contagion must play a large part, in the general infection of their tribe. That it is some general infection and not a chance inoculation is manifested by their sudden and simultaneous seizure—a seizure so sudden that scores of dead and diseased rats will be found in a single house of any size within a few hours.

What we may conclude from the study of the infection of animals is: (1) That the rat is the animal most likely to be attacked by plague; (2) that rats suffering from, or dead from plague, may infect other animals, such as snakes and jackals, who consume them; (3) that rats are always affected by a disease similar to plague at the same time man suffers; (4) that the rat may infect men, but the means of conveying the contagion is not known; (5) that during the prevalence of benign plague (*pestis minor*) rats do not die.

INCUBATION PERIOD.

The time intervening between exposure and the development of plague has been carefully observed and noted throughout many epidemics of this century. The conclusions arrived at by all who

have written an account of their Hongkong experience give from three to six days as the period of incubation.

BACTERIOLOGY.

The bacteriology of plague began by the advent of Kitasato from Tokio during the Hongkong epidemic of 1894. On the 4th June, 1894, Kitasato demonstrated the bacillus, and this was confirmed afterwards by Dr. Yersin of the Pasteur Institute in Saigon, working in an independent manner. Dr. Yersin undertook some experiments to test the truth of the infection of the soil, the result of which elucidate the toxic nature of the bacillus. He found (1) that a bacillus in some respect resembling in its appearance that met within the human body was found in the soil of Hongkong during the plague epidemic; (2) that the bacilli of the soil and body occasionally behaved similarly in culture experiments; and (3) that the culture specimens of soil bacilli were, however, innocuous, possessing no virulence when injected into mice or guinea pigs. Dr. Yersin further found that in his cultures of human plague bacilli there were microbes of different virulence, some mildly powerful and some altogether powerless to infect either mice or guinea-pigs.

PLAGUE AND SOIL INFECTION.

Bearing closely upon this subject is the question of the medium of spread of plague. Plague is perhaps the slowest-travelling disease known; it may take months and even years to extend a few miles. From the city of London it took nine months to reach Soho, and more recently it took ten months to travel from Hongkong to Macao, a distance of thirty miles. The lines of communication will not explain this, for in Macao thousands of persons sought shelter in 1894, when Canton and Hongkong were plague stricken. Steamers and Chinese junks and fishing boats passed freely between the ports, yet Macao did not become infected until nine months after Canton and Hongkong were pronounced clear. How did the parasite reach Macao, by sea from Hongkong or by land from Canton? If by sea, in all probability it would have been in Macao long before. If by land how did it travel—by human or animal carriage or by the soil? If by human beings, it means intimate prolonged contact of the carriers; if by soil it means a bacillary infection of the soil, spreading from a centre and extending by a continuous margin of active growth along paths favourable to its nutrition. Were the soil only the producer or infector, all islands in the area ought to be immune. This not being so, it comes that the poison must be carried by human beings by animals, by clothing, or by food. That the poison conveyed by them may require the soil as a medium to reproduce the infection bacillus may be quite possible; but that some other medium then the soil is capable of transmitting the disease is quite evident.

PLAGUE AND FAMINE.

Plague is ever associated with scarcity and want. Sometimes it is famine caused by the destruction of crops by floods, sometimes by drought; but from whatever cause, plague and scarcity of food are frequently allied. Not only is the grain scarce, but it has often been remarked upon that it is bad, musty, covered with blue mould, and fermented. The two conditions may be to each other as cause and effect. The grain is gathered before it is ripe owing to the people's necessity, and the unripe grain not only yields insufficient nourishment, but is apt to undergo fermentation and to be attacked by vegetable parasites.

PLAGUE AND FILTH.

