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IN MEMORIAM

Father A. F. X. Maffei, S. J.

NO tears for him! whose tears were only shed,  
Like the Good Shepherd's, for the Foldless Sheep;  
Whose best repose was toil up Calvary's steep,  
To follow where his bleeding Master led.  
No tears for him! where, now, 'mid alien dead,  
He lies like Xavier of the wondrous sleep;  
While, hid from mortal view, God's angels keep  
Their glorious vigil round his lowly bed.  
Great were his gifts; beneath his weight of lore,  
He like a fruit-o'erladen tree did seem,  
With promise large of yet more pregnant years;  
But Heaven for him held richer things in store,  
And Death, that whispered peace in fever-dream,  
Waked him to perfect bliss:—For him no tears!

*Joseph Saldanha.*

## AN INDIAN POETESS.

TO the Indian student who has so far profited by his education as to appreciate the beauties of English literature, the name of Toru Dutt must appeal with more than ordinary interest. She is one to whom the credit is due of having so far differentiated herself from her country-women as to essay the gentle art of English verse-making, and that with a success rarely if ever achieved by

any other of her sex and nation. With the names of Ranjitsinghi, Chatterjee and Paranjpye in the air, he is sure to welcome with delight the name of a daughter of Ind, who in the domain of poetry occupies a place which even an Englishwoman might be proud of. Not that India's Muse is of the silent sort, but her poetic glories lie more in the past. The "Rāmāyana" of Valmiki or the "Sakuntalā" of Kālidāsa at the present time serve only as reminders of the halcyon days of old, when poetry



flourished in the land, and when Hindustan could point to works of standard excellence of her own. Times have changed and the old order is giving place to the new, a fact that is observable no less in the literature than in the manners and customs of the Hindus. And the reason is patent to the least observant. The old literary languages of India, hoary in their antiquity, have been to a great extent supplanted by a foreign tongue, to the spread and cultivation of which an extraordinary impetus has been given by the founding of schools, colleges and universities under the ægis of an enlightened Government.

A short account of the personal history of the subject of this sketch will not, I presume, lack interest. Toru was born in Calcutta on March 4, 1856, and was the gifted daughter of a gifted family. Her father Babu Govind Chandra Dutt became a Christian and was a man of liberal and enlightened views. It is recorded of him that when he retired from public service as a magistrate, he declined a handsome pension, alleging that as he was sufficiently well off in this world's goods he did not wish to be a burden for the rest of his days to a kind Government. Toru was the youngest of three children, the eldest of whom, a boy, predeceased his two sisters at the early age of fourteen. They were brought up together in Calcutta, and many a happy memory clung round their father's garden-house, where many of their most delightful hours in early life were spent. In a poem entitled "Our Casuarina Tree," Toru reviews the scenes of those childhood hours with an affection and intensity of feeling that inspired the following lines:—

"But not because of its magnificence  
Dear is the Casuarina to my soul:  
Beneath it we have played; though years may roll,  
O sweet companions, loved with love intense  
For your sakes, shall the tree be ever dear!"

In her thirteenth year, her father decided to take his daughters to Europe to complete their education. They lived for a time at Nice, where Toru learned French, which ever afterwards was the language of her predilection and was more familiar to her than English. From France she went with her sister to England and attended for a time the Women's Lectures at Cambridge. In

November 1873 she returned home to spend the remaining four years of her brief span of life at her father's house in Calcutta where, as she says in her "Ballads and Legends of Hindustan":—

The light green graceful tamarinds abound  
Amid the mango clumps of green profound.  
And palms arise, like pillars grey, between,  
And o'er the quiet pools the seemuls lean."

The limits of a Magazine article do not permit me to review her works at any great length. She first made her *début* on the literary stage with a monograph in the *Bengal Magazine* on Leconte de Lisle, a French writer. In 1876 appeared her "Sheaf gleaned in French Fields," in which she revealed a wonderful acquaintance for one so young with French, German, English and Sanskrit literature. Though crude and immature, it was a work full of poetical promise and attracted some attention in France, especially from M. Garcin de Tassy, the famous Orientalist. In May 1878, nearly a year after her death, a second edition of the work was published with a touching account of her death by her father. A more remarkable work was "Le Journal de Mdlle. d'Arvers," a romance which she wrote in French, and which was published in 1879, with a sketch of her life and work by Mdlle. Clarisse Bader.

But the collection of poems which appeared in 1888, under the title of "Ancient Ballads and Legends of Hindustan," must to a great extent be responsible for Toru's fame as a poetess, which in her case, however, is entirely posthumous. Besides a series of ballads with themes selected from the ancient mythological lore of the Hindus, this book contains a number of miscellaneous poems, some of which are of striking beauty. In such ballads as "Savitri" and "Prehlad," with their Oriental imagery, their Vedic solemnity, and innate pathos, the poetess chants to herself hymns which blend the love of her ancient religion with the luxuriant and untamed fancies of her youthful poetical genius.

"Savitri," the story of Love's victory over Death—which recalls to mind the story of Orpheus and Eurydice—is a fair sample of her poetical powers in presenting an Indian legend in an English garb. Savitri, the daughter of the King of Madra—



Fair as a lotus when the moon  
Kisses its opening petals red,  
After sweet showers in sultry June!

while rambling, as was her wont, through the woods in search of fruits and flowers, one day meets some youths bent on sport, one of whom "tall and lithe, royal in port" attracts her attention. It is a case of love at first sight. She learns the story of the fair youth in the hermitage of a friendly Muni and is informed that his name is Satyavan, the son of the King of Salva of the Solar race, who having become old and blind and having been deprived of his principedom by his enemies, lived the life of a hermit in that land. On her return home her first care was to tell her mother of her new feelings. The old king, to whom the mother relates her daughter's encounter, sadly remarks—

I fear me much!  
Whence is his race and what his creed?  
Not knowing aught, can we in such  
A matter delicate, proceed?

The King's doubts are in due course allayed by the advent of Narada—the Hermes of the Hindu gods, familiar to the student of Hindu literature as the author of many an awkward imbroglio between gods and men—who advises the King to choose out another husband for his daughter, giving as his reason that—

Upon this day as rounds the year  
The young Prince Satyavan shall die.

On hearing this from the sage, the father tries to wean his daughter from her new-born affection, saying that as there was no pledge at all between the lovers, she could easily transfer her affections to another man chosen by her parents. He puts before his daughter's mind in all its fearful reality "the dreadful curse of widowhood." But Savitri pleads her solemn silent vow to the man of her choice and prays that if she is not allowed to marry him, she may be permitted to remain unwedded to her dying day. The father at last yields to her daughter's pertinacity, and the marriage rites are celebrated with great joy. Days speed into weeks, weeks into months, and as the year draws to a close, Savitri remembering Narada's prophecy is seized with fears lest her wedded joys

may come to an untimely end. By her prayers and fasts, by feeding the Brahmins, by the performance of rites enjoined by the Vedas in such cases, had she tried to lay this black spectre. The last day of the year dawns, and the moon is safely tided over, but in the evening Satyavan asks his mother's permission to go out into the woods to gather fruits and fuel. Savitri finding her protestations of no avail, with true wifely devotion follows her husband to the forest. The blind monarch dissuades her—

Thy recent fasts and vigils, child,  
Make thee unfit to undertake  
This journey to the forest wild.

In the forest, Satyavan is seized with a sudden pain in his head—"a pain as if he felt the cobra's fangs"—a mist hangs before his vision, the trees whirl dizzily around him, he staggers like a sleepy child and falls into a swoon.

Soon the King of Death, Yama, appears upon the scene, and in reply to her queries says that he has come to take her husband from the earth. Then silently "the inner man was tied, the soul no bigger than the thumb," to be borne away to the nether regions. Then follows a conversation full of pathos wherein Savitri pleads Death to remember her forlorn condition on earth and asks his permission to follow her husband. Her appeals move him and he bids her ask any other favour but the one dearest to her heart. She asks that her husband's sire who has lost his eyes and his kingdom might regain both. Further appeals elicit other boons, and her last request to restore to her husband is no sooner asked than it is granted. She feels that Death is Love. The rest of the story is soon told. Death unties the knot which bound the soul of Satyavan, restores it to its body, and promising that he will not intrude upon their happiness for four centuries more, vanishes in a flame. Husband and wife return home, all nature rejoices with them and they live an unclouded life ever afterwards. So the story ends happily. As for Savitri—

to this day  
Her name is named, when couples wed,  
And to the bride the parents say,  
Be thou like her, in heart and head.



In determining the rank of Toru Dutt as a poet, two considerations suggest themselves to the reader of her works. In the first place, the language in which she sought to clothe her thoughts was to her a foreign tongue—one whose mastery comes only with years. Secondly, her generous fruits were gathered ere their prime, and her premature death at the early age of twenty-one precluded the possibility of any great work. But Poesy has no laurels which need have been beyond the reach of an Indian girl whose poetic genius of a high order manifested itself early in life under such adverse circumstances. I may fitly close this short notice of her works with what the eminent critic Mr. Edmund Gosse has to say of her:—"That mellow sweetness was all that Toru lacked to perfect her as an English poet, and of no other Oriental who has ever lived can the same be said. When the history of the literature of our country comes to be written, there is sure to be a page in it dedicated to this fragile exotic blossom of song."

J. E. Saldanha, B. A.

MADRAS, AUGUST, '99.

#### WHAT IS GOOD?

"What is the real good?"

I asked in musing mood.

"Order," said the law-court;

"Knowledge," said the school;

"Truth," said the wise man;

"Pleasure," said the fool;

"Love," said the maiden;

"Freedom," said the dreamer;

"Beauty," said the page;

"Home," said the sage;

"Fame," said the soldier;

"Equity," the seer.

Spake my heart full sadly,

"The answer is not here."

Then within my bosom

Softly this I heard:

"Each heart holds the secret;

"Kindness is the word."

John Boyle O'Reilly.

#### PLACES OF INTEREST IN SOUTH CANARA.

"Gather up the fragments that remain, lest they perish."

ST. JOHN VI. 12.

The following accounts are taken from a manuscript left by the late Father Maffei, S. J., whose premature demise all classes so deeply deplore. They are the result of a vast amount of painstaking research, and the information they furnish is of that minute description which he stored up from the by-ways of history that had such a fascination for him. It was clearly not his aim to compile a Murray or a Baedeker, but rather to confine himself to particulars not generally known.

#### I. MANGALORE.

Mangalore in Tulu and Konkani, the two vernaculars commonly spoken in it, is called *Kodyal*, which means "men of the extremity," from the fact that the town is situated on a *doab* or tongue of a peninsula ending in the sea. The name is still preserved by the village of Kodyalbail, or Codialbail, which literally means "the wet (paddy) fields of Kodyal." Mangalore is the "City of Mangala Devi," the goddess of Happiness. "Mangalur" and "Mangalapuri," *Felicitatis Urbs*, are variants of the name. The population within the city limits numbered 32,099 in 1881, of whom five or six thousand were Catholics. The two parishes of the Cathedral and Milagres, however, which extend beyond the Municipal boundaries, had at that time an aggregate of 12,000 souls, all Catholics. For the rest, the population of the city is made up of Mahomedans and Hindus, the latter being mostly Konkani and Saraswat Brahmins. In 1891 the entire population was estimated at 40,000. According to the returns of the present year, the Catholic population of the two parishes referred to was 16,000.

The chief places of interest to the antiquarian are the forts of Mangalore and the temple of Kadri. The latter is about a mile outside the city limits and is dedicated to Manjunatha. The chief of the Kanfate *Jogis* resides there, but the temple officials are Tulu Brahmins. The affairs are managed by a Board. The *guru*, who is dubbed a *raja*, receives Rs. 100 a year, from the Government, and the temple gets Rs. 900 from the same source. Kadri is famous for an excellent spring of water, which



supplies seven tanks much resorted to for bathing. There is a wonderfully minute and accurate description of the temple and its surroundings given by Della Valle, the Roman traveller (1623), whom we shall have occasion to quote frequently in the course of these pages.\* It is too long to insert here, but room can be made for the following from Lieutenant William Hende's *Account of a Voyage up the Persian Gulf, and a Journey Overland to England* in 1817:—"The Kadri Hill and its caves are the only objects here [in Mangalore] deserving the notice of the traveller. The pagoda which marks the holiness of the spot is situated at the bottom of the hill, and is provided with a number of tanks for the performance of the necessary ablutions. On the ascent, and to the left of the road, a fountain issues from the rocks, and pours a considerable stream of the purest water. Beyond this, and at the right, are a number of small caves or cells, each of which had formerly its holy man, whose name it still retains. A narrow well on the summit of the hill is the next remarkable object, and is become so on account of the strange fancy a devotee once indulged, of suspending himself above its brink for nearly thirty years. The only relaxation this miserable enthusiast allowed himself, was the occasional resting of his foot upon the rocks; and the point it has worn sufficiently marks his perseverance and fanaticism. The extreme summit is occupied by a number of small pagodas or cells, built of stones, and eight or ten feet square. Beneath these and half-way round the hill, the principal cave has been excavated. It consists of two apartments, besides recesses, joined by a short low passage, and entered by a low door. The Brahmins informed our traveller, that an inner and much larger cave had been closed up by the Collector about twenty years before, on account of the tigers and other wild animals it frequently concealed. An inspection of the rock convinced him to the contrary; and he retired as assured of

\*Pietro Della Valle (1586-1652) was a Roman of noble family to whom the idea of travelling in the East was suggested by a disappointment in love, as an alternative to suicide. He started from Venice in 1614 and returned to Rome in 1626. To him we owe one of the most clear, exact, well-informed and instructive books of Eastern travel, which still possesses high value. In India he fixed his headquarters at Surat and Goa and visited the chief points on the Western Coast in 1623-4.

this, as amused with the extravagance of their assertions respecting one of the passages, which they assured him would lead to the famed Benares. In this, however, the wily Brahmins were perfectly correct; for the passage *would lead* to Benares, though it is a distance of many hundred miles: but any other semi-elliptical passage, with an entrance at either extremity would do the same.

The Brahmins are fond of allegory and of obscure allusions capable of various interpretations, exciting wonder without violating truth. They are frequently unable to solve the metaphor, and adopt it in a literal sense; but it would seem that many of the wonders they relate, might be explained with equal facility. The spot above described chiefly deserves attention, on account of the picture it exhibits of the manners and habits of the extraordinary community which must once have occupied these narrow cells. An ancient venerable Biragie was now their only tenant with any pretence to superior sanctity. He came, he said, from Benares, and had in his youth been a soldier of some celebrity; he had viewed the pomp of war, and had reposed beneath the shadow of the spear. He felt pleasure in the relation, and age, which had unnerved his strength, had scarcely extinguished the lightning of his eye. His figure was commanding and dignified and nearly a hundred summers had blanched his venerable locks. Holy was his calling, and sacred was the spot:—fancy could scarcely have dwelt in a more romantic scene."

The forts that claim our attention are the following:—1. Mangalore, the present site of the Collector's office; 2. St. Sebastian, at Bolar; 3. Edgah or Lighthouse Hill, near the College; 4. Banghel or Banghèr, near Urwa.

