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## MANGALORE.

### V. RAILWAY AND HARBOUR.

IF even casual acquaintances feel pleasure in finding they have been remembered while parted and the feeling is intensified when it is a question of friends, the people of Canara should be pleased to find that their grievances have not been utterly forgotten by Government, though the cold chain of silence has hung over them long. Our indefatigable Port Officer has in the meantime been pushing on his work on a Harbour pier, but I am personally by no means sanguine as to its ultimate utility, as I still hold to my opinion that reclamation and dredging are the two works that will benefit our Harbour.

Since my last article on Railway matters, we have been visited by Mr. Puttana Shetty, a Deputy Commissioner of Mysore, who was deputed by his Government to collect statistics of the trade existing between Mysore and Canara. From his past experience as a traffic manager on a railway, he is well fitted for the work; and from the experience he gained in travelling over the Ghauts from Mysore to Mangalore he must have been deeply impressed by the need there is of improved communications, and prepared to sympathise with the people of our District in the disabilities they labour under on account of their isolation. I was glad to observe that the usefulness of this Magazine was shewn by the constant reference he made to the trade returns scheduled in a former issue of it. I impressed on Mr. Puttana that one argument which was

deemed a strong one for our Railway was the fact that the amount of net revenue remitted to the Imperial Government without any Imperial work in the District was nothing unusual. I drew his attention to an article in the *Madras Mail*, in which Mr. Rees, in view of the same fact, styled the Madras Presidency "the milch cow of India." In confirmation of this witness the fact that the estimated revenue for the year 1900 is down at 546 lacs of rupees, of which only 147 are spent in the Presidency. How far this has been the case for the last thirty years I am unable to say, but as far as Canara is concerned a decidedly worse condition of affairs has existed for the whole of that time, for in place of one-third of the net revenue spent in the District, *nil* represents the proportion. The statistics worked out by me shewed originally too high a percentage, as the average *maximum* cost of construction (*vide* Blue Book) was the basis of calculations, while the *minimum* tariff only was considered; yet even so  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. was shown. Even when, with an excessive estimated cost of construction, viz., Rs. 1,20,000 per mile instead of Rs. 80,000, the trade shewed a margin of one per cent., which was considered too low. Construction is no doubt compulsory, but tariff need not be so, and in our necessity we do not object to a tariff increased to any figure which fails to reach our present charges for road traffic. Mr. Puttana Shetty seemed glad to be able to say that the revised figures of Mr. H. Groves, the present Engineer in charge, shewed much more favourably in the cost of construction, and I now hear that our Railway question will be definitely settled perhaps before



this reaches the eyes of my readers. Should I have added my mite to the realisation of so desirable a consummation as a Railway connecting us with the outer world, I shall not deem my long residence here as entirely useless. Of one result I am certain, and that is that the people of Canara will continue steadfast in their loyalty to a Government which does not forget their needs, even though those needs are very closely allied to profit to Government.

It may be that many of my readers will give me credit for having faithfully done my best to persuade Government to extend railway communication to this District, but I must plead guilty to having discriminated in favour of the vested interests of the merchants, with whom as Agent of the Bank I was so closely allied, and thus to a certain extent neglected the general interests of the community at large. It was incumbent on me to do something of the kind, for I in a manner held a brief for the town of Mangalore and not for the District of Canara. The chief objection raised against our Railway was the inadaptability of the Harbour. From the first, indeed, I was desirous of pointing out that South Canara possessed in Malpe one of the best in India. Vested interests, however, ruled that no attention should be called to it, and in the petition to Sir Arthur Havelock I suppressed the following paragraph in deference to them—"A line entering near Siddapur would cut into the very centre of the coffee area. Thirty years since the Ceylon Government recognised the advantage of making a railway up to the Ghauts for the benefit of the Coffee Estates, and notwithstanding that its cost was excessive, it has been successful far beyond expectations. Mangalore, however objectionable as a final port, presents no actual objection to the extension of railways to South Canara, as Malpe, some thirty miles north, has always been recognised by the admiralty as a safe anchorage and harbour during stress of weather, so that to the people of South Canara extension to Malpe would meet most of their requirements, and it would rest with the people of Mangalore to better communications from thence to that port, which has hitherto been ignored in the interests of

the firms and industries established in Mangalore." This my committee would not admit into the petition, but now that I am no longer bound to the people of Mangalore by joint interests, I confess to having done less than I might have done for the general welfare of Canara. I am given to understand that the final results of the survey now being carried on by the R. I. M. S. *Investigator* will amply prove that South Canara has a natural harbour which with or without extensive outlay can be made second to none on the West Coast of India.

In the past I have in season and out of season impressed on my Mangalore friends the necessity of confining themselves to their one great requirement, a Railway; and to petition, exhort, demand and generally worry until they got it, in place of burdening their request with numerous and less important demands. The idea which underlies such advice has no less an exponent than His Excellency the present Viceroy, who succinctly expressed it in his late visit to Surat when he advised the Municipality 'to make up their minds in advance as to what they wanted or proposed to execute, and then bend all their energies and efforts in that direction, not like a conjuror who tries to keep up three or four balls in the air at the same time.'

For this District there is but one great want and that is a Railway, not only to connect it with the outer world, but to better its trade, its government, by facilitating the detection and punishment of crime—and to enable our young men to open up new fields of industry where they may have a chance to put in practice the theories they have learned in our educational institutions. My contention is that, with or without a Harbour, the one step to our future progress and to our keeping in step with the times is a Railway. For the assistance I have received in promoting this object I have to thank my numerous friends in Mangalore and likewise Mr. Graham Anderson, who though resident in London has done much by means of his pamphlet on the subject to expose our isolation to the people of England.

E. B. Palmer.



## PLACES OF INTEREST IN SOUTH CANARA.

## VI. UDIPI.

Udipi is to South Canara what Benares is to India, the centre of the Hindu religion, or at least of that section of it that worships Vishnu. It lies about thirty-seven miles due north of Mangalore, and although but a fifth of the latter in size it is by far its superior as a native town. The Tulu or Shigalli Brahmans are in great force there, numbering as they do a fourth of its eight thousand inhabitants. The chief attraction as a religious centre is the famous temple of Krishna with its eight adjacent maths of Sode, Krishnapura, Shirur, Kaniru, Palimaru, Pejavar, Puttige, and Admar. This temple is said to have been built by Madhua Swami (Madhavacharya) in the twelfth century. It is a remarkably solid structure, not lofty but very long. Viewed from the front it does not appear to be very large, but seen from the inside a vista of corridors, halls and small temples gives an idea of its extensiveness. The chief apartments are the installation hall (*bada malige*), the dining-hall (*chauki*) of the *Swamigalu* (literally, most revered lords) and honoured guests, the hall for meals (*bhojana shale*) where pilgrims and devotees are fed, the *arikutlu* or place where the food for sacrifice is prepared, and the *sinvasana* where the *Swamigalu* rest after the fatigues of worship (*puja*). The outer walls of the temple are storied with weird paintings of Krishna and other heroes of the Hindu pantheon. The most remarkable part of the temple is naturally the adytum where the idol of Krishna is enshrined, ingress to which is prohibited to all save the *Swamigalu*. This is a small temple in itself, the window and door of which are plated with silver. The idol is said to be of a species of precious black stone called *Saligramshila* (*saligram*, stone), but the eye can detect nothing but an image the reverse of attractive in appearance. It is about three feet in height and is so overlaid with ornaments of gold, silver and precious stones that nothing but the face is visible. These decorations are changed daily before the morning sacrifices begin. Twelve lamps of gold, the largest pair being thirty inches in height, burn before the idol continually. To the artist Arjuna belongs

the credit of the making of this god. Madhua is said to have obtained it from a vessel that was wrecked on the coast of Tuluva (Canara). He placed three other *saligrams* in this temple, which he is said to have received from the Hindu sage Vyasa. For the rest there is nothing more interesting to observe than buildings with pent roofs sloping to the interior and wholly devoid of architectural merit. The most costly part of them is the copper roofing, which, however, being rudely wrought, makes little show.

The service in this temple is conducted by the *Swamigalu* themselves, whereas in other temples the gurus are not the ordinary ministers. Gurus among Hindus hold an analogous position to that of bishops among Catholics. It is not incumbent on them to perform the ordinary service of the temples, but only to exercise a general superintendence over the caste. In South Canara there are very few gurus besides those of Udipi, for many of its castes acknowledge as their guru that of Sringeri in Mysore, who rejoices in the pretentious title of *Jagat guru*, which being interpreted means "guru of the world." The *Swamigalu* of Udipi evidently enjoy no sinecure, for besides acting as the spiritual guides of the Madhua sect of the Madhua Brahmans and of several other sects, every day they must offer twelve *pujas* each one of which has its special name. The most solemn is the *mahapuja* of the *pancha amrata*, or "the great worship of the food of five components." The five sacrificial ingredients are ghee, fresh milk, buttermilk, honey and sugar. The next in dignity is the *Divutige seve*, or "the service by lights." At these two the officiating minister is the reigning Swami. The lesser *pujas* may be performed by his *sis* (disciple) and failing him by one of the other Swamis. The morning *puja* ceremonies begin daily at half past four and continue till about half past twelve, and the evening ceremonies from sunset till ten o'clock. On special days they are continued uninterruptedly day and night.

The great feast of the temple is the annual *Fatra* or Car festival in the month of January, which lasts for eight or ten days. Pilgrims flock to it from all parts of Canara and Mysore in such numbers that the town is overcrowded and the streets are thronged



by people even during the night. What adds much of the attractiveness to the great Car festival of Udipi is, perhaps the fact that elephants are sometimes yoked to the idol-car. Subramania is the only other place in these parts where they are so employed. But perhaps the most characteristic festival is the *Paryyaya* or ceremony of installation, which takes place every two years. Among the *Swamigalu* superiority over the temple and maths is held by turns for terms of two years. When a new Swami is installed the event is marked by one of the most imposing celebrations according to Hindu notions. About two months previous to it the *Paryyaya* Swami goes forth from his strict enclosure and makes his rounds inviting the people to attend. He is carried in a manchil with great pomp, accompanied by a band of musicians and an elephant splendidly caparisoned. The first visits are paid to the civil authorities, and then Christian and Hindu friends are visited without much discrimination. The house honoured by a call from the Swami is prepared beforehand and decorated in native fashion with evergreens and flowers. Its owner is expected to mark his appreciation of the honour done him with a *douceur* varying from four to twenty rupees. When the eve of the inauguration day arrives the Swami-elect retires to the Kanarpadi Devastana temple, about a mile and a half distant from the Krishna temple, where he remains overnight. He is up betimes on the morning of the auspicious day and after reciting his *sandya* (prayers), bathes and casts the horoscope to determine the propitious hour. When it has sounded he commends himself to the back of a lordly elephant and begins his progress towards Udipi. About half-way on the road to the sacred city he is met by a large crowd, in the midst of which are his *Swamigalu* brethren borne in manchils. Descending from his high estate he takes his place clad in almost Adamitical costume in a manchil and is carried at the head of the procession *magna comitante caterva*. The *Swamigalu* on this occasion are also divested of nearly all save 'the one essential and perfectly fitting garment indispensable even in the mildest of climates.' A Police Inspector with a large *posse* of men attends in the interest of law and order. When the *Paryyaya* Swami reaches the Krishna temple he offers

*puja* with his *Swamigalu*, and is then led to the installation hall, where the *Swamigalu* take him by the hand and conduct him to the installation throne (*patṭa mancha*). The civil authorities present at the ceremony are seated just in front of it. The *Swamigalu* then crown the proceedings by garlanding the *Paryyaya* Swami with chains of Indian jasmine blossoms, after which money offerings are made. In this the official representing the British Government takes precedence, and the first offering is made in its name. The Mysore Government official comes next, and then follow the *Swamigalu*, the other civil authorities, the *sis* of the *Paryyaya* Swami, the *sis* of the *Swamigalu*, and lastly friends and well-wishers. No one offers less than four rupees. When the number is filled up of those who are able and willing to manifest their good will to that amount and over, the subsequent proceedings are of no further interest, and the assembly is dispersed.

In a compound near the temple are the godowns and outhouses where the grain and livestock belonging to it are to be found. Firewood reserved for the *Paryyaya* festival is piled up in the form of a very high pyramid, and when fuel is needed for the occasion an attendant climbs up by means of a ladder and removes it from the top of the pyramid. Every day more than fifteen hundred devotees and pilgrims are fed at the expense of the reigning Swami and the temple. Many well-to-do people take advantage of this bounty, for the reason, as they allege, that the temple rice is "more holy." This specious pretext saves them, perhaps, from experiencing 'how salt is his food who fares upon another's bread.\*' During the *Jatra* and *Paryyaya* festivals the number swells to twelve and fifteen thousand a day, as hospitality is extended to all comers. The reigning Swami has to bear all the expense. It is not to be understood, however, that he has to meet the outlay from his own resources or private purse, for the Krishna temple places at his disposal about Rs. 20,000 a year, the income that yearly accrues from the offerings made to the temple and the rent of

\*Tu proverai si come sa di sale

Lo pane altrui, e com'è duro calle

Lo scendere e 'l salir per l'altrui scale.

Dante, *Paradiso* XVII.



its landed property in Canara and Mysore, as well as the annual grant of about Rs. 8,000 from the British Government and Rs. 6,000 from the Mysore Government. Anything in excess of this allowance is charged to the Swami's particular math, which has its own annual grant from Government also. The richest of the maths is said to be the Sode math, which has an annual income of about Rs. 25,000, of which Government contributes Rs. 2,000.

The *Swamigalu* or gurus of Udipi are according to rule celibates. Succession is secured to them by adopting during their lifetime a young disciple (*sis*). This usage does not always work satisfactorily, and some years ago there was much ado in the law-courts about the succession of a *sis*. It is known in the history of South Canara as "The Udipi Temple Dispute," which the law's weary delays protracted for four years from 1876 to 1880. The following is an authentic account of this historic case taken from the report made to Government by Mr. Comyn the Collector:—"Celibacy is enjoined on these Swamis [of the Krishna Devara math, Udipi], and they live, or are supposed to live, lives of the strictest chastity. It appears that some years ago the Puttige Swami contracted an intimacy with a certain woman who is said to have borne him children. If my information is correct, the Puttige Swami is not the only Swami who has thus transgressed the canons of his order. Be this as it may, the other swamis continued to associate with him as usual until about four years ago, when he ordained as his successor a boy who is alleged to be the offspring of the union referred to above. On this, the others, with the exception of the Pejavar Swami, assembled together and pronounced a decree of excommunication against the Puttige Swami. The validity of this decree is disputed by the latter and forms the main issue in two suits now pending before the District Court, to which I shall have occasion to refer more particularly hereafter. The Pejavar Swami who seems for some time to have held aloof, has now sided with the majority. Though the other Swamis pronounced a decree of excommunication against the Puttige Swami, they took no steps until recently to give effect to it. The Puttige Swami thus remains in full possession of his math and his

endowments, and barring the excommunication which is disputed, is, to all intents and purposes, as much a Swami as any of the others. The dispute is: Who shall succeed to the management of the temple on the expiration of the present incumbent's tenure of office on the 16th instant? Who shall celebrate the *Paryyaya*?" Mr. Comyn thus expressed himself in his report on January 8, 1880. From another communication to Government on March 18th following, it appears that on January 18th the Puttige Swami made his entrance and celebrated the *Paryyaya* and assumed the management of the temple affairs. The chief objection, it seems, raised to the succession of the *sis* in this case rested on the boy's illegitimacy.

