

## PIANTER LIFE IN CEYLON.

Surprising Hospitality to the Total Stranger.

BY DAVID KER.

Tradition tells of a certain young English clergyman who, having been ordered to the West Indies for the good of his health, and very hospitably entertained there by the British residents, made the somewhat singular acknowledgment of preaching on Acts xviii, 2, "The barbarous people showed us no little kindness," though by some inadvertence he made it "the Barbadoes people" instead. We might certainly say the same with regard to our recent journey through Ceylon, where we experienced from first to last a hearty and unweary kindness wherever we went, which I have too long delayed to acknowledge.

It is, however, one of the most comical things imaginable for an outsider to observe how persistently the English residents in Colombo and the up-country planters—both classes being in their several ways the most thoroughly hospitable men upon the face of the earth—cry out against each other for making a great outward show of hospitality while deviously evading all its real obligations. You go up to the hills to stay a few days with a tea planter and your host tells you, with a sarcastic laugh, that he was down in Colombo the other day and called upon a business acquaintance, whose first question was, "How long are you going to be here?" "Only till Friday, I expect; I haven't much time to spare just now." "Dear me! must you really go so soon as that?" "No help for it, I'm afraid." "Well, that's unlucky, upon my word, for Friday was just the day that I was going to have asked you to dinner and had some people in to meet you." "Oh, well, if that's so, rather than disappoint you I'll try and manage to stay till Saturday morning." "Will you, really? That's very good of you. But now I come to think of it I'm afraid I've made a mistake; I've got an engagement for Friday evening myself."

A week later, when you go down to the capital again and visit some friend in the European quarter, you will hear the town mouse take his turn at abusing the country mouse: "So you've found those planters

### WONDERFULLY HOSPITABLE FELLOWS,

eh? Well, so they are as far as words go, and no mistake; but catch 'em going a tenth part of an inch further! When they come down here on business, and we have 'em to dinner, there's nothing else heard but "Now mind you come and see me the very first time you're up in the hills, and stay as long as you like." But, when you write and tell them you're coming, it always happens by a curious coincidence that that's just the time when they're obliged to be away from home on business, and that they are very sorry indeed not to be able to receive you, but hope to be more fortunate another time."

Our own personal experience, however, so far from confirming these gloomy statements, left us doubtful whether we ought to assign the palm of hospitality to the citizens or to the planters. All the time that we were in Colombo every one whom we met—including even those with whom our acquaintance was of the slightest possible kind—seemed to vie with each other in doing their utmost to assist us in seeing and learning all that we could. And when we went up into the mountain district of the interior to visit the tea plantations we began to make friends among the planters so rapidly as almost to rival Dickens's hospitable member of Parliament, in whose time the British House of Commons consisted of "himself and the 657 oldest and dearest friends whom he had in the world."

In truth, the frank, joyful, matter-of-course friendliness of our reception among the Kandyan hills by dozens of people whom we had never seen or heard of could only be paralleled by the traditions of hospitality among the Australian bushmen 40 years ago. To me the whole of our Cingalese journey seemed like an enlarged version of my travels through the western districts of Iceland in 1874, when I and my comrades halted, as a matter of course, at every one of the quaint little turf-thatched "baers" (farmhouses) that lay along our line of march, swallowing a huge bowl of curds and cream at one, borrowing a horse from another, getting a guide at a third, and establishing ourselves for the night in a fourth, with the full assurances of a hearty welcome everywhere.

More especially was this the case with our last and longest expedition through the interior of Ceylon, viz., the trip to Adam's Peak, our ascent of which has been described in one of many former letters. For a whole day before our final start from Agra Patana to Muskellia, our planter host—who had never seen us in his life till about a week before—busied himself with making every possible arrangement for the convenience of our journey, regardless of a

### SHARP ATTACK OF JUNGLE FEVER

from which he was suffering at the time. Messengers were sent out all along our line of march to arrange for our finding a carriage at one point of the route, a lunch at another, a guide at a third; and the quiet, matter-of-course way in which he decided that we should breakfast with this man, dine with that one, and take up our quarters for the night with a third (evidently in the fullest confidence that all the men up whom we were so unceremoniously billeted would welcome us as heartily as he had done himself) was the highest of all possible testimonies to Cingalese hospitality.