1. The fort of Mangalore was one of great importance, as is evident from the extensive ruins that yet remain, especially the bastions, and works towards the western part of the hill. The moat still exists in part in the same direction, but on the south-east side, where now stands the Bank of Madras, it was filled in some years ago. It is very likely that it was a wet ditch, like that of Fort St. George at Madras, for the water of the river formerly bathed the foot of the hill. In fact, all the ground now occupied by the Bunder and its neigh-



bourhood was reclaimed from the river within the memory of people yet living. There was an upper and a lower fort, the latter being the larger, and both were nearly square in form, with a protected passage-way connecting them. The walls were defended by six bastions, and a large tower called the Ram Tower, along with some small towers, added to the strength of the place. It is not certain whether the moat was continued the whole way, so as to encircle the fort completely. To the north and the north-east, where St. Paul's (Anglican) Church and the German Basel Mission Book Depot now stand, there was what is called in military engineering a *fausse braie*, consisting of mounds of earth thrown up to protect the ramparts. In addition to this there was also, at least during the siege, an abatis defending it landward. Surrounding the fort were the durbar, the pagodas, the hospitals, the tanks, the Octagon, the stockades, and the marine yard. The location of the Octagon and the marine yard can alone be identified now, as the plan drawn by the author of *The Siege of Mangalore in 1783*, is not clear and definite enough. The Octagon was a redoubt that commanded the northern ditch. Nothing remains of it now, but some of our old people testify to having seen it. A house was built on the site not many years ago. From the traces of some ruins still visible and from a hazy tradition still existing, there are grounds for believing that there were also some outworks on the premises now occupied by St. Ann's Convent and the former regimental mess-house, extending as far as the present travellers' bungalow. The series of very old steps in the exterior wall of the moat, leading to St. Ann's Convent, and some strong old masonry work farther up towards the Bank, seem to strengthen this opinion. Furthermore, the author of *The Siege of Mangalore* states that there were outworks to the east of the fort.

The fort was built, according to the author of *The Keldi Dynasty* (and he may be relied on for this statement), by Basappa Naik, a king of Ikkery or Bednore who ruled over Canara from 1739 to 1754.\* He was the sovereign who also built the forts of Dhariabadargada, to the west of Udipi; of

\* See Mr. Jerome A. Saldanha's *Outlines of the History of Kanara*, **Mangalore Magazine**, Easter '99, p. 141.

Manhoradagada, at Kap, some miles to the south of the same place; and of Benangiri, in the village of Tonsi, Kalianpur. To the fort of Mangalore he gave the name of Shivarajendragiri (or Cangarisiri?). It is famous for the siege which the gallant English garrison sustained for nine months against Tippu Sultan in 1783-4. In the month of March 1783 it had been surrendered by Rustum Ali Beg, Tippu's commander, to General Matthews, who handed it over to General Campbell, while he himself went to recapture Bednore. Tippu took the recovery of it into his own hands and appeared at Cordel on May 16th at the head of 100,000 men with ninety-six guns. Within a week the English pickets and outposts were driven in and the place closely invested. The French infantry and cavalry from the Mauritius joined in the leaguer with Tippu. The English garrison numbered 210 Europeans and 1,500 Sepoys, but still they managed to hold the fort till January 30, 1784, when they capitulated on honourable terms. Their loss in killed was phenomenally small; Chaplain Dennis, Captain Dalzell and eighteen Sepoys being the only ones on the death roll. When it surrendered to Tippu he caused it to be dismantled, as it could not hold out in his hands against English tactics, and he had the fort of Jamalabad built instead. A flight of steps and a terrace where the English residents used to resort for their afternoon airing, remained till 1850. When, in 1837, the Coorgs burned the Collector's office at Belmonte (Balmatta), the house which stood on the hill of the fort was made the Collector's office, and the flagstaff, which had been removed to Edgah Hill, was brought back to its old place.

2. The ancient Portuguese fort of St. Sebastian was built in 1568, on what is at present the site of the tile factory owned by Messrs. J. M. Minezes and Sons, of Bolar. The Viceroy Don Antão de Noronha and his ally, the chief of Bangher, laid the foundation stone on January the 20th, the feast of St. Sebastian and the onomastic day of the King of Portugal. Even now some ruins may be seen on the sea-shore near the factory. The place is called the Battery (*Boler* in Konkani), and a block of granite is still visible in the compound bearing the following inscription in Portuguese:—



*Este alpendre mandou fazer Simão de Souza de Castro e donna Maria de Gama Vasco lhe..... ordenação de São Sebastião sendo capitão d'esta fortaleza, sendo rei de Portugal Don Philipo II. de nome, 1601.* Which being interpreted means: "This portico was ordered to be built by Simon de Souza de Castro and Donna Maria de Gama Vasco..... ordination of St. Sebastian, being capitán of this fortress, and the king of Portugal being Don Philip II. by name, 1601." Though some of the words are not fully decipherable, yet it appears from this inscription and the improbability that this stone was transported from some other place, that the fort of St. Sebastian stood here, and that De Souza de Castro had added a portico to the fort, or perhaps to the church of the fort, in 1601. This date is somewhat puzzling, for Philip II. died on September 13, 1598, and was succeeded by Philip III. who was reigning in 1601. The fort does not seem to have been a place of much importance, and Della Valle says that it looked more like a gentleman's house than a fort. The De Castro mentioned in the inscription was not the Governor of Goa, who at that time was Ayres de Saldanha. Up to 1854 a circular building that belonged to the fort was to be seen on the hill, from which there was a passage leading to the sea. Now nothing remains but a few granite stones. From some outcroppings here and there, one is inclined to judge that a little clearing away of the earth would lay bare the foundations of the old fort of St. Sebastian, if it really stood there, for there are some who are of opinion that it was a furlong to the east of Bolar Ferry, in Mr. A. Albuquerque's compound. This place, however, presents no certain indications of having been the site of a fort, and moreover Della Valle tells us that the fort of St. Sebastian faced the sea. There are, it is true, some remains of a very old building at Mr. Albuquerque's, but they may have belonged to a building that served some other purpose. Claim has also been established for another site of the same fort in the late Dr. Avid Noronha's compound, on a hillock by the river, a furlong from Mr. Baptist's tile-works. An old cross is still to be seen there, and there are evident signs of its having been the site of some old building, but the scarcely discernible ruins give little clue to its nature. It may have been the site of

Bolar church, which existed from the time of Della Valle till it was unroofed by Tippu Sultan, the crumbling walls of which were visible up to forty years ago. The weight of evidence, then, remains in favour of the site now called Bolar Battery, as that once occupied by the fort of St. Sebastian.

3. That there was some kind of a fortification on Edgah Hill seems to be pretty well established. The natural conformation of the hill, its commanding position, and the ease with which it could be defended, at once impress one that its advantages as a stronghold could not have been overlooked by the defenders of Mangalore in the troublous days of old. It is the natural acropolis of the city, and some old documents mention it as a fort. The author of *The Siege of Mangalore* tells us that 'the English defended themselves on a fortified hill at a distance of a random shot from the fort.' We are told, furthermore, that they abandoned it after a short time. There is no other hill at the distance indicated, so it is most probable that the reference was to Edgah Hill, "the Hill of Worship," as it was afterwards called when the Mahomedan *namazzah* was built on it by Tippu Sultan with the stones of Milagres church. Some guns were to be seen on the hill till about fifty years ago. There is a stone in the grounds of the neighbouring bungalow where the Judge usually resides, with an inscription in Portuguese bearing the date of 1636, but it does not determine anything to the purpose.

4. We know from Della Valle that a fort had existed before the time of his visit, in 1623, about a mile to the north of Mangalore, on the way to Cullur. It was called fort Banghel, or Bangher, after the local dynasty of Bangera, but it is difficult to find where it exactly stood. In Della Valle's time only a few remains of it were visible, for Venkatappa Naik of Ikkery had dismantled it along with many other forts belonging to the chiefs of Tuluva. The Roman traveller gives a very interesting account of this action on the part of Venkatappa, who took the part of Abhai Devi, Queen of Ullal, against her recreant consort the chief of Banghel, and improved the occasion to bring the other chiefs under his sway. "What mighty ills have not been done by woman!"

(To be continued.)



TALES OF TIPPU,  
TOLD BY BALTHU CHUTNEY.

III.—BALTHU'S SHARE IN POLITICS.

Though at a safe distance from Tippu Sahib in particular, and royalty in general, I used to be occasionally sent for to Court for one thing or other. I was thankful for the fewness of these royal favours for I was possessed with the idea that the great ones of the earth are capable of doing harm and avoiding good on an extensive scale. You will be naturally curious to learn the reason of my summons to Court, and you will maliciously suppose it was to perpetrate one of my chutneys. Scorn not chutneys! they have served me a good turn.

Here goes a specimen of a visit to Court—the most curious of the kind. Some five years before you came over from your country, one fine morning Abdulla steps up to me and whispers in my ear: "The Prince wishes to see you. You'd better go directly." I looked up inquiringly at the dear old soul. He read my thoughts and answered them: "I really don't know what's up this time. All I do know is that the tiger is a bit restive. Go; I will guarantee that no harm befalls you. You have my word of honour." Now, if you carefully weigh this remarkable message, together with the manner in which it was delivered, the early hour of the morning, and such like circumstances, and further, if you be blessed with that invaluable gift of forecasting blooming events from their buds, you will conclude that the rest of the day would be of a piece with its early commencement. Judge, if you please, when I have had my say.

Off I went, as fast as was consistent with my dignified bearing. Once at the palace gate, the elaborate ceremonial of being announced, ushered in, and so forth, was curtailed for the sake of an old acquaintance, and soon I was before my Prince. He greeted me with full half-a-dozen smiles and many more inquiries after Abdulla and his son and myself. I made suitable answers, that is, whenever a judicious silence did not seem better. So far, all was a prelude to the business of the day. At last, out it came in a few words muttered between his teeth, mingled with sundry strong

expressions about the nether world and its sable inhabitants and their doings. The latter remarks appeared wholly irrelevant, and I could not for the life of me see their fittingness, unless it were to impress on me the supreme importance of the business in hand. The sum and substance of the speech was that I was a clever dog indeed, that a Padre was come to see Hyder Ali on a secret political mission, that I was the friend of all Padres, that I was the right man to approach Padres, and that I should go on a secret political mission to this worthy Padre and merely sound him. If I cared at all to please Tippu Sahib, I should go and tackle the Padre that very morning.

How hard to resist the tide of praise, especially when you are conscious of your native worth! Here was an overwhelming quantity of praise spread over the past, present and future tenses, coupled, however, with work to do in the department of politics. This was indeed a pretty state of mind to be in. So, then, I put on my best looks and went in search of the Padre, comforting myself that even if I should not achieve success as a politician, he would point me a way out of my difficulties. Then, too, there was the pleasing prospect of making myself useful to a Catholic priest, who might not find Mysore a lovely country. With these thoughts to cheer me, I came to a full stop before his apartment and emitted an audible premonitory cough to announce my arrival to its occupant. The sight that met my eyes might have been a puzzle to an ordinarily-constituted man. Not so to me, accustomed as I was to see the unexpected happening oftener than the expected. No priest, but a gentleman dressed with extreme precision. He had a clean-shaved face deliberately maturing into a benignant smile, and the sweetest of tones to ask me what he could do for me. I told him that Hyder Ali's son had spoken to me of his coming and that I had come to pay my respects to the illustrious visitor. A delightful conversation followed on various topics, partly geographical, partly historical, mostly religious. That was as it ought to be, and you would have thought as much if ever you had made the acquaintance of Schwartz, the German Protestant missionary of Tanjore, whom Tippu had mistaken for a Catholic priest.



The veteran missionary was evidently pleased to come across a stout-hearted Christian in a heathen land, and taking my membership of his own particular church as a foregone conclusion, he slowly unfolded to me his pet plans for the enlightenment of the benighted infidel. He propounded his little theories soliloquy-wise rather than as addressing me, thereby betraying how full he was of his missionary enterprises. His ambition, he said, was "to raise the millions of India and bring them into the fold of the Lord Jesus." Then, at the end of it, bridling himself in and fearing that he had been a trifle too enthusiastic before a stranger, he stopped short, and vigorously rubbing his hands together, he asked my views on the subject. With becoming modesty, I answered that my view was a limited view, and that if he would permit a plain-spoken man to hazard a remark, it would be to the effect that before he exposed his Christian wares in the Indian market, he had better ascertain their worth. He saw what I was driving at. To avert an inevitable altercation, which after all would have been no good and would only ruffle his placid countenance, I related to him a bit of my experience in the controversial line. I trust that the like of it may never befall gentle folks of his type. My tale amused Schwartz Sahib, and I heartily joined in the laugh against myself. The narrative pleased him so much that he made me repeat it all over again for the benefit of his *Journal*, wherein you will read the minute details of my encounter with a strange figure on one of the highways of Seringapatam. This is how I related the story:—"Drawing towards me, this unknown personage opened his mouth to malign my religion and roundly to abuse me for my profession of it, until waxing warm with the theme, he challenged me to produce a catalogue, if I could, of those who had had the courage to face death for religion's sake. 'Why, Sir,' quoth I, 'on a rough calculation, they may be more than the hairs on my head.' Which homely reply cost me the loss of individual hairs and the shedding of ruddy gore. For, wishing 'to check my calculation,' as he grimly termed it, he forthwith set to work on my head and began plucking my hairs out one by one. The novelty of this process made me forget the pain

for a short season. But like every mortal thing, my patience was coming to an end. Lightly I laid my hand on my friend's turban and lifted it up, but to my disappointment he had not a hair between him and heaven. However, there was ample compensation in his grizzly beard. The shades of evening falling fast around us, did not allow me to handle it more mercifully. So, I grabbed it and gave it a long pull and a strong pull, and did not give over till I thought that he was perfectly well convinced of the telling numbers of martyrs in the cause of religion."

All along with this animated conversation, I found my business had made no headway. How could I ever think of returning to Tippu Sahib before having sounded the political side of the Padre? Making, therefore, the best use of what information I was possessed of, I broached the subject of the relations between Madras and Mysore, and slyly hinted that the main object of the Padre Sahib's visit was not quite so secret at Court. Moreover, having been myself largely trusted with secrets of diverse kinds, I could in this particular instance offer my services to further the good cause. This, surely, was a clumsy way of managing Tippu's business. But there was that much of honesty of the rough-and-tumble sort about it, as could easily win its way to the heart of an honest man. Schwartz Sahib expressed his surprise at my being so experienced in matters politic. He described his coming as a modest mission of peace between two parties, nothing more, nothing less. Then at great length, with Biblical air and Biblical parable, he illustrated his ideas, adding them up beautifully as a message of peace to Hyder Ali and of goodwill to his subjects.

I took my leave with many salaams and many misgivings about the success of my wild-goose chase. I turned my steps once more to where I knew my lord was awaiting me. Him I found pacing up and down his chamber more like the tiger that he became later in life, than the clever Prince that he was then. The moment he caught sight of me, the tiger's features melted away and gave place to inquisitive looks. My tale was quickly told. Whether it was a success or a failure I was not told, and neither could I conjecture—all that I could gather from his incoherent words was that a storm was



a-brewing, and that despite the best intentions of Hyder and Schwartz, the future boded little of peace and less of goodwill.

(To be continued.)

### • FRIENDSHIP.

O sacred Friendship! priceless boon of heaven  
To cheer our night and glad our exile given,  
What were this earth without thee—what man's life  
But a dark dream of selfishness and strife?  
Where thou art not, what's honour, wealth and power  
But phantoms that amuse us for an hour?  
But where thou art—where beams thy gracious smile,  
Be it on gay parterre or field of toil,  
A light of love enlivens all around  
And flowers of happiness bedeck the ground;  
Man's life receives a worth not all its own,  
And like a summer's stream glides joyful on.  
The monarch's pride of state and crimson ease  
May dazzle, and a vulgar instinct please;  
But though his heaps of treasure be untold,  
Though Midas-like his touch turn all to gold,  
Though round his brow shine all the gems of Ind,  
What boots it if, without a faithful friend,  
He pass unheeding and unheeded by,  
To strut his little hour and then to die:—  
In nought a man, a mere trick of art,  
Begilded clay without a human heart?  
Far liefer would I be the labouring hind,  
With empty purse and garb all unrefined,  
Who 'mid the gloom of toil and poverty  
Feels the ennobling bliss of sympathy;  
For though his life seems hard to distant eyes,  
Though his whole life seems endless sacrifice,  
Yet has he joys, and every joy is double  
Reflected from his friend, and all his trouble  
Two brave and loving bosoms ever share,  
Fulfilling thus the sacred law to bear  
Each other's burden. His is a life sublime,  
Sweet harmony like an angelic hymn.  
Contented in his state, his peace unfeigned,  
Wealth is denied him, but he has a friend!  
O Heaven may I gain thy willing ear,  
And speak to thee my heart's sincerest prayer,  
Take wealth, take health, take all, but leave to me  
My friends, and I will thank thee everlastingly.

