

Ceylon Literary Register.

Supplement
to Daily
"Observer."

VOL. V.—TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1890.—No. 9.

Price 12½ cents.
R4 per annum.

THE PANFARE.

BY GEO. MONVILLE FENN,

Author of "Black Blood," "Hard to Win," "The Master of the Ceremonies," &c.
(From the "Adelaide Observer.")
(Concluded from page 9.)

III.

All people make love in the same fashion.
Reason: Broadly speaking, there is only one way.
Polly had just finished the plate, and was washing her hands, when, like a guilty thing, in stole Dinah.

"Polly, you know that letter you brought me last night?"

Polly perfectly remembered it, for there was the half-crown stamp in her pocket.

Then Polly, to use her own expression, had her breath taken completely away, for Miss Dinah's "young man" had made the same proposal exactly; and Polly had to declare it was absolutely impossible, and ended by accepting a scarf for which her soul had long thirsted, and Dinah kissed her, called her a dear good soul, and went away palpitating with wicked joy.

"The idea of them both wanting to come together!" said Polly. "Who's that!"

There was a sharp ring at the gate bell, and she hastily arranged her cap, and ran down to admit a short, stout gentleman who had alighted from a hansom cab, whose driver actually looked satisfied with his fare.

"Ah, Polly! All well? Brother in? How are the young ladies? No; no luggage, Porters going to bring it on."

The next minute it was, "Ah, Joe, old chap!" "Dear papa!" and "Oh, uncle, how surprised we are

"Yes; so am I. Business in town called me back. Here, Ida, something from Geneva."

"Oh, thank you, uncle. Look Dinah, what a love of a watch and chain."

"One for you like it, Dinah, my dear."

"Oh, you good darling old papa!"

"Humph! What have I done?"

"Nothing; your present's coming with my traps."

"Not a Stilton cheese, Joe?"

"No, nor yet a Gruyère. A clock."

"Clock be?"

"Wound up," said Uncle Joe.

"Well, wound up if you like," grumbled portly John Berry. "What do I want with a clock? I've got a dozen."

"But this is a mechanical clock, Jack, old man. Geneva clock. Don't you remember taking a fancy to one in the Swiss Exhibition?"

"What a cuckoo clock?"

"Cuckoo be hanged! I chose it on purpose to stand on that table."

"Thankye, Joe. Very kind of you, old fellow."

"Nonsense! All right. It's coming in a deal

case, 'with care.' The maker said it was to be unpacked as soon as possible, and set level in its place in a warm room, because the damp and crossing the channel upsets the works."

"No wonder," said John Berry with a chuckle, "always upsets mine. I say, Ida, do you remember how bad you"——

"Papa! For shame!"

"Yes, I was ashamed of you. But there; you two girls be off now. I want to have a chat with Uncle Joe before he goes."

"It's about us," whispered Dinah.

"Yes, I could read it in Pa's face."

"Oh," said Dinah to her self, "I wish I dare confide in Ida about our meeting."

"If I only dared to tell Dinah," sighed Ida.

"Well?" said Uncle Joe, seizing his brother by the buttonhole; "now about the girls? Snaps been chapping'em?"

"Yes, till they both smart again."

"Well?"

"Did what we settled on. I bullied the beggars well. Told 'em it was quite out of the question. Girls not for sale."

"And how does it work?"

"Splendidly. They're mad after 'em. Always hanging about the place and trying to bribe Polly, our maid, to carry letters."

"But she won't of course?"

"Certainly not. I promised her half a crown for every letter she would refuse to bring to 'em."

"Well?"

"And I've paid her four pounds. That's two you owe me, so fund up."

"All right. By-and-by. But that's the way. Jack. None of your confounded fashionable flirtations, eh?"

"Not a bit of it. If they want to marry the girls they shall have 'em."

"To be sure, but no going on fooling for a twelvemonth and breaking it off, eh? Well, I must go now and get my business done. You'll give me a perch for a night or two?"

"Don't talk stuff."

"All right; but don't sit up. I may be late. Good-by for the present girls!"

Uncle Joe shouted through the doorway leading into the boudoir, and the girls came running out with their watches and chains well displayed, hung themselves for a moment about the old man's neck, and then all walked down with him to the gate just as the stout porter from the station came up with the truck.

"Ah, there's the clock," cried Uncle Joe. "Carry that in carefully, my lad. Jack, old fellow, mind how you unpack it and be sure and wind it up directly."

"I won't forget."

"On that side table, mind. Back as soon as I can."

Five minutes later the stout porter was indulging in a disgusting salivary act upon a two-shilling piece before transferring it to his pocket, while Polly was spreading a crumb cloth on the drawing-

room floor so as to catch chips and packing. Then the case was deposited in the middle of the cloth, and papa operated with a hammer and a screw-driver, battling with long thin wire nails, and finally opening the lid and front, and withdrawing a carefully papered up clock.

"Wonder whether that box is made of St. John's Wood," said papa with a chuckle.

"Why, uncle?" said Dinah.

"Because it contains a Swiss Cottage," laughed papa, as he triumphantly stood on the side table what seemed to be an elaborately carved model of a chalet, about three feet high, upon whose front door was hung a winch-like key, attached to which was a piece of printed paper.

"What's this? Bah! French. Here, girls. Never mind. Here is an English translation. What does it say? "This clock she greatly improves movements with ressorts. No ugly ponder weight. Tournier la hand key twenty-four times au droit." What does that mean?"

"Turn it twenty-four times round to the right, papa."

"Humph! Well, it's a very handsome present, and I'll wind it up."

"Mr. Thompson waiting, sir," said Polly, entering. "He said you promised to go to the Board meeting."

"Bless my heart! So I did. Coming directly. Don't touch the clock, girls. Take care they don't." He muttered to himself as he put the key in his coat pocket and started for the meeting.

IV.

Papa was late that night—it was nearly 10 when he came home, for a brother member of the Board had persuaded him to stay to dinner.

