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REMINISCENCES OF FATHER MAFFEI, S. J.

AN interesting memoir of Father Maffei has been lately issued from the Mangalore press, and in view of it I venture to offer the readers of *The Mangalore Magazine*, many of whom have doubtless already perused it, a few reminiscences of the late lamented Father, in the hope of enabling them to arrive at a fuller appreciation of the character and aims of the great man that passed away from among us but a short time back.

Father Maffei was one of the noble band of pioneer Jesuit Fathers that arrived in Mangalore on the 31st of December 1878. After nine years' work in and about Mangalore and in Cannanore, he was, in January 1888, placed on the staff of St. Aloysius' College as Professor of History. In April 1891, on the recall of Father Kemp, S. J., to the Bombay Mission, Fr. Maffei was appointed to succeed him as Principal of the College, a post which, in conjunction with that of Rector, to which he was elevated a few months later, he held till a short time before his death. My acquaintance with him extends over this last period, which was the time when he was brought into wider and closer contact with a larger number of people than before, and had to tackle some of the most important and difficult problems connected with the intellectual and moral wellbeing of the Catholic community of Mangalore.

During the eight years when, as Principal of the College, he guided its destinies, his striking personality and the remarkable earnestness which was one of the foremost traits of his strong character, were conspicuous at all times and in every

work he put his hand to. Owing to the strict discipline he enforced and his naturally reserved and somewhat uninviting exterior, he did not gain the popularity which a man of his worth deserved. The task he was called upon to undertake seemed to weigh upon his mind and to fill him with alarm. And well it might, for he was one who every moment of his life was labouring as a creature that would one day have to appear before and be judged by his Creator. "If you will have to give account of even one idle word uttered in your life," said he, quoting St. Matthew to some of his students who, being found fault with for late attendance at College, attempted to evade censure by saying 'the thing that is not,' "if you have to give an account of an idle word, you may imagine how severe a reckoning you will be called to for telling deliberate falsehoods." To one who was so keenly alive to the responsibility he incurred to the Supreme Judge for each and every one of his actions however trivial, his being entrusted with the charge and care of an institution where a whole generation of Catholic young men were being trained to serve in the hard campaign of life, naturally appeared an oppressive burden. Hence, I conceive, proceeded that firm control and that extreme watchfulness, extending even to the minutest details, which must have been highly irksome to many a pupil of the free-and-easy type, but to such as were earnestly bent on work only 'brought constraint to sweeten liberty.' It is this very serious way he had of looking at things that has been often cast up against the zealous and hardworking Principal. It was only natural that the rigid rule of life to which he had inured himself

even from his earliest years, should have imparted a severe tone to all his ways and doings, but I believe that the rigour of his administration was due still more to a rooted conviction that the severe discipline and self-control which he practised in his own private life, and which he knew to be of immense service to himself personally, would likewise be of invaluable aid to his pupils to weather the storm and stress of their future years in the world. The burden of the duties of a Principal no doubt pressed hard upon him during the eight years he held office. When he was retiring from it, on the occasion of an address and presentation on the part of the students, he expressed his great satisfaction at being relieved of his onerous duties, and touching upon the charge that had been often made against him that he had been too strict in enforcing discipline during his administration, he declared that he had all the time been working with the single aim of promoting the good of those under his charge. But those who knew him well could, in the general appreciation of his sterling worth, easily afford to condone this defect, if such it was.

To pass from his private character of Principal of a college to his career as a Fellow of the University of Madras, he and the late Father Willy were the only two Jesuits of the Mangalore Mission on whom the distinction has been conferred, and it will be acknowledged on all hands that the honour was well deserved in both instances. Father Maffei's painstaking work on the Konkani language, of which he was the first to write a standard Dictionary and Grammar, and his laborious and minute researches into the somewhat obscure and chaotic history of South Canara, coupled with his own high standing as an educationist, procured for him this distinguished mark of merit, which was appreciated alike by himself and the University that conferred it. From the time of his appointment as Fellow he was most regular in attending the meetings of the University Senate, which in its turn was not slow to recognise and appreciate the rare gifts and deep erudition of its newly-enrolled member. Within a year he was appointed Examiner by the University in History for the B. A. and M. A. Degrees, and subsequently

he sat on the board of studies for History, Latin, Greek, and German. During the several visits he paid to Madras on business connected with the University, he had occasion to make the acquaintance of a large number of influential men, and it speaks highly for his worth and tact that within a short period he made numerous friends who soon formed a high opinion of his abilities and acquirements, so that at the time of his death there was hardly a single man of importance occupied in the work of education in the Presidency with whom he was not on terms of intimacy.

It was, by the way, on one of these occasions, when he had to visit Madras to attend the annual Convocation of the University, that he happened to call upon one of the European Professors who was a particular friend of his. While at his place the conversation accidentally turned upon the alleged opposition of the Catholic Church to science—an old and hackneyed topic on which some correspondence was then going on in the columns of the *Madras Mail*. Father Maffei after clearly exposing the groundlessness of the oft-repeated charge against the Church, passed on to broader issues and assured the learned Professor that, should he only allow him to stay with him for a fortnight, he would make a Catholic of him. 'And perhaps also a Jesuit,' was the quick though rather unsympathetic rejoinder.

I may be here allowed to say a few words on his important curriculum in Philosophy which in his last years he was striving hard to induce the Madras University to adopt. Of the utility of the measure he was no doubt fully convinced. With his accustomed shrewdness and penetration he did not fail to observe that Philosophy possessed an irresistible charm for the Indian intellect, and that Western civilization in trying to undo the mysticism and mythology of ancient Hindu Philosophy had administered a remedy worse than the disease it proposed to cure. For at the present moment the materialistic jargon of Bain, Hamilton, Spencer, and others, together with German transcendentalism, reigns supreme in the philosophical academies of Indian Universities, and the truth of Bacon's saying, 'a little philosophy inclineth men's minds to atheism,' has been forcibly brought out in the moral

belief of the Indian graduate of to-day. The instruction in Philosophy imparted at present in Indian Universities has had the baneful effect of cutting the Indian mind adrift from its own religious moorings, unstable though they be, and casting it loose to be buffeted by the stormy sea of doubt and speculation. Nor is this the only drawback. The Catholic student, it will be observed, on account of the objectionable character of the present curriculum, has not the advantage of receiving instruction in true Philosophy. This being the state of affairs Father Maffei advocated the reconstruction of the syllabus, eliminating all debatable points, so that the student, freed from the muddled theories in which sectarian philosophy is hopelessly involved, might derive solid benefit from his training in Philosophy and become enamoured of its study. He was of course careful to do this without imparting to his syllabus a distinctly Catholic tone. He laboured hard and spent a great deal of time in drafting his scheme, which, he was gratified to find later on, met with the approval of men of eminence like the Honourable Dr. Duncan, the late Director of Public Instruction, and the Honourable Justice Shephard. He had it printed and circulated amongst several University men, and after six or seven months it came up for discussion at a meeting of the Board of Studies. There the stock objections of its being too long, too dogmatic, and too Aristotelian were urged against it and were successfully rebutted by Father Maffei, who stoutly championed his scheme against all comers. A perfect silence, as he described it, then ensued, after which, like the Athenians of old when St. Paul discoursed to them, some of them said: "we will hear thee again concerning this matter;" and so all further discussion was shelved for a year.

Father Maffei was well aware that the obstacles that stood in his way were many and great. He himself worked the whole year round, though at a great disadvantage by reason of being at a great distance from Madras and of having few opportunities to influence the members of the Senate. He knew very well that many of the Fellows were not in a frame of mind to consider his scheme on its merits. Some, no doubt, seeing that a Jesuit was at the bottom of the whole movement, were

alarmed lest the University should be the victim of one of those crafty plots for which fiction has made the Order so famous, and were thus induced to cast in their lot with the opposition. Of all this he was well aware, but still, he said, he would not give up, till in the course of time—years perhaps—he should win for his syllabus a place in the plan of studies prescribed by the Madras University. The recent victory, though only a partial one, achieved by the Jesuit Father Bochum of Bombay, who succeeded in carrying a similar measure with the Bombay University, makes us estimate all the more the heavy loss to the cause of sound education suffered by Father Maffei's death at this critical juncture. But let us hope that there may be some one found in the near future to take up the work of the deceased Father and push it to its desired conclusion.

During the long span of twenty years which Father Maffei spent in South Canara he became well acquainted with every nook and corner in the District and with the ways and habits of its people. His knowledge was naturally more accurate about Mangalore, where he was for the greater portion of the time, and a man of his keen observation must have detected many a noteworthy trait in the character of its inhabitants, especially of the Catholic portion of them. Yet, owing to his somewhat retiring disposition, he usually shrank from giving free expression to his views in public on current topics, and when induced by circumstances to do so, he was so guarded and cautious that it was difficult to form an exact idea of how he viewed the various movements of the Catholic body. He used to say, however, that the social side of the character of our Catholics in Mangalore had still to develop itself; that at present the father of the family was quite content with keeping to his home and making himself comfortable there in the bosom of his family, while social engagements that drew men abroad and banded them together in organizations for their mutual protection and advancement had but little charm for him. Until a more effective appreciation of what conduced so much to the progress and welfare of a community was fostered, there was little hope of improving the present state of things. Hence it is, he remarked,

that though several associations had at times been formed for most praiseworthy objects and with the greatest enthusiasm at the outset, yet, owing to the lack of due appreciation and perseverance, their membership became "fine by degrees and beautifully less," while the enthusiasm burned itself out as quickly as a wisp of straw. The Debating Club in the College, which had ceased to hold meetings for a long time, was revived by Father Maffei in 1894, and it gave the students many opportunities to elicit his opinion on questions of the day, particularly on those affecting Mangalore. On one of these occasions the debate turned on the vexed question of Female Education, and he soon showed that he was not a supporter of those who advocated equality for the sexes in educational matters. Having regard to the peculiar state of things existing in Mangalore he regarded training in a few subjects, such as English, one or two of the vernaculars, elementary Arithmetic, Book-keeping and Medicine, Drawing and Music, along with a good grounding in Needlework, as being quite sufficient to equip the Catholic girl for satisfactorily performing the duties of her sphere, which is not indeed the wide world's stage, but her own sweet home, where she is to act her part.

P. Vas, B. A.

IN BONDAGE.

As through the barred window the pale moon was shedding
 A silvery light on the captive's straw bed ;
 The youth on his pallet lay weeping, as willing
 To quench the soft light in the tears that he shed.
 I drew near the window and saw the young bondman—
 Young for a bondman, and comely, and tall ;
 With manliness graven on every feature—
 A *spirit*, that bondage could never enthrall.
 Yet wept he, as maiden might weep for the lover
 Whose corpse the blue ocean doth hide from her view ;
 To think of his home, and the friends of his childhood,
 His country so fair, and his kinsfolk so true.
 And ever he cried—his voice broken with sobbing—
 "My father who gazed on my boyhood with pride,
 "My mother who joyed in my youthful rejoicing,
 "My dear little sister, my fondly-loved bride,
 "Ye sit by the doorway, ye watch, ye await me,
 "And day after day say—'To-day he'll be home'—
 "Ye know not that I am a heart-broken bondman,
 "Ye watch, ye await, but I never shall come."

M. W. S.

PLACES OF INTEREST IN SOUTH CANARA.

III. FROM MANJESHWAR TO HOSDRUG.

The land route to Cannanore is one that is often chosen as the less of two evils by travellers from Mangalore, when there is no choice save between it and a voyage by *pattimar*, on account of the British India Company's Steamers being so few and far between. The route itself is not without its attractions, lying as it does along a picturesque coast and in a region dotted with many places of historic interest ; but you are not in a mood to appreciate the one or the other while you are jolted over the road under a boiling sun in a springless bullock cart or, balanced between two canoes, you are poled across one of the many broad and bridgeless rivers that intersect this portion of the coast. About half the journey has to be made under these conditions, and when Hosdrug is reached the weary get what rest they can while a number of wicked boatmen worry for *backshish* for eighteen to twenty-four hours towing and poling their wretched boats down the backwater to Beliapatam, five miles from Cannanore. When you have travelled this route once or twice you are for hastening the advent of the happy day when the line of railway now building from Calicut to Cannanore and Beliapatam will be extended up to Mangalore.

MANJESHWAR.

Manjeshwar (*mancha*, litter, and *ishwara*, lord) is a picturesquely situated little town about ten miles south of Mangalore, and is renowned for a famous Jain temple of the Konkans dedicated to Subramania. The temple is on a height, to which a long flight of stone steps gives access. It is said to be very rich, for the idol worshipped there is held in great esteem. The southern part of the town was formerly held by a Jain Bangar Raja, and the northern by the Vittal Raja, until Tippu Sultan hanged the former and compelled the latter to seek refuge in Tellicherry. The population of the place at present is estimated at close upon 3,000. It is one of the few places along the coast that has a Catholic church, but neither it nor Kasaragod has a resident priest.

KUMBLA.

Kumbla is another small town about ten miles south of Manjeshwar, with about the same population. A fort with a bastion in the centre is still in a state of good preservation. It was built by Sivappa Naik of Bednore, as is testified by a Canarese inscription over the gate. Kumbla was anciently a place of importance, when its territory extended from the Chandragiri to the north of Kumbla, and its Rajas ruled over the whole of Tuluva. As early as 1514 we read that it was the seat of a governor who ruled in the name of the king of Vijayanagar. The Kumbla Rajas were not Malayalees; probably they were a branch of the Coutars or the Bangaras. In religion they were Jains. In 1514 Duarte Barbosa, the famous Portuguese traveller, visited Kumbla and found that its traders were exporting an inferior quality of rice to the Maldives in exchange for coir. The Raja of Kumbla sought refuge at Tellicherry, like his neighbour of Manjeshwar, to escape from Tippu towards the end of the last century. When he returned in 1799 it is said he thought of asserting his independence, but upon better consideration he chose the safer part of accepting a small pension from the East India Company when South Canara passed under its sway.

KASARAGOD.

Kasaragod (*kasara*, wild buffalo; and *kodu*, peak) is the headquarters of the Taluk of that name, twenty-eight miles from Mangalore. It is famous for a fine fort, now almost entirely ruined, with the exception of the part lately repaired by a Hindu gentleman and converted into a charming country-house. From the top of the house there is a beautiful view of the surrounding country. Near the bastion there is a small temple with a Hindu idol, which goes to prove that the fort antedates the Hyder dynasty and probably was erected by the same Bednore king who built the fort of Kumbla. A deep well near the temple once served, it is said, as the repository of the public treasure. Kasaragod has at present a population of about 6,000 souls and has a sub-registrar's office, a Local Fund hospital, and a travellers' bungalow. It is built on the Chandragiri river, which was formerly the most southerly limit of the ancient Tuluva

kingdom. In the ninth century Cheraman Perumal, ruler of Malabar, became a convert to Mahometanism and built a mosque here. The place has lately received a sad interest for Mangaloreans in the fact that its little Catholic church is now the resting place of the late Father Maffei, whose grave is to be seen in the sanctuary on the epistle side of the altar.