M. W. S.

### SOME KONKANI PROVERBS.

#### I. ನೊಡ್ಡುಳಾಚೆಂ ನೊಡೆಂ ಭ್ಯಾರ್ ಕಾಡ್ತನಾ ಕಳತ್.

When to his grave the *Dhoby* goes,  
What clothes he owned the whole world knows.

The *Dhoby* (washerman) has at least one solace for his pains on this side of the grave. He has not to pay his tailor's bills. In lifetime, his wardrobe is plentifully supplied with every variety of human attire, for himself, his family, "his sisters and his cousins, whom he reckons up by dozens, and his aunts!" Then, too, if he has the shrewdness of those of his calling, he can turn an honest *paisa* by hiring the wash out judiciously. But it is in death that his real worth is known. It is then that his dear relations rummage his wardrobe for a shroud, but find not a rag in it that can be called his. Poor things! they feel most intensely for him now that they find themselves constrained to feel in their pockets to buy him a bran-new suit, unless indeed they don't mind having a constable or two to grace the funeral *cortège*. This state of things is proverbially the *Dhoby's*; but it is not confined to him exclusively. Among his worthy customers there may be not a few who manage to keep up appearances, in the midst of poverty, and it is to them that the proverb is applied.

#### II. ಖಾಲುಂಕ್ ಜೆಲುಂಕ್ ಲೊರೊ, ಬೊಬ್ ನಾರುಂಕ್ ಫೊರೊ.

Early and late was Forso a-toiling  
To keep poor Lorso's pot a-boiling.

Lorso (Lawrence) and Forso (Francis) were twin-brothers who lived under the same roof even long after they had reached man's estate: and a happy life they did live. It was the old story of the busy bee and the lazy drone, with a small difference. To this difference, in great measure, was due the peace that reigned at home, and the esteem they entertained for each other. The neighbours of this enviable pair of brothers thought that they had made an unfair division of labour, and often remonstrated, but to little purpose. Fraternal affection was not a whit abated, though a similar line of conduct would, in our days, inevitably lead to a serious breach of the peace.



III. ಬುಗ್ಯಾಂಕ್ ಪುರ್ತಾತ್ ಧ್ಯಂ ಮಾಕಾ ಪುರ್ನಾಕಾ  
ಮೊಣಾ ಖಯಿಂ ಮಾಪ್ಯೊ.

"Away from boys," the Moplah said,  
"Deposit me when I am dead,  
'Neath the green sod I loved the best,  
To give my weary spirit rest."

A remarkable instance of the instructive truth contained in the lines,

"Crabbed age and youth  
Cannot live together,"

is recorded in the case of an old weather-beaten Moplah. If there be truth in the old proverb that 'those whom the gods hate they make school-masters,' this worthy was no favourite with Allah, for the brain-carriers of a certain village pitched on him to undertake the management of their local school. As may be imagined, he had a stormy time of it, and the days of his life that were "fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf" were perfect strangers to peace. Despite this, he stuck to his post. In return for the service he so patiently rendered, he begged only that his repose in the grave might be guaranteed to him. In his last will and testament, he asked the village council to see to it that a comfortable distance might separate his last resting-place from that of his too vivacious pupils.

IV. ಇಗರ್ಜೆ ಭಾಟಾಂತ್ಲಾಂಕ್ ಆರ್ದೆಂ ಮಿಸ್.

"Tis passing strange: they *will* be late,  
That live the nearest to church gate.

It is never safe to be cock-sure of anything. To miss the train is a bad disappointment, but you can take comfort and the next train. The parishioners who have but one Mass in the Parish Church have not that kind of comfort if they happen to come late of a Sunday morning. One class of people are proverbially late-comers. They are the good people who live within easy distance of the Church, who do not wish to waste time in weary waiting at the Church gate, and who are sure of coming just in time. Such folks reach in time for the last blessing.

V. ದೆಕ್ಲೆಂ ನೊಡಂ, ಟ್ರಲೆಂ ಮಕ್.

It needs the glimpse of Death's pale face  
For mournful tears to flow apace.

"Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean," they may mean so many things. To guess their

source aright needs a deeper knowledge of man's heart and man's art than falls to the lot of the ordinary mortal. Our Konkani proverb-maker, however, seems to have sounded the depths, and to have traced those of the house of mourning to their source. Tears flow in abundance in the presence of Death. In the case of one's own flesh and blood, it is sorrow, heartfelt sorrow, that relieves itself in flowing tears. But there are tears that well up to order by man's art. They may be, for instance, of the "money order" kind, where the Konkani mourner would need the presence of half an onion in the hollow of his hand "to play the woman with his eyes." The woman has the advantage of the sterner sex in having no need of such fictitious excitants, for let her but see the face of the departed and *presto!* she is "like Niobe, all tears." The proverb, however, has a further application and has reference to the way a man subjects himself to a tyranny of wants. Let him but see a thing and immediately he wants it, irrespective of his needing it or not. If he does not see it, he can do without it, but once he lays his eyes on it, like the boy in the Pears' Soap advertisement, "he'll not be happy till he gets it." It is to such "wants" that the proverb has special reference.

VI. ಘಡಿಯೆಚ್ಯಾ ಆಟಾಕ್ ಫೊನ್ಮಾಡ್ಯಾನ್ ಖಾಡ್ ತಾಸುಲ್ಲೆಂ ಖಯಿಂ.

Fommodo, one ill-fated day,  
His flowing beard shaved clean away.

Each village has one or more devil-men (Fommodo) in proportion to the amount of devilry to be imposed on simple folks and to the copper and silver to be swindled out of them. One of this gruesome fraternity had, in addition to the usual outfit, a flowing beard of prodigious size and rare beauty, which he could turn to sundry useful purposes for the behoof of his clients. In an evil hour he parted with it! and that for such a trifling reason. The beard once shaved could not be grown to order at a moment's notice. Therefore he feigned to have an infectious disease and stayed within doors long enough to allow it time to re-appear. The moral is: Never take an important step in life without mature deliberation. *Erst wägen, dann wagen*, "First weigh, then venture," was Von Moltke's motto.



VII. ಅಸ್ಲಾಕ್ ನಾಕಾ ಜಾಲ್ಯಾರ್, ಪಂಗ್ರಿಕ್ ನಾಕಾ ಮೊಣಾ ಖಯಿಂ.

A million men the bridegroom feeds!  
'Tis not thine to define their needs.

Oriental hospitality is nothing if it be not on a princely scale. To the Indian, hospitality is like his own tropical showers—it never rains, but it pours. The hundreds and thousands of persons feeding in the marriage *pandal* at the expense of the happy couple is a refreshing sight and well worth seeing. The measure of eatables and drinkables doled out to the guests bidden and guests unbidden, is *ad satietatem usque*. Individuals here and there may have had their fill, but they may not cry 'Hold, enough!' lest they seem to set bounds to the feast and to the capacity of their neighbours.

VIII. ಬಾಯಿ ಹಾಸ್ರಾ ಮೊಣ್, ಸೊಬ್ಬೆಂ ಹಾಸ್ರಾ.

Because my mistress smiles, I smile:  
More reason to seek isn't worth my while.

Sabina, called Sobleñ for short, was a maid-servant who used to be carpeted regularly by her mistress for her one fault of not observing that there was a season for mirth and a season for gravity. After repeated vain attempts to mend her ways, she wisely concluded that she would not be far out in this particular, and in others too, if she took the cue from her mistress, who was a paragon in her way of all the proprieties of social life "and mistress of herself, though china fall." And even were it to come to pass that both mistress and maid should err, she would lay the unction to her soul that she was sinning in good company. Sabina finds many an imitator in laughing matters, as well as in others of serious import.

IX. ಸಾಟ್ ಸತ್ತರ್, ಘೊಂಡಾ ಬಿತರ್.

The grave will claim thee for its own,  
When years three score and ten have flown.

This is the Konkani version of the Scriptural span of life, expressed in four simple words, with rhyme to boot. The pious Catholic who is at or near this limit of life, adds the corollary—

ಸನ್ಯಾಸಾ ಮೊನ್, ಆತಾರಾ ಮಾತಿ.

He prays that his call may come to him on a day sacred to Our Blessed Lady, and that he may be laid to rest on a Sunday, thus to give his friends and kinsfolk time for prayer and for paying their last tribute to the departed one.

## OUTLINES OF THE HISTORY OF CANARA.

### II. THE COMMERCIAL HISTORY.

48. The history of Portugal's relations with Kanara should have peculiar interest for the Catholics of the District; for it is to Portugal that Canara owes her Christianity. It was from Portugal, or from Goa, the capital of her Oriental empire and the "Rome of the East," that year after year bands of missionaries went forth with apostolic zeal to carry the blessings of the true Faith to the Gentiles and to die, were it necessary, martyrs in its cause. They were men who had turned their backs on the world with all its pomps and pleasures, who could rise superior to the attractions of home, country and kindred, and who valued the salvation of a single soul as of more worth than the conquest of an empire. They were humble in the eyes of the world and utterly despised money, glory and honour. Fearing none but God and hoping nothing but from Him, they went forth bearing their lives in their hands and looking upon death as a deliverance, their sole hope and consolation being to carry the light of the Faith to those "who were sitting in the darkness and shadow of death." How well they laboured and how efficaciously they preached and taught may be gathered from the numerous conversions which they worked among the native population, no less by the example of their noble and self-sacrificing lives than by the charm of the sublime religion which they announced. Their zeal was seconded and their efforts were powerfully aided by the Crown of Portugal, as became a Christian government and nation, by lending its influence and prestige to uphold the Catholic religion and to bring pressure to bear on the Native Princes to allow the missionaries liberty to preach and build churches, and to guarantee religious and civil liberty to their converts. This was in fact generally one of the principal stipulations in the treaties and engagements which the Portuguese made with the Native Princes.

While converts multiplied year after year, they received occasionally a large accession by the immigration of Christians from Goa; and under the



fostering care of the clergy the Christian population of Kanara prospered and increased to such an extent that, about the middle of the last century, they numbered nearly 100,000. We have here ample evidence of the fruit of the labours of the Portuguese missionaries in Kanara; and we may be allowed to quote the opinion expressed by a leading Anglo-Indian, Mr. J. Stokes, in his report to the Government of Madras in 1831, when the Christians of Kanara were still under the *Padroado* and learned Portuguese instead of English:—

“The Native Christians of Kanara are a very respectable class. Many of them are men of good family and considerable property. In natural acuteness they are fully equal to the Brahmins, and they are superior to them in morals and enlightenment. They form a valuable connecting link between the Hindus and their European superiors. In language and local information they assimilate with the former; in religion and education with the latter.”

A history of the Christians of Kanara, with many interesting details, will be found in the late Fr. Maffei's *History of Kanara*, which, it is hoped, will be published at an early date. In this outline I can only touch on some leading facts which are connected with the spread of Christianity in Kanara.

49. During the first years after Vasco da Gama doubled the Cape of Good Hope Kanara had only the benefit of occasional visits from the Portuguese to its coasts, either to take water for their ships or to pursue pirates and the Moors [Mahomedans] into its creeks and rivers. The first visit to the coast of Kanara was paid by Vasco da Gama in 1498 A. D., on his return voyage to Europe from Malabar, when the winds having dropped as his ships got out to sea, he steered again for the land and anchored off the small islands near Udipi. The great Admiral landed on one of the islands and, in pursuance of the Portuguese policy, planted a cross as well as a flag there and called the islands “El Padron de Santa Maria,” which probably was the origin of their present name of St. Mary's Isles. Thence he sailed to the island of Anjediva, which is about twelve leagues south of Goa. Before he could land, the Portuguese

were attacked by a pirate of Onor (the present Honawar) named Timoja, who however was easily repulsed and had to take refuge in the river of Onor. Having watered his vessels at the island of Anjediva, Vasco da Gama sailed for Melinda and thence to Europe. In 1500 Cabral, a distinguished admiral who was sent out at the head of the second expedition to India, passed along the coast of Kanara on his way to Calicut, and landed at Anjediva to overhaul his ships and to refresh his crews. In his second voyage, in 1502, Vasco da Gama, after passing Anjediva, came upon some pirate vessels belonging to Timoja, which he chased into the river of Onor and burned. The next day Vasco da Gama made an attempt to land at Bhatkal (the present Karwar) which was a flourishing port of trade at that time, exporting rice, iron and sugar to all parts of India. The Portuguese met with a stout resistance from the Moors, but the latter had soon to give way. Their king then offered his submission, which was accepted on condition that the Turks should be prohibited from landing at Bhatkal, that no trade in pepper should be carried on at that port, and that ships should not be allowed to go from there to Calicut. In the following articles of agreement with the king may be seen the principle of foreign policy maintained by Vasco da Gama, and after him by his Portuguese successors in their dealings with the Coast Provinces, upon which these stipulations were based:—

“The King of Portugal is the lord of the sea of all the world, and also of all this Coast; for which reason all the rivers and ports which have got shipping have to obey him, and pay tribute for their people who go in their fleets: and this only as a sign of obedience, in order that thereby their ports may be free and that they may carry on in them their trade and profits in security, neither trading in pepper nor bringing Turks, nor going to the port of Calicut, because for any of these three things the ships which shall be found to have done them shall be burned, with as many as may be captured in them.” The process of reasoning in this political philosophy is difficult to follow; but it seems to resolve ultimately into the maxim “might is right”—a maxim more honoured by most nations in practice than in theory. The king agreed to the



conditions proposed, offering at the same time a tribute of 1000 loads of inferior rice a year for the Portuguese crews, and 500 loads of superior rice for the captains. From Bhatkal Vasco da Gama sailed to Cannanore.

50. The successes of Vasco da Gama fired King Emmanuel of Portugal with ambition to completely overthrow the power of the Moors in the East and found in its place a new Christian maritime empire. To carry out this grand project he sent out Don Francisco Almeida as Viceroy, with instructions to erect forts and factories at Anjediva and other ports along the western coast of India. On Almeida's landing at Anjediva, the king of Onor sent a deputy to him with gifts and offers of friendship. The Portuguese set to work at once to erect a fort on the island. It is interesting to note that, while digging the foundation, the workmen came on an old cross, probably a relic of the ancient Christianity that had been planted in India in the time of the apostle St. Thomas. While the work on the fort progressed, Almeida proceeded southwards, leaving a garrison on the island. A few days afterwards, the Portuguese at Anjediva visited Onor, but the unwelcome visitors were received rather coldly by the people. This cold reception was responded to with a hot fire from the Portuguese into the fort of Onor, and the town was set on fire. To avert a worse fate, Timoja offered vassalage in the name of his overlord, King Narsinga of Vijayanagar. This great king himself soon afterwards sent an ambassador to the Portuguese offering his friendship and giving them permission to build factories at any port in his dominions except Bhatkal, which he had ceded to another.