The girls, who both looked pale and agitated, took their candles and went to their bedrooms shivering; while, after a look round, finishing with a peep into the boudoir on one side of the drawing-room, and into the library on the other, John Berry, Esquire, also went up to bed.

Ten minutes later there was a ring at the gate, and Polly admitted Uncle Joe.

"All gone to bed, Polly?"

"Yes, sir."

"Nothing like good hours, Polly."

"No, sir. Like your hot water at 8 o'clock?"

"Yes, Polly. Good-night."

Uncle Joe went softly up to bed, and Polly stood in the drawing-room holding her candle before the clock, and thinking what a nice ornament it would make for a pretty four roomed house.

"And him as jealous as jelly," sighed Polly, "Wonder whether they'll come."

Polly put out her candle and settled herself in an easy chair, but had hardly composed herself to sleep before the door opened softly, and a voice whispered, "Polly, are you there?"

"Yes, miss; I'm here."

"Have you heard him come, Polly?"

"Not yet, miss. He'll tap on the window. There, you go and sit in the boudoir, and as soon as he comes I'll bring him to you."

"Hadn't I better stop with you, Polly?"

"La! no, miss. It wouldn't be proper."

"But when you bring him, Polly, you'll stay with us? You see it will be dark."

"Why, of course, my dear. There. You leave it all to me."

"But Polly, I'm so frightened. Suppose"—

"Bo! her! Quick! I think I can hear him."

"But you won't leave us alone, Polly?"

"Why, of course not, my dear. Now, no nonsense. You can't run back now. In there, quick; and don't you stir."

"But don't shut the door."

"Nonsense, miss! How can you be so bold? It's too shameless; wanting the door left open."

Polly half pushed the trembling girl into the boudoir, and hardly closed the door when there was another whisper.

"Here's t'other," muttered Polly.

"Is it safe to come, Polly?"

"Yes, miss."

"I've only come down, Polly, to say that I don't mean to stay."

"What, when you've said you'd meet him? Why you can't be so mean; miss?"

"But I've been thinking, Polly, that it is too shocking, and that he'll think so low of me. Besides, there's papa and uncle; and if we were to be found out what should I do?"

"It's too late to talk like that, my dear."

"No, no, Polly. Tell him I dare not meet him and that I'll write."

Tap!

A sharp sound as of a nail on the window pane.

"There, I told you it was too late, miss," whispered Polly; and, catching the girl's wrist, she led her through the intense darkness to the door of the library. "You go in there and wait, miss, till he comes."

"No, no, Polly; you must stop with me. I darn't meet him alone."

"All right, miss, but I must let him in first."

"Oh!"

"There, don't be such a coward. It's only a young man."

"Yes, that's what frightens me so. Oh, Polly, you will stop near me?"

"Of course, my dear. 'Taint likely I should go."

She administered a gentle push and closed the library door before going to the French window, drawing back the unbarred shutters, and raising the catch when Phil Pallas stepped in.

"You're a good girl, Polly. I'm a little late, for I thought I saw someone about, and there was a policeman across the road. Where is she?"

"In there, sir—the bodwor," whispered Polly. "Give me your hand. You mustn't stop long."

"No. Keep watch."

"Of course, sir," whispered Polly, as she opened the boudoir door and Phil glided in.

Polly had just time to hear a sigh, and ejaculation, and a singular chirruping noise before she closed the door, and then before she was half way to the window a dimly seen male figure stood in the opening.

"Polly, are you here?"

"Yes, sir. It's all right. Give me your hand."

"It's so confoundedly dark. I'm late, but I saw a policeman hanging about, and some fellow seemed to be near the gate."

"Lots of people passes, sir," whispered Polly. "She's in there—the libery."

"Bless you, Polly!" whispered Mark Denny. "There's a sovereign."

"Thankye, sir; but you musn't stay long."

"No, no. Keep watch."

Mark glided into the library, and Polly closed the door after hearing another sigh, and something very suggestive of a timid expostulation, followed by a kiss.

"Bless 'em!" muttered Polly. "Now, if some people was sensible—Hah!"

Polly did not see "some people," as she softly drew the window to, and followed up with the shutters.

"Now, I shall give 'em just half an hour. Hope I haven't mixed 'em, for I didn't know t'other from which. Anyhow, I didn't put two girls together and two men. Now I musn't go to sleep," she

muttered, as she was in the act of sitting down in a lounge, when a gleam of light caught her eye.

"Master!" she ejaculated; and she darted out of the room by the opposite door just as John Berry, Esquire, in his dressing gown entered, candlestick in one hand, clock key in the other.

"Joe would never forgive me if he found I'd forgotten to wind up the clock," he muttered as he inserted the key; and, counting deliberately, he went on turning to the right, twelve—up to eighteen, twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four; and then he started and looked to his right, for there was a faint squeal from the boudoir, and before he could master his surprise there was another faint squeal, but this time from his left—the library.

Almost simultaneously, but still with a perceptible interval, the doors right and left were thrown open; and, as he stared wildly, a man rushed out exclaiming in a hoarse whisper:—

"Polly, you fool! that's the wrong lady."

Then from the left the self-same words.

"Polly, you fool! that's the wrong lady."

"Help! Police!" shouted John Berry, as the two gentlemen made a simultaneous rush for the window, which was thrown wide open.

"Right, sir! Here y'are!" shouted a voice, as a bull's eye flashed into the room, and the additional light displayed P. C. Burnett with his truncheon drawn, while, to give finish to the tableau, there was a sharp click, a pair of little doors flew open at the top of the new clock, a couple of toy soldiers stepped out and blew *in duo* a tremendous fanfare:

Tantara—tantara—tantara—tantara.

"Stop! Be quiet!" roared the irate owner of the house; but the trumpeters blew on till Uncle Joe came down, half dressed, followed by cook and housemaid.

But why go into details?

Confessions—tears—kneeling figures—irate father and uncle—and P. C. Burnett, after carefully closing the shutters, fetching in trembling Polly from the kitchen region.

