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## MEMORIES OF MACAO.

### I.—RELIGIOUS MEMORIES.

OF the ever increasing number of foreign settlements on the coast of China, the oldest by nearly three centuries is the Portuguese colony of Macao. Hongkong came next, in 1842, after an interval of two hundred and eighty-five years. Macao was not the first attempt of the Portuguese to found a colony on the very coast of China. The short-lived prosperity of the ill-fated settlement of Liang-po—the present Ning-po, as is supposed—has been graphically described by that much decried, but withal veracious, traveller Mendes Pinto. The little colony of Liang-po came to a disastrous end in 1545, with a frightful massacre and general conflagration. Still another settlement was tried on the inhospitable coast, at a place lower down towards the south, called by the writers of that time Ching-chiu. But in 1549 this new colony met with the fate of its predecessor. Nothing daunted by such disasters, the hardy merchants of those days ventured again to pitch their tents on the inhospitable shore of the exclusive empire, and this time with a happier issue. That was in 1557, when a little barren peninsula was given to the Portuguese for a settlement and trading station, in consideration of valuable services rendered by them against some formidable pirates of those regions. The first governor and the organiser of the new colony was Diogo Pereira, who had been the esteemed friend of St. Francis Xavier, and who, but for the jealous opposition of the Governor of

Malacca, was to have led the embassy to Peking with which the Saint hoped to penetrate to the heart of the great empire.

The early prosperity of Macao, and the prompt formation of the settlement into an organised colony, should be remarked to the credit of the enterprising Portuguese nation of the sixteenth century. Although the discovery of America preceded by six years the daring sail of Vasco da Gama around the Cape of Good Hope; although the voyage across the Atlantic was a question of only two or three months, while that from Lisbon to the Far East meant at least two years of the most perilous navigation: still Macao, though not the first of Portuguese settlements on this distant coast, was an organised and prosperous colony half a century before the Pilgrim Fathers set foot on the shore of the New World. Of course we must take into account the difference between the barren shore of a land inhabited by the savage Iroquois and Huron, and the coast of a civilized and eminently mercantile nation like the Chinese. But even so, the early prosperity of Macao cannot be adequately accounted for without paying a well-deserved tribute to the mother country's colonizing enterprise.

Coming to the subject of this paper, Religious Memories of Macao, we shall see what was the rapid and remarkable development of one department of the colony, that of education, under the auspices of the missionaries. In 1565, the first Jesuits entered the colony, and in a few years they had founded a missionary college. In 1595, the college was burnt down, but it was immediately

rebuilt on a larger and more commodious scale. There were seventy or eighty rooms in it; not that so many missionaries were ever expected to reside there at a time, but Macao was the headquarters of the Japanese mission, then in its most flourishing period, and it often happened that large bands of missionaries had to await there the monsoon that was to take them to their field of labour. Then, many of the rooms must have been occupied by the young members of the Society, European as well as Japanese, preparing themselves for work in the mission where so many of them were to shed their blood for the faith which they preached. Japan is quaintly called by an old historian of the Society in Portugal, "the pet mission," owing, no doubt, to its popularity among the youthful aspirants to missionary life. Lèon Pagès, one of the late historians of Japanese missions, calls St. Paul's College at Macao "a training school of martyrs." As an educational institution, St. Paul's was soon provided with two masters of Latin, two professors of theology, one of philosophy, and one of belles-lettres, while the establishment included a library, an observatory, and an apothecary shop. Where in those early days was John Harvard, the pioneer of higher education in the English colonies of North America?

How many noble martyrs and illustrious missionaries, brothers and successors of St. Francis Xavier, enjoyed for a longer or shorter period the maternal hospitality of St. Paul's! Blessed Charles Spinola was there about the year sixteen hundred, and according to Pagès, it was he who designed St. Paul's church, the magnificent façade of which is still standing. Blessed Francis Pacheco was professor of theology there for several years, and among the students at the same time was Blessed Didacus Carvalho, who was martyred in Japan in 1624. One cannot pass the ruined portal of the college, now no more, without going back in memory to the days when so many men of heroic mould daily passed that threshold.

The church of St. Paul's was begun in 1602, as was to be seen by the inscription on the cornerstone, but it was not completed until about 1623. The story of its building shows how intimately the interests of religion were affected by the vicissitudes

of the colony, and to what extent the mission felt the ups and downs of commerce and war. In 1602, one of Macao's richly laden vessels from Japan, bearing the fortunes of many of the wealthiest colonists, was lost on her voyage home. The following year another vessel of the colony was captured in the straits of Singapore by the Dutch, and on the same day that the disheartening news reached Macao, three ships of the same inveterate enemies and rivals of the Portuguese sailed boldly into the Macao roads and took possession of a vessel all laden for Japan, while the crew happened to be ashore. Such losses weighed heavily upon the little colony, and many a work of zeal projected by the missionaries had to be delayed, or given up altogether, for want of the alms which in the time of prosperity flowed in so generously. Among the delays was that of the building of St. Paul's church. The edifice had been planned on a grand scale; and as money was wanting to execute the plans, work was discontinued.

Things went on in that way until an hour of common peril brought the different sections of the settlement more closely together, and when the trial was happily over, gratitude and joy opened the purses of the merchants for the completion of what was to be, and in fact has been ever since, the principal monument of the city. On the feast of St. John the Baptist, 1622, a formidable fleet of Macao's implacable enemies bore down upon the little peninsula, as if the Hollanders were determined to make themselves masters, once for all, of their rivals' prosperous colony. There were sixteen vessels, with about eight hundred men. They began the attack in the cool of the morning, confident, no doubt, of having the hot part of their work over before the heat of the day would be on. But the sturdy Hollanders little knew the valour of their opponents, who, though few in numbers, were prepared to offer the most determined resistance. Every man in Macao was to be a soldier, if not a hero. Not only did the wealthy merchants leave the breezy halls and the cool retreats of their gardens to shoulder a musket at the front, but even the missionaries, knowing well that the issue was a question of life and death for their work, took an active part in the preparations for defence.

Fr. Rho, an accomplished mathematician who later on took a prominent part in the celebrated astronomical work of the missionaries at Peking, rendered valuable service in the principal fortress situated on the summit of the hill near the college.

The assailants landed in a quiet little bay, and being much superior in numbers to the force sent against them, they advanced with little opposition towards the city. But hardly had they rounded the hill near the shore, and come in sight of the town, when the fortress opened fire with four pieces. The principal gun, under the direction of Fr. Rho himself, threw them into consternation by its first well-directed shot. That was the beginning of their rout and of Macao's glorious victory, which may be spoken of at greater length in a subsequent paper.

So grateful were the colonists for Fr. Rho's services at the critical moment, that they resolved that St. Paul's should be completed without further delay. It was really a beautiful church, as is amply testified by the monumental façade still standing almost intact. Fr. Jarric, the historian of the Indian missions, says that St. Paul's of Macao was similar to St. Paul's of Goa. The façade is all of granite richly sculptured with allegorical and mystical devices, the only fault perhaps to be found with it being that it appears somewhat overcharged. Only the front was of granite: the walls were massive structures of a kind of concrete, composed principally of ferruginous sand from decomposed granite, mixed with mud from the river and a little lime.

Fr. Alexander de Rhodes, S. J., the celebrated missionary of Cochin-China, writing from Macao in 1623, says of St. Paul's college and church: "Our Society has a large college here which can be compared with the finest in Europe. At least the church is the most magnificent I have seen, even in Italy, excepting St. Peter's of Rome." There may perhaps be some exaggeration in this judgment of the enthusiastic missionary, but his words are on record to show at least what impression the edifice made upon him. The writer has had the good fortune of hearing an old and highly honoured Portuguese native of the colony grow enthusiastic

over the beauty of St. Paul's, when it still stood in the first quarter of the century. The woodwork particularly, executed entirely by skilled Japanese workmen, was praised as exquisitely beautiful.

The church stood until 1835, when it was burnt down one blustering wintry night. The frontispiece, as has been said, still stands almost intact, with even the fine bronze statues of Our Lady, of St. Paul, and four Jesuit saints still in their niches. "What fine old cathedral is that?" visitors exclaim, as the outlines of the majestic ruins come in sight, from the deck of the steamer upon entering the harbour. From the ruins of the material edifice they may form some idea of the importance of the mission which had such a beautiful church; but little do they think of the heroism which sent forth from St. Paul's so many generous youths and men of mature age, ready to sacrifice their best strength and talent to carry "the glad tidings" to the gentiles; ready, too, to give themselves up to the pit or the stake, in imitation of the Divine Pastor who laid down his life for his sheep. Fr. de Rhodes, among others, records that the Fathers of St. Paul's used to keep with reverential care the relics of their martyrs in Japan, whenever any relics were to be obtained. They were all labelled and kept in good order, as long as the Jesuits were there; but later on, and particularly at the time of the fire, things fell into confusion, and the relics were thrown together with no label or mark to permit of distinguishing one from the other. They are still preserved in the domestic chapel of the Jesuits, once more established in Macao, to whose hands they reverted several years ago.

In the same chapel there is another relic of far greater interest. It is a part of the fore-arm of St. Francis Xavier, a bone several inches long. When the arm of the Saint was severed to be sent to Rome, two or three pieces of the bone were removed for distribution among the missions which had been the scenes of the Apostle's labours. The principal of these relics went to St. Paul's of Macao, as representing the mission of Japan, and also, perhaps, on account of Macao's proximity to the scene of the Saint's death. The Island of Sancian is only sixty miles from Macao. The relic is enclosed in a handsome silver reliquary which was made in

London at the expense of a pious family in whose house the relic, though belonging to the cathedral, was kept after the burning of St. Paul's.

The Jesuits were the first religious order established in Macao, but the others soon followed. Before the end of the sixteenth century there were established in Macao—all with their own churches—the Dominicans, the Augustinians, the Franciscans, and the Jesuits. The memory of the first two is preserved by the churches of St. Dominic and St. Augustine, near the old convents of their respective orders. The churches still stand and are used for sacred services on certain feasts of the year, but the convents, after the expulsion of the religious orders from Portuguese dominions, were converted into barracks, and have since been used for various purposes. St. Francis' memory is kept alive by the barracks bearing his name, and occupying the site of the old Franciscan convent. In the same locality is the convent of Santa Clara, where a community of Poor Clares was established as early as 1633. The convent is now occupied by a community of the Canossian Sisters, who keep a girls' school there.

The highest hill of the peninsula, overlooking the roads, is crowned with a little fort, a lighthouse, and a small chapel of the Blessed Virgin, under the title of "Nossa Senhora da Guia." The lighthouse is the oldest in China, dating from 1637, but the chapel was before the lighthouse, and even before the fort, which was constructed after the attack of the Dutch in 1622. At the western extremity of the bay is the hill of Penha, called by the Chinese "the Western Sea-view," as Guia is called "the Eastern Sea-view". Penha, too, has its chapel of Our Lady, or rather Hermitage—"A Hermida de Nossa Senhora da Penha." It dates from 1622, and was attended by the Augustinian Fathers. The chapels of Guia and Penha still have their own feasts.

There are in the history of Macao some religious memories which show so beautifully the simple and true Christian faith of those days, that it would be an injustice to pass them over in silence. On the 6th of June, 1634, Fr. Sebastian Vieyra, of the Japanese mission, was martyred for the faith at Nangasaki. The Father had resided at Macao,

where he had won the esteem and affection of all, but when the news of his death reached the city, far from being the occasion of sorrow, it was on the contrary the cause of holy joy. For was it not the glorious triumph of one whom all had esteemed and loved as a father? For a fortnight there were daily celebrations of the event, solemn services in the churches, ringing of bells, processions by day, illuminations by night, with every other sign of religious joy. Another event in the same line is still more remarkable. In 1639, the Emperor of Japan published an edict, severer than any that had gone before, strictly forbidding the entry of all Portuguese, merchants or missionaries, into any part of the empire. That was a severe blow to the commerce of Macao, and rather than give up all hope, the colonists resolved upon sending an embassy of their noblest representatives to set before the Emperor the incomity, the illiberality, and the self-injury of such an exclusive measure. They little knew the temper of the Oriental despot. Scarcely had the ship bearing the hardy ambassadors entered the harbour of Nangasaki, when it was surrounded by a number of native war vessels and boarded by a large force. The Portuguese, seventy-four in number, were all taken ashore and thrown into prison. After a delay of nearly a month, they were arrayed before the Governor of Nangasaki, who, after the reading of the Emperor's decree, condemned them to capital punishment. The next day they were offered life and liberty if they would apostatise from their religion. They all refused to a man, and began to prepare for martyrdom. They were executed, in effect, all but thirteen who were spared to be sent back with the sad tale. General consternation fell upon the city when the shocking account was made known. But the spirit of faith soon got the upper-hand, and the first impulses of natural sorrow speedily gave way to sentiments of religious joy. The victims of the atrocious massacre were, not without reason, looked upon as martyrs of the faith, and the devout community of Macao counted so many more glorious patrons in heaven. The widows and children and parents of the deceased arrayed themselves in holiday attire and took a leading part in the joyous festivities of the occasion.

The religious memories of Macao are far from being exhausted in a short paper like this, but a magazine article must have limits. The firm faith and solid piety of the first conquerors of India and the Far East have left traces wherever they have passed, and certainly not least abundantly in the "Most Loyal City of the Holy Name of God," as Macao in palmier days delighted to be called. The oldest existing Christian church in China deserves at least a word of mention. It is the church of S. Lazaro, situated at the foot of the Monte, Macao's central hill, where it still serves as the parish church of the Chinese Christians. It is the oldest church as a foundation, not as regards the material structure. Nor should we pass over in silence the "Casa da Misericordia," a most useful work of charity dating back to the settlement's earliest years. The numerous processions, too, the devout novenas, and the brilliant feasts, all testify that the faith of Da Gama and his brave followers, the faith which the great Apostle of the East fostered among his fellow-Europeans, while evangelizing the heathen, is still deeply rooted in the Christian community of Macao, producing its fruits of piety and devotion, and the beautiful example of truly Christian lives.

MACAO.

W. L. H.

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 LOVE'S TREASURE.

Unlock thy bosom, Dearest ! let me look  
 On Love's fond treasure that therein doth lie :  
 Fain would I tell the store thou hast put by  
 Since we with Love life's journey undertook ;  
 Lest, all unnoted in his golden book—  
 The brightest page beheld by memory's eye—  
 Love's count be lost, and years unheeded fly,  
 All gain unfelt, as runs a threshold brook.