CHANDRAGIRI.

Chandragiri (*chandra*, shining, and *giri*, hill) is the name of a river and a village between Kasaragod and Hosdrug. The river anciently formed the dividing line between the Malayalam and Tulu-speaking districts of South Canara. The village is about two miles from Kasaragod on the way to Bekal and Hosdrug. There is a fine fort near the public road built in a commanding position in a place of great natural strength high upon the river bank. It is still in a good state of preservation and deserves to be described in some detail. It covers an area of about 500 square yards and is pretty regular in form. In one corner of the fort there are three rooms, over one of which there is a loop-hole surmounted by three emblems cut into the stone, representing a heart, a wide-spreading tree, and an object like a spear; very probably the arms of some ruling dynasty. The walls are loop-holed all round and are surrounded by the usual ditch. If the author of *The Keldi Dynasty* is to be trusted, this also is one of the forts built by Sivappa Naik. This Sivappa was a man of great talent who succeeded to the chieftainship in 1645 and continued to govern till 1660. Before the close of his reign he added to his dominions the whole of South Canara and North Canara up to the Gangavalli river.

BEKAL.

Bekal (*be*, hot, and *kallu*, stone) is another large village on the coast, thirty-six miles from Mangalore and half-way between Kasaragod and Hosdrug. It is near the river of the same name and possesses one of the largest and best preserved forts in South Canara. This fort is to be seen on the south bank of the river on a headland running into the sea. It is a parallelogram in shape, its walls being more than 500 yards in length by less

than 400 in breadth. The main entrance is protected by a massy gate surrounded by a thick jungle. Straight before it is an inner fortification consisting of a raised terrace. The four corners have four bastions, and in the enclosed area are three raised platforms for cannon, with a powder magazine convenient to them. Several wells bored here and there in the area gave a scanty supply of water, which was supplemented by one at a lower level outside the walls. A deep and narrow passage-way gave access to it. Close to the powder magazine are to be seen entrances to certain subterranean passages. A ditch runs round the walls as in the forts described already. It is also credited to Sivappa Naik, but the way the fortifications are arranged leads one to believe that a European engineer had something to do with it. Bekal was anciently under the Kadamba Dynasty, and then became annexed to Vijayanagar. In 1565 it was taken over by the Raja of Bednore and became a subdivision of that kingdom. It fell under Hyder Ali in 1763, and in 1799 passed into the possession of the East India Company. It gave its name to the present Kasaragod Taluk for half a century.

HOSDRUG.

Hosdrug (*hosa*, new, and *drug*, fort) is forty-one miles from Mangalore and is the last station before taking boat on the backwater for Cannanore. The place is called *Pudrakote* in Malayalam. There is a large fort built by an Ikkeri king in 1737, which is in comparatively good order. Like the other forts along the coast it stands on an eminence which commands a fine prospect. The bastions are high and round and capable of easy defence. The only purpose it serves at present is that of a burning-ground for some Hindu castes. The present population is about 5,000 and the station has the reputation of being healthy.

TO A NEW PRIEST.

Poor human lips, thou know'st, but seldom can
Sing strains divine, such as I fain would pour
To please the ears of a diviner man,
That now thou art than thou wert yet before.

Joseph Saldanha.

THE GERSOPPA FALLS.

It does not say much for me as a tourist and sight-seer to have to own that, during the thirty years I have been a resident of Mangalore, I never took it seriously into my head to visit the famous Gersoppa Falls till last autumn. Then it was because a chum of mine, the agent of the Shepherd Steamship Company at this port, proposed to me to join him and another friend to whom the head of the Company had courteously tendered a free pass for the round trip. It did not need much persuasion on his part to make me accept the invitation, and at noon on Monday, October 24th, our little party was comfortably installed on the upper deck of the *Brahmani*, but it was not till eleven hours later that the good ship weighed anchor and began her run of eighty miles to Honavar, North Canara, where she arrived, after calling at the usual way ports, at four o'clock in the afternoon of Tuesday. At Honavar we found that the Company's agent had made most satisfactory arrangements for the remaining thirty-five miles of our journey. A steam-launch was in readiness to carry us up the Shiravati eighteen miles to Gersoppa village, an interesting old place that had once been a famous city, the seat of a queen, and the metropolis of a province. Gersoppa being the highest navigable point of the river, we found there two manchils, with a dozen bearers to each, ready to carry us the remaining seventeen miles of the way. One of our party had elected to ride the distance on his bicycle, but he soon had reason to repent of his rash resolve, for the metalling of the road had been very badly cut up after the monsoon rains by the heavy traffic last year occasioned by the bringing down of food supplies from the Mysore plateau for shipment to famine-stricken districts.

Within half an hour from the time of leaving Gersoppa we came to a very fine cascade amid a most luxuriant display of palm trees, and half-way up to the Falls we halted at the little village of Mooli-muni, where our bearers were regaled with two bottles of arrack, which put new spirit into their jog-trot and the monotonous chant with which they lighten their work. Between the tenth and the eleventh mile we found another cascade, where we bathed and took some tiffin. The place

is called Buddri-kaddi, and at it a most pleasant break can be made in what is on the whole a rather tiresome journey. It was half-past four in the afternoon when we reached the Jog bungalow in the little village from which the Falls are locally known as the Jog Falls. From it I passed over to the bungalow on the Mysore side, crossing the Shirávati a mile above the Falls, where it is 230 yards wide. Strange to say the current at the ferry is very sluggish and the draught attraction is scarcely felt, so unlike what is observable at Niagara. Probably the amount of water makes the difference, for it is estimated that 11,170 tons of water are poured every second over the famous American Falls from Lake Erie into Lake Ontario, whereas a rough estimate made by Captain Newbold in the month of August, when the river is swollen by the monsoon rains, sets down 1200 tons a second as the amount passing over the cliff of Gersoppa.

From the ferry to the bungalow there is a pleasant walk of about a mile and a half through the jungle in all its solitude and silence, until suddenly emerging from it, you are brought to a precipitous ledge in full view of the Falls in all their magnificence. I must confess that, when ushered into the presence of such marvellous beauty, I was held for a time as if spellbound. When I came to myself I drew a long and deep breath, and observing that the bungalow *mati* had kindly placed a chair for me, but rather too close to the edge of the chasm, I drew it back, and there seating myself contemplated the scene in a state of stupor. When I tore myself away from the place I was irresistibly borne to it again, and there I remained till the spell was broken by the arrival of my two friends, who in their turn had their experience of astonished admiration.

When I visited Niagara in 1860, I was struck by the fact that, even in the Niagara Hotel on the American side of the Falls, the hissing and splashing sounds we usually associate with falling water were but faintly perceptible, but instead there was a sound like the rumbling of distant thunder. At Gersoppa, however, the splash is quite distinct, and you can even distinguish the plump of the largest fall mid the noise of the many waters.

I may mention here that the height of the Falls above the sea-level is 1570 feet. The Shirávati, or Sarawati, rises in Amberthirtha, and in its course of sixty miles drains a basin of 800 square miles. The edge of the cliff at Gersoppa over which it is precipitated is shaped like a hook with a straight handle, the hook being on the Canara side and the handle on the left or Mysore side. There are altogether four falls, of which the two largest, the Raja and the Roarer, are in the hook, a thousand feet apart and nearly opposite each other. The Raja, also called the Grand Fall, the main Fall, and the Horse-shoe Fall, is named after a chief of Bilgi who proposed to build a small temple on the top of the cliff. The design was never carried into effect, but the lines for the foundation may be still traced in the large table-shaped rock which hangs over the chasm. The Roarer is so named from the noisy fury with which it descends, at first in a southerly direction and then sharply to the west, where it tumbles down a channel till it is caught in a basin, from which it leaps down a chasm and, in mid air, joins with the waters of the Raja, the two streams then raging along a rugged gorge till they are dashed on a huge mass of rock which is hidden in the upswirling clouds of spray. Byron's description of the Falls of the Velino at Terni, may be fitly applied to the noise and mist arising from the Raja and the Roarer:

The hell of waters! where they howl and hiss
And boil in endless torture; while the sweat
Of their great agony wrung out from this,
Their Phlegethon, curls round their rocks of jet
And guard the gulf around in pitiless horror set.

— *Childe Harold*, IV. 69.

In the handle of the hook, about 230 feet to the left of the Roarer, there is another cascade of great beauty called the Rocket. It at first flows down the face of the cliff till it springs from a prong of rock and forms in its fall of seven hundred feet a rocket-like curve, throwing off in its descent the brilliant jets of foam and spray which suggested the name. About five hundred feet farther on is the fourth cascade, *La Dame Blanche*, gliding quietly over the cliff in a sheet of foam. It divides into two and resembles somewhat in the upper part the side locks of a lady's hair curled as in the days of old,

and in the lower her back hair hanging down loose. Though the waters fall from the same height as in the others, 830 feet, the White Lady descends to the abyss in gentle mood, "stretching down to the surface of the pool like folds of silver shaken out by giant hands."

The best view of the chasm is gained from above by lying down and looking over a pinnacle of rock that stands out from the edge of the cliff. "I lay on this shelf," writes Captain Newbold, "and drew myself to its edge, and as I stretched my head over the brink, a sight burst on me which I shall never forget. I have since looked down the fuming and sulphurous craters of Etna and Vesuvius, but have never experienced the feelings which overwhelmed me in the first downward gaze into the abyss at Gersoppa. One might gaze for ever into that seething chasm where the mighty mass of the Shiravati's waters ceaselessly buries itself in a mist-shrouded grave."

The whole scene is notwithstanding charmingly pretty, and not a spectacle terribly grand and sublime like Niagara with its dark and roaring cataract. The Gersoppa Falls are admittedly the grandest in India and have points of excellence that make them compare favourably with the best in the world. Owing to the varying effects of light and shade throughout the day there is always something new to observe. In the afternoon a well-formed rainbow in all its prismatic beauty rises over the clouds of misty spray as the sun descends, while animation is added to the scene by the myriads of swallows and pigeons that circle and flash through the air. Sometimes at night the moon throws across the spray a belt of faintly-tinted light, and on dark nights a fitful and weird glare may be thrown on the raging waters by rockets, blazing torches, or wisps of burning straw cast over the cliff.

When we had feasted our eyes in viewing the Falls, and the shades of evening began to close in, I had a good fire kindled on the hearth of the fireplace in the dining-room of the bungalow, and it recalled to my memory the sentiment of an old distich which I had heard at least forty-five years ago, but perhaps never before so fully realised, that, 'in a strange land, a fire is an old friend whose face

is as that of one familiar from childhood.' We soon turned in and were lulled to sleep by the sound of the rushing waters, which seemed to me so like the sound of a monsoon storm pattering on the tiled roof that more than once I went out, but only to find the beautiful moonlit scene of the Falls.

After a halt of a day we descended the ghaut, picnicked again at Buddri-kaddi and reached Gersoppa village at four o'clock in the afternoon. We there regained the steam-launch and during sleep were gently wafted down to Honavar, where we arrived at daybreak to find our return steamer, the *Indravati*, just about the anchor, and after an extremely pleasant journey landed at Mangalore on Monday morning, having been away exactly one week.

E. B. Palmer.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

'Is kingdom runs wheer the white men be,
'E reigns till the ormeracks goes ter sleep,
'E's cut 'is nime on the bloomin' tree,
And 'e's cut it bloomin' deep.

—*The Cockney Bard of the DAILY CHRONICLE.*

If popular praise is the true index of a man's literary greatness, surely no living English writer is so great as Rudyard Kipling. In the whole range of nineteenth century literature, it would perhaps be hard to find a writer who, from modest beginnings, rose in so short space of time to command a nation's love and esteem. From the obscure position of a sub-editorial apprentice in a newspaper office in India, to attain at a bound the eminence of the *vates sacer* of the British Empire at the comparatively early age of thirty-five is a success altogether phenomenal. "Unofficial Laureate" have men called him, and considering the way in which he has given expression to the inner consciousness of all that constitutes a nation's glory, the title does not seem to be a misnomer. From the lofty pedestal to which popular acclaim has elevated him, he has good reason to be proud of the ever-increasing crowd of worshippers who heap his shrine with the incense of their praise. He is the man of the hour, for he is the exponent of the Imperialistic Idea, and what can be more dear to

the Britisher's heart in these days than the glorification of his most cherished project? His influence lies chiefly with the multitude, and if the Transvaal War has furthered any thing at all, it is the Imperialistic Idea with Kipling as its high-priest.

Three different lands claim him as their own. India, which has already given to us Thackeray, claims him by the pre-eminent right of motherhood; America seeks to establish her claim through the maiden whom she gave to wife, and England as the foster-mother who started him in life and brought him to fame. Likewise three different nationalities have gone to make up his complex nature: "On the mother's side," says Dr. Kellner, "Scotland and Ireland, on the father's England, though four hundred years ago the Kiplings came from Holland." He was born at Bombay on December 30, 1865. His mother, Alice, daughter of the Rev. G. B. Macdonald, a Wesleyan preacher, and his father John Lockwood Kipling were both of Yorkshire birth. They named their little son after the pretty lake in Staffordshire on the borders of which they had first met and where, soon after, they found how well they were matched to go tandem through the journey of life. In 1865 Lockwood Kipling secured an appointment as a Professor of Architectural Sculpture in the British School of Arts in Bombay. It was thus that Rudyard Kipling came to be born in that most cosmopolitan city. It was at or near Bombay that his earlier years were spent, and no doubt the glamour and witchery of the East must have exercised a potent influence upon him. His mother was a woman of ability as an author and artist. In the bosom of such a family—so artistic in their tastes and literary in their bent of mind—and amid such surroundings, young Kipling, receptive child as he was, must no doubt have laid the foundation of that wide range of sympathy and that keen penetration into widely different forms of life and activity which he exhibits in his short stories and in his other works in prose and verse.