51. Don Almeida was succeeded in 1506 as Viceroy by Alphonso Albuquerque, the real founder of the Portuguese Empire in the East, and one of the greatest admirals and statesmen the world has produced. With admirable foresight and wisdom Albuquerque conceived the plan of founding a large Eastern Empire on the basis of territorial possession and alliance with Native Princes, which the British adopted only after the experience of more than two centuries in

India. He carried out his scheme with a courage, determination, tact and success that place his name alongside those of heroes like Hannibal, Cæsar and Napoleon. For nobility of character, justice and fairness in home and foreign dealings we shall hardly find his equal among the best administrators in the annals of the world. One of the first acts of Albuquerque was to make an attempt to capture Calicut; but it met with a disastrous failure. Undaunted by this defeat, the great Admiral made a defensive and offensive alliance for the purpose of conquering the territory of the Zamorin of Calicut and securing against invasion on the part of the king of Bijapur. Albuquerque also obtained by this treaty permission to build factories in any place on the coast of Kanara, and in return he promised that trade in horses should go to Bhatkal instead of ports belonging to the king of Bijapur. Before making an attack on Calicut, Albuquerque wished to strike a decisive blow against the fleet of the Grand Sultan of Egypt, and therefore set out with a large fleet for Guardafui. But on his way he was met at Anjediva by Timoja, the famous pirate-captain, and this meeting unexpectedly gave a most important turn to the course of events in the history of the Portuguese in India. Timoja laid before Albuquerque important information regarding the concentration of a large Moorish fleet at Goa, and represented to him the great political and commercial advantages that would follow from capturing this place and overthrowing the power of the Moors in their most powerful stronghold in India. The report being current at the time that Yusuf Adil Shah Savajee, Lord of Goa, had recently died, Albuquerque was easily persuaded to run his fleet into the harbour of Goa, and with the assistance of troops supplied by Timoja, the city was easily captured, March 3, 1510. Adil Shah, however, who was not dead, but had only left Goa on a visit to the interior, returned and recaptured the city, May 17, 1510. The Portuguese fleet, after being detained for three months at the bar of the river, proceeded to Onor to take fresh supplies, and with the assistance given by the Raja of Garsoppa and Timoja they again took Goa on November 25, 1510. The foregoing narrative is interesting to us on account of the important part played by a chieftain



and a pirate-captain of Kanara in the conquest of Goa. After that Albuquerque was able, within a period of nine years, to establish the Portuguese supremacy in India from the Persian Gulf to the Straits of Moluccas. The Portuguese, however, do not appear to have built any factories on the coast of Kanara under the authority granted to them by the Vijayanagar Government, and they apparently confined themselves to establishing friendly relations with the rulers on the Coast, upon whom they levied tribute.

The local princes acknowledged the double supremacy of Vijayanagar and Portugal. Under the impulse given by the Portuguese to commerce, Kanara developed her resources enormously and enjoyed considerable prosperity. The Portuguese traveller Duarte Barbosa, who visited Kanara in 1514, gives us a picture of the prosperous state of the country at this time. He describes Barcelore (Basrur) as an important port visited by ships from Ormuz, Aden and Xeher; and in describing Mangalore he says: "There many ships always load brown rice, which is much better and more healthy than the white, for Malabar for the common people, and it is very cheap. They also ship there much rice in Moorish ships for Aden; also pepper, which henceforward the earth begins to produce, but little of it, and better than all the other which the Malabars bring to this place in small vessels. The banks of this river are very pretty, and very full of woods and palm-trees, and are very thickly inhabited by Moors and Gentiles and studded with fine buildings and houses of prayer of the Gentiles, which are very large and enriched with large revenues. There are also many mosques where they greatly honour Mahomed."

52. With the death of Alphonso Albuquerque died also his grand scheme of territorial expansion, his conciliatory foreign policy and sound administration at home. The policy, however, of building forts was continued. In 1526, during the viceroyalty of Lopo Vas de Sampayo, Mangalore was captured by the Portuguese, and probably the first factory was built somewhere about the place where the present Rosario Church stands. It is believed that in this year Franciscan

missionaries began to preach in Mangalore and its neighbourhood and make many converts. They appear to have built about this time three churches for the use of their flock: Our Lady of the Rosary, Our Lady of Mercy, and Saint Francis. The Portuguese may have also opened about this time a trade depôt up the Netravati river at the place now called Feringapet, or the bazaar of the *Feringhis* or foreigners, as the Portuguese were called by the natives. About this time a factory was also established at Onor. In 1528 news having reached the Portuguese that the king of Bacanore or Barkur, a vassal of the king of Vijayanagar, gave shelter in his port to a small fleet of native craft carrying rice to Calicut to exchange it for pepper, Sampayo at once sailed to the place with a large fleet and burned the town. The once famous town of Barkur, the centre of Banta and Jain supremacy in Kanara, was levelled to the ground and disappeared from the list of the great cities of Western India. This exploit won for Sampayo eternal fame, for it is celebrated by Camoens in *The Lusiad*, Canto X. 58, 59.

The Portuguese pursued the Moors with a relentless ferocity which shocks our Christian feelings at this time; but it is easily understood and may perhaps be excused when we bear in mind the fierce cruelty with which the Portuguese and the Spaniards had been treated by the Moors during the 781 years of their supremacy in the Iberian Peninsula. Two years after the sack of Barkur, Mangalore also fell a victim to the ferocity of the Portuguese against the Moors. In the year 1530, the Portuguese Government learned that a rich merchant who had leagued with the Zamorin of Calicut against the *Feringhis*, was fitting out a fleet of *paraoes* at Mangalore to carry rice in exchange for pepper to Calicut, and Diego da Silveira was despatched to the place with a fleet of ships and a small force. Mangalore was defended by 4000 Moors entrenched behind a stockade, who offered a stubborn resistance to the Portuguese. After fierce fighting the latter gained a signal victory, burned the shipping in the harbour, set fire to the town and devastated the country around, and then sailed back to Goa.

53. With the defeat of the Moors at Mangalore, their power on the coast of Kanara may be said to



have been completely annihilated, and the Portuguese secured to themselves the whole trade of the coast. The twenty-five years that followed the sack of Mangalore were occupied by the Portuguese in consolidating their power in Kanara, by establishing their relations with the Native Princes on a firmer basis, by enforcing tribute regularly from them, and by clearing the coast of the pirates. The river between Bhatkal and Anjediva had always afforded a safe refuge to pirates, whose depredations on the coast towns were the cause of untold terror and suffering to the people. The Portuguese Government having determined to break down their power, despatched in 1540 D. Antão de Carvalho with a small fleet which pursued and captured the corsairs. In 1542 Governor-General Martin Alphonso de Souza made an attack on Bhatkal to enforce tribute from the queen of that place and to punish her for harbouring pirates. The town was burned and the queen was brought to terms. In 1547 a fresh treaty was concluded between the King of Vijayanagar and the Portuguese Government, by which a defensive alliance was made against the Mahomedan king of Bijapur, and the Portuguese were given the monopoly of the export and import trade of the country.

54. Mangalore was considered by the Portuguese to be a place of great importance to them, and hence they watched it very carefully. In 1555 it was attacked and burned by D. Alvares Silveira because the Queen of Ullal refused to pay tribute. Three years later it again felt the weight of Portugal's hand, for it was taken and burned by D. Luis de Mello. It seems, however, to have shared the vitality common to towns of Kanara, for, phoenix-like, it soon rose from its ashes. A few years later it definitively passed under Portuguese rule.

55. The Queen of Ullal was a woman of high ambition and great strength of purpose. Resenting what she thought to be the extortionate tribute demanded by the Portuguese, she determined to resist them with the sword. The direc-

tor of the factory used every sort of persuasion, but to no purpose. He resorted then to threats, but the Queen knew well how ill-fortified the factory was, and therefore treated his threats with contempt. She also added insolence to her insubordination, for when the Viceroy D. Antão de Noronha despatched an envoy to her to grant a site for a fort, she met the application with ridicule and dismissed the emissary with scant courtesy and a flat refusal. To bring her to order, the Viceroy left Goa, December 8th, 1567, with 10,000 soldiers in fifty-four vessels, and landed at Ullal on January 4th. Three Fathers of the Society of Jesus accompanied the expedition as chaplains. The author of the *Oriente Conquistado* gives a detailed account of the expedition and mentions how Father J. F. Estefonio, S. J., marched at the head of the soldiers holding a crucifix aloft and encouraging them to fight.

The Portuguese landed unmolested, and their advanced guard under D. Francisco Mascarenhas took up a position within a hundred paces of the enemies' works, and there, under cover of night, arranged the plan of the morrow's attack, "with as much security and calmness as if they were in the gardens at Goa." The enemy who, with their experience or the tactics of the Portuguese in their previous battles, had held back during daytime, rushed into the Portuguese camp at 10 o'clock at night and a fearful carnage ensued, the Portuguese soldiers killing their own companions, being unable to distinguish in the darkness enemy from friend. The Queen, however, having only a very small force at her disposal, could not make the best of her advantage, and the next morning, with the valour that characterised them, the Portuguese, in the face of showers of arrows and bullets, repulsed the enemy, and pillaged and devastated the town. The Queen fled to the mountains. The Portuguese being masters of the situation, the Viceroy commanded a fort to be built, the foundation of which was laid on the January 20, 1568, and named it San Sebastian in honour of the day and of the reigning sovereign of Portugal.

(To be continued.)

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

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# THE MANGALORE MAGAZINE.

MANGALORE, MICHAELMAS, 1899.

*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.

IN this issue of the Magazine we present a number of articles of more than ordinary local interest. Friends of the late Father Maffei will welcome the article on *Places of Interest in South Canara*, which is a valuable contribution to our local history. The pity is that we could not induce him during his lifetime to contribute articles to the Magazine on the subjects so dear to him and which he studied with such persevering labour. In the MSS. which he left behind him there is a mine of matter for the present and future historian of the District. Mr. Saldanha's *Commercial History* in the present issue has been collated with Father Maffei's MS. *History*, and the result has been to heighten our esteem of his work. Still there are some points that need elucidation, which we trust will be done in the course of time.

The second instalment of the *Land-Tenures of Western India* has had to be held over for another issue, and its place has been supplied by a double quantity of Mr. Saldanha's *Outlines*. Mr. Palmer's valuable series of articles has had to be interrupted

also, on account of urgent business that claimed his attention in Bangalore. The wit and wisdom of *Konkani Proverbs* will be perused with interest by those who would gain an insight into the minds and habits of our people, while Balthu Chutney takes us back again in spirit to the days and ways of old. Mr. J. E. Saldanha's monograph on Toru Dutt has points of interest for those who watch the progress of Western civilisation in India.

With this number also we print a supplement to lay before our readers a valuable historical document in the shape of a letter from Father Thomas Stephens, S. J., to his brother. The original is in Latin and is preserved in the Royal Library of Brussels. A copy of it was procured for the Magazine through the Bollandist Fathers by the kindness of Rev. Denis Fernandes, S. J., now in Kurseong, Darjeeling, to whom we are under so many obligations. This is perhaps the first time it appears in an English dress.

The object of this Magazine, as is well understood by its readers, is not directly religious and controversial, but there being no other organ in Mangalore to defend our altars and our homes, we do not think it alien to its purpose to devote a few of our pages to a defence of all that is most dear to us. Our silence might be misinterpreted if we allowed the Basel Mission and its new-found friend to wantonly assail us without a word said in our defence.

We have to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following exchanges sent to us since our June issue:—*The Georgetown College Journal*, *The Tamarack*, *The Stylus*, *The Xavier*, *The Fordham Monthly*, *The Holy Cross Purple*, *The Notre Dame Scholastic*, *The Pilot*, *La Revista Catolica*, *Catholic Opinion*, *The Stonyhurst Magazine*, *The Dial*, *The Clongownian*, *The Ratcliffian*, *The Castleknock College Chronicle*, *Our Alma Mater*, *The Agra College Magazine*, *The Ant*, *The Student's Friend*, *The Malabar Times*, *The Madonna*, *The Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, *The Edmundian*, *The Bada* and *The Phoenix*.



## College Chronicle.

**June 28th, Wednesday.**—At 4.30 P. M. the students assembled in the College Hall to present an address to the Right Rev. A. Cavadini, S. J., this being the third anniversary of his consecration as Bishop of the Diocese of Mangalore. Alphonsus Mascarenhas, Prefect of the Sodality of the B. V. M., read the address, after which his Lordship made a short reply and granted a holiday. Immediately afterwards the Catholic and the Hindu students who hold scholarships through his Lordship's bounty, waited on him to express their gratitude and felicitations.

**June 29th, Thursday.**—Feast of SS. Peter and Paul. There was Mass at 7 o'clock, followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, in order to leave the Church free for the ex-Aloysians and students who laboured the whole day and up to 11 o'clock at night to erect the catafalque and prepare the Church for the Solemn Mass of Requiem for the Month's Mind of Father Maffei, late Rector and Principal of the College.

**June 30th, Friday.**—The Month's Mind services began at 7 o'clock with the chanting of the Office of the Dead by a choir of Seminarists from Jeppu, and was followed by a Solemn High Mass, with Very Rev. E. Frachetti as celebrant and Fathers Paternieri and Bartoli as deacon and subdeacon. The sermon was preached by Father Corti, after which his Lordship gave the last absolution. The Church was well filled with past and present students.

**July 6th, Thursday.**—The first cricket match of the season was played to-day on the Maidan with the Emeriti Cricket Club.

**July 15th, Saturday.**—The Government grant and sanction for the building of a gymnasium and four additional classrooms was received to-day. The new structure will stand on the northern spur of the hill, between the College Hall and the Law Courts. It will be 84 ft. long by 35 wide and two storeys in height. The upper storey will be divided off into three classrooms 25x20 ft., and the lower will contain one classroom and the gymnasium. The total cost is estimated at Rs. 11,000.

**July 16th, Sunday.**—The Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. The Very Reverend E. Frachetti,

Rector of the College, was announced to-day Superior of the Mangalore Mission in succession to the Very Reverend J. B. Rossi, lately appointed Provincial of the Province of Venice, S. J., whom he also succeeds as Vicar General of the Diocese of Mangalore. Father Gonsalves preached the sermon at St. Ann's Convent chapel in the afternoon.

**July 23rd, Sunday.**—Work on the new building was begun on Thursday, the 20th instant, and the corner-stone was laid this afternoon by Rev. Father Rector attended by the Fathers and students of the College. The following inscription by Father Zerbinati was inclosed in it:—

A . M . D . G .

LEONE . XIII . PONT . MAX . XXII . ANN . REGNANTE  
VICTORIA . INDLÆ . IMPER . LXIII  
ABVNDIO . CAVADINI . E . SOC . JESV . ANTISTITE  
X . KALENDAS . AVG .  
ÆDIBVS . LYCEI . ALOISIANI  
GYMNASIVM  
ET . CONCLAVIA . IN . VSVM . DISCIPVLORVM  
NVMERO . CRESCENTIVM  
ADDENDA . CVRAVIT  
ÆGIDIVS . FRACHETTI . E . S . J . SODAL . PRÆPOS .  
IDEMQVE . IN . DICEESI  
VIC . POTESTATE . FVNGENS  
AVSPICALEM . LAPIDEM . RITE . DEMISIT  
J . M . D'MELLO . ARCHITECTO

**July 26th, Wednesday.**—Feast of St. Ann. In the afternoon Father Zerbinati preached in St. Ann's Convent chapel when Sister Mary Bertha (Miss Jennie Theodore) received the black veil. The Bishop afterwards gave Solemn Benediction, assisted by Very Rev. Father Frachetti, Vicar General and Superior General of the Mission, and Father Goveas of Urwa.

**July 31st, Monday.**—The Feast of St. Ignatius, Founder of the Society of Jesus. There was Solemn High Mass at 7 o'clock celebrated by Rev. Father Rector, assisted by Fathers Paternieri and Bartoli as deacon and subdeacon. All the Catholic students went to Holy Communion. In the afternoon at 4 o'clock, after Solemn Vespers and a sermon by Father Moore, Principal of the College, his Lordship the Bishop gave Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.



**August 3rd, Thursday.**—There was an all-day cricket match with the Mangalore Cricket Club on the Maidan.

**August 6th, Sunday.**—The Sodality celebrated its patronal feast of St. Ignatius to-day at Codialbail. Father Bartoli was celebrant of the Solemn High Mass. The College Sodalities attended the afternoon service, and Fr. Corti preached the sermon, after which there was Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament given by his Lordship.

**August 10th, Thursday.**—There was a cricket match in the afternoon between the College Eleven and the Government College Past and Present.

**August 15th, Tuesday.**—The Feast of the Assumption of the B. V. M. Father Bartoli was celebrant of the Solemn High Mass at 7 o'clock. In the afternoon at 4 o'clock Father Corti preached the sermon, after which Father Moore received a number of students into the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin. Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given by Father Baizini.

**August 20th, Sunday.**—The General Consecration to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, lately ordered by his Holiness the Pope, took place to-day in all the churches of the Diocese of Mangalore. A triduum of devotions, consisting of Mass, sermon and Benediction, was made in preparation for it. It is estimated that over three thousand received Holy Communion in the churches of Mangalore alone, and nearly four thousand assembled to take part in the devotions in the Cathedral in the afternoon.