Unlock thy bosom, Dearest ! Nay, not so :  
 How could Love's self and thine be deemed apart  
 Or I recount the riches of thy heart ?  
 Changeless 'mid changes like the sea they flow  
 And countless as the sands they ever start  
 Till, lost in the vast tide, no more I know.

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 Joseph Saldanha.

## PLACES OF INTEREST IN SOUTH CANARA.

## IV. THE JAIN TOWNS.

The three towns of Karkol, Mudabidri and Yenur were those most intimately connected with Jain rule in South Canara. Karkol, about thirty miles to the north of Mangalore, was the seat of the powerful dynasty founded by the Humcha chiefs of the Nagar District of Mysore when they migrated from Kalsa, near the Kudremukh, six or seven centuries ago, and who subsequently assumed the name of Bairasu Wodears and extended their sway even to South Tuluva. The Jains to be found at the present day in Canara number about 10,000 souls and are resident chiefly in and about Karkol and Mudabidri. The various monuments that remain to us attest the former greatness of the Jain chiefs, the most important of whom, after the Bairasu Wodears, were the Choutar of Mudabidri, the Bangar of Nandavar, the Mular of Bailangadi, the Agalar of Aldangadi, and the Savanta of Mulki.\* The Jains were great builders and workers in stone, and coming from a country where building stone was plentiful and wood was little employed, they continued building with the material they were familiar with, while adopting the style of architecture and carving common in the wood-using regions of Canara and Malabar. The monuments that remain to us are either walled enclosures with colossal statues called *Bettus*,† or temples called *Bastis*, or pillars called *Stambhas*. The following interesting account of the Jain monuments in the neighbourhood of Karkol is taken from Fergusson's *History of Indian and Eastern Architecture* :—

The first peculiarity that strikes one as distinguishing the Jaina architecture of the south from that of the north, is the division of the southern temples into two classes, called *Bastis* and *Bettus*. The former are temples in the usual acceptance of the word, as understood in the north, and, as there, always containing an image of one of the twenty-four Tirthankars, which is the object there worshipped. The latter are unknown in the north; and are courtyards open to the sky and containing images,

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 \* *Vide* Mangalore Magazine, pp. 77 and 140.

† Only three of these are known to exist in the world—two in Canara at Karkol and Yenur, and one at Sravana Belgula in Mysore.

not of a Tirthankar, but of a Gômati or Gômata Raja so called, though who he was, and why worshipped, no one seems exactly to know. He is not known to the Jains in the north. All the images on the rock at Gwalior are of one or other of the Tirthankars, and even the Ulwar colossus, Nar Gûngi, can hardly be identified with these southern images. It looks almost as if some vague tradition of Gautama Buddha the prince, as distinguished from Mahavira the last of the Tirthankars, and who is said to have been his preceptor, had in late times penetrated to the south, and given rise to this peculiar form. Be this, however, as it may, the images of this king or Jaina saint are among the most remarkable works of native art in the South of India. Three of them are known, and have long been known to Europeans, and it is doubtful if any more exist. They are too remarkable objects not to attract the attention of even the most indifferent Saxon. That at Sravana Belgula attracted the attention of the late Duke of Wellington when, as Sir A. Wellesley, he commanded a division at the siege of Seringapatam. He, like all those who followed him, was astonished at the amount of labour such a work must have entailed, and puzzled to know whether it was a part of the hill or had been moved to the spot where it now stands. The former is the more probable theory. The hill called Indra Giri is one mass of granite about 400 feet in height, and probably had a mass or Tor standing on its summit—either a part of the subjacent mass or lying on it. This the Jains undertook to fashion into a statue 70 feet 3 inches in height, and have achieved it with marvellous success. The task of carving a rock standing in its place the Hindu mind never would have shrunk from, had it even been twice the size; but to move such a mass up the smooth steep side of the hill seems a labour beyond their power, even with all their skill in concentrating masses of men on a single point. Whether, however, the rock was found *in situ* or was moved, nothing grander or more imposing exists anywhere out of Egypt, and even there no known statue surpasses it in height, though, it must be confessed, they do excel it in the perfection of art they exhibit.

The image at Kârkala (Karkol) which is next—its size being 41 feet 5 inches in height, and weighing about 80 tons—was moved certainly to the place where it now stands, and its date luckily is engraved upon it, A. D. 1432, and it is so like that at Belgula, that there can hardly be much difference between their ages.

The third at Yannûr (Yenur) is smaller, about 35 feet high apparently, but from the style of art in which it is executed it is probably the oldest of the three.

All these three figures belong to the Digambara\* sect of Jains, being entirely naked; and all possess the peculiarity of having twigs of the Bo-tree of Sakya Muni—the *Ficus religiosa*—twisted round their arms and legs in a manner found nowhere else, and in having serpents at their feet. In the Jaina cave at Badami a similar figure has two serpents wound round its arms and legs precisely as their twigs are here, and the Bo-tree is relegated to the background. This figure, though not so old as the cave in which it is found—say A. D. 600—is certainly much older than the three great monoliths, and with other indications renders it probable that the greater prominence of the serpent or the tree is no unfair indication of the relative age of any two statues. In that at Yannûr, the serpents are three-headed and very prominent beside the statue, on steles alongside the legs. At Kârkala they are less so, and at Belgula they are relegated to the base, while the tree with its leaves is there thickly spread over the whole figure.

The principal group of the Bastis of the Jains, at present known, at least above the Ghâts, is that at Sravana Belgula. . . . . When we descend the Ghâts into Canara, or the Tulava country, we come on a totally different state of matters. Jainism is the religion of the country, and all or nearly all the temples belong to this sect, but their architecture is neither the Dravidian style of the south, nor that of northern India, and indeed is not known to exist anywhere else in India Proper, but recurs with all its peculiarities in Nepal.

The temples found at a place called Moodbidri in Canara, will give a fair idea of the general aspect of these temples externally. They are much plainer than Hindu temples usually are. The pillars look like logs of wood with the angles partially chamfered off, so as to make them octagons, and the sloping roofs of the verandahs are so evidently wooden that the style itself cannot be far removed from a wooden original. In many places, indeed, below the Ghâts the temples are still wholly constructed in wood without any admixture of stone and almost all the features of Moodbidri temples may be found in wood at the present day. The blinds between the pillars, which are there executed in stone, are found in wood in every city in India, and with very little variation are used by Europeans in Calcutta to a greater extent, perhaps, than they were ever used by the natives.

The feature, however, which presents the greatest resemblance to the northern styles, is the reverse

\* The Jains are at present divided into the Digambara or sky-clad, *i. e.* naked, and Swetambara, *i. e.* the white-robed, the former of which is the widest diffused, and seems to have the greatest claim to antiquity.—*Balfour*.

slope of the eaves above the verandah. I am not aware of its existence anywhere else south of Nepal, and it is so peculiar that it is much more likely to have been copied than re-invented.

The interiors of the Canarese temples are in marked contrast with the plainness of the exteriors. Nothing can exceed the richness or the variety with which they are carved. No two pillars seem alike, and many are ornamented to an extent that may seem almost fantastic. This again seems an indication of their recent descent from a wooden original. Long habit of using stone would have sobered their forms, and they are now of great thickness—it may even be said massiveness—and this is just such an excess of strength as a people accustomed to wooden architecture would employ when first called upon to replace in stone supports which in wood would have appeared necessary to carry a heavy stone roof.

Their plans, as far as can be made out from photographs, are those usual in Jaina temples,—spacious, well-lighted porches, leading to a dark cell in which the image of one of the Tirthankars is placed, naked of course, as all the southern Jains seem to have belonged to the Digambara sect. Their age has not yet been determined with certainty, as no inscriptions from them have yet been published or translated, but in so far as information can be gathered from the various sources available, three or four hundred years seem to be about the limit of their age. Some may go back as far as 1300, but it looks as if the kingdom of the Zamorin was at the height of its prosperity about the time that it was first visited by the Portuguese, and that the finest temples may belong to that age.

Besides the greater temples, there are several varieties of smaller which seem peculiar to the style—such, for instance, as the five-pillared shrine at Gurusankerry. Four-pillared pavilions are not uncommon in front of Hindu temples in the South. There is a very curious one, for instance, on the opposite shore of India at Mahavellipore, but not one, that I know of, with five pillars, or with access to the upper chambers. There are three of these chambers in this instance—the two lower now closed, but apparently originally open; but to what use they were devoted, or what purpose they were intended to subserve, is by no means clear. At the base of the temple are a number of stones bearing images of serpents; seven or eight are now there, and the serpents themselves are some with one, others three, five, or seven heads. It may be that this is a serpent temple, and that the living form of this strange divinity, when alive, inhabited the upper storey. But it may also be, that the stones were brought there in modern times, so that till some one

on the spot will take the trouble to ascertain the facts of the case, it is not safe to speculate regarding them.

A third feature, even more characteristic of the style, is found in the tombs of the priests, a large number of which are found in the neighbourhood of Moodbidri. They vary much in size and magnificence, some being from three to five or seven storeys in height, but they are not, like the storeys of Dravidian temples, ornamented with simulated cells and finishing with domical roofs. The division of each storey is a sloping roof, like those of the pagodas at Katmandhu, and in China or Thibet. In India they are quite anomalous. In the first place, no tombs of priests are known to exist anywhere else, and their forms, too, are quite unlike any other building now known to be standing in any other part of India.

Though not the grandest, certainly the most elegant and graceful object to be found in Canara belonging to the Jaina style of architecture are the *stambhas*, which are found attached to almost every temple. They are used sometimes by the Hindus, but then generally as *deepdars*, or lamp-bearing pillars, and in that case have some arrangement for exhibiting light from their summit. With the Jains this does not appear ever to have been the case. Their pillars are the lineal descendants of those of the Budhists, which bore either emblems or statues—generally the former—or figures of animals; with the Jains or Vaishnavas they as generally bore statues. Be this as it may, they seem nowhere to have been so frequent or so elaborately adorned as among the Jains in the south, and especially in Canara. The example here given of one at Gurusankerry is a fair average specimen of its class. The sub-base is square and spreading; the base itself square, changing into an octagon, and thence into a polygonal figure approaching a circle; and above a wide-spreading capital of most elaborate design. To many this may at first sight appear top-heavy, but it is not so in reality. If you erect a pillar at all, it ought to have something to carry. Those we erect are copied from pillars meant to support architraves, and are absurd solecisms when merely supporting statues; we have, however, got accustomed to them, and our eye is offended if anything better proportioned to the work to be done is proposed; but looking at the breadth of the base and the strength of the shaft, anything less than here exhibited would be found disproportionately small.

On the lower, or square part of these *stambhas*, as well as on the pillars inside the temple at Moodbidri and elsewhere in Canara, we find that curious interlaced basket-pattern, which is so familiar to us

from Irish manuscripts or the ornaments on Irish crosses. As pointed out in a former volume, it is equally common in America, and can be traced up the valley of the Danube into Central Europe; but how it got to the west Coast of India we do not know, nor have we, so far as I know, any indication on which we can rely for its introduction. There was at all times for the last 15 centuries a large body of Christians established on this coast who were in connection with Persia and Syria, and are so now. It would be strange, indeed, if it were from them that the Jains obtained this device. But stranger things have happened than even this in the history of architecture, and few things can be more interesting when the means exist of tracing any connexion that may be detected between them.

If any one wished to select one feature of Indian architecture which would illustrate its rise and progress, as well as its perfection and weakness, there are probably no objects more suited for this purpose than these stambhas, or free-standing pillars. They are found of all ages, from the simple and monolithic lâts which Asoka set up to bear inscriptions or emblems, some 250 years B. C., down to the 17th or perhaps even 18th century of our era. During these 2000 years they were erected first by the Budhists, then by the Jains, and occasionally by the other sects in all parts of India; and notwithstanding their inherent frailty, some fifty—it may be a hundred—are known to be still standing. After the first and most simple, erected by Asoka, it may be safely asserted that no two are alike, though all bear strongly the impress of the age in which they were erected, and all are thoroughly original and Indian in design.

It may be owing to the styloclastic propensities of the Moslems that these pillars are not found so frequently where they have held sway, as in the remote parts of India; but whether from this cause or not, they seem to be more frequent in Canara and among the southern Jains than in any other part of India. In the north we depend mainly on the rock-cut examples for their forms, but they are so usual there that it seems hardly doubtful they were relatively as frequent in connexion with structural examples, though these have generally disappeared.

It has been suggested that there may be some connexion between these stambhas and the obelisks of the Egyptians. The time that elapsed, however, between the erection of the monoliths in the valley of the Nile and those in India seems to render this doubtful, though they were certainly erected for similar purposes and occupied the same position relatively to the temples. When, however, we look at the vast difference between their designs, it is evident, even assuming a connexion, that vast ages

must have elapsed before the plain straight-lined forms of the obelisks could have been changed into the complicated and airy forms of the Jaina stambhas. The two are the alpha and omega of architectural designs—the older, simple and severe, beyond any other examples of purely ornamental objects; the latter, more varied and more highly ornamented than almost any other of their class that can be named.

We are hardly as yet in a position to push these speculations to their legitimate issue, and must wait for further information before any satisfactory conclusion can be derived from them; but meanwhile it may be pointed out how curiously characteristic of Indian art it is that this little remote province of Tulava or Canara, should have a style of its own, differing essentially from that found in any other part of the Indian continent, but still having affinities with outlying and distant countries, with which one would hardly suspect any connexion but for the indications derived from their architecture.

I cannot offer even a plausible conjecture how or at what time a connexion existed between Nepal and Thibet and Canara; but I cannot doubt that such was the case, and that some one with better opportunities will hereafter explain what now seems so mysterious. It is less difficult to conjecture how early and frequent intercourse may have existed between the Persian Gulf and the Western shores of India, and how the relations between these two countries may have been so intimate as to account for the amount of Assyrian, or as we now call them, Armenian, forms we now find in the Jaina architecture of Southern India, especially in that below the Ghâts. It will require, however, that the Indian branch of the subject should be much more fully and more scientifically investigated than has hitherto been the case, before it is worth to do more than indicate how rich a field lies open to reward the industry of any future explorer.

