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A THRILLING ADVENTURE.

HOW A PLUCKY TELEGRAPH GIRL SAVED
THE NIGHT TRAIN.

While in a small town in Wyoming Territory (says a writer in the *Baltimore News*), I learned that a lady living there had been the heroine of a thrilling adventure with train robbers, and curiosity and love for the brave induced me to call on her to tell me the story. When I went to her house I was welcomed by a handsome lady of thirty, and in response to my earnest request for this chapter of her life, she related the following true tale:—

In 1879 when but a girl of eighteen, I left my home in Omaha and came out here to fill the lonesome position of night-operator at a small station on the Pacific Railway in this Territory. It was a dreary, desolate spot in the midst of a desert.

The only buildings at the station apart from the depot were a section-house, occupied by a track foreman and a few Chinese laborers, a water-tank, and a coal-shed. The day-operator and agent, a mere boy, slept at the section-house, about two hundred yards distant, so that during the long, dreary night I was alone in the depot.

No. 1 express train, bound east, was due at 2 15 in the morning, but it never stopped unless signaled, and as this was the only train during the latter portion of the night, you can imagine my lonely situation upon the desert wild. I had my books and guitar as companions, and passed much of the time reading, and when the doleful howlings of the wolves were borne to my ears from the distant sandhills I would pick up my guitar and endeavour to drown their cries with music and song.

The superintendent of the division—a buoyant, light-spirited young gentleman—came over the road at frequent intervals, and cheered me up with promises of a better position when a vacancy should occur. He often found me on the very brink of despair, almost on the point of resigning my position and returning to my humble home and the mother who depended on my salary for the necessaries of life; but his promises, his genial conversation and words of encouragement drove away the gloom, and I came to look for his visits with a sense of the keenest pleasure. I began to regard him with a sisterly affection—he was so kind and tender and solicitous for my welfare and comfort.

One night, shortly after midnight, as I sat at my table reading a novel, I thought I heard a shuffling footstep on the depot platform; but as it was not repeated, I concluded it was but a wolf more daring than his cowardly fellows, and I resumed my book.

A few moments later I heard a low knocking at the door, which I always kept locked, and a strange feeling came over me. During my several weeks' stay at the station I had never had a visitor, and the sudden knock, so low yet so startlingly clear in the stillness of the night, caused my form to tremble and my cheek to blanch.

My first thought was of Indians, and then I reasoned that it might be some tramp desiring shelter. While I sat there in affright the knock was repeated louder than before, and, mustering all my courage, I approached the door and asked:

"Who 's there?"

A gruff voice replied:

"A traveller who desires to take the east-bound

train. It is my plain and unmistakable duty to admit

him, and with trembling fingers I drew the bolt.

The door pushed violently open and I sprang back to the wall, and saw my chair in terror, when seven men, wearing dark masks

on their faces and armed to the teeth, entered the office. One of them, evidently the leader, walked up to me, and pointing a large revolver to my head, said in a low, firm voice:

"Gal, we don't want to hurt you, but if you make a suspicious move, or scream, or give any

alarm so that any o' the men in the section-house kin hear you, I'll spile the looks o' that pretty face with a bullet. Be quiet and sensible and behave yourself, and yer shan't be hurt. Whar's yer red signal-lamp?"

"What would you do?" I gasped.

"None o' your business. We don't want to hear any unnecessary back talk or impertinent questions. Whar's the red lamp?"

A chill of horror swept over me when the truth burst upon me that I was in the hands of a band of desperate train-robbers, whose evident intention was to signal the train and rob the express car at my station.

What could I do? It was yet three hours until the train was due, but I could not elude my captors to rouse the section-men, and I knew by the gleam in the leader's eyes, through the holes in his mask, that if I made the least outcry he would not hesitate to carry out his threat and murder me.

I knew they could find the lamp easily by searching for it, and in a trembling voice I told him it was hanging just inside the door of the freight room. One of the men got it, and, after examining it to see that it was in order, the rough band took seats to await the incoming of the train.

The leader lit his pipe, and, looking at me steadily for a few moments, said:

"Young gal, when that ar train toots her whistle we've got some work for you—an official duty, as you might call it. You must go out thar on the platform an' signal the train to stop an' take on some first-class passengers. An', lookee here, if you make a suspicious move, or don't swing the

red lamp in the proper way, we'll just ventilate that graceful body with bullets and jump on our horses an' get. Do you understand?"

A desperate resolve had been taking shape in my bewildered brain. I replied that I fully understood him, and with a piteous cry, "Oh, you will make a murderer of me!" I threw my arms and head down on the table and began to cry and sob as if my heart were breaking. Had he seen my face he might have noticed a total absence of tears. I was crying for a purpose.

When my arms dropped upon the table, I allowed my hands to fall upon the armature of the telegraph instrument, so that I could prevent it from ticking while my right hand rested upon the key.

Sobbing, so that any slight clicking the key might make would not reach the robbers, I opened it and slowly made telegraph characters:

.... ..
H E L P

These I repeated several times, hoping they might reach the ear of some operator on the line. I then slowly and distinctly wrote these words, still sobbing violently:

"Who—hears—this—for—heaven's—sake—report—to—train—despatcher—at—Laramie—quick—that—I—am—in—the—hands—of—seven—robbers—who—will—compel—me—to—flag—No.—4. Send—help—quick."

Then I signed name and office call.

I released the armature, and the instrument clicked out:

"Brace—up—little—girl—I—hear—you—H."

The "H." was the train-despatcher's call. With a fierce shout, the leader sprang forward and rudely shoved me away from the table, and asked:

"Gal, what's that?"

"Only a distant office asking for orders for a freight train," I responded.

"None o' yer lyin', you little imp!" he roared. "Yer up to some trick."

"No," I replied, "I am not. If I were doing that my fingers would be on the instrument. Don't you see I am not touching it, and yet it works? It is only an order to a freight train away down at Medicine Bow."

"Keep away from that table," he said, savagely "an' if I ketch you at any tricks, I'll choke the life out o' you."