The exigencies of education made imperative his removal to England, and in 1872, his parents having left him there under the superintendence of his mother's sister, Mrs. Burne-Jones, returned to

India to take up their share of the anguish common to Anglo-Indian lives in this "Land of Regrets" in leaving their children behind. In 1878 he was placed in the United Service School, Westward Ho, at Bideford in Devon. Here the literary turn of his mind manifested itself. He became the editor of the school magazine, contributed to the columns of the *Bideford Journal* and even wrote some verses which were afterwards privately printed by his parents at Lahore with the title of *Schoolboy Lyrics*. He returned to India in 1882 to serve on the journalistic staff as a sub-editor in the office of *The Civil and Military Gazette* in Lahore, in which capacity he worked hard and lived laborious days for five years. His *Departmental Ditties* and *Plain Tales from the Hills* appeared from time to time in this paper. In 1887, he was given a place on the editorial staff of the *Pioneer*, and later on, in the interests of this journal, he travelled as a special correspondent in Rajpootana and to the Northern Frontier. His wanderings took him over some of the most beautiful spots in Northern India, and his keen powers of observation gleaned a fund of knowledge and information which, like Macaulay, he could conjure up at will. In spite, however, of the subsequent evolution of the journalist into a novelist and poet, he is still a newspaper-man at bottom. His poems, though otherwise characterised with vigour and energy hard to match, are occasionally marred with a gaudiness and a journalistic rhetoric which to a great extent detract from the originality of his work.

In 1889, Mr. Kay Robinson, Kipling's editor-in-chief on the *Civil and Military Gazette*, solicitous of obtaining for his friend a wider recognition from the English public, sent a few copies of his *Ditties* to England, but the appointed time had not yet arrived. He thus records his failure:—"Having, to my own great delight "discovered" Kipling (though his name was already a household word throughout India) in 1886, I thought that the literary world at home should share my pleasure. He was just then publishing his first little book in India: but the "Departmental Ditties" were good enough, as I thought at the time, and as afterwards turned out, to give him a place among English writers of the day. So I obtained eight copies and

distributed them with commendatory letters, among the English journals of light and leading. So far as I could ascertain, not a single one of those papers condescended to say a word about the unpretentious little volume. It had not come, I suppose, through the "proper channel," *i. e.* from the advertising publisher."

In the same year he was sent by the *Pioneer* on a tour round the world, and after "doing" Japan and America on his way, he arrived in London in September 1889. After a time of doubt and uncertainty, arrangements were made with Messrs. Macmillan & Co. to publish an edition of *Plain Tales from the Hills*. The book has not enjoyed much in the way of advertising puffs, but its popularity is the result of a steady jog that belongs to books with a staying power. In 1891 he wrote *The Naulahka: A Story of West and East*, in company with Mr. Wolcott Balestier of New York, and in 1892, he married Miss Balestier and settled down with his bride in a house which he built for himself at Brattleboro' in Vermont. Here he lived for three years and returned to England in 1898.

Of his shorter poems, the *Recessional* has enjoyed deserved fame. It is a poem of rare merit, and breathing as it does a divine air, atones for many of the deficiencies and faults of his earlier realistic efforts. Its publication just after the Diamond Jubilee celebrations, puts as it were a dominant minor to the previous jubilation. From a poetical point of view, this *Recessional* being one of average blooms to be culled from his works, furnishes a stanza or two for fair quotation:—

God of our fathers, known of old—
 Lord of our far-flung battle-line—
 Beneath Whose awful Hand we hold
 Dominion over palm and pine—
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

* * * * *
 If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
 Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—
 Such boasting as the Gentiles use
 Or lesser breeds without the Law—
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
 In reeking tube and iron shard—
 All valiant dust that builds on dust,
 And guarding calls not Thee to guard—
 For frantic boast and foolish word,
 Thy mercy on Thy People, Lord!

His *Soldiers Three*, though amusing reading, has not caught on well with the English public, but the publication of the two *Jungle Books* brought in its train great fame for the author—and money. *The White Man's Burden* called forth some adverse criticism on its publication, but its exhortation has passed into the political life and thought of the day, both in England and in America.

Take up the White Man's burden—
 The savage wars of peace—
 Fill full the mouth of Famine,
 And bid the sickness cease;
 And when your goal is nearest
 (The end for others sought)
 Watch sloth and heathen folly
 Bring all your hope to nought.

In this poem, Kipling enunciates the conception of Empire as a service or ministry by the stronger for the weaker, and as thus enunciated, it has been instrumental in presenting to the Anglo-Saxon world the Imperial Idea in an attractive form. He is the true exponent of the Imperial Mission which he defines in this verse:

Keep ye the Law—be swift in all obedience.
 Clear the land of evil, drive the road and bridge
 the ford.
 Make ye sure to each his own
 That he reap where he hath sown;
 By the peace among Our peoples let men know we
 serve the Lord.

The timely appearance of the *Absent-minded Beggar* in the midst of the din and turmoil of war, has served as an earnest appeal to the non-fighting element of the nation, to alleviate the misery of Mrs. Thomas Atkins and the "kids" left behind. It has been set to music, and in the Concert Room and Music Hall it has evoked a patriotic response and gone no little way in augmenting the Transvaal War Fund. In India alone, up to date, this poem has brought in nine lakhs of rupees. Though Tommy Atkins has reason to complain at the way in which he is discriminated against by civilians, publicans, and shop-keepers in the piping times of

peace, yet be it said to the nation's credit, that in times of calamity not only does it see in him the Saviour of his Country:

While it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an'
Tommy fall be'ind
And it's "Please to walk in front, Sir," when there's
trouble in the wind,
There's trouble in the wind, my boys, there's
trouble in the wind;
O it's "Please to walk in front, Sir" when there's
trouble in the wind.
For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "chuck
him out, the brute!"
But it's "Saviour of 'is country" when the guns
begin to shoot;
An' it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' anything
you please,
An' Tommy ain't a bloomin' fool—you bet that
Tommy sees!

but loosens its purse-strings with an ungrudging hand to minimise the sufferings of those whom the absent-minded beggar has left behind. Kipling is *par excellence* Tommy's poet, and his *Barrack Room Ballads* is an inimitable attempt at delineating the strength and weakness of the English soldier. His stanza addressed to the Virgin in the "*Hymn Before Action*," will appeal to every Catholic heart:

Oh Mary, pierced with sorrow,
Remember, reach and save
The soul that comes tomorrow
Before the God that gave!
Since each was born of woman,
For each at utter need—
True comrade and true foeman—
Madonna, intercede!

Kipling is undoubtedly the most popular and influential of living English poets, but whether he is really the greatest, is a question on which "doctors differ." He is the unofficial laureate of the Empire and has given expression to notions which to the average man were hitherto cloudy and undefined. The secret of his success with the masses lies in that realistic touch, at once bright and sombre, humorous and pathetic—that appeals to the heart of the man in the street. But the man in the street, and perhaps even the loungeur in the ingle-nook of a West End Club, is hardly the critic on whom we may rely as an expert. He has the grasp of *technique*, his style is crisp and vigorous—some-

thing in the manner of Carlyle; his humour restrained and the general atmosphere of his works, barring occasional vulgarities of expression, as wholesome and refreshing as anything in modern literature. His forcefulness and colour, the knowledge of men and events of different lands which he compresses within his pages, constitute his peculiar charm. But it is doubtful if his fame as a poet will long endure. He presents to the nation a passing phase of current thought—he is the poet of Empire; and with the decline of an interest in the national ideal, the fame of Kipling must necessarily wane. Succeeding generations will have other topics to engross their minds, and with their interest diverted into other channels, Kipling will have to be content with a lower plane. But after all, as a heart-to-heart speaker, he has few rivals. Says Mr. Walter Besant in his recent defence of Kipling in the *Contemporary Review*:—"Always, in every character, he presents a man: not an actor: a man with the passions, emotions, weaknesses and instincts of humanity. It is perhaps one of the Soldiers Three: or it is the Man who went into the mountains because he would be a King: or the man who sat in the lonely light-house till he saw streaks, always the real man whom the reader sees beneath the uniform, and behind the drink, and the blackguardism. It is the humanity in the writer which makes his voice tremulous at times with unspoken pity and silent sympathy: it is the tremor of his voice which touches the heart of his audience."

I shall conclude this paper with a word-picture that a French critic, M. Victor Basch, draws of Kipling, in a manner in which only a Frenchman can draw:—

"The muse of Kipling lives in the courts and purlieus of barracks. She has her nose purpled with gin; she smokes a pipe, chews tobacco, and is sea-sick. Her speech is the most fantastic of amalgams in which the most divers species of slang elbow each other. She speaks by turns the jargon of the soldier, the marine, the cockney, the Irishman and all the little colonial niggers. But she has one incontestable merit, and that even in her prose speech—the merit of movement and life."

MADRAS, FEBRUARY '00.

J. E. Saldanha.

SOME KONKANI PROVERBS.

X. ದಯಾಂತ್ ಆಸಾ ನಾಸೊ, ಅಳೆನ್ ನಾಚ್ಚೊಲೊ ಪಿಸೊ.

'Tis the fool that thinks of fish-curry,
While the fish gambols in the sea.

One of the daily duties of the practical housewife is to dispatch a trusty servant to market to make the necessary purchases for the table. Her next duty is to see that the several ingredients of an Indian curry, numbering from ten to twenty-five, are duly ground into a delicious paste either by herself or under her personal supervision. Now, if ill luck will so have it, no fish may be forthcoming, or it may not be what she is prepared for. In such a case, the wisest course would be to make a virtue of necessity, by letting fish suit itself to curry and not curry to fish. A modern cook, however, tells us that as "what's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander," so, too, there are certain curries which are equally good for meats, fishes, vegetables taken separately or together. This may be true, but tyros in household management would do well to mind the old-fashioned rule: do not grind your curry before the fish materialises, nor count your chickens before they are hatched.

XI. ದುಡಾಕ್ ಆಯಿಲ್ಲಾಕ್ ನೊಸಿಜೆಂ ನೊಲ್ ಕಿತ್ಯಾಕ್.

Take thou thy milk: what's it to thee
How much the cow was worth to me?

Here is a proverb bidding the shoemaker stick to his last, and every one else to mind his own business. The Konkani version comes to us from the milkman: "Take your milk, go your way, ask no impertinent questions about my cows or buffaloes." Doubtless, he has been pestered with such inquiries; otherwise he would not ask his customers to let him alone. For, a coroner's inquest held on his milk, his cows, and the appurtenances of his dairy-farm, might reveal the ugly fact that all that his milk-bottles contain is not milk. His fathers, simpler than he, used to dilute it with water. But test the precious liquid he sells you; from its specific gravity, it must be a very superior sort of milk, unless it be that it holds in solution a certain quantity of flour beaten up with it. Elsewhere in India, the milkman throws the entire blame on the lactometer 'made in Germany,' swearing that Indian milk cannot stand German

tests. You suspect your milkman of dishonesty! To-morrow he will stand his cows before you and milk them in your presence, with the result that yesterday's milk is not a whit worse than to-day's. This is proof positive of his honesty. Further than this you need not carry your vigilance. Adulteration of some sort is inevitable. In his own home, the milkman has a pot of flour to give consistency to his milk; in the street or on your premises, he carries about his neck a poor remnant of a not-over-clean shawl with its two ends moistened in water, to add volume to the milk in the pail.

XII. ಮೆಲ್ಲಾ ನೊಸಿಕ್ ನೋನ್ ಕುತಿಯೊ ದೂದ್.

For the cow that's dead, I'm all in tears;
Of milk it gave full hundred *seers*.

One more proverb from the dairy-farm to tell us that many there are who know what blessings they enjoy, only when those blessings are withdrawn from them. Of this class of short-sighted mortals was the swart farmer, fat and oily, who owned the proverbial cow. To this one cow, bought at the far-famed fair of Subramanya, he owed milk, curds, butter, ghee, rice-cakes and fuel. So regular was the supply of good things, that he never so much as asked himself whence it came, till one rainy day the cow was found dead in a ditch. The supply came to a full stop: then only did the farmer learn for the first time what treasure he had possessed in his cow, now no more. Then did he take his stand at the stable door and yell out the dead cow's merits, "much surpassing the common praise it bore." The proverb has a reference also to the lavish posthumous honours showered on men whose worth is recognised only after their death. A melancholy instance of this tendency to idolise friends that have passed away, is sometimes seen in the speech made to the relatives of the deceased by the senior mourner, who has none but kind thoughts of the dead: 'To his faults a little blind, to his virtues very kind.

XIII. ಅಲ್ಲಾರ್ ಏಕ್ ಬೊರೆಂ, ಯೆನಾ ಜಾಲಾರ್ ದೋನ್ ಬೊರಿಂ.

"Come one, come all, unto my feast!"

"Ye would decline?"—"Ye shan't be missed!"

Though an invitation to a marriage-feast is of its very nature an act of mercy, the quality thereof is not twice bless'd. It blesseth him that takes, not

him that gives. Yet the laws that regulate these accidentals of matrimony are as immutable as those of the Medes and Persians, and equally binding on mine host the prince or the peasant. If he has wherewith to feed his friends, all well and good; if he has not, he borrows at the current rate, hoping to pay off capital and interest at his own early convenience. Placed as he is in such a predicament, he sighs as he trudges from house to house repeating by rote the time-honoured formulary that all are invited, that they should all come, that all things are ready. Then it is that in his heart of hearts he wishes his country's customs were kinder, and that he were allowed to invite fewer guests but with greater cordiality. Be this the simple moral: Decline with thanks full one-half of mine host's invitations.

Far otherwise thought an ancient *Gurkar* (parochial beadle) who on the strength of 'general invitations' would march his numerous family of children and grandchildren to dine out. Each time he furnished them with a code of instructions how to do justice to the fare, how to press into service, if need be, every handkerchief and pocket to hold what cannot be comfortably consumed on the spot. "If our presence is welcome, there's none to dispute our right; if unwelcome, 'tis our only chance, and we'd best not let advantage slip."

XIV. ಕಾಜಾರಾಚಾ ನಾಟ್ಯಾಂತ್ ನಾಡೊ ಸೊದುಂಕ್ ಗೆಲ್ಲೊ ಬರಿ.

To be sure, my erring bull hath gone astray,
And to a marriage-*pandal* found its way.

