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ESTRANGED:

AN IDYL OF DEESIDE.

BY ALFRED HENRY DUNCAN, MONYRUY, LONGSIDE.

During the summer of 1882, the pretty little village of Braemar was more than usually crowded with visitors, that Highland resort of Royalty, both British and Continental, having become, for the time being, the centre of attraction for tourists from all parts of the earth, one and all of whom were hoping to be able to carry back with them to the Colonies, America, or India some pleasing reminiscences of a time when they had driven along the same turnpike road as Her Majesty was wont to drive along, had attended the same Highland games as the Prince and Princess of Wales had been present at, or even had worshipped in the same church as some of the less important members of the Royal family had worshipped. Amongst this crowd of visitors was one Charles Robertson, an episode in whose life, while he was residing at Braemar, it is our intention to disclose to the reader.

Charles Robertson had the misfortune to be born a younger son; this, in the opinion of many of the husband-hunting mothers of Great Britain, is more than a misfortune—it is a positive crime. A younger son is one for marriageable daughters to avoid, and, we suppose, such being the case, this is the reason why they are the very ones that young girls get entangled with.

As soon as Robertson was old enough to clearly understand the enormity of the crime which he had committed in not being born before his elder brother, and thus securing property and ten thousand a year, he fled from his native land, and for a quarter of a century had been toiling in different parts of the world, as a "squatter" in New Zealand and Australia, and latterly as a coffee planter in Ceylon, until he had succeeded in accumulating a sufficiency of wealth on which to retire and lead a quiet and domestic life at home, which life he had now been leading for some few years previous to the date on which our tale commences.

Bright and sunny was the summer of 1882. The massacres going on in Egypt, and the coffee leaf disease, which was driving penniless planters from the shores of Ceylon, were matters of no importance whatever to our hero, although, at times, he confessed that he did feel sorry that Alexandria, where he had spent some pleasant days, should be on the point of being completely demolished, and that so many of his quondam friends in Ceylon should

have been driven to start life again in some other land, not from any fault of their own, but from a visitation of disease and abnormal seasons. He had left the island when coffee interests still were a roseate hue, and had sold his plantation there before the crisis had swept over the "palm-fringed isle of the Eastern wave," and having brought his rupees home with him, he only looked back on that term of his life which he had spent in Ceylon with pleasure, and made no effort to comprehend the state of depression which overshadowed the island. True, he remembered it as an island where water was scarce, and even the grog not very good; but he was clear of it now, and was happy in the quiet existence which he was now leading after the many years of the rough-and-tumble sort of a life which he had led in the Colonies.

For several summers it had been his habit to visit Braemar, where he spent his time in fishing, taking photographs, and making solitary excursions to the tops of the highest hills of the Cairngorm group. This year, however, a change came over the spirit of his life, and he found the society of his fellow-lodgers a delightful acquisition when he went on one of his fishing excursions. These consisted of a widow lady and her two daughters; Mary, the younger one, passionately fond of botany, and Annie, the elder, not at all so.

Robertson himself was well read in botany, but somehow or other, when he and the two girls got rambling about together, he always allowed Mary to go hunting for botanical subjects by herself, whilst he stayed with Annie, helping her to mix her paints, and distracting her attention from her work. Annie painted landscapes from nature very well; satiated as Robertson had been by the galleries of Venetia and Lombardy, where he had seen acres of paintings by old masters—brown, dusty, and uninteresting—the fresh, bright colouring of Annie's work was a treat for him to behold. He even broke forth into raptures at times over the soft colour which Annie imparted to her twilight scenes of the heather hills and fir-tree glens of the Dee, and yet he knew no more about painting than he did about astronomy.

Weeks of this dangerously friendly intercourse passed by, when one afternoon Robertson wandered away to think over the subject quietly by himself. He walked on until he found himself at the Falls of Corriemulzie, where, having threaded his way to the bottom of the heathery glen, he seated himself on a stone by this side of the burn and thus addressed himself:—"You are aware that it is over twenty-five years since you began your wandering life, and that during that period you have grown old, and learnt what a wicked world this is. I need not remind you that from infancy to manhood the fact has been held up to you that, being a younger son, you can never marry; nor should you encourage thought of matrimony with you in the mind of any of your lady friends. I grant that it is a very hard case, especially to one like you, so specially cut out for the life

of a benedict; but being a member of society, you have always endeavoured to obey society's laws; and to save yourself from any dire to break their laws by endeavouring—you, a younger son—to gain the affections of any girl, you have striven to make yourself believe in the superiority of the life of a bachelor to that of a benedict. You have always endeavoured to hold those of the weaker sex up to ridicule when thinking of them, however complimentary and polite you may be to themselves; and all this you do because you are afraid of your own weakness, knowing full well that, if a girl could only persuade you to believe that she thinks you superior to the rest of your sex, the chances would be ten to one that you would be caught, and society would rise indignantly against you for daring to marry, and you only a younger son. You have withstood the charms of the New Zealander, with her bright blue eyes, merry laugh, and rosy cheeks; you have hardened your heart against the dashing Victorian, finest of dancers and most daring of horsewomen; you were steeled against the quiet, lady-like Tasmanian, and the glorious, golden-haired cornstalk of New South Wales, with her splendid figure and imperious air; you were adamant against the immigrants from Great Britain, landed on the shores of India and Ceylon, in quest of the affinities which they could not find in the mother country; to the Italian brunette and the gay and giddy French demoiselle you turned a deaf ear, and yet, here you are hopelessly in love with a Scotch lassie, whose quiet and gentle manner seems to have completely overcome you. She has been a strange revelation to you, this quiet, childish creature; her manner so innocent that she, somehow, has got herself firmly installed in your heart, and you have at last found out that, when you really love a girl, the regard you may have for the laws of society must stand aside for the grand passion. You are twice Annie's age, yet there is no knowing but what she might say 'Yes' if you asked her, so, perhaps, you had better take the fatal plunge at the earliest opportunity."