## CHILDHOOD.

### I.

As I sauntered by the roadside  
Neath the clouded April sky;  
Mid the tangled weeds and brambles  
A frail blossom met my eye.  
Its sweet leaves hung torn and drooping,  
And its hue was wan and pale,  
All its wealth of beauty ravished  
By the rude unheeding gale.  
It had been a seed of promise,  
Fragrant might have been and fair,  
Had it known the early tendance  
Of the gardener's gentle care.  
But no hand had e'er caressed it,  
No eye watched it as it grew,  
All unthought of it had languished,  
Tossed by every wind that blew.

### II.

As I gazed upon the blossom,  
And its withered bloomless face:  
"Not unlike," methought, "this floweret's  
Is the little children's case.  
They're the choicest gift of heaven,  
And the glory of our earth:  
But alas, the golden promise  
They are crowned with at their birth  
Is too often marred and hindered;  
And before the noon of life,  
They fall soiled and sinful-hearted  
In the world's unhallowed strife,  
All for lack of loving tendance:  
And the angels' tearful eyes  
See forever vacant places  
In their holy Paradise."



## PHASES OF CENTRAL AFRICAN LIFE.

Though of late years the light of civilization has beaten pretty fiercely on the Dark Continent, yet it is, and for years to come will remain, a land of things and scenes both strange and wonderful; of marvels as countless as its own locusts and as inexhaustible as the coffee plantations of its own remarkable Shire Highlands. Thanks to the adventurous spirit of the age, the time is fast approaching when those enterprising firms at Elphinstone Circle will personally conduct their hosts of tourists from one end of Africa to the other—from Cairo in the north-east to Cape Town in the distant south-west. But not yet. A good deal of water will flow under Bombay Bridge before the curiosities of African life are brought within easy reach of the globe-trotters and an interested public asking for *more light*; and so, as Mahomet may not go to the mountain, the mountain, or some of it, must be brought to Mahomet's very own front door. In other words, as most of the readers of the *Mangalore Magazine* may not see with their own eyes the wonders and curiosities of this land of "floods and thunder," it will be my pleasant task to describe some of them.

Let me begin with the watery part of the Dark Continent. The River Zambesi, as every one knows, has its source in the Lake Region, formerly known as Nyassaland (*i. e.*, land of lakes, the word *Nyassa* meaning lake in the Yau language). This Lake Region comprises Nyassa, Tangynaika, Kilwa or Shirwa, and Bangawelo. The Shire and the Ruo join the Zambesi somewhere near Chiromo, the southern limit of British Central Africa. The Zambesi then takes a sudden turn, and creeps on for about a hundred miles, and finally empties itself into the Indian Ocean through its broad mouth in the shape of a delta, the base of which is formed by the coast line from Chinde to Quilimane. The Zambesi is the attraction, the loadstone to which resident and visitor alike instinctively turn. As rivers go, the Zambesi, with its 500 odd miles, is a mere silvery streak on the fair face of nature. Yet there is probably not a single being in Nyassaland who would, if he could, replace its watery dwarf with the most magnificent giant among the rivers

of Europe or Asia. It is a slow and silent river, like that described by Milton: "A slow and silent stream Lethe the river of oblivion rolls." No doubt, the Zambesi is a river of oblivion, for a passenger once on the deck of a steamer forgets both present and past, his mind and gaze being wholly and uninterruptedly taken up by the ever-charming and ever-changing scenery on its either bank. It is broad, it is deep, it is winding. It is the home of the alligator and the crocodile.

Not very far from the Shire, at its point of connection with the Zambesi, and in fact just behind Mount Zomba, is Blantyre, the lovely commercial centre, with its lovely suburbs. Blantyre is deservedly famous for its suburbs, which are of great natural beauty. In one of these, Zomba, the Residency is placed; at another, Livingstonia, lay the bones of the famous English missionary and explorer, Dr. Livingstone, until they were translated to Westminster Abbey. Mount Zomba dominates each of these lovely suburbs as it dominates Blantyre. Sometimes one gets a glimpse of a fragment of a tender blue mountain framed, as it were, in a dark fringe of fir or pine trees growing on either side of a road. The roads to be found in Central Africa are beautiful. Such roads are a paradise to the Central African wayfarer, who finds the shade of these grand trees peculiarly grateful and comforting. Central Africa is splendidly wooded; and the pride of Blantyre, next of course to its matchless Mt. Zomba, is the truly magnificent avenue of pine trees which was laid out generations ago by the prudent and far-seeing Arab settlers. In Central Africa trees grow with remarkable quickness, so excellently is the climate suited to their requirements.

The next topic we turn to is something of a startler. Here and there in the Shire Highlands you will meet a smiling gentleman in feathers and horns, which suggest at once an angelic origin and connection with "another place." He is simply a machilla boy. The details of the dress of this prince of dusky dandies are worth noting. The horns, on the forehead of course, are meant to inspire terror in the breasts of all other runners and drive them to despair; the wings fashioned out of a piece of cloth, are, no doubt, symbolical of the



runner's marvellous capacity for sprinting rather than of a direct connection with celestial beings. Such trifles as ear-rings, a score or two of brass bangles, and a pair of fantastic leglets testify to the fact of this son of Ham being made of common clay, and therefore prone to vanity. His short braided breeks are decorated with ribbons, and round his neck is hung a quadruple row of beads of various hues strung on a strip of raw-hide. His legs are stockinged, but his feet are bare. Of course, boots on a machilla boy would mean an encumbrance, and I am of opinion that he is generally admitted to be decidedly better without them.

These machilla porters make a fairly good living, and as their expenses are exceedingly small they can afford to spend money on the adornment of their persons. Their charge is, or used to be, one "tickey" (*i. e.*, a three-penny-piece) for every two miles. Swift of foot as they are, the two miles are very soon covered and the "tickey" earned. Like the Bombay Bhaggy they can appreciate an extra "tickey" over and above their fare, and unlike him they are duly grateful therefor. The machilla itself is a conveyance of an ugly make, consisting of a long bamboo and a piece of canvas, three yards long, tied up to its either end. For simplicity and cheapness, there is nothing to beat this machilla conveyance. The machilla at first sight would seem to afford to its would-be occupant a pleasant and comfortable conveyance. But scarcely is he in it and is borne a few steps, when he finds himself huddled up in the yielding canvas, which bellies under his weight and, as he advances, expands so low as even to kiss the ground. The poor occupant at this stage, when viewed from afar, seems not very unlike a pig suspended from a pole and carried to the slaughter in one of our Indian towns. The only difference is that the pig grunts and squeals all the way, and the passenger does so only when his carriers, in their haste to win the "tickey" from their "bana" (saheb), tumble accidentally over stones and drop him down. There are about 400 machillas in Central Africa—a fact which speaks well for their popularity.

But the Shire Highlands are famed for other things besides machillas. They are well called the

Garden Highlands, for in no other part of Central Africa is there such a wealth of fruit and flowers as is to be found in the "plucky little Shire Highlands." The climate of this favoured centre of the Dark Continent is sufficiently warm to permit of the growing of sub-tropical fruits of all descriptions, and the amazing fertility of the soil accounts for the abundance of fine fruit to be obtained almost the entire year through. Pine-apples and bananas, in particular, flourish in the Shire Highlands in remarkable luxuriance, and a more picturesque industry than the growing of these fruits it would be hard indeed to imagine. A pine-apple or banana farm—we might say pine-apple *and* banana farm, since the two are generally grown together—is a glorious sight, especially at that period when the fruit is approaching maturity. A warm, well-sheltered spot in the hills makes an ideal growing ground for the banana, which, it may be added, is usually planted in rows nine feet apart and about seven feet from one another. The banana plant, with its fine broad, palm-like leaves, and rich, yellow clusters of fruit, is, when fully grown, one of the most beautiful sights in the vegetable kingdom. The Shire Highlands banana is remarkable for its delicious flavour; and where the banana is grown in such an abundance, it follows that its purchase price is correspondingly cheap in comparison with the price we pay for it in India. Shire Highlands bananas are sold locally from three pence (when the supply is scarce) to a penny a bunch of about a gross—a price calculated to bring water to the mouth of the Mangalore street boy as he ruefully reflects on the fact that it costs him an anna and a half for a dozen at the street shop at Hampankatta. The same may be said with due proportion of the pine-apple.

Mention has been made of Blantyre, the commercial centre of British Central Africa. Here then is the proper place to acquaint the reader with a typical bit of the life of that wonderful city. The thing to which I want to invite the attention of the reader is the local dog-catcher with his stock-in-trade, which, by the bye, is by no means elaborate. Of course, the difficulty in Blantyre, as in our own cities in India, is first to catch your stray dog. The spectacle of a majestic Bobby



leading an insignificant mongrel on a string is, however, unknown in Blantyre; and the local Ashkaries, as the police are called, are exempt from any such undignified duty. The task of freeing the streets from ownerless dogs is delegated to certain individuals, overseered by a white man in the pay of the Municipal authorities; but it cannot be said that the post of overseer is a sinecure, considering the nature of the work and the unpopularity its pursuit invariably brings. Not that the white man himself ever does anything in the way of actual catching. *That* part of the work is entrusted to the faithful satellites by whom the catcher is accompanied, or to some other black fellows who are generally on hand when a wretched cur is to be captured and conveyed to durance vile. The official black fellows are each armed with a trusty stick, to which is attached a long noose. With these they perform the most doughty deeds, for the luckless dog generally gives them a very lively time of it before his capture is effected and he finds himself in the "dog-cart" provided for his reception by a thoughtful Corporation. This dog-cart is a simple affair, constructed on humane principles. It is fenced in all round with wire, the door being at the rear, and thus it makes a very effective temporary cage. The dog-cart is drawn by a donkey, or some sorry specimen of horse-flesh, guided by a Kaffir, and its passage through the streets provokes much curiosity and remark.

One of the wonders of Central Africa is its boundless Nyassaland or the Lake Region. For miles, unbroken by a single mound of earth, the lakes extend. Their shores are covered with white-coloured stones of a peculiar nature. Perhaps the most striking example of what can be done with the Lake Region may be found in Lake Nyassa. The rise of Lake Nyassa reads like a fairy story. Not so many years ago the lake was as monotonous as the dreary Karroo of Cape Colony. To-day, however, thanks to the foresight, energy, and perseverance of the two firms, the African Lakes Corporation (Limited) and the Sharrer's Zambesi Traffic Company, that have launched steamers not only on Nyassa, but even on the Zambesi, these waterways have been turned into centres of great activity. Journeying on

their steamers through Nyassa is a delightful experience.

Speaking of travelling reminds us that the "iron horse" has not as yet made its appearance. Those who are up to the times really find it very hard to pull on with the slow methods of the old settlers, and the time may not be far distant when the ox-waggon will give place to the locomotive. Mr. E. Sharpe, the far-seeing representative of Her Majesty, has just hatched the egg that his predecessor, Sir Harry Johnson laid. In the course of three years we hope to see the Lakes connected with the sea by rail. The Protectorate has already been surveyed and railway work, I hear, will be begun in the near future. May God keep both Her Majesty's representatives to see the fruit of their labour! The ox-waggon transport is very tedious, especially in the Lower Shire District, where the roads are very hilly. Drivers and others at such places literally put their shoulders to the wheel and do the best they can to aid the oxen in pulling up the heavily laden waggon.

It happens sometimes in Central Africa that water has to be carried for considerable distances before it reaches the consumers. The scene offered by these water-carriers is a pretty one; you will find one in the act of filling a barrel, and the others on the point of returning whence they came with their water-vessels quite full. This scene is laid on the banks of the Likangala in Mlanjee District, some twenty miles from Zomba. The water is taken from the river to the various houses in the district by native servants—a somewhat primitive method, even for Central Africa, of obtaining a water supply. The barrels are substantially built and hold a good many gallons; and the labour of carrying is facilitated by means of iron rods, which enable the carrier to push the vessel before, or roll it after him, as his humour prompts him. It runs smoothly enough; but naturally the work is tediously slow. Such is the scene when the river is full; but it changes as the river dries up. Central African rivers have a peculiar habit of drying up at inconvenient times and seasons; and if you would know what a dry river is like, you have only to go to the bank of that river where you will find Kaffir boys actually digging for water in order that their



"banas" may still indulge in their morning bath! Here is a pretty pass indeed, when a river-bed has to be tapped before it will yield its water! Such experiences are common enough not only in Central Africa, but even in Rhodesia, the Transvaal, and Cape Colony.

This is all the bright side of Central Africa. Now let me turn to its dark side. The jigger is a malady of the place. This jigger is to Africa what the plague is to India, with the important difference that the former does not end fatally. The jigger is a small ant-like, microscopic insect which attacks and eats into the finger-ends. One must be very careful about his fingers in this place. Its entry under the nails is signalled by a severe itching. You need not go in search of a man of medicine, for your own servant, your Kaffir boy, on being intimated, will at once set to work with a pin on your finger-tip, and will localise and remove the intruding insect in no time. I often wonder at the powerful eyes with which this son of Ham is endowed.

*(To be continued.)*

ZOMBA, B. C. A.  
26—9—1900.

*S. G. Thomas Vaz.*

### TO A BOY IN SCHOOL.

Tall oaks, great mountains and the sunset glow  
 In pool-gemmed valleys, clustered with thick fern,  
 Where the wild deer, startled at every turn  
 Of herons on the wing, ungalled go;—  
 The crystals, golden-framed, in gorgeous row  
 In royal Versailles,—the Milan spires that spurn  
 The circling air,—the painted hues that burn  
 In old St. Mark's, such glories earth can show!  
 O God, how fair they are,—nature and art!  
 And art makes nature changeless,—fixes light  
 Of sunset in the glass, and the uncurled  
 Frond of the fern in stone; yet thy own heart,  
 Kept as God's temple, pure and fixed in right,  
 Is, of all things, the splendour of the world!