Where there's a will, there's a way, even though it be no better than a circuitous path strewn with thorns. Pedru Naik, a forgotten hero of half-a-century ago, could never bring himself to do anything unless after seeing his way clear before him. An inexplicable oversight had once deprived him of an invitation to a wedding-dinner. His ambition did not soar high enough to resent the omission; yet loath to miss an opportunity of a hearty feed, he set his wits vigorously to work to strike out a path to it. Being a cowherd by profession, he bethought him of the following plan: It was natural for a cowherd to run after his bull; it was natural for the bull to stray into his neighbour's fields; lastly, it was not outside the

range of possibility for the bull to get into the *pandal*. With this plausible sorites, he donned his Sunday suit, and in the course of his make-believe search, quite accidentally came upon the merry-makers. Apologies poured in from all sides, from bridegroom down to the cook: "If Pedru Naik had been forgotten, it had been a gap in our great feast." Much against his will, he was bidden to take his seat on the strip of matting spread out before him, and refresh himself before resuming the quest of the imaginary bull.

XV. ಅಂಬೊ ಅಂಬೊಲಟ್, ಕೆಳೆಂ ಗೊಡ್, ಮಿರಿಂ ತೀಕ್.

If any I've wronged, if false I've been,
And guilt has stained my soul;
Ye deities! for the truths I speak,
O make me sound and whole.

The truths referred to are: the mango is sour, the plantain sweet, the pepper pungent. The pithy Konkani expressions are household words familiar to nurses and their dear little charges. Outside the limits of the nursery, exception might be taken to the first as being more euphonic than true. Because not all mangoes are sour, except, perhaps, those that are grown on either side of our roads by the well-meaning City Fathers. There is an old tale connected with the nursery lines, which shows how innocent things may be perverted to vile uses. One of the many administrators of justice in an ancient kingdom of Southern India was well known for knocking down the law to the highest bidder. Though by years of practice he had come to look upon it as the business-like course of justice, still he retained conscience enough to cultivate piety towards his household gods. Each night before trusting his iniquitous head to his pillow, he used to betake himself to where his gods lay enshrined. There he made ample amends for the many human frailties of a busy day by giving utterance to what he had, perhaps, learnt from his nurse in childhood's days.

XVI. ನಾಜೊಂಕ್ ಕಳ್ಳಾಂ ಜಾಲ್ಯಾರ್ ಆಂಗಾಣ್ ನಾಂಕ್ಲೆಂ.

"Dance, my good friend; let's see thy skill."
"How can I up and down this hill."

This is a roundabout way of saying that a bad workman complains of his tools. Our whilom neighbours the Mahrattas tell us that a bad dancer

finds fault with the place, and a bad cook with the firewood. The Konkani proverb points to a period when, in default of dancing halls, the trippers on the light fantastic toe had to content themselves with court-yards not unlike those that may be still seen in front of respectable houses. Our friend in the proverb pleads not want of skill but unevenness of the ground as an excuse for his unwillingness to dance. A very plausible excuse, certainly, as he would have had to do it barefooted. It may be noted that court-yards serve a different purpose at the present day. They act as a set-off to the house; they are a good index of the cleanliness that reigns indoors; they furnish humble sitting accommodation to the beggarman and other visitors of his condition, who are not entitled to a higher seat in the verandah.

XVII. ತೂಸು ಖಾತೆಲ್ಯಾಚಿಂ ರೂಸು ಕಳುತ್ತಾ.

As plain as you and I can see,
There goes the man that feeds on ghee.

It does not take long for a shrewd observer who uses one or more of his five senses, to find out a man's worth or the want of it. Far simpler is the method resorted to by a tribe, away in the Central Provinces. They tell you—"My father has eaten butter, smell my hands" (to see if it is not true). In his *Ride to Khiva*, Colonel Burnaby tells of a bit of barbarity on the part of the Russian peasants that caps that of our tribesmen. When the Russian has feasted to his stomach's content he advertises his neighbour of the fact by eructating in his face. The Konkani proverb takes for granted that the wealthy make a point of letting their neighbours know the extent of their riches. Time was when ghee (clarified butter) used to be the universal seasoning of life. With ghee the rich man's dishes were filled to overflowing; with ghee his rice was loaded; with ghee his fruits, whether fresh or dried, were inlaid and overlaid; and with ghee he anointed his head and whole person prior to a wash in tank or river. No wonder locomotion became a difficult task to our ghee-fed ancestors. Corporate bodies have at all times been proverbially slow of movement.

"Little drops of water
Dropped into the milk
Make the milkman's daughter
Dress herself in silk."

—Exchange.

LAND TENURES IN THE
NATIVE STATES OF WESTERN INDIA.

II. THE GRAS TENURE OF GUJERAT.

9. The Mahrattas found the task of conquering Gujerat a by no means easy one. Many of the Chieftains who had recently thrown off the yoke of the Moghul Empire and had aggrandised themselves and founded powerful states at the expense of their weak neighbours, were little disposed to submit without opposition to a new upstart power, and offered the stoutest resistance the Mahrattas had ever met anywhere in their expeditions. They had therefore to be content with only a nominal acknowledgment of their supremacy from the Gujerat Chieftains; and their power was so little respected that tribute could not be collected without the revival of the old *Mulkgiri* or Revenue raid system, which thenceforth became a regular institution for revenue collecting purposes. To add to the state of alarm and disorder which these revenue raids caused in the country, the wild and predatory class of Chieftains and Grasiyas established a system of blackmail which they levied from villages. This blackmail went by the name of *Tora Gras* and has been defined by Mountstuart Elphinstone to be "the sum paid to a powerful neighbour or turbulent inhabitant of the village as the price of forbearance, protection or assistance." The ravages committed by the *Mulkgiri* army and the predatory Grasiyas who levied the *Tora Gras*, threw the country into the utmost disorder, chaos and misery. This state of anarchy accelerated the process of feudalisation of the political, social and landholding systems, a process which had been going on since the decline of the Moghul power. Several of the quasi-independent landlords or grasiyas, like those of Dhank, sought and obtained the protection of some powerful Chieftains by surrendering a portion of their lands and revenue rights to their over-lord, and binding themselves by condition of military service and other conditions, while several powerful Chieftains encroaching on the villages of their weaker neighbours reduced them to the condition of vassals and compelled them to

surrender their lands and rights wholly or partially, and to submit themselves to several burdens, such as military service and tribute. Resulting as this organisation did from the aggrandisement of the powerful and the helplessness of the weak, it was the only possible system that could have helped to hold together a society consisting of a martial class of people in those tempestuous times. But the country was hopelessly divided among several Chieftains who could never unite and who required an active power to keep together, to set in motion and work in harmony these discordant materials as parts of the same machinery, for defensive and offensive operations and for maintaining peace at home. The Mahrattas, with the internal dissensions prevailing among them, and their wars with the British, could never wield much power in Gujerat, and had to rest satisfied with their periodical raids for collecting tribute. These revenue raids, combined with the predatory expeditions of the Grasia, served only to keep the country always disturbed and unsettled, to let loose the conflicting elements against one another, and to expose the country to foreign aggression.

10. In these circumstances the intervention of the British Government was asked for, and in 1807 Col. Walker was deputed to Kathiawar to fix, in conjunction with the Agent of the Gaekwar, the tribute due from the Chiefs of Kathiawar, to which portion of the province of Gujerat we shall for the present confine ourselves. The famous settlement effected in 1807 and 1808 is called *Col. Walker's Permanent Settlement*. "This settlement," remarks the author of the *Kathiawar Gazetteer*, "was somewhat arbitrary. Many small proprietors who had freed themselves from control were treated as separate tributaries and have enjoyed that position ever since. Others were treated as Grasia subordinate to one or other of the principal Chiefs, and were included in the tribute arrangements made with their lords. What was done at that time has never since been undone. No Grasia then declared dependent has since been able to achieve independence. The position of subordination has never been palatable to the Grasia. For many years after Col. Walker's settle-

ment the Chiefs tried every means to extend their powers over the vassals, while the Grasia resisted all their attempts. It became a practice for a Grasia, when in any way thwarted or annoyed, to leave his home and, going into outlawry, inflict as much damage as he could on the property of the Chief or on the persons of his subjects." In order to settle these disputes between the Grasia and their Chiefs, the British Government, with the consent of the States of Kathiawar, established in 1873 a federal court, called the *Rajasthanik Court* of Kathiawar. This Court has just completed the task set before it and its decisions have been printed in two sets of volumes, the first set dealing with the *haks* or rights of the parties, called *Hak-Patruk* decisions, and a second set containing decisions as to boundaries of villages and fields, enhancement of revenues, claims to status of *Bhayats* or *Mulgrasia*, etc. Under the *Rajasthanik Court Rules* of 1873, the persons entitled to have their claims heard and disposed of by the *Rajasthanik Court* are (1) the *Bhayats* or cadets of the Chief's family who have received *gras* in appanage, and (2) the *Mulgrasia*. The Rules define the term *Mulgrasia* as follows:—"By the term *Mulgrasia* is meant the original proprietor or the descendant of the *original proprietor* of a village or villages or portion of a village or villages, *who has made over* a village or villages or portion of a village or villages or a portion of his ancient rights over a village or villages or portion of a village or villages as *Mulgrasia* to the Chief, retaining to himself another portion of certain rights therein." This transaction of "making over" is called "commendation."

"Within the term *Mulgrasia* shall also be included, for the purpose of the proposed arrangement, *Grasia* holding or claiming to hold rights which in the judgment of the *Rajasthanik Sabha* are *similar to those of the Mulgrasia*."

The rules exclude, however, from its jurisdiction "the claims of persons (not being *Bhayats*) holding or claiming to hold rights on account of *Chakaryat* (in consideration of service to be rendered), on account of *Inam* (in consideration of past service or under grant or gift), on account of *Dharmada* (under a grant for religious purposes), and on other

personal tenures which in the judgment of the Rajasthanik Sabha are similar to those set forth in this proviso.

11. In the study of the subject of the Gras tenure of Gujerat a student will find in the printed decision of the Rajasthanik Court and in several decisions of the Judicial Assistant to the Political Agent of Kathiawar and Government Resolutions printed in the Kathiawar Law Reports, a large storehouse of most valuable information which throws a flood of light on several intricate points connected with the incidents of the land tenure which we shall now discuss. In dealing with these incidents in detail it would be well to bear in mind the following points:—

(i). There are several classes of people, several grades of proprietary rights and interests connected with the Gras tenure, which are the survivals of a succession of conquests and governments, successions of periods of anarchy, and successions of grants, usurpations and other acquisitions of rights, which they have given rise to. These classes of people may be roughly divided into (i) the cultivators, artisans, etc., forming the lowest strata of the society constituting the village groups; (ii) the higher strata, the landlords, who are generally Grasia, but who frequently may be a landlord class subordinate to the Grasia, and (iii) the ruling Chiefs, the over-lords to whom the Grasia are subordinate.

(ii). The term *Grasia* as at present understood includes:—

(a) kinsmen of the present ruling Chiefs or descendants of former Chiefs or their kinsmen, but who, as the tide of conquest swept over them, had been forced to accept the supremacy of another Chief in virtue of certain recognised concessions, on their part described above as *commendation*, of which there is clear evidence or in the absence of such evidence which can, from the conditions of the tenure held at present, be presumed to have taken place;

(b) descendants of followers of conquering

Chiefs, like the Mianas of Malia, who on their settlement in the country, had been allotted villages as their allodial land, and whose successors have preserved their dominion over the land, though during periods of anarchy on usurpation of a neighbouring Chief, they have surrendered partially portion of their lands or some of their rights to that Chief;

(c) holders of a village or villages, originally granted on Inam, Dharmada, Chakaryat and other personal tenures or granted on service tenures like Jaghirs over which their ancestors had, during periods of anarchy or weakness of rulers, usurped and thenceforth enjoyed dominion as independent in character as that of a Bhayat or Mulgrasia, and which the present holders enjoy on tenures similar to that of Bhayat or Mulgrasia, in virtue of *commendation* proved or presumed.

(iii) A *Bhayat* enjoys a complete proprietary right over the villages granted to him in appanage. He is entitled to all the mines, minerals, treasure-trove, stone quarries, etc., found on it. Trees and forests on the Gras land also belong to him in accordance with the maxim "*cujus est solum, ejus est usque ad coelum*," unless special easements be proved. A village which is jointly owned by the Darbar and Mulgrasia is divided into (a) *Garkhed*, the separate property of the Grasia, (b) *Gamait* or *Majmu*, or the joint property of the Darbar and Grasia, (c) the *Swang* or *demesne* of the Chiefs. Over the *Garkhed* portion a Mulgrasia enjoys complete proprietary rights like a Bhayat, while over the *Swang* land a Chief has exclusive dominion, and on the *Gamait* portion the Darbar and Grasia enjoy rights in joint ownership. It may be noted that the complete dominion over the *Swang* portion and joint dominion over the *Gamait* portion is exercised by the Chief as a result of the transaction of *commendation*; which has been described above.

(To be continued.)

THE MANGALORE MAGAZINE.

MANGALORE, EASTER, 1900.

This Magazine is published chiefly to further the interests of the College, its graduates and undergraduates, and incidentally those of Mangalore and the District of Canara. It is intended to serve as the organ of the College and the record of its doings, as well as a bond of union between its present and past students. Being principally devoted to matters of local interest, it must rely for patronage on the alumni of the College and the people of Mangalore, and these are urged to give it substantial support. Upon the favour and encouragement it receives must largely depend its programme for the future.

The Editor's Chair.

IT is hoped that the articles in this present issue of the Magazine will be found to be up to the usual standard of interest and worth. A new contributor furnishes some reminiscences of the late Father Maffei that ought to interest a large circle of our old students. Mr. Palmer's account of his trip to the Gersoppa Falls should awake interest in one of the beauty spots of Canara, which in many respects stands unrivalled in the whole world. We regret very much that we could not, for financial reasons chiefly, accept the offer of photographic plates kindly made by Mr. Vaikunta Baliga to illustrate this paper. Mr. J. E. Saldanha's estimate of Rudyard Kipling and his works is as temperate as it should be in the case of an author yet living about whom criticism is still premature. It may be that we have not yet seen Mr. Kipling's best literary work, but there is no question as to the greatness of the work he has already done in opening the eyes of Englishmen to the greatness and extent of their empire and in drawing the colonies and dependencies closer to the Mother Country by bonds of sympathy and mutual understanding.

* * * *

We augur for the second instalment of Konkani Proverbs as warm a reception as was accorded the first. The continuation of *Places of Interest in*

South Canara deals with our southern coast towns. It will be seen from the short sketches of the places named that a fair amount of history centres about one and all. Mr. Jerome A. Saldanha contributes another instalment of his essay on the Land Tenures of Western India. These papers are attracting the attention they merit, even beyond the seas. We regret that the continuation of his *Outlines of the History of Canara* reached us too late to be published in this issue. Our readers will no doubt welcome the reappearance of Balthu Chutney, who has to tell us some sober truths about the transportation of our Catholic forefathers to Seringapatam. The reference to Tippu's dreams is no fiction, for his Dream-books in his own handwriting are still preserved in Fort William, Calcutta. With regard to Padre Miranda, our readers will recall an interesting account of him that appeared in the first number of this Magazine, in the article entitled *Our Mangalore Sanctuary*.

