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## IN PEARLS OFF.

BY THOMAS STANLEY,

AUTHOR OF "A MERCILESS VIRGIN."

Tom Kenyon never felt so unwilling to get up as he did one morning early in September 18—.

He and Frank Martin had settled to make the ascent of the Fischhorn; they had arranged it with the guide, Jules Lessore; and they had ordered the boots of the hotel to call them at three o'clock in the morning.

Tom Kenyon was in the middle of a most delightful dream. He was in a terraced garden, a flowery paradise, made on the side of a lofty hill, the sun was brilliant, the sky a deep blue, bright-plumaged birds flew here and there, and others sang bewitching melodies; gorgeous butterflies, and grasshoppers with wings of vivid hues of red and blue, filled the air with ceaseless motion, now poising on the still more vivid-coloured flowers, now settling on the ground.

A deep valley lay at the foot of the hill, and at its far end gleaming snow mountains gave enchantment to the distant view. The winding river that flowed along the valley seemed a silver torrent pouring directly from those lofty glittering summits. Tom strolled, or rather glided, along in ecstasy as he dreamed.

"Drei uhr" (three o'clock), a gruff voice shouted, and Tom awoke.

After a bit he remembered where he was, and the proposed expedition. He jumped out of bed and pulled up the blind.

It was as dark as pitch, and it seemed to him that it was raining.

"What a fool I was," thought Tom, "to say I would be called so early. I have a good mind to go to bed again until daylight—this mountaineering is all very fine, but getting up in the middle of the night takes all the enjoyment out of life." Having had his grumble, he began to dress himself.

He woke Frank Marshall, who was sleeping in the same room. Frank grunted horribly at being disturbed. He was several years older than Kenyon, and he was a practised mountaineer, but for all that he did not like such abnormal early rising. They were soon both dressed, and they went down to breakfast.

No one else was up. The old boots brought them their breakfast.

They are not hungry.

"I should like to know who is hungry in the middle of the night, after a table d'hôte dinner the evening before?" said Tom Kenyon.

"Never mind that," said Marshall, "you must eat something."

At the entrance to the hotel they found their guide, Jules Lessore. Jules greeted them with his amiable smile. Jules was a handsome, good-natured fellow, and there was an expression of great

cheerfulness on his clearly-cut features this gloomy morning. It was impossible to depress Jules, and, in addition to his bright spirits, he was as strong and bold as a lion, and as active as a cat.

"Good morning, gentleman," said Jules; "we will have a nice little bit of rock climbing."

By four o'clock they started. There was a slight rain falling, but Jules declared that it would clear up.

On leaving the hotel they turned to the left, and for a mile or two they kept to the level road. Presently this road led through a romantic pine wood. On the right the ground, thickly strewn with moss-grown rocks, stretched up steeply towards the mountains above. On the left of the road the descent was steep to the river below. On the opposite side of the river the rocks rose up precipitously, frequent waterfalls gushed down them, and high up they now and then saw a glacier winding down like a huge blue-green snake.

About half-way through this wood the guide turned off to the right, and, followed by Kenyon and Marshall, began to mount a steep, narrow path.

It was gradually growing light.

All at once on the other side of the valley a bright gleam appeared. This quickly spread and intensified, rays flashed out, and then wonderful snow mountains showed themselves more clearly, and the sun rose in a flood of golden glory—each glittering white peak in turn was gilded with his beams.

The climbers paused for a few minutes to watch the splendour of the rising sun; but they did not dare to wait long—they had a long journey before them, and they knew that these glittering sunbeams would soon kindle into warmth, and make the snow over which they had to go soft and dangerous.

They kept on up the steep path. After a time the ground became more level, but it was thickly strewn with rocks and stones.

It was nearly eight o'clock, and they reached a level plateau. "Are not we going to have something to eat soon?" sang out Tom Kenyon; "I am getting famished."

"Why, I thought you were not hungry," said Marshall.

"Did you? Well, you wait and see," was all Kenyon answered.

Jules called a halt. He took a large leather wallet off his back, and brought out of it bread, butter, cheese, cold beef, and a bottle of wine.

"Hullo! that's the style," Tom Kenyon said.

They all three did full justice to the meal, and, by the time they had finished, the sun was well up above the lofty peaks which surrounded them.

At half-past eight o'clock they made another start; rocks and stones were gradually displacing the grass, and soon the path led over the solid rock itself; at times this was strewn with heaps of small stones which slipped down with every step and made rapid progress impossible; some-



times more ground was lost than gained, for a whole mass of stones would slide down bodily with the person who happened to be on it.

The smaller stones were succeeded by larger ones, which rocked unpleasantly when stepped on, and obliged our adventurers to walk with great care.

There was no longer any sign of the village from which they started, or of the valley in which it lay, but the great glacier that overhung it was more plainly seen than it had been from the valley, and this glacier loomed like a vast green serpent in the morning light that was now becoming cloudy.

They turned a shoulder of the rocks which they were clambering, and they saw through the rising mist the dim outline of the huge Rinderhorn; the wild scene had become extremely desolate. The *Hôtel des Voyageurs*, perched high up on the farther side of the valley, was the only sign of life or habitation. Now and again a patch of snow told them that they were leaving the snow line beneath them. After a time they reached the foot of a precipitous mass of rocks; the jagged, cruel-looking rocks towered up pitilessly above them.

Jules Lessore stopped his regular, machine-like strides.

"Well, what's up?" said Tom Kenyon; "are you not going any further?"

"Yes: but we must put on the rope before we go up here," said the guide, cheerfully.

"Oh, you are going up here, are you?" said Marshall. "Well, it does look rather steep."

Jules quickly roped Kenyon, then Marshall, and then himself, leaving about 15 feet of rope between each of them.

