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KATIE'S LOVER:

A TALE OF ABERDEEN IN THE OLDEN TIME.

(Concluded from page 74.)

CHAPTER II.

MUSTERING FOR BATTLE.

Two days later Lord Aboyne and his men rode back in hot haste with the news that Earls Marischal, Montrose, and Kinghorn, with a strong force, were marching against the city. At once the drum beat to arms, and in a short time the great square of the Castle-gate was thronged with armed burghers, stern, resolute, and eager for the fray. Amongst them Bailie Nicolson, ardent and impetuous as a youth of 16, moved restlessly hither and thither, exchanging brief words of greeting and encouragement with friends and neighbours.

"We'll haud them again at the brig. Montrose sanna pilk the pouches of the good town anither time—we ken him o' the auld."

"What for arena we marchin'? Waitin' for the Alton men? A curn auld, deein' bodies—what needs we bide for them? The Bishop doughtna trust them to keep him skin-haill, honest man!"

"Show yoursel' a man this day, Johnny Littlejohn, an' we're hae a blithsome bridal to end the ploy. There's Nancy watchin' ye frae my Lady Pitsligo's door-cheek. An' there's—," but the impetuous Bailie could not wait to finish his speech.

A young man of mild and thoughtful aspect had joined his daughters, where they stood with other of the townswomen, watching the muster of the citizens, and with him the Bailie must needs have a word.

"Whaur's your sword, Master Hugh?" he demanded abruptly, as he joined the group. "We're needin' a' the men we can muster for the town's defence; and when a grey-headed carle like me gangs to the war, a strang young man may surely think shame to sit at hame."

The young man's cheek flushed slightly as he answered, "We hae spoken on this matter before, Bailie; and I think ye ken that my heart and conscience are baith on the side o' the Covenant, therefore it would ill beseem me to gang out to fight against it."

"Tuts, havers!" cried the Bailie, impatiently. "Do you mean to say ye'll sit still an' see the town harried by those disloyal knaves, an' never lift a haud against it?"

"I mean to say," returned Hugh Findlater, with rising spirit, "that I had rather my right arm were withered in its socket than that it should be lifted against those people of God whom you style disloyal men."

"You're a tup-headed young fool!" roared the Bailie, as he turned away in anger. But something in Katie's piteous face arrested his steps, and swallowing his wrath by a mighty effort, he continued, "I'll try ye ance mair, Hugh Findlater.

I'm nae sae blin' but I can see ye're courtin' my dochter. Now, here's Johnny Littlejohn has the promise o' Nancy gin he proves himsel' a man in the tui'zie, an' ye'se get Katie on the same terms. Now, it's your last chance—aye or no?"

The young man's colour came and went; he looked at Katie's lovely pleading face, and his resolution wavered. He turned his head and passed his hand over his eyes. But it was only for a moment.

"Master Nicolson," he said, "you have tempted me with that which I hold dearest on earth, but not even for Katie will I lift my hand in a cause which my conscience condemns."

"Then get a shank an' sit ye doon i' the chimney-neuk amo' the auld wives!" cried the Bailie, now crimson with passion. "An', Katie, my bairn, gin this be the last command I should ever lay upon you, never ye speak to nor look upon this traitor loon again."

Hugh Findlater's cheek burned under the insulting words, but he made the Bailie no answer. Taking Katie's cold little hand in his, he asked sorrowfully, "Would you have had me do otherwise, Katie?"

"No, Hugh, no," she replied, with a burst of tears as she turned away.

CHAPTER III.

THE RETURN OF THE EXILES.

Of the gallant but unsuccessful defence of the Bridge of Dee, and the triumphal entry of the Covenanting army into the town; of the terrified flight of the loyalists, and the heavy penalties exacted by the victors, we have here no room to speak; we follow only the fortunes of a simple maid and her lover.

The rapid spread of Covenanting principles which followed the Battle of the Bridge proved bitterly distasteful to the stubborn old loyalist, Bailie Nicolson, and within a few months of that event he gathered together his gods and his household, and sailed for the Low Countries.

Eight years later, a bowed and feeble old man, leaning on the arm of a beautiful woman, landed from a little vessel discharging cargo at Aberdeen, and, looking around him with intense satisfaction, exclaimed—"Thanks be to God, I'm at hame ance mair!"

Poor Bailie Nicolson had learned the truth of the adage that an old tree will not bear transplanting. Auntie Meg had survived her voyage but a few months, and he himself, cut off from his ordinary sources of interest and occupation, and sinking under the burden of increasing infirmity, pined and fretted like a sick child.

"The vera brute beasts here ken me strange," he would complain at times; or again, "Oh, for a caller breath aff o' the broo o' Nigg!" or "What would I gie for a waught o' the bonnie spring at the fit o' the Woo'manhill to ease me o' this weary pain!"

And Katie, whose heart hankered after her old home, and who had implicit faith in the virtues of the Woolmanhill spring, said, "We'll gang hame again, father. Nancy's weel content here wi' John an' the bairns, but you and I will gang hame."

Now they had come, but their native town seemed to wear a strangely desolate and deserted aspect. As they wended their way slowly along the silent quay the old man looked doubtfully at his daughter and asked, "It's nae the Sabbath day, is it, Katie?"

"It's nae that, father, but it's may be a preachin day o' some kin', for the houses seem maistly shut up an' there's Auld Lowrie tollin' oot o' the steeple o' St Nicholas."

"Aye, we'll ken a' about it when we come to Sandy Da'garnie's," said the old man.

Sandy Dalgarnie was the trusted workman who had succeeded the Bailie in his business, and who now occupied the old house near the Bow Brig. But that, too, when they reached it, seemed desolate and silent. The kite en door, swinging loosely on its hinges, revealed an empty kitchen and a cold hearth strewn with white, dead ashes. Katie entered timidly, and as she stood looking doubtfully around her a faint moan issuing from an inner apartment fell upon her ear. Opening the door of this inner room, she drew back with a low cry of terror, for on the bed fronting her lay a blackened corpse, horrible with its distended jaws and wide-open glassy eyes! Her first impulse was to turn and flee, but another moan from the bed arrested her steps.