*Maurice Francis Egan.*

### THE M. C. CLUB.

It may be premised that the M. C. Club of the present paper has nothing in common with either the Madras Cricket Club or its sister-association of Mangalore, except the chance coincidence that these create a need which the Mutton Chop Club was, in the intention of its founders, destined to supply.

The circumstances which gave birth to the Mutton Chop Club were remarkably simple. Its after-history was somewhat more eventful, and from its eventfulness the reader may infer its noble mission. Human institutions, so says the sententious chronicler, best flourish when they afford least matter for the historian's pen.

In a District of Southern India, one summer's day, the post-prandial reflections of the Collector reverted to the sorry condition of butcher's meat. That evening, among the half-a-dozen queries that followed the curvilinear obeisance of the Head-Clerk, was: "Is there no possible way of improving mutton?"

The complacent Head-Clerk, whom necessity had made resourceful, after wrapping himself in uffish thought came to the conclusion that a Club would solve the problem. And "The Mutton Chop Club" was to be its designation, the purpose whereof should be to purvey mutton, fresh, tender, and cheap. Its members, of course, were to be officials as far as possible; and sheep were to constitute an integral portion of the Club only inasmuch as they furnished the raw material of the corporate body. The proposal was talked over by Collector and Head-Clerk, and the M. C. C. was an accomplished fact.

The rules regulating the conduct of the said Club, as they stood in the original draft, were neither numerous nor complicated. "The M. C. Club (to be registered if need arise). Object: To satisfy a taste for good mutton at stated times. President: The District Collector. Honorary Secretary and Treasurer: The Head-Clerk, who shall see to it that all tastes are satisfied and that subscriptions are paid strictly in advance, and that sundry deficits in the finances be promptly made up."

That self-same evening, the Head-Clerk, home-



ward plodding his weary way, spied a herd of sheep wind slowly o'er the lea, and to the immense surprise of the shepherds commandeered sheep, shepherds and all for a round sum of money. Subscriptions were not so fast in coming in; but when once the Collector's name was seen to head the list, all muttonly-inclined clerks, and others besides, followed like so many sheep.

A red-letter day it was when the first batch of sheep were to be converted into mutton, fresh, tender, and cheap. The youngest-looking peon, (the race of peons ages rapidly) smartened up with a red *puggree*, red sash, brand-new badge with a leg of mutton engraved thereon, stalked from one member to another with a circular emanating from the Honorary Secretary, M. C. Club. Back came the circular with brief jottings from each member specifying the precise extent of the needs of his table. In vain did the Head-Clerk attempt to adjust the demand and supply as they affected the mutton market of that day. There were but two sheep to be parcelled out; while the number of heads, trotters, hearts, etc., that were called for by the members was very much in excess of what the entire live-stock owned.

In the next circular, the discriminating prudence of the official caterer sought to remedy existing evils in the following magisterial words: Whereas some confusion has unavoidably been caused in the due distribution of mutton, and diverse complaints have been lodged regarding the respective situation of meat as purveyed to individual members, the Honorary Secretary and Treasurer, M. C. Club has deemed it fitting to place salutary limits to the area of choice allowed to members. He will, nevertheless, earnestly endeavour to consider all equitable claims of which timely notice shall have been given. But until further orders, the mild dictates of prudence require that all applications should be viewed in the light of the adage, "First come, first served."

What success attended this stroke of policy is hard to make out at this distance of time. Some light is thrown on this extremely interesting proceeding by the thick roll of counter-foils, which, as a note in the Head Clerk's handwriting informs us, were intended to be pinned on carefully to the

several allotments of meat. The following are some of the composing drafts administered to the querulous. They show him to have been a scholar of extensive reading and to have usefully bestowed his intervals of business on the improving task of testing the truth contained in these prescriptions:

Hunger is the best sauce.

Enough is as good as a feast.

Good broth and good keeping do much now and then;  
Good diet, with wisdom, best comforteth men.

Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour.

The nearer the bone, the sweeter the meat.

Though thousands hate physic, because of the cost,  
Yet thousands it helpeth, that else should be lost.

A lacuna in the records of the Club inclines us to the cheering belief that the object of satisfying all tastes had for a time been attained. But before long, a time came when neither rhyme nor reason could prevail; fresh difficulties now demanded nothing short of a general meeting to consider the future of the Club.

The minutes of this meeting, the first and last general meeting, have been preserved for us by the peon who figured so conspicuously in the early stages of the Club. The Honorary Secretary and Treasurer opened the proceedings with a graphic version of the fable of the Belly and the Members, which despite its reputation as a powerful soother of troubles, fell flat on the assembly. Numerous suggestions were made, very wise in their way; but lest the adoption of any one should appear as an invidious distinction, all were indiscriminately vetoed *nem. con.* The proposal that met with favour was the one made by a veteran clerk who had grown gray in Government service. His advice was to boil down the entire live-stock of the Club *à la* Liebig's extract of meat and to dole out the same potted and labelled "The Last of the M. C. C."

\* \* \* \*

The only surviving vestige of this sheepish institution was a sheep *dormant* in granite, put up on the roadside by a facetious wag at his own expense. Even this was destroyed a few years ago and fell a victim to the levelling energies of Overseers bent on improving the gradient of our roads.



## BETTER THAN GOLD.

BY FATHER ABRAM J. RYAN.

Better than grandeur, better than gold,  
Than rank and titles a thousand fold,  
Is a healthy body and a mind at ease,  
And simple pleasures that always please;  
A heart that can feel for another's woe,  
And share its joys with a genial glow,  
With sympathies large enough to enfold  
All men as brothers, is better than gold.

Better than gold is a conscience clear,  
Though toiling for bread in an humble sphere,  
Doubly blessed with content and health,  
Untried by the lust or cares of wealth;  
Lowly living and lofty thought  
Adorn and ennoble a poor man's cot,  
For mind and morals in nature's plan  
Are the genuine tests of a gentleman.

Better than gold is the sweet repose  
Of the sons of toil when their labours close;  
Better than gold is the poor man's sleep,  
And the balm that drops on his slumbers deep  
Than sleeping draughts on the downy bed  
Where luxury pillows its aching head,—  
The toiler his simple opiate deems  
A shorter road to the land of dreams.

Better than gold is a thinking mind,  
That in the realm of books can find  
A treasure surpassing Australian ore,  
And live with the great and good of yore.  
The sage's lore and the poet's lay,  
The glories of empire passed away;  
The world's great dream will thus unfold  
And yield a pleasure better than gold.

Better than gold is a peaceful home,  
Where all the fireside characters come,  
The shrine of love, the heaven of life,  
Hallowed by mother, or sister, or wife.  
However humble the home may be,  
Or tried with sorrow by Heaven's decree,  
The blessings that never were bought nor sold,  
And centre there, are better than gold.

LAND TENURES IN THE  
NATIVE STATES OF WESTERN INDIA.II. THE GRAS TENURE OF GUJERAT (*continued*).

17. Continuing the subject of the incidents of the Gras tenure, we shall now mention a few more of them, which will only corroborate the view taken above of the feudal relationship between the Chief and his Grasias. A Chief with his Bhayads and Mulgrasias is only the principal man among his equals, *primus inter pares*; the Grasias share with him to a large extent the burdens and privileges of the State, like a fraternity of the nobles and their feudal lord of Mediæval Western Europe. In mentioning the following incidents of the Gras tenure we shall keep in view especially this feature of the tenure:—

(l). *Revenue Administration*.—In a gras village the Mulgrasias enjoy an important share in the revenues, hence it is a maxim of the feudal law of Gujerat that the Darbar is bound to administer the village in concert with the Grasias, and must not exercise therein revenue jurisdiction without their co-operation. On the *majmu* or *gamait* or joint lands especially this co-operation is most essential. On these lands the Darbar and the Grasias share the revenue in certain proportions. The Chief, of course, being the ruling power, can alter the *wahiwat* (administration, management or mode of enjoyment) or mode of assessment; but this can be done only where it is clearly to the advantage of both the parties. On the Grasias' *garkhed* (private property) the *wahiwat* is ordinarily in their own hands, and the Chief practically cannot interfere in its revenue administration.

(m). *Revenue Rights over Mulgrasias' Garkhed (demesne or separate private property)*.—Though we have asserted above that a Mulgrasia enjoys complete proprietary rights over his *garkhed* land, he is yet subject in regard to it to certain burdens of taxation payable to the Chief, who can claim them as seignorial rights or as compensation for use of his men or machinery. We mention the following important instances:—

- (i). If the Grasias themselves cultivate their *garkhed* lands, then the entire produce belongs to them; but if they



have them tilled by the Darbar's cultivators, then such cultivators are liable to pay a certain *santhi vero* (tax on each plough) to the Darbar.

- (ii). The produce of the lands cultivated by the Darbar's cultivators in a Grasia's *garkhed* is all brought to the Darbar's village grain yard, and is there measured and weighed by the village *maparo* (measurer of grain), and the *rajbhog* (lord's share) is separated from the Grasia's share by themselves in concert with the Darbar *wahiwatdar*. The *maparo* takes care to take his share (*mapu*) of the *garkhed* produce for his trouble.
- (iii). The village *maparo* is entitled to certain *mapu* from the ryots of the Grasia's *garkhed*, if his services are availed of, which are often forced upon the poor people.
- (iv). The village havaldar is also entitled to certain levies from the ryots of the Grasia's *garkhed*.
- (v). The Darbar in some cases—but not always—has established a right to *dan* (export or import duty) on goods exported out of or into the Grasia's *garkhed*.

(n). *Revenue rights over the gamait or majmu land*.—Certain portions of *majmu* land are as a rule reserved for the benefit of the village temple or for use of the village servants. The remainder being held and enjoyed jointly by the Grasia and the Darbar, the *vaje*, or revenue in kind, in some cases goes wholly to the Grasia, and the *vero* (revenue in cash) is appropriated by the Darbar; while in other cases both the *vaje* and *vero* are shared in various proportions between the Darbar and the Grasia.

(o). *Police Administration*.—A distinction has to be made between the general State police and the village police patel. The former are under the entire control of the Darbar, the Grasia contributing a portion of their cost in the *sudharo* (contribution towards costs of general administration police, education, public improvements),

reference to which has been made before. As regards the village police patel, the rule is that where the village is co-shared equally or almost equally by the Darbar and the Grasia, the police patel is appointed by the Darbar and his pay is defrayed equally by both. But if the Darbar owns only a small portion of the village, the Grasia defray the whole cost themselves and have the right of nominating the patel, who, however, must be approved of by the Darbar: should they nominate an obviously improper person the Chief may make his own nomination. The same rule applies to a Bhayati village, the whole of which is as a rule held by a Bhayat Grasia. If the Grasia own only a very small portion of the village, the police patel is to be appointed and paid by the Darbar alone.

(p). *Alienation of Gras lands*.—As far as the *gamait* lands are concerned, their revenue administration being conducted by the Darbar *wahiwatdar*, the Chief sways so much power over these lands, that several Chiefs have made attempts to dispose of them to the prejudice of the Grasia. It has been, however, now laid down that no alienation of *gamait* lands or conversion of their tenure can be made by the Darbar without the consent of the Grasia. In regard to *garkhed* lands we have stated before that a Grasia cannot alienate his lands by mortgage or otherwise without the permission of the Darbar. This statement requires, however, some modification: it does not appear that a mortgage or lease of lands by a Grasia requires previous permission of the Darbar. What is of great importance is that no alienation of gras land should be made which will prejudice the ultimate right of reversion vesting in the Chief. The law therefore is that no permanent alienation can be made, whether outside or inside the State in which the gras land is situated, without the previous consent of the Chief. This rule is however subject to the proviso that, within the State, a collateral of a Grasia in nearer degree than the Chief has the right of pre-emption, and that no permanent alienation can take place without first giving the option of pre-emption to the collaterals in the order of their relationship.

(q). *Transfer of status and rights of Grasia*.—No Grasia can transmit his personal



hereditary status and rights by sale or otherwise to a third party who is not a Grasia. Gras sold outright to a non-Grasia ceases to be gras land.

(r). *Succession*.—Gras is inherited equally by male heirs of a Grasia to the exclusion of females, except the widow, who has the exclusive right to her deceased husband's gras as long as she lives, but cannot transmit it of her own right to others.

(s). *Cattle pounds*.—The maintenance of a cattle pound is a State matter and it is therefore generally maintained at the Darbar's expense and always kept under its control. In a recent case it was held by the Rajasthanik Court that the Darbar is entitled to the proceeds of pound fines and stray cattle, so long as all the expenses of the pound, excepting only the supervision, which the village patel is bound to give, are defrayed by the Darbar. The village patel, though paid by the Grasia, is bound as a part of his ordinary duty to look after the pound. But the Grasia are not obliged to contribute towards the cost of the repairs of the pound or the cost of any person especially entertained for watching and feeding the cattle therein.

(t). *Increase of taxation*.—A Chief cannot, except with the concurrence of the Grasia or under the orders of a Court of justice established by Government, levy any tax, old or new, that is not provided for in the *hak patrak*, or statement of the respective rights of the Darbar and the Grasia, determined either by decision of a Court of Justice or by an amicable settlement. This law is the foundation of all the immunities and privileges enjoyed by the Grasia.

(To be continued.)

## OUTLINES OF THE HISTORY OF KANARA.

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

76. With the conquest of Kanara by Hyder Ali in 1763 the last vestiges of Portuguese rule and trade in Kanara disappeared, except their factories at Mangalore and Anjediva. Mangalore was taken by Hyder Ali in 1763, but without interference with the Portuguese factory. In 1764 a treaty was signed with Hyder, by which the

factory was confirmed to the Portuguese, and toleration of the Christian religion in Kanara was also assured. Hyder entertained from the beginning a friendly regard towards the Portuguese nation and towards the Native Christians. He confirmed all the privileges which the Bednore rulers had bestowed on the Christians and treated them in every way as his other subjects. An event however soon occurred which threatened to mar these happy relations. In 1768, during the first Mysore war, the fort of Mangalore was taken by Major Watson. From evil report Hyder Ali was led to believe that the Christians had rendered secret assistance to the British. He at once assembled their priests and charged them with disloyalty to his standard. They produced, however, the clearest proofs of their innocence. Hyder appears to have been satisfied with these proofs, and from thence forward he treated the Christians with much consideration and kindness. Surrounded, however, as his kingdom was with enemies, notably the British, Hyder wished to exclude from his dominions all foreigners not distinctly friendly towards him. The Portuguese being at this time on friendly terms with the British, were on this account deprived in 1776 of their factory at Mangalore, which port Hyder Ali then converted into an important naval station. In 1783 both the fort and the factory were destroyed. Negotiations were afterwards opened with Tippu Sultan and the British Government, towards the close of the century, in order to re-establish the factory; but all in vain. Thus the last remnant of both Portuguese rule and trade in Kanara was swept away. The small solitary island of Anjediva alone remained as a Portuguese possession. It is hardly ever visited by a ship nowadays, and retains hardly a vestige of its past greatness.