They began to climb; Jules went first, then Marshall, and then Kenyon.

All went well at first, but the rocks rapidly became steeper, and Kenyon began to find the climb more arduous than he had bargained for. Presently he cried—

"Give me a pull, Jules. I can't get up any higher."

Jules and Marshall, who had scrambled up somehow, pulled at the rope, and dragged up Kenyon dangling. His hat came off—he clutched wildly at it, and caught it just in time, cutting his hands against the sharp rock in the effort.

They climbed a little way higher up, and Kenyon stepped upon a piece of rock that jutt'd out, and seemed to offer a safe support, but Jules and Marshall had also stepped upon it and loosened it, and under Kenyon's full weight it suddenly gave way, and he slipped down with a jerk. If he had not broken the force of the shock by clinging desperately with his hands to the rocks he must have pulled down the two men above him. The dislodged bit of rock rolled rapidly down, then it began to leap, gathering velocity as it went, finally it took one mad flying bound, pitched with a crash on the level rocks below, and was dashed into a thousand fragments.

"Well, I am glad I was not that piece of rock," said Kenyon grimly, as he stood a little breathless on safer ground.

They next came to a plateau forming the highest shoulder of the mountain, and they had to cross a glacier. As they stepped upon this the sun broke through the clouds, and as they got further on to the glacier, a deliciously cool and invigorating wind came blowing over the glittering white ice hillocks, and greatly refreshed our travellers. Frequently they had to jump across the yawning crevasses, which glowed blue in their depths.

They had reached the other side of the glacier, and they stopped for a few minutes. Before them stretched a snow-field of considerable extent.

Jules put on his snow-glasses and started cautiously; he carefully thrust his alpenstock into the snow

front of him before he ventured to make a fresh step. Marshall and Kenyon followed in Jules' footsteps. A quantity of fresh snow had fallen in the night, and they sank nearly up to their knees at every stop.

The sun made the white surface wonderfully dazzling, and the glare greatly tried their eyes and added to the difficulties of the walking.

Sometimes Kenyon or Marshall sank in nearly up to the waist, and remained helplessly imbedded until pulled out by Jules.

The snow-field stretched on for rather more than a mile, and at last they came to the foot of the highest peak of the mountain. It rose up fiercely into the sky. The rocks forming this peak were partially covered with snow, and they looked terribly grim and forbidding. But now that the goal was in view the travellers pressed on eagerly. It was a severe scramble; the snow had made the rocks slippery, and it was necessary in places to clamber like cats, but eventually they reached the top, and set down upon the sharp jagged point.

Every side of the rocks shelved down precipitously for thousands of feet.

The sun had become overcast, clouds were gathering, it was bitterly cold, and soon it began to snow.

There was a sudden and awful roar, like the sound of thunder, then a deep, terrifying vibration. "What on earth is that?" cried Kenyon. "I expect it is an avalanche on the Rinderhorn," said the guide.

There was a dead silence; then another terrific roar, announcing that the avalanche was going further on its way down the mountain.

After a short rest on the top of the peak they began to descend. Kenyon went first, then Marshall, and Jules last.

They found the way down more easy than the way up had been. The keen air and the rest on the summit had thoroughly braced them up. They reached the snow-field again without much difficulty.

Jules once more led the way in order to make sure that all was safe. They trod in their old footsteps, and in this way were able to walk more quickly than they had done as they came.

They had got half-way across the snow, and were congratulating themselves that they would soon be over it, when suddenly, without the slightest warning, Jules and Kenyon felt a sharp jerk on the rope. Marshall had sunk into the snow—only his head and arms were visible.

"Hallo!" cried Jules cheerfully, "what is the matter now?"

"Quick! quick!" Marshall called; "pull me up or I shall be through. My feet and legs are dangling in the air, and I can feel I am rapidly sinking."

Jules pulled hard upon the rope and went closer to Marshall. Kenyon followed on behind to give play to the rope, and he and the guide drew nearer to the dangerous spot.

"Will the snow hold," Kenyon thought, "until Marshall is safely out and I have passed by the hole?"

Kenyon seemed to feel the snow giving way beneath him, and gradually sinking in.

Marshall grew pale; his iron nerve began to fail him as he thought of his dear ones in England; he had promised his wife that he would attempt nothing hazardous, and this promise came suddenly into his mind.

The danger was imminent; life and death were struggling in the balance. To Kenyon's surprise, Jules stood still; but only for an instant; then, with a mighty effort, he pulled at the rope, and drew Marshall on to firmer foothold. But the



greatest danger was to come, for Kenyon had still to pass.

He made a cautious step, aided by Jules' directions; he saw a yawning black hole, where Marshall had sunk into what had seemed substantial snow.

Could he cross it? It seemed almost impossible, for the snow appeared to be giving way rapidly. The footing of Marshall and Jules was anything but secure, and if the snow gave way altogether before Kenyon was past the hole, they must all go down together.

Kenyon had plenty of pluck, but this was his first year among the Alps, and he almost began to wish he had not come; to die on the top of a mountain in pursuit of pleasure seemed to him such an unsatisfactory way of going out of life.

Three steps more, and he would be safe; an irresistible impulse made him pause and look down; the hole seemed to be of unfathomable depth.

At this instant he felt the snow give under his feet. He seemed to be falling as he sprang and plunged forward—he turned ready—something was dragging him down, but it was Jules who pulled vigorously at the rope, and landed him on the firm snow just as the soft mass gave way precipitately, and fell hundreds of feet on to the rocks below.

Kenyon was dazed for a minute or two, but then he joined his companions as they stood on the edge of the abyss disclosed by the mass that had fallen; they looked down breathless and awestruck. If Jules had been one second later in pulling the rope they would all have been dashed to death on the sharp, jagged rocks below.