Conquering her natural feelings of horror, Kate approached the bed, and, leaning over the dead body, saw another face, almost as ghastly, looking up at her with imploring eyes.

"Water!" gasped the sufferer; "water—for God's sake!"

Seizing a pitcher, Katie hastily filled it from the draw-well in the garden, and held it to the sick woman's lips.

"What's the matter wi' ye, Jean Dalgarnie?" she asked in trembling tones.

"It's the plagu'," answered the sufferer, falling back on the pillow with a groan. "Sandy de'ed yestr-en, an' my hour's at hand."

Kate Nicolson's heart tattered within her. This was indeed a terrible home-coming!

Poor Jean Dalgarnie died that night, and in the morning the death-cart, going its rounds, carried away the two bodies for burial, and Kate was left alone with her father. The horror of this home-coming, so different from all he had fondly anticipated, had almost prostrated the feeble old man who sat silently covering over the hearth, refusing food, and feebly resisting all his daughter's efforts to rouse him. Once or twice Katie sallied forth in quest of more suitable lodging, but returned each time more heart-sick and despairing than before.

The town was panic-stricken. The dead and the dying were everywhere; the few persons who were abroad held far aloof from each other, and conversed only from a distance. Whole streets seemed to be deserted, and the fields around the city were dotted with the rude huts and tents of those who had fled from the pest. To seek lodgings in these circumstances was folly, and, besides, the old man seemed obstinately disinclined to move. "If I maun dee," he said, "I'll dee under my auld roof tree"; and there was nothing left for Katie but to acquiesce.

Other horrors there were in that fearful time of which they were destined to have experience. The third night of their sojourn the house was entered by two ruffians, who proceeded to break open the presses and aumries, and to rifle them of their contents,

The old warlike spirit of the Bailie roused at the sight, and, lifting his stick threateningly, he called upon them to desist. His only answer was a blow, which stretched him helpless on the floor, and Katie, who sprang at once to his assistance, would have been speedily overpowered, had not her screams brought a stronger arm to her rescue. A man who was passing burst into the room, and, laying lustily about him with a stout cudgel, soon put the ruffians to flight. Then as Katie turned to thank her deliverer, a sudden light leaped into her face.

"Hugh!"

"My Katie!"

That was all. The sudden glow of glad surprise in either face, and the long, fervent clasp of the hand, told, without the aid of words, their tale of constant and unchanging love. Katie felt that all at once the sun had risen on her darkness.

"Is that you, Hugh Findlater?" asked the Bailie weakly, as Hugh raised him from the floor. "Gie me a grip o' your hand, lad; yon ill-faured loons hae dung the win'oot o'me a' thegither."

"I am thankful that I chanced to be at han', Bailie. But ye maun come hame wi' me; my auld minnie's aye to the fore, an' will be fain to see you, an' there's neither comfort nor safety for you here."

"We might bring the pest wi' us," objected Katie. "Ye ken this is an infected house."

"And I hae been among the sick a' this day," answered Hugh; "our risks are equal."

"Hae ye gotten a wife yet, Hugh?" asked the Bailie, as he rose, supported by the young man's arm.

"Na, Bailie, ye ken ye forbade me the only woman I ever cared for."

"Aye; I was sair nettled at ye that time, an' yet I liked you the better that ye were true to your colours. An' now, I'll soon be where it maks nae differ whether ye were Bishop's man or Covenant man, if only ye can say ye were Jesus Christ's man."

"Aye, that's the point," assented Hugh.

"An' my poor Katie here will be left her lane i' the world," continued the old man sadly.

"Never while I live—if you will gie her to me!" cried Hugh eagerly.

"Weel, weel," said the Bailie as they paused before a large house on the other side of the Bow Brig; "If you and Katie can agree, I'll be weel content."

Evidently Hugh had little doubt of Katie's consent, for, as he led them into the house, he exclaimed in tones of triumph, "Mother! make us a feast of your best! I'm bringing you hame my bride!"

HAAFNER'S ACCOUNT OF CEYLON.

TRANSLATED BY DONALD FERGUSON.

[Jacob Haafner was born in 1755 at Halle in Germany, where his father was a medical man, and was the eldest of three brothers. When he was eleven years old his father was appointed principal medical officer at Batavia; and leaving his wife and two younger sons in Amsterdam he sailed in April 1766 for Java. On the voyage fever broke out on board, and the elder Haafner was attacked and died; and, his money and other effects having been stolen by a sailor, young Haafner was left destitute. He therefore took service on board a ship and spent twelve years in voyaging hither and thither, during which time he learnt several Indian languages as well as four European ones. At the end of this period he obtained a place as clerk in a commercial office under the Dutch East India Company, where he

employed his time so well that he was promoted to the office of book-keeper; and in 1779 he was appointed secretary and general book-keeper of the Company's Indian settlements. In this capacity he made the acquaintance of several distinguished men, among others Sir William Jones, for whom he translated into English a Tamil manuscript. His superiors not treating him fairly, Haafner resigned his post, and in 1782 commenced a series of adventurous wanderings in India and Ceylon which he has detailed minutely and graphically in his books. Finally, after nineteen years' absence, he returned to Europe and his adopted country, when he married and settled down in Amsterdam, employing his time in writing the descriptions of his travels. He died on 3rd September 1809, aged 54, leaving a widow and a son. Haafner's adventures in India and Ceylon are described in his three works, the titles of which (translated) are as follows:— "Adventures on a Journey from Madras through Tranquebar to the Island of Ceylon," published in 1806; "Journey in a Palanquin: or Adventures and Remarkable Incidents on a Journey along the Coasts of Orissa and Coromandel," published in 1808; and "Journey on Foot through the Island of Ceylon," published after his death by his son in 1810. None of these has been translated into English, though they are deserving thereof, the last being of special interest to Ceylon readers. A French translation of the first two by M. Jansen was published in Paris in 1811, in two volumes; the translator gives a brief biography of Haafner, to which I am indebted for the above facts, and at the end of the first volume the description of Ceylon which I have translated below. Where the original appeared I am unable to say. All Haafner's works are characterised by bitter hatred of the English; while, at the same time, he is unsparing in his denunciation of the corruption of the servants of the Dutch East India Company. I have retained the spellings of names of places &c., though I suspect that the French translator has in this case altered Haafner's spelling, as he has done elsewhere.—D.F.]