#### A GENTLEMAN.

A gentleman is common now,  
 When everyone is such.  
 A decent coat, a courtly bow—  
 Birth does not count for much.  
 But split the word in two, and find  
 Around you if you can,  
 The one, in heart and life and mind  
 Who is a gentle man.

## THE TINNEVELLY CHANK FISHERIES.

Chank shells have been from time immemorial one of the commercial products of the Gulf of Manaar, the "Fishery Coast" so often mentioned by Saint Francis Xavier and his successors. The word chank is probably derived from the Sanskrit *shan*, to soothe, perhaps from the effect which the shell is popularly believed to produce when held to the ear. The chank, also known as the shank and the conch shell, is a fairly large convolute shell generally from five to six inches long and from one to three broad. By the naturalist it is classed as the *Turbinella rapa*, a species of the genus *Turbinella* of the gasteropodous molluscs of the muricidæ family. According as the shells have short or pointed heads they are classed by the fishermen as "patty" or "pajel." A rare kind, somewhat of a freak of nature, with the whorls from right to left instead of left to right as in ordinary shells, is known as "wallampory." Large quantities of these chanks are fished up by divers every year from the muddy bottom of the sea off the south coast of India. They are found in the vicinity of the pearl banks, either buried in the sand, lying on the bottom, or in sandy crevices between the coral. They are however more scattered than the pearl oysters, so that the divers have to move about from place to place to find them. As they are generally found at a depth of from two to ten fathoms of water, the work of diving for them serves as an apprenticeship for the more exhausting work of pearl fishing, which has been already described in my account of that fishery. The divers carry a bag round their hips into which they put the shells they find while groping on the bottom. Twenty shells are considered a good haul for one plunge. The fishery is always more or less successful, as the chanks, unlike the pearl oysters, are generally found in great quantities, so that the success of the fishery depends in great measure on the state of the market at the time they are put up to auction. The season begins in October and generally closes about the end of May or the beginning of June, being practically suspended only during the south-west monsoon. As a rule the actual fishing takes place only on about one hundred and fifty days in the year,

partly because the banks are a long way from the shore, but chiefly because the divers are, as a class lazy and indolent. Matters would be mended considerably if a tug were provided to tow the boats from the depôt to the banks and back again, as much valuable time is lost going to and fro a distance of oftentimes fourteen miles. It is a great pity that the chank fishery is not fostered and cared for more than it is, for the trade in shells is of extreme antiquity and they are an article of commerce in extensive demand all over India.

The fisheries are principally round the coasts of Ceylon, at Kelikarai in the territory of the Rajah of Ramnad, and at Tuticorin in the Tinnevelly District. Like the pearl fisheries, they are a Government monopoly under the management of the Port Officer of Tuticorin, who is responsible for their efficient working. The divers go out in canoes for which Government pays a monthly rental. In some cases they are provided by Government with boats, ropes, and other necessary apparatus. At the close of each day's fishing the shells are brought on shore to the godown, where they are examined and passed through a wooden gauge two and a half inches in diameter. All the small ones that pass through are rejected and put back into the sea. Wormed and dead shells are likewise rejected, and only the green or live chanks which are too large to pass through the gauge are paid for and stored in the godown. The usual rate of payment for good shells is Rs. 20 per thousand. The mollusc is then left to rot for a month or six weeks, during which it is not pleasant to approach the building from the lee side, as the stench is most noisome and the place is swarming with flies and other more or less objectionable insects. In July or August the shells are sold by tender, and command from Rs. 65 to Rs. 75 a thousand. Wormed or dead ones find buyers at from six to ten rupees a thousand. Those that are beyond the average size fetch prices in proportion to their size, just as in the case of pearls and diamonds. Some have become famous and have been sold at fabulous prices. Specimens of the vallampory chank, for instance, have been sometimes priced at a lakh of rupees. They are held in such reverence and esteem that formerly it was an

ordinary thing for them to sell for their weight in gold, but now they can be had for from Rs. 50 to Rs. 100 each.

Most of the shells find their way to Calcutta, where they are sawn into narrow rings to be used as bangles, anklets, beads, cowries, and the like. Not a few of them are used for saddlery and harness, and they may be often seen suspended from the foreheads and round the necks of carriage bullocks. The carving of shell churi or bracelets is one of the indigenous arts of Bengal. The Sankari of Dacca are known all over India for the excellence of their chank or sank work. Rings of chank shells are in high favour as ornaments among the Hindu fair, who load their wrists, ankles, and fingers with them. In the ethnological court of the museum at Calcutta a series of specimens of ornaments made from these shells are shown as worn by Kuki, Meker, and Butia women. A superstition—or perhaps in reality a belief founded on the glamour bawbles have for the Indian fair sex—formerly prevailed in Bengal anent these chank ornaments, by which it was held no maiden in honour and esteem could be corrupted save by decking her arms with bangles of chank shells. Not only are they used to enhance the charms of the living; but they are credited also with benefiting the dead; for it is customary to bury large quantities of the shells with the bodies of persons of wealth and position. Great quantities of chanks are exported to Europe every year, where they become both useful and ornamental when carved into buttons and studs.

In the religious life of the people of India they play a not unimportant part. In Hindu and Buddhist temples they are used as lamps and for pouring water on the gods, but this latter kind belongs to the species known to naturalists as *Muzza rapa*. Perhaps it is due to this use of the shell that we have the Tamil proverb which says: "If poured into a chank shell water is sacred, if into a chatty it is what it is"—another way of saying that things depend on circumstances. Religious mendicants, especially those of the Veer-anroosty sect, convert them into horns by boring a hole through the base. When blown these horns give a loud, sharp, piercing sound. They are used

in the Hindu temples for the twofold purpose of calling the people to worship and calling the attention of the gods to the worshippers. With this Triton music the Brahmin wakes the gods in the morning and lets the world know when he dines. In the martial life of the people the rin-sank, or war-shell, pealed the blast that sounded the onslaught in battle. Readers of the martial poetry of the Rajpoots will have noticed the many allusions to "the blast of the shell," which played the same part as the brazen trump of Western chivalry. In the great civil war between the Pandu and their kinsmen, the Kuru, as described in the Mahabharata, Krishna used the famous shell Panchajanya. Each chief also sounded a shell, to which like Excalibar, Flamberge, Balmung, and other famous swords of European renown, distinct and significant names were given. Vishnu's shell was known as Darendram, and if you examine the pictures and figures of the god carefully, you will notice that he carries his chank shell in one hand and a wheel or discus in the other. It also appears as a symbol on some of the coins of the Pandyan kingdom of Southern India, and it is still to be seen on the modern coins, stamps, and flags of the Maharajahs of Travancore. And when the Chalukya dynasty ruled in the upper Carnatic the chank served also as the insignia of royalty with its rulers.

MANGALORE.

H. S. Brown.

#### THE REAPING OF THE HARVEST.

Oft'times I wander in life's sunny fields,  
Through the flower-decked land of time,  
With its tasseled hopes and its darnel fears,  
And its fleeting, changing clime.

And ever I muse, as I stroll and dream  
In the twilight's afterglow,  
What a world of hopes and a world of tears  
We reap from the seed we sow.

Yes, we reap from the seed we sow,  
With a certainty strange and strong;  
For the flowers of joy and the weeds of woe  
Are planted by Right and Wrong.

—The Holy Cross Purple.

LAND TENURES IN THE  
NATIVE STATES OF WESTERN INDIA.

II. THE GRAS TENURE OF GUJERAT.

12. The striking resemblances between the incidents of the Gras tenure and those of the feudal tenure renders it necessary here to take a brief review of feudalism of Europe. Feudalism as it existed in Western Europe during the Middle Ages is described as follows by Bishop Stubbs in his *Constitutional History*. "In the form," he says (Vol. I, ch. IX, para. 93), "in which feudalism has reached at the Norman conquest, it may be described as a complete organisation of society through the medium of land tenure, in which from the king down to the lowest landowner, all are bound together by obligation of service and defence: the lord to protect his vassal, the vassal to do service to his lord; the defence and service being based on and regulated by the nature and extent of the land held by the one of the other. In those states which have reached the territorial stage of development, the rights of defence and service are supplemented by the right of jurisdiction. The lord judges as well as defends his vassal; the vassal does suit as well as service to the lord. In states in which feudal government has reached its utmost growth, the political, financial, judicial, every branch of public administration is regulated by the same conditions. The central authority is the mere shadow of a name." We have here a description of feudalism in the highest stage of its development, which took place in the eleventh century. The germs however of feudalism can be traced to the period when the Teutonic nations poured in and settled down upon the Western Empire. There they began to grow and take clear shape soon after the death of Charlemagne in 802 A. D. Confining ourselves to the growth of feudalism in France and the Rhenish provinces of Germany, where it had its fullest development and whence it travelled into the neighbouring countries, including England, we find that when the Franks settled in Gaul, they took possession of most of the lands and partitioned them among themselves. The estates

acquired by them were termed *Allodial lands*. The crown reserved large portions of the lands to itself, called the *Fiscal* lands, and made out of them grants to its favoured subjects as *benefices*, *fiefs* or *feuds*, on the implied or expressed condition of military service and fidelity in return. The grants were at first probably in most cases personal, but subsequently they became hereditary. Out of these benefices, their holders carved out portions and granted them as sub-feuds to others who held them therefore in sub-infeudation and on condition of fidelity and military service to the original grantees of the crown. While this process was going on, the provincial governors, the dukes, counts, and marquises, went on gradually usurping more and more powers under the weak kings that succeeded Charlemagne, while allodial proprietors were driven by the rapacity of the governors or by fear of foreign aggression to place themselves under the protection of the kings or the governors themselves and to become their vassals by giving up their land and obtaining a re-grant of them, or a portion of them, on condition of fidelity and service. This transaction was called *commendation*, a term at first applied to the practice obtaining among the Teutonic tribes, by which weaker persons placed themselves under the protection of a king or a powerful nobleman, without any consideration of surrender of land, but only on condition of service and fidelity. The anarchy that followed the death of Charlemagne, the necessity for mutual protection, the rapacity of the provincial governors, accelerated the development of the existing tendencies into a compact system of feudalism, "an alliance of free landholders arranged in degrees of subordination according to their respective capacities of affording mutual support," a military compact of lord and vassal based on the reciprocity of military service and protection. The maturity of the system was reached when Conrad the Salic issued his famous edict in the year 1037 A. D., which contained four regulations of great importance, viz., (1) that no man should be deprived of his fief, whether held of the Emperor or mesne lord, but by the laws of the empire and the judgment of his peers; (2) that from such judgment an immediate vassal might appeal to his sovereign;

(3) that fiefs could be inherited by sons and their children, or in their failure by brothers, provided they were *feuda paterna*, such as had descended from the father; and (4) that the lord should not alienate the fief of his vassal without his consent.

13. In drawing a comparison between the martial system peculiar to the Rajputs and the Feudal system of Europe, Tod in his *Rajasthan* observes:—"The leading features amongst semi-barbarous hordes or civilized independent tribes must have a considerable resemblance to each other. In the same stages of society, the wants of men must everywhere be similar, and will produce the analogies which are observed to regulate the Tartar hordes or German tribes, the Caledonian clans, the Rajput Cula (race) or Jareja Bhayat (brotherhood). All the countries of Europe participated in the system we denominate Feudal; and we can observe it, in various degrees of perfection or deterioration, from the mountains of Caucasus to the Indian Ocean." Mountstuart Elphinstone was of opinion that, though the Mah-rattas had fiefs but no feudal system, it was impossible not to give the name of feudal to the institutions of the Rajputs. "With them," he says, "the founder of a State after reserving a demesne for himself divided the rest of the country among his relations according to the Hindoo laws of partition. The Chief, to whom each share was assigned, owed military service and general obedience to the Prince, but exercised unlimited authority within his own lands. He, in his turn, divided his lands on similar terms among his relations, and a chain of vassal Chiefs was thus established to whom the civil government as well as the military force of the country was committed." Elphinstone however adds: "This plan differs from the feudal system of Europe as being founded on the principle of family partition." Sir Alfred Lyall, in his *Asiatic Studies* (pp. 211-213), points out that what held together Rajput political society was the tie of blood, not the tie of contract as between vassal and lord; and that the institutions described by Colonel Tod were by origin primitive and, in fact, præ-feudalic." Mr. C. L. Tupper, in his admirable work *Our Indian Pro-*

*tectorate*, tries with great ability to prove that, though there was not anywhere in India a completed feudal system, there were, in almost every part of the country, strong *tendencies* making for feudalism or for various types of feudalism, the types differing from one another in different regions. He is even inclined to apply the term Feudal to the relationship that exists between the British Government and the Native States in India. The tie between them is based on the mutual compact of submission and protection, and the terms of the compact are recorded in the treaties and engagements which are printed in extenso in six volumes by Aitchison. The tribute which the Native States pay to the British Government for the support of cantonments and civil stations may be regarded as an equivalent to the military service of the Feudal system. On the other hand, in his book *The Protected Princes of India*, Sir William Lee-Warner does not accept the views of Mr. Tupper, and observes:—"Parallels to the *droits seigneuriaux*, to *fiefs*, to the *comitatus* and other incidents of feudalism can readily be traced in Indian history, but the sources of these common facts differ, and the broad currents of their developments took entirely different directions in the East and in the West. Mr. Tupper himself admits that the 'inchoate feudalism of India' lacked three factors which made the perfected system of Europe, viz., "Roman law, the influence of the Church, and the idea that society ought always to be governed by enactments of some kind. But it lacked more than this. It lacked the vital spirit of feudalism, which infused into the intercourse of lord and vassal and of the whole of Western society the feelings of personal loyalty and honour, from which faithfulness to mutual engagements issued and a living sense of their reciprocal services and relations as lord and vassal. The origin of Indian fiefs was generally usurpation, revolt and anarchy."