* * * *

Friends of the late Father Ryan will be interested to know that the fund for erecting a memorial tablet to him in the College church is about to be closed. Intending contributors are therefore requested to send in before the first of June the amount of their subscriptions. It is necessary to know exactly the sum available before ordering the tablet. The amount actually on hand is sufficient to procure a small but not very elaborate tablet.

* * * *

We have to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following exchanges sent to us since our Christmas issue:—*The Georgetown College Journal, The Tamarack, The Stylus, The Xavier, The Fordham Monthly, The Notre Dame Scholastic, The Dial, Catholic Opinion, La Revista Catolica, The Stonyhurst Magazine, The Pilot, Echoes from St. Stanislaus College, The Xaverian, Our Alma Mater, The Times of Malabar, The Harvest Field, The New Age, The Indian Review, The Allahabad University Magazine, The Agra College Magazine, The Clongownian, The Fleur-de-Lis, The Holy Cross Purple, The Madonna (Irish and Australian), The Messenger of the Sacred Heart (Irish and American).*

College Chronicle.

1899.

December 14th, Thursday.—The twentieth annual Prize Day of the College was marked by a very large attendance. Mr. W. Dumergue, our District and Sessions Judge, presided. The College choir opened the proceedings at 6 P. M. with "The Lombards" by Verdi, after which the Annual Report was read by Father Moore, Principal of the College. The Report showed that the College had fared very well in the University examinations, especially for the B. A. degree, in which it has held the first place in the Science Branch (History) for the last two years in the Presidency. The Report also alluded to the heavy loss sustained by the College by the sad demise of Father Maurice Sullivan, S. J., who died early in the year at Belgaum, and by the deaths of Fathers Maffei and Vandelli, as well as by the departure of Father Bartoli for Europe. After the reading of the Report the choir sang the "Serenade" by Miceli, and then followed the distribution of the prizes, consisting mostly of valuable books presented by parents and friends of the students. It was noticed with pleasure that our late District and Sessions Judge, Mr. F. H. Hamnett, at present of Coimbatore, did not forget the College students to whom he recently referred in very flattering terms at a prize-giving at St. Michael's College, Coimbatore. The next item on the programme was Tosti's "Venetian Song" rendered by the choir, after which Mr. Dumergue made a short address. In the course of it he referred to the interest taken in the College in athletic sports and dwelt on the wholesome influence they exercised on mind and body, and especially on the formation of character. In conclusion he congratulated the College on the good educational work it is doing. The choir then rendered Blumenthal's "Children's Chorus," after which Metastasio's three-act drama "Joseph and His Brethren," was put upon the stage, the scenery and costumes for which were designed by Father Colombo and Brother Moscheni. The following was the cast of characters:—

JOSEPH, *Prime Minister to Pharaoh*.....THOMAS GONSALVES.
 ULTOBAL, *Joseph's steward*.....MARCEL CUNHA.
 AN OFFICER.....ELIAS BRITO.

SIMEON	MR. CLEMENT VAS.	
NEPHTALI.....	JOHN MATHIAS.	
REUBEN	VICTOR CASTILINO.	
BENJAMIN	FRANCIS BRITO.	
JACOB, <i>Joseph's Father</i>	PETER MENEZES.	
JUDAH	} <i>Joseph's other brothers</i> {	ALBERT CORREA.
DAN		LOUIS MENEZES.
MANASSAH		DENIS D'SOUZA.
EPHRAIM		VINCENT SALDANHA.
ISSACHAR		DOMINIC NORONHA.
ZEBULON		JOHN RASQUINHA.
GILEAD		BONIFACE REBELLO.
SOLDIERS	CYRIL COELHO AND K. DEVA RAO.	
PAGES	TITUS COELHO AND VALERIN FERNANDES.	

SCENE: EGYPT. EPOCH: A. M. 2298; B. C. 1700.

During the Christmas holidays Rev. Father Rector visited Cannanore and Calicut and conducted the annual retreat for the community of St. Joseph's Convent in the latter place; Father Moore gave a Mission in preparation for the Holy Year in the parish church of Tellicherry and conducted the retreat in the Sacred Heart Convent at the same time; Father Polese gave the diocesan retreat for the secular clergy at Jeppu Seminary, and Father Cavaliere, of Calicut, conducted the annual retreat for the gentlemen of the Sodality of the B. V. M. in the College church.

1900.

January 10th, Wednesday.—The twenty-first annual session of the College began to-day. The Mass of the Holy Ghost was celebrated at 9 o'clock, all the students attending.

January 14th, Sunday.—The Feast of the Holy Name of Jesus. In the afternoon Father Corti preached on the occasion of the reception of some Sisters into the Congregation in St. Ann's Convent chapel.

January 18th, Thursday.—The Senior Students' Sodality B. V. M. went for an outing to Mr. Albuquerque's casuarina plantation at Ullal.

January 21st, Sunday.—The Feast of the Holy Family of Nazareth. The Feast of the Holy Childhood was celebrated to-day with a great concourse of people at the Cathedral. Father Gonsalves was the preacher in the afternoon. The Catholic school children of Mangalore turned out in their thousands to take part in the procession. News was received from Madras that, as a result of the University Syndicate's deliberations on the

Tuesday previous, all the Matriculation candidates 'who have not failed to satisfy the examiners' will have to undergo another examination in all the subjects save the Second Languages. This order was passed because 'undue secrecy was not kept' regarding the papers at the examination in December. The results of the Lower Secondary examination were received to-day. Of the 31 candidates sent up from the College, 19 passed. This is an improvement on last year's returns, when only 12 passed out of 40. The Rev. Michael Chatagnier, S. J., lately returned from the House of Studies, Shembaganur, was a guest at the College to-day.

January 25th, Thursday.—In the afternoon a number of the Fathers from the College accepted Father Muller's invitation to take a drive to Kalleri, a beautifully situated piece of property on the Gurpur river, about half-way between Mangalore and Omzoor. The principal object of interest that attracted the visitors was not so much the beautiful natural scenery of the place, as a new patent hydraulic ram lately imported from Mr. John Blake's famous works at Accrington, Lancashire, England. This ram is a novelty in the district, the first of the kind having been introduced a year ago by Mr. Palmer and set up at St. Joseph's church at Bojape. The ram on the Kalleri property pumps water to the height of two hundred feet to a tank on the summit of a hill, from which it is conducted in water-courses to irrigate a young casuarina plantation.

January 29th, Monday.—The pass list of the F. A. examination held last December, was posted up at the Senate House, Madras, this afternoon. According to a telegram sent to the College through the kindness of Mr. Peter Vas, B. A. '96, Professor of Latin in the Christian College, Madras, the following eight candidates passed successfully out of the fifteen sent up from the College:—Pascal D'Souza (first class), Paul P. Menezes, Joseph P. Rego, Uchil Ramappa, Haradi Vasudeva Pai, B. Rama Vyasraya Achar, U. Rangappa Padiyar, and Harekal Sitarama Rau.

February 2nd, Friday.—The Feast of the Purification of the B. V. M. The students assisted at the Mass at 7 o'clock, when Fathers Colombo and Roverio, S. J., made their final vows. Father

Roverio arrived in Mangalore from Europe on the 25th ultimo and is stationed in Jeppu Seminary. The upper half of the nave of the College church was freed from the scaffolding, so that the new fresco paintings by Brother Moscheni could be seen without hindrance. The following inscription appears on a scroll held by two angels over the church arch tells its own story:—

SECVLO . XIX . LABENTE

J . CHRISTI . MORTALIVM . SOSPITATORIS

LÆSO . HONORI . SARCIENDO

ÆDES . ALOISII . PATR . JVVENT.

AVRO . ET . PICTVRA . ORNATA

February 5th, Monday.—The Matriculation results were received to day. It would appear that only seven of our fifty-two candidates 'have not failed to satisfy the examiners.' We have to go back to 1889, when out of a class of fifty only eleven passed, to find anything to approach this in unsatisfactoriness.

February 7th, Wednesday.—The Junior B. A. class formed this morning. Father Berardi, S. J., of Cannanore, was a guest at the College to-day.

February 8th, Thursday.—At about a quarter past three this morning an earthquake visited Mangalore and lasted about a minute. The seismic movement seemed to be from east to west. It was not very violent, and the damage done to the College building was very slight. From reports received some days later, it appeared that it was felt all over Southern India, but was unaccompanied by loss of life or any serious injury to property.

February 17th, Saturday.—The College Debating Society resumed its meetings to-day. The following are the officers for the First Term: President, Father Perini, S. J.; Vice-President, C. M. Biddiah; Secretary, Thomas Gonsalves; Assistant Secretary, B. Sanjiva Rau; Committee on Debates: Marcel Cunha, Pascal D'Souza, Elias Minezes, and M. Narasimha Kamath.

February 25th, Sunday.—*The Fort St. George Gazette* with the Matriculation and F. A. failure lists was received to-day. From it it appears that 42 of our Matriculation candidates failed in Elementary Science (Physics and Chemistry), 18 of whom failed in it only. Of the 204 candidates who appeared in the Mangalore centre, only 70

passed—120 having failed in Science, and 48 of them in it only. It is pretty much the same story from the other centres in the Presidency, so that close upon 5000 were plucked of the 6597 sent up for examination! Only four of our candidates failed in English, but 24 in Mathematics. From this it appears that the College would have obtained its usual percentage of passes but for the disastrous failure in Science. In this centre 75 candidates appeared for the F. A. examination, and 30 passed. Of the 45 failures the College contributed seven, all of whom failed in Physiology, and five of them in it alone. It is worthy of remark that one of these latter was the prize-winner in the class of Physiology, having scored full marks all through the year in the examinations. In all the other branches there were only two failures, one in English and one in Canarese.

February 27th, Shrove-Tuesday.—The results of the B. A. examinations were received to-day. Of the twelve candidates that appeared from the College eight passed in the English Language Branch, two of them, viz., Bantwal Sitarama Rau and Alphonsus L. Mascarenhas, ranking nineteenth and forty-eighth respectively, in the Second Class. The other passed candidates were Sylvester J. M. Noronha, Hattumudi Anantaiya, Nayal Deva Rau, Padubidri Raghunatha Shetty, Hattiyangadi Sadasiva Rau, and Attavar Sitarama Setti. In the Second Language Division eleven passed out of the thirteen sent up, three of whom, viz., Bantwal Sitarama Rau, Sylvester J. M. Noronha, and Alphonsus L. Mascarenhas, passed Second Class. Those who passed in the Third Class were James Vas, Marcel Aranha, Padubidri Raghunatha Shetty, Attavar Sitarama Setti, Nayal Deva Rau, Udipi Venkataramana, H. Sadasiva Rau, and Mijar Ramakrishna Pai. In the Science Division (History) thirteen appeared and seven passed, viz., Bantwal Sitarama Rau in the First Class, Panje Mangesha Rau in the Second Class, and Marcel Aranha, Nayal Deva Rau, Martin D'Souza, H. Sadasiva Rau, and Udipi Venkataramana in the Third Class. In this examination Bantwal Sitarama Rau won the fourth place in the Presidency, and in the Second Language Division he won the first place, no one having passed First Class in Canarese.

In the evening at 6 o'clock there was an exhibition of marionnettes in the College Hall for the students of the College, to which a number of the European children of the station were also invited. The marionnettes were worked by Father Colombo assisted by Thomas Gonsalves, Gregory Sinnapen Frank Lemerle and John M. Pereira.

A Goanese lascar from the *Brahmani*, one of the Shepherd steamers, died to-day of the Bubonic Plague in the quarantine station. This was the first case brought to Mangalore.

March 2nd, Friday.—There was a half holiday given to-day in the afternoon in honour of the ninetieth birthday of His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. and to celebrate the relief of Ladysmith.

March 4th, Sunday.—The Annual Retreat for the College students began in the afternoon. The lectures are given by Father Perini to the senior students, and by Father Salvador Vas of Jeppu Seminary, to the juniors. Father Muller gives the retreat in St. Ann's Convent School.

March 11th Sunday.—The elections of the officers of the Senior Students' Sodality, B. V. M., for the First Term were held to-day. Marcel Cunha was elected Prefect, with Thomas Gonsalves and Pascal D'Souza as first and second Assistants.

March 17th, Saturday.—St. Patrick's Day. The new building was solemnly blessed this afternoon by Rev. Father Rector.

March 19th, Monday.—St. Joseph's Day. There was a Solemn High Mass at 7 o'clock at which all the students attended. At the afternoon service Father Gonsalves preached the sermon of the day.

March 22nd, Thursday.—Mid-Lent. There was an entertainment given in the College Hall in the evening under the auspices of the Catholic community of Mangalore to raise money to be contributed to the Transvaal War and Famine Fund.

Another foreigner to pay us a visit is the *Mangalore Magazine* from far away India. The *Magazine* contains some very solid essay matter dealing with matters of historical interest and value to students of economics. The articles on "Land Tenures of Western India" and the "Grass Tenure of Gujerat" are among the principal contributions. —*The Notre Dame Scholastic.*

Personal Paragraphs.

THE Mangalorean colony in Bombay seems to be determined to get on. Every now and again we hear of their successes in various directions—examinations passed, appointments secured by newcomers and promotions obtained by those who have been content to cast their lot in the offices of Bombay. In our last issue we recorded the success of the three Mangalorean students of the Grant Medical College. We have since heard with much pleasure that F. X. Mascarenhas and Crispin Rebello, both ex-Aloysians, have passed with honours the final examination of the Bombay Veterinary College, thus leading the way to a new path of activity open to our ex-students.

The colony has also achieved a remarkable success in another direction. The Civil Account Department holds an annual Departmental examination for promotion to superintendentships in the Department. Twelve candidates went up from the office of the Accountant-General, Bombay, in November last, among whom were two ex-Aloysians—B. L. Sequeira, B. A., and Francis L. Silva (a Matriculate of St. Xavier's College, Bombay). Only these two came out successful, while the failures included an M. A. and two B. A.'s. How difficult the test is may be gathered from the fact that not more than one or two pass from each office, and in the Bombay Office only one had passed since 1896—the year in which the examination was held for the first time. Mr. Sequeira is to take up the duties of the superintendent of the Paper Currency Office—an appointment which combines salary with ease—while Mr. Silva has also got a handsome promotion in his own Office.