Oh, how eagerly my ears drank in every word the instrument ticked out! I heard a telegram to the sheriff of Green River, twenty miles west asking him to arm a posse of men at once, and get on board a special train, which would be ready for him. Then another to the young superintendent, who was at Green River, telling how my slowly-written words had been heard by the despatcher, and asking him to supervise the preparations to fly to my relief.

Then a third despatch to the Master Mechanic, instructing him to fire up his fastest passenger-engine and couple on to a carriage and await the superintendent's orders. My heart beat so violently that it almost took my breath away. It seemed an age ere I heard the Green River operator call the despatcher and say:

"The superintendent, with sheriff and twenty armed men, are aboard, and train ready for orders."

The order came flying. It told the engineer he had a clear track, and to run at his very highest speed to within half a mile of my station, and with his party to alight. Then came the welcome report from the Green River office:

"Special east departed at 1-15."

Oh, how my poor heart beat, and how my every nerve tingled with excitement! 1-15! I mentally figured that the train on such a desperate errand should make nearly a mile a minute, and reach the stopping-point at 7-30.

The robber chief gave his men their instructions. I was to be sent alone to signal the train, and when it halted the band would make a rush and board the train.

"Bill, you jump on the engine as soon as she stops and hold the engineer and fireman under your gun. Jack, you pile into the mail-car an' make the clerk give up his registered letters, an' Yank an' Aleck 'll work the express car, while Tom and Snorty hold the conductor an' brakeman-back. Do your work quick an' bold, an' don't be afeard to burn powder if necessary. Thar's a big haul on that train, an' we've got to have it."

How eagerly I watched the clock, and how slowly—how very, very slowly the hands seemed to move! 1-21, 1-25, and 1-30 were tricked off. 1-35! Would they never come?

The men sat on the bench along the west side of the room, facing the two windows on the east. I tried to figure how long it would require for the men to walk to the depot from the stopping place. Perhaps even then they were surrounding the station, and I might hear a knock at the door any instant. Would there be a fight?

Oh, horrible thought! In a few moments I might see men shot down before my face, and I might myself be killed. I almost fainted with fright. The blood seemed to freeze in my veins, and I grasped the chair, or I would have fallen to the floor 1-40.

There came a fearful crash of glass, and the black muzzles of a perfect cloud of rifles were thrust through the windows, and pointed directly at the robbers. Then a voice cried out: "Men, throw up your hands! I am the sheriff, and in the name of the law demand your surrender. Make but a move, and I'll order my men to fire."

"Yer little cat!" hissed the leader, glaring at me savagely, as the band suddenly held aloft their hands. Then the sheriff and three men entered and disarmed and handcuffed the robbers, and I saw the superintendent looking at me, and heard him say: "What a debt I owe you, my brave girl!" Then I fell fainting into his arms.

When I regained consciousness I was lying in my room at Green River, with several ladies around me, and was told that seven days had elapsed since the capture of the robbers. I was suffering from brain-fever, brought on by the terrible strain I had passed through, and had been unconscious for that long period. For many days thereafter I hovered on the border between life and death, and the superintendent was at my bedside several times every day, cheering me up with words of encouragement, and doing all in his power to alleviate my sufferings.

I finally recovered, and was called into court to testify against the desperate gang. I shall never forget their fierce glance towards me as I told how I entrapped them, or how, in spite of the efforts of the judge and court officers to suppress it, the crowd cheered me as I left the witness-box. The men were sent for long terms to an eastern prison and I never heard of them since.

"And did the company reward you for saving the train?" I asked.

"Well, only slightly. Corporations have no souls, you know. But I revenged myself on the superintendent."

"In what way?"

"I married him!" she replied, with a charming smile.

A JOURNEY TO ADAMS PEAK

By SIR ROBERT WILMOT HORTON AND PARTY IN 1837.

[The following account of the first ascent of Adam's Peak by a British Governor has lain amongst our papers since 1837. It was handed to us by Mr. R. F., who, we think, was the writer. He belonged to a well-to-do English family, but was "fast" and enlisted in the 90th Light Infantry. He was helped by Sir R. W. Horton, and Mr. Stewart Mackenzie gave him a start in the Civil Engineer and Surveyor-General's Department, where his prospects were very good. But drink and opium spoiled what might have been a successful life; and after a long struggle for existence he died a broken-down man. Our readers will notice that in 1837 the road from Colombo to Ratnapura had only just been traced; that the prominent complaint of the people was the damage done to their crops by the then numerous elephants, and that Sir R. W. Horton was carried up the cone of the sacred mountain in a "monshiel," a kind of palankin. Sir Robert Horton and his party drank the health of Queen Adelaide on the summit of the Peak. Shortly afterwards Governor Stewart Mackenzie and his family drank the health of Queen Victoria at the same altitude.—Ed. L. R.]

Perhaps the following sketch of the Governor's trip to the Peak, the "holy of holies" of the semi-civilized followers of Bhudoo, may not prove uninteresting to you: it will at least convey a slight idea of the state of the roads and method of travelling in Ceylon, and though last not least of the barbarous superstitions of the natives not only of this island, but of the adjoining continent of India, where the peculiar doctrines of Bhudoo are faithfully followed and implicitly obeyed and believed.

Started on the 17th Feby. last, taking the new line of road that has just been traced from Colombo to Saffragam in the Ratnapoora District, a distance of about 62 miles.

As we did not leave until the afternoon of the 17th, and as in this country (as it is in most others where there are no Hotels to receive a weary traveller) anything but advisable to go ahead of your servant, supplies &c. we only advanced about 10 miles to a place called Godegamme, where a Rest House was erected, which was most tastefully decorated, to receive the King's Representative. The country so far was not very interesting, being flat with thick Bamboo jungle on each side of the road.

The Modliar of the District, (a native nobleman, and a Government public servant) as well as the inferior chiefs, met us with a vast concourse of people, we dined and slept at this place, and the next morning (18th Feby.) we were on horseback at gun-fire (5 o'clock) and got to Pittapane (8 miles) to breakfast,—halted during the heat of the day and in the afternoon proceeded to Andapangodde (9 miles) at which we dined and slept,

The Rest House or Bungalow was decorated like the last; these are the property of Government—for the use of travellers—there is one nearly every ten miles throughout the whole of the island, where you may get supplies of eatables &c., although at a somewhat expensive rate. The face of the country very much the same as that we passed through yesterday. The inhabitants complained very much of the devastations committed on their lands by the elephants.