Having thus reasoned with himself, and apparently settled the matter to his own satisfaction, Robertson rose from his seat and proceeded homewards. As he trudged along the road he could not but think of the strange circumstance of his wishing to marry a girl, whose face and winning ways alone represented her fortune, when, had he obeyed the instructions of his friends, he should have been looking out for one whose fortune would have been ample to atone for the disgrace of his being younger than his own elder brother. He knew, from his knowledge of the world, that everyone's wife is valued at so much. In America a bride is said to be worth so many dollars; in Australia she is said to be possessed of so many cattle; in England she has so many thousand pounds in Consols; whilst amongst the inhabitants of the Solomon Islands a strange currency exists. There a coco-nut represents a unit, one string of white beads equals ten coco-nuts, ten strings of white beads equal one dog's tooth, ten dog's teeth equal one *isa*, and ten *isas* equal one good quality wife—so that a wife in good society in the Solomon Islands is worth 10,000 coco-nuts.

Some days passed without anything of importance taking place, when one bright, sunny afternoon Robertson determined to amuse himself by taking some photographs of the scenery around the "Lion's Face." He had taken several views of the valley of the Dee, and had arranged his camera for a final effect of that magnificent scene looking towards Glenshee. Everything was ready, the slide drawn up, and he was preparing to take the cap off the lens, when two figures appeared walking on the

road towards him, but at a considerable distance off.

"Oh, better those people!" he muttered. "I wish they would sit down, or stop for a few moments." They, however, continued to advance, and Robertson stood chewing his moustache and stamping with impatience.

They stopped. Robertson observed the lady raise her head and the gentleman stoop down, and he said to himself, "They are going to kiss each other, and that will take four seconds at any rate; so here goes to catch them when steady."

He timed their movements exactly, and, uncovering the lens, the photograph was done almost instantaneously; then, closing his camera and tripod, and taking his little box of dry plates in his hand, he turned about and walked off towards Braemar. Having arrived at his lodgings, he erected his dark tent and proceeded to develop the plates which he had exposed that day. The one which he had done last was, of course, on the top, and, taking it in his hand, he poured the developing solution over it. The picture came up gradually till the high lights were strongly marked, when he plunged the plate into water, gave it a wash, and dipped it into the alum water for a while. He then transferred it to the soda bath, where he left it whilst developing the others.

As soon as the first negative had been in the soda a sufficient length of time he took it out, rinsed it through water, and stepped outside to look at it in the daylight. Holding it up to the sun, he looked through it. The hills and trees were beautifully clear; nothing could have been better, and he was pleased with the result of this one, which was an earnest of what the others which had taken place would turn out. When, however, he observed the figures of the lovers in the distance on the pathway, his eyes opened wide, he glared at them, and then gasped out, "It cannot be; it is not possible, and yet, I can't be mistaken; great Scotland! It is Annie and some fiend of a lover." He felt inclined to dash the plate to the ground, but, restraining himself, he quietly arranged his things, settled the bill for his lodgings, sent to the Invercauld Arms Inn for a dogcart, and, bundling his personal effects into it, followed them himself, and before his fellow-lodgers had returned from their afternoon walk, he was many miles along the road to Ballater, *en route* for his home in the south. Late in the evening the widow and her daughters came to their lodgings, but another had joined their party, no other than a son and a brother, who, having been ordered with his regiment to Egypt, had got a few days' leave to run up to say good-bye to his friends in the North.

The landlady told them that Mr Robertson had gone away; she could give no reason, but said that he was looking rather serious, and she thought he must have had bad news from home, wherever his home was.

Annie said nothing, but was very quiet all that evening, asserting that it was because Frank was going off in the morning, and might never come back from Egypt again; but it is a strange thing, nevertheless, that, after she had gone to bed, she buried her face in the pillow and cried as if her poor little heart would break, and stranger still, after she did dose off, she wakened her sister by making wild exclamations in her sleep, and was heard calling on the name of Charles, and not on that of Frank.

Two or three days passed by, and then Annie received a letter bearing the Edinburgh post-mark which, on opening, she discovered contained only a photographic view of the country lying towards Glenshee, with two figures in the foreground, which she easily recognised as herself and Frank. Under-

neath was written the following in Charles Robertson's handwriting:—

Can I think of her as dead, and love her for the love she bore?
No, she never loved me truly: love is love for evermore.

Annie kept the secret of the photograph to herself, but she became a different girl to what she had been. Always quiet and gentle, she now was rarely heard to speak; she never complained, but her mother saw her fading away before her very eyes without having any idea as to what the reason of it was.

Back in her Border home, she sank rapidly, till the doctors ordered her to the south of France for a change. The journey to London was too much for her, and so they resolved to remain there for a few days' rest before continuing their journey, and on one of these days, as the mother and daughters were sitting in Kensington Gardens under the shadow of a huge, spreading tree, the well-known figure of Charles Robertson appeared close in front of them, but apparently unconscious of their presence. Annie gave a low cry and fainted; her mother screamed for help, and Robertson, rushing forward, found himself in the presence of the very people he wished to avoid. Procuring some water, he sprinkled a little on Annie's face, and she, opening her eyes, let them rest full on him with the same gentle look that they had always had for him. Then she said, "Thank you for putting yourself to so much trouble, Mr Robertson." He merely bowed, and, turning to the widow, he asked if he could be of any more use to them, or if he would send a cab for them.

She looked up, amazed at the tone of his voice, and said, "Your manner is very different towards us to what it once was, Mr. Robertson. Might I ask the reason of this?"

"A strange question to ask," he said "if you have seen the photograph which I sent to your daughter."

"Mamma has not seen it," said Annie "but she may see it now," and she took it out of her pocket.

