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Price 12½ cents.
R4 per annum.THE JILTING OF GEORGIE GERARD;
OR A BIT OF CEYLON SOCIETY LIFE.

IN 12 CHAPTERS.

BY C. LEWIS,

Formerly of Ceylon.

(Continued from page 202.)

CHAPTER IX.

"Who are the Nugents?" asked Georgie of Mr. Crawford. "I know that they are to arrive tomorrow, and one would think the Queen was coming really, by the fuss everywhere! Marmaduke has a turtle but it must not be turned into soup until the Nugents come! As for Carrie, I can hardly get a word from her, she is so busy, everything nice is to be kept for the Nugents!"

"Mr. Nugent is in the service, and he is a man very much to be pitied."

"Why?"

"Well, he has been unlucky. He got into trouble some years ago; a subordinate of his made away with some Government moneys. There was an investigation, poor Nugent was not only much blamed for the loss, but had to make it good, and was sent to an inferior post as a punishment. He is now invalided home, and fears he may not get his pension. He is clever and delightful when he is well,—poor man, his health is now shockingly bad."

"And Mrs. Nugent?"

"Oh! she is a kind good sort of woman, but weighed down with cares and always grieving for her husband's grievances? But Ellie, dear little Ellie, you will like her, the only girl I ever loved!" he added, laughing.

"Girl! why I thought she was a child?" pouted Georgie.

"She is the dearest, quaintest," began Mr. Crawford, but unfortunately some very important business called him away, and he did not finish his sentence, and Georgie remained, turning over what he had said, giving it imaginary weight and twisting it round till she had quite persuaded herself that she was very ill-used by Mr. Crawford, and with every intention of taking a dislike to the Nugents and specially to "dear, little Ellie."

From Caroline she could only gather that she was "a dear child, Mr. Crawford thinks her most interesting." Georgie bit her lip with vexation.

"I shall expect a great deal from all the Nugent family tomorrow," she remarked, quite spitefully. "They are all paragons from everybody's account."

"Not at all, my dear Georgie. Not paragons, but great friends of ours, and friends for whom we feel the deepest sympathy. I want you to be very kind to them tomorrow."

"How can I like strangers?" was Georgie's inconsequent remark only. The young lady was in what nursemaids would call "a contrary mood." She would not help her sister in any of the small preparations for the coming guests, but retired to

her room, there to turn over her gowns and select the most becoming for Nuwara Eliya. Should she put on quite a new one tomorrow? Not that she cared for the Nugents a pin, but she would look her best, and cut out that miserable little Ellie whom Mr. Crawford thought so interesting, forsooth!

Tomorrow came, a very bright, more than hot day. Mr. Crawford was to breakfast at the Maligawa, but this did not confer the usual pleasure on Georgie.

She was pettish in her answers to the young man; he could not understand her mood this morning, and looked quite perturbed and distressed. He did not like women to show temper, though in his present phase of admiring delight in Georgie's society he would not hint at the word temper to herself. She was such a child; she was feeling the heat perhaps; or perhaps brooding over the past; he would give her the benefit of the doubt.

Mr. and Mrs. Le Marchant, Miss Gerard, and Mr. Crawford, of course, were all assembled in the verandah of the Maligawa to meet the expected guests; the gentlemen stood a little apart, the sisters together.

"Here they come!"

"Oh! good heavens, Carrie, what an antediluvian carriage, and oh, what a frumpish gown!"

"Hush, Georgie, they may hear you. How can poor people follow the fashions?"

The carriage was of that kind called a "bandy," a mixture of a dogcart and a phaeton, with a projecting hood to it back and front, which gave it rather the appearance of an old woman's "ugly." The whole turnout seemed in much need of repair, the occupants of the carriage looked sad and faded.

"Thank goodness, the drive is over," gasped Mr. Nugent.

"Oh! there is dear Mrs. Le Marchant!" cried a youthful voice that had a far away accent of childish joy in it, "and Mr. Le Marchant and Mr. Crawford and a strange young lady!"

"Edward, look! That must be Miss Gerard! what a lovely colour! what a beautiful girl, so prettily dressed!"

"My dear Gertrude, you have rose-coloured spectacles on always for novelties," said her husband tartly. "I see merely a stout young woman with a high colour and a blue frock."

"Oh! Edward!" said Mrs. Nugent reproachfully, "Such a sweet looking girl!"

"H'm, I am too weak to argue, my dear."

When the carriage stopped a chorus of greetings began. Ellie was the first to jump out and warmly kiss Mrs. and Mr. Le Marchant. He was about to help Mrs. Nugent down from the carriage, but she hastily said: "Never mind me, Mr. Le Marchant, pray help Edward, you do not know how ill he has been, he was so ill last night."

"I am not what I was," said Mr. Nugent feebly as he was helped to descend, leaning heavily on his

friend's arm. He stumbled forward and would have fallen if Mr. Crawford had not advanced and half lifted, half carried him to the nearest long armchair. He lay back in it with eyes closed, his complexion a ghastly gray.

"Run for some water, Ellie, dear!" cried Mrs. Le Marchant. "I will get some brandy. I fear Mr. Nugent has fainted."

Mrs. Nugent began to sob bitterly. "He would not eat anything at tea this morning. I knew how it would be. The drive has been too much for him, and he would drive himself, he is so very, very ill."

"Why, cheer up, Mrs. Nugent!" said Mrs. Le Marchant, speaking almost quickly. "He has fainted, and no wonder, from starvation and fatigue; we shall soon get him round."

"He won't eat, it is no use my pressing him. He wouldn't even listen to Ellie this morning."

"Perhaps he will take an egg flip," said Mrs. Le Marchant, "I have ordered one to be made, and here is some brandy."

Mr. Crawford in the meantime had sprinkled the corpse-like face with water, and was fanning Mr. Nugent.

"Oh! you are all too good," said Mrs. Nugent still weeping. Georgie stood a little apart, with a slightly supercilious air, but she had had time to observe that her dreaded rival was merely a sallow little slip of a girl of seven or eight at most!