**August 30th, Wednesday.**—In response to an invitation issued by Mr. Dawson, of the Bank of Madras, to the Collector, the Chairman of the Municipal Council, and the Heads of the various colleges and schools of Mangalore, a meeting was held in the Government College in the afternoon to take steps to revive the Inter-School Gymkhana, which existed here from 1890 to 1896.

**September 9th, Saturday.**—A whole-day cricket match with the Mangalore Cricket Club was begun at 9 o'clock and continued till noon, but the afternoon turned out so wet that it could not be resumed.

**September 10th, Sunday.**—Father Paternieri and Brother Moscheni made their last vows this

morning in the College Church at the 6.30 o'clock Mass celebrated by Reverend Father Rector.

**September 11th, Monday.**—In the afternoon all the students who hold scholarships through the favour of Rev. Father Rector waited on him to express their thanks and felicitations, this being the eve of the Rector's Day, which was transferred from the 30th ultimo. After the customary garlanding Pascal D'Souza read an address on the part of the Catholic students, and K. Mangesha Rao on the part of the Hindus. Immediately afterwards all the Professors and students assembled in the College Hall to present their greetings. After repeated garlandings by the Catholic and the Hindu students, Thomas Gonsalves, Prefect of the Sodality of the B. V. M., read an address on the part of the former, and Bantwal Sitarama Rao on the part of the latter. Father Rector then made a short speech in reply. A Sanscrit recitation entitled *Gunanuwarna*, by Mr. Balappa, the Sanscrit Pandit, and Nayel Deva Rao, was the next item on the programme. After it came "A Cure for Nervousness," a short farce acted by Henry Vas, Marian Fernandes, Albin Rebello, Manuel Vas and John Rasquinha. Father Polese's choir furnished the music at intervals. The stage of the College Hall was greatly admired, as this was the first occasion it was seen after its recent renovation and enlargement. The scenery was painted by Brother Moscheni, and is truly a thing of Indian beauty.

**September 12th, Tuesday.**—The Rector's Day. The morning turned out very wet, so that the lengthy programme of athletic sports was seriously interfered with. In the afternoon, however, it cleared up sufficiently to allow "the small boy" to enjoy himself to his heart's content. At six o'clock prizes were distributed among the successful competitors in the different games.

**September 20th, Wednesday.**—Schools closed this afternoon for the Michaelmas holidays. The results of the recent Preliminary Examinations were published, and from them it appears that 52 candidates are to be presented for the Matriculation, and 15 for the F. A. Examination. On only one former occasion was an equal number of candidates for Matriculation sent up, and that was in '83, when 32.9 per cent. passed.



## Personal Paragraphs.

FRANCIS Xavier D'Souza, I. C. S., M. A., LL. M. (Cantab.), has been appointed Joint Judge and Joint Sessions Judge, Ahmedabad.

Cyprian Noronha, F. A. '85, has been confirmed as Superintendent in the Railway Department of the Bombay Secretariat.

A. F. Cyril Rebello, B. A. (Madras), founder of the Rebello Scholarship in the College, holds now the important post of Chief Superintendent in the Accountant General's Office, Bombay. We offer him our hearty congratulations.

Raymond D'Silva, formerly of Bombay, is now employed as Gas Inspector in the Madras Railway Company, and has his headquarters in Madras.

Frank Noronha, who matriculated from the College in '96, and afterwards passed his F. A. Examination from the Central College, Bangalore, has joined the Medical College, Madras, to study for the M. B. Examination.

Salvador F. D'Rosario, a Matriculate of '83, is a Sea-Customs Superintendent at Kasargode. He went lately to Madras to undergo a course of training.

Julian Vas, a Matriculate of '86, is Sea-Customs Superintendent at Manjeshwar.

Gregory S. Lasrado, a Matriculate of '88, after a creditable course at the Imperial Forest School, Dehra Dun, is now employed as a Deputy Ranger in Malabar.

Ladislaus Rasquinha, a Matriculate (First class) of '86, entered the novitiate of the Society of Jesus belonging to the Province of Portugal at Barro, Torres Vedras, Portugal, June 10, 1890. He is at present employed as a professor in Guimarães.

September 24th was Ordination Day at Darjeeling, when Revv. Gilbert Saldanha, Basil Rosario and Marian Fernandes, S. J., of the Mangalore Mission, were raised to the priesthood. On the following day they celebrated their First Mass at the Jesuit Theological Seminary at Kurseong.

The sixty-fourth session of the Madras Medical College began on July 1, 1898, and terminated on March 31, 1899. When it opened there were 322 students, and when it closed 439. Peter Paul Pinto (B. A. '93), an M. B. and C. M. student, won the

Johnston Gold Medal, the Rajah Sir Savalay Rama Swamy's Gold Medal, the Price Memorial Prize, and the Sibthorpe Prize.

Lazarus D'Silva, an old pupil of the College who migrated first to Bombay and then to Bangalore, where he was Drawing-master in St. Joseph's College, is now announced to be about to proceed to Rome to pursue his studies as an Artist.

John A. M. Coelho, of last year's Senior F. A. Class, is now a professor in St. Vincent's High School, Poona.

Fathers Perini and Colombo, S. J., left Trieste for Bombay and Mangalore on September 23rd, so we may expect to welcome them here about the end of October. Both Fathers were in the Mission before and are known to a considerable number of our present and past students.

We regret to record the death of the Reverend Father Joseph Morel, S. J., at Trichinopoly on the 17th of August. The deceased Father was Senior Professor of History and Prefect of Discipline in our sister First-grade College of St. Joseph's, where he laboured for twenty years. He was Chief Examiner of History for the Madras University for ten years, and was looked upon as one of the best historians in the Presidency. He possessed many good and amiable qualities which made him loved and respected by all who came in contact with him. He was only fifty-seven years of age at the time of his death, just three years the senior of Reverend Father Maffei, his counterpart in the Mangalore Mission. R. I. P.

Another death that is deeply regretted is that of Monsignor Edward Hilary De Silva, which took place on the morning of September 6th at the Archbishop's House, Armenian Street, Madras. He was educated at the Presidency College, from which he matriculated and then joined the Uncovenanted Public Service, but resigned and entered the Seminary of Irish Catholic Mission of Madras to study for the priesthood. He was for many years Procurator and Private Secretary to His Grace Archbishop Colgan, and in consideration of his valuable services to the Mission, His Holiness the Pope conferred on him a few years ago the title of Monsignor. He was only fifty-two years of age at the time of his death. R. I. P.



## Notes on the Eucalyptus.

AS the Eucalyptus is now being extensively cultivated in India, a few words about some of its qualities may not be out of place. The Eucalyptus is a genus of very large trees of the Myrtle order, natives of Australia and more commonly known as "gum-trees." The fact that it requires a great deal of water has induced many owners of feverish, marshy land to plant it as a means of natural drainage, and consequently of rendering the surrounding country healthy. This has proved a great success in many localities, notably in the Pontine marshes in Italy, where up to a recent date fever was endemic. Now the climate is quite healthy, and what is more, those who adopted the plan draw a handsome profit from their plantations. Visitors to Kodaikanal will not fail to notice the magnificent grove of Eucalyptus that surrounds the Jesuit House of studies at Shembaganur. A remarkable instance of the draining power of the trees is furnished by that grove, for it has well-nigh dried up the rivulets that formerly ran through the property.

The Eucalyptus grows very rapidly when planted in a suitable soil, and in the space of thirty or forty years attains a diameter of more than a yard. The timber from young trees is almost useless for building purposes, but when the tree has attained maturity it rivals the oak in hardness. If the Eucalyptus possessed only the properties mentioned, it would still rank among valuable trees, and it would be well worth while to plant it; but we have to add to these the virtues of its oil, gum and leaves. Among its many species, the Eucalyptus *globulus*, *amygdalina*, *dumosa*, *oleosa*, *maculata*, *rostrata*, and *citrodora* are perhaps the best known. The principal chemical constituents of these several species are (1) a volatile oil or otto, (2) a volatile acid called *eucalyptic acid*, (3) a bitter principle in an amorphous state and strongly hygroscopic, termed *eucalyptene*, and (4) a resin varying in kinic and catechinic properties according to the particular species of tree from which it is taken.

The oil obtained from the species mentioned above varies in chemical composition. Thus we have two great divisions, viz., hydrocarbons of terpene, and compounds containing oxygen approx-

imating to camphor. The formula  $C_5 H_4$  that is, five atoms of carbon and four of hydrogen, is the most simple form of union of the hydrocarbons (Compare oil of turpentine  $C_{10} H_8$ ). The others contain oxygen with a strong camphoraceous odour, hence  $C_{20} H_{16} O$  are oxyhydrocarbons (Compare common camphor  $C_{10} H_{16} O$ ).

The oil is obtained principally from the *E. globulus* by distillation with water. The distillate, after the supernatant oil has been removed, still retains a high percentage of oil in suspension. The oil is of a pale straw-colour, darkening with age, and has a spicy taste leaving an after-sensation of coldness in the mouth. It boils between  $338^\circ$  and  $392^\circ$  F., and its specific gravity varies from 0.885 to 0.927. A large percentage of the oil (except that from the *amygdalina*) consists of *Eucalyptol*, which may be separated by partial distillation. It passes over at between  $347^\circ$  and  $351^\circ$  F. It can also be separated by rectification with caustic potash and fused calcium chloride. Its formula is  $C_{12} H_{20}$ , and vapour density 6.22.

The best gum is that obtained from the Red Gum-tree, *E. rostrata*. It is a ruby-coloured exudation soluble in water to the extent of 80 or 90 per cent. Tough and difficult to powder, it adheres to the teeth when chewed and is intensely astringent to the mucous membrane. That taken from the *E. globulus* is less astringent and pretty brittle when dry. As it is fairly abundant, I think from experiments I have made, that it would form an economical base for ink, as it contains both gum and tannin, and is quite soluble in boiling water. The natives of Western Australia make a favourite beverage from the blossoms of the *E. rostrata* by steeping them in water.

It now remains to consider the Eucalyptus from a commercial point of view, and this leads to a consideration of its medicinal properties, for it is chiefly on their account that it finds a market.

1. The leaves of commerce are always in a dry state, and are sold in India at about a rupee and four annas per pound. They are used to remove the musty smell of apartments, and are placed among clothing to prevent damage by insects, moths, etc. When powdered they may be made into pills for malarial fevers, instead of quinine.



Smoked in a pipe or rolled into cigarettes, they are useful in cardiac and aneurismal asthma. The narrow scimitar-shaped leaves should be used in preference, as they are more active medicinally than the soft broad leaves of young trees. The latter, however, are useful as an antiseptic dressing for wounds.

2. The oil is endowed with great ante-malarial virtue. Its effects are tonic, stimulant, and antiseptic. In small doses it promotes appetite, in stronger ones—say from ten to twenty drops—it first quickens the pulse and then produces a pleasant general excitement and a feeling of buoyancy and strength. In very large doses it is intoxicating, but unlike alcohol or opium, the effects are not followed by stupor, but by a general calmness and soothing sleep. A cup of strong coffee will prove an antidote in case a poisonous dose has been swallowed. The oil strongly stimulates the capillary circulation, is an excellent febrifuge, and cures as many cases of intermittent fever as quinine, though there are some fevers that give way only to the latter drug.

It is now thought that the specific poison in malarial fevers is a parasite of the amœboid type, which, according to recent investigations, is inoculated into man by mosquito bites. According to Marchiafava, Bignama, Golgi and Mannaberg the various symptoms of the patient correspond to the various stages of development of the parasite. Mannaberg found that three hours after the administration of twelve grains of quinine the amœboid movement diminished, and four hours later it practically disappeared. This action of quinine is slow in comparison to that of Eucalyptus oil when taken internally. Dr. Gardner has left us some statistics of an intermittent epidemic in Mauritius, in which out of 432 cases treated with Eucalyptus oil 320 were perfectly cured, sixty-three per cent. of these cases requiring but one dose. A case came under my own observation which had resisted all treatment for three weeks, and nevertheless yielded to the Eucalyptus in three days.

The oil is also very destructive of low organic growth, and is said to be three times stronger than carbolic acid in preventing the development of bacteria. In cases of rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica,

chronic hepatitis, asthma, bronchitis and sprains requiring a strong liniment, the oil may be mixed with vaseline in the proportion of four ounces of oil to two drams of vaseline. Where a milder liniment is required, as for the throat, three ounces of oil to one of olive oil will serve well. As an ointment it rapidly sets up a healthy skin and is very antiseptic. One ounce of the oil mixed with two of hard paraffine and the same amount of soft will make a good ointment. As an inhalation it is useful in bronchial and diphtheritic affections, and as a prophylactic to the bothersome influenza. The quantity employed is half to one teaspoonful to half a pint of boiling water. It has been tried in acute phthisis with some success, but as it often sets up gastric troubles when taken for long periods, its use in this disease is to be limited. As a deodorant and disinfectant, a few drops of the oil sprinkled on a cloth and suspended in the sick room render the air refreshing. A tablespoonful added to two or three pounds of sawdust, well mixed and distributed, will speedily produce a purifying effect.

The results of my own experiments go to prove that the tincture is of best general service, especially in the case of malarial fevers. It contains nearly all the active principles of the tree as they are found in the dry leaf, and, moreover, it is very cheap and can be made by all. Take four ounces of the dried leaves of the *E. globulus* to one pint of rectified spirits, macerate for ten or twelve days and then percolate under heavy pressure. One or two drams will form a dose for malarial fever. Eucalyptus Wine is another very serviceable remedy in low conditions of persons residing in malarial districts. It is made by taking two ounces of dried leaves cut fine, and macerating in four ounces of rectified spirits for a day and then adding to four pints of sherry or madeira. Then again macerate for ten or twelve days and filter.

The best Eucalyptus gum for medicinal purposes is taken from the *E. rostrata*. It is a reliable remedy in the treatment of chronic dysentery and diarrhoea. As a topical astringent for the uvula and tonsils, either in the form of a gargle, syrup or lozenge, it also forms a useful remedy.

H. Whitehead, S. J.

TRICHINOPOLY.

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## What is a Gentleman?

What is a gentleman? Is it not one  
 Knowing instinctively what he should shun,  
 Speaking no word that could injure or pain,  
 Spreading no scandal and deep'ning no stain?  
 One who knows how to put each at his ease,  
 Striving successfully always to please—  
 One who can tell by a glance at your cheek  
 When to be silent and when he should speak?  
 What is a gentleman? Is it not one  
 Honestly eating the bread he has won,  
 Walking in uprightness, fearing his God,  
 Leaving no stain on the path he has trod;  
 Caring not whether his coat may be old;  
 Prizing sincerity far above gold!  
 Recking not whether his hand may be hard—  
 Stretching it boldly to grasp its reward?  
 What is a gentleman? Say, is it birth  
 Makes a man noble or adds to his worth?  
 Is there a family tree to be had  
 Shady enough to conceal what is bad?  
 Seek out the man who has God for his guide,  
 Nothing to tremble at, nothing to hide,  
 Be he a noble or be he in trade,  
 He is a gentleman nature has made.

J. A. Weber.

## English Composition in Lower Secondary Classes.

PERHAPS there is no branch in which the young and inexperienced teacher blunders more than in English Composition. For his Grammar and Arithmetic, his History and Geography, the matter is marked and definite, but for English Composition he is often left to his own ingenuity. Nor has he many authors to propose as models to his youthful class. Stories there are in abundance, but the acknowledged classic and standard authors are claimed by the professors of the higher classes, who far from complaining of a dearth of matter find it difficult to select models from the rich mine of classic literature.

We are enjoined to study the best models in every language, and to imitate them in theme and composition work. The question arises, then, what authors can be proposed as models for the lower

classes, and how are the young students to be taught to imitate these authors? Let us begin with the lowest of the classes, for there we meet with the greatest difficulty. We suggest that composition work should be limited to two kinds or methods: 1. Reproduction, 2. Amplification.