77. But the Christianity which the Portuguese had planted in Kanara survived their empire. Left, however, without their protection, the Kanara Christians had to face, helpless, new forces that threatened to ruin them. Under a sympathetic ruler like Hyder Ali they thrived, though cut off from their parent source, but now they fell into heathenish ways which brought down



on them the vengeance of God. Tippu Sultan was the instrument chosen by Providence for their chastisement. For a long time Tippu Sultan had been possessed with a belief that he could not keep his kingdom secure without making all his Christian subjects Mussalmans; and if he could not effect this he purposed to exterminate them. This belief was engendered in his mind, according to the famous Balthu Chutney, by a dream in which he saw or fancied he saw a contest between the Cross and the Crescent, which was decided by the intervention of the white men "coming from far off over lands and seas." Tippu Sultan combined superstition with bigotry, and faithfully recorded his dreams as lights from heaven to guide him in foreign as well as domestic policy. His dream was further confirmed by reports he received that the Christians secretly supplied provisions to the British during the sieges of Mangalore, and that the British had gained a footing in Kanara through the secret assistance of the Christians. Tippu at last made up his mind to carry out his iniquitous design, and signed the *firman* with his tiger-seal for the wholesale of deportation of the Christians to Seringapatam. The story is well told by Balthu Chutney:—"A moment after, with upraised hands, he [Abdullah] sighed: Allah! Allah! Then beckoning me to his side, he asked me 'Can you keep a secret until such time as seemeth best to Allah?' In the kindest of tones he spoke: 'I fear the news will break your heart. But I have had no secrets from you. Know then, my friend, trusty in weal or woe, that this dark night, the Sultan has affixed the tiger-seal to the document that is to carry desolation or death, which Allah avert! to thousands of Christian homes in your country.' Ask me what I felt thereat! Never the like of it since the day when long ago as a young man mine eyes, yet tearful over the loss of a loving wife, beheld the fell havoc wrought by the floods and the rushing waters sweeping away in their frantic course man and woman and child and our very dwellings along the riverside in Buntwal."

In the early hours of one and the same morning 30,000 men, women, children, the sick, the dying and the old were suddenly dragged from their homes to be carried like herds of cattle above the Ghauts. It is said that the Christians taken from

Mangalore and the neighbouring parishes were collected in the fields near the Mutt of Gурpur. They were then sent under a strong escort, *via* Jamalabad, to Seringapatam. Upon a second and third occasion Tippu carried off some thousands more. The property of the Christians was confiscated and distributed among the Mahomedans and those of his Hindu subjects who had helped in seizing the Christians. Many of the Christians that were carried away perished on the road—so terrible were their privations and distress. During these persecutions several Christian families took refuge on Coorg and Malabar.

78. It is hardly necessary to remark that upon this expulsion of the Christians from their native land, Tippu ordered the demolition of the churches of Kanara; but the order was not rigidly executed. Only a few of the churches were demolished wholly, the local authorities contenting themselves with merely removing the roofs of others. The churches of Rosario and Milagres at Mangalore were levelled to the ground; the stones of the former being used for repairing the fort of Mangalore and those of the latter for the erection of the two Mahomedan pillars still to be seen on Edyah Hill. The church plate was saved and carried to Goa by Father Mauritius Mascarenhas, the Vicar General, and other fugitive priests, who restored it after the East India Company's accession. Subjoined is a list of churches built by the Christians in the last century:—

1. Rosario of Mangalore; 2. Milagres of Mangalore; 3. Bolar, Mangalore, the chapel rebuilt by Father Miranda; 4. Monte Marian, Feringapet, built by Father Miranda; 5. Omzur (The Holy Family); 6. Ullal (Our Lady of Mercy); 7. Pejjar (St. Joseph); 8. Bantwal (Bom Jesu); 9. Bidrem (Santa Cruz), the church preserved intact by favour, it is said, of the Chowter Raja of Mudbidry; 10. Mogarnada (The Mother of God); 11. Agrar (San Salvador); 12. Mulki (The Immaculate Conception); 13. Kireñ (N. S. dos Remedios); 14. Sirva (N. S. de Saude); 15. Karkal (St. Lawrence); 16. Kallianpur (N. S. de Milagres); 17. Coondapoor (N. S. de Rosario); 18. Gangoli (Immaculate Conception); 19. Barcelore (N. S. de Rosario); 20. Baidur (Immaculate Conception);



21. Chandor (St. Francis Xavier); 22. Honore (San Salvador); 23. Sulmona (N. S. dos Remedios); 24. Kumpta; 25. Sunkery (Immaculate Conception), built by the Carmelite Fathers.

79. Few years had passed since the Portuguese flag ceased to fly on their once famous factory at Mangalore before the Cross, which had been standing on the towers and steeples of some twenty-five Churches in Kanara, was pulled down from its lofty heights. The Crescent consummated its work of destruction and devastation of Christian homes and churches. But the Cross which had been nurtured for over two centuries by the Portuguese missionaries could not be destroyed by a *firman* sealed even with a tiger-seal and carried out though it was with such rigour and cruelty. The struggle between the Cross and the Crescent still continued. The trampled Cross raised its cry to angels and men for vengeance. It was the cause of humanity, of liberty of religion and of peace of nations; and all forces in Heaven and Earth now conspired against the Crescent that was a menace to the peace and happiness of its subjects and of the nations and states around. The dream attributed to Tippu by Balthu Chutney had a meaning in it. The tidings of the deportation of the Christians and their terrible sufferings sent a thrill of horror throughout the whole of Tippu's dominions and wherever in the civilized world the news travelled. Whatever their sympathies were towards the Christians, the British saw in this awful deed of Tippu, only a step in the carrying out of Tippu's grand project of consolidating and building up a Mahomedan Empire in India—an empire which under the protection of the French would be a menace to the very existence of the British power and other kingdoms in the Deccan and Southern India. The alarm created by the news of Tippu's execrable deed towards the Christians, among other causes, precipitated the last Mysore War, which brought about the fall of the Crescent in Southern India. There was another way in which the expulsion of Christians from their homes was a grave political blunder on the part of Tippu. Always loyal to their rulers, the most intelligent and advanced of the people among whom they

lived, the foremost in every walk of life, one of the most industrious of the agricultural classes and the most enterprising among merchants, the Christians of Kanara were regarded as a source of strength by the Bednore rulers and by Hyder Ali, who always did their utmost to conciliate them. Even, therefore, if there were good grounds for his suspicions against the loyalty of some of the Christians, a sound policy would have dictated to Tippu the advisability, after punishing the real culprits, of relaxing the rigour of his revenue collections and conciliating the Christians by every other possible means. Tippu however followed a reverse policy, with the result that his kingdom was deprived of one of its bulwarks, and there followed a train of internal disorders, risings, anarchy, and an enormous falling off in the revenue, all of which paved the way for external aggression and invasion. Tyranny, despotism and oppression have never made a state great and are preludes only to destruction.

80. We shall close this part of the history of Kanara with a brief account of the several steps by which the British gained a footing in Kanara, leaving the reader for more details to the accounts published in many of the histories of India and in the *Manual of South Canara*. We have before noticed the facts connected with the establishment of the English factories at Karwar and Bhatkal.\* After the massacre of Englishmen at Bhatkal in 1668, no second attempt was made by the British to open a settlement there; though they continued to trade with the place in pepper. The factory at Karwar suffered frequently on account of the avowed hostility towards the English of the Chiefs of Sonda, then under the influence of the Portuguese; and the desolation resulting from the frequent incursions of the Mahratta freebooters impoverished the country so much that the factory could expect little trade with the interior. About 1720 the Governor of Karwar was embroiled in a quarrel with Basava Naik, Chief of Sonda, by seizing a wreck which came ashore about four miles from the factory. The Chief besieged the factory during the rains, and though the siege was

\* *Ante*, pages 302 and 303 of the *Mangalore Magazine*, June number of 1900.



raised through the intervention of a friendly Musalman, the continued hostility of the Chief towards the British compelled them to withdraw from Karwar. About this time the British factory at Tellicherry began to make attempts to form settlements in Kanara and to extend the British sphere of influence along the coast, in rivalry with the French at Mahe. A factory was opened at Honavar about 1720. Its existence is noticed by the French Scholar Anquetil du Perron, who passed through the district in 1758, and by Forbes, the author of the *Oriental Memoirs*, and by the traveller Parsons, who visited Kanara between 1772 and 1775. The British from Tellicherry also made attempts to be masters of the fort at Nileshwar, which was in the territory of the Kollatari princes of Malabar. In 1736 the advance of the Bednore troops into the Kollatari territory brought them into conflict with the British, and as a result of the check the Bednore troops received, a treaty was executed with Surapaya, Kanarese Governor at Mangalore, by which the Bednoreans agreed not to advance beyond the Vallarpatam river, and several commercial advantages were secured to the English in the Kollatari territory conquered by Bednore. About 1750 in a war between the Kollatari prince and Bednore the British sided with the latter, while the French, taking the side of the former, anticipated the British and captured the Nileshwar fort. French influence was for some time paramount in that portion of the District, but their power was soon broken by the successful intrigues of the British at Tellicherry.

81. The history of the British conquest of Kanara divides itself into four periods, namely:—

- i. The First Mysore War (1767-1769) with Hyder Ali, which was concluded with the treaty of Madras;
- ii. The Second Mysore War (1780-1784), with Hyder Ali until his death in 1782 and then with Tippu Sultan, which ended with the treaty of Mangalore;
- iii. The Third Mysore War (1790-1792), which concluded with the treaty of Seringapatam in 1792, and

- iv. The Fourth Mysore War in 1799, which ended with the death of Tippu Sultan and the capture of Seringapatam.

The history of the settlement of Kanara belongs to a later period of history which will be treated on some future occasion. We may only observe in conclusion that the people of all classes belonging to Kanara, especially the Christians, had suffered so dreadfully from Tippu's reign of terror that they welcomed the British with a sense of relief and joy, and a hope of future peace and prosperity, that perhaps nowhere else were felt in India on the advent of the British. Nor were our ancestors disappointed, for they found that the main object of British rule in India was to secure the happiness of the people over whom it was held. Eloquent testimony to this was borne about the beginning of this century by the French Catholic Missionary Abbe Dubois, who lived in Mysore for many years between 1793 and 1823. "The justice and prudence," he writes, "which the present rulers display in endeavouring to making these people less unhappy than they have hitherto been, the anxiety which they manifest in increasing their material comfort; above all the inviolable respect which they constantly show for the customs and religious beliefs of the country; and lastly, the protection which they afford to the weak as well as to the strong—all these have contributed more to the consolidation of their power than even their victories and conquests."

The following passage from Tennyson's *Akbar's Dream* has a peculiar significance for us when read in the light of our modern history:—

Me too the black-wing'd Azrael overcame,  
 But Death had ears and eyes; I watch'd my son,  
 And those that follow'd, loosen, stone from stone,  
 All my fair work; and from the ruin arose  
 The shriek and curse of trampled millions, even  
 As in the time before; but while I groan'd,  
 From out the sunset pour'd an alien race,  
 Who fitted stone to stone again, and Truth,  
 Peace, Love and Justice came and dwelt therein.'

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



# THE MANGALORE MAGAZINE.

MANGALORE, CHRISTMAS, 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.

WITH this number the Magazine completes its third year, which is a longer span of life than was predicted for it when it made its bow to the public at the Christmas of 1897. Its three years of existence and the favour that has been extended to it go to prove that there is a place for it in Mangalore and a public to appreciate it. May God reward those who have helped it to survive so long, whether the help took the form of subscription or contribution or both. To the advertisers a special debt of gratitude is due, for they have supplied the "sinews of war," without which enterprises the most beneficial are doomed to failure.

The tardy issue of this number is due in part to business that took the Editor away from Mangalore for nearly a month during the Christmas holidays, and in part to the fact that some of the literary contributions failed to reach his sanctum in time. For this latter reason the continuation of Father Hornsby's interesting *Memories of Macao* had to be held over for the Easter issue. *Phases of Life in Central Africa* is from the pen of one of the

earliest contributors to the pages of this Magazine, who is the pioneer in a new field for Mangaloreans in the heart of the Dark Continent. A misstatement has crept into his interesting paper with regard to the burial place of Dr. Livingstone. The great explorer breathed his last near Lake Bangweolo, May 4th, 1873, and it was his heart that was buried there at the foot of a tree by his faithful native followers. A monument twenty feet high and surmounted by a cross has been recently erected on the spot. Light from the Dark Continent is thrown elsewhere in our columns on the mystery of *Shall and Will*, the solution of which is attempted by the learned convert, the Rev. Dr. Frederick Kolbe, editor of *The South African Catholic Magazine*, till this life-wasting Boer War caused him to resign his post.

\* \* \* \*

On the 18th of January two marble tablets were shipped from Genoa for Mangalore, one of which is to be erected in the vestibule of the College to the memory of the late Father A. Mutti, S. J., who collected the funds for and superintended the building of the College. This tribute to his memory is due to the munificence of Mr. Martin Pais. The other tablet is for the College Church and is to the memory of Father Hugh Ryan, S. J., for which his old friends and pupils have defrayed the expenses.

\* \* \* \*

We have to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following exchanges sent to us since our Michaelmas issue:—*The Georgetown College Journal, The Tamarack, The Stylus, The Xavier, The Xaverian* (Melbourne), *The Fordham Monthly, The Notre Dame Scholastic, The Dial, Catholic Opinion, La Revista Catolica, The Stonyhurst Magazine, The Pilot* (Boston), *The Holy Cross Purple, The Educational Review* (London), *The Ratcliffian, The Fleur-de-Lis, The Harvest Field, The Indian Review, The Agra College Magazine, The Allahabad University Magazine, The Times of Malabar, The Cochin Argus, The Madonna* (Melbourne), *The Baeda, The Raven, The Edmondian, etc., etc.*



## College Chronicle.

**September 24th, Monday.**—There was an interesting Cricket Match begun to-day between the College Eleven and the Government College Eleven. It was continued on the next day and ended in a draw.

