

[In early issues there will appear a tale entitled "A Legend of Rangala;" also a story "Ralph Blake, the Young Artist," by Alfred H. Duncan.—ED. L. R.]

### ELIZA'S LOVE AFFAIR.

Eliza Boerum had lived in our family for many years when I first remember her. She was tall and straight, with the flattest back I ever saw, and large, well developed limbs.

I do not suppose that any one had ever thought her pretty, but she was as tidy as a waiting maid in a comedy, and the fluting and plaiting that she wore upon her cap and apron were miraculous. As for her face, it shone with much washing, having polished spots on the cheekbones and chin, the curve of her high nose and the two prominent points of her forehead. Not a hair escaped from the smooth, dark, tight braid at the back of her head, nothing about her was ever out of order.

I fancy she was nearer 40 than 30 at this time, but I know that Thomas Tripp, the coachman, was 40, for he said so.

"Forty, and I'll be going on for an old bachelor before long," he said. "I've got to look out and marry soon, haven't I, Missus Cook?"

"Marriage, Mr. Thomas," said Eliza over her shoulder—she was busy with a pudding—"is a matter I haven't taken much thought of, being a spinstress myself."

"Not by no means, Missus Cook," said Thomas—"not by no means. A fine figure of a woman, with opportunities to change her condition, has no call to mention herself by that name."

"Old maids is honorable," said Eliza.

"Ay, and I've heard them say that old bachelors was abominable, by way of making a rhyme to it," said Thomas Tripp. "I'm goin' to marry. How about you?"

"I'll wait until somebody offers, and then think it over," said Eliza.

I was sitting on the window sill eating a cake, and I remember that I could see no reason why Eliza should stop her work and chase Thomas out of the kitchen with a dish towel at that moment, but he seemed to like it.

After that I used to find him there very often. They were always sitting on chairs at a great distance apart looking silly when I came in, and Eliza always thought that it would be better for my health to "go and eat my nice cake in the garden, because the kitchen was so warm."

Shortly it was known that Eliza Boerum and Thomas Tripp were engaged to be married, and would stay on in the family in their several capacities.

We were quite excited about the wedding, and the room above the coach house was furnished with comparative splendour.

It was just at this time that Selina, our somewhat venerable waitress, retired on her savings, and it was necessary to get a new girl in her place. It was Eliza who begged my mother to take Lotty Lavender.

"You see," said Eliza, "it will be such a wonderful thing for the girl to get into a good family. She's been let to run about from one place to another, and she never has a dollar left to put away. Being with young, giddy folks she follows them, but with settled people like me and Mr. Thomas she'll have no temptation. Her mother is a friend of my own, and she says only yesterday:

"Oh, Liza, if she can have your good example I shall be truly thankful."

And so Lotty came to us. A pretty, peach cheeked, blue eyed creature with a belt not half a yard long, and a coquettish manner that made her very attractive to my young eyes.

In the kitchen at first it was quite charming to see Lotty taking the advice of those older and wiser than she, and going to church with Thomas and Eliza on Sunday evening; but alas! this is a changeful world.

Young as I was I soon saw that Thomas stared long and often at the new waitress and was less devotedly attentive to his Eliza. I found Eliza alone in the kitchen in a very low spirited mood, while Lotty was, I knew, taking a walk with Thomas. And one day at dessert a strange thing happened.

Lotty was just bringing in a dish of fruit, walking with unusual airiness and looking prettier than ever, when a howl was heard upon the stairs, and I saw Thomas rushing stableward with his handkerchief to his eye, and at the same instant Eliza appeared behind Lotty with her fingers extended like talons.

In a moment more the girl's cap was off, her embroidered apron in tatters, the fruit dish on the ground, the peaches and pears rolling about the floor, and Eliza disappeared down the kitchen stairs, dragging Lotty by her long, black hair.

The minister and his wife were dining with us. The situation was shocking.

"Is the girl out of her mind?" asked my father.

"Temporarily," replied mamma.

Then the minister's wife began to tell a story of a certain cook who went out of her mind and murdered the whole family, and I was very much alarmed for my own safety and that of the kitten.

Later, when we were alone, Eliza appeared before my mother, neat as usual, but with swollen eyes.

"I suppose after the exhibition I have made of myself, ma'am, I had better look for another place? It's past excuses, I know."

"It was very shocking, Eliza!" said my mother, "but I prefer that Lotty should go. I have told her so."