In this short paper we wish to treat only of Reproduction. It is the easier of the two methods and should occupy the boy during the greater part of the first, and for some time at least during the second and third year at College. The name explains itself; it consists simply in reproducing what the professor has given. A selection is read, then, if necessary, given orally to the class: finally, the title is dictated or written on the black-board with three or four of the principal headings.

Let us suppose that the teacher chooses for his subject the pathetic account of the death of Tarcisus from the twenty-second chapter of *Fabiola*. Here, as in many other instances, it will be necessary to omit certain parts of the selection in order to reduce it to the proper length. To read the whole of this chapter to the class would confuse the boys; but from it can be culled the simple and touching story which the slowest student will be able to understand and reproduce.

The first two pages of the chapter the teacher tells in his own words, and then reads to the class the story of Tarcisus. Having finished the selection, the better to impress it upon their minds, he repeats it in his own words. After he has written the title and the three divisions on the black-board, as given below, he again sums up the story briefly, grouping it under the different divisions.

### *The Death of Tarcisus.*

1. Tarcisus receives the Mysteries.
2. He is attacked by his schoolmates.
3. Death—Quadratus.

With this system the boy loses no time in casting around for something to write about. When he opens his note-book at home he has before him the title of his composition, and four or five lines to recall what he has heard in the classroom. His work is thus made easy and pleasant. With but little difficulty he writes a page of foolscap for his English exercise.



One of the first results of this method is that it inspires the young student with confidence. If with the matter supplied to him he has once accustomed himself to bring a page of foolscap as a weekly or bi-weekly exercise in composition, he will not be disheartened when later on he is required to bring the same or a greater amount when left to his own resources. Many of us can, no doubt, recall the terrors of our first composition, when we were given a subject that suggested not an idea to our untrained minds. "The uses of fire," "Why do we eat?" were titles of compositions given to the writer during his first year at college. Not a word of explanation was added. The teacher announced the subject at the end of class, and then wondered why our composition work was so poor, while in other branches we were progressing fairly well. Here we see the difference between the skilled and the inexperienced teacher. The former will never give his class an exercise without explaining it; the latter chooses his subject hurriedly and gives it to his class without offering a single suggestion as to the development. Under the former, composition work is pleasant and progress rapid; under the latter it is the most disagreeable task of the week; either the boy is faithful and spends an hour or more at his desk with no results, or he gives up his work after a short and unsuccessful attempt. If therefore *Reproduction* had nothing else in its favour than that it inspires the young student with confidence and gradually introduces him into the field of composition work, this of itself would be sufficient to recommend it.

But, it is objected, with such a system the boys are not taught to think. I can only appeal to the Jesuit *Ratio Studiorum*, which has now stood the test of three hundred years of successful work, and which supposes such a thorough *prælectio* in the lower classes that the students are to be only attentive listeners, and must be ready to repeat what has been given them. Gradually it is true they are taught to think and act for themselves, but at first they are taken by the hand and led. It has ever been the accusation of those who know the system imperfectly that it leaves nothing for the boys to do. This we deny; we claim that a *prælectio* is necessary for every class and for every branch of

every class. It is as necessary for an English composition as for a Latin theme or version. We hope to be able to show that this work in *Reproduction*, far from leaving the boys nothing to do, requires from them careful and earnest labour.

Another advantage which can be derived from this method is that it can be made a means of interesting the boys in good books. I have a book which I want my class to read. I select from it what seems to me a most interesting chapter or part of a chapter. This I read to the boys and give it to them as the subject of a composition. If the selection is well chosen it may be sufficient to arouse a general interest in the book. If the first attempt does not succeed, other selections may be added, or the professor may take occasion to make favourable comments on the book, either when giving the subject or when correcting the compositions. In this way good books are placed in the hands of students, and unconsciously they are guided along a course of reading. When interest has been aroused in one book, the professor can pass on to another. It is not my intention here to give a list of books. A visit to the students' library will enable the professor to make a judicious selection. The writer found *Fabiola* a useful book for such work:—the fight in the opening chapter, the death of the old schoolmaster, the story of Tarcisus are excellent subjects for composition. The latter especially is very taking; even the laggard will bring a good composition on the death of the brave Tarcisus. Thus composition work can be made a vehicle for conveying many useful lessons on a variety of topics.

When the teacher has selected his subject carefully and explained it thoroughly, his work is by no means finished. He must teach the boys how to revise and correct their own exercises. This must be done in the classroom. It is the most important and perhaps the most difficult work in regard to composition.

We suggest the following order. Let the teacher run over in a general way the whole set of compositions, pointing out the defects as also the various good points, reprimanding the negligent and praising those whose exercises bear evident marks of careful labour. Not every composition



can be commented upon each time; but some of the best should be read in the class to serve as models. It might be well to put aside a whole set of compositions for future reference. After some weeks or months these can be compared to other compositions and the improvement noted.

Now the particular work of revision commences. In the first place all mistakes in spelling should be eliminated. It is really strange how often boys pass from one class to another and still make little or no progress in spelling. The reason is that boys have not been taught to discover their own mistakes. This can be done only in the classroom. The composition should be divided into sections. For instance, let the boys begin with the first five lines, examining each word and consulting the dictionary for any word about whose spelling they doubt. The exercises can then be exchanged so that each boy examines his neighbour's paper. While the compositions are being thus corrected the teacher is here, there, and everywhere. It does not take him long to find out what boys are slow in this work of revision, and what boys need the greatest assistance. When he finds that some have failed to discover misspelled words, he should not point these words out, but should tell them that within such and such lines there are so many words which have not been corrected. Those who spell well and generally finish first, should be appointed *pedagogi* to assist the slower members of the class. This revision in the classroom should continue until at least three-fourths of the class bring compositions free from all mistakes in spelling; the boys can then be left to do the work of correcting at home.

We must not forget to add in this connection the necessity of teaching the boys how to use a dictionary. Unless the young students have been forced to use it under the eyes of their professor many of them will never learn how to do so. They should be taught how to open and close the dictionary; how to do so with the least possible strain on the binding, hence not to let the cover hang over the edge of the desk or table; how to find words rapidly, not by dampening the thumb and turning leaf after leaf, but by slightly raising the corner of the leaves and opening the book only when the place near the desired word has been found. The

various signs in a dictionary are enigmas not only to the lads in the lower classes but also to the more advanced students. These signs, therefore, together with the quantities of words, abbreviations, etc., should all be explained; not theoretically and hurriedly, not during one class only but for weeks, and the boys should handle their dictionaries under the direction of their teacher until he is assured that they can use them intelligently.

In regard to the private assistance which the teacher should give his class, the following advice from an experienced teacher will be found useful. "Very great good is done by calling a few boys, not more than two or three at a time, and teaching them how to work by working with them, and giving them the whole process of preparing their author and doing their theme. In this way they learn how to use their dictionary and grammar. In all individual help keep in mind that the main object is to teach the boy how to help himself for the future and not so much to save him labour for the present."

We come now to another important point in this work of revision. A boy's composition is often one long sentence connected by a series of *ands*. Even the best of them use this little particle too often. "Oh, yes," our inexperienced teacher will object, "the boys may possibly use the *and* too often in the beginning of the school year, but I'll be able to correct them of this mistake in a few days." If a boy has learned in a year how to manage this little particle he has been well taught. The four concords in the Latin grammar seem easy indeed; the class learns the four rules in as many days, yet after four years of practice these rules are often violated. So it is with the little word *and*, it seems very easy to handle; we are to use it as a coupling-pin to connect word with word, and sentence with sentence:—nothing more simple! but it is so very easy to use it that we press it into service too often, and the result is that our composition is strung together like a pair of beads instead of being divided into sentences and paragraphs. Let us therefore declare war against the *ands*; but let us enter upon the warfare with the conviction that it will take months and even years to gain the victory. Even when we imagine that we have entirely des-



troyed the troublesome pests we shall find them springing up on every side like the hundred heads of the fabulous hydra.

While eradicating *ands* we are necessarily teaching the boys how to construct a sentence and how to punctuate. The use of capitals and possessives, the choice of words, the division of the composition into paragraphs,—each of these can be introduced, not at the same time but gradually. When the boys understand one point well this can be left for home-work and some other point be taken up in the classroom. In the beginning the professor should not demand too much of the boys by forcing them to correct too many mistakes at once. Fault after fault should be taken up. No composition should be given without warning the boys against one particular mistake, and to bring an exercise free from *this* mistake should be the principal aim of the students. Above all let the teachers insist on careful work. No exercise should be accepted unless written in the boy's best hand, neatly folded, and free from all blots.

If such exercises are demanded of the boys, if students are called upon week after week to imitate, as far as they are capable of doing so, some choice selection which they have heard read and thoroughly explained, if they are kept constantly labouring to correct *one* fault, small though it be, if this work of revision is done under the eyes of the professor, if it is done until the members of the class are capable of correcting their own exercises; then we can rest assured that the boys are being taught how to think. They are being taught to do so gradually and systematically, so gradually, indeed, that they may not observe their own progress. Yet the progress is there; and the boy is being taught to think, he is learning far more than he would learn if left to work out his own composition unaided.

Let us sum up briefly the contents of these pages. We have suggested that the boys' work in composition be restricted to *Reproduction* during the greater part of the first year at college. Other methods may have their advantages. Many books recommended for beginners such exercises as the following:—To enumerate the objects in a room, the things seen on the way to school, the parts of a piece of furniture, etc. It is claimed that these

exercises teach the students how to think and to be observant. But the writer found them unsatisfactory. The boys seemed to reap absolutely no fruit from them; on the contrary, such exercises seemed to dry up the imagination and to make composition work burdensome and void of all interest. We insist that to excite interest is necessary for success, not only in English composition but in all other branches. Listen to what St. Augustin says of his dislike of Greek, because he was forced to learn it under the guidance of a teacher who failed to excite interest and then used the lash to urge on his unwilling scholars: "The wooden horse lined with armed men, and the burning of Troy, and Creusa's shade and sad similitude were the choice spectacles of my vanity. Why then did I hate the Greek classics which have the like tales? For Homer also wove the like fictions and in a most sweet vein, yet he was bitter to my boyish taste. And so I suppose would Virgil be to Grecian children if forced to learn him as I was Homer."

What is here said of Greek can be applied not only to the classics but to all branches. If we wish to succeed in teaching them we must lessen the labour of the boys and make their study a pleasure. This is all the more necessary for the younger students. We have endeavoured to show how this interest can be kept up in composition work by means of *Reproductions*. The plan sketched here was, in part, suggested to the writer by a professor who had considerable experience in teaching; and the writer after years of trial found the system entirely satisfactory.

W. L., S. J.

### Signs of Prosperity.

Where spades grow bright, and idle words grow dull;  
Where jails are empty, and where barns are full;  
Where church-paths are with frequent feet outworn,  
Law-court-yards weedy, silent and forlorn;  
Where doctors foot it, and where farmers ride;  
Where age abounds, and youth is multiplied;  
Where these signs are, they clearly indicate  
A happy people and well-governed State.

From the Chinese.



## Mangalore Commercial School.

THE Mangalore Commercial Night School was first opened in the Milagres School in 1892, and was recognised by the Director of Public Instruction (*Proceedings No. 1408, Feb. 13, 1893*) as a Technical School fitted to afford instruction up to the standard of the Intermediate Technical Examination in Book-keeping and Commercial Correspondence. In the month of July 1898 the school was transferred to the College, where it has continued its work under its organizer and director, Mr. J. M. Castelino. Seeing the practical utility of the subjects taught, and how difficult it is nowadays for students of any but bright parts to pass the University Examinations, and even after passing them how graduates have to hang about the doors of Government offices seeking an acting appointment at the miserable pittance of Rs. 7 a month, with prospects in the distant future of permanent employment at something like double that sum,—the Principal encouraged the students of the College to join the classes. It did not need much persuasion on his part to get them to register their names on the rolls of the Night School, for novelty of any kind has a powerful attraction for our people, and very soon some sixty names were entered. It was to be expected that that number would dwindle by degrees and grow beautifully less when many flighty youths found that there was no royal road to a knowledge of Book-keeping and Commercial Correspondence, any more than to any other branch of learning.

The result of the first year's work may be judged from the fact that thirteen candidates were sent up for the Government Technical Examination last April in Intermediate Book-keeping, and twelve in Elementary, and out of them there were four and five passes respectively. In Intermediate Commercial Correspondence four candidates were presented, and in Elementary nineteen, and of the lot only three of the latter passed.

These results may seem to be sufficiently wretched, but still they compare very favourably with the best in the Presidency. The total number that went up in Elementary Commercial Correspondence was 281, of whom only twenty passed, and they all second class. That was 7.11 per cent. in

comparison to our 15.77, and Thomas Mathias, one of our students, was first in the list.

This year a class of Shorthand has been opened by Mr. Nayel Deva Rao in connection with the Night School, and it is intended to add Typewriting, and even Stenotypy, to it when the students have made sufficient progress to profit by them.

It is satisfactory to add here, from Mr. Castelino's Report, that "almost all those that have studied those Commercial branches under me both in St. Aloysius' College, when the Upper Secondary classes were in existence, and in the Night School, are doing well, having found employment in commercial offices on a respectable salary. I shall be most happy to hear from them and to avail myself of their assistance to form an association to help on one another and to secure employment for those who are seeking it. It would gratify me if they would state their salaries and the places they hold, so that I may be able also to supply information to Mr. Subramani Aiyar, B. A., L. T., A. S. A. A., to complete his list of candidates that have passed the Government Commercial Examinations."

## Chess.

His face was blank! nor on his brow  
Appear'd the vaguest knowledge how  
To escape the foe.

With apathy's sublimest stare  
He faces towards that threaten'd square,  
As one who deems his earthly share  
Unutterable woe.

When lo! a gleam, a transient gleam,  
Like peaceful night's most fleeting dream,  
Flits o'er his face.

His brow contracts, his muscles twitch,  
His very fingers seem to itch,  
He's worked to a most fearful pitch  
Of grim grimace.

The light of reason fills his eye,  
Bright as on Eastern sky  
Begins the dawn.

Hovers around his mouth a smile  
Of meaning deep and subtle guile;  
Excitement thrills his fingers while . . .

He moves a pawn!

*The Oratory School Magazine.*



## Olla Podrida.

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.

\* \* \* \*

A new edition of "Converts to Rome since the Tractarian Movement to May, 1899," compiled by W. G. Gorman (Swan Sonnenschein) has been issued in London. According to this authority no fewer than 446 Anglican clergymen have been received into the Church in the period mentioned. Next in number come members of the nobility, 417. The army officers who have been converted are set down at 205; authors, poets, and journalists, at 162; legal profession, at 129; public officials, at 90; medical profession, at 60; naval officers, at 39; baronets, at 32; and peers, at 27. Of the converts 158 became religious and 290 secular clergy. From Oxford there have been 445 converts, Christ Church providing 55 of these; Exeter College, 45; Oriel, 33; Balliol, 30; Brazenose and Magdalen, each 22; and University, 20. The total from Cambridge is given as 213. Of these 213, 79 were from Trinity College. Trinity College, Dublin, provided 23 converts; London University, 11; Durham University and King's College, London, each 10; while only 9 came from the four Scottish Universities.

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The nineteenth century ushered in for the Catholic Church in Europe the era of the re-conquest of the lands lost to her in the sixteenth. In England, she began marvellously to regain ground more than fifty years ago. Then came Scotland, slow to yield; then more slowly still, a little at a time, but surely, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Norway; last of all, Iceland, where religious freedom was granted less than twenty-five years ago. To estimate the rate at which the tide is flowing to the Church it is interesting to note that 8,366 converts were received

into her fold in England and Wales in the course of twelve months (1897-98). It is well to keep figures like these in mind when pondering over lists like that furnished by "Converts to Rome." "The longest list obtainable," as Cardinal Manning once happily remarked, "bears to the multitude added to the Church, the same relation that the *Court Guide* has to the people of England; and legitimately proud as Catholics may be of the accession to their ranks of men of political, literary, or merely social eminence, it must still remain the greatest glory of the Church in England that to the poor the Gospel is preached."