Mary drew in about and looked over her mother's shoulder, both expressing delight at the sight of the picture, till Mary, observing the figures, said—"Oh, there are Annie and Frank kissing each other, I declare." Robertson's lip curled as he said—"And who may Frank be?"

Annie raised her head from her mother's shoulder, and said—"My brother."

Robertson started and drew back, the blood rushed to his face, and it seemed as if he could read the thoughts of the girl, whose calm, reproachful look was fixed on him. He felt as if she must be thinking thus of him—"You made professions of love to me and yet having wormed the secret from me that I loved you in return, you could think so unjustly of me as to suppose me capable of flirting with another. If you were judging me by your own standard, I fear I was worshipping a false idol, and it has been shattered, killing me in its fall." He seemed to read these thoughts in her eyes, but he was no craven, and never let his look drop beneath her calm, searching gaze, which gradually softened, till, thinking his opportunity had come, he stepped forward, took her hand in his and said—"Pardon me Annie, only this once, for I'll never doubt you again." She answered not, but allowed him to retain her hand, and her mother and sister, feeling themselves *de trop*, rose and wandered round the park for about an hour, returning then to find that Annie had come to the conclusion that a trip to the south of France would not be necessary, but that a short stay in London would be so, as she was sure that her mamma would prefer her having a London-made trousseau rather than one turned out by the milliner in the Provincial Town, in which they dwelt.—*Aberdeen Weekly Free Press*, 18th August 1876.

HAAFNER'S ACCOUNT OF CEYLON.

TRANSLATED BY DONALD FERGUSON.

(Continued from page 85.)

Although this fatal expedition should have induced Governor Schröder to renounce his project, he none the less persisted in his wish to subdue the emperor, and made many repeated efforts to penetrate as far as the kingdom of *Condé*, both by the passes and the forests; but all were equally unsuccessful, with the loss of a large number of men; whilst the interests of the Company suffered much, not to speak of the immense sums which this war cost it every year, or which at least were debited to its account.

In 1762 matters were still in the same condition, without the least progress having been effected, when Schröder was summoned to *Batavia* and Baron van Eck was appointed governor of *Ceylon* in his place.* The latter, proud of his nobility and his military services in Europe, was by no means suited to settle the differences between the Company and the emperor or king of *Condé-ouda*, and consequently to put an end to a disastrous war: He rejected with scorn the reasonable proposals of the emperor, who had hoped to find more peaceable sentiments in the new governor than his predecessor had shown; but van Eck sent back his ambassadors with disdain, imagining doubtless that it was for him that was reserved the honour of bringing under the subjection of the Dutch the whole island of *Ceylon*. He therefore took the field with all the troops that he could collect, disarranging not only all the fortresses of the island but also those of the continent.

Among the large number of means made use of by many servants of the principal commercial companies to satisfy their pride and cupidity must be placed, as one of the chief, that of producing a famine, by a monopoly of provisions, when there is a year of drought and barrenness through the failure of the periodical rains; as was witnessed in *Bengal* under the English governors Olive and Vereist, who caused more than five million persons to perish. Sometimes the massacre of a large number of inhabitants, such as that of the Chinese at *Batavia*, is a convenient and certain means of enriching oneself speedily; nevertheless, that which is most generally employed is to sow dissension among the Indian princes, and involve them in a war, in order to surprise them while they are destroying each other, and to share with the strongest the spoils won from the weaker; or else to fall unawares upon the dominions of a prince who is supposed to possess great riches; or, if he is an ally, to accuse him of not having fulfilled certain articles of the treaties concluded with him or of hatching a secret plot with the enemies of the Company.

The injuries complained of as having been received at the hands of the emperor of *Ceylon*, or king of *Condé-ouda*, and which had forced the Company to declare war against him and treat him as an enemy,

* Wolf in his list of Dutch Governors says:—"Mr. Lübbert Joan Baron van Eck took over the government on the last mentioned date [18th March 1762]. He captured Kandi in 1765, but died suddenly soon afterwards on 1st April of the same year. In accordance with the regulations for the form of government the chief man at Jaffanapatnam had to occupy the position of governor at Kolombo. The latter, Mr. Anthony Moojaart, as soon as he was requested by the political council to come there, journeyed thither overland, and conducted the military and civil affairs until 9th August 1765."—TR.

were of the last class. He was accused of having concluded a secret treaty of commerce with the English,* and that his intention in consequence was to violate the article of the treaty of alliance with the Company by which he promised to deal with it alone. At the very most this was simply a suspicion. They ought to have waited at least until he had put into execution this alleged treaty with the English, before involving the Company in a war the consequences of which might be fatal to it. But the truth is, as I have remarked above, that tired of seeing the unjust manner in which his subjects were treated, and the insults which he himself received, it was the emperor who declared war against the Company; and it was this that Governor Schröder had wanted, who made sure of covering himself with glory, and of above all of acquiring immense riches in subduing the kingdom of *Condé-ouda*. I have already mentioned the little success which resulted from his different attempts, and how Governor van Eck, who succeeded him, had collected a large armed body composed of Europeans and *Lascars*, for the purpose of proceeding to subdue the emperor. I shall not dwell long upon that first expedition, nor upon the fruitless and calamitous enterprises made by van Eck during almost three years in order to make his project succeed, that is to say until 1765; I shall confine myself to speaking of the principal events.