"Try and drink a little of this," said Mrs. Le Marchant soothingly, holding the glass to the pale lips.

Mr. Nugent said he felt better, sat up and seemed to revive a little, after which he was helped to his room and left to quietude and a watchful "boy," while Mrs. Nugent and Ellie were persuaded to come to breakfast with the rest. "It would be as well, my dear Caroline, to send the invalid some more supporting nutriment than egg flip!"

"I have ordered some good strong soup and dry toast for him. I do hope Mr. Nugent may be tempted to take a little."

"I am sure he will, he has had such a fancy for Juanis' cookery; he is always saying he could eat if we had had a Juanis," said Mrs. Nugent plaintively.

"Ah, his native air will work wonders we will trust," said Mr. Le Marchant, with bland cheeriness.

"It is so hard to trust!" said Mrs. Nugent piteously.

She did indeed look the personification of melancholy. "And I remember her a handsome and high-spirited girl," said Mr. Le Marchant afterwards to his sister-in-law, Georgie having flippantly called Mrs. Nugent "quite ugly," "old thing."

She had fine dark eyes, but the light in them seemed quenched by tears; a fine but melancholy nose, such as one sees in the pictures of the old Reformers; a mouth rather wide, with thin, sensitive lips, and hair much streaked with grey. She dressed dowdily as a matter of principle and economy, for, strange though it may seem, she really had a hankering after the bright, the new, and beautiful. She loved a spectacle as much as did Mr. Le Marchant; and though always predicting sorrow for everybody, she liked cheerful society, and took the very keenest interest in a love affair. She was a strange mixture of Cassandra and Much-afraid; yet so self-sacrificing and so conscientious was she, that she would have made a devoted sister of mercy or nun of some rigid order, although her views were at the other extreme of Catholic. As a mother she was far too anxious; she quenched the springs of joy in her child by not being able to simulate gladness for one moment.

"Life 's a wale" was what she was always harping upon in different words.

The Nugents' circumstances were certainly the reverse of prosperous; and to the most cheerful spirit the future at home, in an almost unknown country, amongst strangers, with an invalid husband and small means, would have been rather appalling.

The effort of keeping Mrs. Nugent's spirits up at breakfast proved an insuperable task to Mr. Le Marchant, so he contented himself with recommending her this or that dish. Mr. and Mrs. Le Marchant sat at opposite ends of the table, and on one side of Mrs. Le Marchant sat Ellie; Mr. Crawford on the other side, Mrs. Nugent next to him and nearest her host, and Georgie opposite Mrs. Nugent. Ellie did not occupy her usual place, which was at Mr. Le Marchant's end of the table, as she had to fill her father's chair. Mrs. Le Marchant tried to cheer the child at least, as the mother's was a hopeless case, and Ellie brightened up at the idea of "three little parrots, dear little things, all for yourself, to take home with you and two cages for them."

"Oh! how nice. Are they here? When may I go and see them?"

"Yes, they are here, and you shall see them by-and-by. You must try and teach them to talk, Ellie: one does say, 'How d'ye do?' in a funny voice, and says some Sinhalese words besides."

"Oh! I shall like them if they can talk!" said the child. She was not a pretty child by any means, and her sallow complexion showed at its worst in the sombre brows and grays chosen for her garments invariably, her mother's theory being that those colours lasted better than brighter ones. But nothing could take away the fact that Ellie's face was a remarkable one by reason of its depth of expression and the deep dark eyes that positively mesmerized you when fixed in their gaze.

"Eyes that would make a murderer confess his crime at once," Mr. Crawford had said ere now, and now he remarked, seeing the child's gaze fixed on him: "What is it, Ellie? I have nothing on my conscience, I assure you!"

But then he coloured up and actually blushed. Miss Gerard gave a "side glance and looked down." Perhaps it was her eyes, not Ellie's, that caused the unusual emotion.

It was certain that Lewis Crawford's mind was taken up with Miss Gerard at that moment, and he was thinking of what his mother would say when she received his latest letter, which not only contained a rapturous account of Miss Gerard, but the following proposition: "What would you say if I were to marry?"

His mother was very much to him, but he was more to his mother, he knew; he was her support and her all, and, good woman though she was, he knew, he feared, that she was not of the stuff to welcome a rival in her son's affections, a pretender to hers.

Given a man of such and such a complexion and character, and you cannot infer the sort of wife he will have, for indeed the reasons of a man's choice are very complex. Passion or pique, a wager, a theory, opportunity, and often, most potent and only cause, propinquity, with all the world to choose from, an extra million of women, a man chooses in some out-of-the-way corner and makes the most unsuitable choice.

Alas! alas! and there are still people left to maintain that all marriages are made in heaven.

(To be continued.)

RUMOURS AS TO THE SALE OF ST. PETERS AND ST. THOMAS' CHURCHES.

The question of the sale or exchange of St. Peter's Church, Colombo, has been again, it is believed, occupying the attention of the trustees. The subject was broached in 1878, and 1879, when on the one hand the creation of the Grand Hotel and the increase of the harbor trade had made people doubt whether the position was any longer a desirable one for a church, and on the other, the desire to erect a new cathedral, which was very strong in many minds, led them to think of obtaining part of the funds for it from the sale of St. Peter's. It was then a common complaint that the smell of the hotel dinners which came through the vestry failed, strong as it was, to drive out the smell of dried fish which entered from the West. And the cathedral at Mutwal was pronounced altogether too small for the congregation, or to accommodate with dignity the increasing number of clergy who assembled at Ordinations and Visitations. A cathedral committee was formed, and we believe some few subscriptions were collected and are still in the Bishop's hands; and the military authorities agreed to resign their claim on the "Old Rifle Parade Ground" or part of it, in favor of a church which should be at once the new Cathedral and the new garrison church. This was in 1878-79.