During a sojourn of twenty-three years* which I made in India, I several times visited the island of *Ceylon*; I also resided there for some little time; and what is more, I made a journey on foot from *Jaffanapatnam* to *Colombo*, traversing the whole of the interior of the island; a journey during which I took special pains to learn the ancient and modern history as well as the actual state of this beautiful country. In the concise description of it which I here offer to the public I shall make known successively the value of this precious settlement; as well as the advantages and power which the English have acquired by its possession, which they coveted for so long a time from the Dutch.

The island of *Ceylon* has been known for several centuries past. The Arabs and Persians had given it the name of *Serendiep* or *Singaladie*; and of *Elinour*; whilst the Greeks and other nations of antiquity called it *Taprobane*; but its real name is *Lankai*, which is that by which the most ancient Indian annals speak of it, according to which it was inhabited long before the Christian era, by a race of giants, whose king *Rabon*, who was himself a terrible giant, with ten heads and ten arms, was attacked and killed by the god *Vishnou* (then in his sixth incarnation as *Rama*), both to pun-

ish him for the injustices and cruelties which he practised along the whole coast, and to deliver his wife *Sieta*, whom this *Rabon* had carried away from him.

There are found in *Ceylon* indeed a large number of undeniable proofs of the existence and the power of this *Rama*. One of the six kingdoms into which, in later times, this island was divided is still called *Ramradspour*, that is to say, the kingdom of king *Ram*.* In this country there was a city which bore the same name, and which served him as residence: some magnificent vestiges of it were still visible at the time when the Portuguese were the masters of the island. According to the tradition and the annals of the *Chingulois*, *Ramradspour* surpassed in grandeur and beauty all the other cities of India. Some portions of the king's palace, which rested on a thousand columns, were covered with gold. Nineteen kings are said to have reigned here successively.† What serves to convince me further that this *Ram* or *Rama*, of which the annals of the fabulous times of India speak so much, reigned in *Ceylon*, is that another of the six states of which I have made mention above is known by the name of *Sieta-veca*, which is likewise that of a city, which is said to have been built in honor of *Sieta*, the wife of our *Rama*. There are found also throughout the whole island, but chiefly in the province of *Massoulie*,‡ where was fought the decisive battle which cost *Rabon* his empire and life, many stones and other monuments bearing unknown characters, which probably served to attest this event. I might bring forward many other proofs in support of my opinion with regard to this matter; but in order not to delay the reader too long on this subject, I shall pass on to later times, when, as I have said, the island of *Ceylon* was divided into six kingdoms; namely those of *Condé-uda*,§ *Cotta*, *Sieta-veca*, *Dambadam*, *Ramradspour* and *Jaffanapatnam*, all of which were governed by their own kings.

It was in 1505 that the Portuguese discovered this island; but it was not until 1517 that they established themselves there, having then obtained from *Abou Pandar*,|| king of *Cotta*, permission to form a lodge or factory there; a favour which they were not slow to abuse, by constructing a fortress in spite of that prince by making themselves masters of *Colombo*, during his war with *Maduné*, king of *Sieta-veca*, and by fomenting the discord between the sovereigns, in order to extend their power, so to speak, over the whole island, until the kings who still remained leagued together for the general good with *Fima Ladarma*, king of *Condé*, and in all parts fell upon these hateful strangers, with the good success of driving them, in 1593, from the interior of the country, and forcing them to return to the castles and fortresses which they had established on the coast.

It is certain and, at the same time, worthy of note, that the Portuguese, renowned, at this epoch, for their courage, and who had without great trouble taken possession of a large part of India, nowhere experienced such resistance or suffered such defeats as in *Ceylon*. *Alvarez Pereira*, *Diego*

* I do not know if this wonderful derivation is Haafner's own, or if he has copied it from some other writer.—Tr.

† Here Haafner has got hold of the popular derivation of 'Anuradhapura,' but has missed the point by turning 'ninety' in o 'nineteen.'—Tr.

‡ ? Matala.—Tr.

§ This is the one that is known by the name of *Candy*, and which is situated in the centre of the island.—Note in orig.

|| 'Abou' represents 'Bhuyankabahr'!—Tr.

* M. Jansen in his biographical notice says that Haafner was absent from Europe for 19 years: I am unable to reconcile the discrepancy.—Tr.

de Mello, Constantin de Sa, Almiada, Lopez de Souza, and Jérôme d'Azavedo, all great captains, were totally defeated with their armies by *Fima Laderma, Henar Pandar and Radja Singa*, kings of *Condé*; and the *Chingulois* might then have easily driven them from the whole island, if they had known the art of besieging fortified places. The Dutch, who had already visited *Ceylan*, in 1602, offered them help for this purpose. In 1638 they concluded a treaty with *Maha Surja*,* king of *Condé*, who had taken the name of *Radja Singa*, and lent him, in consequence, vessels and munitions of war in order to attack the Portuguese. The war was carried on with equal fortunes, until at length the Portuguese, by bad management and want of help, lost one fortified town after another, and were obliged to shut themselves up in *Colombo*, which the Dutch and the king of *Condé* besieged unitedly, and forced the Portuguese, after a stubborn resistance, to yield by capitulation in 1655,† when there were left not more than a hundred men of the whole garrison; a capitulation very different from that which *Angelbeck* concluded with the English, and by which he gave up to them, without having made the least resistance, this priceless island with all its towns and fortresses; although his means of defence were infinitely greater than those of the Portuguese at the period of which we have just spoken. After having lost *Colombo* the Portuguese were not able to hold their own for long at *Manaar and Jaffanapatnam*; and it was in this manner that their power in *Ceylan* came to an end, after having lasted nearly a century and a half.