Van Eck, seeing that he could do nothing by force, sought to employ other means. He succeeded in winning over, by great promises, a *modeliaar* or general of the emperor's who guarded, with some thousands of men, one of the passes that lead into the interior, by which the troops of the Company penetrated and made themselves masters of *Condé*; but they found that this town had been abandoned. The emperor, warned in time of the treason of his general, had retired, with all the inhabitants, into the inaccessible mountains of *Hangerenkotte* and *Penedo*, where it was impossible to attack him. He did not, however, remain idle there; for whilst the Dutch were occupied in pillaging all that they found in his capital, he secretly detached one of his most faithful and bravest *modeliaars*, with some thousands of picked men, in order to go and surprise, during the night, a detachment of Dutch troops which was stationed in the pass, to preserve communication between the interior of the country and the coast; which resulted in complete success for the *Chirguois*. The emperor, seeing himself once more master of this passage, not only cut off their convoys of provisions and their retreat to *Colombo*, but also surprised them with his whole army, so that they found themselves so completely surrounded, that it was with the greatest difficulty that they let van Eck know of the dangerous situation in which they were. The governor, seeing no means of saving them, and in despair at the unfortunate result of his enterprise, killed himself, as is well enough known; although it has been sought to attribute his sudden death to an attack of apoplexy.

Meanwhile the Dutch found themselves in evil plight in *Condé*. Many of them among whom must be numbered their leader, were already dead of sickness and misery; and it would have been easy for the emperor, whose intention was to force them by famine to lay down their arms, to cause them all to perish by the sword, and to make them suffer the fate of the Portuguese general de Souza,

* This accusation was founded on the fact of the mission of Mr. Pybos from the Madras Government to the king in 1762, which was, however, entirely unsuccessful. (See "Account of Mr. Pybus's Mission to the King of Kandy, in 1762," *Colombo*, 1832, Noolaham.org | aavanaham.org)

who in like manner had occupied *Condé* by treason and who perished with all his army, except a small number of men, although he might have asked to retire. But Governor Iman-Willem Falk,* who replaced van Eck, wishing to put an end to this disastrous war, and save the few Dutch troops who still remained in *Condé*, offered peace to the emperor, who consented to agree to it in 1766.

One would have thought that the emperor, profiting by the advantageous position in which he found himself, would have dictated the articles of the new treaty of peace, or at least forced the government of *Ceylon* to renew those of the old treaty; but the contrary was the case; he saw himself obliged to accept most onerous conditions; such as those of waiving his claim to nearly all his possessions on the sea-coasts; of supplying the Dutch alone with the cinnamon that his kingdom produces, and that at a fixed low price, and other similar disadvantageous conditions. It was the following circumstances that forced him to agree to this peace as shameful as unfavourable. During the last year of the war there had appeared a pretender to the throne of *Condé*; or, to speak more correctly, a certain prince had been flattered with the hope of ascending it, and being supported by sufficient military forces.† Nevertheless there was

* Wolf, in his list of Dutch governors, says:—"Master Iman Willem Falk took over the government on the above-mentioned date [9th August 1765], concluded peace with the emperor of Kandi shortly afterwards, and was raised to the position of extraordinary councillor 4th July 1767. This honest, courteous and wise gentleman, who was a blessing to *Zilan* still governed when I left. An admirable education and studies acquired by diligence had laid the true and right foundations of a statesman in him. He is worthy of occupying the highest position in the Dutch government in India." To which last sentence Wolf's editor adds a note, "Which he now does in *Batavia*." (Falk was born in *Ceylon*.) In his account of his journey on foot through *Ceylon*, Haafner gives a description, pretty much the same as the above, of the disastrous war, as related to him at *Toppu* by a French Franciscan priest, who was in *Ceylon* when it occurred. Wolf gives a letter which, as Anthony Mooyart's secretary, he wrote to the *Kan* king on the night of their arrival in *Colombo* from *Jaffna*, which letter, a very conciliatory one, was at once despatched, and was the means of leading the king to consent to a peace. According to Wolf's account the king spoke of him in the highest terms, and wished to reward him handsomely; but he retained only the cover of the king's first letter as a souvenir. Wolf also gives a description of the extraordinary manner in which he managed to convey a letter to the unfortunate Dutch who were shut up in *Kandy*, to inform them of the likelihood of peace being concluded. The commander of these troops, who had died ere Wolf's letter arrived, had, it seems, been a traitor before he was appointed general at *Trincomalee*, and Wolf makes some sarcastic comments on this fact. (See also *Eschelskroon's* account of this war in appendix to *Wolf's Life and Adventures*, London, 1785.)—Tr.

† This is probably the prince referred to by Wolf as follows in speaking of his journey with Anthony Mooyart from *Jaffna* to *Colombo*:—"The journey was troublesome with our retinue, but for unavailing; for not only did we experience no opposition by the enemy, nor any attack, but also brought a prince, who had hitherto been a vassal of the emperor of *Kandi's*, under submission to us, by the cunning persuasion of one of our spies, who knew how to represent the circumstances to him as being highly dangerous. As we had in our journey to enter a portion of his territory, he submitted to us from fear; which he would probably not have done had he really known our weakness. But war is truly often carried on more by cunning than by force."—Tr.

no intention of doing this; and the carrying out of it would besides have been difficult. So that it was merely an empty bugbear which was made use of to force the emperor to accept prejudicial conditions, through fear of seeing himself dethroned; the more so as he was not too well loved by his people. But scarcely had the end aimed at been attained than the unhappy prince, who had gained some partisans, was carried as a prisoner to *Batavia*, and thence to the island of *Ambonia*, where he ended his life in misery and shame.

It was now thought that the affairs of the Company had been considerably advanced and its commerce in *Ceylon* befriended, by the onerous conditions that the emperor had been obliged to accept, as also by the possession of all the sea-coasts of this island; but in this they were mistaken; for the emperor, who had learnt of the part which the pretended prince had been obliged to play, conceived from that moment a secret hate against the government of *Ceylon*; which was not unknown to them, and which they might or at least ought to have tried to assuage, by a frank conduct, and by the observance of the last treaty of peace.