Next day (19th) we were off at 4 a.m., and had a sharp ride before we reached our breakfast stage, the country assumed a different appearance changing abruptly from flat to hill, we had to go over one or two rather steep passes, on the last

pass we had a beautiful view of Mountain Scenery, the Peak rising majestically in the centre, the distance to this place Kurundenny is about 15 miles. The Adigar met us here, a digitary of the highest Kandyan order similar to a certain extent to the Head Modliar of the Maritime Provinces—but perfectly different in dress, a band of *tom-toms* and a series of flags and banners ushered our approach to the temporary Rest House that had been erected for our reception. At 4 we were again *en route* and reached Nakabdella (19 miles) about 7 in the evening where we slept, the appearance of the country was much the same as the last stage. The next day (20th) we proceeded on to Korowatte (10 miles) at this place, there is a most beautifully situated Bungalow in which we breakfasted, the Government Agent of Saffragam District met us here, also the Medical officer who is stationed at Ratnapoora, the chief town of the District. We arrived at Ratnapoora in the afternoon and put up at the Agent's House, where we were entertained in the most hospitable manner.

The town and fort of Ratnapoora is very beautifully situated on an eminence, surrounded with rich Paddy fields and splendid forests. We remained the whole of the next day (21st) at Ratnapoora. His Excellency took the opportunity, as he did at all stations where we halted, to summon the Chiefs and Headmen, and to explain to them his hopes that they had their children vaccinated to prevent the spread of the dreadful Small Pox; they promised to do their possible to promote this desirable result. On the 22nd we left Ratnapoora at 6 a.m. for Gillemalle, about 7 miles distant, through fine forests and some very bad riding road. A very neat temporary Bungalow was erected for us, we breakfasted here, and started about 12 for the last stage. After a mile of level road the ascent commences in real earnest. We left our horses at Gillemalle as it was quite impossible to take them on with us. The Governor was carried in a Monshiel* (a kind of Palanquin), the rest of the party walked, and a tough business it was. We reached Pallabattella having crossed the rocky bed of the Caluganga (black river) 3 or 4 times in this day's route.

Pallabattella lies at the foot of the great mountains surrounding the Peak. The Rest House is a miserable place, but the Chief Priest had it "touched" up, and having experienced a sharp shower on the Ratnapoora side of the place, added to which the cold (thermometer stood at 60) which to us who had been exposed for months to a thermometer of from 80 to 86 was really cold) gave us the appetites of hawks.

The trappings of the Peak temple are kept in charge of the Priest. The next morning at day-break we were again in motion, the road appeared to be a series of watercourses,—steep rocks, and the roots of trees formed a kind of ladder which we climbed over as well as we were able, delighted were we to reach Diabetme (5 miles) which we achieved at about 10 o'clock, breakfasted, and then continued our passage on to the Peak, the road getting from bad to worse; it was indeed extraordinary how the bearers carried His Excellency, he was however obliged to get out frequently. We got now and then some beautiful views of the

* Yule's *Hobson-Jobson* has "*Munchel, Manjeel*, &c. This word is proper to the S. W. Coast; Malay *manjil* from Skt. *mancha*. It is the name of a kind of hammock litter used on that coast as a substitute for a palankin or dooly. It is substantially the same as the *dandy* (q. v.) of the Hima'aya, but more elaborate." Among the quotations given by Yule is one from Markham's *Peru and India*, in which the word is spelt *munsheel*.—Ed. L. R.

Peak towering above us as well as some magnificent peeps at the low countries. Up one of the steepest rocks there have been cut by some pious individual (whose image appears cut out in stone,) about 140 steps!! these mountain stairs running perpendicularly up. About a mile from the Peak (3 miles from Diabetime) we came to a small level green spot called "the fakir's monument" where we rested a short time and then proceeded on our journey. We arrived at the foot of the great cone at about 2, and I confess its appearance was anything but pleasant; the distance to the top is about 310 yards, to ascend to which you have literally to hang by chains, and at 2 or 3 corners we were suspended over rocks many hundred feet in height, had one of us let go the chains he would have been dashed to atoms, the feeling however of having these said chains in your grasp is very encouraging. We reached the summit in about half an hour, and found on the top of the Peak a small mud hovel, a portion of the Temple, about 6 feet by 8, this was to be the abode of His Excellency. The other members of the party had to make themselves as comfortable as they could in leaf huts that had been erected for them. As it became evening we found ourselves enshrouded in a thick mist, and after sunset the clouds rose above us and formed themselves as it were into mountains. We found some pilgrims from the Continent of India, on a visit to this (to them) sacred mountain, all our native servants of all religions (Buddhists, Protestants, Catholics &c.) deposited sundry small coins as offerings to the Temple, a priest goes up to the Peak from Pallabottella during the first 4 months of the year where this devotional pilgrimage takes place both of the natives of Ceylon, as well as the Mussulmen and Europeans of India. The extent of the summit of the Peak is about 75 feet by 25, and Bhudoo's foot is about 5 feet $3\frac{1}{2}$ and 2 ft. 5 inches wide, it is studded with a few gems of little value, and a border of brass.

At 8 o'clock the Thermometer stood at 58, and cold enough we found it in our beds; it being the birthday of Her Majesty Queen Adelaide, we drank her health in champagne as loyal people.

February 24th, thermometer 55°, we were all up at 5 this morning and had the pleasure of seeing the sun rise in all his majesty, but the most extraordinary feature of the scene, grand as it was, was the shadow of the Peak extending to the furthest horizon, and forming a perfectly mathematical cone, quite enough to puzzle a superstitious person; this decreased as the influence of the sun increased. The view, although we had not a 'superfine' one was grand in the extreme, the ravines of the chain of mountains we had travelled over were enveloped in fog and their heights appeared like so many beautiful islands. At 7 we let fly 2 pigeons that had been brought from Colombo; after flying around the summit 2 or 3 times they took the direction of Colombo; on enquiry we found they never reached their destination.