We are pleased to state that the Mangaloreans have joined in a solid body the Sodality of the Immaculate Conception recently established in the Fort Chapel of Bombay. The inauguration of the Sodality was to have taken place on the 25th of March. Several ex-Aloysians have been elected office-bearers. "Excelsior" is evidently their motto.

Saturnine D'Souza is employed as assistant Cashier in the Army and Navy Co-operative Stores, Bombay.

Martin Gonsalves, B. A., '96, who lately left Madras in search of better prospects, has entered the Bombay General Post Office.

Father Emmanuel Vas, lately ordained in the General Seminary of Kandy for the Diocese of Jaffna, Ceylon, was a student of this College some years ago. He visited relatives and friends here in Mangalore at the beginning of January, and then went on to Bombay. On the 15th of the same month he celebrated a High Mass for our Mangaloreans in Bombay, at the Church of Our Lady of the Rosary, Mazagon, and was entertained by Mr. Lawrence D'Souza and his son B. M. D'Souza at an "Evening at Home" at their residence, where a large number of friends and relatives assembled to offer their congratulations to the newly-ordained priest. Mr. Jerome Antony Saldanha, in an address on the occasion, referred to the services rendered to Mangalore by the late Mr. Peter Vas (the new priest's father), whom he described as the "Nestor" and "Jacob" of Kanara, and wished the guest of the evening a long and successful career in the Diocese of Jaffna, the field of labour of the "Apostle of Ceylon," the Venerable Father Joseph Vas.

His Lordship the Bishop of Mangalore held ordinations in the Cathedral on Sunday, March 4th, when Revv. Raymond Mascarenhas, Joseph Menezes, and Salvador Vas, Matriculates of 1890, were raised to the priesthood. On the same occasion Revv. Gregory D'Souza, Salvador D'Souza, Egidius Fernandes and Casimir Pereira received Minor Orders, and Francis D'Souza, Robert Meyers, Emmanuel Rebello, Leander Saldanha, and George Woolger received the Tonsure. Father Menezes celebrated his First Mass at Jeppu on Sunday, March 11th; Father Mascarenhas at Milagres on the same day, and Father Vas on the following day at the same place.

An unusually large number of our old students began the Holy Year by giving "hostages to Fortune." On Saturday, January 20th, N. M. Peris, Head Clerk of the British Resident's Office, Bangalore, was married in the Cathedral, Mangalore, to Miss Mary Noronha, daughter of the late Mr. Raymond Noronha, Inspector of Schools. On Thursday morning, February 8th, undeterred by the earthquake, Albert Victor J. Vas, B. A., '91,

professor in the Presidency College, Madras, led to the altar of Milagres Church Miss Juliana Lobo, granddaughter of the late Lawrence Lobo Prabhu, donor of the site of the College. The Very Rev. E. Frachetti, S. J., Vicar General, Superior of the Mission and Rector of the College, celebrated the nuptial Mass, which office he performed again in the same church on the Tuesday following when Raymond Albuquerque, son of Mr. A. Albuquerque, of Bolar, was united in matrimony to Miss Emerenciana Monteiro, daughter of Mr. J. J. Monteiro, of Shimoga. On Tuesday, February 20th, a double wedding took place in the Cathedral, when Raymond D'Silva was married to Miss Teresa Fernandes, daughter of Mr. Boniface Fernandes, of Codialbail; and Mr. Pascal Forte, a pleader of the Tellicherry bar, was married to Miss Mary D'Mello, daughter of Mr. J. M. D'Mello, the architect of the Mangalore Mission, S. J.

The Archdiocese of Madras has suffered another severe loss by the death, on January 5th, at Hyeres, in the South of France, of Monsignor Francis X. Kroot. The deceased prelate was born in Zwolle, Holland, December 6, 1854, of a family that gave three of its sons to the Church, one of whom is a priest of the Archdiocese of Madras, and the other, Father Bartholomew Kroot, S. J., died at the early age of thirty-eight, at Gubulawayo, in the Zambesi Mission. The Monsignor, like his brother Father Antony, was a member of St. Joseph's Society for Foreign Missions, and came to India in 1878. He was in turn military chaplain at Poonamallee and Bellary, on the Ravipadoo Mission, and in charge of the Diocesan Seminary, Nellore. He was appointed Provincial of the Mill Hill Congregation in 1886. In 1896 he accompanied Archbishop Colgan to Rome as secretary, on which occasion he was created Private Chamberlain by His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. and made a Doctor of Divinity. Upon his return to Madras he was appointed military chaplain and became editor of *The Catholic Watchman*. His failing health brought him back to Europe again last November; but the end came all too quickly, and a telegram conveyed the sad tidings to His Grace the Archbishop and to his many friends in Madras and elsewhere in India. R. I. P.

Tales of Tippu,

TOLD BY BALTHU CHUTNEY.

IV. THE DECREE OF TRANSPORTATION.

For it so falls out

That what we have we prize not to the worth
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,
Why, then we rack the value; then we find
The virtue that possession would not show us
Whiles it was ours.

—Shakspeare.

Time and oft have I been asked by my friends, with something, perhaps, of playful humour, what share I had in the humane measures taken by the Sultan for the wholesale transportation of sixty thousand of our Catholics. Truth to tell, I was as much in the dark about it as most of my countrymen were before the event, and I remained so even when they were passing through the worst of trials and temptations on their way Mysore-wards. But if you will lend me your ears to-night, you will hear what you may not know, what certainly your fathers before you knew not, what your children after you are not likely to know except from you.

The first intelligence of my suffering brethren came to me from Abdullah, my master. It was a night gloomy enough for the reception of such unwelcome tidings. I had put my master's son to bed, spread fresh leaves of the sweet-flag around to ward off the visits of mosquitoes, and according to my wont, sat me down on the window-sill in defiance of popular notions against all window-sills, and in this position awaited my master's return. Late from the palace-gate he returned, as was his practice when big affairs of state detained him by the Sultan's side. He made a hasty meal. Instead of retiring to bed as wearied mortals must, he sat musing on his divan, looking sadly at me as I stood on the alert to receive his last orders for the day. There before me was Abdullah, unmanned by some hidden cause. There before me was great Abdullah, the counsellor of Hyder Shah and Tippu Sahib, who had led armies to battle and to victory, the hero of a hundred fights, now overpowered by a nameless force. I drew nigh to see if I could do

aught to comfort his afflicted soul, when with a gentle wave of his hand, he declined my services. A moment after, with upraised hands, he sighed: Allah! Allah! Then beckoning me to his side, he asked me, "Can you keep a secret until such time as seemeth best to Allah?" In the kindest of tones he spoke: "I fear the news will break your heart. But I have had no secrets from you—Know then, my friend, trusty in weal or woe, that this dark night, the Sultan has affixed the tiger-seal to the document that is to carry desolation or death, which Allah avert, to thousands of Christian homes in your country." Ask me what I felt thereat! Never the like of it since the day when long ago as a young man mine eyes, yet tearful over the loss of a loving wife, beheld the fell havoc wrought by the floods and the rushing waters sweeping away in their frantic course man and woman and child and our very dwellings along the riverside in Buntwal. I stood as it were rivetted to the spot, not knowing what to say or do. As thus I stood, up rose Abdullah from his divan and whispered words of comfort in my ear and led me away to my room. "Doth not your religion bid you look on life's course as ruled by Allah? Your religion, then, be your support, for none other can I see after exhausting every human resource to delay fate's execution." Generous soul that he was, at the sight of his servant's grief he forgot his own—a grief that was preying on the very fibres of his being. The many melancholy sources of his sorrows, you will learn when I shall have another quiet day to spend among my own people.

Early on the following morning, Abdullah was at my door peeping in. He once again bade me take the news resignedly like his Eastern bard who told him to look upon every place under the sun as a safe haven, seeing that the powers of the mind can render man superior to winds and tides. "It is all Allah's doing," he repeated, "and may Allah guard their comings in and goings out." With such-like saws of wisdom culled from his favourite poets, he took me by the shoulder to divert my thoughts and steps towards Darya Daulat Bagh, which as you know is verily 'the garden of the wealth of the sea.' It was there that the strange series of events that led up to the Sultan's decree

were related to me, as together we sat in the cool shade of a wide-spreading banyan tree. Motives social, political, religious operated on the royal mind, but as was to be expected in the case of a superstitious nature like his, the creatures of his fancy wielded supreme sway over his actions. I have it from my master, the repository of Tippu's secrets, that the behaviour of the heavenly bodies, the changeful moods of the weather, and the various objects that chance throws in his way on first issuing from his room, lead him to measures which in his saner moments he condemns as unworthy of a ruler. In his chamber lie ponderous tomes in which with scrupulous fidelity he inscribes the minutest details of his dreams. Indeed, he has carried his faith in these nightly workings of his imagination to such lengths, that often he leaves his bed at unearthly hours to register his weird fancies, and if his medicineman speaks true, he drugs himself heavily by day to dream copiously by night.

To dreams, then, that peopled his brain with fearful forms portending harm to family and state, you owe your presence here in Mysore! He saw, or fancied he saw, himself placed on the mountain-top to witness a contest betwixt Cross and Crescent. Both signs appeared in the high heavens, one over against the other, as sometimes you see the sun and the moon. For long the contest remained uncertain, until at last the intervention of white men coming from far off over lands and seas decided the day. Up rose the royal dreamer from his couch to register and to ruminate over the mysterious vision and to conjecture certain missing details which overhanging clouds had so cruelly intercepted from his gaze. The solution was not long in coming. Wars and rumours of war in the air, his unsteady hold on the many conquests of his father, in particular on Canara, the fairest portion of his kingdom, above all, the restless disposition his mother had bequeathed to him, combined to generate those dismal humours in his frame which our medical art pronounces to lie beyond the physician's skill. Such, in very truth, in my master's opinion was the strange state of the royal mind, when the tiger-seal was set to the scroll of paper that was destined to do even more mischief than your eyes have beheld.

To the account gathered from the words that fell from Abdullah on that eventful day, you may add what here in this land of adoption, I had from the dying lips of one of the pillars of your community. From this worthy son of Canara, comes this little incident closely connected with matters on which I am speaking at your bidding. The scene of the episode is laid amidst the palm and the jasmine and the lotus, not far from my own ancestral home in Bantwal. On a hillock at whose foot a river glides by gracefully, stood a church that for years played a peculiar part in the history of your forefathers. Attached to the house of the Lord, was a modest dwelling where a few young men were preparing themselves for the exercise of the sacred ministry. Over them all was Padre Miranda, the same wonderful man that now from Verapoly casts a longing look on the favoured spot where once he exercised extraordinary powers, where once floated Hyder's flag guaranteeing protection for miles around. Now, while Tippu in his bed-chamber was planning evil for you, Padre Miranda was bemoaning the evils he witnessed about him, as well as the evils that were impending. Whether Heaven granted him a faint foreknowledge of what was yet to be, or whether with far-seeing eye, he looked from the present somewhat into the future, he one day from his pulpit in the church on the hill, announced to his amazed hearers the coming calamity. The occasion—a sad instance of pettiness and pride—that evoked this awe-inspiring message, was a sermon on the making up of long-standing quarrels: "because," as the good, old man said in the bitterness of his soul, "men loved the first places at feasts, and salutations in the market-place." Dolefully the old patriarch concluded, as with the palm of his hand he struck his ample brow: "If my friends and I had in time heeded Padre Miranda's warning voice, we should not have come so far from our homes to eat *ragi* gruel in Seringapatam."

Thus in various ways and by various hands, was the decree of exile written in the history of your people. If ever in God's own time, you are destined to see yourselves back in your dear homes between the Ghauts and the sea, when, perhaps Balthu shall be no more among the living, then

forget not the record of the past. "The waves of adversity," as Abdullah would say quoting his bards, "pass over us leaving behind the precious salt of life to cure, to season, to preserve the days to come."

(To be continued.)

English Pronunciation.

A LECTURE BY FATHER GEORGE KINGDON, S. J.

(Continued.)

The first objection I feel to pronouncing dictionaries is that they lead people to think that they have authority when they have none whatever. The fact of a thing being in print wins it a certain authority with most people. This is the secret of the influence of newspapers. But of all other books, dictionaries seem from their very nature most calculated to claim and acquire authority: people apply to them simply for instruction not for amusement—and where they look for instruction they always suppose authority. Now in matter of pronunciation, a pronouncing dictionary simply expresses one man's opinion and nothing more, *i. e.*, the opinion of the man who wrote the dictionary, or supplied the pronouncing part. To receive one man's opinion as an authority, we ought to know what his qualifications are for deciding the different questions that arise, or for putting forward this or that as the true pronunciation. When all we know of a pronouncing dictionary is that it is written by a Scotchman or an Irishman, and is published in Edinburgh or Dublin, there is absolutely nothing to give it a claim to our confidence. It will probably enough give the right pronunciation to words about which there is no doubt, but as for its authority in doubtful cases it is simply *nil*. It is true that in Ogilvie's dictionary, published in Edinburgh, it is stated that the pronunciation is done by "Mr. Richard Cull, F. S. A., of London." (Notice the insertion of the last qualification.) F. S. A. is *not* a qualification; and as for the words "of London," that may simply mean that he resides in London. But it would be silly to suppose that all who reside in London have the London pronunciation; consequently I don't feel any particular confidence in Richard Cull, F. S. A., of London.

I have read you what Walker and Smart say of themselves as to their qualifications, being according to their own account thorough Londoners. Walker's dictionary is more than a hundred years old, and yet from comparing it with the new ones in many places, I am convinced they have formed themselves on him as a basis, although they have changed some of his more evident archaisms. But besides this, no one can read Walker's treatise on pronunciation at the beginning of his dictionary without seeing that he was a pedant, a man of crotchets, who did not simply represent the London usage of his time, but brought his own ideas of fitness and propriety to bear on this usage. He makes rules for pronunciation. Why, every one of any observation knows that pronunciation will not go by rule. It is full of anomalies, and always will be. As for Smart, though he published his dictionary in 1840, when I was living in London, and had been for nineteen years, the notion of his representing London usage at that time is the most ridiculous thing I ever heard. I can't look at a page in his dictionary without either being shocked by a vulgarism, or amused by utter mistakes. As an instance of the former: he gives as-so-*she*-a-shun as the sound for *association*. This is simply vulgar. As an instance of absurd error: he gives the pronunciation of *grass*, *glass*, and similar words, as gräss, gläss. And he professes to give London usage! Why if anything is certain about London usage, it is this, that these words are pronounced with the broad *ā* as in *father*. The short or close *ä* is a provincial pronunciation—a perfectly allowable one with nothing vulgar about it—but still certainly not Londonian. Where the good man can have lived in London I can't think, but one or two instances of this kind are to me utterly subversive of his whole authority; e. g., *gape*, at end of last century, was *garp*. Smart (though I don't believe him) in 1840 gives *gap*. I have heard the first, but the usage in my time was *gape*, as spelt. So *Rome* used to be *Room*. This I have heard myself. *Bálcony* used to be *balcóny*, and I have been rebuked by an old gentleman for saying *bálcony*. *Obleege* for *oblige* was good usage at one time. This then is the first objection to pronouncing dictionaries, viz., that they cannot be trusted to give the standard pronunciation in any doubtful

cases. To say the least, they are useless in such cases; but they are something worse than useless, they are positively mischievous if they happen to give the wrong indication, which from my own experience I believe they generally do.