They walked safely over the rest of the snow-field; there was some dangerous scrambling down the rocks and over loose stones, but at last they reached the region of turf, and trotted down the steep mountain slopes with the aid of their alpenstocks. They came in sight of the valley leading to the village from which they had started. As they reached their hotel, utterly exhausted, the clock struck five. They had been walking and climbing for the best part of thirteen hours.—*Aberdeen Weekly Free Press.*

MISCELLANEOUS MILITARY PAPERS  
OF FIFTY YEARS AGO.

(Concluded from page 36.)

No. 9. Colombo, 7th January, 1841.

The Hon'ble the Acting Colonial Secretary.

Sir,—I have had the honor to receive and lay before the Major-General Commanding the Forces, your letter of the 31st informing me in reply to my letter of the 26th ultimo, "that His Excellency dissents from the Major-General's views, as therein expressed, and protests against the grounds on which he disapproves of his (the Governor's) appointment of Captain Wm. Layard to be Acting Staff Officer at Kandy."

"Nevertheless, to evince his disposition to oblige Sir Robert Arbuthnot, he will be happy to meet his wishes by appointing Captain Fisher Acting Staff Officer at Kandy instead of another."

So far as the appointment has been made to meet the Major-General's wishes, he begs His Excellency will accept his acknowledgment for this mark of consideration; at the same time he must express the regret he experiences in having the misfortune to differ so entirely with His Excellency in construing the Regulation established by the late Governor and the Major-General's predecessor for their mutual guidance.

As the Governor in your letter of the 31st again refers to the Demi-Official correspondence and

particularly to His Excellency's letter of the 14th December (a copy of which is transmitted) the Major-General, previous to submitting the correspondence to Lord Hill, will as briefly as possible, advert to some of the observations of His Excellency contained in these two communications, from which the Major-General gathers because the periodical Returns rendered to the Governor are headed "Officers available for Civil employment." His Excellency thence concludes, provided, as laid down by Sir John Wilson's regulation, the number of Officers present to do duty with their Regiments be not reduced in the European Corps below one half their allotted establishment, and in the Ceylon Rifle Corps below 10 Captains and 24 Subalterns, that the remainder are placed at the disposal of the Governor, if required for Civil Employment.

That such was neither the spirit of the regulation nor the intention of its framer, will the Major-General conceive, best appear by a reference to the first return subsequent to the regulation and rendered to the Colonial Secretary with the Assistant Military Secretary's letter of the 2nd April 1836, No. 153, return herewith annexed.

By the distribution return it will be seen that the limitation of the number of Officers stipulated for by Sir John Wilson is shewn under the Column "Required at Head Quarters of European Corps and to be doing Regimental duty with Ceylon Rifle Regiments."

Of the remainder left available there are 6 Captains and 6 subalterns holding purely Military Staff appointments and 3 Captains and 10 Subalterns made over exclusively to the Civil Department, the others combine Civil and Military duties.

A further reference to the corresponding return of "the number of Officers of each rank who can be spared from their Regimental duties for Civil employment," will shew that out of 5 Regiments there is but one Captain and one Subaltern returned as available for this employ.

In the Major-General's apprehension, these returns clearly demonstrate the intention of their framer, a limitation is made to secure the Regimental efficiency of the several Corps, the other Military services of the Colony are provided for, the number of officers indicated under the Column "available for Civil Employments" are then placed at the Governor's disposal.

The Major-General presumes the term "civil employment" was used merely because the selections to be made by the late Governor were solely to fill Civil situations, the Military appointments which had all been previously cared for, remaining under the exclusive superintendence of the Commander of the Forces.

In the Governor's demi-official letter the Major-General remarks that His Excellency, in support of the view he has taken, observes that in discussing this regulation, "the question of filling up the Commands of Garrison, Ports, and Out-Station and Staff appointments, is not glanced at throughout."

As there does not appear by former correspondence to have been any difficulty in providing for these duties, and as the late Governor never interfered with them, the Major-General cannot perceive how any discussion should have been necessary on these points between the Governor and the Major-General Commanding, the responsibility of these details being left wholly to the latter. The embarrassment felt by Sir Robert Horton as stated by himself, arose from the difficulty he experienced in making a selection of Officers for civil situations, hence, in the Major-General's opinion, the origin of the term employed as well as of the Regulation that was made at the late Governor's request.



His Excellency in the letter already referred to, in making some observations on the distribution of the Officers of the Ceylon Rifle Corps, states in reference to the Captains: "4 are absent on leave, including Captains Roddy and Walleit and Captain Atchison (the three last on the point of sailing) whose Staff Appointment will be very soon to be filled up, as well as the Command at Jaffna."

The Major-General deems it his duty to represent to His Excellency that the changes produced by filling up the commands of Garrison, Forts, and out-stations can be considered generally as mere Regimental reliefs which are, in most instances, left entirely to the Commanding Officers of Corps, and any interference in these details cannot but tend to prejudice the interests of the Military Service.

In cases where the post is of importance, or for special reasons, a senior officer is sometimes appointed to be Commandant, but generally speaking that office is held by the senior officer who may happen to be present at the Post.

The Major-General begs that these duties may be considered as perfectly distinct from the Fixed Staff Appointments.

With reference to Captains Roddy and Walleit, I am to observe that the duties performed by these Officers were strictly Regimental and they have been relieved by Regimental, Captains nominated by the Commanding Officer of the Corps, Captain Cochrane (Bt. Major Walleit's successor) holds the Commandantship of Jaffna, being the senior Officer at that station.