I forgot to mention we had large fires during the night, and our coolies (porters &c.) bivouacked close to them, the poor creatures seemed to suffer extremely from the cold.

About $\frac{1}{2}$ past 7 we committed ourselves to the chains on our way down,—these said chains have been attached to the most difficult rocks from time to time by devotees. We found the descent much more difficult than the ascent, and delighted we were to see Diabetime, where breakfast was prepared for us. Near this place there is a famous echo which travellers are expected to listen to. We reached Pallabottella by dinner time, slept there and got down to Ratnapoora next day, after

a most delightful excursion, which no male, resident on, or visitor of Ceylon, ought to miss, unless ill-health, or other "untoward" events preclude the attempt.

As Sir Robert Horton was the first English Governor who had ever ascended the Peak, a brass plate is about to be affixed to the Temple on the top of the Peak commemorating the event.

The distance from Colombo to Adam's Peak is about 70 miles, and although the Governor could command every convenience, yet travelling as he did with a party of 4 gentlemen, 4 days were consumed in tracing this short route.

AN INCIDENT IN THE KANDYAN REBELLION OF 1818.

A COMMEMORATIVE MEDAL.

At the end of March last the following letter was received at the Colonial Secretary's Office, Colombo:—

1, Queen Street, Colchester, 7th March 1890.

Sir,—I must apologise for intruding upon you in trespassing upon your time, but I do not know to whom to go for the information I should like to obtain, and venture and hope that, as it is not so much a personal matter, as public, you will excuse my addressing myself to you.—Some years since Mr. Carter of the Adjutant General's Office brought out a book upon medals given by Government and also East India Company for Naval and Military services. An edition is just being issued with corrections up to date. Mr. Carter has been dead some years. My desire is, if possible, to obtain information, perhaps a sketch, and if possible a specimen for the Regiment to whom the men belonged who gained them, concerning medals which were struck in 1818 by the Ceylon Government to commemorate the gallantry of one non-commissioned officer and 3 men of the 73rd Regiment, now 2nd Battalion Royal Highlanders, during the Candian rebellion that year. Cannon in his records of that Regiment on pp. 31-32, gives some account of the act. The names of the men were Lance-Corporal Mc Louglin, Privates Wilson, Sheppard and Carter.

Doubtless in the archives of that date in the Colonial Office of Ceylon notice will be found of the above, and perhaps in the Treasury the medals themselves, as the four men died of fever before the medals granted by the Government could be issued, though struck. It would be an interesting item of addition to present issue of the book, I above alluded to, and supposing the decorations were not issued to relatives of the deceased men, and thus dispersed, I am sure the Regiment would rejoice to have a copy, if such could possibly be obtained, to keep in remembrance of the gallantry of some of its members, and of the generous appreciation thereof by the Ceylon Government. As an old 73rd man, I trust I may venture to urge the above through you, sir, upon the present Government.

Again apologising for troubling you, I have the honour to be, sir, your obedient servant,

SPENCER NASSAU HENSLOWE,
Late Captain 73rd Regt.

Sir E. Noel Walker sent the above letter to Mr. A. M. Ferguson, asking him if he could help Capt. Henslowe in the matter. Mr. Ferguson, remembering that he had seen in the Madras Museum in 1877 an old Ceylon military medal, wrote to Mr. Edgar Thurston, the present Director, on the subject, and received the following reply:—

Government Museum, April 24th, 1890.

Dear Mr. Ferguson,—I find no medal in my collection, such as you refer to. The only thing bearing on Ceylon, is the accompanying photograph (which kindly return). But it appears to be not of the medal you are in search of.—Yours sincerely,

EDGAR THURSTON.

The medal shown in the photograph has on one side the words "For Service on the Island of Ceylon A. D. 1795/6" and on the other side some

words in Arabic characters. Mr. Ferguson sent Mr. Thurston's letter and the photograph to Sir Edward Noel Walker, who replied:—

Kandy, 16th May 1890.

Dear Mr. Ferguson,—I return you the letter from Mr. Thurston and the photograph of the medal which accompanied it. I am told that the translation of the Hindustani in Arabic characters on the one side is:— "This testimonial is in commemoration of good services rendered in Ceylon, in the years 1209 and 1210 of the Higira." As this is the year 1307 of the era, the date would be 1792-93, while the reverse in English says 1795-6. The same medal was given by the General Order of 2nd June 1809 to 39 men of that and 2 men of the 2nd Ceylon Regiment, and we might be able to trace one. I adopted a suggestion of either your son's or Mr. John Ferguson's, to advertise in the English and native newspapers. I find that some of the old men up here know of these medals, and I have just been told of one being in the possession the father of a gaol officer at Matara who got it from his father, the original recipient. I have written to make enquiry.

I have directed a copy of Captain Henslowe's letter to be sent to you, and I have applied again, to Colonel Churchill for the old Order Book which he had lent me. I will keep you advised of any information reaching me. And I am obliged for assistance which you and your staff have rendered to me.—Yours sincerely,
E. NOEL WALKER.

An advertisement was accordingly inserted in the *Ceylon Observer* asking for information regarding the medal of 1818; and at the beginning of July we received the following letter:—

The General Hospital, Birmingham, 11th June 1890.

To the Editor, *Ceylon Observer*, Colombo.

Dear Sir,—With reference to the paragraph re "Ceylon Medals of 1818" in your *Overtland* issue of the 20th ultimo, it may, perhaps, interest you to know that I was commissioned, a few years ago, by the late Stewart Mackenzie of Seaforth (who had one of the finest private collections of war medals in Europe) to secure, at any price, one of the medals which were specially struck by the British Government in recognition of acts of heroic bravery performed by Lance Corporal MacLachlan and a small party of the 73rd Perthshire Regiment, with a few soldiers of the 1st and 2nd Ceylon Regiments in the retreat from Passara to Badulla in the face of a vastly superior force. The retreat was not only successfully accomplished in a very difficult country, but the Lance Corporal carried his wounded with him, and even the bodies of the killed to prevent their mutilation.