It was a fine, bright morning the second week of January when we started on our journey to Muskellia, the tea district lying at the foot of Adam's Peak, in a deep, curving valley shut in on every side by steep, ridgy hills. The whole distance to be traversed was 28 miles, the last 16 of which we proposed to get over in a carriage that had been ordered to meet us on the way, while the first 12 were to be done by myself on foot and by Mrs. Ker upon a sturdy little mountain pony belonging to our kind entertainer, whose last words to us (after expressing his regret at being unable to accompany us himself as he had intended) were: "Pray keep the horse and the groom, too, as long as they are of any use to you."

Behold us, then, fairly on our way, without incumbrances of any kind, our baggage having gone off at daybreak on the shoulders of two or three native coolies. There are certainly few more enjoyable things in the world than to travel through a perfectly new country in fine weather, and amid this splendid tropical scenery and this glorious tropical sunshine we may well feel (like the Laplanders in winter) "as happy as the

day is short." But neither sunlight nor scenery can call forth any answering brightness upon the gloomy visage of our gaunt, swarthy, turbaned, brigandlike groom, (called in Tamil by the more simple and musical title of "kuthiretkakarren") who slouches along beside the horse with a face as gloomy as that of the saturnine pilot mentioned the other day by our Calcutta Captain, who was "never seen to smile but once, and that was when a baby fell overboard."

It is true that our Mussulman friend may perhaps be excused for not feeling very enthusiastic about the features of a road, every foot of which he already knows by heart; but to us who now see it for the first time it is pictureque in the highest degree. The "Patanas," or grassy uplands, over which our route lies, are the outset alternate with huge pyramidal bluffs, the fast black rocks of which thrust themselves up

### WITH STARTLING SUDDENNESS

through the bright sunny green of the wild grass, crested with dark trees that wave about them like plumeage on the helmet of some giant warrior. Every here and there the sides of these bluffs tower into absolute precipices, down the black, broken ledges of which some tiny stream, not yet wasted by the scorching heat that will dry it to the last drop a few weeks hence, dances and sparkles in a thousand miniature waterfalls, while the life-giving freshness of its glittering spray keeps alive in the gloomy nooks and clefts of the great cliff wall many a beautiful fern, the delicate tracery of which far surpasses the finest lace that Mechlinia ever wove.

Here and there in the wonderful landscape may be noticed from time to time some characteristic touch of "local coloring," which is not the least picturesque of its marvelous features. The sharp hoof of a mighty elk has left its print deep in the soft earth up on the edge of that pebbly brook which goes splashing and gurgling down the wooded hollow to our left. This long, straight, narrow avenue which has been cloven sheer through the bristling thickets on our right, crushing down thick bushes like grass and twisting stout saplings like straws, would suffice for itself to announce to us the recent passage of a wild elephant, even without the additional evidence of these huge, round footprints, each of which has fully the circumference of an ordinary washtub. And yonder, far up against the clear blue sky, like a blot upon its cloudless brightness, hangs a wide-winged eagle, casting his keen glance over half the island from that tremendous height in a hungry search for prey.

A little further on our taciturn guide breaks silence for a moment to point out the spot where, deep down in a gloomy gorge between two wooded hills, a panther was brought to bay by his master's dogs only a few weeks ago. Then we come upon a circular hole in the turf half filled with water, where some one has evidently been digging for sapphires, and probably finding them, too, if one may judge by the heaps of gravel scattered around the mouth of the pit. And so we fare onward, up hill and down dale, till all at once a sudden turn round the angle of a projecting bluff brings us in sight of a view at which we halt in sheer amazement.

Just at our very feet the ground seems to fall away all at once in a mighty precipice many hundreds of feet in depth, and far below us a beautiful valley lies green and

### BRIGHT IN THE DAZZLING SUNSHINE,

mapped out into trim plantations, dotted with native huts and English bungalows, (villas,) and traversed in every direction by glittering streams. High against the warm, dreamy sky, on the further side of this valley, towers in blue and shadow grandeur a massive range of mountains, crowned by the dagger-shaped point of Adam's Peak itself. And the whole of this strange picture is framed, as it were, between two bold rocky bluffs, which approach so near to each other just at the spot where we stand that we seem to be gazing through a vast Gothic window. "This," said I, "must be the famous 'Jacob's Ladder' of which we have heard so much, and certainly they may well call it so, for one would need the wings of an angel to get up or down."