His Excellency concludes his letter of the 14th by stating "The practical conclusion I arrive at then is, that to fill up the various Commands and Staff Appointments and Civil Situations by Military Officers, any arrangement if hitherto adopted, whether under Her Majesty's Regulations or under that by which you seem desirous henceforth to abide must be revised, now that the number of Officers is reduced, and to this revision I invite your attention, that the result may be referred for sanction to the authorities at Home."

The Major-General is of opinion that the arrangement laid down by his Predecessor and sanctioned by the General Commanding in Chief has been framed in the most liberal spirit towards the public service, and also with due regard to the maintenance of the discipline of the Regiments.

The limit has been assigned beyond which the services of Regimental Officers cannot be spared to the Colony, a revision of the scale cannot extend this limit; on the other hand the Major-General, equally with his predecessor, being desirous to render the services of the Officers serving under his Command available to the utmost extent for the public service, is not now disposed to curtail it, taking this scale therefore as a basis for his guidance, so long as the requisite number of Officers are present to do duty with their Regiments the Major General considers the others as disposable for the public Service, he therefore does not see that any practical good will result from a revision of the arrangement.

It is true that two European Regiments have been withdrawn from the Command since that period; nevertheless, if the regulated proportion of Officers taken from the three remaining Corps be not exceeded, the position of these Regiments, as to their Regimental efficiency, will not be materially altered by the reduction.

The view the Major-General takes of the question is briefly this. The efficiency of the Regiment is the first object to be secured, the Military Appointments requiring necessarily to be filled by Military

Officers are next to be provided for, and then whatever Officers are left, of the number indicated by the Return as available, will be placed at the Governor's disposal.

Whenever an Officer is removed from his Regimental duties it is perfectly immaterial to the Corps which loses his services, whether he be employed Civilly or Militarily.

His Excellency receives at the expiration of every fifteen days a "Return of Officers available for Civil employment" and Half Yearly a "Distribution of Officers of the several Corps serving in Ceylon." In every distribution Return, since the Major-General has assumed this Command, under the Column, "Required at Head Quarters of European Corps and to be doing Regimental duty with Ceylon Rifle Regiment," a deficiency in Captains of the Ceylon Corps has invariably been shewn, and in the last two Captains are so returned.

The concessions the Major-General has made to meet the Governor's views in regard to past appointments will he believes, testify his desire to conciliate His Excellency's wishes as far as possible, and the Major-General trusts he has satisfactorily shown in the present instance, that it has been totally out of his power to sanction the appointment of Captain Wm. Layard.

In concluding your letter of the 31st you observe "I am therefore distinctly to state His Excellency's entire dissent from being guided by the rule apparently adopted by the Major-General, from its being so entirely inapplicable to the present Military Force in the Island."

As the Governor has pronounced his opinion upon points most materially affecting the discipline and efficiency of the Regiments serving in this Colony, to be distinctly opposed to that of the Major-General, and as His Excellency has likewise expressed a wish to refer the question to the Authorities at home, the Major-General will submit this Correspondence to the General Commanding in Chief.—I have, &c.,

(Signed) T. M. WILSON, A. M. S.

No. 42.

Colombo, 22nd January, 1841.

The Hon'ble the Acting Colonial Secretary.

Sir,—In the absence of the Assistant Military Secretary, I am directed by the Major-General Commanding the Forces to acknowledge the receipt of your letter No. 19 of the 14th instant, and to express the gratification he feels that the Right Hon'ble the Governor now perfectly agrees with the Major-General in the principle laid down in the Assistant Military Secretary's letter of the 7th instant No. 9, as to the general question of appointments in this Command.

The Major-General, however, deems it due to himself to place on record that the principle which now meets the concurrence of His Excellency is precisely the same which he has throughout maintained, and against which, with unfeigned regret he received the intimation in your letter No. 600 of the 31st December that the Governor protested "and entirely dissented from being guided by the Rule apparently adopted by the Major-General from its being so entirely inapplicable to the present Military force in the Island."

From the tenor of your letter now acknowledged the Major-General gathers that His Excellency waives the reference to the authorities at home, not under the conviction that the arrangement made in 1836 is the best that can be adopted under existing circumstances, but because the Major-General is



not prepared to make any alteration in the Regulation which would diminish the number of Officers required by it to be present with their Regiments and thinking therefore that any revision of the scale would have no practical result.

It is by no means the wish of the Major-General that the views of His Excellency should not be brought to the notice of the General Commanding in Chief, and it would moreover be satisfactory to him that Lord Hill should be made acquainted with the reasons that had induced the Major-General to reject the selection made by His Excellency and to know if the objections urged against the appointment of Captain W. Bayard have his Lordship's approval, as at the present time there is no particular case in discussion, the Major-General considers the occasion very appropriate for making that reference to Lord Hill and will accordingly send the whole of the correspondence not omitting the documents indicated by His Excellency.

The Major-General before concluding is desirous of removing an erroneous impression entertained by the Governor that an improper interference in the discipline of Corps under his Command had been imputed to him. Sir Robert Arbuthnot trusts that no such sentiment is either expressed or implied in any part of the discussion as certainly no such meaning ever was intended to be conveyed. The concluding part of the Assistant Military Secretary's letter of the 7th Instant says, "As the Governor has pronounced his opinion upon points most materially affecting the discipline and efficiency of the Regiments serving in this Colony to be directly opposed to that of the Major-General, and as His Excellency has likewise expressed a wish to refer the question to the Authorities at home, the Major-General will submit this correspondence to the General Commanding in Chief." This is clearly in reply to previous opinions set forth and urged by His Excellency in the construction he was pleased to give the arrangement agreed on in 1835 between Sir Robert Horton and Sir John Wilson, and certainly if the views then adopted by the Governor were carried into practice the Major-General conceives it would tend to impair the efficiency and discipline of the Corps in this Colony.—I have the honor to be Sir, Your most Obedt. Servant,

H. THURLOW, Capt., A. D. C.,  
Acting for Asst. M. Secretary

CEYLON IN 1815-16.