These acts formed the subject of a General Order in Colombo, and the Lance Corporal was at once promoted to be Sergeant, but, sad to say, all the intended recipients of the medals belonging to the 73rd had died of fever before the decorations arrived in Ceylon.

I was not successful in obtaining one of the medals, although I found that the Jailor of Badulla had seen one, a few years previously, which his father (if I remember aright) had won in the retreat.

The late Mr. James Swan, Assistant Colonial Secretary, afforded me every assistance and furnished me with a copy of the General Order recording the heroic deed, and which I showed to Col. Somerset Clarke and his officers when a guest at the Mess of the 73rd which was quartered, at the time, in Colombo. It seemed strange to me that the incident was unknown amongst the all "Mangalores."—I am, yours faithfully,
J. D. M. COGHILL.

On receipt of the above we wrote to Sir Edward Walker asking him if he had succeeded in getting a copy of the medal or any information regarding it; and also asking for a copy of Col. Henslowe's letter in order to publish the correspondence in the *Literary Register*. Sir Edward replied as follows:—

Kandy, 6th July 1890.

In compliance with your request I send you Captain Henslowe's letter, and a copy of the General Orders about the award of the medals for service in 1818. I have at last succeeded in getting one,—that granted to Native Captain Annan whose descen-

ants are at Putta'am and seem to prize the decoration much. I am having it copied for presentation to Captain Henslowe, and will send you either the original or the copy before I forward them to their respective destinations.

You are at liberty to make any use you may wish of the papers.—Yours faithfully,

E. NOEL WALKER.

The General Orders referred to are as follows:—

Head Quarters,

Kandy, 7th July 1818.

General Orders.

In concluding these orders, it is with feelings no less than gratifying, that the Commander of the Forces places on record a display of Heroism most Honorable to the Individual's who achieved it, in the Instance of Lance Corporal McLaughlin of the 73rd and a Detachment of Four Rank and File (Caffrees) of the 2nd Ceylon; when on their March on the 16th Ultimo, from Passera to Badulla.

This small party was beset about Mid-way by a Horde of Rebels in a thick Jungle, who fired on the Detachment from their Concealment, killing two soldiers of the Light Infantry of the 73rd (James Sutherland and Wm. Chandler) on the spot, and immediately shewing themselves in numbers around this little band of brave soldiers, whom they no doubt considered a certain Prey; but regardless of their menaces and faithful to their fallen Comrades, Ten of these gallant men encompassed the Dead Bodies of their Brother Soldiers, while Corporal McLaughlin with the remaining Five, fought their way to Badulla at two miles distance, through some hundred Kandians to report the situation of the detachment they left, surrounded by so immense and disproportionate a Force, in conflict with which they continued for two hours, when being relieved by a party detached by Major MacDonald under the command of Lieutenant Burns of the 83rd Regiment from Badulla they had the triumph of seeing the Insurgents before them, and of bringing in the Dead Bodies of their Comrades to be honorably interred.

The Commander of the Forces has not language sufficient to extoll this noble trait of generous feeling, to save from barbarous insult and mutilation the Bodies of their Dead Comrades, which he ventures to believe is without a parallel, and to mark his admiration of such an Act, the Lieutenant General is pleased to promote Lance Corporal McLaughlin to be a Supernumerary Sergeant in the 73rd to bear date on the 16th Ultimo, and to succeed to the first Effective Vacancy that occurs in the Regiment and with respect to the detachment that he commanded, the Commander of the Forces desires that Major MacDonald will report their names, that the Lieutenant General may consider, how it may be in his power adequately to distinguish them.

* * * * *

(Sig. ed.) T. B. GASCOYNE,
Dep. Asst. Adjt. General.

Head Quarters,

Colombo, 2nd June 1819.

General Orders.

In reference to those parts of the General Orders of the 1st of May and 7th of July 1818, which record the gallant and well executed enterprise of a Detachment of His Majesty's 1st Ceylon Regiment, under the Command of Native Lieutenant Annan, in the capture of the Rebel Mohattale Kohokoombera on the 18th of April and the heroic enterprise of a party under Lance Corporal MacLaughlin of the 73rd Regiment, in the generous defence of the dead Bodies of their fallen comrades on the march from Passera to Badulla on the 16th of June. The Commander of the Forces in fulfillment of his intention, as set forth in the Orders of the 1st of May, and 7th of July, that some adequate mark of distinction should be conferred on all those who were engaged in the above services, has been pleased to direct that appropriate Silver

Medals should be struck, corresponding in number with that of the individuals concerned, on whom they are exclusively to be bestowed, and to be worn suspended by a strong blue Ribband on the left breast, in the manner of the Waterloo Medals.

These Medals being now completed will be transmitted by the Deputy Adjutant General to the Officers Commanding the 73rd, 1st and 2nd Ceylon Regiments who will cause a correct distribution of them to be made to the officers and soldiers, belonging to the Battalions under their respective Commands, who bore a part in the occasions referred to, and whose names are as follows, and which are engraved on the Medal for each person.

It is a subject of high gratification to the Lieutenant General to have occasion to commemorate and reward actions so creditable to the gallant and generous spirit of the British Soldier and to the bravery and devoted fidelity of His Majesty's Native Troops of this Establishment, and he trusts that they on whom these testimonials of merit are now conferred will fully appreciate and deserve by their future good conduct the distinctions they have so honourably and so justly obtained and that they will remain with them and their posterity for years to come.

NAMES OF THE MEN TO WHOM MEDALS ARE TO BE DISTRIBUTED.