But scarcely had the few Dutch troops that remained in *Condé* returned, than the disturbing and annoying of the emperor in a thousand ways was recommenced. When, for example, this prince asked a favor of the governor of *Ceylon*, or demanded something reasonable and just, he had to purchase it by the cession of some piece of land, or by the sacrifice of a portion of his right. He was deprived under a plausible pretext of his fine salt pans at *Poutelan* and *Leawara*, with the solemn promise of allowing him the free use of them; but this did not last long, the end was that he was only allowed a certain quantity of salt annually, scarcely sufficient for the consumption of his kingdom; and, fearing that he would make too large a store of it in advance, the government of *Ceylon*, after having filled its store houses with a sufficient quantity thereof, caused the surplus, which consisted of several shiploads, to be thrown successively into the sea, after having mixed it with sand.* By this means the emperor was, in some sort, in their power; so that on the least sign of discontent they refused to give him his annual supply of salt; thus leaving him the alternative of granting the unjust claims that were demanded of him, or engaging in a new war, which was on the point of breaking out in 1783†; means were however then found of arranging this affair amicably. But what caused the most vexation to the emperor was to see that the government of *Ceylon* refused to submit any longer to the ancient usage, according to which the ambassadors of the Company presented their letters to him on their knees‡.

(To be continued.)

* Eschel-kroon mentions the same fact.—Tr.

† ? 1773.—Tr.

‡ P or Mr. Pybus gives a graphic description of the tortures which he suffered from a due observance of the forms usual among envoys to the Kandyan court. The next British envoy, Mr. Hugh Boyd (in 1782), very properly refused to degrade himself in such a fashion.—Tr.

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WHAT I SAW AT THE KENSINGTON
MUSEUM.

(BY A CEYLON MAN.)

London, 22nd Sept. 1890.
To the Editor.

DEAR SIR,—One of the finest buildings that have arisen during the last few years in London is the Kensington Museum for Natural History, where free lectures are given three times a week and the public (*i. e.* the unsuspecting looking portion thereof) admitted without charge during the hours of daylight.

Directly opposite Cromwell Road and adjoining the site for the new Imperial Institute, it possesses one of the finest situations in the world. The building itself is in my mind truly handsome, and the eye can take in its immense size and beauty without being annoyed by ugly or encroaching buildings, for all around are not only kept walks and gardens which in themselves are well worth a visit. The building of this beautiful edifice not only ruined the contractors, but the unfortunate gentlemen as well, who guaranteed the completion of the work for the sum stipulated. The nation has however benefited by their misfortune, and as a Britisher, I am proud of their handiwork and their misfortunes have my sympathy. Those guardians of our hearths and homes "the stalwart bobby" are everywhere *en evidence*, and in these days of dynamite their vigilance is not unnecessary. I intend giving you a brief summary of the treasures contained in the section devoted to pre-historic man and his coeval and preceding associates whether fish, flesh or fowl. Down the centre of the long and well-lighted room are ranged the complete skeletons, cleverly set up in life attitudes, of some of the largest of our pre-historic mammalia. Here we have the mastodon towering above us; a little further down his cousin the giant mammoth with tusks 12 feet in length and twenty inches in circumference. What the mammoth used these tusks for I cannot think, but doubtless nature gave him these enormous weapons for some purpose; what muscular strength this animal must have had in its neck to carry such a weight of ivory! These animals roamed in countless herds at one time. On the coasts of Siberia their remains are dug out of the sides of mud cliffs in quantities sufficient to load ships, and their ivory still good after the lapse of one hundred centuries is converted to the uses of civilization. Since these remains were found whole animals with their hair and flesh still in good preservation have been found intombed in the polar ice. Sufficient ivory has been obtained to account for no less than 30,000 mammoths! This is for Siberia only, while it is well-known the mammoth roamed over all Europe and Great Britain in vast numbers as well. Adjoining the mammoth is the Irish elk. Something like an elk he is. Stands over six feet at the shoulder, and his proud head and spreading antlers reach yet another couple of feet higher! What a haunch of venison Adam and Eve must have had off such an animal. Buck and doe are both represented here by their skeletons, the doe being hornless. How is it that the descendants of these gigantic animals should now be so small, and that in the case of man his stature remains the same? There is ample proof that prehistoric man who lived in a cave (hence the name *Troglodyte*), and supped from reindeer steaks and minced collops from wild horse, was no bigger, and perhaps smaller, than the average man of today. His remains taken from many caves and pleistocene deposits are exhibited here along with the fossil

skeleton of a Carib Indian (?) embedded in limestone. What an extraordinary animal the dinosaur was, well meriting his name, which in Greek means "terrible beast"! About half as big again as our latter day elephant, but with a shorter trunk, he had instead of tusks on his upper, two enormous ones on his lower jaw. These, however, did not extend in front of him like others of his species, but deflected earthwards arching in towards his huge chest. What a weapon for grubbing these tusks must have been to him. With a nod of his head he could have dug out a tea bush top, root and all! By this time the end of the long room has been reached, and the visitor enters another, presided over by the bust of Prof. Sir Richd. Owen, the great wizard, who, from a single bone, will tell you all about the animal it belonged to, what its habits were, what it usually had for supper, &c. In this room are the set-up skeletons of the megatherium and the mylodon of South America. Huge sloths, bigger than the biggest hippopotamus that ever wallowed in the hill mud and whose skeleton alone weighs two tons. What a hug these animals could have given! In a large case adjoining are the remains of the moa and the dinornis of New Zealand, gigantic chickens ten to twelve feet high whose leg bones are as big in comparison to those of our latter day ostrich, as the latter are larger than the flamingo. But bigger than either of these must have been the a'pyornis of Madagascar. No complete skeleton of this bird has as yet been obtained, but sufficient has been found to enable us to know that it must have been even bigger than the moa. Eggs of the a'pyornis have been obtained nearly whole, and these are shown. The largest measure 3 feet in circumference and must have contained 3 gallons of liquid. How many of these "poached" could a Ceylon planter eat for breakfast. A colossal extinct tortoise from Buenos Ayres is also shown whose shell would make a comfortable hip bath for two adults! The Bible narrative says that "there were giants in these days," and I quite agree with Moses that there were; and thanks to the managers of the British Museum these priceless relics of a bygone age, arranged by the skill of Prof. Owen, can be seen at any time during the day by old and young, rich and poor alike.