\* \* \* \*

Some enterprising cyclist lately applied for Mr. Ruskin's opinion of the wheel, and got it. The great and venerable "Apostle of the Beautiful" has in this instance reversed the role of Balaam, and cursed where he was meant to bless. Eighty wisdom-bringing years have not cooled his temper nor weakened his language. "I am prepared," he writes, "to spend all my best 'bad language' in reprobation of bi-, tri-, and 4-, 5-, 6-, or 7- cycles and every other contrivance and invention for superseding human feet on God's ground. To walk, to run, to leap and to dance are the virtues of the human body, and neither to stride on stilts, wriggle on wheels nor dangle on ropes. Nothing in the training of the human mind with the body will ever supersede the appointed God's way of walking." It is not to be supposed from this that the cycle is a special object of Mr. Ruskin's abhorrence. Every form of machinery is included in his malediction. He has no sympathy with modern civilisation and what he calls its "grimy practicalities." It is interesting to compare him in this one particular with His Holiness Pope Leo XIII., who is nine years his senior. The Roman correspondent of the London *Daily Mail* wrote as follows to his paper a short time ago, but it seems that what he says of the automobile must be taken with a grain of salt:—

The Pope is essentially up-to-date with regard to those material inventions which lighten the load of humanity. The first hydraulic lift that was used in Italy was installed in the Vatican under His Holiness's directions. To him is due the introduction of gas, which replaced the ancient candles of the Vati-



can, and quite recently he has had the electric light installed. All the world knows that the Holy Father lately became the possessor of an automobile. In this he takes almost daily his airing in the gardens of the Vatican, often preferring it to the carriage drawn by horses. So delighted is he with this form of locomotion that he has allowed himself to be photographed in his automobile. The Holy Father says that the bicycle is useful and agreeable for young people, the automobile for the old. A builder of automobiles hearing of the Pope's enthusiasm for this mode of motion has presented his Holiness with two new vehicles.

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The Hon. A. W. Wilmot, the author of a deeply interesting work entitled *Monomotapa* (Rhodesia), published in London by Fisher Unwin three years ago, writes in *The South African Catholic Magazine* on a valuable article that appeared recently in the Journal of the Royal Geographical Society by Dr. Schlichter, on recent explorations in Rhodesia, "It is most refreshing to find," he writes, "that the conclusions and deductions of my book are also those of such a distinguished authority as Dr. Schlichter. There is one exception, as I hold that as there were two Tarshishs in the northern hemisphere so there were two Ophirs in the southern hemisphere—one in S. E. Africa, the other on the Malabar coast of India. Dr. Schlichter's only Ophir is in S. E. Africa."

\* \* \* \*

A writer in an English periodical has been saying some very plain things about "liquid air." Articles have recently broken out like a rash amongst English magazines in which very wonderful things are prophesied as likely to be accomplished by means of air reduced to the form of a liquid. In this form air is excessively cold, the very existence of the fluid depends upon the creation by artificial means of a temperature compared with which the frigidity of the Arctic regions is summer heat. The moment liquid air is created it tends to become gaseous air again, just as steam tends to return to its natural fluid state, and in doing so develops enormous energy. There can be no doubt about the great potency of liquid air. It could run engines, hurl projectiles with dreadful force, prove an ideal source of power for auto-cars, and in many respects fulfil conditions which go far

toward revolutionising modern society. Like the philosophers' stories of the elixir of life, if it were generally available it would do wonders. \*

But there is the rub. Liquid air is not generally available. It must be made and can only be made by the expenditure of energy. Every scientist knows that no man can get more energy out of a machine than is put into it. The practical man knows that in the case of locomotion, half at least of the energy of the coal is lost and never expressed in steam or effective power. Liquid air, like steam, will have to be produced by energy, and we cannot, according to natural laws, get more energy out than we put in. But the inventor throws natural laws to the winds. Liquid air, according to what he says, is a wonder compared with which perpetual motion is a mere circumstance, for having got three gallons of the substance he declares that by expending this he can get ten gallons, and so on in geometrical progression. In other words, a vessel crossing the Atlantic can always be running at the highest speed and still making a tremendous surplus of power-producing material. The public will have to see this Pandora's box at work before they believe. At present, if we may make the remark without personal danger, the whole matter is very much in the air.

\* \* \* \*

An English newspaper gravely tells us that "medical practitioners in India are now requested to keep their eyes on that ubiquitous pest of humanity, the mosquito, which, to its already notorious peccadilloes, is suspected of adding the still more nefarious trade of a propagating agent of malarial infection. Several methods have already been tried in India to compass the mosquito's destruction, in some places by draining the marshy areas, in others by throwing kerosene on the water, on which it forms a film preventing the larvæ from reaching the surface and having access to the air. Permanganate of potash, already used for purifying the wells with a view to the annihilation of the cholera bacillus, has also been experimented on with reference to mosquitoes, and is said to be fatal to them in all stages of their growth." Fish are also serviceable to destroy them in ponds and tanks.



Some persons may misinterpret our silence since the dawn of *Light*, the last lucubration from the pen of our Basel Mission controversialist. We were urged by sundry weighty reasons to enter on the controversy, and now that we have, as we believe, attained our end, we see no reason for continuing it. When he began so boldly to tamper with the faith of our Catholics and launched forth his anathema maranatha against the Church we considered it our duty "to contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints" (ST. JUDE 3.) and which has been handed down to us through nineteen centuries without increase or diminution by even one jot or tittle. Our adversary has shown himself to be the merest sciolist in theology, and as to polemical skill and ability, the pamphlets bearing the equivocal titles of *The Word of God* and *Precious Gospel*, as well as those with the misnomers of *Truth* and *Light*, reveal a controversialist of the stamp of the schoolmaster in the *Deserted Village*, whose skill the parson owned, "for e'en though vanquished he could argue still." It would be a colossal task, and one of doubtful utility to boot, to follow him through all his absurdities and to take him to task at every step for the false or garbled quotations with which he bolsters up the most audacious assertions. It would be well for him to doubt the genuineness of the title-deeds to heaven that cannot bear the test of "philosophy and logic." Mr. William Hurrell Mallock, a very intelligent Protestant, lately wrote, "the reality of supernatural religion being granted, the Roman Church above of all the Churches gives to such a religion a logical and organically coherent form." So our controversialist does well to shelve logic if he means to hold on to the Church of Bâle. He will tell us again and again that our position is unscriptural, that we "shove Christ," etc., etc., but that it is because

While others labour with philosophic force,  
His nimble logic takes a shorter course,  
Flings at our head convictions in a lump,  
And gains remote conclusions at a jump.

\* \* \* \*

For the last few months a certain Colonel Alfred Porcelli, who signs himself Baron di Sant' Andrea, has been busy inditing a series of letters to the Church of Bâle from his Patmos of Agra. They

are ostensibly meant for his "dear friends" of the German Basel Mission of Mangalore to confirm them in the "faith once delivered to the Saints." It would be interesting to know what his dear friends have to do with the saints, and what saint ever professed the faith delivered to the Church of Bâle. Any one conversant with the spirit that animates the seven hundred jarring sects, "the maggots of corrupted texts," which have sprung up since the so-called Reformation, knows full well that hatred of everything Catholic is their chief bond of union. This is sufficient to explain the origin of the anomalous friendship that unites the peacemaking German Basel Mission and the man of war of Agra. The dear friends were in sore need of a comforter to console and sustain them in their recent discomfiture over the defeat of their protagonist in a quarrel of his own picking, but they are not particularly happy in their paraclete.

\* \* \* \*

Colonel Porcelli, and those of his kidney, have a penchant for raking together all the evil that has been said or written against those who are contrary to their doings. They should bear in mind that "there was never yet noble man that did not make ignoble talk," and that in their pharisaical zeal against lax morality they may be guilty of the sin of bearing false witness against their neighbour. The Society of Jesus has shared from its foundation the lot of Him whose name it bears, and like Him, has been set 'for a sign to be contradicted.' Of all its enemies for the last three centuries and a half, perhaps Voltaire was the bitterest. He hated the Jesuits and did his best to bring about their suppression, but it was because he hated the Church whose boldest defenders they were. Nevertheless Voltaire gives the lie to the Baron di Sant' Andrea. Perhaps we shall be told now that he was a "crypto-Jesuit." In a letter dated February 7, 1746, he says: "During the seven years that I lived in a College of the Jesuits, what have I seen there? Lives the most laborious and the most frugal, the hours of the day divided between the care of us and the exercises of their austere profession. I call as witnesses the thousands of men educated as I was. Therefore, it is that I am lost in astonishment at any one daring to accuse them of teaching a relaxed or corrupted morality.....I make no



scruple in proclaiming that there is nothing more iniquitous, more contradictory, more shameful to humanity, than to accuse of relaxed morality men who live in Europe the severest lives, and who go seeking the most cruel deaths to the extremities of Asia and America."

\* \* \* \*

The Society of Jesus is the best abused Order in the Church, notwithstanding the fact that twenty Popes have praised it and the Council of Trent publicly commended it as "a pious institute." Colonel Porcelli, however, would have us to believe that there is a rift in the lute and that one Pope, Clement XIV., suppressed the Society in 1773 because "It was impossible for the Church to enjoy true and solid peace while the Order subsisted." In this there is some truth, for Clement XIV. sacrificed the Society to obtain peace. The Colonel, however, is either wittingly or unwittingly in error when he repeats the oft-refuted charge that the Pontiff accused the Society of being in fault. The Protestant historian Schoell expresses the following just judgment on the Brief *Dominus ac Redemptor*: "It condemns neither the doctrine, nor the morals, nor the discipline of the Jesuits. The complaints of the Courts against the Order are the only motives alleged for its suppression."

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The Colonel is seemingly very anxious to put the Jesuits in a wrong place. The Devil's Island, now happily vacated by Captain Dreyfus, would be the right place for them if he could but prove a tithe of the charges he brings against them. Let us take but one charge as a sample and challenge him to the proof. The Colonel asserts that it is a part of the "Jesuit Rule of Faith" that "the end justifies the means," and then goes on to say: "Anyone who has studied the ethical code of the Jesuits is aware of the abyss of immorality in which it wallows." Here we have a specific charge made that affects the two hundred Jesuits who are living to-day in the Madras Presidency. Let it be borne in mind that they are working two First-grade Colleges in the Presidency, one in Trichinopoly and the other in Mangalore, both of which receive Government aid, and at the same time teach, according to Colonel Porcelli, "precepts which must make Satan rejoice, and angels weep." Here we have a man in Government service assailing a body of men

favoured by Government and lately praised in very handsome terms by Her Majesty's representative, Sir Arthur Havelock, Governor of the Presidency, when he visited both Colleges. We have not only a right, but a duty to ourselves and to our charges, to demand that the Colonel should be made to either retract or substantiate his assertion. Let him produce a single passage from the writings of any Jesuit author justifying the damning charge he has laid at our doors. Up to this no such passage has ever been produced to prove that any Jesuit ever taught the doctrine that it is lawful to do evil that good may come from it, though there is every inducement, pecuniary and otherwise, held out to induce those who make the charge to produce their authority. It is the writer's confident belief that no such passage exists, which is a good reason for not producing it, but scarcely for continuing to make the charge, which St. Paul calls "blasphemy," against innocent men.

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It is pleasant to turn from this vicious cavilling of a man who could be better employed, to some generous notice of our College and its work that lately appeared in the press. Our good friend Mr. F. H. Hamnett, I. C. S., at present District and Sessions Judge, Coimbatore, presided at a prize-giving at St. Michael's College in that city, on August 24th. In his speech, as reported in the *Madras Mail* of August 31st, it is said:—

"In passing he spoke highly of the discipline of the boys of St. Aloysius' College, Mangalore, who respectfully saluted and bowed to every gentleman, European or Native. He spoke in praiseworthy terms of the St. Aloysius' College *Magazine*, which St. Michael's College might well imitate with advantage."

And from the Great Republic of the West, in the elegantly printed *Dial* of St. Mary's College, Kansas, we read the following:—

"We have received the *Mangalore Magazine* regularly, and always derived much pleasure from its contents, both because of its true literary merit and also because of the information about far-off India which we have gleaned from its pages—for instance, from those interesting papers on Mangalore, by E. B. Palmer, and other articles. The account of the "Tinnevelly Pearl Fisheries" must indeed be equally interesting to all readers of the *Magazine*. It recalls one of Mr. Warren Stoddard's sketches in his *South Sea Idyls*."





### OBITUARY.

FATHER JOSEPH VANDELLI, S. J., was drowned in the Netravati River at Monte Mariano, Feringapet, about nine miles from Mangalore, on Thursday, September 28th. On that morning he had gone for an outing with some of the Fathers from the College and Jeppu Seminary, before resuming schoolwork after the Michaelmas holidays. About eleven o'clock he went to bathe in the river, and was only a few minutes in the water when he called for help to Father Paternieri, who was standing close by, but before he could grasp his hand he was carried into a whirlpool and disappeared. Some fishermen and others came immediately to the rescue, but the water was so deep that they did not succeed in rescuing him. The place is known in the neighbourhood as very dangerous and several fatalities had occurred there already. Father Bartoli, after waiting for near an hour, started for Mangalore to bring the sad tidings to the College. He arrived about one o'clock, and soon the news spread like wildfire. An hour later nearly all the boys of the College, the workmen from the new building, the employes of the Codialbail Press, and many others were thronging the road to Feringapet. By three o'clock hundreds were gathered at the scene, not only from Mangalore, but also from Omzoor and Bantwal, many of whom lingered on the river bank through the long hours of the night. Father Rosario went out with Mr. Joseph M. Saldanha, the Hospital Assistant; Mr. Piedade Saldanha, Mr. J. M. Soares, Mr. J. Monteiro, and Mr. Philip Lobo, who laboured ineffectually till darkness set in to find the body. Early on Friday morning Father Gonsalves went out from the College, and with the assistance of Mr. A. Albuquerque's sons from Bolar, and some others, the pool was probed with boat-hooks till about nine o'clock when the body was recovered. It was then conveyed in Mr. Albuquerque's boat to Jeppu Ferry, where a large concourse of people awaited to accompany it to St. Joseph's Seminary. The funeral took

place in the afternoon at five o'clock, and the remains of the deceased Father were laid to rest in the little mortuary chapel of the members of the Society of Jesus.

On Saturday morning at nine o'clock there was a Solemn High Mass of Requiem in the College Church, which was attended by all the Catholic students, who, as well as their Hindu schoolmates, showed how thoroughly they realised the loss they had suffered of a loving Father and friend. The sad incident was not without its consoling lesson, for it proved anew that the hearts of the people of Mangalore are in the right place. Not only from those immediately connected with the College did proofs of kindly and heartfelt sympathy come, but from others also, and though it would be perhaps invidious to particularise, yet we may be allowed to mention Mr. M. J. Murphy, the District Judge; Mr. Mark Hunter, Mr. C. W. Layard, and Mr. C. C. Longden, the District Superintendent of Police, who sent a *posse* of Police to act as a guard of honour at the funeral.

Father Vandelli was only thirty-six years of age at the time of his death, having been born, July 28, 1863, at Paullo, near Modena, Italy. He entered the Society of Jesus, September 23, 1880, and was sent to Valencia, in Spain, to make his noviceship and study Rhetoric. For his Philosophy he was sent to Portore, in Austria, and then he spent some time in College work in Cremona and Brescia. He went to Cracow, in Poland, for his Theology, and while there came near losing his life by drowning in the Vistula. When he was ordained priest he returned to College work in the Tyrol till he was sent to Vienna to make his final studies before beginning the work of the ministry. The Mission of Mangalore was assigned to him as his field of labour, and he arrived here on October 29, 1894. During those five years he laboured in the College and as Assistant Vicar of the Cathedral, applying himself all the while to the study of English and Konkani. For the last two years he was attached to the College, where he rendered valuable service and endeared himself to all.