**September 27th, Thursday.**—The final Cricket Match of the season played by the College team came off to-day with the Mangalore Cricket Club.

**September 28th, Friday.**—This being the first anniversary of Father Vandelli's death the members of the various College Cricket Clubs had a High Mass of Requiem celebrated at 7 o'clock for their lamented Prefect of Games.

**October 2nd, Tuesday.**—Feast of the Holy Guardian Angels. This being the patronal feast of the Junior Students' Sodality there was a Solemn High Mass at 7 o'clock celebrated by Father E. Lazzarini, S. J., Director of the Sodality of the Immaculate Conception, Codialbail. In the afternoon at 4 o'clock Solemn Benediction was given by Father Moore, Rector and Principal of the College.

**October 9th, Tuesday.**—John Patrick Crichton-Stuart, 3rd Marquis of Bute, died to-day at the early age of fifty-three. Record is made here of his demise because he was one of the Benefactors who contributed to the building of this College, and his name in letters of gold heads the list on the marble tablet set up in the vestibule of the College. Speaking of his conversion Monsignor Capel says: "That Lord Bute, a nobleman of singularly distinguished ancestry, of great conservative political influence, of much intellectual promise, having possessions producing an immense income, ever increasing, whose coming of age was heralded by most magnificent festivities at Cardiff, should three months later enter the Church of Rome astonished the whole nation. It was made the theme of Lord Beaconsfield's famous novel, *Lothair*."

**October 11th, Thursday.**—The feast of Monte Marian, Feringapet, was kept to-day. Father Cajetan Gonsalves, S. J., went from the College to preach the sermon.

**October 14th, Sunday.**—Father Rector gave a lecture in the evening in the Sodality Recreation Hall, Humpunkatta. The subject was in continuation of a former lecture on Montserrat, the famous shrine in Catalonia, Spain, and on the work of the Sodalities in Barcelona, with special reference to the Sodality of St. Aloysius directed by Father Louis Fiter, S. J., in the Church of the Sacred Heart.

**October 30th, Tuesday.**—In the evening at 6 o'clock there was a lecture in the Ganapathi Middle School by Mr. T. E. Moir, I. C. S., Assistant Collector, on "Life in an English Public School." Father Rector was Chairman on the occasion.

**November 4th, Sunday.**—The students of the Matriculation Class made their annual pilgrimage to the Shrine of Our Lady of Pompei, Urwa, under the lead of Father Gonsalves.

**November 12th, Monday.**—Mr. T. T. Logan, M. A., Inspector of Schools, Western Circle, made his visitation of the College to-day.

**November 17th, Saturday.**—In the evening at 6 o'clock was held the anniversary meeting of the "Government College Literary Society." The Chairman was Mr. Dumergue, District and Sessions Judge, and the lecturer was Father Moore, Rector and Principal of the College, who chose for his subject "Some Undeveloped Resources of India."

**November 21st, Wednesday.**—Feast of the Presentation of the B. V. M., titular feast of the Senior Students' Sodality. The High Mass was celebrated by Father P. C. Rosario, S. J., and the sermon in the afternoon was preached by Father Corti, after which Solemn Benediction was given by Father Lazzarini.

**November 26th, Monday.**—His Lordship the Bishop came to the College to take leave of the Fathers before starting for Goa to attend the Eucharistic Congress to be opened there on the 3rd prox. in the church of the Bom Jesu at the tomb of St. Francis Xavier. Father H. Buzzoni, S. J., Vicar of the Cathedral, accompanies the Bishop as Secretary and Chaplain. :

**November 30th, Friday.**—Mr. John A. Stagg, Messrs. Macmillan and Co.'s travelling agent, visited the College to-day.



**December 1st, Saturday.**—The First-in-Arts Examinations began in the College Hall to-day. Of the 84 candidates registered 79 presented themselves. Canarese was chosen by 58 as a second Language, Sanskrit by 13, Latin by 7, and Tamil by one. The Matriculation Examinations, carried on simultaneously in the Government College, had 194 examinees.

**December 3rd, Monday.**—Feast of St. Francis Xavier, Apostle of the Indies. Father Rector said the mass at 7 o'clock. The sermon in the afternoon was preached by Father Zerbinati, after which Solemn Benediction was given. At 6 o'clock there was the Annual Distribution of Prizes in St. Joseph's Diocesan Seminary, Jeppu. Father A. Lucchini, S. J., the Rector and Prefect of Studies, delivered a lecture on "The Triumphs of the Church in the Nineteenth Century." The Very Rev. Fr. E. Frachetti, S. J., V. G. and Superior of the Mission, presided in the absence of His Lordship the Bishop. The European mail that left London on the evening of Friday the 16th ult. arrived in Mangalore before noon to-day. This is about the shortest time on record.

**December 5th, Wednesday.**—The Rev. Emmanuel D'Souza, S. J., arrived to-day from the House of Studies at Shembaganore, Madura District, to take up his residence in the College and to be on the teaching staff next year.

**December 8th, Saturday.**—Feast of the Immaculate Conception B. V. M. Father Rector celebrated the Mass at 7 o'clock, at which there was General Communion of the students. Solemn Benediction and the chanting of the *Te Deum* followed. In the evening at 6 o'clock there was the Annual Distribution of Prizes, at which Mr. D. D. Murdoch, Collector of the District, presided. A detailed account of the other proceedings will be found elsewhere. Fathers Perazzi and Bonaldi, S. J., left to-day by the B. I. SS. *Khandalla* for Bombay, *en route* for Ranchi.

**December 11th, Tuesday.**—Father Rector left Mangalore in the evening for Calicut, to conduct a Retreat in the Parish Church. From there he is to go to Madras to conduct another in the Adyar. Father Colombo set out for the Kudre Mukh for a change.

**December 14th, Friday.**—Father Corti sailed early in the morning for Cannanore by *pattimar* in company with the Rev. Norbert Fernandes, a former student of the College and lately of the class of Rethoric of St. Joseph's Seminary, Jeppu, who is going to Shambaganore, Madura District, to enter the novitiate of the Society of Jesus.

**December 19th, Wednesday.**—Several Fathers from the College attended the funeral of Father A. J. Mascarenhas, an aged secular priest who died last night.

**December 20th, Thursday.**—The annual Retreat for the members of the Sodality of the Immaculate Conception, Codialbail, began this evening under the direction of Father Perini.

**December 24th, Monday.**—The Retreat ended this morning with a General Communion. The Rev. Vincent French, a Scholastic of the Society of Jesus, died at two o'clock this afternoon at Kankanady. His funeral was attended by several Fathers from the College, and the interment took place in the mortuary chapel at Jeppu Seminary.

**December 25th, Tuesday.**—Christmas Day. Three from the College went to the Cathedral to assist His Lordship the Bishop at the midnight Pontifical High Mass. The midnight Mass at the College was celebrated by Father Baizini. There was Solemn Benediction at 4. 30 P. M. Father Paternieri went to Jeppu to give a Retreat to the Sisters of Charity.

**December 26th, Wednesday.**—Father Zerbinati began an eight days' Retreat to the Tertiary Carmelite Sisters of St. Ann's Convent, Mangalore.

**December 30th, Sunday.**—Owing to the feast of the Holy Childhood, which was celebrated to-day in Jeppu, there was no Benediction in the College chapel in the afternoon. The two Sodalities and many of the Fathers went to Jeppu to take part in the procession.

**December 31st, Monday.**—The last day of the nineteenth century.

When the sixtieth minute is ended  
The clock at last strikes one;  
When the hundredth year is expended  
The century's course is run.

Walter W. Skeat.



## The Annual Prize Day.

THE twentieth Annual Distribution of Prizes was held on Saturday, December 8th, at 6 P. M. in the College Hall. The following programme was gone through to the great satisfaction of a very large audience:—

### PROGRAMME

#### PART I.

INTRODUCTORY . . . . . Chorus from "Poliuto" . . . . . *Donizetti*  
THE COLLEGE CHOIR.

#### THE ANNUAL REPORT.

DUET . . . . . *Campana*  
ALBIN REBELLO AND JOHN G. COELHO.

#### DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES.

CHORUS . . . . . "Hope" . . . . . *Rossini*  
THE COLLEGE CHOIR.

CHAIRMAN'S ADDRESS . . . . . D. D. MURDOCH, ESQ.

CHORUS . . . . . "The Breaking Day" . . . . . *Pinsuto-Caldicott*  
THE COLLEGE CHOIR.

#### PART II.

#### WILLIAM TELL,

#### *An Historical Play in three Acts*

BY

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

#### CAST OF CHARACTERS.

##### SWISS.

WILLIAM TELL . . . . . LOUIS COELHO.  
ALBERT, *his Son* . . . . . JOSEPH COELHO.  
MELCHTAL, *Erni's Father* . . . . . PETER MINEZES.  
GOTARD . . . . . M. NARASIMHA KAMATH.  
VERNER . . . . . MARIAN VAS.  
PIERRE . . . . . A. P. LOUIS.  
MICHAEL . . . . . MANUEL VAS.

##### AUSTRIANS.

GESLER, *Governor of Waldstetten* . . . . . GEORGE ALBUQUERQUE.  
SARNEM, *his Lieutenant* . . . . . JEROME TAURO.  
RODOLPH } *his Castellains* . . . . . { E. S. REGO.  
LUTOLD } { LIGUORI SALDANHA.  
BURGHERS { JOHN COELHO, MARTIN COELHO, TITUS COELHO,  
JAMES SOUZA, GREGORY CASTILINO, ANTONY  
LOBO, ALBIN REBELLO, LOUIS SALDANHA.  
SOLDIERS { GEORGE COELHO, DENIS CASTILINO, JOHN  
ALVARES, MATTHEW PAIS.

SCENE: SWITZERLAND; first among the mountains and afterwards near the gate of Altorf.

TIME: Fourteenth Century.

*Calisthenic Drill between the Acts.*

The Report was read by Rev. Fr. Moore, Rector and Principal of the College. The following passages from it will prove of interest to such of our readers as have not heard or read it:—

In the public examinations the College shared in great measure the good and the bad fortune of the other colleges and schools in the Presidency. Of the 31 candidates presented for the Lower Secondary Examination 22 passed, with two in the first class. This was a decided improvement on the results of the previous year, when only 11 passed of the 40 sent up for the examination. It should be borne in mind, however, that that was the first year that students were entered for the Lower Secondary Examination, and special preparation was begun for it only in the second term. Last year's Matriculation class was one of the largest ever presented by the College, and without exception the most unfortunate. Of our 52 candidates only six passed, giving a percentage of 11.5 as compared with the 21 of the Presidency and the 29 of the District. Analysing the successes and failures, however, there is much to make amends for these apparently poor results. In English only four failed, in Second Language two, and in History and Geography seven. In Mathematics, however, there were 24 failures and in Physics and Chemistry 41, seventeen of which were in Science alone. It is difficult to account for so many failures save by referring to the Report of the Syndicate of the University, where we find that the percentage of failures in Mathematics was 39 and in Physics and Chemistry 61.

In the First-in-Arts Examination the College fared much better, but here again there was something anomalous in the results. Of the 15 candidates presented one passed in the first class and seven in the second, thus securing a percentage of 53.3 and the ninth place among the fifty-one colleges in the Presidency, where the percentage of passes was only 32.9. Examining the failures, it appears that there was only one in English, one in Second Language, and six in Physiology, five of which were in it alone. The failures in Physiology were something phenomenal throughout the Presidency, amounting as they did to 50 per cent. It is worthy of note that one of the failed College students won the prize in his class, in which he scored full marks, and another who also failed stood very close to him. It would be a satisfaction when anomalies of this kind occur if an appeal for a revision of the answer papers were admitted.

The results of the B. A. Degree Examination were more satisfactory. In the English Language Division 15 appeared and eight passed, two of whom were in the second class. This gave a percentage



of 53.3 and the seventh place among the fifteen first-grade colleges in the Presidency. In the Second Language Division 14 were examined and 11 passed, three of whom were in the second class. The percentage thus secured was 78.5, which was the eighth highest in the Presidency. In the Science Division (History) 15 were examined and seven passed, of whom one was in the first class and one in the second. The percentage thus obtained was the lowest ever scored by the College, whereas in the examinations of the two preceding years this College held the first place in the Presidency. The winning of a pass in the first class by Bantwal Sitarama Rau was however a redeeming feature, for it was the first time that this distinction fell to a student from this College. To this brilliant student fell also the distinction of passing first in the Presidency in Canarese.

As a result of this year's work 39 candidates have been sent up in the name of the College for the Matriculation Examination, 20 for the First-in-Arts Examination, and 14 for the B. A. Degree Examination in each of its three branches—English Language, Second Language, and History. For the Lower Secondary Examination there are 39 candidates. It is intended henceforth to make the passing of this examination the test for promotion to the High School Department. Owing to the recent change in the Lower Secondary curriculum, by which Geometry and Algebra have been substituted by Book-keeping and Commercial Correspondence, this examination will be all the more important as it will mark a more definite stage in the school course. Those who leave school in future after passing the Lower Secondary Examination will be better fitted than formerly for entering on a commercial career; and those who fail to pass it can scarcely hope for better success in the studies of the High School Department. Another important advantage derived from this change accrues to students who have been of late, since the outbreak of the Bubonic Plague, flocking to Mangalore instead of Bombay, for they will find that our school course is in accord with that prevailing in the Bombay Presidency.

During the first term of the scholastic year the new building for the accommodation of the College Department and the gymnasium was opened. This has proved to be a decided advantage, as we are now enabled to keep the College classes apart from the School Department. It has moreover given some needed additional classrooms as well as a room for the College Library and a Reading Room for the students of the College Department. Since the beginning of the second term the gymnasium has been in operation under a trained instructor in drill

and gymnastics. It is a matter of great satisfaction to all concerned in promoting the welfare of the College that it is now so well equipped materially that it can compare favourably with the best in the Presidency. As regards the studies considerable progress has also been made, and more is expected in coming years. Next year we expect to have the staff strengthened by the addition of four trained teachers, and the year following by two more who are going to train.