In fact our groom signs to Mrs. Ker to dismount, explaining partly in his own language and partly in a few terribly misapplied words of English, that to attempt this formidable descent on horseback would be little short of certain death. He suits the action to the word by seizing the bride and leading away the horse behind the matted bushes that mask the brink of the precipice, while we follow as best we may, wondering not a little what is to come next. What comes next is a zigzag ledge of slippery rock, barely wide enough to hold us both abreast, which goes down, down, down, as if it would never end, past roaring waterfalls and black, tomblike clefts and perilous corners, round which we slide crab-fashion, and dark clumps of undergrowth that cling to the face of the cliff like flies upon a wall. When we at length reach the foot of the descent and look up at the path that we have just been traversing it is difficult for us to believe that we have really come down it at all.

And now the way leads across the valley, which is filled to-day with a noise and bustle very unusual in such a quiet spot. This is the native "New Year's Day," and the coolies of all the estates are out in their best clothes, drumming, shouting, and enjoying their brief holiday to the utmost. Picking our way through the motley throng that eddy along every path, we presently overtake our baggage coolies, who are resting under a tree with our portmanteaus for pillows, as they have probably done half a dozen times at least in the course of their morning's march.

### AT OUR APPROACH, HOWEVER,

they spring up with a sudden and violent assumption of honest industry and tramp along just in front of us, trying hard to look as if they had been only waiting till we came up. In this order our party traverses the one long, straggling street of the village, and bends round the slope of the hill upon which stands the bungalow where we are to breakfast.

At this stage of the proceedings we fall in for the first time during the present expedition with one or two of those famous "swing bridges," which are such a characteristic feature both of India and of Ceylon. Their construction is very simple. Two ropes are stretched from bank to bank about four feet apart, and a number of thin planks fastened across them so as to make a kind of rude footway; but the addition of a handrail on either side is absolutely necessary to make this primitive bridge passably safe, for by the time you get near

the middle of it the whole construction is rocking to and fro like a swing, making you feel very much as if you were an acrobat dancing upon a slack rope.

But at length all the bridges are safely passed and we find ourselves in front of the bungalow, the hospitable owner of which comes out to greet us as heartily as if we were his oldest friends instead of being total strangers. In one moment our surroundings change as if by magic. Outside the house is Asia, with its rocks and its jungles, its rope bridges and dusty bridle paths and bare-limbed coolies. Inside is Europe, with its carved bookcases and gilt-framed pictures, its photographic album and its varnished tables, strewn with fashionable novels and illustrated journals. In the cool and well-furnished dining-room the sole token of the wild region in which we are is the row of antlered heads and huge, flat skulls that grin at us from the walls, the trophies of our entertainer's rifle.

But time and tide wait for no man, and scarcely have we finished breakfast when a tall, white-robed native comes to announce that the carriage which is to carry us all the rest of the way to Muskellia is at the door. Our genial host looks grievously disappointed, and will not be consoled till we have

### SOLEMNLY PLEDGED OURSELVES

to pay him a longer visit if we ever pass that way again. He insists upon accompanying us down the hill and seeing us fairly started along the highroad, and the last sound that we hear is his cheery voice shouting, "Now, remember that you owe me a visit." Away, away, up ridge after ridge, till the slope grows so steep that we both get out and walk, on the principle of the wooden-legged soldier who refused a lift from the engine driver on the ground that it happened to be a great hurry just then. And now we come suddenly to the top, and have just time to jump into the carriage again when it starts off down hill at a tremendous pace, flying round a dangerous corner, scurrying along the brink of a steep incline, and dashing across a narrow stone bridge that spans a gloomy chasm, down the black depths of which a roaring waterfall plunges headlong in sheets of snow-white foam.

And so the journey goes on for three hours or more, in a constant succession of crawling ascents and rushing descents worthy of the Caucasus or the Himalaya. Now we are rattling past the tiny thatched hovels of a native village, at the risk of crushing a score of noisy holiday-makers, and then we struggle up a steep slope, passing midway a neat country house, in the garden of which two pretty girls are playing lawn tennis with an energy that shows they have only recently come out to this relaxing climate. At length, just as afternoon is beginning to melt into evening, we swoop down from the crest of a vast, curving ridge into the Muskellia Valley itself, and half an hour later we are snugly established in the house of a man whose very name we had never heard till the day before, but who welcomes us as warmly as if the sudden coming of two perfect strangers to turn his whole house upside down were a favor for which he could never be sufficiently grateful.