The Portuguese, who recognized the great value of *Ceylan*, and of what importance this island was for the preservation of their other possessions on the coasts of *Malabar and Coromandel*, had, since they established themselves in this island, made constant but unsuccessful efforts to make themselves masters of it by force or by artifice. This was the origin of the enmity at which they continually were with the *radja* or king of *Condé*: making peace with him when they had sustained any defeat; and declaring war against him when they had received reinforcements from Europe or *Goya*;‡ until at last he expelled them, with the help of the Dutch, from the whole island, as we have already said. But it is to their provocations that they must chiefly attribute the loss of *Ceylan* and all their other settlements in the east; since this must necessarily take place with all the other European nations in that part of the world, where they still hold their ground simply by sowing and fostering discord between the princes of those regions.

It can well be understood that the Dutch must have had much trouble in expelling the Portuguese, who were then famed for their valour, from the large number of places that they had in *Ceylan*. It is therefore all the more grievous to think that a settlement which cost so much blood to our brave ancestors should have been yielded to the English in such a cowardly and shameful manner. But let us leave, for the present, this disagreeable subject, in order to continue our account.

I have indicated in a few words the manner in which the Portuguese behaved in *Ceylan*; their conduct towards the king of *Condé-ouda*, or emperor as he is also called; and by what means this prince was delivered from them. It now remains for us to see if the Dutch, whom he called to his aid, acted better towards him and if he had cause to be satisfied with the confidence which he had reposed in them.

* Read 'Surya.'—Tr.

† Rather 1656.—Tr.

‡ Goa.—Tr.

Immediately after the capture of *Manaar and Jaffanapatnam*, the last strongholds that the Portuguese had preserved in the island, he already perceived that his new guests were no better than those who had just left him; that he had only changed masters, and could put no greater trust in the latest arrivals than in the former.

I shall not inquire whether the Dutch religiously observed the treaty which they concluded with him before the expulsion of the Portuguese; suffice it to say that he claimed to have good reasons for complaining of them. They had already had several differences between them immediately after the capture of *Colombo*; but after that of the places of which we have spoken, he plainly showed the displeasure with which their conduct inspired him; the alliance was broken, and from this they even came to blows. Fortunately for the Dutch, who had to fear the return of the Portuguese, and their reconciliation with the emperor, these differences had no continuation, and they soon concluded a treaty of peace by which they recognized him as lawful and independent sovereign of the whole island, with the exception of the kingdom of *Jaffanapatnam*, of which he ceded to them the entire ownership, abandoning to them, at the same time, the possession of the principal towns and fortified places which they had captured from the Portuguese, in which they were to place garrisons, under the name of his coastguards, with the express condition of defending him and protecting him against all other nations. He gave them besides no end of other privileges connected with commerce; thus it is that the Dutch at last remained peaceful possessors of this priceless booty. It would have been well for the Company had the spirit of these treaties not been departed from, and if they had been contented with the advantages and prerogatives which had been granted to them in this island. But a despotic government, and continual infractions of the rights of the emperor, occasioned a discontent which did not cease to increase, until in 1759 war at length broke out under Governor *Schröder** (a Hamburger); a war that lasted about seven years, and the expenses of which cost the Company more than ten million florins.

The emperor or king of *Condé-ouda*, seeing that all his complaints and all his representations to the government of *Ceylan* and his efforts to persuade them to a more amicable conduct were absolutely fruitless, at last resolved to employ force of arms in order to get justice done to him, and deliver his subjects on the sea coasts from the frightful burdens under which they groaned. This was exactly the step to which it was desired to drive him.

Governor *Schröder*, a vain and ambitious man, who flattered himself that he would gain an immortal name, and quickly make a considerable fortune, by making himself master of the whole island, caused a large number of troops whom he had already collected for that purpose to march

* The Dutch writers generally use the form 'Schreuder.' Wolf, in his list of the Dutch Governors, says:—"Mr. Joan Schreuder entered upon the government 17th March 1757, and left for Batavia 15th March 1762. Under his government the war in Zeilan between the emperor of Kandi and the Company began. It would have been well if this gentleman had never set his foot in the island of Zeilan." Elsewhere he calls *Schröder* "avaricious and vain," and gives such a black picture of his conduct in this unhappy affair that his editor, who, in a note to the first part of Wolf's work had followed *Eschelskroon* in speaking favorably of *Schröder*, withdraws his praise unreservedly.—Tr.

into the interior, under the firm persuasion of soon capturing *Condé*, the capital of the emperor, and then the whole country; but he was cruelly deceived in his expectation.

The dominion of the emperor of *Ceylan*, called *Condéouda*, which corresponds almost to the mountain heights, because it is composed of a large number of mountains and valleys which are all, as a rule, very fertile, is situated in the middle of the island, and entirely separated from the sea coasts by an uninterrupted succession of impenetrable forests and deserts, full of elephants, tigers, bears, enormous serpents and other noxious animals. There are only a small number of passages leading to the interior, which are here called *pas*, of which that of *Balané* and the *Gravet of Idalgasina* are the principal and the widest; nevertheless one has to pass between high mountains, overhanging rocks, and through very narrow defiles where only a few persons are needed to stop a whole army and destroy it. The other roads towards the interior, such as those of *Candu-carre*, *Galpaitte-vaadda*, etc., are scarcely wide enough to allow two men to march abreast, and cross over steep mountains difficult to surmount, and impenetrable forests, as far as the frontiers of *Condéouda*, where they are closed by thick portcullises covered with thorns and watched by strong guards; so that no one can enter or go out, if he is not furnished with a passport.

It is these great and thick forests then which serve the emperor as impregnable ramparts, and behind which, if he is served faithfully, he is safe from all attack from without. Yet it was through these forests that the Dutch troops had, by order of Schröder, to open up a way for themselves to *Condé*, with axe in hand nearly the whole time.