Soon afterwards came the announcement of "Dis-establishment", and it was evident that all the efforts of the clergy in regard to raising money would be required to meet the new demands which the withdrawal of state aid would cause. At the same time the improved management of both the harbour and the hotel diminished the smells; St. Peter's had been a good deal improved by a new arrangement of seats and some gifts of handsome furniture, and the subject of its sale was again at rest.

It was raised afresh in 1885-86. The three trustees, viz., the Bishop, the General, Sir J. McLeod, and the Colonial Secretary, Sir Cecil Smith, went so far, we have understood, as to draw up a memorial applying for an Ordinance which should give them power to sell St. Peter's church, and to apply the proceeds to the erection of a new church, or two new churches, which should more suitably fulfil the purposes of their Trust. This step was suggested, we believe, by the late Archdeacon's coming to Colombo, and proposing to associate, with the work of the acting Military Chaplain to the Garrison, work among the English-speaking population of the Cinnamon Gardens. Among the various proposals which was issued in the enlargement of the Polwatta Sinhalese chapel into what is now St. Michael's, one scheme which found favour in high quarters was the erection of a church on a site (which was to be sold for the purpose by Government) in the "Circular" near "Alexandra House." And it was suggested that of the sum of R50,000, which was expected from the sale of St. Peter's, part should be spent on this "Cinnamon Gardens Church", while the rest should go to the erection of a 'Garrison Church' in or near to the Old Parade Ground. These plans also fell through, and the question slept again.

It has been awakened for the third time, if rumour may be trusted—and we have something more than rumour to go upon—by the suggestion that the site of St. Peter's would be a good one for a new Post Office. The trustees were not this time the applicants for powers to sell, but it seemed likely that it might be the interest of Government to make them an offer. R50,000, we are informed, is the sum which the trustees would have stood out for. But it is now understood that a different site is likely to be selected for the Post Office, and in all probability

this often disturbed question may slumber once more.

The idea of selling a consecrated building, is a very distasteful one; nor is our dislike for it diminished by the reflection that St. Peter's was consecrated by Bishop Heber. On the other hand it was originally, we believe, a banquetting hall; and this, we suppose, may diminish the reluctance with which the trustees, and especially the Bishop, must advocate its secularisation.

It is a curious thing that, while rumours have been going about that St. Peter's is to be sold, there should also be rumours of an even more alarming kind about St. Thomas'—the venerable Tamil church by the sea,—that it is to be seized by the military force and turned into a battery! Whether the military authorities have really any such design we cannot say; though one can understand their being tempted by its convenient elevation and its admirable position above the harbor. If the military authorities at home are determined to have a thing, it is difficult we know—though our Governors have sometimes shown that it is not impossible to keep their hands off it. But, if this is done, it will be done by force. We may feel sure that the Bishop will never be a consenting party to this. There may, of course, be a degree of military necessity which would justify the demolition even of a church for purposes of defence; but we can hardly conceive of such necessity in this case. We should not call it sacrilege, for, of course, the means would be given of replacing the church by another, but it would be an intrusion on sacredness of what has been set apart for God, which only extreme necessity could excuse. It would be also a cruel destruction of old associations,—associations which have made the Tamil churchmen of Colombo, stirred up by Mr. W. E. Sharpe, and encouraged by Mr. Arndt, rally of late in a remarkable way to this ancient church of theirs, and subscribe liberally for its endowment.—*Diocesan Gazette.*

THE FOLK-LORE OF CEYLON.

[The writer of the following, who is himself a member of the Council of the Folk-Lore Society, will be interested to learn that already something has been done to rescue from oblivion the fast fading popular stories, songs, tradition &c. of Ceylon; though in no systematic way. In the pages of the Journal of the local branch of the Royal Asiatic Society and the "Orientalist," and to some extent in our own pages, will be found papers on folk-lore. Among workers in this field we may mention the late Maha Mudaliyar Louis De Zoysa, Mr. Wm. Goonetilleke and Miss Jane Goonetilleke, and Mr. W. Knight James; while translations of jatakas (the oldest collection of folk-tales in the world) have been made by Bishop Copleston, the Hon. Mr. Panabokke and some others. Instead of a Ceylon branch of the Folk-Lore Society, we should suggest a Folk-Lore Committee of the Ceylon Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society. The subject might be considered at the next general meeting of the Society.—ED. L. R.]

ON FOLKLORE:

BY PROFESSOR A. C. HADDON, OF DUBLIN.

It is not everyone who has the particular order of mind or special training requisite for the successful study of the various branches of natural history or other sciences—but there are many ways in which the ordinarily educated person may effectively add to the knowledge of the world—as the wise John Ray wrote 200 years ago concerning the study of Nature:—"Let us endeavour to promote and increase this Knowledge, and make new Discoveries, not so much distrusting our own

Parts, or despairing of our own Abilities, as to think that our Industry can add nothing to the Invention of our Ancestors, or correct any of their Mistakes....Much might be done, would we but endeavour, and nothing is insuperable to Pains and Patience. I know that a new Study at first, seems very vast, intricate and difficult; but after a little resolution and progress, after a Man becomes a little acquainted, as I may so say, with it, his Understanding is wonderfully cleared up and enlarged, the Difficulties vanish, and the thing grows easie and familiar." ("The Wisdom of God manifested in the Works of the Creation.") The most interesting animal and at the same time the most accessible is Man, and it is his Natural History that now requires to be studied.

The Natural History of Man runs on all-fours with the Natural History of the lower animals,—but it also runs beyond them to the same extent that his intellect and moral nature far surpass those of the brute. There is an immense deal yet to be done in studying and recording the physical features of the various races of man, and their arts and crafts. Especially is this the case for those unfortunate lower races with whom our higher civilization has come into abrupt contact. Where the transition has been too sudden the result has usually been either complete extermination or such a complete breaking with the past that individuality has become merged into a poor imitation of the "white man."