<i>73rd Regiment.</i>		Private Carrim
Lance Corpl. R. McLaughlin	"	Samedin
Private W. Conner	"	Mena Vejoja
" C. Sheppard	"	Sinnen
" J. Wilson	"	Noyeodongso
<i>1st Ceylon Regiment.</i>		Camerodeen
Native Capt. Annan	"	Killen Mandar
Sergt. O. Ismael	"	Scatt
Lt. Sergt. Samsodeen	"	Packeer Tamby
Capt. Abbossallily	"	Mertan
Lance Corpl. Jumat 2nd	"	Palaven
Private Pakeertan	"	Sanantam
" Jumat 1st	"	Sootra
" Soolo	"	Cader
" Mastan Java	"	Abodin
" Rady Ceylon	"	Chinta
" Deeto	"	Sartoo
" Havian	"	Sootia
" Aliman	"	Veera Sooteho
" Sooa Dewangsa	"	Amat Colombo
" Cooterie	"	Vira Joya
" Abdul Cader	"	Babona
" Doll Tallebon	"	<i>2nd Ceylon Regiment.</i>
		Private Thomas
		Ambar

The medal presented to Capt. Annam has on one side "Ceylon 1818" in a wreath of leaves, and on the other "Reward of Merit, N. Capt. Annam 1st Ceylon Light Infy." The episode which the medal commemorates is an interesting one, and we are glad that it has been thus rescued from the oblivion of the past.

CEYLON IN 1815-16.

(From the "Asiatic Journal," vol. I, Jan.-June 1816.)
(Continued from page 48.)

CEYLON.

Colombo, June 7.—We are sorry to perceive by a paragraph in the Madras Government Gazette on the 25th ultimo, copied from the Calcutta Gazette, that letters from Colombo have given circulation to statements, relative to the Candyan expedition which in several material particulars are extremely deficient in correctness.

The account of prize-property for instance is enhanced very far beyond any possible estimate of its value. No such estimate has yet been or can be made; but one million of rixdollars would probably be considered a very large one.

What the author of the intelligence may mean by the close confinement of the late king, is not very clear but if it implies the denial of reasonable op-

portunity to take air and exercise abroad whenever he may desire it, the account is exaggerated.

Equally incorrect is the statement of the cause of Major Davie's death, and upon the whole the letters from which the original paragraph is stated to have been taken, seem to have been by no means of that kind that deserved to be made the ground of a communication to the public.

In the Vice Admiralty Court, on Friday last, a case of considerable expectation and importance was decided. It was a claim made by the officers and crew of his Majesty's frigate *Salsette* for salvage on the *Cornwallis* of Calcutta, which had been dismasted in a severe gale of wind, and was brought into Trincomallee by the *Salsette*. The Court considering the exertions of the salvors deserve very liberal remuneration, awarded seven and a half per cent. upon the value of the ship, cargo, and freight; which are estimated at upwards of 90,000 sterling.

Statement of the rates at which bills on Madras, and specie sold at the public sale, held at the General Treasury, on the 3d instant:—

Bills on Madras commenced selling at 73½, closed selling 73 fanams per Pagoda. Gold Star Pagodas 75½ anams each.

—10.—In our late Gazette there was a mistake in the remark upon the Malabar play at the King's House.—We understand the hero of the piece to be Alexander the Great.—But the chief character was in fact the great Hindoo Rajah Arishantra, a most scrupulous lover of truth. His temptations to utter a falsehood are the subject of the play and the whole story is remarkably like the trials of Job.

On Thursday evening an entertainment was given at the King's House in the same Bungalow that was erected and decorated for the celebration of the King's birthday.—The same Malabar play was acted and several Malabar merchants and interpreters attended at the performance. There was afterward an exhibition of fireworks, a ball for the writers and their families, and a supper of one hundred and fifty covers. The governor and Mrs. Brownrigg remained with the company till a late hour.

—28.—The following are the prices at which bills on England and government debentures, and bills on Madras and Calcutta were disposed of, at the sale held at the General Treasury, on Saturday last the 24th instant:—

Bills on England, commenced selling at 13 rixdollars (the pound sterling), closed selling at 12¾.

Debentures commenced selling at 5 per cent. above par, closed selling at 578 per cent.

Bills on Madras commenced selling at 64 fanams the star-pagoda, closed selling at 74½ fanams.

Bills on Calcutta sold at 64 fanams the star pagoda.

Deaths.

At Colombo, the Lady of Lieut. Pooke, P. M. 73d regt.

At Trincomallee, Capt. James Fitzgerald, commanding the grenadier company of H. M. 9 regt.

At Matura, Lieut. Robertson, H. M. 19 regt.

At Colombo, Thomas Gerardus Holland Esq. merchant in the late Dutch E I company's services, principal of the commercial office and Member of the Dutch Council.

(To be continued)

THE "FOLK LORE OF INDIAN PLANTS."

(Concluded from page 40.)

There are two or three plants which are connected with the life history of the amorous god Krishna. They are the Tulsi (*Ocimum sanctum*), Kadamba (*Nandea cadamba*), and Parijataak (*Nyctanthes Arbor-Tristis*). The mythological character of Krishna is one of the most marvellously complex that has ever been created, or even attempted, by any classical or modern writer. It is the leading character of the great epic of