"Don't pinch my arm," she whispered, "or I'll slap your face. Now are you satisfied that it wasn't to see me?"

"Mostlings!" said P. C. Burnett, who was from Lincolnshire; and they two stood aside as an angry discussion ensued.

"Very sorry, sir, but we love them," pleaded the gentlemen, "and it was the only way we could get to see them."

"Disgrace!"

"Horrible!" ejaculated the injured parents. But soft arms, tears, kisses, pleadings, and the like brought all to a conclusion; and finally the gentlemen departed with permission to call in a proper way.

All soon as the house was quiet the two fathers partook of a brandy and soda apiece, and then shook hands.

"There will not be any flirtings and breakings off now, Joe."

"Not a bit of it, Jack. It's brought it to a head; but I didn't mean that."

It had brought it to a head, for the two worst flirts in the neighbourhood had ended their career, the weddings being three months later. "No cards."

"To leave, Polly! What for? Not comfortable?"

"Oh, yes, sir; but I'm going to be married, too."

• THE END. •

A RAMBLER'S NOTES ON OXFORD DURING "EIGHTS" WEEK.

It had been a long cherished dream of mine to visit Oxford, and as the train drew near enough to catch the first glimpse of the spires and towers of its ancient colleges, it was a keen delight to feel that this dream was at last about to be realized.

The platform was crowded with radiant parents and boys, of all sizes in cricketering flannels, but our destination was Cowley, a very ugly place, the houses all built of red brick. As it was still early in the afternoon, and time was precious with so much to see, we started off, after a short rest, to drive to Iffley Mills, most picturesquely situated above a weir, over which the Cherwell foams, deep shadows cast on its sunny waters by the overhanging trees on its banks. Here we saw numerous boats, and young collegians (these were not unaccompanied, consequently much flirtation). We drove on to Iffley Church, a beautiful old building, 700 years old, and as we passed from the bright sunshine without into the cool quiet interior, we seemed for the moment to leave behind us all the bustle and noise of modern life for the monastic seclusion of the Middle Ages.

We then drove into Oxford to evensong at Magdalen. Very charming is the contrast between the ancient buildings and the spring brightness visible everywhere, in the choice flowers which adorned the windows of the men's rooms, in the lovely garden with its velvety lawn and the park beyond with its noble elm trees. Addison's Walk is especially beautiful, winding as it does by the side of the Cherwell, under large trees meeting overhead, the sunlight trickling through the leaves unto the path. Here and there the beautiful tower of Magdalen, with its buttresses, pinnacles, and parapets, peeped through the trees.

As the hour for evensong approached, we went into the inner chapel, for which we had tickets. It is only when the eye becomes accustomed to the 'dim religious light' that one realizes all the beauty of the building. The beautiful stained glass windows, the colouring of which is at once vivid and harmonious, the exquisite reredos, the richly-carved oak stalls, all combine to form a scene as impressive as it is lovely. The singing was unaccompanied and very fine.

Outside the chapel we saw a small pulpit where John Knox preached when in Oxford.

This finished Friday's sightseeing. On Saturday we started early, and went into University first, a crumbling old building with two quadrangles, and as it was early, we saw the scouts and laundresses busy at work. Then we went to Christ Church, the stateliest of all the colleges, with a quadrangle and fountains in the middle. We visited the kitchens, which are exactly now as they were in the time of Wolsey. In the first hall is a kitchen-range, the grate of which is twelve feet across, and in front of it were rows of iron turning slowly by steam, covered with chickens, (three hundred of these can be cooked at once). There is also a place where four hundred eggs can be boiled at once. Then we went down some steps to the cool larder (for salads, etc.) and to the pastry kitchens, and we could not but remark, from the quantity of good things preparing, what wonderful brain work must be done to need so much physical support.

We then visited the cathedral, in which are some fine windows, though I think it is hardly equal to Magdalen. On ascending the grand staircase to the Hall, we were told to notice the entrance, which is considered one of the most exquisite pieces of

architectur in the world:—the roof is supported by a slender fluted pillar, spreading out into palm-leaf tracery. Here it was that Charles summoned his parliament during the Civil War.

After visiting Brazenose and All Souls', we found that it was time to go on to the University barge to watch the races. The excitement of the scene, great enough in itself, was heightened by the wild enthusiasm of the men, who tore along by the boats screaming and yelling, and, as if additional noise were necessary, banging rattles. It was a gay and charming scene—the flags flying, the sunshine turning the river into gold, and behind the rich green of the trees and the domes and spires rising in the distance. Some of the people we met gave us much interesting information about Oxford: one very musical young undergraduate was studying under Mr. Farmer, whose splendid system of teaching music is now beginning to earn its well-merited fame.

On the Sunday we thoroughly enjoyed the beautiful services, particularly that at 5 o'clock in the Cathedral. The body of the church is taken up by the Christ Church men, all of whom wore surplices and looked like a huge army of clergymen.

Monday ended our rambles, but we spent a delightful time before leaving. We went through the new schools, and saw the hall, with the legend of the hare and tortoise inlaid in mosaic; then through the 'Torture Rooms' where we had great fun reading the scribbles and rhymes on the various desks. If these are samples of the skill and genius of competitors, no wonder so many are laughed! We were also shown the little cross set into the ground where the martyrs were burned. Indeed so much was crammed into the few days we could spare for Oxford, that it seemed a mere glimpse at a place which so well repays lengthy and repeated visits.

C. K., Wantage.

ON THE CODIFICATION AND IMPROVEMENT OF LAW IN INDIA.

By H. H. REMFRY, SOLICITOR, CALCUTTA.

I

It is very generally admitted that the India of today is "a fine country with a grand future before it," and her rapid material development is beginning to be more fully recognized abroad. Hence we find Manchester spinners sending out a deputation to enquire into her cotton industries; Commissioners coming from Japan to study the workings of her chambers of commerce; and the German Chancellor himself sending out an official of the Berlin Foreign Office to study the administrative and economic life of India, our commercial laws, our systems of land tenure, railway policy and administration, external trade and so forth. Bearing this in mind and remembering that India is advancing all along the line, I think it may interest the readers of the *Register* if they have placed before them a sketch of India's improved laws.