(From the "Asiatic Journal," vol. I, Jan.-June 1816.)

(Continued from page 39.)

*A Narrative of the Events which have recently occurred in the Island of Ceylon; written by a Gentleman on the Spot.* Egerton, London, 1815. 8vo. pp. 72.

The real subject of this pamphlet, so carefully concealed in the title-page, is a history of the late war in Candy, some account of which is given in another part of our pages. In the "Narrative," the fortunes of the Adigar Eheilapola form an interesting episode, which we shall extract; observing at the same time that we applaud the caution with which Governor Brownrigg is represented to have acted in his reception of the rebellious officer.

We call Eheilapola a "rebellious officer;" and it will not escape remark, that even our author describes him as first "summoned to Kandy to account for some real or imaginary offence." With the moral merits of the conduct of the Adigar we have the less to do, as we are taught, and are willing to believe

that neither his conduct nor his sufferings had any share in producing the war, a connection which, from the conspicuous place assigned them in this "Narrative," the reader might, at first, be led to suppose. For the rest, however, we must submit, that an officer who, owing allegiance and special duty to his sovereign, and protection to his family, which was his hostage, and which, according to what he knew of the customs of his country, was really answerable for his fidelity; an officer so circumstanced, giving up his family to pre-conditioned destruction, rebelling against his king, and calling a foreign force into his country, must have a strong case to make out on the other side, in order to obtain the pardon of mankind. If his office of Adigar was originally forced upon him, still, his duties to his prince, his country, and his family, were not to be easily overbalanced; and if he took the office as a boon (and late accounts show him not unambitious), and therefore voluntarily put his family into the condition of a hostage, his defence is of increased difficulty. These observations are the more demanded of us, because we think that we see, in the production before us, and in other papers coming from Ceylon, a disposition to exalt the character of this person, without first laying any adequate foundation; and also, because there is, at this day, but too generally prevalent the loosest notions concerning the obligations of duty. Let a man but show himself the enemy of any established government, let him aid the works of revolution any where or any how, and it is the fashion of the age to cry him up for hero, saint, or martyr, as the case may be. With this preface, we subjoin our extract:—

In the month of March, 1814, Eheilapola, the first Adikar, or prime minister, of the King of Kandy, and who was also chief of the province of Saffragam, was summoned to Kandy to account for some real or imaginary offence of which he had been guilty. He was too well convinced of the fate which awaited him at a court where to be suspected was in itself a crime, to comply with the demand, and he instantly prepared for resistance. The whole population of the province flocked to his standard, and a message was sent by him to our government, soliciting assistance, and offering the unconditional surrender of his Dessavony, or province, as an appendage to the British crown.—The opportunity was a tempting one; but it was resisted by the governor, who apparently waited for more decided testimony of the feeling of the Kandian people than could be gathered from the insurrection of a single province, and he contented himself, therefore, with detaching a small force to the limits to protect the integrity of our territory, should either of the hostile parties attempt to invade it. In this measure of his excellency, it will be readily acknowledged that there was nothing which the most scrupulous advocate for neutrality could object to, since it was assuredly a duty incumbent on him to protect the natives of his own government from being over-run by a foreign force, or from having their fields and villages made the scene of warfare and contention.

It would be difficult to mark the character of the savage king in a stronger light than is exhibited in the steps which he took on the defection of the Adikar. The family of this chief, who agreeably to the custom of the court, had been detained as hostage for his good conduct, were instantly singled out by the King as the victims of his indiscriminating revenge, and the cruelties exercised on them present a dreadful picture of horror and disgust.—The mother and five children, the eldest of whom was a lad of eighteen, and the youngest an infant at the breast, were bound, and led into the market-place. The infant was first torn from the arms of its mother, and its head being severed from its body, the parent was compelled to pound it in a mortar. The others were murdered in succession, the eldest being reserved for the last victim, and this scene of wanton and savage butchery was crowned by what every feeling mind will contemplate as an act of supreme, though unintentional mercy, the sacrifice of the mother herself.



The slaughter of his family appears to have subdued for a time the natural energy of the Adikar's character, and to have induced a torpor of action which was at this season the ruin of his cause. His followers, disheartened by the inactivity of their chief, were soon routed by the King's troops; and after an ineffectual resistance of a few days' duration, the Adikar fled into the British territories, and implored an asylum from the government.

The protection he asked, however, was afforded in the most cautious manner, and every measure was resorted to, which a government, scrupulous of giving umbrage to a neighbouring power, could have adopted. The public reception which he courted was refused, and it was not until he had resided for some time in Colombo, that General Brownrigg acceded to his proposal of being favoured with an interview at his excellency's country-house.

The interest excited on both sides by so extraordinary a scene as that of a Kandian chief, who had resided the whole of his life in his native mountains, preventing himself before a British governor, and imploring protection and succour, may be easily imagined. The forlornness of his condition derived additional claims to sympathy from the overwhelming force of his domestic afflictions; and these were claims which, he might well know, would find a powerful advocate in the breast of that governor from whom he sought all the relief and consolation which could yet be afforded him. He was received with the most distinguished kindness and respect and was so affected with the novelty of his situation, and the unwonted kindness of a superior, that, regardless of the forms of introduction, he burst into tears. As soon as he was composed, the governor soothed him with promises of favour and protection. The Adikar replied, that he looked to his excellency as his father; that he had been deprived of all the natural ties of relationship, and trusted that the favour he solicited of being allowed to call the governor and Mrs. Brownrigg his parents would not be denied him. It was a strong, but natural mode of expressing what he felt, and his gratitude at finding his request assented to was unbounded.