14. It is indeed a fact that the origin of many an Indian fief must be traced to usurpation, revolt and anarchy, this being the case especially with the rise of the Mulgrasia tenure, resulting as it did in most cases from usurpation of Chieftains and the sur-

Feudalism and the Military tenures of Rajputana and Gujerat (continued).

render to them of portions of Gras lands and ancient rights. But a study of the history of Western Europe during the Middle Ages reveals to us the fact that these very causes, namely, the revolt and usurpation of provincial governors and great military leaders during the anarchy that followed the death of Charlemagne, and the necessity to which weak allodial proprietors were driven to of placing themselves under the protection of a powerful neighbour—led to the growth of feudal tenures in France and the adjoining countries. Besides it may be noted that a large number of fiefs among the Rajputs and other tribes in Gujerat, as well as in Rajputana and Kutch, had their origin in the custom of making grants of lands to the cadets of the family, or the Bhayad, out of which has arisen the special kind of Gras tenure which goes by the name of Bhayad tenure. Likewise in Western Europe many a fief in the Middle Ages was based on the grants made by the kings to members of their family. As regards the three factors which Tupper finds the "inchoate feudalism of India" lacked and which made the perfected system of Europe, viz.: the Roman Law, the influence of the Church, and the idea that society ought always to be governed by enactments of some kind, it seems that though there are several features in the embellishment or ornamentation of the feudal structure that are due to these factors, it is doubtful whether they contributed anything to the laying of the foundation and the rearing of the main structure feudalism in Europe. Admitting that they did influence in any way the growth of European feudalism, we should not lose sight of the immense influence exercised in India by Brahminical codes of law, and by the Brahmin priesthood, which with its supposed divine origin and powerful caste system had been wielding a power over the mind of kings, chiefs and people, which no priesthood of the world ever exercised elsewhere. The idea of general legislation emanating from a central power is wholly foreign to India, but the absence of general legislation, with the exception of a very few enactments, has been the very feature noticed by historians of the Middle Ages of Europe to have marked the feudal policy of Europe until the beginning of the 13th century, when however feudalism

had begun to decay. Feudalism in the portion of India dealt with in this essay, if not elsewhere in India, as in Europe was based on reciprocity of military service and protection, regulated by customary law or usage and bound together by a spirit of loyalty and honour. This last feature, one would suppose from Sir William Lee-Warner's remarks quoted above, was wholly wanting in Indian feudalism. But here is what a great Englishman, Colonel Tod, who lived many years among them, says of the Rajputs, who constitute the majority of the grasias of Gujerat. "Gratitude, honour and fidelity, are terms which at one time were the foundation of all the virtues of a Rajput. Of the theory of these sentiments he is still enamoured; but unfortunately for his happiness, the times have left him but little scope for the practice of them." He further on observes as follows:—

"But Englishmen in the East, as elsewhere, undervalue everything not national. They have been accustomed to conquest, not reverses; though it is only by studying the character of those around them, that the latter can be avoided and this superiority maintained. Superficial observers imagine that, from lengthened predatory spoliation, the energy of the Rajput has fled; an idea which is at once erroneous and dangerous. The vices now manifest from oppression will disappear with the cause, and with reviving prosperity new feelings will be generated, and each national tie and custom be strengthened. The Rajput would glory in putting on his saffron robes to fight for such a land and for those who disinterestedly laboured to benefit it." We shall now proceed to consider the various incidents of the Gras tenure, many of which bear a very close resemblance to the incidents of European feudalism.

(To be continued.)

#### ANOTHER VERSION.

Little drops of water,  
Little grains of sand,  
Make a mighty difference  
In the price of land.

—The N. D. Scholastic.

## MARY'S FIVE WORDS.

O hearken, dear child, 'tis your Mother who speaks,  
Your Model and Mistress, your Lady and Queen,  
Your Guide, who to lead you to Jesus e'er seeks,  
For no soul can be lost, who on Mary doth lean.  
Five words hath she spoken from which we can learn  
How to act, in whatever position we're found,  
And if to these words, when in doubt we but turn,  
All the rough will be smooth and the tangle unwound.

## FIRST WORD.

Be not hasty in action, but ponder and pray;  
For not all is best, which may seem so to thee:  
Be modest and prudent and take time to say  
With Mary thy Mother: *How can this be?*

## SECOND WORD.

In thy dealings with those who are living around you  
Let the will of another be always preferred,  
God's Messengers seeing in those who surround you:  
*Be it done unto me according to thy word.*

## THIRD WORD.

Should you stumble, then quickly rise up from the ground.  
Have you lost sight of Jesus? oh, make haste to go  
To the Temple, thy treasure will sure there be found.  
Humbly ask him the reason, *Why hast Thou dealt so?*

## FOURTH WORD.

When the faults of companions you cannot but see,  
Let their failings ne'er cause thee to fret and repine,  
Their defects try to cover, whatever they be  
And *whisper to Jesus; "Lord, they have no wine."*

## FIFTH WORD.

'Tis the last word of Mary, oh, ponder it well,  
'Tis the word of all others, she speaketh to *you*,  
When this one word is said, nought remaineth to tell,  
Everywhere—*whatsoever He says to you, do.*  
Oh Mary, thy words are a treasure untold,  
Look down on us now, from thy throne in the skies,  
May we write in our lives, in bright letters of gold,  
*Modest, Amiable, Reverent, Intercede, and Advise—*

## MARIA!

M	odest and prudent in thought and in word, may my every action to thee be referred.	} 1st.
A	miable, loving and kind unto all, may I follow thee closely, and when I fall	} 2nd.
R	eturn at once to seek Jesus and Thee, nor knowingly leave thy company.	} 3rd.
I	ntercede for the poor and the suffering and sad, 'tis a holy joy to make others feel glad.	} 4th.
A	dvice those in trouble, thy Son to obey, in doubt and in danger to watch and to pray.	} 5th.

*Sister M. Christopher.*

MELBOURNE.

## OUTLINES OF THE HISTORY OF KANARA.

II.—THE COMMERCIAL HISTORY (*continued*).

63. The English followed soon after in opening factories and trade connections with Kanara. Free from the inveterate hatred against the Portuguese which the Dutch brought with them from Europe, the English, though rivals of the Portuguese in the trade of India, endeavoured as a rule to avoid a conflict with them. Having regard consequently to the several vested interests of the Portuguese in Kanara, which were now shared by the Dutch, the English, with the policy they followed, could lay the foundation of their commercial intercourse with this district on a very humble scale, which until they became masters of the country at the close of the eighteenth century, never attained any great proportions except once or twice for a very short period. The London East India Company opened their first factories in Western India at Surat, Ahmedabad, and Cambay in 1612. A rival Company, called the Courten's Association, soon came into the field. Two adventurers Weddel and Nathaniel Mountenay of that Company, being mistaken for members of the former Company, were allowed by the Portuguese Government in 1637 to have a house at Goa for trading purposes, on payment of the customary dues. In 1638 Weddel opened a factory at Karwar, a place where the Portuguese had little or no vested interests by trade connections. In 1650 Courten's Association was amalgamated with the London East India Company, and Karwar is mentioned from this time in the list of the latter Company. The second place, well remembered in the history of the early English connection with Kanara, is Anjediva. To this island a force of 500 English soldiers who had been sent in 1662 to take possession of the island of Bombay, had to retire, as the Portuguese Governor of Bombay refused to hand over the place to the English. So unhealthy did they find the island of Anjediva that, when they proceeded to Bombay in 1664, they left behind them the bones of nearly 400 of their comrades in its graveyard. In 1668 the English opened a factory at Bhatkal, but it had a short-lived existence,

having fallen a victim to an anti-kine-killing agitation. A bulldog belonging to one of the factories having killed a sacred cow, the infuriated people butchered the whole body of factors, who numbered about eighteen. Every Englishman, they say, knows his dog; likewise every Hindu knows his cow, and worships it too. It is curious that the first experience the British are known to have had in India of anti-kine-killing agitation, which is a source of so much anxiety to our rulers in these days, was in a case of an English bulldog *versus* a Hindu sacred cow of Bhatkal.

64. The English had however now to face a more powerful and dangerous enemy than the religious bigotry or superstition of the Hindus. There arose at this time the great Mahratta confederacy, brought into existence by the genius of the great Shivaji, whose forces, carrying everything before them like a mighty torrent, swept away several petty kingdoms in the Decan, deprived the Portuguese of what little was left to them, except their present possessions, and threatened to drive away the English from their factories on this side of India. The Mahrattas invaded Kanara for the first time in 1665. In that year Shivaji sailed from the Konkan with a large fleet to Barcelore, and after sacking it, proceeded to Gokurn. Having dismissed his fleet there, he marched through the country devastating the villages. He forced Karwar to pay a heavy tribute for leaving it unmolested, to which the English factory had to pay a large share. This exaction apparently reduced the factory to straits, for it was closed soon after, but was re-opened in 1668. At this time the portion of Kanara north of the Mirjen river was held by the chiefs of Sonda under the suzerainty of the Sultan of Bijapur, who had a Governor or Fouzdar at Karwar. The famous Adil Shah of Bijapur died in 1672, leaving a minor to succeed him. This gave Shivaji the opportunity he had been longing for to invade the Bijapur territory. Incited by Shivaji, the Bijapur Fouzdar of Karwar openly revolted against his sovereign, and as the English refused to assist him with ammunition, he laid siege to their factory and wrung it from them. By the year 1675 the whole

country north of the Gangavali river became subject to Shivaji. From this time the English factory at Karwar had a precarious existence amidst the struggles between the Portuguese, the chiefs of Sonda and the Mahrattas. At the close of the seventeenth century Karwar appears however to have attained a high degree of prosperity. In 1690 a direct trade was, it is said, opened between Karwar and England. But this state of prosperity did not last long.

65. In 1673, and again in 1675, the famous English traveller Fryer visited the coast of Kanara, and the account he has left of his travels affords an interesting insight into the state of the country at that time. Fryer was much struck by the prosperity of the people and the great security of life and property enjoyed by them under the government of the Bednore dynasty. He found everywhere a large number of Christians, while he describes the Hindus as marvellously conversant with the devil. The people in the country north of the Mirjen river were undergoing terrible privations and sufferings in consequence of the Mahratta raids and exactions. Taxation had been much lighter and the people far more comfortable under the king of Bijapur; but under the Mahrattas they were reduced to the utmost penury. This is the reverse of the rosy picture given by some of the happy days of Shivaji. As regards the Brahmins, he has not many flattering things to say. "Almost all the places of trust were in the hands of Brahmins, who acted neither for the public good nor for common honesty, but for their private interest only. Openly they were mighty zealous for their master's dues, but in the corner they took more for themselves than for their master."

66. We now come to a melancholy chapter in the history of the Portuguese connection with Canara. By the middle of the seventeenth century the Dutch had captured from the Portuguese the most important highways of commerce between Europe and Asia. In Kanara the Portuguese, as remarked by an author recently, were now between the anvil and the hammer.

Rapid decline of the Portuguese power.

Fryer's Travels in Kanara.

English traveller Fryer visited the coast of Kanara, and the account he has left of his

Always at war with the Dutch, they were constantly at variance with the Bednore dynasty, and both the Dutch and Bednore frequently joined hands in harassing them. In 1652 the Portuguese factories at Mangalore, Barcelore, Honore, and Cambolin were invested by the Kanarese forces assisted by the Dutch. Barcelore and Cambolin having surrendered to the enemy, the Portuguese hastily patched up a treaty. The capture of Cochin in 1662 by the Dutch compelled the Portuguese to withdraw their forces from the factories left in their possession, and for a time the Portuguese power may be said to have been almost extinct in Kanara. Negotiations were however soon commenced between the Goa Government and the Bednore king for the re-establishment of Portuguese factories, and in 1671 a treaty was concluded, the principal terms of which were as follows:—

1. The Portuguese were allowed sites for erecting factories at Mangalore, Barcelore, and Honore, on condition, however, that the factories should not be surrounded by double walls, but only by single walls, and that no embrasures or bastions should be erected thereon; and

2. No one was to be made a Christian against his will; but that all Christians in the kingdom should be subject to the spiritual jurisdiction of their priests, and should not be compelled to worship in pagodas.

There was soon after another outbreak of hostilities between Bednore and the Goa Government, which ended with a treaty of peace concluded on December 15, 1678. By this treaty the Portuguese were authorised to erect factories at Mangalore, Barcelore, and Honore, and churches at Mirjen, Chandar, Bhatkal, and Kalianpur. The Bednore king also undertook to supply stone and wood for the erection of the factory at Mangalore and to pay annually certain tribute. The exact position of the new factory of Mangalore is not known, possibly it was near the present Rosario Church, about a mile to the north of the old Portuguese Fort of St. Sebastian, which was probably somewhere near the site of the tile factory of Messrs. Minezes and Sons.\*

\* Vide page 198 of the *Mangalore Magazine*, Michaelmas number of 1899.

67. The Portuguese seem to have derived little benefit from the treaty which they recently concluded with the Bednore king, for they had to face nearer home a powerful enemy in the Mahrattas. One of the great schemes of Shivaji after he had established himself firmly on his throne was to drive out the Portuguese from their dominions. He died however in 1680, before he could carry out his scheme. In 1682 his son Sambaji made an attempt to capture the island of Anjediva, but his attack was repulsed. He then invaded the district of Ponda, carrying sword and fire everywhere, devastating the villages and towns, and was with difficulty prevented from taking the capital. Sambaji had soon to withdraw his forces to meet the Mughal Emperor Aurangazib, who had invaded his territory. This gave a respite to the Portuguese and enabled the Desais of Karwar and Sonda, with their assistance, to throw off the yoke of the Mahrattas.

68. In the south the Portuguese had always troubles with the king of Kanara. In 1707 there was fresh treaty concluded between the Portuguese and that king, by which the leave granted in 1678 to erect factories in Kanara was confirmed. In 1713 hostilities again broke out between the two powers, because a Bednore vessel was seized by the Portuguese for trading without a Portuguese pass. A large squadron was dispatched by the Portuguese, which captured and burned many ships at Kumta, Barcelore, and Kalianpur. The Bednore Government then came to terms, and a treaty was concluded in 1714, by which the establishment of the Portuguese factory and the protection of the Christians in the Bednore kingdom were guaranteed, and it was agreed that the factor at Mangalore and the Vicar should have jurisdiction to settle cases in which Christians were concerned. The Portuguese were also to be allowed to build churches wherever there were Christians. In return the Portuguese were to help the king in any wars he might be engaged in and two Kanarese boats were to be allowed to proceed to Ormuz to fetch horses.

(To be continued.)

Jerome A. Saldanha, B. A., LL. B.