Thus it was that, marching step by step and without order, they advanced with incredible labour, when they were assailed by the *Chingulois* or soldiers of the emperor, who killed a great number of them, without their being able to perceive a single one of their enemies, who kept themselves hidden in the brushwood and behind the trees, of which there are many in these forests of an enormous size; whence they picked out the victims of their vengeance. The drummers and the officers were those against whom their attacks were chiefly levelled, as I learnt from several persons who took part in all these military expeditions; so that the Dutch troops had not been two days in the forest, when there was not a single drummer available unhurt, and those officers who had escaped the attacks of the *Chingulois* were obliged to assume the uniform of soldiers, in order not to be recognized so easily. They ran even greater risks when they were encamped during the night. Obligated to kindle fires to prepare their food, they were discovered without difficulty by the enemy, who, hidden in the darkness, could approach them without fear, in order to kill them as they chose. The *Chingulois* made use of a singular stratagem: they sawed the trunks of a number of large trees standing on the route along which they knew or imagined the Dutch would have to pass, and at places where they could encamp, so that they still remained standing, but would, at the least movement, which they gave to them by means of ropes attached to the branches, fall upon the harassed troops, who were crushed by them. The greatest misfortune of all was, that when they saw the impossibility of penetrating further, and wished to return by the same road that they had made for themselves with so much trouble and peril, they found it rendered impassable by felled trees and deep trenches; so that they were obliged to cut a new one with the

same perils and the same trouble in order to get out of the forests; after about half of them had perished without having killed and even without having seen, so to speak, a single enemy.
(To be continued.)

THE MAHAWELIGANGA EXPLORED
FROM TRINCOMALEE IN 1832.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF AN EXCURSION TO EXPLORE THE MAHAVILLAGANGA, UNDERTAKEN UNDER INSTRUCTIONS FROM GOVERNMENT, BY R. BROOKE, ESQ., MASTER ATTENDANT OF TRINCOMALEE: BY DIRECTION OF GOVERNOR SIR R. W. HORTON, BART.

From the "Colombo Journal," Feb. 13, 1833.)

(Concluded from page 80.)

Sunday, 17.—Pulled six miles up the river, and found it rocky in some places; reefs running across, causing falls of about 2 feet. Pitched my tent on a sand bank.

Monday, 18.—Succeeded with difficulty in pulling through the rocky part of the river. The rocks extend 14 miles, and are generally from one to three feet above the water when low, but are covered at the rise and have a deep channel running between them. The breadth of the river varies from 150 to 250 yards. The banks are high, but there are numerous gaps cut through them in order to allow the water a passage into the numerous rivulets and canals which extend a considerable distance into the interior.

Cinnamon grows here, and I was informed by the headmen that ten persons had been sent three months ago to cut it for Government. I observed, a tree which I understand grows in abundance here and which produces the finest description of white dammer.

In the afternoon, I proceeded up two miles and came to the bed of a large river, down which a small stream was running, and entered the Mahavilla from the right side. Its bed consisted of sand, and was from 50 to 60 yards wide. I could not ascertain its name though it was the largest I had passed. It probably rises in the S. W. of Batticaloa.

Tuesday, 19.—Proceeded this morning to Himberewe, a village on the right of the river, containing about 30 families. The inhabitants, apparently Vedabs, possess gardens on both sides of the river, which produce Indian corn, tobacco, curracon, pumpkins, plantains, &c. I observed bows and arrows in several of the houses which I visited. The country is the finest I have seen in the Island, and well calculated for grazing, as the grass is extremely fresh and cattle numerous. It struck me that if wheat would grow anywhere in Ceylon, this is the part best calculated for it. The temperature of this country is much cooler than at Bunteane, the latter being surrounded by hills.

At 12 left Himberewe, and at 5 passed Gindurawe, a small village on the right. Here there is a large plantain garden. I pitched my tent for the night on the right bank about 6 miles from Himberewe.

Wednesday, 20.—This morning I reached Kindegoddy, 9 miles from Himberewe, a large Moorish village on the left. The land is watered by small streams from the hills: it is flat, but not very extensive, and produces dry grain and paddy; for the cultivation of the latter of which it is peculiarly well calculated. The village is 18 miles from the termination of the rocks above Ca'inga. The river, during this distance, varies from 180 to 250 yards in breadth, sometimes extending into reaches or bays. The water here becomes shallow, and we were obliged sometimes to drag the canoe a short distance over the bed; the trees overhang the river so low as sometimes to prevent the passage of the canoe through the deep parts. The banks are good and high, and are not overflowed. The rise of the water

during the freshes is from 20 to 25 feet. There is a road from Kidegoddy to Kandy, the distance of which place I conceive to be the same as from Bintenne to Kandy.

At 1 P.M. I left Kindegoddy and at 5, arrived at Bintenne, $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles distant. The river varies in breadth from 100 to 200 yards, and for the first mile is very rocky, having the same appearance as at Calinga.

Bintenne is too well known to require a description. It suffers much from want of rain, and is considered by natives as excessively hot. It was used, I understand, by the Kandyan Government, as a place of banishment. The river rises 25 feet during the freshes and was never known to be so low as at this time. The country around contains a large population, probably seven or eight thousand people.

There is an excellent road between Bintenne and Batticaloa, through the Vedah district, a four days' journey:—

	miles.
From Bintenne to Paddecombere Waddegam, where five Vedah families reside,.....	18
From Bintenne to Hordapallata Allegoddy, containing six families.....	36
From Bintenne to Kittella Badegama, containing three families.....	50
From Bintenne to Erroor.....	84
From do to Batticaloa.....	93

At Bintenne provisions are extravagantly dear; they are brought from Batticaloa and Hambantotte. Rice in particular is very dear.

Thursday, 21.—Was unwell, and remained at Bintenne, the excessive heat having caused a determination of blood to the head.