T. DICKSON,

CEYLON IN 1815-16.

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

(Continued from page 88.)

AN EXCURSION TO ADAM'S PEAK IN THE ISLAND OF CEYLON.

On the morning of the 26th of April, 1815, Lieutenant Malcolm, who commands a detachment of the 1st Ceylonian Staffagam, set out with a party of one sergeant and four Malay soldiers from Batugedera, to ascend the mountain called Adam's Peak.

Lieutenant Malcolm had been detained some days in expectation of guides, whom Dolip Nelemy, the headman of Batugedera, had engaged to procure; but after frequent disappointments, he resolved to wait no longer, and to take his charge of obtaining guides at Gilemelle on the way. All unnecessary incumbrances were avoided, and the whole baggage consisted of provisions for three days, some blankets, a measuring chain, and a quadrant. The road followed the windings of the Cultra River, which, at the distance of two miles from Batugedera, receives the Mugelle, two chains in breadth at the confluence. On the left banks are the ruins of a fort erected

la t war to command the fort. From the Mugelle to the Rest House of Gilemelle, is $3\frac{1}{2}$ English miles. Two guides were procured after some delay at Gilemelle, and the party leaving the Rest House, crossed immediately the Malwellow half a mile further, another river called the Mashelle. From the banks of the latter, the road entered into a forest of noble trees, straight as pines, and from fifty to seventy feet in height. About four in the afternoon Lieutenant Malcolm arrived at Talabula, ten miles and eighteen chains from Batugedera. Here there is a temple and a Rest House for the accommodation of pilgrims on their way to Adam's Peak: about two hundred of both sexes and of all sorts and conditions were assembled at this place, some on the road to the mountains, and some on their return from it. The dance was continued to the sound of tom-toms and Cingalese songs without intermission, until the pilgrims who were going to mount the hill, began to prepare their lights. About 8 o'clock they set out in different groups.

The Head Priest endeavoured to dissuade Lieutenant Malcolm from proceeding any further, assuring him that no white man ever did or ever could ascend the mountain. This superstitious remonstrance was disregarded, and as soon as the priest had got ready their lights, the party set off about eleven o'clock at night. After passing three small forts erected this war, to repel the king of Candy's troops, they began to ascend the first mountain, and reached the top in four hours. From the next hill the Cultra River descend, and upon the rocks close to that stream the party breakfasted at five o'clock. When their breakfast was over they continued their way up the second hill, Adam's Peak still towering far above their heads. After surmounting two other distinct ascents equally steep but of less height, they came to the foot of the Peak itself. The face of the hill here seemed to be quite perpendicular, and the pilgrims who had left Talabula before them were seen at a great height climbing up the precipice by means of the iron chains which are for that purpose fixed in the rock. Lieutenant Malcolm and his people stopped a few minutes to take breath, and after a considerable exertion they got safe to the top between eight and nine in the morning of the 27th of April.

The view from this elevation was for a short time most beautifully magnificent, and well rewarded all the labours of ascent. On one side there appeared as far as the eye could reach, a vast extent of wooded hills like an ocean of forest whose waves had suddenly been fixed in one unalterable position; on the others the tops only of the hills rising above the fogs, resembled a number of well wooded islands, scattered over the sea that filled all the space below. Batugedera was seen on one side under the feet, and on the other in the distance, the Cadian mountains interspersed with clouds. This noble prospect was but of short duration, for suddenly a thick fog arose from the bottom of the mountain and drew a curtain over all the sublimity of the scene. The top of the peak is contracted to a small compass, it is seventy-two feet long and fifty-four broad, and a parapet wall five feet high closes it all round. On the east side a part of this wall has fallen, and some of the remainder is much out of repair. In the middle of this area is a large rock of iron stone, upon which is the mark of Adam's left foot, though some help of imagination is required to trace it out. This sacred footstep is covered over with a small wooden bidding two feet long, nine broad, and four and a half high to the tills, and is besides immediately enclosed by a frame of copper fitted to its shape, and ornamented with four rows of precious stones.

The party was not provided with a British flag but fired three volleys to the great astonishment of the Buddhists, for it is probable this was the first armed party that ever had ascended the Peak. The Priest warned them of approaching rain, and they made the best of their way down the mountain, which they found more laborious to descend than it had been to climb. The rain which soon began to pour down

increased the difficulties of the road, but they reached Palabula in safety about four in the afternoon, and next morning returned to their quarters at Batugedera.

The road from Palabula is a continued ascent over rocks and fragments of iron stones. Sounds lungs and hard feet are requisite to perform the journey, for it is often necessary to climb barefoot over the iron stone. Palanquins are quite out of the question. In heavy rains there may be some risk, but in fair weather the mountain may be ascended with little difficulty and without any danger. The summit of the Peak was only clear about a quarter of an hour, which did not allow time enough for taking any bearings.

(To be concluded.)

THE MARAVARS OF RAMNAD.