### Chinese Nervousness.

A writer in the "North China Herald" of Shanghai, who has lately been devoting a series of articles to the discussion of Chinese characteristics, referring to what he calls the "nervousness" of the Chinaman, observes that, although the nerves of the latter as compared with those of a European may be what geometers call "similar and similarly situated," nothing is plainer than that the two sets of nerves are wholly different. It seems to make no particular difference to a Chinaman how long he remains in one position. He will write all day, like an automaton; he will stand all day in one place, from dewy morn till dusky eve, working away at his weaving, gold-beating, or whatever it may be, and do it every day without any variation of the monotony, and apparently without any consciousness of the monotony. Chinese school children will undergo an amount of confinement, unrelieved by recesses or changes of work, which would drive Western pupils to the verge of insanity; even Chinese infants remain as impassive as "mad gods." It appears a physiological fact that to the Chinese exercise is superfluous; they cannot understand why people should go through athletic performances when they might hire coolies for the purpose. In the matter of sleep there is the same difference. The Chinaman, generally speaking, is able to sleep anywhere. No trifling disturbances annoy him. With a brick for a pillow he can lie down on his bed of stalks, or mud bricks, or rattan, and sleep the sleep of the just, with no reference to the rest of creation. He does not want a darkened room, nor does he require others to be still. The "infant crying in the night" may continue to cry for all he cares; it does not disturb him. In some places the entire population seem to fall asleep as by a common instinct during the first two hours of summer afternoons, no matter where they may be. In the case of most working people at least, and also in that of many others, position in sleep is of no sort of consequence.

"It would be easy to raise in China an army of a million men—nay, of ten millions—tested by competitive examination as to their capacity to go to sleep across three wheelbarrows, head downwards like a spider, their mouths wide open, and a fly inside."

### The Bank of England.

The Bank of England doors are now so finely balanced that a clerk, by pressing a knob under his desk, can close the outer doors instantly, and they cannot be opened again except by special process. This is done to prevent the daring and ingenious unemployed of the metropolis from robbing the bank. The bullion department of this and other banks are nightly submerged several feet in water by the action of the machinery. In some banks the bullion department is connected with the manager's sleeping-room, and an entrance cannot be effected without shooting a bolt in the dormitory, which in turn sets in motion an alarm. If a visitor during the day should happen to knock off one from a pile of half sovereigns the whole pile would disappear, a pool of water taking its place.

### A Pointer for Canada.

A Jersey oyster sloop and the United States warship Boston collided the other day, and for some unaccountable reason the oyster sloop got the worst of the encounter. The day has passed when private yachts and other small crafts can swagger up to our war ships and bunt holes in them, and the sooner they discover this fact the better it will be for them.

## FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

GIRLHOOD.

Girlhood is the loveliest and sweetest period of life, according to the poets, yet how much we suffer during that transition period. Neither child nor woman, the young girl is in danger of being spoiled in both ways. There is always the danger either of awkward shyness or unlovely boldness. Doubtless the best remedy for awkwardness is unselfishness. When we think of others' comfort, instead of the impression we produce upon them, we are not likely to be awkward. Awkward shyness is certainly painful, but it is not really so objectionable as the rough or pert forward manner we unhappily see in many young girls. If they only knew the impression it gives they would surely drop the slangy speech and insane giggles with which they enliven conversation among themselves. Girls of the present day need not adopt the formal speech and manner of a bygone age, but they should learn to display the simple dignity which always marks a gentlewoman. Loud talking in public places, careless misuse of language, and pushing manners may all be noticed among girls from whom better things might be expected; it is not strange that foreigners form such unfavorable opinions of our women. Mrs. John Sherwood laments the lack of refinement shown at the great summer resorts, where many of the women seem anxious above everything that they should be remarked, and this is certainly an outcome of their early training. It is just as easy to be a refined gentlewoman as the reverse; it all depends on early training and habits of thought.