A second objection is that they are always out of date. As I said in the beginning, there is some change constantly going on even in the standard pronunciation. Now a printed book does not change, and even when one edition is exhausted a publisher is much more likely to reprint it as it was before, and to go on doing so as long as it sells, than to go to the further expense of having it revised and corrected by a competent person.

It may be urged on the other hand, that a pronouncing dictionary is likely to do considerable good if used by a person whose pronunciation is thoroughly bad. Most of the words, as I have granted, will be correctly given, therefore as far as these go it will be of great service to him. This remark gives me the opportunity of mentioning a third objection to such books. It is this: that the sounds of the voice cannot be first learnt by the eye. Written or printed symbols have in themselves nothing in common with sounds. For a person to understand from a letter or a symbol what sound is intended, he must first know the sound itself well; secondly, he must have learnt that this particular sound is represented by this particular symbol. Now suppose a person has a thoroughly false pronunciation, he will never learn the true one by a book alone: he must have some one to teach him the true sounds which the letters represent, or he will always give them their false sound. But if he has some one to teach him this, it is evident this tame person could teach him true pronunciation without his having recourse to the dictionary at all. So that if a person is under the impression (which the very name of the book is likely to give him) that he can cure a bad pronunciation by means of a pronouncing dictionary, he is only led astray altogether. Besides, with all their symbols and marks, there are plenty of points which belong to pronunciation which are not represented at all in any system; delicate differences and *nuances* in the sounds of the vowels or the consonants; inflexion of tone in continuous speaking; the effect of *liaison*

between words, &c., &c. On the whole then I advise all of you who have anything to correct in your pronunciation to try and do so by the ear; *i. e.*, either by asking those who can tell you, or by noticing well the utterance of those who are known to pronounce well. English dictionaries are useful for other things, as for meanings, derivation, and spelling, though even in these matters they are often untrustworthy; but as for their pronunciation, if you look at it at all, do so rather for amusement or just to see the author's opinion, or any other object than to instruct yourself. Dr. Trench, in his *English Past and Present*, calls a pronouncing dictionary "that absurdest of all books." (7th edition, p. 287.)

I shall now mention some instances of doubtful, disputed, and erroneous pronunciation—especially such as I happen to have most frequently heard. To make some attempt at classification, I will first speak of words in which the letter *a* is involved.

The long broad sound of this letter, such as everybody of any education sounds it in *father*, *rather*, is heard in a great many words in London which in the provinces are pronounced with the short flat sound which is heard in *fat*; *e. g.*, words in which double *ss* in monosyllables, or *s* and another consonant follow the *a*, as *grass*, *glass*, *class*, *pass*, *basket*, *flask*, *fast*, *mast*. Also words in which *an* is followed by *t* or soft *ce* or *s*, as *plant*, *grant*, *dance*, *France*, *glance*, *answer*. *A* before *ff* or *ft* is also pronounced thus in London, as *quaff*, *chaff*, *after*, *rafter*, *draft*, *crafty*, *shaft*, &c. Also before *th* as *path*, *bath*. *Au* has this sound in the words *laugh*, *laughter*, *draught*. This sound of *a* is as if an *r* were inserted after it, and before the next consonant. The short sound of *a*, however, in these words, though provincial, is quite legitimate, and certainly not vulgar. *Au* followed by *n* is always pronounced *aw* in London, except in the word *aunt*. Thus *haunt*, *gauntlet*, *launch*, *laundress*. In the country these words are generally sounded *ar*. The same remark may be made on this, that though provincial it is not vulgar, and therefore not to be condemned. It is noticeable that in these two cases, and in others to be mentioned subsequently, the London pronunciation is

a degree broader than the country pronunciation. A warning may be given here to some careless people to take great care when the broad sounds *ah* and *aw* come at the end of a word not to insert an *r* if the next word begins with a vowel, as, *e. g.*, "the law-*r* of Moses," or *I've no idea-*r* of such a thing.*" This tendency arises partly from a natural desire to avoid hiatus, and partly because these sounds are such as are usually compounded with the consonant *r*, viz., *ar* and *or*.

I must notice here a peculiar idea advocated by Walker, that when *a* comes after *c* or *g*, a sound of *e* is inserted before it, as *c'art*, *gu'ard*, *g'arden*; also in *c'andle*, *g'ander*, *g'arrison*, *c'arriage*. He makes a similar remark with regard to *i* in such words as *k'ind*, *sk'y*; and I have heard people who were taught on Walker's system, which was in vogue here twenty years ago, introduce the same sound in the word *g'irl*. I have no hesitation in calling this a corruption. It is an affected and pedantic pronunciation, quite as much to be avoided as a vulgarism.

Before passing to the other vowels, I will just mention a few isolated words. Thus *az'ure*, I frequently hear pronounced *a-zure*, a usage I never heard till I came to _____. It is a word frequently in a schoolboy's mouth as the translation of *cæruleus*; *glad-iator*, which I often hear pronounced with the final *a* long, as *gla-diātor*: this is an error. Also in the words *again*, *against*, the modern pronunciation is more exact than it used to be: all the dictionaries tell you to pronounce it *agen*, *agenst*, which in rapid utterance the longer sound falls into, but when the pronunciation is careful the long *ā* sound should be heard. In the word *false* the vowel should be lengthened, not shortened into *folse*, as I often hear it. *Sā-tan* or *Sāt-an*? *Sa-tan*, Oxford; *Sāt-an*, Cambridge.

E.

E is often what is called *mute*, *i. e.*, not going to form a syllable, as in such a word as *rope*, though it has its use even here of course, viz., that of opening the preceding vowel. It is often what may be called semi-mute, *i. e.*, going to form a sort of semi-syllable, as at the end of the word *table*. This occurs also in many words where *e* is not the

closing letter, but is followed by a liquid consonant, generally *n*: as *burden, heaven, even, hasten, listen*. *Garden* is pronounced this way, though I have often heard the erroneous sound *gardén*. This should be avoided, if only because it shows an ignorance of the common usage. We have a similar semi-syllable with *re* in such words as *massacre, centre, sepulchre*: which last word, by-the-bye, must have been pronounced by the poet Campbell *sepulchry*, as we see from his "Hohenlinden." While speaking of this semi-syllabic sound, I may add that the vowels *i* and *o* sometimes slide into it when followed by the liquid *s*: thus we say *evil, devil, raisin, cousin*; also *muttòn, reckòn, reason*. This is sometimes carried too far, as when words ending in *ation* are corruptly pronounced in this way. The *tion* always forms a full syllable, as *nation, prostration*, which must never be sounded *nash'n*, &c. So also the last syllables in *model, metal, medal* are all full syllables. *E* sometimes seems to have the sound of short or close *i*, as in *pin*; and sometimes to approach so near it as to be scarcely distinguishable from it. This is heard in the word *England*, where the *i* sound is complete, and in *pretty*, where it is nearly so. Walker tells us to pronounce *yes* in this way, viz., *yis*; but this is perfectly wrong. Babies say it, but then they leave out the *y*, and say "iss." In fact, it is much easier to pronounce this word as it is spelt, *yes*, than to give it the *i* sound, because the *y* has already given the short *i* sound, and it is easier to pass to the close *e* than to give the *y* its true force and continue in the sound of short *i*. This greater ease is sufficient proof that Walker is wrong, for people always seek ease in speaking, and they will never depart from an easier sound to a harder one. There is, however, another case in which *e* approaches to the short *i* sound, viz., in the last syllable *when unaccented*: as in *scented, mended, college, system, wisest*. These words are often shockingly corrupted into *scentud, systum, wisust*, &c. I must here notice the combination of vowels *ea* in a word which is frequently maltreated among you. The verb *to beat* has its perfect tense pronounced exactly as the present; it is absolutely wrong to say, "We *bet* them by three wickets:" you must say, "We *beat* them."

I.

I often retains its long sound even in unaccented syllables, and seems to do this more easily than other letters: as in *civilization, colonization, &c.* Words also ending in *ile* commonly have this sound with but few exceptions. Walker insists on their all being short except *exile*; but this is utterly wrong in the present day, whatever it may have been in his time. Thus we must say *fertile* not *fertil*, *hostile* not *hostil*, *reptile* not *reptil*, *servile* not *servil*, *juvenile* not *juvenil*. There are a few which are short, viz., *missile, docile, and agile*. A very unpleasant pronunciation is sometimes heard resulting from the corruption of an unaccented *i* to a short *u*: thus *charutty, abilutty, isucle*, for *charity, ability, icicle*. If a person discovers this fault in himself, he should spare no pains to mend it, for it is a very bad one. *I* is sometimes silent or mute as a vowel, not making a syllable, but serving to modify the preceding consonant: as in *gracious, grazier, religion, Asia, Persia, mansion*. We must not push this too far: thus, when the dictionaries tell us to say *negosheation* for *negotiation, pronunshation, propisheation*, they are unquestionably wrong and misleading, as Walker is when he tells us to say *celest-shal* and *froncheer*. *Nation, anxious, soldier*—(I am not sure that this is not the only word in which *d* is sounded *j* before *i*: in *tedious, odious, studious, Indian*, the *i* is sounded separately and does not modify the *d*)—*opinion, bilious*. There are a couple of words which I have heard curiously and persistently mispronounced by many persons, viz., *live-long*, and *long-lived*. I have constantly heard the first called *live-long*, and the second *long-lived*. This perhaps would be the place to speak of the combination of vowels *ei*, and how they should be pronounced in the words *either* and *neither*. The only choice is between *e* and *i*. Analogy would make us choose the *e* sound, and I believe this is the most common: but there is a sufficient usage of the *i* sound to render that quite legitimate.

O.

The English sound of long *o* is in reality a diphthongal sound. It begins with the sound *au*, and ends with the sound *oo*. I too often hear the first sound alone: as *naw* instead of *no*, *ruwd* instead of

road. This is vulgar, and unfortunately very difficult to correct. *O* is often sounded broad and long in a similar position to that in which *a* is so sounded. Thus before double *s* in monosyllables: as *cross*, *loss*—(this sound is as if *r* followed *o*, as in *horse*); before *st*, as *frost*, *host*; before *ft*, as *aloft*, *often*; also in *off*; before *th*, as *broth*, *cloth*: though there are many exceptions under each head, as we do not say *borth* or *slorth*, but *bōth* and *slōth*; and we neither say *quorth* nor *quōth*, but *quōth*. The word *wōnt* is pronounced with the long *o*, whether it is the contraction for “*will not*,” or the substantive signifying *habit* or *custom*. In some words *o* has the sound of short *u*: as in *some*, *colour*, *glove*, *brother*, *onion*, &c. Some people, however, include more words than they ought in this class; *e. g.*, I have heard people say *cullony* for *colony*, *nuvvis* for *novice*, and *huvver* for *hover*. The first two are certainly wrong, and the third scarcely right. Double *o* has three sounds: long, as in *goose*; short, as in *good*; close, as in *blood*. Mistakes are often made between these sounds; *e. g.*, *book*, *took*, *shook*, which have the short or middle sound, as in *good*, are often badly pronounced with the first or long sound, as in *goose*. Again, how is *s-o-o-t* to be pronounced? Richard Cull, F. S. A., of London, tells you to pronounce it *sōt* as in *gōse*. The other dictionaries tell you it is *soōt*, as in *good*. And Walker adds that the pronunciation *sut* as in *blood* is vulgar. For my part, I never heard anything but *sut* in London, nor did I dream that it could have any other sound till I came here and heard *soōt*. As for *sut* being vulgar, that is mere nonsense.

The combination of vowels *ou* has five sounds, as typified in the following words, in all of which *gh* follows: *plough*, *though*, *through*, *cough*, *enough*. The word *cough* is sometimes less correctly pronounced *coff*. I will mention here that ordinarily a double consonant will shorten the preceding vowel. Faults are constantly made by lengthening the *o* in *occasion*, *official*. This is very painful to a correct ear, as it is also to hear *e-ssential* instead of *essential*, as I did the other day in the reading.

(To be continued.)

Shamrock Leaves.

Oh! if for every tear
That from our exiled eyes
Has fallen, Erin dear,
A shamrock could arise,
We'd weave a garland green
Should stretch the ocean through
All, all the way between
Our aching hearts and you!

ST. PATRICK'S DAY, 1879. Alfred Perceval Graves.

Exulibus gutta ex oculis, Juverna, tuorum
In folium quæque, o si vireat trifidum!
Per pelagi his immensa velim connectere sertum,
Tristia quod jungat pectora nostra tuo.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY, 1900.

L. Z., S. J.

Olla Podrida.

IN a very interesting paper on the disabilities of Mofussil Colleges read at the Educational Conference held last December in Madras, Mr. Cecil M. Barrow, M. A., Principal of the Victoria College, Palghat, and Editor of *The Indian Journal of Education*, made the following remarks upon a disability that affects Mangalore very seriously and which we hope to see removed before very long:—

“The position of some of our Mofussil Colleges is not altogether enviable, cut off as they are, for the present at least, from free intercourse by rail with the outer world. Take for example the Colleges of Trivandrum and Mangalore. Such a disadvantage as this brings in its train various disabilities. Isolation is the very last thing a College desires. It requires to be constantly in the public eye. If it possesses any light it does not wish it to be hidden under a bushel. It requires to sun itself from time to time in the smiles of the outside world, to listen to fresh voices, and to get fresh ideas. Thus we may put down disadvantage of position as one of the disabilities under which Mofussil Colleges more or less labour. Now, though Mangalore suffers from this to an exaggerated extent, yet, as we all know, its Colleges and Schools usually do brilliantly at the University Examinations. This is, perhaps, because in the words of Bacon they are intent on “one thing in chief.” Others of us, who are more favourably situated on lines of rail, get, it may be, too often into a habit of diffusing our energies.”