The duet that followed the reading of the Report was a great success, and the sweet, silvery voices of Albin Rebello and John G. Coelho were much admired. Father Gonsalves, the Assistant Prefect of Studies, went through the Prize List, and the Chairman gave away the prizes. The Mangalore public has been extraordinarily munificent on this occasion in awarding prizes to our deserving students. The list is a long one of those who generously aided the College with their contributions to the Prize Fund. Special thanks, however, are due to Mr. F. H. Hamnett, I. C. S., whose last act before leaving Coimbatore for England was to send a handsome prize to the College; M. R. Ry. Achutan Nair, Avargal, B. A.; M. R. Ry. V. Ranga Rao, Avargal, B. A., B. L.; and Mr. C. F. B. Saldanha. Nor can one pass over in silence the liberal donations by a large number of ex-Aloysians, who of late have been rallying round their *Alma Mater* with unusual spirit. As to the prize-winners we shall but mention the carriers off of an armful, whose names were called out at least four times, viz., Paschal D'Souza, (Junior B. A.), Louis Coelho (Junior F. A.), Epiphanius Minezes (V Form), Lawrence Gonsalves (III Form), Adur Krishnaya (II Form), Saturnine Dias (I Form), Dominic Rego (I Form), and Peter John Noronha (I Form), all of whom walked home that night heavy-laden with prizes and praises.

The Chairman opened his address with congratulating Very Rev. Fr. Frachetti, late Rector of the College, on being appointed Vicar General and Superior of the Mission, and Rev. Fr. Moore on his appointment as Rector. He said that four-fifths of the total number of the College students were made up of Native Christians, and he hoped the work that the Fathers were doing would help very much to the intellectual and moral formation of the students. He had read the *Mangalore*



*Magazine*, and had learnt, especially from the 'Personal Paragraphs,' that there was a fine *esprit de corps* among the students. He wished the College all success.

*William Tell* was then put on the stage. To say it was a decided success would be to put things mildly. One of the European ladies present did not hesitate to confess that it was the best stage representation she had ever witnessed. Every credit is due to the actors, most of whom were making their debut. It would perhaps be invidious to particularise, but *William Tell*, *Albert* and *Gesler* will linger long in the memory of the spectators. All honour to *Father Colombo* and *Mr. Palmer*, who had been untiring in their endeavours to make the performance a perfect success. The *Calisthenic Drill* between the Acts was quite a new feature in the programme. The performers, though the veriest tyros, went through the following exercises with considerable skill under the command of *Ligory Pinto*:—*Physical Drill* with muskets, *Hammick's Sword Exercise*, *Sandow's* and *Maclaren's System of Dumb-bells*, and *Harrison's System of Indian Clubs*. The solemnity of the occasion was of course greatly enhanced by the *College Choir* under the management of its esteemed director, *Father Polese*. The brush of our artist, *Br. Moscheni*, had also been busy and lent to the stage much of its attractiveness. The mountain scenery of *Switzerland* was as true to nature as it well could be. The *Alpine cliffs*, capped by the perennial snows, the noisy rushing of torrents from their mountain heights, the hardy peasants clad in their native costume, the fainting of the tyrant who had lost his way, the kindly relief administered to him by a little hero of a mountaineer, all this might have made a *Swiss* cry out, 'This is a bit of my own, my native land!' The universal satisfaction of the audience was evinced by a round of hearty applause as the curtain fell, and after the singing of the *National Anthem* one of our prominent citizens was heard to say in an emphatic tone, "A rare treat is this for us in *Mangalore*."

The sonnet "To a Boy at School" is taken from the *Georgetown College Journal*. Its author is professor of English Literature in the *Catholic University, Washington*.

## Personal Paragraphs.

**ALEXANDER** Gonsalves, Matriculate, '85, formerly employed in the office of the Director of the Royal Indian Marine, has been recently transferred on promotion to the *R. I. M. S. Nan-covry*, now engaged in marine survey work near *Mangalore*.

**Thomas Mascarenhas**, Matriculate, '89, who stood first in *Commercial Correspondence* and third in *Book-keeping* in the *Madras Government Technical Examinations* in 1893, has opened morning and evening commercial classes in the *Fort High School, Bombay*. There is a large field for enterprise of this kind in *Bombay*, and it deserves every encouragement.

**Joseph Saldanha**, B. A., '95, is employed at present as *Assistant Superintendent* in the *General Department (Plague), Secretariat, Bombay*.

**Aloysius Fernandes**, son of the late *Ignatius Fernandes*, of *Karwar*, retired *First-class Sub-Judge*, has established himself as a merchant in *Karwar*.

**Anthony F. Theodore**, Matriculate, '88, has obtained a transfer on promotion from the *Political Department* to the *Railway Department, Secretariat, Bombay*.

**Victor J. F. Noronha**, Matriculate, '93, holds the appointment of *Accounts clerk* in the office of the *Examiner of Marine Accounts* in connection with the *China Expedition*.

The following few changes have been made in the teaching staff of the *College* for the first scholastic year of the new century:—**Mr. Peter D'Souza**, B. A., '91-2, severed his connection with the *College* after seven years of service as teacher in the *High School Department*, and **Mr. Gabriel D'Souza**, F. A., '97, after three years in the *Middle School*. The latter has accepted an engagement in *St. Patrick's School, Karachi*, changing places with **Mr. P. F. Aranha**, a trained teacher of ten years' standing. **Mr. Clement F. Vas**, Matriculate, '95, has resumed his classes in the *Middle School* after a year in the *Government Training School, Calicut*, changing places with **Mr. Peter John D'Souza**, Matriculate, '98. The *Rev. Emmanuel D'Souza, S. J.*, teaches in the *High School* along with **Mr. U. Shripad Rau**,



B. A., '99, who has just finished his year of training in the Teachers' College, Saidapet, Madras.

The Reverend Peter Repetto, S. J., for many years teacher in this College, was ordained priest on the feast of the Epiphany, in Calcutta, by the Most Rev. Archbishop Goethals, S. J. He returned to St. Mary's Seminary, Kurseong, after celebrating his First Mass, and will remain there a year longer to complete his theological studies.

The Rev. Father Sani, S. J., was transferred at the beginning of the year from Calicut to Cannanore, after about twenty years of residence at the former place as Vicar and Military Chaplain. His Assistant Vicar, Father Cavaliere, S. J., has come to Mangalore, where he is attached to Jeppoo Seminary, replacing Father Lazzarini, S. J., as Director of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, Codialbail. The latter has gone to Calicut to act as Military Chaplain and Manager of the Calicut Union Club and St. Joseph's School. The Rev. Father Zanetti, S. J., Military Chaplain, Cannanore, has been transferred to Calicut as Vicar.

The Reverend Francis Williams, S. J., was ordained priest at Gorizia, Austria, last September. He is at present at the Irish House of Theology, Milltown Park, Dublin, and we may hope to see him in Mangalore before the first year of the new century has run its course.

Fathers Basil Rosario, Gilbert Saldanha, and Marian Fernandes, S. J., have been transferred from St. Mary's Theological Seminary, Kurseong, to Manresa House, Ranchi, Bengal, where they will spend a year with Fathers Perazzi and Bonaldi in making their final preparation for work in the Mangalore Mission.

Lawrence Patrick Fernandes and his brother Paul passed their Senior Medical examination in the Grant Medical College, Bombay, last October. The former won the fourth place in his class and the latter the twelfth. Of the 152 who went up for the examination only 54 passed.

They both spent a few weeks of well-earned vacation in Kankanady before returning to begin their fourth year.

Lawrence Pius Fernandes, of the F. A. Class, '94, son of Mr. Ignatius Fernandes, Retired Munsif, also passed the same examination in the same College with his namesakes in Bombay.

Balthasar D'Sa, F. A., '90, of the Forest Department, Madura District, was married in Codialbail Chapel, Mangalore, on November 27th, to Miss Bridget Tellis, daughter of Mr. Ephrem Tellis.

On Wednesday, November 28th, there was another wedding at St. Paul's Church (Anglican), where Mr. T. E. Moir, I. C. S., was united to Miss Ella Thurburn Davies. The Rev. Mr. Lys officiated on the occasion. A reception was held afterwards at the Collector's Bungalow.

B. L. Sequeira, B. A., '91, was confirmed on November 1st in the responsible post of Superintendent, Paper Currency Office, Bombay. Mr. Sequeira had a brilliant school and college career, having passed all his examinations from Matriculation to B. A. first class. In the Account Service Examination held in Bombay in November 1899 he came out first, although he had served only six months in the Accountant General's Office.

David Pinto, B. A., '91-2, has passed the examination of Bachelor of Laws of the Bombay University.

It is with regret we have to announce the death in Bombay of Mr. James Silver Phipps, late agent in Mangalore for Messrs. Shepherd & Co. He died of the Bubonic Plague on December 27th.

## The Longest Name.

Don't tell me of words long and sounding,  
 For I've merely to spell out my name,  
 And others, like pigmies, will scatter  
 At only the thought of my fame.  
 I'm a town in an isle of the Cymry,  
 With fifty-eight letters I'm writ,  
 But the English, my deadliest foemen,  
 For shortness, my long name have split.  
 I could tell you a laughable story  
 Of my fun with the telegraph clerk,  
 But 'twere better, perchance, for his honour,  
 To leave such like things in the dark.  
 I'll write me in black and white fully,  
 Lest you charge me with humbug and bosh,  
 Llanfairpullgwynllgogorchwy  
 Rydrobwillandisilligogoch.\*

H. W.

\*A town in Anglesea now usually shortened to Llanfairpwll.



## The Mystery of "Shall" and "Will."

By the Rev. Frederick C. Kolbe, D.D.

### PART I.

IT has often been remarked that it is a curious phenomenon that so many English-speaking people cannot grasp the distinction between *shall* and *will*, *would* and *should*. The people of England itself seem to use these auxiliaries correctly by a sort of instinct; but in Scotland, Ireland, the Colonies and America, mistakes are of constant occurrence. So far, then, the distinction would appear to be of the nature of a mystery. I should however be inclined to say that people, educated people at least, *will* not grasp it, rather than that they cannot; it is a question of *will* in more senses than one. The mystery is not a very profound one, and a little conscious effort would soon change the erroneous habit into one of unconscious rectitude.

By means of this distinction, English is able to express futurity with more delicate and subtle accuracy than any other language whatsoever; and all who love the purity of our mother-tongue should be zealous to preserve for it this pre-eminence. Webster in America combined all printers into a league for the defence of the Yankee way of spelling English. I wish I had the influence to combine all printers in South Africa, and all teachers as well, into a solemn league and covenant to correct the misplacing of *w* and *sh* wherever it is found in their manuscripts, or in their pupils.

The mistake is said to be a Celticism, but I believe it to be more general—a provincialism, in fact. At any rate, that is the contention of the following letter culled from the *Cape Argus* a few months ago:—

SIR—May I take the liberty of remarking, with respect to the misplacing of "shall" and "will," a practice so much in vogue in South Africa, that Scotch teachers are, perhaps, not wholly to blame for it. The bilingualism of the country is also partially the cause of the phenomenon. The parts of the Dutch verb "Zullen" cannot always be translated by "shall." I find, for instance, on comparing the Dutch and English versions of the 108th Psalm, that "Zal" corresponds

some nine or ten times to "will." Allow me also to point out in connection with this matter that it is not quite correct to say, as Englishmen usually do, that Scotchmen are mixed up with their "shalls" and "wills." The fact of the matter is that in the vocabulary of ninety-nine out of every hundred of us the word "shall" has no existence.—I am, etc.

WILL.

Be that as it may, the Celts are herein the greatest sinners, and it is high time they mended their ways. For although we may not object to their colloquial idioms, yet when they do want to speak and write real English, they ought to be able to do so. If a man says to me (in the words of the above letter) that in his vocabulary the word *shall* has no existence, I reply that he may be tolerably familiar with some provincial dialect, but assuredly he does not know English. Search Shakespeare from end to end, and you shall hardly find a page on which the word does not play an important part. It is not a sufficient defence to plead the example of Sir Walter Scott. That great author wrote hurriedly, and doubtless would, or at any rate should, have been glad if some candid friend had been by to correct his slips of the pen. Our own people also have bad examples before them in high places. But we must not allow the greatness of a man to blind us to his blunders. The late Bishop of Birmingham, Dr. Ullathorne, was a saintly man of genius—but he dropped his *h*'s in a most barefaced way.\* Shall this make us do the same?

Indeed, the error of dropping the *h* is curiously parallel to that of interchanging *w* and *sh*. They both have their gross form, as when 'Arry goes to 'Ampstead 'Eath, or when (in the old "chestnut") Pat calls out, "I will drown and nobody shall save me." But they both have their delicacies also, which are by no means always observed, or even apprehended. The letter *h* "is whispered in heaven and muttered in hell"; and I know people who not only themselves pronounce *which* and *witch* alike, but are unable to detect the difference when other people pronounce them rightly. Thus there seems to be a mystery of *H* also.

I am not for urging a rigid pedantic accuracy, especially as the set of the language is undoubtedly

\* Is it generally known that this habit is Brummagem as well as Cockney?



towards giving greater liberty to *will* at the expense of *shall*, and due regard must be had to the *usus*,

*Quem penes arbitrium est et jus et norma loquendi.*

In conversation, for instance, an occasional Celticism has a pleasing piquancy about it, *when you know it is wrong*. All I am anxious about is that people should know it to be wrong. "It is the mixing up of things that does the harm," as Mrs. Carlyle used to say. On the other hand, a little pedantry is not out of place when used as a check to the too general neglect. I think Emerson must have done a great deal of good by his laboured and distinct use of *shall* in senses extremely likely to startle the average American. Take, for example, this subtle combination of obligation with futurity:—

Poetry must be affirmative. . . . The poet who shall use Nature as his hieroglyphic must have an adequate message to convey thereby.

One of the chief reasons for the frequency of the blunder is that the true practice is so little taught. Twice, as examiner in our University, have I put the question about *shall* and *will*—once in the Matriculation, and once in the Intermediate; and on neither occasion did any single candidate show any conception of the subtle possibilities underlying the matter. This made me search the grammars, and that search revealed to me that the proper teaching of this subject has to depend almost entirely upon the teachers. I found only one grammar which gave anything like a sufficient statement, and that statement was relegated to the small print which boys always skip. Alford's *Queen's English* treats the matter admirably and at length, but does not quite satisfy me; Earle in his *Philology of the English Tongue* just touches on it in his own entertaining way; whereas Morris' *Accidence* is too much occupied with dry bones to give even a hint of so living an evolution of flesh and blood as this is.