The astonishment of this chief at all he beheld may be easily conceived. The romantic beauty of the house,\* situated on a rock, overhanging the sea, an element of which he had entertained such confused ideas, but which he had never till now perfectly seen, struck him most forcibly. After looking minutely at the furniture of the house, he approached, cautiously, the pillars of the verandah, and gave himself entirely up to the admiration which the novelty of the scene before him could not fail to inspire. A ship, which was passing at the moment, was a fresh object of wonder, and, when it was explained to him, he said he had heard of such things, and was happy to have enjoyed the opportunity of witnessing what he now saw. Being asked if this was the first time he had beheld the sea, he said he had occasionally obtained a very distant and imperfect view of it from a high mountain; but the largest piece of water he had ever approached was a lake in the Kandian country, the extent of which he described by looking and pointing through the two pillars of the verandah, the opening between which commanded but a partial view of the ocean before him.

A second episodical passage, containing anecdotes of the fallen Rajah, shall be extracted for the entertainment, and we may add, for the edification of the reader. These anecdotes are far from being without their value, though they ought not to be mixed, in the contemplations of the mind, with the history of the war and its results. If the internal vices or crimes of governments or governors, "*real or imaginary*," are to be admitted as warrants for the assaults of a powerful neighbour, there can never be pause to violence and revolutions. Such considerations, therefore, should be kept distinct: we are far from saying that the present writer has designed to blend them, but only that his readers are in danger of so doing:

On Monday, the 6th March, the King and his family arrived at Colombo, and were conveyed in as private a manner as circumstances would admit to their new residence, where they were received by Colonel Kerr, the commandant of that place, with the respect due to their fallen fortunes. The house, which was spacious, had been fitted up very handsomely for the occasion, and in the middle of the largest apartment was an ottoman, or musnud, covered with scarlet cloth, upon which his majesty immediately on his entrance sprung with great agility, and seating himself in a most unkingly attitude, with his legs drawn under him, looked round the room, which he surveyed with great complacency. He was evidently both pleased and surprised at the apparent comfort of his new place of abode, contrasting perhaps the treatment he was now experiencing from the British government with that which our countrymen had received not many years ago at his hands. He instantly said, "As I am no longer permitted to be a king, I am thankful for the kindness and attention which has been shown me."

Wikreme Rajah Sinha is in his person considerably above the middle size of a corpulent, yet muscular, appearance, and with a physiognomy which is at all times handsome, and frequently not unpleasing. His claim to talent has been disputed by many who have had an opportunity of conversing with him, but he is certainly not deficient in shrewdness or comprehension; with an utter indifference to all feelings of humanity, he possesses a great share of what is called good humour; and the affability with which he answered the questions that are addressed to him, is at least unexpected, while the ease and sang-froid with which he communicated some of the most extraordinary and murderous anecdotes of his reign is truly surprizing. He passes with great rapidity from one story of court intrigue to another; but it is to be observed, that the invariable issue of the whole of these anecdotes, is the cutting off the offender's head, flogging him to death, impaling him alive, or pounding him in a mortar, as the caprice of the moment might have dictated; and all his surprize seems to be, that the English should feel any great indignation at what he had always considered a mere matter of course and pastime.—"The English governors, however," he observed to Major Hook, "have one advantage over us kings of Kandy:—they have counselors about them, who never allow them to do any thing in a passion, and that is the reason you have so few punishments; but, unfortunately for us, the offender is dead, before our resentment has subsided."

His Majesty's general reception of his English visitors is by a cordial shake of the hand.—With one officer he was particularly affable. He asked him if he would like to see the Queens? His visitor replied in the affirmative, but begged to know in what manner he was to receive them. "Why," said his Majesty, laughing very heartily, "in any way you please; they are rather dirty just now, as their clothes have not arrived from Kandy, and so you may take your choice, either shake hands with them, or embrace them."

This anecdote is one of many which might be adduced in illustration of the levity of this extraordinary man's character. He had, during the first week of his arrival, established a reputation for great fortitude and resignation; and there were not wanting some few to undertake his defence, and ascribe the tyrannical measures of his reign to evil counselors.—An occurrence shortly took place, however, which set his character in its true light.

He had applied for the attendances of four of the female prisoners, who were originally servants of the Queens. His request was granted, and on the same night one of these poor creatures was delivered of a child in the house in which the King was residing. The instant he heard this piece of intelligence, he insisted on the woman's removal. "She was useless, and he would not allow her to remain."—Colonel Kerr set to remonstrate on the cruelty of such a step in her present condition, and declined complying with the King's solicitation. The tyrant flew

\* Mount Lavinia?—Ed. L. R.



from one apartment to the other, exclaimed that he would neither eat, drink, nor sleep till he was satisfied; reviled the sentries, and behaved in so frantic manner at this first opposition to his will, that Colonel Kerr, apprehensive of his murdering the woman, ordered her, even at the hazard of her life, to be removed to a place of safety.

But the predominating feeling of the King's soul was indignation at the treatment he had received from his own subjects. This was the point to which he always reverted, and his animosity to them was in one respect beneficial to his conquerors, since it led him to an unexpected disclosure of all his hidden places of treasure. It mattered not, he said, what became of it as long as it did not devolve to his bitter enemies.

The amount of this treasure it would be difficult at present to conjecture, but there can be little doubt that it must be immense. Each man in the King's dominions was expected, at certain periods, to make an offering to the throne; and as the expenses of the court were trifling, and the labours of the subjects seldom remunerated, it may easily be imagined what must have been the accumulation of his Majesty and his predecessors. It was one part of the policy of the kings of Kandy, to conceal, when possible, even from their most confidential advisers, the places where their wealth was secreted. Another was to reclaim from the families of their deceased favourites, every mark of royal bounty, however minute; of these presents, an exact register was kept, so that every donation under such a government was in fact nothing more than a loan.