In order that the growth of Anglo-Indian law may be perceived let us glance for a moment at the origin of legislation here.

British law was first introduced into India by the 13th Geo., 1st by which the Mayor's Court at Calcutta was established.* Prior to this Englishmen had brought with them only so much of the English law as was applicable to their situation and to the condition of the young settlement.†

* Advocate General *vs* Rancee Surnomoye, 9 Moore's I. A.

† Est. General Martin & More.

(2) The above-mentioned charter was a beneficent one. It neither expressly nor by implication extended to India the alien laws, the Mortmain Act or any Law of Forfeiture not then prevalent here. On the contrary it was specially designed to attract "foreigners" or strangers to this new colony by providing for a strict and equal distribution of justice. In our struggle for supremacy it had its desired effect. Clive having cleared the way, Englishmen gradually began by the aid of Doctoring and diplomacy, to occupy this vast continent. As matters settled down and the standard of civilization was raised, legislation became desirable, and Regulations of the Bengal Code were accordingly passed dealing with the pressing needs of those times. In due course, and in 1834, the Regulations began to be replaced yearly by numerous Acts of the Supreme Legislative Council affecting different districts or tracts of country in various ways. These enactments were amended and partially repealed as occasion required, and we thus acquired a rather variorum assortment of laws.

To come to the present times, since Her Majesty took over the reins of Government from the Hon'ble East India Company the attention of our legislators has been chiefly directed to the crystallizing of uniform laws having force throughout the whole Indian Empire. The work of Codification (suggested it is said by Lord Macaulay) commenced with the Penal Code contemplated many years before, but only introduced by Sir Barnes Peacock in 1860. *But with what result?* Scarcely a vestige remains of Acts of the Supreme Council previous to 1871. Instead of being obliged to have recourse to countless perplexing and confusing, not to say contradictory, decisions requiring long study, we now have succinct Codes adapted to the peculiar requirements of, and easily understood by the educated lay community. Amongst these may be mentioned the following enactments:—

Indian Penal Code	Limitation Act†
" Succession Act	Negotiable Instruments Act
" Evidence Act*	Joint Stock Co.'s Acts‡
" Contract Act*	Transfer of Property Act‡
Specific Relief Act†	Criminal Procedure Code‡
Registration Act	Landlord and Tenant Act

Besides putting a stop to *suttee* and slavery causing a decided check to infanticide and thuggee; and legalizing the marriage of Hindu widows, many anomalies deplored in other countries have been swept away or beneficially modified. Let me instance a few which to British and American lawyers may seem somewhat strange.

Subject to the obligation to register transfers of land valued at and over R100 no distinction exists between the mode of transfer *inter vivos* of realty, personalty. Deeds of Gift of realty and mortgages for R100 and upwards must now be attested by two witnesses. All estates both movable and immovable (European and native) devolve in the same channel and vest in one description of representative namely the executor or administrator. Lord Halsbury's Land Transfer Bill lately before a powerful select Parliamentary Committee is aimed at assimilating the law at home in this respect and thus getting rid of the useless distinction hitherto observed in England between the transfer or devolution of realty and of personalty. Executors, as persons supposed to have been selected by the testator himself, have full and uncontrolled power to dispose of not only the personal but also the real estates in India of their

* Passed in 1872.

† Passed in 1877.

‡ Passed in 1882.

testators. So have the administrators of Europeans. The administrators of natives' estates are after 1st May next (1889) to be in no way hampered as regards disposal of movables such as Government securities and shares or outstandings, but it has not been deemed desirable to invest them with disposing power over immovable property save with the leave of the Court.

Here in India no derivative executorship is recognized in connection with wills or codicils executed or grants obtained, since the beginning of 1866.

Nor is this all: in India sealed deeds do not import consideration; simple contracts and documents under seal (known as specialities) stand on the same footing and are equally effective. No longer limitation is vouchsafed to the one than to the other.

By the Indian Contract Act the application in India of the historical statute of Frauds is abolished. Furthermore as regards *Bailments* degrees of care are not defined or recognized, the one rule of ordinary prudence being applied.

Further the English doctrine to the effect that acceptance of a security for a lesser sum cannot be pleaded in satisfaction of a similar security for a larger sum has been abrogated. Consequently a resident of this country may "pay part in lieu of all" without being harassed by the thought that he may afterwards be sued for the remainder. Those familiar with the doctrine laid down in the leading English case of *Cumber vs. Ware* will appreciate this alteration.

Bengal is said to resemble continental countries "in the absence of any laws of Primogeniture and entail, in the clear and indefeasible titles to land and in the extreme cheapness and facility of its mortgage and sale."* An exception may however be mentioned namely that in the families of some of the ruling chiefs primogeniture, *docs* prevail and in some parts of Southern India females succeed in preference to males.

Many of your readers have doubtless heard that India change of religion now-a-days works no forfeiture of rights, but they may not be aware that according to Act XXI of 1860 the latter advantage applies to Hindu converts to Christianity but not to the Muhammadan faith.

To turn now to the effect of marriage on the property of husband and wife. The Indian Succession Act provides that "no person is by marriage to acquire any interest in the property of the person whom he or she marries or become incapable of doing any act in respect to his or her own property which he or she could have done if unmarried."† This drastic law, which came into force on 1st January 1866, naturally made important changes in the common law, rights, liabilities and disabilities arising out of the relation of husband and wife in the cases of persons to whom English law had theretofore been applied. As regards property it abolished, by implication the doctrine of unity of persons between husband and wife.

Another apparent variance from English law is that anything a child may have received from an intestate in his lifetime by way of advancement is not deducted from its share or brought into *hotchpot*.