It is not sufficiently recognised that even savage races have become more or less specialized in various directions, even while remaining at their several planes of culture and civilization. In other words they have unconsciously worked out certain social problems and have arrived at definite rules of conduct. Why should not the white man seek to learn what the brown, yellow, red and black men have to teach? We acknowledge that Greece was largely instrumental in teaching Europe art and philosophy, that Rome taught civil law and military organization, other nations have taught, but we, alas, too often failed to learn. The life of the world, as a whole, is made up of the life of nations and peoples in like manner, as the life of an animal is made of the life of its organs, the highest manifestations of life are those where the greatest complexity is co-ordinated into a harmonious whole. We can scarcely afford to lose the personal equation of even a savage nation without impoverishing the life of the world as a whole. When other races present us with the fruit of their experience for ages why should we ignore it because they are of a different skin-colour from ourselves? Our civilization ought to be pliant enough to assimilate what is worth having from whatever source. To take one example, many South Sea men practise a community of goods which is almost apostolic. It would be advisable for those who think such a state of things desirable to study its effect in the Pacific.

In other cases, for example in Europe and India, the replacement of savagery by civilization has been a very lengthy process, on account of the slight differences in culture of the peoples brought together by war or commerce, and as a consequence ancient customs and beliefs have lingered on to the present day. But we are living in a period of rapid transition; the old landmarks are fast becoming effaced, and mankind is tending towards a colourless uniformity of belief and practice. In England this is mainly due to the Press, the Railway and the School Board, and no time is to be lost if these old world relics are to be garnered.

There is in England an energetic society known as "The Folk-Lore Society," whose avowed object is "the comparison and identification of the survivals of archaic beliefs, customs and traditions in modern ages." "Folk" are the less advanced classes in cultured nations, and their 'lore' embraces the relics of an unrecorded past. Folk-lore bears therefore the same relation to Anthropology (or the science which deals amongst other matters with savage beliefs and customs) that Palæontology does to Zoology; but instead of the fossils which are studied being the fragments of organisms they are so-to-speak petrified ideas. Just as the Palæontologist has to reconstruct his animals from imperfect remains, or the Palæographer to spell out the ancient and dim palimpsest overwritten as it is by more recent character, so has the Folklorist to recover from what is now merely traditional belief or usage what was once the living creed and practice of our remote ancestors. There are, doubtless, many people who would like to collect folk-lore did they but know what to do and how to do it. In order to meet this difficulty Mr. G. L. Gomme, Director of the Folk-Lore Society, has produced a Handbook* under the auspices of the Society. Mr. Gomme, who has been assisted by several fellow-members, is thoroughly competent for the task, which though the result appears small must really have been very arduous. He is the author (*inter alia*) of a suggestive little book which has been recently published entitled "The Village Community," which should prove interesting to Anglo-Indians from the parallels which he draws between old English village customs and practices in India. †

The subject of Folk-Lore is divided into four groups, each of which consists of several sub-groups. They are:—

1. SUPERSTITIOUS BELIEF AND PRACTICE:—*a* Superstitions connected with great natural objects; *b* Tree and Plant Superstitions; *c* Animal Superstitions; *d* Goblinom; *e* Witchcraft; *f* Leechcraft; *g* Magic and Divination; *h* Beliefs relating to future life; *i* Superstitions generally.

2. TRADITIONAL CUSTOMS:—*a* Festival Customs; *b* Ceremonial Customs; *c* Games; *d* Local Customs.

3. TRADITIONAL NARRATIVES:—*a* Nursery Tales or Märchen, Hero Tales, Drills, Fables and Apologies; *b* Creation, Deluge, Fire and Doom Myths; *c* Ballads and Songs; *d* Place Legends and Traditions.

4. FOLK-SAYINGS:—*a* Jingles, Nursery Rhymes, Riddles, &c.; *b* Proverbs; *c* Nicknames, Place Rhymes. Each section and subsection commences with a short account of the subject treated in a comparative manner, then follows a list of questions for the use of collectors. The examples which are given "by illustrating the way in which the Folklorist compares and identifies the beliefs, customs, and traditions of modern ages, are intended also to illustrate the nature and importance of the work needed from the collector. The value of this work can only be measured by the amount of absolute precision and faithfulness with which each collector records every item of Folk-lore, keeping them perfectly distinct from any comments or other extraneous matter."

"There is much to be done in the library as well as among folk....There is so much hidden in literature that one almost despairs of ever getting it out again into the light of the day. Among the kinds of literature that want careful reading and examination for the purpose of extracting the folk-lore may be especially mentioned early

* "The Handbook of Folk-Lore," by G. L. GOMME, London, published for the Folk-lore Society by D. Nutt, 1890, price 2s 6d.

† Sir John Phear, formerly Chief Justice of Ceylon published a book on the same subject.—Ed. L. R.

topographical works, local histories, books of travel, old newspapers, etc." Two forms are given for the tabulation of folk-tales or of customs or superstitions.

Why should not those interested in these subjects band themselves together, and form a "Ceylon Branch of the Folk-lore Society"? In the Handbook it is stated:—"In European countries for the most part there are native workers who are busy upon the collection of Folk-lore; but in India and other States under English dominion, besides savage lands not politically attached to this country, there is an enormous field where the labourers are few."

CEYLON'S ISLE.

Three years ago I sent some letters to the *Pioneer* about my voyage out to Ceylon, but with one or two exceptions I regret that since then I have been unable to send you much about life in the "first of Crown Colonies." Now, while lying off Suez, quarantined for 24 hours, I cannot do better than try and give the readers of the *Pioneer* a brief glance at the modern aspects of the land which was dignified by the Ancients with so many pretty and poetical names, such as "The Eden of the Western Wave," "the Pearl Drop in the Brow of Ind," &c. If Ceylon were as beautiful in olden times as it is today, and doubtless it was, none of the lavish ecstasy with which it was regarded was undeserved. It is indeed a beautiful island, clothed with verdure almost from its shores to the highest mountain peak in the interior. Many are the fair scenes on which the eye delights to linger, while some of the scenery is as grand and inspiring as it is lovely. Extensive forests cover a large portion of the island. Thick and impenetrable jungle defies progress in other parts, while large portions of the colony are given up to paddy fields, coconut plantations, tea, coffee, cocoa, tobacco and other estates. The forests are stocked with magnificent timber, paddy (rice) is the principal cultivation by the natives, who also have the largest share in the coconut properties, while the other estates are mostly in the hands of British planters.