The preceding remarks prepare the way for the recognition of all possible sanitary evils and neglects as accompaniments of plague. Chinese towns are at all times ready to generate any filth disease, and Hongkong itself is but little better. The city was hastily built about fifty years ago, when the sudden inroad of tens of thousands of Chinese sought occupation and habitation under the British Rule. From that rush of people and feverish haste to build without proper control the city never recovered, and to this day presents sanitary aspects of the most flagrant description. The public sewers are well built in the separate system; the water-supply is most excellent in quality, although when rains are delayed deficient in amount, the public latrines are under Government control; the removal of excreta is by the bucket system and is admirable controlled. Here, however, the bestowal of praise must cease, for beyond them there is much to condemn. House overcrowding is rife and surface crowding to the extent of 2,000 to the acre holds sway over the chief area of the native quarter of the town. The evidence from Bombay is similar to the Hongkong report, and but confirms the state of overcrowding and filth to which Oriental cities, even when partially under British control, may attain.

CONCLUSIONS.

The conclusions drawn from a study of the spread of plague are:—

I. Varieties; (1) The varieties of plague known under the names (a) fulminant, (b) typical, and (c) *pestis minor* are allied. (2) The cause of fulminant and typical plague is a diplobacterium in the blood and tissues. The cause of *pestis minor* may be an allied diplobacterium, but with a lesser toxic power. (3) An appropriate name for the fulminant and typical plague is 'malignant polyadenitis.' An appropriate name for the mild variety (*Pestis minor*) is 'benign polyadenitis.'

II. Infection and contagion; (1) Plague is infectious chiefly by the dust arising during the cleansing of dwelling houses which plague patients have occupied. (2) Plague is contagious by prolonged and intimate contact with the plague-stricken, as in the case of a nurse carrying a child ill of the disease.

III. Distribution: () Plague is met with in a definite area of Asia, which may be termed the "plague belt." (2) That the home of plague is at the present day in Mesopotamia as a focus the plague may spread northwards to the Caspian Sea, westwards to the Red Sea, southwards as far as Bombay, and eastwards as far as (Formosa) the China Sea. (4) During the present century, plague has shown a western retrocession and an eastern accession of virulence.

VI. The bacillus: (1) Typical plague (malignant polyadenitis) is associated with *pestis minor* (benign polyadenitis). (2) A bacillus of somewhat similar appearance microscopically is reputed to be found in both. (3) The bacilli differ in their toxic powers only. (4) A benign polyadenitis may run its course without being preceded or followed by the malignant variety. (5) Malignant polyadenitis may run its course without being preceded or followed by the benign variety. (6) The bacillus of the benign variety attains malignancy by passing through some intermediate host, possible, but not probably, the rat.

ALMANAC

FOR

DECEMBER.