Our Succession Act also wisely excludes the home rules which enable an executor to pay any creditor, even himself, preferentially to another, by enacting that after the liquidation of funeral and administration charges, and three months' wages due to domestic servants, labourers, or artisans, all debts, however, secured, shall be paid rateably.

By another Act no executor or administrator, save an Administrator-General, is justified in charging any commission for administering any East-India Estate.

Even where a legacy bequeathed to a person named as an executor, he cannot obtain it unless he proves the will or otherwise manifests an intention to act as executor.

In illustration of the desire evinced to encourage the circulation of coin in this hoarding country I may remark that accumulation of income for one year after a testator's death alone are recognized by our laws.

It is noteworthy that the old rule under which a person changed his domicile by coming to India, unless he was in the service of Government, is abolished, and special modes are laid down for acquiring an Indian domicile, but in future all Indian assets are to be distributed, so far as payment of debts is concerned, according to the law of India.*

By a clause in the before cited Succession Act no one having a nephew or niece or nearer relative has power to bequeath any property to religious or charitable uses unless the will has not only been executed a year before the testator's death, but within six months from its execution deposited in an office indicated for that purpose. The object of this is to provide against death-bed bequests to charitable uses by persons having near relations.

(To be concluded.)

A TEA PLANTER'S ROMANCE.

In "The Dead Man's Gift: A Tea Planter's Romance," just published by Messrs. W. H. Allen & Co., Mr. Herbert Compton has written a capital Anglo-Indian novel, dealing with a phase of English life out here that has scarcely been attempted before. The plot is ingenious and exciting, the scenery is admirably described, and the characters are wonderfully lifelike. With the plot we need scarcely concern ourselves here; it will be enough to know that a very pretty love story and an atrocious scheme of commercial villany are gradually revealed in a novel and picturesque frame-work of Himalayan scenery. The interest of the book from our point of view lies rather in its characters, vivid enough to be transcripts of actual individuals, and in its faithful, unvarnished descriptions of tea-planting life. Dennis Durnd, the central Tea Planter of Mr. Compton's romance, is a frank, straight-forward young University man, who after having had a good time at home invested what he had left, some four thousand pounds, in a tea garden at Dulgoorie (for which perhaps *Darjeeling* may be read), and then proceeded to learn the business. A kindly neighbour, old Pekoe Puckle, fortunately took him in hand. When Puckle first came to Dulgoorie, the process of tea-manufacture was a Mystery tempered with Ignorance. The manufacture of the leaf was in the hands of a few Chinese charlatans, who had been imported from the Flowery Land, and distributed over the new tea districts to disseminate a knowledge of their reputed craft. They concealed their ignorance under a cloak of pride and impenetrability, and did all their work in carefully secluded corners. Puckle put them down as gigantic humbugs, and evolved a process of his own that gave his teas a very profitable price. Unlike most of the old-fashioned tea-planters, he was always ready to give everyone the benefit of his experience:—"The sooner we can all make good stuff," he would argue, "the sooner we shall sweep the rubbish from China out of the market. It's bound to go if we pull together." Strolling for five minutes through a friend's factory, he would point out all the errors and mistakes he noticed, and rectify them at once. The smell, the colour, the look, the touch, the feel of the leaves in the process of manu-

* Annals of Rural Bengal by Sir W. W. Hunter.

† S. 4 Act. X of 1865.

* See Probate and Administration Act, 1889.

facture told him everything at a glance:—"In short, he was a Tea Expert." Things, we are told, have altered since those remote times when the sixties were young:—"Everything is done by machinery in a tea factory nowadays, and Puckle's tea-house operations slowly and laboriously, and it is to be feared dirtily, performed by hand by a large staff of specially drilled coolies, can now be conducted by half a dozen intelligent men in charge of a variety of withering, rolling, drying, and sifting machines and with a facility and precision and cleanliness which would crumple up some of the old dead-and-gone pioneers of the industry, if they could rise from their graves to resume temporary management of their factories." "Don't imagine, Durand," Puckle would often say, "that any fool is fit for a tea-planter; that is an exploded idea now amongst men of business, who know what tea-planting really is. You want more wits and versatility in our profession than in most. You must not only be Jack of many trades, but master of them. The programme for a successful season is a big order for any one to buckle down to." We are pining wifely from Mr. Compton's volume, as the best way of showing its excellence, and, indeed, it would be easy to fill a column or two with the apt things he says of that famous expert Pekoe Puckle.

Puckle, we are told, was a capital tea-taster, with a fine vocabulary of technical expressive and adjectives. Thus the samples on which he pronounced came to be described as "handsome, curly, glazed, bright, black, wiry, glossy, even, regular, tippy, and curious in appearance; whilst their drinking qualities were reported on as strong, flavoury, full, rich, ripe, brisk, fruity, thick, fine, creamy, pungent, molty, sweet, good, high-fired, brisk, burnt, rasping, desirable, clean, and superfine. But others would occasionally disgrace themselves and sink into the turpitude of being dull, broken, dusty, flat, choppy, chaffy, uneven, crapey, mixed, round, shotty, stalky, grey, red, brown, greenish, dull, black, and tipless in leaf; whilst in liquor they were branded as soft, weak, burnt, scorched, coarse, thin, extra thin, undesirable, wanting flavour, wanting quality, wanting briskness, bakey, teasy, poor, and bad." In sad contrast to Pekoe Puckle we have Jack Boyce, an Oxford Man and old Etonian:—"He's the kindest-hearted man in Dulgoorie, and the weakest in a way. He has run through a fortune and has one foot in the grave, and yet he passes his life in keeping open house for the district and passing the bottle round. It is the old story, of course, lifting his little finger too often." His bungalow was popularly known as the *Red Lion*, and was open night and day "to man and beast." Durand tried to rescue him from the toadies and harpies who flattered his failings and used his house as an hotel, and was, as a consequence, sent to Coventry by the planting community as a booby. Boyce came, of course, to "the six-by-two frechold in the planters' churchyard;" and with his pathetic death the better men among the Dulgoorie planters began to respect the energy, independence and character displayed by young Durand in his single-handed combat against the evil influences of the district. His warmest supporter was a half-pay lieutenant of the old Indian Navy—Lieutenant Marling, a quaint, crabbed, old salt, who wasted his half-pay in trying to grow tea so bad that even the tobaccoists would not buy it for packing cheroots in. Durand came across the Lieutenant first, as the old man, in a voice broken with sobs, was reading the Burial Service on a grave dug in the middle of a grim, fantastic landscape:—"Do you know," asked the Lieutenant, "can you guess ever whom I read the funeral service just now?" "No." "Then I'll tell you, for it's my duty. It was over a naive woman. A heathen, if you will, but my wife, Sir—before Heaven my wife—though she and I were never married. Perhaps"—he went on in a softer tone—"perhaps I have done wrong. Maybe I have led you into an act which is against your religious principles. She had no right, a parson might say, to the services of the Christian Church, even though she prayed to the Christian's God. I say she had. But, then, I loved her. And believe me, Sir, I meant no harm."