Friday, 22.—Left Bintenne and arrived in three hours at Pangragam, a large Moorish village, pleasantly situated on the right side of the river. There is no variation in the appearance of the river from Bintenne to this place. The inhabitants are subject to a Moorish Vidahn, who paid me great attention and rendered me more assistance than any I had hitherto met with. But I could obtain no information on which I could depend respecting the river beyond this. Some said that after proceeding 6 miles further, I could easily reach Kandy by water. This induced me to persevere, particularly as I was informed that there was a canal which cut off the rocky part of the river above.

At 2 P.M. left Pangragam and found the river very rocky, and in some places water-falls of 3 or 4 feet high. After proceeding with difficulty for three miles, I pitched my tent for the night.

Saturday, 23.—Found as we proceeded, that the river became still more rocky; and in getting the canoe over a cataract 6 feet high, it filled three times. After this, we proceeded a short distance to Alligam, where we found it impossible to proceed further in the canoe, on account of the rocks. Here I found the canal that had been mentioned to me at Pangragam. Its bed is 80 or 90 feet above that of the river. It was cut, it is said, by the orders of some Kandyan king. It commences at a small cataract eight miles above Pangragam, runs by the side of a long hill and after skirting extensive paddy plains, falls into the river opposite to Pangragam. I ascended it for three miles from its mouth, and found it from 6 to 9 feet wide and 1 foot deep, having a slow current. The Vidahn of Pangragam told me that it was now but of little use in consequence of having been long neglected.

Even here I could obtain no information respecting the river, but found it less rocky about the mouth of the canal whither I had my canoe conveyed and where I spent the night. But half a mile beyond, it was very rocky; still the people assured me that still further on I should find the river perfectly free from rocks, and that I should be able to proceed in my canoe.

Sunday, 24.—Walked up to Rattambe along the banks of the river, a distance of four miles. Here the Oma Oya unites with this river and both fall into a natural basin formed in some perpendicular

rocks which rise 40 feet above the surface of the water; Besides the principal fall which is 16 feet in perpendicular height, there are several smaller falls of 10 or 12 feet in height. The rocks forming the basin are, during the freshes, 4 or 5 feet under water, so the rise here is about 54 feet. Half a mile above Rattamba, I crossed a large river called the Bombee Oya, which enters the Mahavilla on the left side. About a mile from the river there is a village of the same name where I spent the night.

Monday, 25.—The Vidahn of Pangragam, who had accompanied me hither, left me. I have obtained considerable information from him respecting the country and the river. He served as an interpreter to my Cingalesse followers. Sent my horse and baggage on by a road which led to Kandy resolving to follow the course of the river on foot. After scrambling a considerable distance along the bed, over rocks and sands my further course was interrupted by a range of lofty and inaccessible rocks, extending across the river. I was therefore obliged to make circuit, and following my horse and baggage which I presently overtook, we ascended a hill, near the summit of which the path became very narrow, and led along the verge of a precipice 150 feet in height. Not suspecting danger, we still continued our course, till the path, which consisted of soft soil, approached so near the edge of the precipice, that the ground under the horse's feet, gave way, and threw him on his knees. We endeavoured to extricate him, but he plunged, and fell over the precipice upon the rocks beneath, and was so much injured, that we were obliged to sh of him.

Tuesday, 26.—Crossed the ferry of Gimblegantotte, and as the coolies refused to go further, I was obliged to leave my baggage and proceed to Gonnegame, and from thence to Kandy, where I arrived after a fatiguing walk of 25 miles. There appeared to be no improvement in the river during this distance, and the rocks and cataracts still continuing except for two or three miles. Had I obtained information on which I could depend as to the state of the river I would not have proceeded beyond Bintenne.

It will be perceived from the above journal, that the river in its present state is navigable for boats only of the smallest size. But that were the obstructions at Kooranjemony and Goorookel removed, impediments in other parts of the river, consisting principally of sand would also be removed by the mere increase of the current and thus render the river capable of being navigated by the largest boats at least as far as Calinga, 80 miles from the mouth, where it becomes rocky: and even then these rocky parts might be avoided by opening a stream which branches off from the left side of the river immediately above Calinga and enters it again about a mile and a half below. But even the rocky parts of the river may be rendered navigable: for the rocks were not more than three feet above water even at the time I visited them, and the water was never known to be so low. They are also of so soft a nature as to be easily broken by a sledge-hammer or else blasted. Should this ever be undertaken, it would be necessary to clear only one side (the left is the most eligible) of the river for the breadth of 40 yards. A tracking path should also be cleared on the bank. The expense and difficulties are not so great as may be imagined. But in order to form a correct idea as to the practicability of rendering the river navigable, an intelligent person should reside at some convenient spot, Cottovilla for instance, where he would be enabled to examine the river at the various periods.

THE IRISHMEN OF THE EAST.

BY THE REV. A. H. BESTALL.

The Irishmen of the East is not an inappropriate term by which to describe the people of Burma. Certainly the quality possessed by Burmese which first strikes the stranger is their cheerfulness. The British General in Mandalay during the expedition, on one occasion addressed a Meeting of soldiers on Temperance, and warned his hearers against that which would

make them an object of ridicule in the eyes of "this laughter-loving people." It is a very pleasing feature and immediately fascinates the new arrival. On my touching Burma, on all hands I heard the native praised and most favourably contrasted with the races on the great Continent. "They are such jolly people" was an oft heard remark, and a very true one. During many a day since I left Mandalay and reached this lovely station, I have been kept from moodiness by the bright faces of my little servants and the cheery notes of fun and laughter heard ever and again from the huts immediately adjoining my bamboo dwelling. I have found often times that the best way to overcome many of their complaints, superstitions, and difficulties is to appeal to their cuteness in grasping the ludicrous. They often 'scent the game' before you have pointed the weapon, and their gloomy look has vanished before the rising smile which extends 'all over the face.' I always have been ill at ease with that section of humanity which smiles so to speak with one cheek only, and the 'all round' brightness of the Burman's glee has been one of the factors towards winning my sympathy and love. It is rather an astonishing thing to find this merriment combined with notorious indolence.