Only in the remote jungle districts, badly supplied with water, where the Demon Fever reigns supreme, can the climate of the island be said to be unhealthy. Standing only ten degrees north of the Equator it is decidedly hot, especially in the low-country. Such a climate is no doubt very trying and, in common parlance, takes it out of one a good deal, so that the same energy and enterprise which characterise people who live in more temperate climates can perhaps hardly be expected. But as the present prosperity of Ceylon shows it has not been, and is not now, altogether wanting in enterprise. Some of the planting districts, which are mostly in the hills at an elevation of from 3,000 feet to 6,000 feet, possess almost perfect climates, and to

THE JADED COLOMBO PEOPLE

there is a feeling of immense relief in going to the hills, which most of the ladies do in the hottest weather. Newara Eliza, [*sic!*] the Sanatorium, can be reached in about ten hours by railway from the metropolis. The climate and the country have, of course, some drawbacks, but none of them are of a very serious nature. Three years in Ceylon have indeed passed rapidly and pleasantly by. The colony is interesting in a thousand different ways, and a more hospitable and amiable people than the European colonists, as a class, it would be difficult to find. Though the European and the native classes do not, as a rule, associate very much together, there is, I

believe, less acrimony and animosity between them than is the case in most countries so situated. Personally, I have always been treated with great kindness and consideration by all the native Ceylonese gentry I have come across. Let every one speak of men as he finds them. The real people, *i.e.*, the great mass of the population are practically a subservient class, and, generally speaking, they are willing, obedient, and respectful. But it is not of the people, their history, traditions, customs, or character I wish to write just now. Neither will I dwell upon the eminent success of the British administration in the island, the attractions to the traveller and visitor in the shape of beautiful scenery, and grand historic monuments which take one back, in distinct records, to a period of 2000 years B.C., nor to the varied religions of the various races who people the island. It is

THE PLANTING ENTERPRISE OF CEYLON

I wish to bring chiefly before the readers of the *Pioneer*, for the products of the island doubtless enter more or less into the domestic economy of most of their households. In passing I may mention that native agriculture consist chiefly in the cultivation of rice, cinnamon, coconut, the palmyra, kitul, and areca-nut palms, tobacco, cotton, sugar-cane, &c. It is with the British enterprise I wish chiefly to deal. For many, many years King Coffee held sway. Introduced centuries ago, and first systematically cultivated by the Dutch in 1740, a great development took place in 1837, when the industry was largely taken up by British colonists and British capital. Merry days followed, and many a good man made his fortune out of coffee. The highest level of prosperity was reached in 1868. Then the fell leaf disease appeared, the effects of which spread disaster amongst the planters, and almost brought about the ruin of the colony. Hosts of estates were sold for "a mere song," and many a hitherto well-to-do planter became almost penniless. But, as a body, the planters showed that they could bear adversity with fortitude as they had welcomed prosperity with generosity. At once they set about to try and repair the ruinous effects of the coffee failure. Amongst other new products introduced were tea, cinchona, cocoa, cardomons, india-rubber, Liberian coffee, &c., the cultivation of which have gradually but surely raised Ceylon once more to a level of fair prosperity. What has the planting enterprise done for Ceylon apart from the planters and other Europeans? This question may be asked, let me answer it. It has nearly doubled the population, it has quadrupled the revenue, the trade of the island has been expanded nearly twenty-fold, it has afforded employment to thousands of natives who would otherwise probably have starved, it has proved

A VERITABLE ELDORADO

for immigrants from Southern India, in fact it has been and still is, the mainstay of the island. The benefits following in the train of those I have mentioned are too many to enumerate, but good wages, more wholesome food, improved dwellings, and better education are amongst those which stand most apparent. Whatever Indian Congress demagogues who go speechifying about England may say to the contrary about the condition of the people in India, I assert that the Indian coolies on the Ceylon estates are about the happiest and most contented class of labourers in the world. The phenomenal growth of the Ceylon tea industry is one of the most striking facts in all agricultural history, and the popularity of Ceylon tea is growing more and more every day. Most of the readers of the *Pioneer* have doubtless already made themselves acquainted with our staple product. If they have not I would advise them to go to their grocers and

lay in a stock of

PURE CEYLON TEA FOR CHRISTMAS.

But let the grocers make sure that they are not selling some of the rubbish which has recently been pawned upon the British public as Ceylon tea. While the exports of China tea already shows a decrease of something like 16,000,000 lb, compared to last year, the export of Ceylon tea is steadily increasing. In 1873 the quantity exported was only 23 lb., in 1885 it had risen to 4½ million lb., and now the total quantity shipped from Ceylon is, I think, about 42,000,000 lb. per annum. These figures speak most eloquently for themselves.

In conclusion: the *Pioneer* has always been distinguished for its staunch advocacy of Temperance principles. But people must drink something, and it is not always well to drink water alone. Let them drink *pure Ceylon tea*, and they will be provided with a beverage as economical as it is pleasant and beneficial. At the same time they will be indirectly doing their countrymen in Ceylon a good turn, and contributing to the prosperity of the brightest diadem of Britain's crown." A. T. B.
—*Yorkshire Pioneer*.

REPORT ON THE CANAL FROM ELLEHARA NEAR MAELLE TO MINNERY AND THENCE TO GANTALAWA NEAR TRINCOMALIE.

BY MESSRS. ADAMS, CHURCHILL AND BAILEY.
(Continued from page 200.)

There is, indeed, waste land in abundance. There is an unlimited supply of water.