# THE MANGALORE MAGAZINE.

MANGALORE, JUNE, 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 with great pleasure that we introduce to the readers of the present issue of the Magazine a new contributor from far-off China, who has been so kind as to furnish us with an instalment of what promises to be a very interesting account of the first European settlement in the Flowery Kingdom. The subject is one that should have a special interest for those who are acquainted with the history of the rise and fall of Portuguese power in the East. Whatever may be said in disparagement of Portugal's founders of empire in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the narrative before us reveals a beautiful Christian spirit which shone out most resplendently in the hour of adversity. It would be difficult to find anything in the annals of European colonial enterprise to excel the manifestations of faith recorded in the history of the settlement of Macao. The reference to the English colonization of North America is happy and instructive. For the benefit of those who are not well versed in the history of the New World it may be well to state that John Harvard, the pioneer of higher education in New England, was a Puritan divine and Fellow of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, who migrated to America and died there shortly after his arrival, leaving half his estate, about £800, and his library to the foundation that in time developed

into Harvard University. Harvard College was chartered in 1650 for "the education of the English and Indian youth of this country [New England] in knowledge and godlynes." The *Encyclopædia Britannica* (Vol. XI, p. 500) asserts that it was the earliest institution of learning on the continent of North America, but a better authority, the American historian Bancroft, states that "the first college in North America was founded by the Jesuits in Quebec in 1635, two years before the emigration of John Harvard and one year before the General Court of Massachusetts had made provision for a college." The Jesuits, according to the same Protestant historian, were as enterprising in spreading Christian civilization in the French possessions in the West as they were in the Portuguese dominions in the East. "The history of their labours," he says, "is connected with the origin of every celebrated town in the annals of French America; not a cape was turned, nor a river entered but a Jesuit led the way."

\* \* \* \*

Readers of last year's Easter number of this Magazine will remember the interesting article on the Tinnevelly Pearl Fisheries contributed by our Port Officer Lieutenant H. S. Brown, R. N. R. That it was highly appreciated both in India and elsewhere appeared from the many notices made of it and the way it was copied by several journals. It is hoped that the present contribution on the Chank Fisheries will be equally well received and that we may be favoured with other articles of equal interest from the same pen in the near future.

\* \* \* \*

We have to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following exchanges sent to us since our Easter 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, The Indian Journal of Education, The Holy Cross Purple, The Indian Review, The Times of Malabar, The Harvest Field, The Ratcliffian, The Edmundian, The Agra College Magazine, The Allahabad University Magazine, The Raven, The Messenger of the Sacred Heart (American), The Madonna (Australian).*

## Personal Paragraphs.

**P**IEDADE Mathias, B. A., '95, passed his Final M. B. & C. M. Examination lately in Madras. Of the nine candidates that appeared for it only four passed, three of whom were Mangaloreans. The first on the list was Victor J. Mascarenhas, who studied at Shimoga, the second was Mr. Mathias, and the fourth was Karnad Ramakrishna Rau, a Government College student.

Frank Noronha, who matriculated from this College in '96 and passed his F. A. from Central College, Bangalore, in '98, headed the list in the First M. B. & C. M. Examination held recently in Madras. Another of our old students, Mulki Lakshmana Kamath, B. A., '98, came second; and yet another, Cholpadi Rama Kamath, F. A., '98, won the fourth place. In the Second M. B. & C. M. examination (New Regulations) Bantwal Rama Baliga, B. A., '98, was fifth in the Presidency.

Francis Fernandes, of the F. A. Class of '90-1, went to Edinburgh last year to complete his medical studies. In a written examination in Bacteriology and Pathology, held recently in the Royal College of Surgeons, he passed third in the class, scoring 65 per cent. where the first had only 71 per cent.

Antony J. Aranha, F. A., '96, recently secured a scholarship in Dehra Dun, where he is now studying to prepare himself for an appointment in the Forest Department.

Gregory Sinnapen, of last year's Matriculation class, has gone to Ceylon to study for the priesthood in the Diocesan Seminary of Jaffna.

James Gonsalves, B. A., '99, is employed as a clerk in the office of the Collector of Customs, Bombay.

Martin Pinto is engaged in the Oriental Life Insurance Company, Bombay. He is a part-owner of the firm of Roy & Co., Kalbadevi, dealers in homœopathic medicines.

Father Bartoli's many friends will be glad to learn that his health has been so much improved since his return to Europe that he is able to be at work again. We have noticed his name several times lately in the Roman correspondence columns of the *Catholic Times* and the *Tablet*. He is at present on the staff of the *Civiltà Cattolica*, to which he is contributing a serial story.

Miss Louisa Coelho, daughter of Mrs. Juliana Coelho, was the only successful candidate from St. Ann's Convent, Mangalore, in the recent disastrous Matriculation Examination. As she crowned her success by passing highest in English among the Native Christian girl matriculates in the Presidency, she was awarded the University of Madras gold Memorial Medal founded in memory of the late Mrs. Krupabhai Satyanathan of Madras.

It is with sorrow we have to record the death of Mrs. Mary Margaret Fernandes, which took place on the morning of May 17th. The deceased was the daughter of Mrs. Mary Magdalene Coelho, and her marriage to Mr. John Fernandes, Barrister-at-law, was recorded in these columns only a short twelvemonth ago. The interment took place in Codialbail Chapel, which was built at the sole expense of her late lamented father, Mr. Joseph Coelho. R. I. P.

St. Joseph's College, Trichinopoly, has lately lost another valued member of its staff by the death at Kodaikanal, on May 5th, of Father E. de Noircourt, S. J. He was a member of a very distinguished French family and served on the Madura Mission for a great many years. For the last fifteen years was professor of Latin in St. Joseph's, and he was engaged as chief examiner in French by the University of Madras for a very long term. He was in addition an artist of no mean merit, as is testified by his work on the Cathedral of Trichinopoly and other churches of the city.

Since the beginning of the year the following changes have taken place among the clergy of the Diocese of Mangalore. The Very Rev. Antony J. Coelho of Bantwal has retired from the charge of the parish of Bantwal and has been succeeded by the V. Rev. John Abreo, late of Milagres Church, Mangalore. The Rev. A. S. L. Fernandes has been transferred to Milagres, and his place at Coondapoor has been taken by the Rev. Lawrence Menezes of Ullal, who has been succeeded there by the Rev. Cyprian Coelho of Bantwal. The Rev. Salvador Vas, Raymond Mascarenhas and Joseph Menezes, lately ordained from St. Joseph's Seminary, Jeppu, have been appointed assistant Vicars at Karkal, Milagres and Bantwal respectively.

## At Spionkop.

"In their deaths they were not divided."

Death stalked o'er rugged Spionkop,  
His scythe reeked red with gore;  
Two comrades standing side by side  
A vow of friendship swore.

"Together," pledged they, "we will win,  
Or else together die;  
And then our corpses in one grave  
Till Gabriel's trump shall lie."

The combat thickened and the foe  
Fell back, advanced, recoiled,  
Wrenching comrades far apart  
As onward each one toiled.

Then came a truce; the younger cried:  
"My comrade! where is he?  
I'll back again unto our trench  
And see what I can see."

Glad is the sight that meets his eye,  
His friend—but oh, he is dead!—  
Scarce had he parted from his side  
When balls had pierced his head.

"No less loved hands," he cried in grief,  
"Than mine shall bury thee;  
Would that I the same grave might share  
Beneath this spreading tree."

His rifle from his grip of death  
With care he strove to wrest;  
But saw not that one finger still  
The fatal trigger pressed.

The loaded weapon volleys forth  
Its hail of leaden balls;  
The comrade heaves one long-drawn sigh,  
Then staggers, reels and falls.

No eye was dry that saw that sight,  
But yet no art could save;  
Fast friends in life, friends still in death,  
They laid them in one grave.

KURSEONG.

H. W.

## Tales of Tippu,

TOLD BY BALTHU CHUTNEY.

## V. THE TALE OF A BOOK.

I'll give thee armour to keep off that word;  
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,  
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

—*Shakespeare.*

My countrymen had not had a long experience of the nature of their exile, when I was asked to attend a council of the Ten which had been arranged by the acknowledged guides of the people. The Ten, if you are not acquainted with that solemn assembly, is a body meeting together to deliberate on matters concerning the welfare of the community. It is by no means limited to that number, though, when the community was small that round number was thought large enough to represent its various interests. In course of time, it came to pass that the more the councillors, the merrier it was; and certainly, if now and again, it was found hard to arrive at definitive resolutions, it had at least the benefit of probing every question to its depth and of examining it from every possible point of view. Personally my acquaintance with these public assemblies has been small, for as I have oft told you, the best part of my life has been lived away from the haunts of men.

The object of the one Council (or Junta, as the Feringhees call it) at which I was present, was to memorialize the Sultan, begging for a slight alleviation of the hardships of the captivity. It was not in the capacity of a Persian scholar or an erudite lawyer that my services had been requisitioned. They knew I stood well with the Sultan and his court. My familiar figure could well shield them from danger, and it was high treason for the Christians to gather together for any purpose savouring of politics. In matter of fact, in the small ill-furnished room that held the elders of the people, there was absolutely nothing to tell of politics. As I entered I found them seated on mats in solemn silence, and to preclude every suspicion in the minds of the many informers always on the lookout for a sign of discontent among the Canarins, there lay before me the open pages of Padre Estevam's Puran.

To give it an air of solemnity, the work of the council began with the reading of the Puran. Old Manuel Prabhu, venerable alike for his advanced age, now close upon ninety years, and for the many sorrows his years had brought him, amidst all of which he had stood true to the faith of his fathers and the traditions of his ancient race,—old Manuel Prabhu reverently took up the volume from where it lay. In better days it had been the proudest possession of his ancestors; in these evil days, it was his only comfort. As he held it in his trembling hands, the history of well-nigh a century and a half must have passed in review before his mind's eye. In Salsette, the Puran had been faithfully transcribed with the care and veneration due to its author and its contents. In all their wanderings from Salsette to Canara, it had accompanied his ancestors, and for years it had remained in the now-desolate ancestral home at Oomzoor; and when the stranger was at his door ordering him in insolent terms to gird his loins for a distant journey, it was one of the few things he could ill afford to part with. Such was the volume out of which the old man read.

Little was said and less still resolved upon for the common weal. The meeting was rudely broken in upon by the sudden appearance of a Soutahdar in our midst, who announced that an assembly of Christians such as this one, gave grave offence to the authorities. He seized upon the Puran as proof positive of the offence. He asked that the person or persons responsible for the convening of this body of men should follow him to the Peerzada (grand almoner) to learn from him how Christians were in future to demean themselves in their religious meetings. I stood up as ready to answer for everything done in contravention of the laws, and as such I was led away before the Peerzada, while my friends, wiser and sadder, were making their way to their dwellings.

As far as I could make out, the Peerzada was exercising an authority he had no right to. I, however, allowed myself to be handled by his minions rather than see my people come to grief among strangers. The Peerzada was a good old man in his own way. His goodness lay in a determination so thoroughly to enjoy the few days

that yet remained to him that he never allowed himself to be hurried through anything, least of all through state matters. He greeted me with a broad grin, and the Book with savage joy, as much as to say: "Here's a precious find. 'Twill help me to square certain accounts lying unsettled between your Abdullah and myself."

While I was left in painful solitude to muse on what the slow course of justice would bring me, Abdullah and his son were wondering at the prolonged absence of their servant. Soon the wonder gave place to feelings which with children often find vent in a torrent of tears, which had the desirable effect of Abdullah making an official inquiry into the whereabouts of his trusty servant. To reason with a child when that child is bent on weeping or having his own way, was out of the question. To treat with the Peerzada, an odious character in his eyes, was beneath his dignity. Not to compromise his position and yet to rescue me from his enemy's hands, he hired half-a-dozen town-criers and dispatched them at night-fall to parade the four narrow streets around the Peerzada's mansion, and sing extempore verses telling how Abdullah mourned over his servant and rent his garments in grief, how Sultans had favoured him, and much in the same strain more kind, perhaps, than true. The Grand Almoner heard it all in common with every passer-by: he would not have the luxury of paying off old scores at the cost of incurring the Sultan's displeasure. Before the stars had time to take their accustomed places in the heavens, I was a free man and at my master's side.

While these events were happening, Manuel Prabhu, anxious for the fate of his Puran, took measures for recovering it. With the aid of friends, he had a memorial drawn up recounting its merits, and dropped the document into the hands of a Souquedar with a request to place it at the feet of the Sultan.

The answer to the petition was a summons to the Peerzada to appear with the Book. But in the course of a few days, the tome had undergone many changes. It had been divested of its leathern case, cut into four unequal parts so that it might no longer have a right to be called a Christian thing,

and the four parts were now in the safe keeping of the Peerzada's favourites, while he himself took the empty case as reward large enough for his bootless pains. The several parts had, therefore, to be brought together and submitted to the royal gaze. Looking at it with evident pleasure, "An old acquaintance of mine," the Sultan exclaimed; "who would have thought we should meet each other once more!" and laying it beside himself on the sofa related to his courtiers how that same volume had been very near coming into his possession at the siege of Mangalore. After the capture of the town, the Portuguese merchants who had been established there for several generations, were seized and taken before Hyder Ali. Short-sighted as they were, they had calculated that the successes of Wood and Smith would place the land in the hands of the English, and had made an agreement with them for supplying the army with provisions. With the Portuguese, came several priests stationed in the three churches at Mangalore. Hyder demanded of the chief of the Portuguese factory, what punishment the Christians usually inflicted on those who betray their sovereign by giving assistance to his enemies. The officer without hesitation answered that the crime deserved death. Hyder graciously replied, "I judge not in that manner, for our laws are milder. Since they have made themselves English by engaging to serve them, their property shall be adjudged to belong to Englishmen; and themselves shall be thrown into prison until such time as I make peace with that nation." "And this," said Tippu pointing to the book, "is what I saw in the hands of the grey-haired priest that came to plead the cause of his people. This was the treasure I longed to possess and should have possessed but for my father's rebuke: 'It ill becomes a prince to covet his subjects' goods.' "

The Puran was now the Sultan's prize. But how restore it to its pristine state? The four officials that had laid sacrilegious hands on it were to expiate their crime by working at its restoration. It was a most refreshing sight to watch the doubled-up figures of the four worthies poring over the thousand bits of paper that once formed the pages of the Estevam Puran. They were laid between

square pieces of the thinnest muslin, and held together by the finest gum, and at the day's close, page after page was subjected to a close examination by the Peerzada. Under such auspices the work sped apace and in three weeks the Puran was ready for presentation to Tippu Sultan.

It was poor consolation for Manuel Prabhu to hear that his Puran was placed alongside the Alcoran in the royal library, but it was some satisfaction to him that it had been rescued from unholy hands. Ten years were to pass before it was restored to its rightful owner, at which time we may place the dawn of better days for the Catholics of Seringapatam.