This strange meeting led to a singularly devoted friendship. Lieutenant Marling is so happily conceived that we feel quite sorry when his eccentricities are, however amusingly, exaggerated; as, for instance, when Durand recognized the familiar voice of the Lieutenant outside his bungalow:—"Starboard you Lubbers!" Then after a few seconds—"Port, your hellum—hard-a-port!" They had reached the bungalow. "B'lay! B'lay! Easy! Starboard by!" And finally—"Le' go!" alluding doubtless to an anchor. "Le' go" they did—a trifle too promptly. "Darn the lubbers!" roared a crushed voice from within, as a movement in the canvas ceiling of the palanquin was suggestive of a head being unexpectedly shot into it from below. "Darn the lubbers! She's gone aground!"

Lieutenant Marling's funeral service, however pathetic, hints at something amiss in the tea-planters' little circle:—"The greatest drawback of all," we read, "in a tea-planting community in those days was the want of woman's presence and influence, and it lowered the whole standard of morality and refinement, and made the school a bad one for a young man to enter, and full of vicious temptations to which many a lad, just out from home and a refined family circle, yielded, and so went to the bad." The ladies of Dulgoorie in those days were a mixed lot:—"Some were civil without being attractive, and one or two went in for being very superior; whilst others dropped their 'h's,' or wore loud colours, or drove niggers, or did divers things which individualise them unpleasantly, so that in their presence Durand had asserted himself, because he felt that to be shy before them was a sort of surrender of his social status. And then they all talked TEA." Durand happily, and almost by accident, stumbled across a most bewitching little lady, Sibyl Adair, as she was giving her brothers, Isaac Newton and Colenso, their morning lesson. Her father, Mr. Lionel Adair, had been a mathematical tutor at Cambridge, and had had a mathematical bee in his bonnet ever since:—"I am engaged," commenced Mr. Adair, "in a work of Considerable Depth, A Treatise on the Higher Mathematics. It is an Absorbing Task." He might have said it was a Screaming Farce, if it were not that this wretched work that was to be, had ruined the whole family. When Mr. Adair went to look round the factory he would take up the lid of a tea chest, and work out problems on it with a piece of charcoal; and if he went into the plantation to inspect the coolies, he would sit down on the first convenient bank and sum out something on the back of an envelope:—"No wonder that the men were getting idle and lazy, and that the fat Jemedar, or native overseer, was nothing more or less than the master of the estate instead of its servant." And the tea sold badly, and there was so little of it, and it was stolen right and left. Little Miss Sibyl—she was barely seven—had the cares of a large family on her hands, and did a good deal, too, to prevent the tea-garden going to the dogs. Durand sympathized with her struggles offhand:—"Oh, Mr. Durand," she exclaimed, "you don't know what you are saying! Papa will never leave this place. He is getting deeper and deeper in his work every year, and has not the slightest inclination for change. When Mamma was alive she made him come out of his shell, but since she died he has had it all his own way with those—those—those beastly mathematics!" Of course, these two inexperienced young people fell in love with one another at once, and their chequered love-story is told tenderly and very prettily. It is in its way a delightfully bashful and idyllic incident. The subsidiary characters are as good and true to life as those we have picked out. Captain Goad a bully and a coward, who wags on his title, talks of the "Service," and avoids mentioning the regiment in which he was broke, must have been a familiar type in the old planting days. Mr. Louch, of the firm of Cumming, Jones & Co., Tea Agents, and inventor of the Big Tea Amalgamation Scheme, is probably still remembered in Calcutta. Even at this geographical distance some of the details of his career seem familiar, though we do not suppose that, before bolting from Calcutta

(or Jutepore), he ever sold his famous carriage and pair tea times over, or that he ever actually bought Durand's tea estate for a lakh of rupees worth of forged shares, and then branded Durand as the forger. For the plot of the story our readers must go to the "Tea Planters' Romance" itself, and see there how "The Dead Man's Gift" put Lieutenant Ma Ling's twenty-acre estate in the middle of that Golgotha of stone and desolation, the Landslip, into Durand's hands, and how mysteriously Durand was directed to the discovery in the Landslip of some odd hundred-weights of rough, but enormous, sapphires. These wonderful stones set everything right. It is a real pleasure to congratulate Mr. Compton on a book that, coming from any recognized English novelist at home, would have won success as a remarkable effort of imagination. As Mr. Compton knows what he writes about, he must, we suppose, be content to think that he has told his own experiences in his own way—and an admirable way it is. If his tea is only half as good as his book, Mr. Compton should, however, have no reason to grumble. He was boycotted at Mincing Lane, if we remember rightly, for selling his teas in an original way. His old enemies will find it difficult to boycott his book. It is a right good "chop."—*Times of India.*

CEYLON IN 1815-16.

(From the "Asiatic Journal," vol. I, Jan.-June 1816.)
(Continued from page 54.)

CEYLON.