But it is difficult to settle a *small* Colony, in so wild, and isolated, a position; and I know not from whence the elements of a large colony are to be drawn, especially when there are other Tanks like Minnery, and Kandelly, which combine the same natural advantages, with the vicinity of a Town, and a Port from which, if the Home market failed, their produce might be exported. As to *small* settlements, the fate of the villages, that lingered on, after the removal of the Royal residence from Pollinarua, shows how difficult it is, without a certain amount of actual physical force, represented by numbers, to resist the influence of climate, sickness, and isolation. The cholera, or the small-pox, sweeps across a District, and the survivors have neither strength nor courage to continue their usual labours. The clearing of the water-courses is neglected;—the dams, broken down;—the jungle allowed to encroach upon the fields, that were once cultivated;—the paths that separate the village from its neighbours, are overgrown:—and, in a very few years, the beasts of the field become the lords of the soil, and set the remnant of its human inhabitants at defiance. The Tank Districts are full of abandoned villages, of which this is the history;—and the most lovely country, that I have ever seen, rich in all the elements of successful industry, bids fair to become, before long, the domain of the Elephant, and the Bear, without a single human competitor.

We left Pollinarua on the 17th February, and followed a jungle path for 6 miles, to Giritelli Tank, a considerable sheet of water, which appears to be turned to little, or no account. The Tank was covered with every variety of birds, who were, evidently, seldom disturbed; and the bones of an Elephant were whitening upon the grass, close to the spot, where the track emerges from the forest. He was killed by the Vidahn of a neighbouring village, the lands of which had often suffered from his inroads. The village itself is going rapidly to decay, and contains now, only five or six, families.

From Giritelle to Minnery, (4 miles) the path lies for 3 miles, through thick jungle, and for the last mile, through Paddy fields, watered by a stream, which flows constantly from the Tank, and would irrigate the whole 1,000 amunams of land, said, once, to have been under cultivation, but now reduced to 30.

In the evening we visited the Lake,—a much more appropriate name than Ta k, for so large an expanse of water. It is near 21 miles in circumference, and of peculiar shape, forming bays, where it receives its principal feeders. The Bund is, as usual, of enormous solidity.

There is no visible outlet, at the point from which the stream, that supplies the Rice grounds issues. Yet it is perennial; and there can be no doubt that the run of the water is regulated by one of those ancient Sluices, placed under the bed of the lake, which seem to have answered as admirably the purposes for which they were constructed, though modern engineers cannot explain their action. The embankments are perfect. No symptoms of decay appear any where. The supply of water is most abundant; and nothing is wanted but population. From Minnery we went to Kowdelly Tank, which is said to have equalled Minnery, and Kandelly together, in size, but is now in ruins, the waters having burst the Bund at a period so distant, that what was once the bed of the Tank, is now a Forest, abounding in trees of the largest dimensions.

The distance from Minnery was variously stated at from 12 miles to 18. I think it 14, having been 3¼ hours in doing it. The road through the jungle is good; but when it enters the bed of the tank, and passes along the Bund, once coated with the stones which are now scattered in irregular masses, or traverses the old Rice grounds, which the Lake formerly watered, the riding is difficult, and even dangerous. The ground too, had been poached by wild animals, when wet, and their tracks were as hard as iron, at the time of my visit. It is impossible to imagine any thing wilder than the scenery. Herons and Bitterns sat like statues, on their accustomed perches, as our cavalcade passed, so unaccustomed were they to see, or fear, man. The Tank still retains water in many parts; and the magnificence of the vegetation denotes a soil, said to be the best in Ceylon, for the growth of Rice, and Cotton, which last production, though indigenous and of excellent quality, has hardly yet attracted the attention of Capitalists.

The District appears to have acquired a character for insalubrity, when the Trincomalie Road was opened, and few have, since, ventured to establish themselves in it. The village of Polliancadawille, near which we encamped, is small and poor. The population decreases annually by sickness and emigration.

Kandelly, or Gantellawe, as it is more properly called, is the last of this long series of Tanks, which, connected as most of them were, by the Ellehara Canal, formed what was termed "the Sea of Prakrama."

From its vicinity to the Trincomalie Road, Kandelly is better known than any of the other Tanks, which I have enumerated, and needs less description.

It is a noble sheet of water,—at least 16 miles in circumference; formed, as is, almost universally, the case by a large embankment, uniting two natural hills and preventing the water, which flows into the Plain, from finding a passage between them.

The distance from Kowdelly is 14 miles, a great part of which consists most unmistakably of ground formerly used for Rice cultivation. For 3 or 4 miles the path follows the old Post road to Kandy, and for the last 4 miles before re-entering the high road to Trincomalie, which we did at the 78th mile-stone, from Kandy, we passed along a minor road, cut in a perfectly straight line, until it strikes the main road, 3 miles to the west of Kandelly Resthouse. We rode along the shores of the Lake for the last 1½ miles before reaching this.

The embankment is perfect, without breach, or flaw of any kind. It is 50 feet high, and 120 feet wide at its base, coated with stone, and overgrown with trees, the roots of which, striking deep into the artificial mound, impart to it additional solidity.

But for all details respecting this interesting Tank, I am happy to be enabled to refer to a Report by Captain Sim, R. E., (prepared at my request, and appended to this Minute.) I shall have occasion to advert subsequently, to the experiment, for which Captain Sim is of opinion that Kandelly presents the most favourable site.

From what I have stated, it appears that within a space of 60 miles there are distributed no fewer than nine Tanks, constructed with great labour,—considerable engineering skill,—and of such solidity, that their embankments seem to defy the hand of time:—that, North of these again, about 40 miles, is Padiwil Colum, the most gigantic work of all, for the Bund, which is in perfect repair, except on the one spot, where in the course of ages the waters have forced a passage between it, and the natural hills, which it united, is eleven miles long—30 feet broad at the summit,—180 feet the base,—and 70 feet high;—and that to the Westward of Padiwil Colum, again, lie the Tank of Anaradhapoorā, and the Giants' Tank, the dimensions of which I cannot give, as the work was never completed according to the original design.*

Padiwil Colum, great part of which, I rode, or walked over, was formed by the waters of the rivers Morra Oya, and Moonganoo Oya, confined to the plain by the enormous Bund, which I have just described. Its construction must have occupied a million of people for 10 or 15 years.