### To the Longest Word.

"Incircumscriptibleness," the longest word which has yet appeared in the Oxford Dictionary, is included in the part which has just been issued.—"Daily Paper."

Hail, verbal prodigy! reverent wonder  
 Everywhere greets you from north to the south,  
 For to pronounce you would shatter asunder  
 Even the fabled Gargantua's mouth.  
 As we behold you, our awe is renewed in us,  
 Yes, with emotion our bosoms are stirred,  
 Septisyllabic, immense, amplitudinous,  
 Largest, leviathan, limitless word!

Awed by the march of your twenty-two letters,  
 Mere polysyllables, shrinking aside,  
 Huddled and shrunk, making room for their betters,  
 Hunt for a corner in which they may hide.  
 If you can think, you must feel very often ease,  
 Pride and delight, as you note with surprise  
 Only the hotchpot of old Aristophanes  
 (That a mere compound) surpassed you in size.

Murray and Bradley, they are who supply us,  
 Diligent searchers! with knowledge of you;  
 Delved from the works of one Byfield the pious,  
 Now are your stately proportions on view.  
 As o'er the work that your presence so decks I con,  
 Only intent upon finding your place,  
 "You are the glory," I cry, "of lexicon,  
 You with your lengthy and languorous grace!"

Thoughts of you do with such ecstasies thrill me,  
 Giving such strength to heart and to brain,  
 That though five flagons of red wine you fill me,  
 Five times I'll drain them to you, and again.  
 Then with distinctness and perfect ebriety,  
 Giving each syllable adequate stress,  
 I will, rejoicing all ranks of society,  
 Mention my incircumscriptibleness!

—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

## English Pronunciation.

A LECTURE BY FATHER GEORGE KINGDON, S. J.

(Concluded.)

### U.

Whenever this vowel is long in English it has a sound of *y* before it (according to the English name of the letter), except after *r* and *l* following another consonant, when the *y* sound is omitted, because it is produced with difficulty after these letters. Thus we say *rude*, *rule*, *true*, *brute*, not *ryude*, *ryule*, *tryue*, *bryute*, which are irksome to utter; and though we say *lyute*, *lyure*, *elyude*, *Lyuther*, yet when the *l* follows a consonant the *y* is dropped, as in *plume*, *flute*. In all other situations, however, we must be very careful to sound the *y*, otherwise we shall offend delicate ears. What can be coarser than *dook* for *duke*, *dooty* for *duty*, *stoooid* for *stupid*, *nooz* for *news*, *pursoo* for *pursue*? So also *constitootion*, *institootion*, &c., produce a most disagreeable effect. Still greater pains must be taken when this *u* is unaccented, as it very easily glides into some other sound. So we must be careful to pronounce *singular*, *regular*, *particular* with the *y* sound. I have two little notes to make about this *y* sound which belongs to our English *u*.

(1) When this *u* begins a word the indefinite article (*a*) is used before it, and not (*an*). As we use (*a*) before words beginning with the letter *y*, as "*a youth*," "*a yellow handkerchief*," and as it would be absurd to say "*an youth*," so we use (*a*) before the sound of *y* in *u*; and it would be just as absurd to use (*an*) in one case as in the other. So we say "*a union*," "*a united family*," &c. The printers always put (*an*) in these cases, but this is because they work by the rule of thumb. The same thing holds when we have the sound of *w* (as in the word "*one*") without the letter being expressed. In this case we ought to say "*such a one*" not "*such an one*."

(2) This *y* sound before *u* often produces a similar modification of the preceding consonant to that which we have seen *i* before another vowel produce: as in *mansion*, *nation*, &c. This is the way I account for the modification of *s* in the

words *sugar*, *sure*, *censure*, *tonsure*, *pressure*, *issue*; and the still greater softening of *s* in the words *pleasure*, *treasure*, *usury*. *T* and *d* are also sometimes modified in a similar way before *u*, as *verdure*, *creature*, *signature*; and I think it must be allowed in the words *fortune*, *nature*, *feature*; but certainly not in *arduous* nor *educate*, nor in *latitude* or *multitude*. In any case this is only found in unaccented syllables, therefore we must never say *choon* for *tune*, *chooter* for *tutor*, nor *juke* for *duke*, nor *jew* for *dew* (or *due*).

### Y.

The only remark I have on this vowel is, that when it ends a verb it seems always to have the sound of long *i*, even when unaccented: as *satisfy*, *multiply*, *occupy*. At the end of other words, however, unless accented, its sound is that of short *i*: as *happy*, *cherry*, &c. There is one substantive, however, which is an exception to this, viz., *prophecy*, which has exactly the same sound as the corresponding verb *to prophesy*, although there is a slight difference in spelling. I see Mr. Cull, F.S.A. of London, agrees with me in this, though Walker and others erroneously tells us to call the substantive *prophesie*. (See Dean Alford, *Queen's English*, p. 53.)

I must now say a few words on some of the consonants. *C* soft is always like hard *s*, never like *z*. I mention this because the dictionaries generally tell us to pronounce the substantive *sacrifice* hard, and the verb soft, thus, *sacrifize*, which is quite wrong and quite intolerable. I have often observed this error committed. The same must be said of *suffice*, which must not be pronounced *suffize*, whatever the dictionaries say. *C* is of course soft (*i. e.*, soft for *c*, but equal to a hard *s*) before *e* and *i*; but there is one word where it is hard like *k*, viz., *sceptic*, because it represents the Greek  $\kappa$ : I mention this because I have heard the pronunciation *septic* used and defended by persons some years ago. All I will say about *d* is to ask you to be very particular always to sound it plainly in the little word *and*. This word is so constantly occurring that any error in it is undergoing constant multiplication, and seems to colour our whole style.

The letter *f* is sounded like *v* in one word only, namely, *of*. The conjunction *if* is sometimes vulgarly pronounced *iv*. There is, however, one phrase in which *f* seems to slide allowably into the *v* sound, viz., when we speak of a *calf's head*. This arises from the *s* that follows it being softened (why I can't say), and this softening of the *s* necessarily involves the softening of the *f*. Even the preposition *of*, however, is pronounced hard when in composition: as in the words *thereof*, *whereof*.

While on the subject of softening I may as well speak of the letter *s* (though out of its order). The first or natural sound of *s* is hard, as heard in its name, but it is so often softened to *z*, and that so frequently without any apparent reason or law, that it is a very puzzling letter, and it requires more observation to be correct in its use than almost any other letter. Thus, though we say *az* and *haz*, yet we must not say *gaz* but *gass*, and we must never on any account say *uz* (which is simply horrible) but *uss*. Again, we say *dizeaze* with a *z* sound, but *disorder* with a hard *s*. So we must not say *dizzern* for *discern*, nor *dizzeble* for *dissemble*; both of which I often hear. Yet even double *s* is sometimes softened into *z* as in *scissors*, *possess*, and even *dissolve*. In this latter word the effect is, I think, produced by the soft letter *v* which closes the next syllable, for the tongue naturally joins soft sounds together, and hard sounds together, but is very loth to mix them. There are some words with *s* for a final sound, which are both nouns and verbs, and these are generally distinguished in utterance by hardening the *s* in *nouns*, and softening it in the *verbs*. Thus we say *grease*, but *to greaze*; *use*, but *to uze*; and so on. It is no doubt from a wish to extend this principle that some people pronounce *r-i-s-e* with a hard *s* when it is a substantive: thus, *rice*. There is, however, no usage to justify this: it is consequently a pedantic pronunciation, and there is also the inconvenience of confounding the sound of this word with that of the grain so much used and so much needed now in India. How awkward to have to say, "There is a rice in the price of rice." There are one or two other words in which the *s* is wrongly softened: e. g., we must speak of the *base* of a triangle or of

a pillar, not of its *baze*; and the same holds of the other form of the same word: *basis*, not *bazis*. *Crisis* again must always have its *s*'s hard, never *crizis*. Both these sounds, the hard and the soft *s*, sometimes suffer a thickening, so that the first comes to sound like *sh*, and the other like *zh*: as in *pressure*, *pleasure*. I have spoken of this change under the vowels, because it is the vowel which causes the change. But I often hear *sh* where it ought not to be heard. Thus *queshtion* used to be the common pronunciation in this place when I first knew it.

*G* is generally (like *c*) soft before *e* and *i*, and hard before the other vowels; but the first part of this rule is not by any means without exception. There are of course many words in which *g* is hard before *e* and *i*, such as *get* and *gig*. The only instance I remember in which a mistake is sometimes made is *target*: the *g* is hard here, yet I have heard it pronounced (quite wrongly) *tarjet*. In one word *g* is pronounced soft before *a*, as *gaol*. The position in which *g* is most maltreated is when it follows *n*, in which case the two letters generally combine to form a single nasal sound. They do not always do so, as when they do not belong to the same syllable, and some degree of accent falls on the syllable to which the *n* belongs: thus, in *congratulate* the *n* and the *g* are separate in sound; as they are also in *ginger*, *angel*. However, they generally coalesce, and when they do they have two sounds, one in which the *g*-sound is not carried on to the following vowel, as in the word *hang-er* (a kind of sword), and the other in which the *g*-sound is carried on *hard* to the vowel following, as in *anger*. There are two very prevalent faults on this point: the first is leaving out the *g* altogether, which is always wrong, and has a very vulgar and repulsive sound, as *shillin'*, *goin'*, *strenth*, *lenth*. This, I repeat, is dreadful. Walker, most reprehensively, allows this where a previous syllable has the *ng*-sound: thus, he pronounces the present participles of *sing*, *ring*, *singin'*, *ringin'*, to avoid the repetition of the sound. But this cannot stand for a moment, for the sound is an easy one to repeat, and a very pleasant one, too. The second fault is in pronouncing the *g* hard on to the following vowel, where it ought not to be heard. As, for

instance, in the derivative forms from the verbs just mentioned, we must not say *sing-ging*, *sin-ger*, nor *ring-ging*, *ring-ger*, but simply *sing-ing*, *sing-er*. The same holds in all similar cases. Adjectives, however, which end in *ng*, do sound the *g* in their comparatives and superlatives: as *long*, *longer*, *longest*; *strong*, *stronger*, *strongest*; *young*, *younger*, *youngest*.

*H*. Take care to sound it except in the few words—*heir*, *honest*, *honour*, *hour*; in some it is allowable, as *herb*, *humble*, *hostler*, *hospital*; in *what*, *whip*, *whale*, &c. (Sullivan, p. 21), it is not really sounded after *w*; it sometimes fades in unaccented syllables, as *shepherd*, or where it requires as in *effort*, *exhort*. Even at the beginning it is unaccented, as *heroic*, *heretical*, *historical*: in these cases *an* is used.

*L* is sometimes silent, as in *calm*, *salmon*, *talk*, *psalm*, &c. The dictionaries tell us it is silent in *falcon*, which they pronounce *fawkon*; and in *almond*. In the first they should certainly be heard, and I think in the latter also. There is a whole class of words having an *l* sound after a long vowel in the last syllable, in which a very common and most offensive error is committed by making the sound of the vowel slide into a different one on reaching the *l*: thus, instead of *mile* we hear *mi-ul*, instead of *field* we hear *fee-uld*, instead of *zeal* we hear *zee-ul*. This is a very bad error, and great pains should be taken to mend it. There is one word, however, which properly forms two syllables, viz., *reāl*, as coming from the Mediæval Latin word *realis*. It would be wrong to pronounce this word as one syllable.

*N* is silent when it follows *m*: as *column*, *condemn*. It is sometimes vulgarly omitted in *government*; and I was never more astonished than to find all the dictionaries one after another tell us to omit it in the word *kiln*: thus, they say *lime-kil*, *kil-burner*. This is simple carelessness. If ever it was the general usage, it is not so now.

*PH* takes the sound of *f*; but it is like *v* in *nephew*, *Stephen*, &c.

*Q* always has *u* after it, which *u* is generally sounded like *w*. It is sometimes silent, or *qu* is = *k*: as in *conquer*, *conqueror*, though we say *conquest*.

Walker wrongly speaks of *harlekin*, and, indeed, in this our friend *Sullivan* follows him.

*R* has a great deal to say. It has two uses: one perfectly soft, as a sort of semi-vowel, modifying the preceding vowel, and sometimes adding a kind of obscure tail of sound. In this case it is never rolled or trilled. Secondly, it has the harsh, growling sound which gives it the name of the Dog's Letter. Where it belongs to a vowel preceding it it has the soft value, where to the vowel following it is always rolled. Here we come across one of the most distinctive errors of the Irish pronunciation, for they roll the *r* where it ought to be silent, as in such words as *world*, *harm*, and keep it silent where it ought to be rolled, as in *Par-is*, *clār-et*, *carr-ion*, *barr-el*. There is a fault, however, which I wish especially to see corrected everywhere, connected with the semi-vowel force of *r*, on which I must dwell a little. There are many words which, though of only one syllable, yet have a sliding sound in their vowel part, which ought to be heard, and heard distinctly, and is caused by a following *r*. They are a very large class, containing all sorts of vowels. It is curious that the same people who offend by introducing this sound before *l* offend by omitting it before *r*. In such words as *more*, *shore*, *door*, &c., the sound of *aw* which begins the vowel sound slides into *er* in consequence of the *r*; and the second sound must be heard. It is quite wrong to pronounce them *maw*, *thaw*, *daw*, as very many do. I will enumerate other similar words that you may see how many vowels and what different spellings are involved: *mare*, *prayer*, *pair*, *bear*, *there*; *fear*, *sphere*, *queer*, *beard*; *fire*, *choir*; *more*, *floor*, *four*, *force*, *form* (bench), *borne*, *sword*; *poor*, *your*; *our*, *power*. Some pronounce the verb *were* (from *to be*) *werr*. This may have been anciently right; but not now. Some say *therfor*, *wherfore*; this also is wrong.

The harsh, rolling sound of *r* has a tendency to degenerate into the smooth, semi-vocal force of the letter, and it does this by putting itself after the vowel rather than before it. The words *apron*, *iron*, are frequently now pronounced *apurn*, *iurn*: even Walker allows this, though our friend Dr. Sullivan of Dublin disapproves. This tendency is

often heard affecting the words *children*, *hundred*, when pronounced currently. Tennyson seems to sanction it in *hunderd* in his Charge at Balaklava. It is not yet admitted, I think, by good speakers. In the word *brethren* the *r* is always rolled, though here again strangely enough we sometimes hear it pronounced *brethern*.