(To the Editor of the "Asiatic Journal.")

Sir.—It was with much satisfaction that I read, in the letter of your correspondent Hermes, a few words in the spirit of inquiry concerning the late war in Ceylon; and hence you will judge, that I was not displeas'd with the manner in which it has since been adverted to by Mr. Baring and Lord Milton in the House of Commons.

I admit the force of all that Hermes has advanced (certainly with the view of bespeaking our candour for conquerors) on the natural mutability of human power, and of its necessary changes to greater or to less; a proposition, from which, I presume, he is prepared to infer, that the English, after once acquiring power on the island of Ceylon, must unavoidably, in the end, either acquire more, or lose what they had first gained. I agree, also, in what your same correspondent says, that aggression and aggrandizement are not always the result of ambition nor of cupidity, but may sometimes be forced upon us as our only means of self-defence.

It is, indeed, this latter concomitant of national concerns, as it is often of private ones, which is the moving principle of those very vicissitudes in national grandeur that are, on account of this principal, inevitable. It is, because, that, whenever we feel weakness we endeavour to fence ourselves against danger; and, in that effort, either become stronger, or lose strength: that, therefore, national power is continually fluctuating, and that we either advance or recede, accordingly as we are prosperous or otherwise. This principle has been the source of all politic aggressive wars, and often the necessary conclusion of defensive ones; and, in the late war in Ceylon, it is at least one of the principles asserted by General Brownrigg.

Upon the question then, whether absolute British interests and the maxims of legitimate policy, the allowed right of maintaining that of which we are first lawfully possessed; upon this question, I shall leave the war in Candy, the deposition of its reigning sovereign, the imprisonment of his person, and the disqualification of the royal family, to be determined by much more definite evidence than is within my reach; and not, I confess, without a leaning to the opinion that these acts of severity were needfully performed. Meanwhile, there are other parts of the transactions on which I am less at a loss to form a judgment, and on which the sentence that I cannot fraiden from pronouncing, is far from favourable to the British governour.

That which prejudices my mind, at the first glance on the recent affairs of Ceylon, is a certain flaunting and exuberant verbiage, a shallow sentimentality, a pret and affected style of speech; much ignorance of the forms of office, much unsoundness of political principle, and, in truth, no small portion of jacobinical thinking and acting; which are manifested in the long and endless effusions, official and literary, that have appeared in the Columbo newspaper in their regard: and, where I see a great deal that is certainly wrong, I am almost tempt'd to doubt whether any thing is certainly right. I do assure you, Sir, that I feel a national mortification in my heart, whenever my eye meets with any of the numerous papers on the Candy war; rightly or wrongly, to my view, they appear to degrade the English name; and I do but now write, what every successive recurrence to the subject has forced upon my mind,—that the whole is *Yankee!* Sir, you will judge of the extent of my mortification, when I add, that for years, I have contrasted, with self-compacency, the style of the papers proceeding from the government and officers of the United States of America, with that of the papers proceeding from the government and officers of this kingdom; that I should blush if the Ceylon papers were now cited to me by a native of the United States; and that in the interior of my mind I cannot help associating the name of Brownrigg with that of Hull in Upper Canada, and Wilkinson on the river Sabini!

The causes of the war, as far as direct British interests are concerned, is very briefly told, and may, as I have intimated, be in themselves conclusive. The British succeeded to the animosities entertained by the Candians (or, if it is to be so said, by the King of Candy), against the Dutch. Inefficient hostilities on our part did but lead to new aggressions on that of the enemy, and to these latter it was necessary to attempt to put an end. Civil division, in the mean time, arose among the Candians themselves; the British governor anticipated an invitation to assist the malcontents; fortified his patience by the prospect of this conclusion to the vexations of the existing government; and lastly formed the plan of a final conquest, by aid of a part of the Candians themselves. The King of Candy, in the mean time, "flushed with his success over the Adigar Ehoilapola," and perhaps not wholly unacquainted with the designs of the British governor (who had sent to Madras for troops to assist his conquest) commenced the attack, in part, by a legitimate act of war (that of pushing an armed force beyond the Sitivacca) and, in part, like a barbarian prince, as he was, by seizing and mutilating ten Cingalese British subjects, and then, in the spirit of savage insolence, sending them home to be themselves the historians of his outrage. God forbid that I should say, that either of these was what an English governor could be called upon to endure; though it is certainly some exenuation of the last revolting particular, first, that it is but of the common stamps of Eastern cruelty, and secondly, that during the time of the Dutch, the strictest regulations were enforced for preventing the Cingalese subjects from entering the Candian limits; a precaution by which a habit of inhospitality must have been fostered.*

I repeat, Sir, that so far as interests purely British were concerned, the war, and the extremities to which it has been pushed, were all, for anything that I know, entirely just and necessary. What I know

* The ten unfortunate Cingalese had gone into the Candian limits (see Asiatic Journal, p. 118). Now, "the intercourse," say earlier writers "betwixt the Cingalese under the European governments, and the Candians of the interior, has always been more completely cut off than betwixt any of the most hostile and savage tribes of North America. Even during the intervals of peace, no communication is opened; nor is there any attempt on either side to carry on a secret traffic, or correspond with each other. The policy of the Dutch, therefore succeeded in rendering the Candians completely insulated, and to make them look with apprehension, and hostile jealousy, on the approach of a stranger."

to be unjust and unjustifiable is that to which I shall confine my further remarks.