R. I. P.



# THE MANGALORE MAGAZINE

## SUPPLEMENT

A letter from India, written by the Rev. Fr. Thomas Stephens, an English priest of the Society of Jesus, to his brother Dr. Richard Stephens, Doctor of Theology, in Paris. Written from Goa, October 24, 1583.

I. H. S.

MY DEAREST BROTHER.

PAX CHRISTI.

Your letter from Cahors written on the 28th of May 1581 reached me at Goa on the 12th of October 1583. Nor am I astonished that such a long period of time should have elapsed between your writing and my receiving it. For I doubt if you have a convenient way for sending your letters to Lisbon. It may also be that you are not acquainted with the time when Portuguese ships yearly sail from the port of Lisbon; and I should like you to know that this takes place about the 25th of March since the correction in the calendar. Thus it happens that every year, but in different months, some ships sail from the port and others steer into it. As for me, I am often deterred from writing to you as I know not where you are, except on the receipt of a letter from you. And even when you have mentioned Cahors or Paris in your letter, I still remain ignorant as to which way or by whom I ought to forward my letters to you, especially when you have failed to explain these things to me. All that you said in your long wished-for letter was most welcome to me. Indeed I read it with that degree of pleasure which a letter from such a brother deserved.

I have come to know of everything regarding the Fathers of our Society and the Catholics of England. Letters from Ours and accounts of the persecution in England have informed us of the illustrious martyrdom of Father Campion and his companions.\*

I was exceedingly pleased with the account you gave me of each of our common friends. It is only natural that I should desire to know something about the state of those whom I daily recommend to

\* Blessed Edmund Campion, S. J., was hanged, drawn and quartered for the Catholic Faith at Tyburn, London, December 1, 1681. Along with him suffered Blessed Alexander Briant, S. J. These and fifty-two others who were martyred in England from 1535 to 1681 were Beatified by Leo XIII., December 9, 1886.

God in my prayers. I am glad that our esteemed father is well, but I am astonished to find that he has been spared altogether in this calamity. It is wonderful that after having been so often harassed by heretics in a peaceful republic, he should have come off safe from a wide-spread slaughter of citizens. As for our relative and, as you say, my namesake having been appointed Viscount of Boervensis, I pity him. This is not the time for honours but confusion. You know how hard it is for a man with this office not to abuse his power even against Catholics.

I congratulate you on your possession of friends and benefactors. But listen to me, dear brother, it is only He for whose love you have left your country that can bestow on you the greatest help and distinction that you may hope for. You have within yourself all that you can desire. If indeed, as you yourself tell me, you look for means to favour the cause of some Catholic exiles, I praise you for your wisdom. But unless you come into possession of some small estates by winning the good graces of the grandees, Christ will not have wherewith to feed His own. You should however understand me to speak in such a way that if one day Almighty God inspires you from heaven with the idea of embracing a more perfect kind of life, the protection of these great men may prove no hindrance to you. "Be on your guard against the snares of your enemies," is a maxim that you should highly treasure. I am glad that you have always been enjoying good health. I too, though tried by a serious illness during the first year, recovered that very year. Not long after, owing to the vast harvest of souls and the extremely few labourers, I had to be advanced to Holy Orders. After this I was sent to the peninsula of Salsette to help the Christians lately converted. This peninsula is under the dominion of the Spanish king. It lies near the island of Goa. With an extensive curve it encloses that part of Goa which looks to the south, as well as a part of the continent. On the north and the east it is bounded by a broad river; on the west, by the Indian Ocean. Moreover in the south it is divided from the continent by two small rivers flowing on both sides and by densely wooded hills. It is six miles in breadth and eighteen in length. There were eight churches in



this place, and last year three more were added to them. It was only natural to add to the number of churches, as the number of Christians went on increasing. There is, however, one part of this peninsula, the one, I mean, that is nearest the continent, in which there are but a handful of Christians; the pagans, of whom there are a great many, are all of a warlike character and are the sworn foes of the Portuguese name. They are dead against the Christian faith and have for many years been doing great harm to the Christian republic, partly by their open attacks and partly by their conspiracies. For, as in many other places subject to the Portuguese, the pagan temples have been destroyed, and . . .

(Here many things are missing)

. . . . .  
a most industrious procurator. With these, two other Brahmins and a boy of the same caste and descended from the very people of Cuncolim, whom however the inhabitants did not spare on account of their great hatred for the Fathers. Another boy of excellent character and tried virtue, named Alphonsus, fell in with the enemy and because he would not give up the breviary of Fr. Peter Berno, the tendons of his hands and knees were cut. His life was protracted till the next day, shedding a great deal of blood, and having at last received a deadly wound from the enemy, expired. Two or three of his attendants were murdered; the rest effected their escape by flight or were spared by the enemy. Such was the end of our Fathers, who were so eagerly zealous for the salvation of souls as to give rise to the hope that with their help the Christian religion would be propagated throughout the length and breadth of the land. It is unnecessary to say who Fr. Rudolph Acquaviva was, as he is very well known in Rome and is illustrious for the nobility of his birth and the lustre of his virtues. Rudolph, whom the most powerful Moghul king had not the courage to face and who was safe among so many thousands of hostile Mahomedans, a year or two after he had returned to Goa, fell in the same week and on the same day, and was put to death near Goa by a few barbarians who were subjects of the Catholic king. The name of Alphonsus Pacheco is not altogether unknown. A Spaniard by nationality he was sent to Rome that he might inform Ours of the events that were taking place in India. During this journey he was worn out with care and want of sleep, and yet with a spirit undaunted by so many and such great dangers and inconveniences, he returned to Goa together with thirteen companions, who had been greatly wished for. In Goa he did the work of the Society with such ardour that he seemed like one just entering upon the service of God. Fr. Peter Berno, a Lombard from near Lago Maggiore, proved

himself such a strenuous and zealous soldier of Christ, that it was believed of him that within a few months he would leave but few pagans in his parish. Not long before he had accompanied the Portuguese army and was the first to set fire to the Cuncolim temple. He had also slain a cow upon the altar of the idol so as to clear the place of the superstitious people. He was therefore hated by the infidels, as was seen from the horrible treatment of his body; for they plucked out one of his eyes, cut off the whole of his skull and committed other acts of atrocity which I am loath to recount. Fr Antony Francisco, born in far-famed Coimbra in Portugal, accompanied his father Pacheco from Portugal; and though he had been destined by Fr. Provincial to the Molucca Islands, he was repelled by contrary winds and made for the College of Salsette, where he gave unmistakable signs of the fruit that was to be reaped by his ministry in the future. They say that Francis Aranha was not found among the dead, but being carefully sought for, was dragged out of a thicket of thorns and expired, boldly confessing the name of Jesus in the midst of many torments inflicted on him near the idol by the pagans who overwhelmed him with contumely and insults.\*

This indefatigable son and helper of the Society, who was a Portuguese by nationality, besides carrying out many other arduous works for which he ever showed himself ready, in the same year began and completed the church of Cuncolim. Lest, however, you should be led to think that virtue has shone forth only in our own circle, I will speak of Paul Costa, of whom I have already made mention. Owing to the familiarity which existed between us, he had a year before asked me if he could find an occasion of dying for the Christian faith. In order to try him I answered, "You can easily meet with death. But what fruit do you expect to gather from such a death?" On this he sighed repeatedly and replied, "O how beautiful it is to lay down one's life for the Faith!" The enemy easily granted the bodies of the others to be buried by their friends and relatives, but those of Ours they cast into a well overgrown with thorns, and in spite of our many entreaties it was only on the third day that, with the permission of Ariolus, they were granted to us. As you read these things, our condition will seem to you not very prosperous. But if you knew how day by day we are harassed from quarters from which it was to be least expected, all that I have said will present itself to you in a very favourable aspect. But enough of these disasters, which I have related to

\*These five martyrs for the Faith were Beatified by Pope Leo XIII. in 1893. See *The First Christian Mission to the Great Moghul*, by Father Francis Goldie, S. J., for an interesting account of them.

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you that you may understand that though we have fled from England and have not sought refuge in France, there has been no lack of dangers and troubles in India. Passing over all this, therefore, I hasten to another event which indeed gave us an equal amount of trouble in the beginning, but owing to the sweet disposition of Providence resulted in a happier issue. The Father whom I succeeded in this residence left with me a Brahmin boy of an uncommon character who had been baptized by him two years before. He had an elder brother who too was a Christian, but as far removed from him in a Christian spirit and piety as he was close to him in relationship. Their mother as well as the rest of their relatives so obstinately persisted in infidelity that they strove both openly and covertly to pervert this boy. After he had spent some months with us, he became desirous of learning Latin, and with the permission of Fr. Provincial was about to leave for Goa, when the prospect of his departure so alarmed all his relatives and pagan acquaintances, but most of all his brother, that they began to reason within themselves saying:—"If he masters the Latin language, it is to be feared that relying upon the support of literature he will greatly injure us and our sect." To be short, they made a conspiracy. They invited the boy home as if to let him say farewell to his relatives; but when their entreaties had proved of no avail to bring him over, and the boat into which he had got was about to leave, the pagans led him off from it partly by force and partly by importunities and handed him over to his brother that he might prevail upon him. But seeing that this way was a failure, they had recourse to other means. They allowed him to proceed, for when he saw that he had been shut out from the sea, he did not worry about the boat but thought he would be able to travel on foot. As he was making his way, his brother with two companions followed him. He asked him if he meant to leave his brother and the rest of his relations without bidding them farewell, and threatened him with violence in case he should proceed further. Then at last, compelled by necessity, the boy consented. At home he found his mother and some other relations. Some of these together with his mother had up to this day been living as exiles in the neighbouring country, but had returned home allured by the hope of this prey. They received the young man with open arms. They set before him food that had been so villainously medicated as to make him lose instantly his reason and memory, with the result that he knew not where he was or what he was doing. We have here a fruit called *Dultro*, and if any one tastes of it he is out of his mind for twenty-four hours, in such a way that you would not be able to tell whether he was drunk

or utterly abandoned. With its juice they seasoned his food, and as after some hours he was coming back to himself, they repeatedly offered to him the same noxious food. He being out of his senses, raved in a wonderful manner, embraced shadows which he took for our Fathers, went about seizing the leaves of the trees glistening in the moonlight, thinking that they were the letters which he had received from us to be carried to Goa. While he was raging in this fashion, they laughed at him in their more than brutal cruelty and led him bound into the territory of the pagans. And first of all they washed his head and the whole of his body with water, as is their custom, in order to bring him to himself. They then threw him into a prison, or rather into a cave, and placed two ruffians to watch over him. When he regained his senses and knew full well where he was, he first pitifully lamented his condition, but presently recommended himself and all his affairs to Almighty God. His mother, on the contrary, tempted him in all possible ways, trying to persuade him to give up the Christian faith as his brother had done, and to put on the pagan dress and turban. She promised him mountains of gold if he obeyed, and threatened him with many a torment if he did not. Besides, they brought him sacred ashes, which when mixed with food were believed to have the power of changing one's mind. But he having made the sign of the Cross over his food swallowed it boldly. When the infidels observed this, they strove to check his hands. When he had thus lain in chains for ten days or more, a certain apostate whom he had himself known before came to him. Bernard (for that is the name of our boy) said to him:—"Is it possible, my friend, that I am treated in this way in your property and compound. Do I not know your relations from whom our Fathers every year buy cloth for those that are going to be baptised? How painful will it be to the Fathers to hear it reported that I am detained in chains in a place belonging to one to whose friends they are so kind." The apostate pretending to be moved by what he said, called Bernard's mother and said to her:—"I praise your efforts, but beware of being deceived by too great a hurry. You think of changing the mind of your son in one day and that by using violence. Now this is by no means possible. He fell away from us gradually, and gradually must he be recovered. For we too were Christians once upon a time. Gradually were we won over to the Christian religion and gradually did we leave it. This is not to be wondered at, seeing that the Fathers themselves do not prevail upon one the very first day, but attract people little by little, and having kept them for some time, wash them at last in the waters of



baptism. So shall it be with this boy if you choose to have me for his adviser. First of all he must be set free; then we must gently draw him by many allurements. For if you do him violence, you will only make him the more obstinate." At this the mother ordered her son to be released, while the brother and the other relations strongly insisted on the same. He was delivered from prison and was put only under the care of a guardian. The latter, in order to watch him better, made it a rule for himself to sing away the night, leave his bed at day-break and sleep during the day. When a day or two had passed in this kind of alternate watching and sleeping, the boy who had marked the time favourable for his escape, fled from the house when the sun had already risen and his warder was sleeping, and concealed himself in a thick plantation. He avoided going far lest he should be intercepted by his pursuers. They on the contrary, thinking that he had fled to the territory of the Christians, scoured the more distant localities, heedless of the neighbourhood. At last, as the day was getting warm, they returned home worn out by the heat. The boy who with his own eyes was watching their conduct and with open ears listening to their words, seizing the opportunity continued his flight through dense hills and hidden valleys until he gained the bank, which from the opposite side faces the fortress of Salsette and our College. Here he found a boat by the disposition of Providence. Using a branch of a palm-tree (cocoanut-tree) for an oar he crossed the river, and was received with joyous surprise by the Fathers who had been praying for him with the utmost solicitude. And these, dear brother, are the storms, these the billows which threaten us as we are sailing on this sea and of which you asked me to inform you. Here are birds some of whom have been lifted up on high as if on the wings of pious desires and, as we trust, have gained the regions they so eagerly longed for, and others are yet on earth though filled with the hope of a like happiness. Here are trees some of which have fallen not indeed to be burnt but to be transferred to the heavenly mansions, and others are bearing fruit of no despicable kind. However, lest I should seem to have paid no attention to your request, I will say a few words about what you have asked me.

We have here a tree oftener seen than the elm or the vine, called the palm on account of its likeness to it, or perhaps because it is really so, if you admit that palm is a generic word and consists of two species. It gives oil, liquor (*vinum*), toddy (*lac*), syrup (*mel*) sugar and vinegar. Coir-rope is also made from it to tie with, and its branches are

used to protect huts from rain. It gives fruit all the year round, which are rather nuts than dates, resembling a man's head. When the exterior rind has been removed, they equal the size of two fists. Inside the fruit contains water like light beer and good to quench one's thirst. It is so plentiful that after drinking from one fruit you would not look for another. In the interior of the nut is a kernel lining it all over like a covering and forming a prized article of food. The shell furnishes the blacksmith with charcoal. Those that live near the sea not only load their boats with the tree, but also utilise it for making ropes and sails. You will find hardly any piece of writing except on its leaves. Those that live on land invariably make use of them to shelter themselves from rain. Many are the languages of these places. Their pronunciation is not disagreeable, and their structure is allied to Greek and Latin. The phrases and constructions are of a wonderful kind. The letters in the syllables have their value, and are varied as many times as the consonants can be combined with the vowels and the mutes with the liquids. The climate is not painful to us. The heat, which was formerly said to render the earth uninhabitable, is so much tempered by refreshing winds that it is milder than in Italy or Spain. From the time the sun reaches the meridian to the time it returns to the same point through the zodiac, it is winter and not summer in all the territory from Goa to Comorin. But winter in this country is distinguished from summer only by rain, and not by cold, so that the verdure of the fields would make you think that it is summer, whereas the rain with the mild cold, that it is winter. For though the forests are scorched by the sun from October to May, still the leaves of the trees are green the whole year round. Thus far about these matters. There is no reason why you should say that the sun has set on you in the west while he (as you say) visits us from the east. For we too, while attended by prosperity, experience much of adversity; and as for you, though you are fallen, there remains a great hope of salvation. Nor does Calvinism rage so widely among you as Arianism once did almost all over the then known world. Let us pray God, then, that He may grant us to avail ourselves of these calamitous times to make progress in the path of virtue with all patience and longanimity, and the more vigorously to make headway in the face of adversity with our united strength, so that the temptation itself may become a means of salvation, and what is a cause of ruin for others may be for us an occasion of acquiring glory. May we both receive this grace from Him who has grounded us firmly in the Catholic faith. Farewell.