*T* is silent in many words after *f* and *s*, as *often*, *soften*; *castle*, *apostle*; *Christmas*, *chestnut*. Walker says it is silent in *currants*.

*W* must not be dropped in the second syllable of *awkward*.

## What is to Paraphrase?

PARAPHRASE is often treated as synonymous with word-substitution. This is a mistake. Word-substitution is no proof that a passage has been understood: it demands nothing beyond acquaintance with synonyms; and acquaintance with synonyms does not necessarily imply the knowledge of the ideas they convey.

What, then, is the true notion of Paraphrase? The paraphrasing of a few passages will throw light on this question.

- 1) .....It seems to me,  
'Tis only noble to be good.  
Kind hearts are more than coronets,  
And simple faith than Norman blood.

*Paraphrase*: In my opinion, true nobility consists in virtue. It is nobler to be simple and honest and kind-hearted than to hold a lofty position or to be high-born.

- 2) 'Tis the heart in danger true,  
The honour free from stain,  
The soul that scorns the vain,  
Holding the world but at its due,  
That makes the gentleman.

*Paraphrase*: Gentlemanliness consists in fidelity to friends in danger, in spotless honour, in a sincere contempt of the vanities of this world, and in the appreciating of the things of this world at their true value.

- 3) The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,  
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well;  
Remote from man, with God he passed his days,  
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise,

*Paraphrase*: He slept on moss, had a cave for his modest dwelling, fed on fruit, and drank the pure water of a well; he lived in solitude far away from the society of men, and spent his time exclusively in praying to God, and found his sole delight in praising him.

Now, for the method of paraphrasing. It may be deduced from the passages already paraphrased. From them it appears that the method of paraphrasing consists in changing grammatical constructions and phraseology. Change of phraseology is imperative in the case of (1) difficult language, (2) words confined to poetry, as *ire*, *aye*, *still* (= always), etc., and (3) Figures of speech, chiefly such as would not be employed in ordinary prose, as "Blest that abode where want and pain repair." Though verbal modifications fully enter into the idea of Paraphrase, it is a mistake to suppose that every word or phrase must be replaced by an equivalent one. (1) "How happy I am to see you!" (2) "It makes me so happy to see you," (3) "I am very happy to see you," are so many different ways of expressing the same idea: they present hardly any verbal alteration; yet each one of them is a good paraphrase of the others. Take, again, the lines,

- "'Tis not the gently graceful gait  
That makes the gentleman."

These may be very well paraphrased without altering the words "gently graceful," thus—"To be a gentleman it is not necessary to move gently and gracefully." It is a grave error to substitute words for *specific* names of objects, as *man*, *bird*, *table*, *book*, etc.: to say, for example, "I encountered two human beings" for "I met two men," or "The hollow of a mountain was his modest room" for "The cave his humble cell."

From the foregoing remarks it may be gathered that "To paraphrase is to reproduce ideas in a different way from the passage in which they occur: it is to take hold of ideas stripped of the words in which they are clothed and to present them *in your own style*."

TRICHINOPOLY.

C. C.

## Reading for Boys.

BOYS have always been and will always be fond of reading, whether it be books of adventure, science or history. The boy who does not read at all is rather an exception, nowadays that there are books within the reach of every body. What books they should read, has, however, been a question which has never been fully answered. Some boys will revel in books of adventure and travel written by writers such as Ballantyne, Henty, Jules Verne; some of a quieter sort will delight in the works of Scott and Dickens, while those with a poetic turn of mind will prefer to pass their time in the company of Tennyson, Longfellow and like writers.

Whatever may be the choice of the boy, he ought to have his favourite authors, and read over and over again such works as he finds to be helpful, until he has them at the tip of his fingers. In this way he will gain more knowledge than by devouring books of different authors, just to satisfy his craving for sensation. But it must not be understood from the above that one should stick to one author only, and leave the others in the lurch. By no means, let him vary his reading with different authors, and I here name some authors that, in my humble opinion, are not unfit for boys.

Henty is deservedly a great favourite with boys of all ages. His spicy stories of adventure, fighting and daring, intermingled with bits of history, are really worth reading. But there is one fault which anyone who reads his works will soon find out. In the one hundred and odd books he has written for boys there is always that sameness. He invariably begins his story by introducing a hero who is beset with difficulties and misfortunes in the beginning of his career, which in the end he overcomes through luck or through his own courage or daring. This sameness, however, is amply compensated for to the reader by the pleasure and interest which he derives from his works.

On the merits of Jules Verne I need not enlarge. Where is the boy who has not read a single work of the great writer? If such there be, he has pleasure in store, and the sooner he gets acquainted with the works of the great French author, the

better. It is hard to say which is the best work Jules Verne has written. Everyone of them has a peculiar charm of its own, and they all not only afford pleasure to the reader, but are highly instructive and profitable into the bargain.

Many will be surprised when I mention the name of Prescott as a writer for boys. Well, let anyone read his "Conquest of Peru," and his "Conquest of Mexico," and follow Pizarro and Cortes into the land of the Incas and the Aztecs, and he will soon change his opinion. Although the two above-mentioned works are historical, yet the author's style makes them equal in interest to the best novels. What I most admire in Prescott is his seeming impartiality and the almost complete suppression of bigotry in the works named, which fit him to rank in the first line of historical writers.

Among the writers of travel, Dr. David Livingstone and Sir Henry M. Stanley are interesting and useful, especially now that everyone's attention is engrossed in the war in South Africa.

Nowadays there are many school stories, particularly in the magazines for boys. However "Tom Brown's Schooldays" is naturally liked by all boys. "Eric" and "Julian Home" have sometimes been recommended, but I leave it to my readers to judge their merits. I think there is too much of the bad character in the boy of the first book, and too much of the good in the latter. Of late Father Francis Finn, S. J., of Cincinnati, Ohio, has joined the front rank of writers of school stories, and as his works are so well known in India, I need not descant on their merits. His books would be still more popular among boys in India, if, in the course of his stories, he mentioned cricket instead of baseball, which is Greek to the majority of the boys in India. But charity begins at home. His works were written for American boys, who seem to be infatuated with their national game. Father Finn is said to have "discovered the American boy." May his and their tribe increase!

But I cannot go on mentioning names at this rate, as, even if the Editor allowed me, the end would still be far off. I venture, however, to mention a few names more: David Ker, Ascott R. Hope, Lewis Carroll, George Manville Fenn and Gordon Stables are a few among the favourites of

boys. I cannot close the list without again mentioning Sir Walter Scott and Charles Dickens. These two and Jules Verne have always been my favourites. I have read their works again and again, and I think I can go on reading them to the end without getting tired.

Now, one word about reading magazines and serial stories. I am not going to mention any names of magazines, as there are so many of them nowadays, especially for boys, that it would be hard to say which of them is the best. There are some boys, however, who never care to read a serial story, not having patience enough to wait for the successive instalments. I think this is a great mistake. When a boy sits down to read a story like Conan Doyle's "Sherlock Holmes," he, with good reason too, does not like to get up from his seat until he has devoured it. This is sometimes natural, but the strain on the mind is great, and the profit derived is small. On the contrary, when a person reads a serial, he has, willy-nilly, to keep his curiosity in check till the next number of the magazine, and in the meantime he can ruminate over what he has read, and if necessary read over the back numbers in order not to miss the thread of the narrative. In the end he will be the gainer, for on reading the story again he will come across choice bits which he might have overlooked the first time.

Papers like "Tit-bits" are becoming common everywhere, but I am afraid they do very little benefit to their readers. They are useful to pass away the hour on a rainy day, or when one is in the blues, but for regular reading I fail to see much use in them. They are like sparks coming out of a bonfire, brilliant and grand while they last, but afterwards mere ashes. Penny-dreadfuls and such like should be shunned as you would a cobra.

Lastly, as the Scotch parson says, every boy ought to have a rule when reading. Of course we are told by our master in school to keep a notebook beside us, in order to jot down whatever may strike our minds. To this, let me add, keep always a dictionary by your side. It is never so annoying as when completely engrossed in an interesting book to have to get up and hunt for a dictionary to look for a word you do not understand. Having

a dictionary with you, use it well. Do not wait until you come to the end of the chapter to hunt up the words you do not understand or have a hazy notion of.

If you do not care to go according to the above directions, well, do not be surprised, when the examination in English Composition comes round, that you have succeeded to secure . . . . . a plough.

J. Junghenn.

### The Old-Fashioned Novel.

How dear to my heart are the books of my boyhood,  
When fond recollection presents them to view;  
How I pored over Scott, how I used to enjoy Hood,  
And how I loved Dickens and Thackeray, too.

The worn-out old Shakespeare, the Wide, Wide World by it,  
The volume of Cooper I bought for myself;  
The Robinson Crusoe, the Swiss Family nigh it,  
And e'en the old novel that lay on the shelf.  
The old-fashioned novel,  
The yellow-backed novel,  
The paper-bound novel  
That lay on the shelf.

That old-fashioned novel I hailed as a treasure,  
And often at night when returned from the field,  
I found it the source of exquisite pleasure;  
A tale of great interest 'twas certain to yield.

A book with a story! how greatly I'd prize it  
Could I but obtain one 'mong books of to-day,  
But wiseacre critics affect to despise it—  
They say it is trivial, crude and *passée*.  
The old-fashioned novel,  
The yellow-backed novel,  
The paper-bound novel  
Is sneered at to-day.

And so we must wade through a deep speculation  
On endless abstraction of ethical themes;  
Or flounder about in a concatenation  
Of hypnotic visions and psychical dreams.

Or else we are lost in some dialect mazes,  
Or gory adventurers on moorland and fen;  
And nowhere we find to receive our fond praises  
A sound, wholesome story of women and men.  
The old-fashioned novel,  
The yellow-backed novel,  
The paper-bound novel  
'We'll ne'er see again.

—Saturday Evening Post (Philadelphia).

## Olla Podrida.

IN the issue of this Magazine for Michaelmas 1898 there was a description of the single-rail elevated railway invented by M. Lartigue, a French engineer, that has been in successful operation for the last twelve years in the south of Ireland. The line connects the two towns of Listowel and Ballybunion, ten miles apart, and up to the present is the only one of the kind in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. Another line on the same mono-rail system is projected to supply the demand for more rapid transit between the two great cities of Liverpool and Manchester. The limit of speed on ordinary railways for the last twenty years has been practically fixed at sixty miles an hour. Eighty miles an hour may be done with safety only on a perfect road, but it is proposed to attain a speed of 110 miles an hour with absolute safety on the new single-line railway about to be constructed. Mr. Behr, who is claimed by some to be the inventor of the system, has added many improvements to the railway constructed by Mr. Lartigue, substituting, among others, electric for steam traction. The single rail is laid on the top of an A-shaped trestle about four feet high, on which the weight of the car is carried. Below the top rail there are two guiding rails which bear the lateral pressure when the train rocks or rounds a curve. The trestles are constructed of steel and bolted into sleepers. As the centre of gravity lies far below the top rail, derailment is practically impossible no matter how great the speed. The distance between Liverpool and Manchester will be covered in twenty minutes, which means that the train will travel at the lively rate of over a hundred miles an hour. The capital of the company formed for this new project is set at two millions sterling. The enterprise will be watched with a good deal of interest, and should it prove a success will be extended elsewhere. The wonder is that more attention has not been paid to it up to this.

*Note.*—Just as the above was set up for the press news was received from England that the Committee of the House of Commons that had to report on the project of the Manchester-Liverpool

Electric Express decided adversely to it, so that Parliamentary sanction has been withheld. The chief consideration that doomed the proposed line was that "it had been laid out without adequate and reasonable regard to existing interests." We would advocate the building of a line of the kind from Mangalore to Baliapatam to meet the Calicut-Cannanore extension of the Madras Railway. It would suit the country to be traversed and we believe would not damage any interests we need care about.—*Editor M. M.*

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Mr. J. R. Thursfield makes the following timely protest in *Literature* against what he calls Fleet Street French, *i. e.*, the French which many of us employ to season our English:—"Fleet Street writes, or did write, of a combat *à l'outrance*, but the French phrase has no definite article. Fleet Street will hint at a *double entendre*, but French knows no such expression. Fleet Street positively delights in a *bête noir*, though *bête* is a feminine substantive, and *noir* is not the feminine form of the adjective. We may write *chaperon* in French or "chaperone," if we like, in English; but if we write *chaperone* in italics, we only show that we know neither French nor English. I should say the same of *morale* and *moral*, two quite different words in French, though Fleet Street never seems to know the difference between them, were it not that on this point I come in conflict with the high authority of Professor Saintsbury. In his book on Mathew Arnold, the learned Professor writes *morale* in Italics, and justifies himself in a note by an appeal to long-established usage. I admit the force of the appeal, but surely a compromise is possible. If we write the word in Italics—the recognised way of indicating its foreign character and origin—we surely ought to write it *moral*, *morale* having in French an entirely different meaning. . . . . The "moral" of an army is by no means the same thing as the "moral" of a tale. Why not naturalise it at once and spell it our own way "morale" without italics?"

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There is no bust of Sir Walter Raleigh in London. That omission is one which the Hon. John Collier, his fellow Devonian, laments and seeks to repair. Remembering what the busts of

London are, the omission may not be wholly a bad compliment to Sir Walter. Otherwise, there are few men of "the spacious days" to whom one would prefer to do honour. It is worth recalling here, because the fact is usually overlooked, that though Sir Walter was not a Catholic, there was a suspicion against him as being one, a suspicion which no doubt had its due prejudice with the jury who condemned him to death. The indictment charged him "with high treason," in that he conspired to put on the English throne with the help of Spain the Lady Arabella Stuart "who would tolerate Popery;" and Sir Edward Coke, the Attorney-General, in his invectives against Raleigh, accused him of a design "to alter religion" and of having "an English face but a Spanish heart." In a sense, therefore, Raleigh may be said to have been a martyr for the faith he did not profess. By all means let London have his statue, if a sculptor can be found who is able for the task.