Mahābhārat. The mainsprings of his action are not simply dictated by a life of sensual pleasure, but, if I may speak as a student of poetry, some parts of the life of Krishna afford an illustration of undying personal attachment to his devotees and self sacrifice in the interest of those who trusted in him. The birth of the Tulsi plant has a story of its own. The plant wherever it grows or exists, assures us of the presence of Vishnu, and Krishna being one of the incarnations of Vishnu (8th), his presence is identically constant in the plant. There is a day in the month of Kartik, the 11th day in the first fortnight of the month when the Hindoos celebrate a wedding of the image of Krishna and the Tulsi plant. This plant is held in great veneration by the ladies particularly. It is worshipped every morning by those devout Hindoo ladies, who observe their ancient customs rigidly. After worshipping they go round the pot, in which the plant grows, a hundred times, or a thousand times, and in rare instances, on exceptional occasions, a hundred thousand times. Thus, indirectly, those who go through this apparently meaningless worship, get the opportunity of taking exercise of an early morning regularly, ending in a measure which is conducive to health. However that may be, whether the Tulsi plant is worshipped or not, it exists, or at any rate ought to exist, in the backyard or front of a Hindoo's house, or among his collection of plants if he has any. The story told about the birth of this plant is this:—At the time of the churning of the great ocean, when fourteen jewels came out of the ocean, the goddess "Lakshmi," the gem "Koustubh" and the plant "Parijata," fell to the lot of Vishnu, who, as I have already said, formed one of the trinity. The god was so overjoyed that tears came out of his eyes, trickled down his cheeks, and fell on the ground. From every drop of these tears sprang a plant of Tulsi. There is yet another account of the origin of this plant given very graphically by a writer in one of the recent numbers of the *Indian Antiquary*. I may summarize it briefly. The wife, a deity, named Jallantler, conceived a secret affection for Krishna. Silently loving him, she pined away—and eventually died without a reciprocation of her attachment from Krishna. After her death he realized the extent of her affection, and mourned sorely over the unrequited love of his admiring friend. But it was no use. Her body had been burnt. Her angelic form had disappeared, "earth unto earth" and "dust unto dust." Ashes alone had remained. What could Krishna do but weep? It was too late for anything else. He threw himself down on the hot ashes of the broken-hearted woman, and wept bitterly in the deep agonies of disappointment. From every drop of his tears, it is said, arose a Tulsi plant. This story appears to better account for the annual marriage of the god with the Tulsi plant, whereby he is united in spirit with the symbol of her that had loved him fervently, but fruitlessly, in life, and had, alas too late! gained in death the fruit of her secret affections. The story or the *Kadamba* tree is a very amusing one. Krishna found the Gopis—his female friends—bathing in the river Jumna one day. He appeared unseen on the spot and carried away their garments which he left hanging on the *Kadamba* tree. What consternation this must have caused among the temporary losers of the garments had better be imagined than described. It is a terrible joke to practise on any body. But Krishna was full of all sorts of pranks and practical jokes. The story of the *Parijata* plant is equally characteristic of the character of Krishna. I have already said that the *Parijata* plant was one of the fourteen gems obtained from the great churning of the ocean, and that Vishnu had become the happy possessor of this sweet scented tree. Here, again, let me bring Narad on the scene to help my story. He happened to have a flower from this tree which he had brought from the Paradise of Vishnu, and presented to Krishna. In his deep devotion to Rukmini, Krishna presented the flower to her in preference to any other wife of his. This shows the disadvantage of having more wives than one. The news seems to have reached the ears of Satyabhama, another dear

wife of his. Who do you think was the bearer of this tale to Satyabhama? Why? Narada, of course. His restless soul would not remain quiet with simply presenting a rare sort of a flower to a deity he was visiting. One mischief must supersede another. How else are mischievous persons to find an occupation for themselves? What is the result of this report to Satyabhama of the gift of a flower of *Nyctanthes* from Krishna to Rukmini? Satyabhama is electrified. Her Lord Krishna, she feels, has slighted her. She is mightily offended. She is disconsolate. Nothing will please her; nothing will pacify her. How dared Krishna to thus ill-use her? She can't explain. Has she been wanting in her duty, or has Krishna forgotten his former professions to her, or has Rukmini got the better of her lord? She must not remain silent now. Krishna must know from her how grievous her wrong has been. On his next visit to Satyabhama, Krishna finds the door of her chamber locked up from within. No answer from her to his knocks. The unsuspecting husband knows of no cause, for he has given none for such treatment. He is unsuspecting because he does not know that the chief mischief-maker on this occasion is the peripatetic Narad. To return to the story. The door of the chamber was at last opened to the repeated entreaties of the knocker outside. On entry there was a scene, and on explanation of the cause of anger, coupled with much persuasion on the part of Krishna, Satyabhama was at once promised not only a flower of the tree, but the whole tree itself. The tree (root, stem, and branches all) was bodily transferred from Satyaloka by a messenger specially sent there, to the garden of Satyabhama. But the story would not be complete if I did not tell you the sequel of it. Satyabhama full of pride, gathered therefrom a few flowers and sent them in a golden case as a present to Rukmini, her rival in love, through her ladies-in-waiting. It so happened that Krishna having originally presented the flower to Rukmini, the Winds of the air had known the first bent of his mind, and had accordingly daily wafted abundance of *Parijata* flowers from the garden of Satyabhama into the garden of her rival Rukmini, so that when Satyabhama's ladies-in-waiting arrived at Rukmini's house with the golden casket of a few stray flowers, they found their mistress's rival, much to their surprise, rolling on a bed of the flowers! Their discomfiture was great. This news was duly communicated by the ladies-in-waiting to Satyabhama. Thus her haughty spirit had a fall. She had to acknowledge, in her heart much against her wish, that she had only the second place in the heart of Krishna. There is supposed to be a time when once in the year during the Dewali holidays, on the 14th dark night of the month of Kartik, the plants in the jungles speak and give information to herbalists wandering in the jungles. I have never wandered in the jungles at night, and certainly I would not do so on the principal night of Dewali, for, like Christmas, Dewali comes but once a year, but if ever I do, I am doubtful if I should understand the language of plants. However there is yet a sphere of usefulness for anybody that wanders in the jungles in India by day, he may gather the herbs and simples, and he may assist in the work of renovating the Bombay flora. There is infinite variety in nature. "Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale" her; we may be able to examine old plants with new eyes, and we may be able to identify and classify the vast flora that yet lies insufficiently explored before us in this gorgeously green country and superbly rich soil.—*Times of India*.

BALOLO FISHING IN FIJI.