Mr. Norton stated in the course of his address in the Ramnad partition suit, which is being heard at Madura, that the Maravars of that District were a set of robbers, cut-throats and murderers; that a chief in the same clan was simply chosen to protect the pilgrims to Ramesweram that annually resorted to the sacred shrine in that place; and that the members of the clan were not warriors as stated by Mr. S. Subramaniam, in his opening address. Mr. V. Bhashyam Aiyangar, in his reply, stated that every Maravar was a warrior and held lands on a military tenure; and that the scale upon which lands were granted by the Setupatis of Ramnad to their dependents was a piece of land capable of yielding per annum five kalamms of rice to an ordinary foot soldier carrying a sword and spear; land yielding seven kalamms to a musketeer; land yielding nine to a *saraboji* bearer; and land yielding fifty to a Captain of a hundred men. Out of the produce of these lands a tribute of five fanams was payable to the chief for each kalam of produce raised. Many other interesting particulars have cropped up during the hearing of the above suit. In the *Gazetteer* of Southern India, published by Pharos & Co. in 1885, we read:—

“It is supposed by many that the Maravars (*i. e.* the people of Ramnad and Sivaganga) are the aborigines of this part of the Carnatic. Even to this day their features are different from those of their neighbours, and are such as to give some probable ground for the conjecture that the legend above narrated of the co-operation of the monkey tribe and their king Hanuman in the conquest of Ceylon, originated in aid really afforded in that enterprise to the Brahminical invaders, by this people. The Maravars do not use turbans, but a handkerchief around the head; the men wear ear-rings and have a fancy for pulling their ears downwards till they become of an unusual size. The women insert massive (not always valuable) ornaments in the lobes of the ear till a perforation is made an inch wide, and the ear sometimes comes down to the neck. The Maravars profess to worship Siva, but in the course of centuries, their religious ceremonies have been much influenced by the Brahmins. With regard to their wedding ceremonies and re-marriage of widows, there is a wide departure from the universal Hindoo custom.”—*Madras Mail*, Oct. 2.

THE SETUPATIS OF RAMNAD.

In the course of the hearing of the Ramnad partition suit at Madura it came out that the Setupatis obtained the titles of “Warden of Tondi Harbour”; “Establisher of the Pandiya Throne; “Establisher of the Chola Country”; “He who conquers countries seen, and never lets go countries conquered;” “He who propped up the kingdom;” “Para Rajah Kesari, or lion among foreign Rajahs;” “Rajaya Rajah, Rajah Parameswara Rajah Martanda and Rajah Gambhira;” “The Master of the Rameswaram;” “Triumala Setupati, and also that of Protector of the Queen’s tali;” and so on from the Pandiyans and Naik rulers, for the various meritorious military

services rendered by the Setupatis in the war against Madura by the neighbouring kings. The Setupatis were also granted the privilege of raising the monkey banner and the *garuda* banner; also the privilege of using the lion faced palanquin, peculiar to the Royal house of Madura, having relieved him for ever from the duty of paying tribute; also to celebrate the *Navaratri*, or nine nights festival in his own capital, with the same pomp and magnificence with which it was celebrated at Madura, and other privileges. The Setupatis also fought several wars, entered into alliances, conventions and Treaties with other Rajahs and Kings acquired territories by such deeds, and at one time they even went so far as to invade Ceylon, and subjugated the neighbouring Pandyan Kingdom and ruled over it for a considerable period of time. They were the chief of the seventy-two Poligaras on this side of the peninsula, and had coins of their own, and forresses and rights of pearl fishery on the coasts bordering their country. The Rajah Kondiman of Pudukota, the Rajah of Sivaganga, and the eighteen chiefs of the Tanjore country must stand before the Setupatis with the palm of their hands joined together and stretched out towards the presence. The chiefs of Tinnevely, such as Kata Boma Nayakkan of Panjala Kurichi (the famous Omiyan), Sirumala Nayakkan of Kadalkud, and the Tokkala Totteyans, being all of inferior caste, must prostrate themselves full length before the Setupati; and after rising must stand and not be seated.—*Madras Mail*, Oct. 9.

THE LAST OF THE CANNIBAL CHIEFS.

Out of the many cannibals and ex-cannibals I have known, writes Mr. Basil Thomson in *Maya*, I will choose the most striking figure as the subject of this sketch. I first met the Buli of Nandrau in the autumn of 1886, when I took over the Resident Commissionership of the mountain district of Fiji. He had no sooner arrived with his retinue than he sent his *mata* (herald) to announce him, and in a few minutes entered my house alone. He was a very tall, erect old man of about sixty-five or seventy—grey-haired, keen-eyed, and intelligent-looking. After the usual ceremonies inseparable from Fijian etiquette, he sat down and spoke of the politics of the district. It appeared to me remarkable that a man who had only left his native mountains two or three times, to take part in the great Council of Chiefs, should be so well acquainted with the history and political situation of the coast tribes of Fiji. He spoke with great affection of Sir Arthur Gordon and of the ex-Commissioner, and bewailed the death of the great mountain chiefs whose places were now inadequately filled by their sons.

He was never absent from his place for a moment during the three days the council lasted, and his interest in the trivial affairs of other districts never flagged. It was curious to observe the great deference paid to his opinion by the other chiefs. When one of them, Buli Naloto, was found to have failed in his duties, Nandrau was appointed to reprove and caution him. His speech, which was short and to the point was a model of that kind of eloquence: “Art thou,” he said, “a chief in thine own right, to make war and to make peace as it pleases thee? Where was thy tribe before the Government came? A scattered remnant, seeking refuge on the plains from the vengeance of Nandrau! But the Government has taken pity on thee, and the land is at peace. Why art thou then disobedient to the Government, who has made thee a chief and reestablished thee in the lands of thy fathers?” This reproof was received by Buli Naloto with the most abject humility.

No long after this Buli Nandrau consulted me about the projected marriage of his daughter with the provincial scribe, who lived with me. He wished, he said, to cement by this marriage the ancient ties between Nandrau and Noikoro, but the day had passed for marrying girls against their will. His elder daughter had been a great grief to him. She had been so married, and had not long ago put an end to her

life. Did I, he asked, from what I knew of Durutalo, think that Janeti would be happy with him? This was not the only example I had of his strong domestic affection.

In the spring of the following year he wrote to me, asking for medicine to relieve a pain in his jaw, and from this time he was unable to leave his village. At length, one day early in July 1837, I received a pathetic letter from him, asking me to lose no time in coming to him. "I am very ill" he wrote, "and I would have you see my face before I die."