Yet Sir Walter Raleigh's enduring monument must be that noble passage of his about Death, by the writing of which his own praise as a master of English prose can never die. He has been speaking of kings and princes, and he says: "They neglect the advice of God, while they enjoy life or hope of it; but they follow the counsel of Death upon its first approach. It is he that puts into man all the wisdom of the world without speaking a word. Death, which hateth and destroyeth man, is believed; God, which hath made him, and loves him, is always deferred. 'I have considered' (saith Solomon) 'all the works that are under the sun, and behold, all is vanity and vexation of spirit;' but who believes it till Death tells it us? It is Death alone that can suddenly make man know himself. He tells the proud and insolent that they are but abjects, and humbles them at the instant; makes them cry, complain, and repent; yea, even to hate their forepassed happiness. He takes the account of the rich and proves him a beggar; a naked beggar, which hath interest in nothing but in the gravel that fills his mouth. He holds a glass before the eyes of the most beautiful, and makes them see therein their deformity and rottenness; and they acknowledge it. O eloquent, just, and mighty Death! whom none could advise, thou

hast persuaded; what none have dared, thou hast done; and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised; thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man and covered it all over with these two narrow words, *Hic Facet.*" Such a sentence, so charged with gravity, and so urgent in appeal, was no doubt all in Raleigh's disfavour, for it, too, smacks of Popery and Popish writers—*The Tablet.*

\* \* \* \*

It is not a little surprising to find apparently innocent substances such as milk and water brought into relation with explosives of the highest power. Experiments have been lately carried out at Turin with a new explosive invented by Colonel Cornara d'Asti, of the Italian artillery, and based upon the detonating property residing in water strongly compressed in a steel recipient, and submitted to decomposition by electricity. It is claimed that the explosive power thus obtained is twenty-eight times greater than that of dynamite, and fifty-six times greater than that of gunpowder. It is called "Cosmos," and enjoys the advantage of costing very little, and of "allowing the extent of the explosion to be determined according to the need of the case." After this we are prepared to hear that there is a constituent of lyddite to be found in milk—not, however, the cream-bearing and butter-yielding milk from the cow, but the sophisticated milky composition the dairyman makes, like Hodge's razors, to sell. One of the best colouring matters used for the purpose of giving a rich appearance to this milk to which the cow with the iron tail (commonly known as the pump) has largely contributed, is Martius yellow, also called naphthol-yellow, saffron yellow, etc. This substance is chemically dinitroalpha-naphthol, a preparation from naphthalene and an important constituent in the making of lyddite. Martius yellow is slightly explosive when heated, but it is not dangerous on this account when used in the pseudo-milk.

\* \* \* \*

Hallam the historian gave the following riddle to a lady to solve, giving her a year in which to solve it. He died before the year was up, and it

has remained to the present day as great a puzzle as when he proposed it:—

I sit on a rock whilst I'm raising the wind,  
But, the storm once abated, I'm gentle and kind;  
I've kings at my feet, who await but by nod,  
To kneel in the dust on the ground I've trod.  
Tho' seen to the world, I'am known but to few,  
The Gentile detests me, I'm pork to the Jew.  
I never have passed but one night in the dark,  
And that was with Noah alone in the ark.  
My weight is three pounds, my length is a mile,  
And when I'm discovered you'll say with a smile,  
That my first and my last are the best of our Isle.

At Kodaikanal recently a prize was offered by the hostess at an At Home for the solution of the following ingenious riddle. The guests were set to rack their brains to supply in the subjoined verse the missing words, each of which consists of the same six letters:—

A ——— sat in his ——— gray,  
Watching the moonbeams ——— play,  
On a keg which low in the branches lay.  
And as he sat he sang,  
"Thou ——— the brave:  
"Thou ——— the strong:  
"To thee ——— the ——— of war doth belong."  
And the trees with a ——— took up the song.

The sojourners on the Palnai Hills were no witches at a riddle if they failed to supply the missing links in the sutler's lay.

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The "Battle of the Centuries" has been fought and won, and the victory rests with those who claim the present year of grace as forming an integral part of the nineteenth century. An interesting question is now likely to be mooted as to where the twentieth century will really begin and who will be the first to live in it. It seems that this will be a new feather in the cap of the natives of the Friendly Islands, a group in the Pacific Ocean. They will be recording Tuesday, January 1, 1901, when all the rest of the world that takes its time from Greenwich will be in some phase of Monday, December 31, 1900, the last day of the nineteenth century everywhere outside of Germany. At Melbourne people will be going to bed, for it will be nearly ten o'clock; at Manilla it will be two hours earlier in the evening; at Calcutta the British residents will be discussing their Monday afternoon dinner, for it will be about the peckish hour of six

o'clock; and in London, "Big Ben," in the tower of the House of Commons, will be sounding the hour of noon. In Boston, New York and Washington half the people will be breakfasting, while in Chicago they will be opening their eyes for the last time on the nineteenth century. At the same moment San Francisco will be in the deepest sleep of what is popularly called Sunday night, though really the dark hours of Monday morning, and half the Pacific will be wrapped in the darkness of the same morning hours, which become earlier to the West, until at Midway, or Brook's Islands, it will be but a few minutes past midnight of Sunday night.

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The *Academy*, a London weekly, has been offering a prize for such a description of a motor-car as Dr. Johnson might have written in his "Visit to the Hebrides" if he had encountered one of these vehicles in his travels. The following gained the prize: "That the eye may be the victim of hallucination, that the sense of hearing may misconceive its own internal impressions, believing that to be external to itself which is occasioned only by its own imperfection; nay, that even the olfactory organs, quickened by desire, or enfeebled by disease, may lean to conclusions unwarranted by fact and contrary to probability—each of these things separately is possible, and indeed borne out by experience; but that three senses should simultaneously combine to delude one who has hitherto called himself a reasonable being would be incredible but for the following circumstance: Yesterday, on the high road, within full view of the mansion of my host, there flashed, crashed, shot by me, with what appeared unexampled velocity, a machine, a portent, hideous as unexpected. Unaided by visible force external to itself it precipitated offensive igneous vapour as it passed, and instantly disappeared."

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Are we on the eve of a revolution in the matter of shorthand writing? A performance in London lately suggests the likelihood of stenography being produced by machinery at no distant date. An operator on the "Stenotyper," an American invention, took down from dictation, at a meeting of the

Incorporated Phonographic Society, 480 words in four minutes, or at an average rate of 120 words per minute. The passage dictated was selected by a member of the audience, and at the close of the dictation the operator read his notes aloud with hardly an error. The machine is almost noiseless, has six keys only, is small and light, and may be worked on the operator's knee. Will the twentieth century, we wonder, give us a new race of reporters, all armed with machines as a necessary part of their equipment?

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Where do children learn lying? Parents often look far afield to find an answer to this important question. If, however, they carefully read the following extract from an American magazine they may find that the school is oftentimes at home with them and that they themselves are the teachers:—

A Chicago kindergarten teacher says that mothers come to her so often, asking how they shall break their children from telling untruths, that she has almost come to think that lying is a national evil.

Humiliating as is this conclusion, its truth cannot be gainsaid. All teachers and most parents can testify that there is no other fault so common to childhood, or so difficult to eradicate. Boys, in particular, are so addicted to the habit that even when truth will serve their purpose equally well, they not infrequently resort to falsehood. Practice enables them to utter lies with the most deceptive sincerity, and to stick to them with the utmost hardihood, while their looks of injured innocence will often compel an accuser to withdraw the charge, and even to apologize for having preferred it. It is not so with girls, at least not to such an extent. They have less audacity, and it must also be admitted less cause for prevarication.

Next to a homeless cat there is no animal so generally bullied and driven to bay as the average boy. His faults, and they are many, are generally the direct results of his home education, a fact those Chicago mothers, and mothers everywhere, would do well to remember. A child who enters a kindergarten with the habit of lying already formed furnishes strong circumstantial evidence against his home training.

"I am so distressed," said a mother to her boy's teacher, "that Freddie could deceive you so. I can't imagine why he is so untruthful; His father is truth itself, and I'm sure no one ever heard me tell a lie. Call him in," she added, turning to her little daughter.

"He won't come if he knows Miss — is here," said the child.

"Say it's grandma wants him," suggested her mother; "that will fetch him."

And yet she wondered at her boy's untruthfulness!

"Have you a dog?" asked a tax collector at another home.

"Not a dog of any description," was the prompt reply.

"What about Speck, mamma?" asked the little son, appearing in the doorway with a tiny dog in his arms.

"Cost me two dollars," laughed his father relating the incident. "Capital joke on his mother, though"

Rather a costly joke, involving the loss of a boy's respect for his mother's veracity, and by reflex influence lowering his own standard of truth.

"You're a half an hour late, Willie," said another mother, "but here's an excuse; give it to the teacher, and she won't say a word." The child, who couldn't read writing, confidently delivered the note; it was an urgent request to have him punished, a mean revenge for some trouble he had given while being bathed and dressed.

If mean little lies and petty deceptions on the mother's part are the child's early object lessons, what wonder that he soon outstrips his teacher, and even shocks her by his proficiency in the art.

And yet many mothers contend that the school-room is the beginning of their children's moral deterioration, some even asserting that kindergarten teaching, by stimulating imagination, inculcates lying. The time spent in formulating this absurd charge would be better employed in dwelling upon their own great responsibility.

No thought of self, no desire to save trouble or avert a scene, should tempt a mother to swerve from truth in precept or example. She is the prime factor in her child's education; and her teaching, be it good or ill, will predominate over that of the schools.

Honesty and truth are urgent needs of the present age. Mothers should see to it that their little charges learn early what beauty and strength these homely virtues give to character; they win respect and confidence, and should be made an indispensable part of every boy's and girl's equipment for future work in the world.

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"It is a point worth noting that three of the very best College Magazines which lie before us hail from Roman Catholic institutions of the type of St. Joseph's College, namely, St. Aloysius', Mangalore, St. George's, Mussoorie, and St. Joseph's, Darjeeling."—*The Educational Review*.

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## The Ballade of Geometrie.

O, cruell Lorde Geometrie!  
 I' faithe my 'wildered braine doth trye  
 To graspe thy meaninge, but, oh my!  
 Howe difficulte thou art to mee  
 Thoughte others saye 'tis plaine to see  
 I studdie not, that this is why  
 Thye maximes I cannot applye;  
 Yett would that I were ridde of thee,  
 Geometrie! Geometrie!  
 Nowe prithe, Lorde Geometrie  
 Why dost thou love to trye mee soe?  
 Hast anie pittie for a foe?  
 I care not yf, from A to B  
 One lyne bee drawne, or two, or three,  
 Or yf ye squares bee hie or lowe,  
 With angles lying in a rowe,  
 Yf onlie I bee ridde of thee,  
 Geometrie! Geometrie!

—*The Georgetown College Journal.*

The *Mangalore Magazine* for Easter is a most interesting issue. All who knew the late Father Maffei, S. J., will appreciate the "Reminiscences" of him which Mr. P. Vas gives. The valuable series of articles on "Places of Interest in South Canara" is continued. Mr. Palmer gives a graphic account of his visit to the Gersoppa Falls which he approached from the Mangalore side. Both those who intend visiting the Falls and those who have already been there, will read the description with avidity. Mr. J. E. Saldanha writes one of the best critical accounts of Kipling's works which we have seen. Then there is a list of Konkani Proverbs with appropriate explanations. Under the title of "Land Tenures in the Native States of Western India," the Gras Tenure of Gujerat is ably described. Father Kingdon continues his interesting, and on the whole satisfactory, account of English Pronunciation. But we are unable to appreciate his onslaught on pronouncing dictionaries. He admits that it is only in doubtful cases that they cannot be trusted. Where Indian Students have not the advantage of being able to acquire their pronunciation direct from Englishmen, we should say they could not do better than go to a good pronouncing dictionary. Like Father Kingdon, we lived many years in London (it is true, not in 1840), and we never heard the word *soot* pronounced *sut* by the educated. Father Kingdon says: "As for *sut* being vulgar, that is mere nonsense." The reverend father will find that many are under the delusion that *sut* is vulgar.—*The Educational Review.*

## OBITUARY.

JOHN EMMANUEL BRITO, son of Mr. Nicholas Brito, died after a lingering illness on April the 6th, fortified by the rites of the Church. Born on September 22, 1865, he entered the College soon after its foundation and was among the second batch of Matriculates from it in 1882. He passed his F. A. in 1884, and then went to Madras to study for his B. A. Degree examination, as this was only a second grade college at the time. For many years he was employed in the Collector's Office, Mangalore. He left a wife and family to lament his premature death.

PETER CELESTINE D'SOUZA, a former student of this College, died of enteric fever in Poona on May 26th. Just a year before he joined the colony of Mangaloreans in Bombay, where he was employed as a ledger-keeper in the firm of Badham, Pile & Co. He there endeared himself to all by his kindly ways and by his steady and diligent application to work, and as a mark of appreciation his employers transferred him in February last to their branch house in Poona. On the 14th of May he had an attack of enteric which necessitated his removal to the Sassoon General Hospital, where, in spite of the best medical aid he succumbed on Saturday the 26th of May, at the early age of twenty-three. The funeral took place at 9 A. M. the next day, when he was laid to rest in the cemetery of Hadapsar. A large number of his relatives and friends came even from distant places to pay their last tribute of affection to the deceased.

LOUIS D'SOUZA, PAUL MASCARENHAS, and JOHN MASCARENHAS, three ex-students of this College, were among the twenty boarders—mostly from Mangalore—who remained in St. Joseph's College, Trichinopoly, during the midsummer holidays. It was the custom during the holidays to take the boys on an excursion to some point of interest about Trichy, and on Tuesday, May 29th, they went to Elamanore, ten miles away, and proceeded to the Upper Anicut on the Cauvery to spend the day. As the water was very low in the river, owing to the long drought, the Prefect apprehended no danger from allowing the boys to play about on the sands. Unfortunately some of them boyishly stole a march on him and went to bathe in a streamlet hard by, where they unsuspectingly entered a deep pit and our three boys were drowned before help could be given them. Their bodies were recovered an hour afterwards and brought to the College in the evening and interred in the Cathedral cemetery about midnight. Louis was the son of Mr. Pascal Martin D'Souza, and went to St. Joseph's at the beginning of the year; Paul was the son of the late Mr. Martin Mascarenhas, and John of Mr. John Mascarenhas. All three were cousins of an age, about fourteen, and two of them had been only a month in the College. Theirs was a sudden but a not unprovided taking off, for two of them had been to Holy Communion that very morning, and the third the morning before.

R. I. P.