A biennial occurrence in Fiji, is, says a writer in a sporting paper, the appearance of the balolo, a peculiar marine insect which infests the coral reefs, and only makes its ascent during the seasons of Balolo lai lai, or little Balolo, in October, and Balolo levu, or great Balolo, in November of each

year, the arrival in October being but a preliminary, or kind of advance guard, to that in November, when immense masses of the worm cover the surface of the water. The appearance of the "fish" (ika) as it is termed by the Fijians, is rather repulsive, being of a greenish hue, and in form much like a slender and much attenuated centipede; in fact, it might be termed a millipede, for it is from 1ft. to 18in. in length, though not thicker than whipcord, and each little joint is furnished with a pair of feet. It is, however, esteemed a great delicacy by the Fijians, and by many Europeans: and the time of its advent, which is calculated by the natives with as much care and precision as the appearance of a comet by the astronomer, is looked forward to as a period of feasting, and it is relished as much as is white-bait by a London alderman. As the duration of the visits of this interesting stranger is brief on each occasion, lasting only from early dawn until sunrise at high water on one day at each appearance, the fishers have to be astir early in order to reach the reefs in time for their harvest. Having been informed while in Levuka last November that the merrow would be Balolo levu, and invited to accompany a party which was proceeding to the reefs in order to take part in the fishery, I readily complied. I was strictly enjoined to be down at the beach and ready to embark by 3 A.M., in order to reach the reefs in time. I did not fail to put in an appearance, when I found my companions already assembled, a merry party, and well provided with creature comforts, to which I had not neglected adding my quota. Fortunately, no hardship is experienced by early rising at any time of the year in the tropics, and therefore no grumbling was heard from either the men or maidens comprising our party of piscators. We were soon under way for the reefs, which we reached shortly after four o'clock, just as grey dawn was making its appearance. Quite a flotilla of boats and canoes had assembled, and as soon as it was light enough to distinguish objects the surface of the sea was found to be literally alive with balolo, which in countless millions were wriggling about in all directions, apparently without aim or object. No time was lost in getting amongst the "fish." It was high tide, and the boats and canoes were at once anchored on top of the reef, which was covered by about three feet of water, and their crews, both male and female, took leave of their vessels and began to wade across the reef. Each fisher, or pair of fishers in some instances, was provided with a finely meshed net (very often made from mosquito netting) fastened to two sticks, and used as a landing net. This was deftly inserted beneath the floating masses and lifted, the slippery prey, fortunately, making no effort to escape. When clear of the water, the fish were deposited into a receptacle carried by the fisher or assistant, and very varied were the utensils used for this purpose—Fijian-made *geti getis*, or baskets of coconut leaves, and *koros*, or earthen pots, with oval pots, and iron buckets and tubs of British manufacture, &c. The scene presented was a striking and busy one. Hosts of natives of both sexes, and of all ages, were all eagerly pursuing the congenial sport. Bright boys and merry maidens, clad only in the scantiest of *sulus*, or waist cloths, their brown skins glistening with the spray, were scampering through the water, splashing each other, chattering and laughing over their labours, and occasionally taken a mouthful of *balolo au naturel*. The take was a good one, and when the rising sun began to cast a ruddy glow over the ocean, therewith *balolo* commenced to make their exit; the various craft contained an abundant freight of the fish, with which the captors hastened to the shore, either to cook their catch for breakfast or hawk round for sale. The *balolo* is of a very glutinous consistence, and a vessel full of it much resembles a similar amount of soaked isinglass, only of a sea-green colour. Its flavour is that peculiar one possessed by all bivalves; but it most nearly resembles that of the oyster. The natives cook it simply in leaves, but European epicures make it into patties of a truly delicious flavour.—*Pioneer*.

OUR REVIEWER.

AN ELEMENTARY CLASS BOOK OF GENERAL GEOGRAPHY.—By Robert Mill, B.Sc., F.R.S.E., London; Macmillan & Co., 1889.—This is an attractive book for beginners, being illustrated with beautiful woodcuts; and the arrangement is good. But, if we are to judge by the part on Ceylon, it is not very trustworthy. Our island has a page devoted to it, as follows:—

Ceylon *i.e.* the *isle of lions*, although no lions are found there, was formerly called *Taprobane*, from a Hindu word meaning copper-coloured, in allusion to the red soil of the island. In early times Ceylon was very densely peopled; but the old Singhalese, of Dravidian origin, were nearly exterminated in the wars of the Middle Ages. In the beginning of the sixteenth century Portuguese settlers formed trading stations on the island, but the Dutch captured it 100 years later, and lost it to the British in the end of the eighteenth century. It is now a Crown colony, ruled by a governor appointed by the Colonial Secretary of the British Government.

This pear-shaped island rises in a very gradual slope from the north and more steeply from the other side to Adam's Peak, the grand central mountain. The shallow water of the Gulf of Manaar, in the north, swarms with shellfish, including the valuable pearl-oyster. Precious stones of many kinds are abundant in the rocks and river-gravel, and there are valuable deposits of graphite, the "black lead" of which pencils are made. All round the shore graceful cocoa-nut palms lean towards the sea with their burden of fruit, and the forests clothing most of the island are fragrant with nutmeg, cinnamon, and other spices, and waving with the tall slender shafts of bamboos.

Planting is the chief industry of the island, and coffee on the high ground was formerly the great source of wealth, but a disease has recently spoiled the crop; and tea is now being largely grown instead. The cinchona tree, from which quinine is extracted, has also been introduced.

Towns.—The island is full of vast ruined cities which were once strongly fortified and adorned with splendid temples. Colombo (100), the capital on the west coast, is the chief modern town, and is a calling station for Australian mail-steamers. Galle, at the south of the island, was previously the mail station. A railway from the capital leads inland, climbing up the slope through palm groves and tea plantations to Kandy, which boasts of one of the finest Botanic Gardens in the world at Peradenia. Trincomali, with a fine harbour, on north-east coast, is a station of the British fleet.

Now 'Ceylon' does not mean 'the isle of lions' but 'the country of the lion-like-people.' There is no 'Hindu' language. 'Tambapanni' is said in the Mahāvaṃsa to mean 'copper-palmed.' The Singhalese were not of Dravidian but Aryan origin. Ceylon was taken by the Dutch 150 (not 100) years after the Portuguese first came here. Adam's Peak is scarcely 'the grand central mountain.' The 'spicy breezes' of Ceylon are a fiction. 'Spoilt the crop' is a somewhat curious phrase to use in describing the effects of leaf-disease. The population of Colombo is more likely 120,000. The Australian steamers are not the only ones that call at Colombo. The railway goes a good deal further than Kandy; and the tea plantations mostly lie in that region beyond. It is hard that in books of this kind justice is so rarely done to our island.

GUIDE TO COLOMBO, With a Map. To which is added a Compendium of Useful Information for the Traveller and Resident. By G. J. A. Skeen. Second Edition. R1.50; postage 5c.

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