As the messenger, when questioned, made light of his illness, and I was myself not well enough to undertake so tiring a journey, I determined to wait until I was sure that his urgency was not merely the result of low spirits. But late on the following Sunday night I was awakened by the challenge of the sentry and immediately afterwards the deep cry of respect, known as the *tama*, sounded outside my sleeping-house. Lights were brought, and on the doorstep crouched a man, muddy, travel-stained and exhausted by a long journey. I recognised him as a native of Nandrau, who was selected for his fitness as district messenger, and when I saw that his hair and beard were cut short, I knew the nature of his errand.

"The chief is dead," he said; "and he told Tione not to buy him till you, sir, had seen his face. Tione sends you this message."

There was another reason that required my presence at Nandrau; Tione was not the only claimant to the succession, and I must be there to prevent a disturbance. The messenger would not even wait for food, but returned at once to announce my coming.

In a moment the camp was all awake, and the men turned out to prepare for the journey. The horses were brought in and saddled, and the baggage rolled up in parcels to be carried over the mountain roads. Before daybreak we were fording the river with an escort of some thirty armed constabulary and baggage-carriers. The road lay for some miles along the crest of a forest-clad ridge more than three thousand feet above the sea-level, and when it emerged near the old site of Nambutautau into open country, nothing could exceed the grandeur of the scenery. Two thousand feet below us on the right rushed the Singatoka, foaming among great boulders of rock, and still towering above us was the great wooded range that formed the water-shed of the island; while far away before us rose the mountain-wall which separated Tholo from the plains, seeming with its bare masses of astellated rock like a great ruined fortification. And now the road began to descend, and following a precipitous path, which momentarily endangered the legs of our horses, we plunged into the cool shadow of the precipices that overhung Nandrau. At a turn in the road we saw below us the now historical village, jutting out over the river upon a broad ledge of rock. The *vava*, or village square, was crowded with people, and I noticed a train of women descending the sheer face of the opposite cliff, with loaded baskets on their backs, holding on to stout vines to steady themselves. And here we halted to give time to a messenger to announce our arrival, according to native custom. We watched him enter the village and saw the people vanish as if by magic into the houses, or sit in groups at the foot of the coconut palm, and then, in perfect silence, we passed through the village. At the fence that separated the dead chief's enclosure from the square we dismounted, and were conducted by his eldest son, Tione, to the clean matted house in which we were to lodge.

All through the night there was an incongruous mixture of the sounds of merriment and sorrow. On the river bank behind our house the five widows of the dead chief, with their women, howled and wailed till morning, like animals in pain. Sometimes the wails would die away into faint means, and then a wild shriek from one of them would set them all going again. But on the other side stood the great *bure*, where all the funeral guests were feasting and drinking *yangona* in honour of the departed spirit.

Early next morning a messenger came to the door of our hut to ask if we would see the Buli's face. Followed by several of my men carrying the funeral gifts, I climbed to a small house built upon a high stone foundation. The inside was crowded with the neighbouring chiefs, and I took my seat in silence. At the far end, wrapped in folds of native cloth and the finest mats, lay the body. The wails too high and funeral gifts were now brought in and formally presented by the *mata-ni-vanua*, and accepted by an old man in the ancient Nandrau dialect, of which I could scarcely understand one word. And then, when a costly *rotuma* mat had been given for the body to lie upon in the grave, I made a short speech in the Bau dialect, and was conducted to see the face uncovered.

At mid-day the great wooden drum was tolled, and the armed constabulary, looking very neat in their white *sulus* and blue tunics, were drawn up as a guard-of-honour near the cairn which was to form the grave. At length the body, wrapped in mats, and followed by the wives and relations of the dead chief, passed slowly to the grave. Among all the mourners, I only noticed one case of genuine grief—the chief's daughter, Janeti; all the others, as is usual in Fijian funerals, appeared to wail in a prescribed form. Indeed one of the widows, having apparently seldom seen a white man before, stopped wailing for a moment to point me out eagerly to the other mourners. Then the body was carried into the little hut that surmounted the cairn, and we stood in the broiling sun until a native teacher had delivered a sort of funeral sermon.

When all was finished, every one agreed according to the old proverb, "Le roi est mort!—Vive le roi!" and the question of whom I would appoint as his successor became the subject of discussion. When I returned to my house, I saw the widows at the water's edge apparently breaking up a number of carved wooden utensils with stones. These were the cups and dishes of their dead husband, which no man must henceforth touch lest their teeth drop out or they be bewitched. For if a man should drink from the cup of one who has eaten his relation, such evil will certainly befall him. But as I was exempt from this danger, the cup and the p'atter and fork, used by the Buli in old days for human flesh, were presented to me.

At three o'clock I summoned a great meeting of all the natives, at which speeches in honor of the late chief were made, and I there provisionally appointed Tione—a rather unintelligent man of about thirty-five—to succeed his father, having first ascertained that this appointment would be acceptable to the majority. In the evening the people of Nandrau made a great feast to their visitors, and gave them return presents—a polite intimation that they were expected to leave on the following morning. These having been divided, among the various tribes who were represented, feasting was continued until a late hour. But about nine o'clock, before the moon rose, an old man went out into the bush to call the dead Bull's spirit. We heard his voice calling in the distance for several minutes, and then amid the breathless silence of the assembled people, we heard the footsteps of some one running. "He has the spirit on his shoulders," said a man near me, as the old man rushed past me to the tomb. Apparently he must have thrown the spirit into it, for after crying out, "It is all well," every one retired quietly to their huts for the night.

Before daybreak the next morning, Buli Nandrau was forgotten in the bustle of speeding parting guests, and as the sun rose our bugle sounded the "fall in" passing out of the sombre shadow of the great cliff, we rode into bright sunlight, and we felt that just so had the shadows of the past given place to the light of a clearer knowledge, and that with this old warrior the old order had passed away, and a new had come.

—Pioneer, June 3rd.