It was completed by Maha Sen, A.D. 66, and the Tank, when full, is said to have irrigated the whole space between the Bund and the Sea, in the direction of Lake Kokolai.

A vast breach is now open, the depth of which is said to be unfathomable; and what was once the basin of the Tank, is covered with magnificent timber, except in those parts which are still under water during the rainy season.

These are overgrown with a coarse, rank, grass. For miles around, there is not a vestige of man; and the temporary buildings erected for our reception, had the effect of frightening away all the game in the country: so unaccustomed were the Deer, and Buffaloes, who frequent the Tank, to any intrusion upon their solitude.

The number and size of these artificial Lakes, sufficiently prove the sense entertained of the value of water, as the first element of cultivation in a Tropical climate, by the former possessors of the soil in Ceylon, and the sacrifices to which a whole people submitted in order to secure this blessing, without which they were conscious that their labour must be of little avail. For no wisdom, and no power, in the Ruler, can have forced such efforts, even upon the most passive of Oriental nations without a general persuasion that the work was one of paramount necessity, and that all would participate in its benefits. Hence the veneration, in which the names of Maha Sen, and Prakrama Bahoo, are still held; though causes unknown to us,—war, pestilence, or political revolutions,—may have laid waste their Capitals, and driven the population from the neighbourhood of their mighty works, into the mountains, where the Portuguese and the Dutch found them.

Can any use be made of these works by us?

The Tanks themselves are perfect in all their essential parts. But where shall we find a population to replace that, which has disappeared? For five consecutive days, I rode through the most lovely country in the world; but in that country, one thing was wanting,—Man!

To talk of Tank repairs, or of laying out money in any other way than by bringing a fresh population into contact with the treasures, which Nature has lavished upon the soil, would be uncalled for, as well as unprofitable.

Why repair Kowdelly, or Padiwil Colum, supposing the attempt to be warranted by the state of the Finances, when Kandelly, and Minnery, are pouring out streams of water, that we cannot use for want of hands to till the soil?

We must therefore colonize or do nothing,—and when I look to the low rate of wages in the Northern Province, denoting, as it does, a population much too numerous for the field of employment,—when I recollect the annual emigration from the Seven Korles

* 1. Sigiri. 2. Kondruwawe. 3. Ruined Tank near Angoulasse. 4. Dimitelli. 5. Pollinarua, or Topari. 6. Giritelle. 7. Minnery. 8. Kowdelly—(Bund destroyed). 9. Kandelly, or Gantelawe. 10. Padiwil Colum.

into Nuwera Kalawiya, for the purpose of obtaining ground, on which to raise a crop of Koorakan, which the dearth of water, and the gradual decay of the smaller Tanks, prevent the people from doing at home,—I cannot but think that the experiment might safely and prudently be tried.

I am of opinion, that the plan proposed by Captain Sim, should be fairly tested. It requires no large outlay. The co-operation of the Government Agent in the Northern Province, would secure applications for Land, upon some arrangement similar to that suggested. Care must be taken to give a clear title to the land thus brought into cultivation, and to make the terms, upon which it is to be occupied, thoroughly understood.

There is a large Tamil population at Trincomalie, which would facilitate the attempt; and, if a nucleus were once formed, the Colony might receive additions from other quarters, and might, in the end, lead to some larger immigration scheme from the Coast of India, when people had become aware of advantages, with which successful industry would be attended.

Should a similar disposition be found in the Seven Korles, or in any other Singhalese District, a Colony, with its Headmen, might be located in the neighbourhood of Minnery, or Topari, upon similar terms, taking care to keep the Singhalese, and the Tamils, apart.

The experiment is one, in which the course to be taken must be determined by circumstances, and time; but if the Legislative Council concur with me in thinking that it would be desirable to make the attempt, I invite it to authorise the expenditure of £1,000 for this purpose, in the estimates for 1857; and I will pledge myself to spare no pains, so far as the Government is concerned, to bring the matter to a satisfactory issue.

H. G. WARD.

Report on the Kandelly Tank, by Captain Sim, Royal Engineer.

No 36.

Royal Engineer's Office,

SIR,

Kandy, 22nd April 1856.

I have the honor to acquaint you, that on the 20th June 1855, I addressed a Report to His Excellency the Governor concerning the Kandelly Tank, and its probable capabilities for the purposes of irrigation. That Report was necessarily conjectural, as I was not in a position to obtain precise information, but having, in February last, had the honor of accompanying His Excellency to the spot, and since received his instructions to make a detailed investigation of the subject, I beg now to lay before you the opinion I have been enabled to form.

As, according to our regulations, it will be requisite for you to transmit a copy of this letter to Sir J. Burgoyne, the Inspector General of Fortifications, I trust I shall be excused, if I advert more fully to the general question of the Tanks, than I should have done, had I to address the Colonial Government alone.

Throughout the Northern and Eastern Provinces of Ceylon, are to be found very many of these tanks, or artificial reservoirs of water, formed by the construction of a dam or bund across the gorge of a valley, and fed by the drainage of the surrounding districts. Some, such as Minnery and Kandelly, are beautiful sheets of water, at times from 15 to 20 square miles each in area; others contain but little water; while the majority, broken through at the bund, and thoroughly drained, appear as plains of grass in the midst of the forest.

The value of water so stored up, in a tropical country, is incalculable. That the ancient inhabitants of the Island were aware of this, it is only necessary to contemplate the remains of the great works they executed for the purpose. Without a supply of water at the proper season, the crop of Paddy or Rice fails and famine ensues, followed by the utter abandonment of villages and districts. With the tanks in order, prosperity, and no slight degree of civilization prevailed among the Singhalese, but with the means of irrigation and agriculture neglected, the country

has become desolate and unhealthy, while the natives have gradually fallen into their present state of helplessness and degeneration.