Therefore I do blame (and did not then blame) my young candidates for not knowing what the books do not teach. I will only recommend to them the plan which a happy inspiration once suggested to myself, and which wrought my conversion in this matter. It was after I had taken

my degree and was beginning to talk as if I knew a thing or two about English, when a candid friend (I daresay he has forgotten it, but I shall send him a copy of this Magazine as a reminder of my gratitude) pricked the bubble of my self-confidence with a little bit of common-sense advice about *shall* and *will*. I was piqued into determining to *approfondir* the mystery. I took up two of my favourite authors (they happened to be Newman and George Eliot, but many others would have done as well), and through several volumes I stopped over every *will* and every *shall* and forced myself to find a reason for the use of it. Thenceforward for some time I compelled myself to pause in writing before every expression of futurity, and render to myself a reason for using *sh* or *w*. Considering that my previous course of error was a matter of inveterate habit, it is surprising how soon this pause became unnecessary: and now, at this small expense of effort, I hope I may flatter myself that herein at least I am "quite English, you know."

In presenting the results of my explorations, I will proceed rather by way of example than by rule. In English, at least, rules are in the same category as promises and pie-crusts. There is a deep principle underlying the whole, but the manner and the direction of its application defy complete analysis. What of it? *Non in dialectica placuit Domino salvum facere populum suum*; neither in the supernatural, nor in the natural, is logic our all in all.

Nor will I express even the bare principle as a hard and fast dogma, lest I be bound by the limitations of language, which are narrower than those of thought. I will come upon it gradually as it appears to me in the light of history; though (it is perhaps hardly necessary to observe) I do not claim any originality in the matter.

First and foremost then, the word *shall* is undoubtedly derived from a source implying *obligation*, and it has never entirely forgotten its origin. This is certainly clear when *should* is an independent verb meaning *ought*, but even when *shall* and *should* are auxiliaries, the shadow of *must* is in them still. As for the auxiliary *will*, its meaning is obvious from the still extant verb *to will* and the noun *will*. And of course it is only of the auxil-



aries that this paper is treating: I put aside once and for all such substantive uses as are well met in the line—

What custom *will*s, in all things *should* we do it?

*Coriolanus.*

Now the Future is partly under man's control, partly not. A small portion of futurity bends to his *will*, but all else bears down upon him with the irresistible march of Fate, whose watchword is *must* or *shall*. And herein we see at once a reason for our dual expression of future time. It is but an acorn of a principle, but out of it shall be found to spring the whole oak.

Let this historical fact be wrought upon by humility and deference, and it will produce the ordinary rule of the future in English. A man speaking with humility will restrict the range of the power of his own will, and acknowledge in the future a Power above himself whom he must obey; only where he knows he can control, will he say I *will*; otherwise he says I *shall*. But with a certain deference or politeness towards others, he treats them as if the range of their control were unrestricted; if Fate has its fetters upon them, he will not assert their bondage; and so he says that second and third persons *will*—unless, indeed, he has lawful authority over them, and is thus himself their Fate, for then deference bows to truth, and he says that second and third persons *shall*. Then, once a custom is established for second and third persons, inanimate *things* follow suit and are conventionally supposed to have a will.

If then I must give a rule, let me venture upon the following:

#### RULES FOR ASSERTION IN FUTURE TIME.

- (1.) Never use *will* or *would* in the 1st person unless you mean to assert your control over the future event.
- (2.) Always use *shall* or *should* in the 2nd and 3rd persons when you mean to assert your control (permissive or actual), or the control of some external Power or Law over the persons in question.\*

\* These rules might be more concisely and philosophically, if less practically, expressed as follows:—Whenever the will of the subject of the verb is (really or conventionally) expressed, use *will*; whenever the will of the subject is for any reason eliminated, use *shall*.

I have employed the negative form for the first, and the positive for the second, in order to meet the most common mistakes with a direct contradiction. Note the words "mean to assert," for often control is most strongly enforced by not being asserted, and in such cases *shall* in the 1st person may be stronger than *will*; the latter always means "I am determined," the former may mean "I am so determined that the event is practically destined to occur." Hence children are not always wrong (grammatically) when in their obstinacy they make *shan't* do for *won't*. So also, Marshal McMahon's famous *J'y suis, j'y reste*, would be in English "Here I am, and here I shall remain": this being stronger than "will remain." just as *reste* is stronger than *resterai*. The French convey the effect by saying "it is as good as done," while we convey the effect by saying "It is already matter of Destiny."

For a similar reason we sometimes say "you will" where "you shall" might have been expected—not, I think, as Dean Alford has it, "treating the obedience" of a subordinate "as a matter of certainty"—but simply out of politeness, refraining from the assertion of our authority. This seems to be evident from the Dean's own chosen example:—"A master writes to his servant, '*on the receipt of this you will go,*' or '*you will please to go,*' '*to such a place,*'" where the "please" tells us it is a matter of politeness, not of certainty.

It will be noticed also that these rules are confined to *assertions*; indirect and interrogative forms of language introduce complications which shall be considered later on. Meanwhile we may just plant our foot firmly on one common violation of the first rule. By it we see that wherever we have no control, and can have no control, over the future event, it is wrong to say we will, or we would. And yet is it not common to hear people say, "I will be very glad to accept your invitation," "I would like to be there," "I will not be able to see you to-morrow," "I would die of shame if it happened to me," etc.? All these mistakes—they are not provincial idioms, they are sheer blunders—should be sternly eradicated, both from conversation and from correspondence.

And now let me illustrate my rules, merely



remarking that though some of my illustrations are very obvious and elementary, yet I bring them together to show what clear-cut emphasis as well as what subtle gradation of meaning, is rendered possible by the right use of this dualism.

Here is the distinction in its most naked form, in all three persons:—

I will not excuse you; you shall not be excused; excuses shall not be admitted; there's no excuse shall serve.

Shakespeare: *Henry IV.*

Or with the meaning of a *shall* exaggerated by sensitive pride:—

CORIOLANUS: Choler!

Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,  
By Jove, 't would be my mind.

SICINUS: It is a mind

That shall remain a poison where it is,  
Not poison any further.

CORIOLANUS: "Shall remain!"—

Hear you this Triton of the minnows? Mark you  
His absolute "shall?"

Emphasis by contrast:—

They may tell me if I don't lie and filch somebody else will. Well, then, somebody else shall, for I won't.

George Eliot: *Felix Holt.*

Or take again this idiomatic *shall* permissive:—

PLIABLE: May I get out again with my life, you shall possess the brave country alone for me.

Bunyan: *Pilgrim's Progress.*

Or this, where Launce's intended wife is under discussion:—

SPEED: Item, she will [*i.e.* is wont to] often praise her liquor.

LAUNCE: If her liquor be good, she shall; if she will not, I will; for good things should be praised.

*The Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

Observe the contrast in the following (where, by the way, "I resolve" means "I conclude," and not "I am determined"):—

Know, I will die  
Languishing mad, as I resolve I shall,  
Ere I will deal by such an instrument.

Beaumont & Fletcher: *A King and No King.*

Also in the second person, from the same play:—

MARDONIUS: Sir, I will speak.

ABBACES: Will ye?

MARDONIUS: It is my duty,

I fear you will kill yourself. I am a subject,  
And you shall do me wrong in't: 'tis my cause  
And I may speak.

That is to say, I fear it is your *intention* to kill yourself; and by so doing you injure me, *though you do not intend it.*

The next *shall* is a case of imposing the will of the 2nd person on a 3rd:—

Lord Francisco,

Who, as you purpose, shall solicit for you,  
I think's too near her.

Massinger. *The Duke of Milan.*

The superiority of English in this respect over other languages is seen in this little translation of an Italian proverb:—

*Sarà quel che sará.* What will be, shall be.

Marlowe: *Doctor Faustus.*

And how would you translate the following into Latin?—

Your father will be down here presently,  
and shall hear more of it.

Goldsmith: *She Stoops to Conquer.*

Or this?—

ABSALOM: And God in time shall take this shame from thee.

THAMAR: Nor God nor time will do that good for me.

Peele: *David and Bethsabe.*

And would not a Celtic non-possessor of *shall* miss at first reading the meaning of the next two lines?—

In charity, as I am an officer,  
I would not have seen you, but upon compulsion.

Massinger: *The City Madam.*

Not to prolong the list too far, I give the two most emphatic *shalls* in the whole range of English literature. The first is unabridged with the original italics and its own quaint punctuation.

—In a fortnight or three weeks, added my uncle Toby, smiling—he might march... He will never march, an' please your Honour, in this world, said the Corporal... He *will* march, said my uncle Toby, rising up from the side of the bed with one shoe off... An' please your Honour, said the Corporal, he will never march but to his grave... He *shall* march, cried my uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a shoe on, though without advancing an inch; he *shall* march to his regiment... He cannot stand it, said the Corporal... He shall be supported, said my uncle Toby—He'll drop at last, said the Corporal, and what will become of his boy?... He *shall not* drop, said my uncle Toby, firmly... A well-a-day!—do what we can for him, said Trim, maintaining his point—the poor soul will die.... He *shall not die, by God*, cried my uncle Toby.—The *accusing spirit*, which flew up to Heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in—and the *recording angel*, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.

Sterne: *Tristram Shandy.*

I rejoice to think that this exquisite blending of tenderness and humour is impossible to any other tongue than our own; and it would have been impossible to us also but for our mystery of *shall* and *will*. There is, however, a yet stronger case,



and where else should we find it than in Shakespeare? • It occurs at the climax of King Lear's hopeless struggle against the madness rising within him; two or three times already in the scene has he bid the hysterical passion down, and the Fool has been the sole confidant of his fears. Moreover, observe how the masterhand multiplies the emphasis of the terrible *shall* by a whole series of *I wills* preceding:—

You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,  
As full of grief as age; wretched in both!  
If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts  
Against their father, fool me not so much  
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger!  
O, let not women's weapons, water-drops,  
Stain my man's cheeks!—No, you unnatural hags,  
I will have such revenges on you both,  
That all the world shall—I will do such things—  
What they are, yet I know not; but they shall be  
The terrors of the earth. You think I'll weep;  
No, I'll not weep:—  
I have full cause of weeping; but this heart  
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws  
Or ere I'll weep.—O, fool, I SHALL go mad!

Here is one of the summits of the mountain range of tragedy, and we see it crowned by this our mystery of *shall* and *will*.

There are, of course, here as elsewhere in Literature, real or apparent departures from the principle. As a rule, I believe these will be found rather to be ultra-refinements of the principle than departures from it. For example, I will not spoil the delicacy of the following dialogue by analysing it: the first *would* breaks the rule, if you like, but to what excellent purpose!

DON PEDRO (speaking of Beatrice): I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

LEONATO: I would have sworn it had, my lord; especially against Benedick.

BENEDICK (in hiding): I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it.

*Much Ado About Nothing.*

Sometimes the grammatical person is different from the real person, and then of course complications and consequent exceptions ensue. *E. g.*, Julia in disguise, and Sylvia speaks kindly to her about herself, not knowing her to be herself; whereupon she replies, almost revealing herself by her *shall*—

And she shall thank you for't, if e'er you know her.

*The Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

Such exceptions are of the kind that prove the rule. But perhaps the subtlest of them all are those that concern thinking, knowing, and feeling. Over such things the will has not direct control. It cannot govern them despotically, as Aristotle says, but only constitutionally; and this constitutional government of our souls sometimes justifies our using such expressions as "I would like," "I will not know," etc., which we have already seen to be generally wrong: *e. g.*, "I would like it, if I could." Thus there is truth as well as humour in the shilly-shallying (I had almost called it willy-shallying) answer of Incredulity to Shaddai's captains:—

From whence you come, we will not know; . . . by what right he commands you to do it, of that we shall yet be ignorant.

Bunyan: *Holy War.*

And could there be a better description than this of the sweet maidenly perversity of Eglantine, who "smiled down love till it had nought to say"?

If after pause I said but "Eglantine,"  
She raised to me her quiet eyelids twain,  
And looked me this reply—look calm, yet bland—  
"I shall not know, I will not understand."

Jean Ingelow: *The Four Bridges.*

Any alteration in the last line would spoil both rhythm and sense.

What I have to say about the use of *shall* and *will* in Prophecy, in Questions, in Reported Speech, in Subordinate Clauses, etc., must be reserved for another paper.

(To be continued.)

## The Making of a Scholar.

EDUCATION has done much for India. Like a glorious sun it has illuminated our intellectual firmament for years enveloped in darkness, and has shed its beneficent rays far and wide in lavish profusion. It has taken India a long way on the road to civilization. It has raised its moral tone, levelled the barriers that stood between the different peoples, helped to smash the steel-armour of caste-distinction, and awakened in the nation thoughts and feelings of brotherhood. And yet in one respect it has admittedly proved a failure; amidst so much civilization, the Indian *Scholar* is conspicuous by his absence.



Who is to blame, the educator or the educated? Our system of education is not indeed of an ideal nature. Cram surely cannot make scholars, and cram is the essence of our system. The multiplicity of subjects with which students are confronted at the very outset of their course forbids the thorough study of any one of them. And the success that attends poor talent and imperfect knowledge in the university examinations, is a palpable indication of the defective character of a system far from calculated to encourage that intelligent effort, without which no degree of scholarship can be attained.

But if our system of education does not favour the formation of scholars, it cannot in fairness be charged with antagonism to it. It is no bar to the prosecution of studies after one's university career. The collegiate course may be reasonably considered as a training in the art of learning. Whatever its drawbacks, it develops the minds at least of well-endowed youths to such a degree as to enable them to gain proficiency by self-teaching in any branch of knowledge for which they have a special aptitude. An easy way to scholarship is thus opened to the bright intellect, and an earnest will is all that is needed.

But there's the rub. Why should the Indian graduate go in for culture? He has the hall-mark of the University, he bears his B. A. honours thick upon him, he is at the foot of the pyramid of Government service, which he hopes to climb step by step like a lizard rather than soar to its summit like an eagle. To use the means after the end is attained is utter folly. It is but natural then that the Indian graduate should cast his classics to the winds, content with picking up the daily papers and occasionally dipping into a third-rate sensational novel. Macaulay, who during his residence in India warmly advocated our higher education, says that every schoolboy should know by heart the satirical lines of Pope on Addison. Were he this day to appear in India, what would be his astonishment to meet with graduates who have never heard of the rupture between Pope and Addison, who have never opened a play of Shakespeare except those prescribed for their examination, who, wondrous to relate! have never read even Gray's *Elegy* or Campbell's *Hohenlinden*!

Would that Indians held mental culture in higher esteem! If they were to take a loftier standpoint and enlarge their mental vision, if their sympathies were to embrace not only what confers material benefits, but also what affords advantages of a higher description, they would make a nobler use of their talents, attain to a higher degree of mental culture, and shedding lustre upon their country, be numbered among her distinguished sons.

TRICHINOPOLY.

C. C.

### A Matriculate's Essay.

(Matric. Examination, 1900. English Composition—  
III. Write an essay on: School-life, its pleasures and its trials.)

*Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem.*

Virg.

Why, Sir, I never knew school-life  
Like ours had any pleasures.  
Perhaps Sir, you mean to inform us boys  
That they are hidden treasures.  
Much would I care to know in what  
Sweet spot you had your schooling—  
I wonder, Sir, if you speak true,  
Or if you're only fooling.  
As your school-life has been of joys  
And pleasures full, you'll tell us  
The wondrous ways of rendering sweet  
The life of us poor fellows.  
A dozen long years I've been at this,  
Perpetually bench-warming,  
And all along I've lived to see  
But trials, Sir, come swarming.  
If you'd just heard our tale of woe,  
Such questions you wouldn't ask us.  
I wish I were free, I'd go to sea  
And be one of the lascars.  
To give you but a specimen  
Of what you think a pleasure,  
You'll please to drive o'er to our school  
Some day at our own leisure.  
If, then, perchance your eyes can read  
Joy written on our faces,  
(Begging your kind permission, Sir,)  
Let you and me change places.  
If you don't find things quite so snug—  
From sheer commiseration,  
I hope you'll help me somehow to  
Pass this examination.



## Olla Podrida.

THE month of January is an anxious time for the students who appeared for the various public examinations last month. The results of the First-in-Arts examinations were posted up at the Senate House, Madras, on Tuesday evening, January 15th, and thanks to the kindness of Mr. Peter Vas, B. A., Professor of Latin in the Christian College, we were advised by telegram of the fact that 12 of the 20 candidates who appeared from this College passed, with one in the first class. The following are the names of our successful students:—Benegal Sanjiva Rau (first class), Bolur Krishnaiya, Vadarbett Padmanabha Kamath, Henry Saldanha, K. Ramanath Pai, Karkul Venkata Rau, Kalyanapur Jagannatha Baliga, Elias Brito, Francis Brito, Kalyanpur Gopala Rau, Louis Mathias, and Alphonsus Ligory Saldanha. It appears that there were 2,138 candidates in all for the recent F. A. examinations, of whom 855, or 39.9 per cent., passed. The percentage of passes from this District was 43.03. In the year 1899-1900 there were 2,045 examined, of whom 674, or 32.9 per cent. passed.

The results of the Lower Secondary examination were received on Saturday, January 19th, and according to the *tentative* list furnished 28 of our 39 candidates passed in all the compulsory branches. These are slightly better than the results scored last year, as may be seen from the extracts from the Annual Report published elsewhere.

\* \* \* \* \*

“In 1577, the Society of Jesus published at Cochin the first book printed in India.” This statement appears in Sir William Hunter's *Imperial Gazetteer of India* (Vol. IV, p. 12) and in Lieutenant H. S. Brown's *Handbook of the Ports of India and Ceylon* (p. 129). Further particulars of the *incunabula* of the Press in India are given in an old Latin record which tells us that “*Flos Sanctorum*” *typis Tamulicis editus fuit, characteres Tamulicos curante et scalpente R. P. Joannes Faria, S. J., in ora Piscaria Missionario anno 1578. Anno praeedente (1577) Joannes Gonsalves, Hispanus laicus S. J., jamalios Indicos characteres scalpserat, quibus prima*

*Christiana catechesis in India vulgata fuit.* This John Gonsalves was the one *che formó il primo i caratteri Tamulesi.* The type was wooden—*characteres in lignum incisi.* From this it appears that the date of the printing of the first book is pretty certain, but Mr. Alfred G. Gover, Barrister-at-law, Cochin, informed the writer that the place is not so certain. In a letter of September 6th he says:—I have been looking for the reference as to the place where the first book in India was printed, but cannot find it either in Day or Whitehouse. My impression is still very firm that it was in the now deserted station some miles east of Pallipuram in the jungle, but I cannot remember the name. I know that the late Mr. Sealy made a pilgrimage to the place and gave me afterwards a description of it.”

\* \* \* \* \*

The following account of the Viceroy's visit to Quilon last November is from a letter received by Mr. Palmer from his son Lancelot, who is at present engineering the Cochin-Shoranur extension of the South Indian Railway. We publish it in the belief that it will prove of interest to most of our readers:—

You could see something was in the air—every one so gay and smiling. The one topic of conversation was the arrival of their Excellencies. All the roads were nicely finished off, and coolies could not be obtained for love or money—all engaged on the decorations. A special pandal, beautifully got up, had been erected on the beach, the front bearing the Curzon and the Travancore arms, done by a native artist from Trivandrum. Two hundred feet on each side was kept clear of the native public, in the centre of whom, I doubt not, was a hotbed of disease, as small-pox was just then raging in various parts of the District. Well, their Excellencies were to arrive on Tuesday the 20th instant at 6 a. m., so at that hour we made our appearance. Thousands of natives lined the streets, and the beach was already a seething mass, causing no little trouble to the Travancore police wallas. As we biked down the main road to the beach, all the children of various schools were drawn up in line, bearing signs of the various sects they represented. The morning was very cloudy, yet the rain kept off, though it looked as if it would mar the reception with a severe down-pour. We soon sighted the *Clive* steaming peacefully along. Two buoys had been placed where it should heave anchor, and from that spot down the beach a fleet of boats was drawn up in line on each side of the course to be taken by the Viceroy's boat. Seven o'clock passed and it was nearing eight before they turned up. Nobody growled, but all bore it peacefully and pleasantly, though it must be remembered many at that hour had come out with merely a cup of tea, thinking they would easily be back by 7 o'clock. The *Clive* had anchored.



"Here comes a boat; who's in it?" "No one." "Yes, yes, there's the Resident and the Assistant. Well, now it won't be long." "Here's another." It came and landed some of the Viceroy's party. "Ah! there's the *jangar*, it's not the Viceroy, it brings the baggage etc." At last we hear the sound of the bombs, a signal that he has left the ship. All eyes are strained to see the boat, and I am quite convinced that few took their gaze off it until it touched the reception pavilion. The arrangements, made by the Dewan Peishkar were perfect. He had about a hundred fishermen in readiness, all in costume, so that as soon as the boat touched they should run out and catch on to ropes, and with a heave and a haul bring the boat high and dry right up to the pavilion. Every one watched the faces of Lord and Lady Curzon during the operation, and from their smiles one could easily judge they were not only highly amused, but fully appreciated the hauling, not over the coals, but over the sands. At last they alighted. It was an informal reception and no one was in uniform. The one thought of every one on seeing Lord Curzon was, "How young!" Really he looked such a boy, with his rosy cheeks and his youthful appearance. It was hard to imagine that before us stood the all-powerful Viceroy of India, whose words and deeds have reechoed through the land. Still, on his face could be traced those lines of decision, will and power which belong to great men alone. There he stood in the flower of his youth, the Viceroy of India! Will he ever be Prime Minister? Few doubt it, I think. He has proved his sterling worth in this country, and if he goes home, let us hope his name will rise and rise as it has out here, where he is considered the most popular Viceroy of India. All power to him. Next came Lady Curzon—a perfect queen can best express her gracefulness and lovely looks. No show, no gaudiness, but a simplicity that lent a charm to her appearance. Their Excellencies were introduced to the officials, walked out and entered their carriage and were whirled away through the streets thronged with natives, leaving an impression never to be forgotten by any one who saw them. One thing to show their appreciation of the way they were hauled over the sands—they actually turned back and watched another boat containing the aide-de-camp being hauled up too. They were both highly amused at seeing their photos put up in the reception pavilion. We went back to breakfast, and the talk of course was all Lord and Lady Curzon, as you can readily imagine. We were all eager to catch at least a glimpse of them again at the garden party. A better treat, however, was in store, for on their arrival there they most courteously went round and shook hands with each one in turn. Hence I had the pleasure of not only seeing Lord and Lady Curzon, but also of shaking hands with them. It's not often a nobody, a mere whipper-snapper, gets such a chance (especially when he is only 23), but still such is the way in small stations, and it will never be forgotten as long as I live. They had a regatta on the backwater which runs quite close to the palace, and it was simply crowded with boats. The snake boats formed in procession. These boats were fully 100 feet long and contained 50 or 60 natives in each, chanting weird songs and playing their dirge-like music, and as they passed their Excellencies up went cheers from hundreds of throats, which took some minutes to die away. The backwater looked extremely grand and the hundreds of boats lent a still greater charm to the picturesqueness of beauteous Travancore.

When their Excellencies left we had our iced drinks and talked over the events of the day, and as I imbibed I thought of them, and could have drunk with ready eagerness "three times three" to the success and long life of both.

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The lamented death of Her Majesty the Queen-Empress at Osborne on Tuesday, January 22nd, at 6-30 P. M. London Time (1-09 A. M., January 23rd, Madras Time), and the proclamation of the Prince of Wales as King of Great Britain and Ireland and Emperor of India, will call attention to the following prophecy which was printed in the Michaelmas issue of this Magazine in 1899:—

An old prophecy declares that the Mass, which was interrupted at the tomb of St. Edward the Confessor in Westminster Abbey under Edward VI., will be re-established under Edward VII. The next King of Great Britain and Ireland and Emperor of India will, in all probability, be Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, who will most likely follow the example of Her Majesty and take his second name as his title.

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"On mature consideration we suppose there is nothing surprising in the fact of a school magazine coming from India, but we had not time for mature consideration when we drew out the next publication from the heap before us, and were mildly surprised when we read *Mangalore Magazine* on the cover. The *Mangalore Magazine* is an interesting little journal, though somewhat different in style from most school magazines. It professes to be written not only for the students of the College it represents (St. Aloysius') but also for the inhabitants of Mangalore, and its contents are therefore rather mixed. It contains some good articles on local history, and the editors have accomplished the rather difficult task of making their Magazine interesting both to school boys and their elders."—*The Xaverian* (Melbourne, Australia).

The October [Michaelmas] issue of the Mangalore Magazine is to hand. It compares favourably even with the previous excellent numbers of this College Magazine. The articles on the topography of the west coast of India are interesting and valuable. "Indian Camp Life" is a good example of descriptive writing.—*The Educational Review*.

The Michaelmas number of the *Mangalore Magazine*, coming to us all the way from India, devotes itself almost entirely to historical and geographical subjects. "Memories of Macao" is an interesting narrative of the history of the old Portuguese settlement in the southern part of China. Its style is simple and precise and admirably suited to an historian, while the article shows an entire familiarity with the subject treated. . . . "Indian Camp Life" is a pleasing little picture of an evening spent in camp in India. The descriptions of the meeting of the village women and of the quaint manœuvres of the apes [monkeys] are touched with a spirit of humour that is not generally considered a property of the average Englishman. . . . *The Xavier* (New York).





## OBITUARY.

THE REVEREND JOACHIM MASCARENHAS died at Falneer, Mangalore, on December 19th, at the advanced age of seventy-two years. He received his clerical education under the Carmelite Fathers in the old Seminary which stood on the site now occupied by St. Anne's Convent. He was in due time ordained by Monsignor Bernardine and served at the various parishes of Milagres, Puttoor, Bidre and Ullal. During the whole course of his sacred ministry he worked with uncommon zeal for souls. Not content with answering the calls of duty, the missionary mounted on his horse would be scouring the remotest villages of his parish in search of stray sheep. As a preacher he had no peer, and when he spoke the whole congregation hung upon his lips. Puttoor will long remember him for his untiring exertions in rebuilding its church, which he found in a dilapidated condition. His brilliant intellectual powers made him the ornament of the clergy of Mangalore. The accomplished Ciceronian scholar spoke Latin as fluently as if it were his mother-tongue. Monsignor Saba and Father (afterwards Cardinal) Howard, at their visit to Mangalore, were delighted to find such scholarship in a native priest of the Far East. But Mangalore was not destined to enjoy the benefit of such a priest for ever. His mind seems to have gradually become a prey to cares and anxieties until it gave way completely. In this unfortunate state he lingered for about twenty-five years. His funeral was largely attended and his remains were laid to rest in Milagres Church. As the mourners were slowly wending their way home, the young listened to the old as the latter retailed the past glories of a man whom in their younger days they had loved and admired.

REV. VINCENT FRENCH, a Scholastic of the Society of Jesus, died at Kankanady on Monday, December 24th, in the twenty-eighth year of his age and the tenth of his religious profession. He was born of Irish parents at Goalundo, on April 12, 1873, and received his education in St. Xavier's College, Calcutta, and St. Joseph's College, Darjeeling. After leaving college he spent some time at home deliberating on the choice of a state of life. Deciding eventually on entering the Society of Jesus, he sought admission at the novitiate of Manresa House, Ranchi, on January 20, 1891. After the usual biennium the novice took his first vows and entered on his course of rhetoric. This was followed by philosophy, a science very congenial to his mind.

The gifted student had prosperously gone through a course of two years when failing health compelled him to give up his studies. Fr. Muller was already well known for his medical skill, and Mr. French would go to Mangalore and put himself under the Father's treatment. Here he lingered for three years and a half, bearing his great sufferings with the patience of a martyr. The cheery smile lighting up the features of a holy man in deep affliction is perhaps the most beautiful thing on earth, and such was the smile with which Mr. French would greet his visitors. But all his strength he drew from heaven. Utterly indifferent to the innocent pastimes that generally solace an invalid in his tedious hours, he set his whole heart on things spiritual. But his virtue shone most as he hastened to his close, and those that stood by his death-bed marvelled at the triumph of grace over nature. He passed away peacefully on Christmas Eve, happy in the hope of celebrating the great festival in heaven. The days of the years of his life were few and evil, but on his grave the aureole of patience shines immortally.

MARIAN MATHIAS, a student of the Fifth Form, died in Mangalore on Monday morning, October 22nd. A few months previously he had to leave school and betake himself to Father Muller's Hospital, Kankanady, where, however, the best medical treatment and nursing failed to stay the progress of consumption. He was attended during his illness by Father Baizini, and when he died was borne to his last resting place in Bizay Cemetery by his classmates and his fellow-members of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin. There was a Mass of Requiem celebrated for him on Wednesday morning at 7 o'clock, October 24th.

BONAVENTURE D'SOUZA, an old student of the College, died of enteric fever on the 27th of December, at his home in Mangalore. He was twenty years of age and had served an apprenticeship of six years in the Codialbail Press.

ANTONY ALBUQUERQUE, son of Mr. A. Albuquerque of Bolar, Mangalore, went to Bombay about the middle of January to join the school of Mechanical Engineering. He was but a few days in the city when he was seized by the Bubonic Plague, which carried him off on Saturday morning, January 26th. He attended school in this College last year and was a candidate in the recent Matriculation examination, the results of which have not been published up to the time of going to the Press.