* * * *

Mr. G. T. Mackenzie, Acting British Resident in Travancore and Cochin, delivered a common-sense homily at the annual distribution of prizes to the students of the Ernaculam College, an institution which has scored some exceptionally favourable results at the recent University examinations. He laid no stress whatever on these successes, but seems rather to have intentionally put them on one side, as having only a secondary importance, or none at all, from the point of view of the true educationist. This evil of making too much of the examination pass-lists has grown into a scandal of the most pernicious type; and high time it came to be emphatically denounced by all who are in a position to speak with authority on the subject. It is a common experience with school teachers to find their best pupils failing at these public examinations, while youngsters with far inferior parts succeed—often to their own surprise; and yet parents will insist on blaming both the teachers and the taught for the failures, instead of rising *en masse* to protest against the toleration of a system of education which makes success at a more or less arbitrary examination at once the criterion and the end of all good teaching. Educational work to-day means work at high pressure, and that means a harmful and wasteful expenditure of energy which, in the case of the taught, results in a condition of mind and body that is the very reverse of that produced by healthy development. Of this evil medical authorities have warned us over and over again. At the root of the evil is, of course, the Government Examination system which forces teachers and taught to work at white-heat in order to get through the various prescribed subjects and texts; but teachers and parents are by no means guiltless of encouraging the mischief that is being done to the children during their school-going days. Teachers err by giving their pupils too much to get up, or work at, at one time; while parents make the mistake of supposing that their children are doing famously because they are kept at their books from sunrise to bed-time, with several hours robbed from the latter. Not only are these poor pupils thus cruelly and perniciously overworked, but in the end they are hardly more educated than birds that have been taught to “talk.” To make matters worse,

physical education is altogether neglected or at the best, is carried on in a half-hearted fashion which defeats the end in view. With Mr. Mackenzie, we too would ask—“Is all this to go on?”—*The Western Star*.

* * * *

An entertainment in the Ganapati Middle School, on the 13th instant, in aid of the Famine and Transvaal War Funds, was a very pleasant function; the room was crowded and every ticket was sold. All the Europeans in the station were present. The Native community turned up in crowds, and all the leading native officials were present. The room was very prettily decorated with foliage, plants and flags, and the arrangements were perfect. The programme contained eight items and ended with that most amusing musical farce *Cox and Box*.

The proceedings commenced with a pianoforte solo by Mrs. W. B. Hunter, which it is needless to say was excellent, and Mrs. M. Hunter deserves the thanks of all for her most efficient accompaniments. The farce was very well acted and sung, but that goes without saying with the brothers Hunter, who are established favourites in Madras. The entertainment was brought to a close at midnight with the singing of the National Anthem by the entire audience.—*Madras Mail*, March 20th.

* * * *

In the Michaelmas issue of this Magazine Lieutenant-Colonel Alfred Porcelli, R. E., Baron di Sant' Andrea, was challenged to substantiate his charge against the Society of Jesus that its members hold and teach the doctrine that “the end justifies the means” in the sense that it is lawful to do evil that good may come of it. The Colonel accepted the challenge and had printed in the Mangalore German Basel Mission Press a pamphlet entitled *Jesuitry*, in which he laboured to defend his thesis by a number of garbled quotations from Father Gury's *Moral Theology* and other approved Catholic works of the same class. It may be well to state here that the Society of Jesus holds no doctrines which are peculiar to it, but follows the most generally authorized doctrines held and taught by the Church. Father Gury states the Catholic doctrine on the point in question in the chapter of his work which treats of the Principles of Morality, and it is difficult to

acquit the Guru of Agra of deliberately blinking the truth on the point at issue when he passed over in silence the following conclusions drawn by Gury from the principles he lays down:—

1. The election of evil means is always evil, but on the contrary it does not follow that the election of good means is always good. Thus, no one is held to be worthy of praise because he abstains from drink out of avarice; and he is to be held culpable who steals money in order to give alms.

2. Whosoever chooses an honest means to an honest end, performs an act of double honesty, if the honesty of the act in both cases falls within his intention. In like manner he is guilty of double malice who elects an evil means to an evil end, as for instance, if any one stole money in order to get drunk with it.

3. Whosoever employs an evil means for a good end contracts only the malice arising from the choice of such means, as for instance, if any one told a lie to free his neighbour from danger. So, on the other hand, he who makes use of honest means for a bad end, contracts only the malice arising from such end.

4. Whosoever makes use of a means indifferent in itself, that is not having any specific character of good or evil, in order to a good or bad end, contracts only the goodness or malice arising from the end proposed.

It is hardly necessary to point out how entirely opposed these principles are to the construction put by the Colonel on the passages he has quoted from various Catholic works of Theology. It must be apparent to any judicious reader that he has completely perverted the sense of the passages that he has cited in proof of his accusation against the Society. The Colonel has been figuring very prominently for some time past in the role of "Devil's Advocate" against the Church and the Society of Jesus. One who holds a brief for the Father of Lies should take care not to add to the sorrows of Satan by turning Jesuit and adopting what the Colonel alleges to be the Jesuit tactics "of telling a story so as to present only a part of the truth and that part only which gives the utterer the advantage."

* * * *

When St. Alphonsus de Liguori was still alive, efforts were made by the Jansenists and others to get his *Moral Theology* prohibited by detaching from their contexts certain propositions. In a

letter dated 1772, the Saint observes that (1) in the whole of Theology there is no proposition so exact that malice cannot turn to some bad meaning; (2) that many things, in order to be understood, must be brought into comparison with other things contained in the same book; and (3) that expressions must be understood in conformity with the point treated of. Had Colonel Porcelli borne those simple rules in mind he might have come to the same conclusion as a Protestant writer in *The Church Review*, an Episcopalian journal, where we find the following candid and just statement, and the refutation of an old calumny:—

The maxim that "the end justifies the means" is found in no system of morals, Jesuit or otherwise, though often attributed, ignorantly or unfairly, to casuists. Certainly, there exists a maxim, *finis cohonestat actum*, but it means something entirely different, viz., that where any act is of itself neutral—neither good nor bad—such as the act of striking or binding another person, the end for which such action is done gives the action itself a character, good or bad. Of course, the action must be in itself lawful. The statement that any evil act, however small, may be justified by a good purpose, is not, and never has been, treated by theologians as other than heretical and damnable.

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We have had occasion to chronicle in these pages the reference made by Sir Arthur Havelock, Governor of the Madras Presidency, to the work done in Southern India by the Colleges of the Society of Jesus. It will be seen from the following clipping from the *Advocate of India* of January 27th, that the late Governor of the Bombay Presidency is of the same mind. We recommend those who are still of Colonel Porcelli's way of thinking to make out, if they can, where the Jesuits teach "precepts which must make Satan rejoice, and angels weep." It is our private opinion that the Colonel must not be taken—as the learned Munsif put it—*seriatim*, and as he holds a position of honour and trust in Her Majesty's service, it would be advisable for his friends, if he has any, to protect him from his "dear friends" who encourage him in his extravagances:—

Yesterday evening, his Excellency Lord Sandhurst paid a farewell visit to St. Xavier's College, Bombay, and was received by the Rev. Father Hoene, S. J., and the teaching staff of the College.

His Excellency having taken his seat, one of the boys recited a poem specially composed in honour of his Excellency's visit. The Rev. Father Hoene then thanked Lord Sandhurst for the honour done to the College, and in wishing him good-bye prayed that the Almighty might shower upon his Excellency and Lady Sandhurst his choicest gifts and blessings, and that soon the news of complete victories gained by British valour might bring on an era of glory and peace to the British realm.

His Excellency in reply sincerely thanked Father Hoene for the extremely kind reference to Lady Sandhurst, and said he had watched the College with the greatest interest during the years of his Governorship. His Excellency, in addressing the students, exhorted them to be always loyal to the College and the precepts taught them within its walls, and said they would find them of the greatest encouragement to them as they grew up, and had to struggle in the battle of life. If they kept those precepts prominently before them, they were sure to lead upright lives. He was sorry to say farewell to them all. Turning next to the Reverend Fathers, his Excellency said that he had had the fortune to spend the later years of his educational career in the land of Germany, from which they all hailed. No one knew better than he did the life of self-abnegation which they, the Reverend Fathers, pursued. The overwhelming industry, enthusiasm, and devotion which they brought to bear upon their duties, were entirely self-imposed, and he was sure that each and all of them were amply compensated by the knowledge that they were fulfilling a great duty towards those young people and to God. Though the work was hard, they had the satisfaction of feeling that they were doing their utmost for the rising generation.

His Excellency then took his departure from the College amidst loud cheers.

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Colonel Porcelli professes to uphold the cause of truth in his letters to his "dear friends" of the Basel Mission, and it is his hope and prayer that they "may be turned from darkness unto light, from the power of Satan unto God." That the "dear friends" hold by the faith delivered to them by "St. A.," as the Agra evangelist styles himself, seems to be apparent from the way they print and distribute gratis his atrocious libels on the faith once really delivered to the Saints. He writes from the shadow of the Taj, it is true, but the claim to infallibility cannot be urged by him save upon the principle enunciated by Lewis Carroll,

"What I tell you three times is true."

We might ask what qualification a Colonel of the Engineers, any more than a Colonel of the Marines, has to pose as the guru or spiritual guide of the Basel Mission. The road to Heaven is strait and it needs engineering of a special kind to find it. There is a good deal of sense in Robert Louis Stevenson's remark, "a man must be very sure of his knowledge ere he undertakes to guide a ticket-of-leave man through a dangerous pass," and it stands to reason that the Colonel's talents would be more appropriately employed just now in repairing the damage done by his brother-Boer on the road to Pretoria. A greater man still, the Blessed Sir Thomas More, the famous Chancellor of England, has left us the following bit of advice, which we would heartily recommend to the "three Colonels in three distant count(ri)es born," viz., Porcelli, Whale, and Saunderson:—

Wise men always affirm and say

That 'tis best for a man

Diligently for to apply

To the business he can,

And in no wise to enterprise

Another facultie.

A simple hatter should not go smatter

In philosophie;

Nor ought a pedlar become a meddlar

In theologie.

* * * *

Some time ago there appeared in the *American Messenger of the Sacred Heart* an illustrated account of the Sodality of Christian Mothers, one of the most flourishing Catholic organizations of Mangalore. Since its establishment in 1883 it has steadily grown in numbers till now it has as many as 312 on the rolls. In the month of October last its members to the number of 250 attended a five days' retreat given by Father Camil Rego of Puttur, in their beautiful Chapel attached to Milagres Church. The number would have been greater but that forty of the members are resident away from Mangalore. On December 18th, the feast of the Expectation of the Blessed Virgin, the principal feast of the Sodality, was celebrated with great solemnity. The Very Rev. Father Frchetti said

Mass, at which there was a sermon and General Communion, and twenty badges were given to postulants for admission. We have already noticed the artistic decorations of the Chapel with its valuable paintings of St. Monica and St. Augustine. Of late it has been further embellished by the munificence of Princess Aldobrandini of Rome, the head of the Sodality of Christian Mothers in the Eternal City. In addition to her gifts of reliquaries, medals, etc. made some months ago, she has lately sent eight fine candlesticks with cross and *carta gloria* for the altar, along with a present of four coloured Roman candles such as are used for the decoration of the altars of the churches in Rome. Mrs. Juliana Lobo, of Bolar, is the President of the Sodality, in which office she is the worthy successor of Mrs. Regina Vas and Mrs. Juliana Coelho.

Don't look for Flaws.

Don't look for flaws as you go through life;
 And even when you find them
 It is wise and kind to be somewhat blind,
 And look for the virtue behind them.
 For the cloudiest night has a hint of the light
 Somewhere in its shadows hiding;
 It is better by far to hunt for a star
 Than the spots on the sun abiding.
 The current of life runs ever away
 To the bosom of God's great ocean;
 Don't set your force 'gainst the river's course
 And think to alter its motion.
 Don't waste a curse on the universe—
 Remember it lived before you.
 Don't butt at the storm with your puny form,
 But bend and let it fly o'er you.
 The world will never adjust itself
 To suit your whim to the letter;
 Some things must go wrong your whole life long,
 And the sooner you know it the better.
 It is folly to fight with the Infinite,
 And go under at last in the wrestle.
 The wiser man shapes into God's plan
 As the water shapes into the vessel.

Erratum.—On page 275, line 9 from top, for "19 passed" read "22 passed."



OBITUARY.

GREGORY SALDANHA died in Bombay of the Bubonic Plague on the 29th of January. After matriculating from this College in 1891 he entered Jeppu Seminary for a time and then went to Bombay. He was the son of Mr. J. L. Saldanha, the retired Tahsildar, and brother to Antony John Saldanha, who died as a student of St. Joseph's College, Trichinopoly, in 1890. One of his friends in Bombay, in announcing his death, says of him: "He was one of the brightest and best of the Aloysians in Bombay, with excellent prospects before him. The universal esteem in which he was held was proved by the large attendance at his funeral. His premature death has cast a deep gloom over the colony of Mangaloreans in Bombay."

JOSEPH PEREIRA, a student of the Matriculation Class of '96, died on Wednesday, March 28th, at Bojape (Pejar). He was a member of the Senior Students' Sodality of the Blessed Virgin when he was a student in the College. The cause of his death was an attack of typhoid which carried him off in eleven days. It will be remembered that his cousin Bernard Pereira died of the same fell disease two years ago in Father Muller's Hospital, Kankanady.

R. I. P.

The Christmas number of the *Mangalore Magazine*, the organ of St. Aloysius' College, easily maintains the high standard which the Jesuit Fathers set for themselves in the first number. The local articles are real contributions to the history of Mangalore and the West Coast of India generally and should be much appreciated by all who are interested in that part of India. . . . The rest of the Magazine is equally good. Father Kingdon contributes a very interesting and seasonable paper on "English Pronunciation." Being of London ourselves and having the greatest faith in the pronunciation of English as it is there spoken by the educated classes, we are glad to see the Father assert that "the standard of pronunciation to which it is best to approximate is the educated London pronunciation." We have also received the Annual Report of St. Aloysius' College, Mangalore, for 1899, and congratulate the authorities on the success of the institution during the past year. We note with pleasure that the College is doing its best to meet the demand for commercial education by its commercial night school. Mr. J. H. Stone, Acting Inspector, Western Circle, has recommended that action should be taken to remedy the evil resulting from the promotion of students to classes they are unfit for."—*The Educational Review* (Madras).