In my letter of June, I alluded to the flourishing state of Tanjore, and the vast sum of half a million, paid by Ceylon annually for grain, principally to that country. With an expenditure on works of irrigation of £4,000 per annum for fifty years, that district has so prospered, that the population has doubled, and the revenue risen from £300,000 to £500,000 while the saleable value of the land is now equal to four millions. Had half the money spent on such works in Tanjore, been spent in Ceylon instead, in keeping in repair those already existing here, this Island would probably have exported, over and above its own wants, as much grain as it now depends on the other countries to supply.

However fully recognized may be the importance of the Tanks, it is not within reason to expect, that the Government could at once plunge into any costly scheme for their restoration. Yet to overlook them altogether, —to cast aside all consideration of those that even now might be turned to profitable account, would be equally injudicious; an experiment, on a small and inexpensive scale, might surely first be tried before the subject is entirely rejected, —if successful, it could be repeated; if a failure, but little would be risked.

Of all the Tanks, Kandelly offers the most advantages for such an experiment. Presenting to view an area of about 15 square miles in the rainy season, and never less than three in the driest, it is inclosed by hills of moderate elevation, covered with forest—a slope of grass extending from the border of trees to the edge of water.

(To be continued.)

OUR REVIEWER.

THE HAPPY VALLEY: OUR NEW "MISSION GARDEN" IN UVA, CEYLON. By the Rev. Samuel Langdon, Member of the Royal Asiatic Society (Ceylon), Author of "The Appeal to the Serpent," "My Mission Garden," "Punchi Nona," &c. London: Charles H. Kely, 2, Castle St., City Rd., E. C., and 66, Paternoster Row, E. C. 1890.

The Dedication is as follows:—

To the "Nona" these chapters, (some of which have appeared in the "Missionary Notices,") containing the Story of our Walks and Talks together in establishing Happy Valley Mission, are affectionately inscribed.

Instead of a Preface we have an Appeal:—

Help is greatly needed for extending the work described in the following pages. We want help to increase our native agency and to aid in the salvation of the poor children. Workers are needed, both young men and young women, who will go out from Christian England to assist in raising our poor degraded and neglected brothers and sisters in the numerous valleys of Uva. Soon after we began this work, Miss. O. F. Gordon Cumming, the distinguished writer and traveller, wrote in the pages of the *Methodist Magazine* a beautiful and touching appeal on behalf of our new mission, from which we extract the following:—

"But we have need to remember that He who so lovingly accepts and honours the tiniest gift brought with a loving heart by those whom He knows to be really poor, promises no blessing on offerings cast carelessly into His treasury. How many who soothe their consciences by an annual subscription of a guinea for Foreign Missions know in their hearts that they could give a ten-pound note and never miss it! Shall I give to the Lord that which costs me nothing?"

"But great as is the need of money, greater far is that of men—true-hearted disciples who, having answered the Master's call, 'Come unto Me,' are ready to obey His further commandment; 'Let him that heareth say, Come'; men who in the depth of their own heart hear His voice, saying to them,

as clearly as He did to the companions of His earthly life: 'Go work today in My vineyard,' 'Ye shall be witnesses unto Me unto the uttermost parts of the earth.' At the present moment, as distinctly as in the early ages of the Church, the Lord of the harvest is thus irresistibly summoning many from all social grades to go forth and work in His mission field, and men of high intellectual culture are even now giving up lucrative professions in obedience to a voice which whispers, 'The Master . . . calleth for thee.' He is calling men from all ranks; but for this special work, where the small funds at the disposal of the society will not suffice for the maintenance of the needful native agents, He wants Europeans who are self-supporting. It may be—God grant that it may prove so!—that some young man full of vigour of mind and of body will recognise in these pages the message that he must dedicate himself and whatever may be his portion of this world's goods to this work in the beautiful, neglected province of Uva.

* * * * *

"And of all the mission fields none offers greater attraction than this very province of Uva. Were I to allow myself to begin speaking of its beauty, its bold crags and picturesque rivers, its vast tracts of mountains and forests, its hills covered with tea and coffee plantations, its gorges and waterfalls, its lovely vegetation its verdant plains bathed in almost unclouded sunshine, while the plains and valleys beyond the mountains are often well-nigh drowned in soaking rain, I should far exceed the limits of these pages. One thing I may say, that, as compared with such a mission field as China, this offers the charm of a simple language, a gracious, kindly people, the protection of the Union Jack, and the possibility of occasionally securing a day with some fellow countryman who will rejoice to hear his own mother tongue. And further, I would remind any who have reason to believe that they have been called to this work, that none are so young as to have any time to lose, for to each of us God appoints certain work to do for Him, and no man knows how short may be the time assigned in which to accomplish it. Those who waste life's morning may realise too late that they counted on a future which may never be theirs.

"Here are the inducements: a healthy, manly, open-air life in a lovely country, ploughing and sowing fields which assuredly cannot prove barren. And when the angel-reapers have garnered the ripened grain, the patient sower will realise such gladness as all the fleeting honours of earth fail to secure."

The following table of Contents will indicate the nature of the little book:—

I.—Historical and Introductory; II.—In which we take a Look Around; III.—We Select Our Land and Talk about Soils and Methods; IV.—In which we Realise the Need of a Fence and of more Labourers; V.—The Critic in the Garden; VI.—Across the Patanis; VII.—In the Hamlet; VIII.—"Perfectly Idyllic!"; IX.—In the Shade; X.—A Talk with "Rajah," in which a Question of Missionary Policy is Discussed; XI.—Encouraging; XII.—In which we Take Visitors through the Garden; XIII.—In which we Celebrate our First Easter in the Happy Valley, and Begin to Reap; XIV.—In which we Dig our First Grave in the Happy Valley, and Lay a Ghost to Rest.

Besides headpieces, there are some 18 to 20 full or half-page illustrations in the book; while the letterpress, though specially intended for readers in England, has much of interest to us in Ceylon as well. We heartily commend the purpose, plan and contents of this little volume by the "apostle of Uva."

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