The strange quantity and mixture of gold and silver ornaments which were discovered, may hence be in some degree accounted for; but it is not so easy to discover to what purpose it was intended to apply a large assortment of cocked hats and full bottomed perriwigs of the sixteenth century, which were found under ground, most carefully packed in a box, and the contents of which, the sanguine imagination of a prize master had converted into articles of infinitely greater value.

Scarcely a day now passed, without bringing in accounts to Kandy of the discovery of money and jewels, and the army began to look with some confidence to a handsome remuneration for their labours. The King's throne and sceptre were among the first articles found, and by an extraordinary coincidence of circumstances, they were taken on the same day with himself.

The ancient throne of the Kandian sovereigns, for the last century and half, resembles a large old-fashioned arm-chair, such as is not unfrequently seen in England. It is about five feet high at the back, three in breadth, and two in depth; the frame is of wood entirely covered with thin gold sheeting, (studded with precious stones), the exquisite taste and workmanship of which does not constitute the least of its beauties, and may vie with the best modern specimens of the works of the goldsmith.

The most prominent and striking features in this curious relic, are two golden lions, or sphinxes, forming the arms of the throne or chair, of a very uncouth appearance, but beautifully wrought;—the heads of the animals being turned outwards in a peculiarly graceful manner. The eyes are formed of entire amethysts, each rather larger than a musket ball.—Inside the back, near the top, is a large, golden sun, from which the founder of the Kandyan monarchy is supposed to have derived his origin: beneath about the centre of the chair, and in the midst of some sun flowers, is an immense amethyst, about the size of a large walnut; on either side there is a figure of a female deity, supposed to be the wife of Vishnu or Budhoo, in a sitting posture, of admirable design and workmanship:—the whole encompassed by a moulding formed of bunches of cut crystal set in gold; there is a space around the back (without the moulding) studded with three large amethysts on each side, and six more at the top.

The seat, inside the arms, and half way up the back, is (or rather was) lined with red velvet, all torn or decayed.

The footstool is also very handsome, being ten inches in height, a foot in breadth, and two feet and half in length: the top is crimson silk worked with gold: a moulding of cut crystals runs around the sides of it, beneath which, in front, are flowers, (similar to those on the back of the chair,) studded with fine amethysts and crystals.

It should be observed, that the throne behind is covered with finely wrought silver: at the top a large embossed half moon of silver, surmounting the stars, and below all is a bed of silver sun flowers.

The sceptre was a rod of iron, with a gold head, an extraordinary but just emblem of his government.

The remark, here stated to have been made by Wikreme Rajah to Major Hook, speaks highly, in our mind, for the good sense of the speaker; and, though it makes the fallen king no whit the fitter man to be entrusted with the disposal of his fellow-creatures, it offers a powerful apology for his barbarities, drawn from the education he has received, and the defective system of polity over which he was born to preside.

COLLEGE.

(To be continued.)

## THE "FOLK LORE OF INDIAN PLANTS."

(Continued from page 40.)

Far different in appearance is the *Umbar* tree, botanically called the *Ficus glomerata*, at the foot of which the guardian deity is *Dwaitatraya*. The legend of the birth of this peaceful, all powerful, and all protecting deity is highly amusing. You already know the gods of the Hindoo trinity. Let me introduce to you their wives: Savitri, wife of Bramha; Lakshmi, wife of Vishnu; and Parvati, wife of Shiva. These three divine wives are extremely devoted to their respective lords. The story is that there was a certain saint called Atri, living happily with his devoted wife Anusayâ. Though the wives of the gods forming the trinity were highly devoted to their respective husbands, it must be stated that Anusayâ far surpassed any known woman of her time in her devotion. Her entire submission to the will of her lord was well known. If ever, therefore, there was an object of universal envy in this respect, it was the wife of the humble saint Atri. He was powerful in his sanctity, and peaceful at home, not possessing much and yet wanting little. Rich in the love of his wife, he was the happiest among the living. Any god or goddess not quite at peace with his or her partner might have usefully learnt a lesson from their singularly pure and perfect lives. The gods of the Hindoo mythology, like all other mythic gods, were not perfect gods. They had their own domestic vexations. With a view, therefore to have some "fun," the heavenly peripatetic chatterer *Narad* appears on the scene. Who is *Narad*? As I say, he is a peripatetic chatterer. A messenger travelling between the heavenly and mundane spheres, a walking newspaper, a living encyclopædia and a mellifluous singer like Orpheus of the Greeks. He is an energetic bachelor, carrying the *Vina* (or a kind of modified guitar) in one hand, and the *chiplyâ* in another (two chips of wood with brass jingles held between the middle finger and thumb); singing and dancing, full of liveliness and full of glee. He is a man the very quintessence of wit and humour: and of vast resources, ready to create misunderstandings between friends and companions; and foment quarrels between foes, and as equally ready with means, repairing wrongs resulting therefrom,—in plain words a consummate peacebreaker and mischief-maker, the very imp of meddlesomeness, the minion of mockery, and with all this, a saint born and brought up—and, what is more strange, an ever welcome visitor of the immortal gods and mortal men, at whatever hour of night or day he paid his visit. He had the power of mysteriously disappearing from the lower to the higher world, and had no vehicle to carry him from place to place. He vanished in the airy regions,