### THE GENEALOGY OF A QUEEN.

Queen Victoria is the niece of William IV., who was the brother of George IV., who was the son of George III., who was the grandson of Geo. II., who was the son of George I., who was the cousin of Anne, who was the sister-in-law of William III., who was the son-in-law of James II., who was the brother of Charles II., who was the son of Charles I., who was the son of James I., who was the cousin of Elizabeth, who was the sister of Mary, who was the sister of Edward IV., who was the son of Henry VIII., who was the son of Henry VII., who was the cousin of Richard III., who was the uncle of Edward V., who was the son of Edward IV., who was the cousin of Henry VI., who was the son of Henry V., who was the son of Richard II., who was the grandson of Henry III., who was the son of Edward I., who was the son of Edward I., who was the son of John, who was the brother of Richard I., who was the son of Henry II., who was the cousin of Stephen, who was the brother of William Rufus, who was the son of William the Conqueror, or 800 years ago.

### A SENSIBLE GIRL.

A fast young man decided to make to a young lady a formal offer of his hand and heart—all he was worth—hoping for a cordial reception. He cautiously prefaced his declaration with a few questions, for he had no intention of "throwing himself away." Did she love him well enough to live in a cottage with him? Was she a good cook? Did she think it a wife's duty to make home happy? Would she consent to his taste and wishes concerning her associates and pursuits in life? Was she economical, etc.? The young lady said that before she answered his questions she would assure him of some negative virtues she possessed. She never drank, smoked or chewed; never owed a bill to her laundress or tailor; never stayed out all night playing billiards; never lounged on the street corners and ogled giddy girls; never stood in with the boys for the cigars and snuff. "Now," said she, rising indignantly, "I am assured by those who know, that you do all these things and it is rather absurd for you to expect all the virtues in me, while you do not possess any yourself. I can never be your wife"; and she bowed him out and left him on the cold doorstep, a madder if not a wiser man.

### WOMEN MAKE GOOD SWIMMERS.

The records of the humane societies on both sides of the Atlantic show that of late years a fair proportion of their medals fall to the lot of girls. There were several notable instances of rescue from drowning last summer by girls under twenty. Many women are accomplished swimmers. This is but natural. As their bones are generally lighter than those of men, and their flesh more buoyant, they have less difficulty to overcome in acquiring the art. Some of them could float at their first attempt, if they could acquire the requisite faith in the power of the water to hold them up. Swimming is very much an art of faith, for it is generally the case that when a person believes sufficiently in the buoyancy of the water to trust to it his precious body, lo! he is a swimmer. There were young girls at Newport, last summer, who could float on the surface of the ocean with no more difficulty than they experienced in lying upon a sofa. They could have floated for hours if necessary. Some of the most famous swimming feats have been accomplished by very young women.

### DANGER FROM PET DOGS.

One of the most noted physicians has discovered a new danger that menaces ladies who keep pet dogs. There is an invisible worm that rubs the dog's tongue. These worms work their way into the flesh of human beings, and it is extremely dangerous for a dog to lick even a lady's hand. This fact was discovered by one of our best physicians, and was made public by a gentleman who is the husband of one of the ladies who has had a nest of dog worms removed.

A wealthy lady residing in Brooklyn had a strange lump growing on her cheek, and she consulted her family physician. The doctor informed her that she had a nest of dog worms imbedded in her cheek. He explained that he had treated a number of ladies for the same ailment, and had operated successfully on them. The doctor frankly explained the cause of his patient's ailment. The lady told her husband what the doctor had said on his return home that evening. The disgusted man took his revolver and his wife's pet pug to his stable, and shot the dog.

### A MODERN DIANA.

Speaking of the reigning family of Austria a recent writer says:—"Empress Elizabeth, who was fifty last Christmas, long been

renowned as a huntress, and, although at present in bad health, has not yet retired from the field in which both her hunting and skilful equestrianism have been greatly admired. She has followed the chase on every chosen ground in Ireland, Scotland, England, France, Germany, Italy, and at home, and makes pets of the quine and canine races wherever met. Fondness of this kind of sport has been her speciality during the better part of her life, although at court she was considered beautiful enough to eclipse all other beauties."

### FASHION NOTES.

At several English weddings this season, the bridesmaids have worn plain white muslin dresses and have carried white kid prayer books, given them by the bridegroom.

The college hat, or mortar board, is becoming fashionable for street wear by London women. Leather belts of great size and coarseness, with steel buckles, are also showing up.

Pale girls can wear the new and fashionable shades of green, the olives, to great advantage, and a green hat wonderfully brightens a girl who has but little color in her face.