Referring to General Brownrigg's proclamation, as cited in the account of the late conquest of Candy, the first part of which appeared in your last Journal,* it will appear, as remarked in the text of your account, "that the principal and prominent occasion of the war" is not made to consist in injuries sustained by ourselves, but on "the prayers of the inhabitants of five extensive provinces," and "corresponding sentiments from other provinces;" and though injuries truly British are afterwards mentioned, yet the whole mixed up together among the "feelings and considerations by the irresistible influence of which his Excellency had become convinced of the unavoidable necessity of carrying his Majesty's arms into the Candian country." His Excellency next addresses himself to all that is disloyal in the nation, attempts to separate the cause of the people from that of their prince; and then professes that "his Majesty's arms are directed against that tyrannical power alone, which has provoked by aggravated outrage and indignities, the just resentment of the British nation; which has cut off the most ancient and noble families in his kingdom; deluged the land with the blood of his subjects; and, by the violation of every religious and moral law, become an object of abhorrence to mankind!" Presently afterward, the Candians are told, that his Excellency's purpose is "to subvert that Malabar dominion, which, for three generations has tyrannized over the country." After which comes jargon of the Great Nation, and a transcript of General Hull's proclamation in Upper Canada, in which the Candians are instructed, that to oppose the progress of the invader will be to desert the cause of their country; and, then, a variety of promises, concluding with—all that is enjoyed by "the most favoured nations living under the safeguard of the British crown;" an expression strangely borrowed from state-papers of a very different description.

I shall not stop, Sir, to fix your attention on the circumstance, that by this proclamation the war is so largely grounded on that very principle which your correspondent Hermes justly condemns, and which is not the better because it is countenanced by the fanatic author of the pamphlet on the Spanish slave-trade; I mean that of making war, either upon the "enemies of mankind," or "the enemies of God."—I hasten from the commencement to the conclusion of the war.

The restoration and proffered protection of the religion of Buddha in Candy, was an act which every consideration of sound policy, to say nothing of humanity, concurred in dictating. The disciples of Buddha had been oppressed by the Braminical dynasty on the throne. It belonged to the cunning, as well as to the benevolence, of the conqueror, to raise up this ancient worship; he could have no motive for giving the religion of Brahma the preference; and the protection he promised was a protection only against the ministers of the latter.†

But, while I am thus ready to give my approbation to the religious policy of Governor Brownrigg, I must decidedly condemn his civil arrangements. I must deeply regret, that the Lieutenant-Governor of Ceylon, "acting in the name and on the behalf of his Majesty George the Third, and his Royal Highness George, Prince of Wales, Regent, &c." (for such are the words, of the instrument!) should have "held a convention" with the Adigars, &c. and in that "convention" agreed and "established" the domestic as well as exterior offences of the king of Candy; determining "that the said Rajah, Sri Wacreme Rajah Sinha, by the habitual violation of the chief and most sacred duties of a

* Page 119. Not that first proclamation, which though referred to and very favourably spoken of by the author of the Narrative of Events, is omitted by him to be produced.

† The example of this protection of Buddhism in Ceylon has been added to that of the protection of Catholicism in Canada, as forming, something inconsistent with the exclusion of Catholics from political power in this kingdom. Nothing can be less to the purpose. The policy which requires a conformity to the established religion within the kingdom, is of no force as regarding our foreign possessions,

sovereign, has forfeited all claims to that title.*

What, I ask, had the British governor to do with any thing but the legitimate right of conquest? And what is the language of this "convention," at which his Britannic Majesty, and his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales are made to assist; in the person of General Brownrigg, but a parallel to that of a certain other "convention," by which the divine right of "the people to cashier their kings" was not more earnestly inculcated?

I think, Sir, that I have said enough to bear out, to the satisfaction of those of your readers the least previously acquainted with the subject, the justice of your former Correspondent's remark, that "the principle of the Ceylon war is to be examined." I shall consider, in another letter, his preceding remark, "that the war may lead to no evil consequences." In the interim, I believe no one will regret that Lord Milton has called for papers. A political critic has said, on the occasion, that his lordship has "moved for papers that will cost as much to produce, as would pay the interest of a loan of ten times the amount of any saving that can be founded on them." I ought to apologize, perhaps, for quoting the trash of this penny-wise statesman; but the hint may not be unserviceable to that fluent writer whom it would be easy to name, and on whom I have already been observed to cast an eye, in Ceylon. Certainly, the Ceylon papers promise to be voluminous enough; but, then, some persons do not conquer kingdoms and depose sovereigns every day! "The Lieutenant-Governor of Ceylon, acting in the name and on the behalf of his Majesty, &c." has something in the phrase, that irresistibly reminds us of *high life below stairs*, and prepares us amply for the rest.†

Let me add, in regard to style and title, Mr. Baring, when he speaks of our Sovereign as King of Candy, was certainly unaware of that higher name of Emperor of Ceylon, which according to the statement in your Journal, was inherent in the fallen monarch; omitting all mention of his other appellations. "The King of Candy," says a writer, "yields to no eastern monarch in the number and extravagance of his titles; and they are attended," subjoins my author, "with a corresponding reverence on the part of his subject."

AN OLD ENGLISH POLITICIAN.

SUPERSTITION IN CEYLON.

To the Editor of the "Ceylon Literary Register."

DEAR SIR,—In the last number of the *Orientalist* Miss Goonetilleke refers to a belief amongst the Sinhalese that the utterance of a charm is potent to scare away the owl, which, as a bird of ill-omen is generally dreaded by ignorant people. This reminds me of a similar charm, alleged to be very efficacious in guarding travellers from the attacks of elephants. The wife of an officer of the late 3rd Ceylon Regiment had occasion to travel frequently in the jungles of the Northern and Eastern Provinces. The journeys were made in palanquins, the bearers of which insisted that the elephant charmer should invariably accompany them. Whenever the party came across a herd of elephants, the charmer would repeat in loud and stentorian tones "*Om am ari nari saringham saravaye.*" These words it is said had the effect of putting the herd to flight. At night, it was the custom of the man who uttered the charm to have a lighted torch in his hand with which he fearlessly encountered the elephants. B. A.

Galle.

* See the "Convention."

† Your readers will be aware that the formula above quoted is the peculiar property of his Royal Highness the Prince Regent; and this misuse of established language, and especially the false application of fine things is precisely *Yankeeism*. For example, in the United States, a *family man* is called a *man of family*; both English phrases, and yet how distinguishable, as to their signification, to an English ear!