The best friend of the natives of this land will readily admit, however he may attempt to account for it, that the Burman is a very lazy fellow. He does not believe in work. If he makes a good day's wage he waits until it has been spent before he seeks fresh toil. He has no hobbies, for they would mean too much exertion. Of course there are exceptions to the rule, but the rule is as I have stated. This indolence is most trying at times. My experiences in "building" have opened my eyes to the extent to which their love of ease is carried. I admit I had a worse set of workmen than I might have been able to hire had not our work here been started when Government was monopolizing labour; still my men are first types. They do not understand *contract*. Holiday is a tame word by which to express their cessations from work. Furlough I think more accurately describes the season. We wish for a little rest—"But you're under contract you know" "Yes Thakur we will finish on our return." "When will that be?" "We cannot surely say Thakur"—Some dropped the bricklaying for a month. In household matters we find this feature very trying. In my bamboo hut last year thermometer went up to 112° F. I hoisted a punkah, hired a Burmese Boy and promised 10 Rupees a month. He had the option of underletting the business. From 12 p.m. to 8 p.m., with intervals of rest were the hours of labour. The first day he appeared and got through his duties. Next day as early as 10 a.m., he was at the hut. "Not yet" I said, but quite unnecessarily as his remark meant "Never no more." The punkah was seldom swayed all the time I lived there. Indians are available if money be. The Burman finds it very hard work to laugh over punkah pulling, so he doesn't profess the art. They enter into their work with a gusto which bespeaks a speedy end. An end comes, but it is not the finish of the job but only of their perseverance. They soon come up to you and one word escapes them, a word we all get used to the second week we study the language, "Taw-bye," "enough" Thakur, and off they go. As a Bachelor I have been able to rub along with Burmese Boys, but I am the only Englishman of my acquaintance that does so. I do not wish however to plead even partial martyrdom for I was very fortunate in training a lad in culinary arts, *a lad who would stick*. He has been with me 18 months. They generally stay 18 hours. I cannot conceive of a married couple being without at least one Indian servant who gets from 150 to 350 per cent more than in Madras. One of the often repeated points in my addresses to the natives is the 'sin of idleness.' I can imagine most people think they would be disgusted with a race of such a temperament, but the Burmese seem even to brighten up this trait and make it wear a less odious dress. For generations the race has never seen the virtue that lies in diligence.

and it is as devoid of censure to say "I am idle" as it is to say "I am going to bathe." In a previous paper I thought that the religion of the nation is accountable for much of this. I think so now even more. Even on this part of the field of human character, how fraught with wisdom, in our life, does a Gospel appear which cries to these poor people, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." I am glad to believe that contact with Englishmen is causing a rustle of life among the natives. As Pakokku is one of the chief Towns of Upper Burma I am eye-witness of this fact. Commerce is spreading already. The country to our West is sending in its products far more freely than ever before. Boats are building in great numbers along the banks, and in other ways one is led to believe that the people of Burma are being roused from their physical lethargy. This is a good sign, and will prove helpful to our work of preaching.—*Ceylon Friend*.

CEYLON IN 1815-16.

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

(Continued from page 78.)

CEYLON.

(To the Editor of the Asiatic Journal.)

Sir,— * * * * While I am thus peeping into the twenty-seventh number of the Quarterly Review, permit me to add a remark or two on some passages of its first article, entitled "Ceylon." The Reviewer takes for his text the titles of the books of Captain Perceval and the Rev. James Cordiner, and the "Narrative," lately reviewed in your pages. The two first are presently disposed of as transcripts of former writers, and the "Narrative," "by a Gentleman on the spot," is pronounced to be a "paltry composition from the London Gazette and the daily papers." From this latter part of the sentence I dissent; nor can I avoid regarding it as evidence, either that the Reviewer never read the book, or that he read it with little of the spirit of discernment. "Paltry" it may be; but surely it contains sufficient evidence of its having been written at the court of Colombo, and with no small anxiety to praise and to magnify the reigning prince!

As to the war itself, the "Gentleman on the spot" is not more warmly its apologist than the writer in the Quarterly Review; neither can I well understand nor excuse, that the Reviewer, while appropriating to himself, by wholesale transcription, &c. much of the "Gentleman's" language, and very many of his statements (one of them, certainly, not derived from the London Gazette, nor from the daily papers) has had the conscience to treat his authority in a manner so contemptuous! "With such a muster of depravity, who could select for his victims helpless females, uncharged with any offence, and infants incapable of crimes, it was quite impossible to establish, as General Brownrigg observes, any civilized relations, either of peace or war; and humanity, as well as sound policy, called upon him to accede to the wishes of the chiefs and people of the Candian provinces, that the dominion of them should be vested in the sovereign of the British empire." So it has been said at Colombo; and so it is repeated in the Quarterly Review; and yet, Sir, I remain unconvinced that the sentiments, upon this subject, which have been more than once conveyed in your pages, do not belong to a sounder political morality, and therefore to a school more favourable to the well-being of mankind. I hope that I shall not be suspected of looking with less grief nor indignation than others, on the ferocious reign of Sri Wicrama Rajah; or that I question the right or the duty of an injured foreigner, to extirpate a power with which "no civilized relations of peace or war can be established," and with which contact is unavoidable; but I deny that there is any sound logic in the proposition, that "with one who could select for his victims, &c. it is quite impossible &c.;" and I turn with alarm and suspicion from the acquisition of provinces through the impulse

of "humanity," and from wars commenced or any other than the single basis of "sound policy." Surely, we have seen enough of "humanity" in the French wars of the last quarter of a century, all of which, we were told, were for the overthrow of bloody and rapacious tyrants, and the deliverance and blessing of their oppressed subjects!