A woman was bathing in Cork harbor when the tide carried her out beyond her depth. She was in great danger of drowning when Miss Murphy, daughter of Alderman Murphy of Cork, sprang in and succeeded in dragging her on to a rock in the harbor. There the two were compelled to stay until some men on the cliffs saw them, and, swimming out, brought them safely to shore.

Mrs. Sarah Heald, of Chester N. H., a widow eighty-one years of age, mowed and put into her barn this summer one-half a ton of hay. For the last five years she has cut her own firewood and her barn is the best kept in the neighborhood.

Alpine hats of striped or checked cloth and exceedingly low-crowned turbans of felt are worn by stylish young women who adopt English fashions, and with these the back hair is arranged with a Psyche knot. The Alpine hats are simply bound and banded with heavy corded ribbon. Loops of handsome moire ribbon, glittering ornaments set with mock gems, and flat stiff birds' wings are the trimmings for the turbans, all of which show a facing of velvet.

The last extravagance in French hosiery is a tinted lace stocking in pale colours of apricot, lilac, tan, blue, blue, strawberry, terracotta, and light almond. These expensive hose copy very closely the most delicate and intricate patterns of point, Chantilly, duchesse, and other rich laces, and are to be worn over a second pair of spun silk stockings of a delicate cameo or flesh colour. Roman sandals of bronze, showing one slender strap over the instep, are worn with these hose, the strap tightly held by a small silver slide.

The new autumn Jerseys are made of fabrics of a degree of fineness they have never before obtained. Some of the English-woven models are richly embroidered in Oriental designs; others are decorated with fine gold or silver braidwork or braid in soutache, this in two distinct colours, the braids lying side by side on the outline of the intricate patterns. Costly French Jerseys are exhibited, these nearly covered with bands of silk passementerie in arabesque and scroll designs. The handsomely-trimmed Russian waists are also made of silk warp light weight Jersey cloth, with Russian sash of the same, knotted at the left side, the long plapum ends falling low on the dress skirt.

Women with shapely figures will be glad to know that the tight redingote is to be a favorite garment again. In fact the polonaise in every style is to return to our wardrobes. The straight redingotes are usually open at the sides, showing a slash of some contrasting color. Sometimes they have a full draped back—often they are quite straight. The bodice is often trimmed with wide revers, and large ornamental buttons. Sometimes large pocket flaps are put on the hips; silk crows-feet are worked at the corners of the pockets and at the top of the slashes. A frugal woman who wants to look well will find one of these garments very useful to wear over a partly worn skirt. Like charity it will cover a multitude of defects.

The new corduroy fabrics are called Bedford cords, and show novel patterns in silk and wool, which have proved very popular abroad. One imported costume made at a West End house in London has a skirt of moss-green corduroy or reps, with a stripe of velvet in rich golden brown. Above this is a stylish redingote in Directoire style, this of plain green reps. A second gown in blue Bedford cord of a shade known as the Princess of Wales blue, dark, but unmistakably blue, is striped with the deepest Roman red velvet, the stripe hair-lined at the edges with a vivid gold-coloured thread. There is an English surcoat of plain blue cord, with wide lapels of blue velvet braided with gold, the immediate front of the coat showing a narrow vest of the stripe below the fifth button from the top.

The "Senorita" is a charming jacket of velvet adapted for dressy house wear by matrons and young matrons. It is close-fitting at the back, and barely reaches the waist. In front it fastens with a silver or jet clasp, and then parts broadly in rounding shape over a shirt waist of surah fastened all the way up with fancy buttons. These waists are as varied as they are charming. One, for instance, is of vivid Roman red under a "Senorita" of black Lyons velvet. A second jacket of olive velvet opens over a pleated shirt waist of pink surah, striped with olive. A dark moss-green jacket, this square at the corners, in front like a Russian jacket, and opening over a waist of a moire silk, embroidered in green, is very elegant, and is lined with silk to match. Another black velvet jacket in Spanish style has a shirred blouse of white surah, and still another shows a plain, full, unpleated blouse of red surah, figured with very large black polka dots. Bandanna plaid shirt waists are also seen beneath velvet jackets in bronze, olive, and myrtle green.

### Patronized by all Classes.

There never was a time when theatres were so generally patronized as now, but the attendance is of all classes. The majority only want to have eyes or ears momentarily tickled. They don't care to have their minds fatigued by any exertion. Formerly the stage was the recreation of the cultured and intelligent, now it is the pastime of the masses.