but when he was not disposed to be *incognito*, the sweet strains of his ever charming music announced his arrival. True to his calling, he paid a visit to each of the wives of the three gods I have mentioned—Brahma, Vishnu, and Shiva. He said to them that there was a woman in an humbler sphere of life who beat them all in her devotion to her lord and in her hospitality. It was not meet, said he, that it should be so. It was a disgrace to them that they of heaven were surpassed. What could this chaff and bawler of Nārada do but rouse the green-eyed monster? The virulence of the jealousy of his fair listeners was boundless. They determined to try Anusayā and to test her sense of hospitality, and so they packed off their husbands to the dwelling-house of this holy and humble pair. Leagues away they went, Brahma from his Satyaloka, Vishnu from Vaikunth, and Shiva from Kailās, influenced by the entreaties of their wives. They stood as beggars at the door of Atri, asking alms, but imposing an absurd condition that the alms should be given by the lady of the house, Anusaya, in a state of perfect undity. This is palpably a prohibitive condition imposed with the sole object of putting to the severest test the hospitality of the host, under the strong presumption that it will not be fulfilled, and thus the rules of hospitality will be broken and the object of the trinity eventually gained. The story reminds one of Lady Godiva, the noble wife of the "grim Earl" of Coventry, who was called upon to ride uncovered through her town, if she wanted her hard-hearted husband to repeal an oppressive law and thus save her subjects from heavy taxation. To return to our legend, then, the Hindoo trinity thus stood at the Rishi's door united in an act of self-immolation, for indeed self-immolation it was, as they were demanding more than was their due as beggars or as guests, and though they were, supreme gods *incognito*, their act was one which no mind, human or divine, could ever look upon with approbation or with complacency, under any circumstances; far less would such a request be considered becoming on the part of guests and beggars. But beggars have sometimes strange ways of demanding alms. A woman's true dowry is modesty. To venture to attack that under the garb of hospitality, to make one's own demand as a guest, forgetting the commonest and plainest rules of hospitality is too much to bear for even a saint. Yet the husband of Anusaya was up to the occasion. Embarrassed, yet serene and unmoved, "sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn" Anusaya, the faithful wife and woman, says to the three guests, "your will be done!" To send them away unsatisfied would be a lifelong reproach. It would entail the loss of merit of former hospitalities. It would mean a life of moral extinction. Her husband in the meanwhile placed a potful of charmed water before his devoted wife, dignified in what to others would have been perturbation, but determined as a true woman always is, to do her duty to the last. The lady sprinkled a little of this charmed water prepared by her husband on each of the pseudo-beggars, and if I may venture to express an opinion, it "served them right." For, behold! on the sprinkling of the water they three lost their manly forms and became tender babies. They were there in spirit, but their persons were no longer those that could take impression from the surrounding world. The lady Anusaya thereafter at once fulfilled the condition of nudity, flung her garments aside, and with a dignity characteristic of a hostess she put the three babies to her breast one after another, and fed them in their state of perfect innocence, thus fulfilling their demands without going beyond the bounds of modesty. She sang lullabies and sent the babies to sleep. Time passes. The husbands don't return home. What's become of them? *The Messenger of Heaven, Narad*, is again on the scene. He knows it all. He is at the bottom of it. He informs the three wives, anxious about the return of their gallant husbands, that their husbands had been metamorphosed into babies, were now in the arms of Anusaya whom they had sent a trial. The laurel is the meed of mighty conquerors. The cradle is now the meed of these preposterous gods. You

can imagine the consternation of the wives. Implorings and apologies of a touching kind prevailed after this. The time for claiming superiority was gone. The contest was at an end. There was a fall, and the humble pair was victorious. The *Rishi* was willing to forgive and forget. The charmed waters were sprinkled over the babies, and they became men again. To mark the circumstance, however, and also to serve as a lesson to future generations, this united action of the three gods was symbolized in making a new deity by the union of three persons into one. This was the birth of god *Dattatraya*, who is to be found at the foot of the *Umbar* or *Adumbar tree* (*Ficus glomerata*). He has only one body and six hands, but has three different heads, each representing a god of the Hindoo trinity. He was conceived in holiness and in the discharge of the solemn duty of hospitality, and is, therefore, a noble deity, the prince of peace, and guardian of good deeds. Let me now take up the legend connected with another favourite and frequently seen tree, the banyan tree, the *Ficus Indica*. On the full moon day of *Jeshta* this tree is worshipped by all married ladies that they may escape from the miseries of a widowed life. The story is that it was the worship of this tree that gave back to Savitri her husband Satyawān, who was stung to death by a cobra during his wanderings in the forest. The legend of Savitri has attracted the attention of Jount Gubernatis, that distinguished oriental scholar who was among us some time ago. He has dramatised the story in Italian, which our learned antiquarian scholar Dr. Garson Da Cunha has rendered into English. There the story is given graphically. Suffice it to say here, that Narad figures in this story also. Here it was through his instrumentality that Savitri knew the mode of recovering her husband from the Yama Rajah, King of the Infernal Regions (the Indian Pluto). After having worshipped the plant in the usual manner prescribed by the ritual, standing by the side of her husband's body that had just breathed its last, she invoked the lord of the nether world that her husband's life might be restored. The force of the worship of the banyan tree was so great that the King of Hell was obliged to give up the spirit of the deceased husband. It was no unmerited reward to a dutiful wife who had abandoned her parents and all her dear belongings, her country, and her comforts, to wander in the jungles with her husband—a companion in life to him, as well as his deliverer, or regenerator after death. What woman, with her beliefs trained in this direction, will not similarly worship a banyan tree if it is only to escape the sorrows and miseries of a widowed life? And yet how many an Indian widow there is at this day who has most devoutly worshipped the banyan tree, every year with renewed faith, and yet in the end has not escaped the crushing calamities of perpetual and relentless widowhood! If it had been in the power of plants and bushes to avert human sorrow and lessen the burden of human misery, the world would have been different! There would have been no misery at all.

(To be concluded.)

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