For myself, I believe, that the war in Candy, and the overthrow of its sovereign, were unavoidable events. Candy, shut up, by foreign conquerors, from all access to the sea, of the salt and fish of which it had the greatest need, owed it to its manhood to attempt to burst these bonds. But "sound policy" forbade the British government not to forbear resisting its efforts. Hence a state of irreconcilable hostility, and hence wars which could only be terminated in the destruction of the one power or the other. Let us leave out then, "humanity," that delusive, if not hypocritical cry, with which politicians can sanctify the foulest crimes, and all may have been very right in Ceylon.

I could continue these comments on the article in the "Quarterly Review": but I conclude by reverting to the literary complaints I have made, and by venturing the obvious and yet not useless remark, that neither that publication, nor its northern rival, are free from a multitude of those slips and absurdities, which, with so high a tone, they expose in, or attribute to their neighbours. I am &c.,

MODESTUS.

(To be continued.)

OUR REVIEWER.

ENGLISH VEGETABLES AND FLOWERS IN INDIA AND CEYLON* is the title of a very complete and valuable Manual, compiled from authentic sources by Donald McDonald. It is a square volume of 60 pages, good toned paper and clear type, and gives directions easy for an amateur to understand and to follow. In the introduction the writer shows how great the influence of Europeans in India has been in developing among the educated natives a taste for flowers and for gardening, and speaks of the help afforded through various Government Botanic Gardens, to those who are establishing a garden. The 1st chapter treats of "The Climates and Physical Features of India," and regards that land as having three distinct climates, those of Northern, Central and Southern India. The 2nd chapter is on "The Soils of India, the 3rd on "The Formation of the Garden," giving directions as to the slope, shape, preparation and drainage of beds, with quotations from various authorities. Then follows a very complete table showing "The proper months to sow and plant English vegetables in the Plains"; fifty-seven different vegetables are tabulated, and opposite to them we find the months marked when they should be sown on high and on low-lying lands. Next we have "Monthly reminders for cultivating English vegetables and flowers in the Plains." Thus we find "March in the Vegetable Garden," "March in the Flower Garden," and under each heading you have directions for Northern, Central and Southern India respectively. We will quote by way of illustration the directions for March in Southern India:—

"The great heat generally prevailing at this season prevents much sowing or planting being done, therefore pay attention to trenching, digging, and ridging up ground. In commencing to subsoil or trench a piece of ground, let an opening be formed, of two feet or twenty inches in breadth, to the full depth of the surface or active soil, and the entire length of the bed, and let the stuff be removed and left at the opposite side, in order to have it to fill up the last opening, when the ground or bed will have been entirely turned over. Let the subsoil, to the depth of a foot or fifteen inches, be loosened and well broken, with a pick or spade; but let none of it now be brought to the surface. A second trench

must now be marked out, the same breadth as the first, and the surface sod of it turned over on the broken subsoil (upside down), and finished off in the form of a small ridge or drill. The subsoil in the second opening is now loosened and broken as the first, and a third line or opening marked out, the surface sod of which is turned over on the broken subsoil of the second, and finished off in the form of a drill, like the first, and so on to the end. The ground can be manured as the work is being carried on; but the manure should not be laid on the bottom nor on the surface, but in the middle of the drill, between the first and second spits, or between the digging and stovelling. Ridged or drilled in this form, let it remain to pulverize, and there will be very little trouble in levelling it down for cropping in the proper season. At each succeeding digging a portion of the broken subsoil should be turned up and well incorporated with the surface soil; and by repeated digging, and taking up the subsoil in regulated proportions (not more than an inch or two of it at a time), the texture of the entire mass will be changed from a poor sterile, to a rich, fertile soil. This is the true method of deepening and enriching the soil, which, with effectual drainage, is certainly the best preparation to ensure good crops in the garden; and should be attentively studied and industriously persevered in."

Then we have a table of "Average Seasons at various places." Next, a chapter on "English Vegetables, the best sorts to grow and quantities to sow." Concerning "Carrots," for instance, they tell you:—

"One ounce will sow a row 100 feet long and twelve inches apart; thin out to six inches from plant to plant. Mix the seed with moist sand the day before sowing. The best sorts are Early Summer Favorites, the new Scarlet Perfection, Intermediate, Early Horn, and White Belgian."

Or concerning Tomato:—

"One ounce will give about 800 plants. Sow in boxes, and transplant to three feet apart. As they mature, cut out all superfluous growth to expose the fruit to the sun. Such varieties as the Smooth Perfection, Dedham Favourite, Holborn Ruby, and Golden Gem, give marvellous returns of the most delicious fruits in most parts of India. The plants will require support unless against a fence or wall. A plan that might be tried with success in India is the placing of a piece of trellis shaped thus \wedge over the plants, push the growth through it, and let the flowers and fruit lay on the top. The foliage will assist in keeping the roots shaded and cool, while the fruit will get the full benefit of the sun. It is a great mistake to feed them too much at the earlier stages of growth. They will set their fruits more freely on pure water and good garden soil, if a start is given them in something richer, and repeated when the fruit is forming."

The remaining chapters are headed "Hill Stations, Garden Cultivation in Upper India; Notes on Ceylon; English Flowers from Seed; Popular English Flowers, including shrubs and other plants that do well in India; & Select List of Foliage Plants for sub-tropical gardening (all of which can be grown from seed); The Rose; English Bulbs; English Fruits; On Manures, Watering, Vermin, &c.; Average Rainfall at various places; English Seeds and how to treat them; Average Altitudes at which various trees grow in India; The Rotation of Crops in the Vegetable Garden (a table)."

The list of Popular English Flowers includes 113 names, and the descriptions run somewhat as follows:—

"COCKSCOMB.—A variety of the Celosia, ranging in colour from bright yellow to deep crimson. Sow in pots and transplant singly as soon as large enough to handle; repeat as required, and keep the plant well fed, and with plenty of root room. The fine Empress variety produces combs of colossal proportions. The plumosa varieties can be bedded out.

"Sow in the Hills, March to May; in the plains everywhere, June to September."

* To be obtained at the Observer Office. Price, cloth covers, cash R4.50, credit R5; in paper covers: cash R2.50, credit R3; Postage 10c.