- 1st.—Egerton School:—Art Exhibition and *Tableaux Vivants*. The Colombo Customs lit by electricity. Lady Ridgeway's evening "At Home." Colombo Municipal elections—re-election of Mr. Arthur Alvis. Salvation Army:—Commissioner Howard addresses a Garden Meeting.
- 2nd.—Municipal Elections:—Messrs. Haniffa P. Coomaraswamy and C. P. Dias re-elected for the Pettah, St. Paul's and San Sebastian Wards. Legislative Council:—The Rebate and Chena Ordinances. Matara Volunteer Inspection. Silver Wedding:—H. P. Lovering.
- 3rd.—Queen's House, Colombo:—H. E. and Lady Ridgeway's Dance. Wedding:—Miss Beatrice Mary de Brisay—Mr. William Priestly Barber. Municipal elections:—Mr. A. de A. -eniviratne re-elected for the Kotahena Ward; Mr. Walter Pereira re-elected for the New Bazaar Ward, defeating Mr. Vincent Perera.
- 4th.—Public Hall:—Law Students' Dance. Cricket:—Sports Club vs. the Colts, 1st day. Tangalle Volunteer Inspection. Haputale P. A. Meeting. Municipal elections:—Re-elections of Mr. Charles Perera, Maradana Ward. The City Council.
- 5th.—The Agra Athletic Sports. Cricket:—Sports Club vs. Colts Drawn Game. Hambantota Municipal elections:—Mr. C. M. Fernando re-elected for the Slave Island Ward; Mr. R. H. Morgan re-elected for the Kollupitiya Ward.
- 7th.—Volunteer Rifle Association:—Annual Meet, commences. Matthew Memorial Hall. Victoria Home Concert. Dehiowita Club. Kelani Valley P. A. Meeting.
- 8th.—Rifle Meet:—continued (second day) Chilaw Indignation Meeting re Chena Ordinance.
- 9th.—Rifle Meet:—(third day). Ceylon Legislative Council:—Principal questions discussed. Sale of native lands. The Graving Dock question and the Supply Bill.
- 10th.—Ceylon Legislative Council:—Adjourned Meeting. The Major-General on Military Privileges. The New Ridgeway Golf Links opened by H. E. the Governor. The Golf Club At Home. Rifle Meet:—(fourth day). St. Paul's Prize Distribution.
- 11th.—Colombo Hockey and Football Club Dance. Rifle Meet:—(fifth day) Hill Club, Nuwara Eliya:—Bachelor's Dance. City Council:—consider Fire Brigade Scheme. Obituary:—Mrs. Jansze, Kandy.
- 12th.—Rifle Meet concludes. Uva Gymkhana Club Meeting, Ridgeway Golf Links:—Silver Medal Competition. Ceylon Mutual Provident Association Annual Meeting. Obituary:—Mrs. M. W. Inman, Pussellawa.
- 14th.—Wedding:—Miss Miriam Alice Nessbit—Mr. Ernest Reid Williams. Ceylon Legislative Council:—The Namanacooly-Passara Road passed. Kandy:—Opening of the Supreme Court Sessions. Galle Face Polo Tournament. A. D. C. "At Home."
- 15th.—Weddings:—Miss Hanna Latham—Mr. Allan Andree; Miss Elizabeth Shaw Hall—Mr. Alexander. Miss Heathcote—Mr. C. A. Hartley. Equitable Loan Co.:—General Meeting adjourned to 23rd proximo. Wattegama:—heavy Landslip Freemasonry:—Sphinx Lodge Installation and Dinner.
- 16th.—Wedding:—Miss Jessie Beling—Mr. Edgar Vanderstraaten. Ceylon Legislative Council:—Sir John Grinlinton denounces the Insanitary condition of Railway Stations and Third Class Carriages. Lengthy discussions on the Chena Land's Ordinance.
- 17th.—Departure of H. E. the Governor to Kandy, Hultsdorf:—Special Meeting, Ceylon National Association. Wedding:—Miss Ethel Vandendriegen—Mr. John Ferdinands.
- 18th.—Rambukana Slight Landslip. Colombo Hockey and Football Club, 1st day. Arrival of the "Friedrich Der Grosse." Maskeliya Club Meeting. Colombo Hockey and Football Club Sports, 1st day.
- 19th.—Public Hall:—Mr. Twinning's Operatic Concert. C. H. and F. C. Sports, concluded. Cotta English Institution, Prize Distribution. Ceylon Volunteer's Half yearly Mobilization. Cathedral Ordination.
- 22nd.—Mr. L. O. Liesching appointed Secretary of the G. O. H.
- 23rd.—Ceylon Fishing Club Association Meetings. Pitiapola Landslip on Railway, a Kangany suffocated. Volunteer Prize Distribution.
- 24th.—Obituary:—Mr. C. S. Warren. Anuradhapura:—Presentation to Dr. Santiago Orient Club Christmas Entertainment.
- 26th.—Wedding:—Miss Mary Hawkins—Mr. Sidney Richards. Obituary:—Mr. L. H. Kelly, formerly Planting Representative in the Ceylon Legislative Council. Ceylon Technical Association Meeting.
- 27th.—Funeral of Mr. L. H. Kelly.
- 28th.—Dimbulla P. A. Meeting. Hendella Asylum:—Christmas Treat to Lepers.
- 30th.—Galle Gymkhana Meet commences.