"Ma'am," said Eliza, "you are an angel of forgiveness, and have a feelin' heart that is not given to most ladies, but there is circumstances that—that"—

"I comprehend," said my mother. "I have spoken to your master, and Thomas Tripp is dismissed. I feel sure that he drinks, and that is always dangerous in a coachman."

At this Eliza burst into tears, sobbed: "A— a angel lady! and I'll never forgit it!" and retired.

Meanwhile I had visited Lotty in her bedroom, where she was packing her trunk. She had several long scratches on her cheeks and some of her hair had been pulled out. She spoke of Eliza as "that spitfire old maid," and threatened to "have the law of her." But I never knew of her carrying out her threat, and, shortly after, we heard that Mr. Thomas Tripp was connected with a livery stable and saw his name and that of Lotty Lavender in the column of marriage notices.

After that Eliza, as tidy as ever, but much more grim and exacting, continued to cook for us.

The coachman, John Bangs, was a plain, elderly man whose wife did the waiting. In the evening she sat with Eliza, and in their conversation betrayed serious doubts that one good woman could be found in any other kitchen of the United States—virtue being condensed in ours. Upstairs girls were generally spoken of as "them crazy things." Evidently Ann Bangs had had her own experiences in her early days, when John was younger and presumably handsomer.

All this happened when I was a very small child.

It was after I had been married two or three years that mamma came to visit me at my little country place, and shortly began to talk about Eliza Boerum.

"It is the most singular thing," she said. "Old as she is she has never gotten over her love affair. I believe she cares for Thomas Tripp yet. She must have heard some news of him lately. She is very sentimental in these latter days, and told me that sometimes the kitchen seemed 'haunted'—with Mr. Tripp's ghost, I presume. Perhaps she has too much work to do in our large family, and I should like to send her to you for a change. She is delighted with the idea."

"So am I," said I; and the thing was settled.

Very soon she came to me.

She had altered very little. Though now an undeniably elderly woman, her hair remained as black as ever, the polish on her cheek bones was as high and the frills as perfectly plaited.

She was a wonderful comfort to me, and by way of reaping the benefit of country air she took a regular walk every day after dinner, carefully guarding her skirts from the dust. One day she returned in a somewhat pensive mood.

"That long kind of building without no trees near it, what would you call it, ma'am?" she asked. "That one where there's so many old people sittin' out to air themselves mostly."

"Oh, that's the poor house, Eliza," I said.

"I thought as much," said she. "Well, we had all ought to be thankful we're not in it," she sighed, and went her way.

Eliza had savings and had fallen into a very good legacy from an uncle—she could have no fears of coming to want. But it was evident that the poorhouse people had touched a soft spot in her old heart.

One day she came to me with a curious look on her face.

"May I take a liberty, ma'am?" she said. "I want to make a plain cake for one of them old folks that hasn't tasted none for years—may I?"

"Of course you may, Eliza," I said.

"Law me!" said Eliza. "How Mr. Thomas Tripp used to sit and eat my plain cake Sunday teatime! Said 'twas better than other folks' pound cake, ah!—but you can't remember Thomas Tripp?"

"Oh, indeed I do," said I.

"Ah," said Eliza, "he was a fine man if he hadn't been thrown under evil influences." And that afternoon she carried her plain cake with her when she went upon her walk.

A week later, as I was in the garden picking a bouquet, the dog that followed at my heels began to growl, and some one uttered a small squeal of terror. Looking up I saw a forlorn old man with a straggling white beard and very miserable blue eyes sheltering himself in the porch of a little house where tools, ladders, flower pots and other things of the sort were stored.

"She said I could call," he said, "Missus Eliza did. Kin I go round to the kitchen, if it ain't presuming? She said I could."

"Eliza? Oh, yes," I answered, "you'll find her there." And I guessed that this was one of her protégés from the poorhouse. They had a way of dressing the unfortunate inmates of their institution which once seen could not be forgotten.

This particular figure was, however, unusually forlorn and pathetic. Probably that was the reason why Eliza had selected him as the object of her bounty.

He came regularly after that, each Wednesday and Saturday afternoon. Cold food was rehashed for him in tempting style. Yesterday's paper was bestowed upon him to read, and the day after Eliza received her next wages he became possessed of a new hat and some linen. I doubt if the poorhouse authorities bestowed these luxuries, and I used to see the latter hanging to dry in a secret spot behind the hedge now and then.

Eliza seldom spoke of her protégé, and then alluded to him as "that there unfortinite." But he came regularly, and was gradually spruced up to a degree I should not have believed possible.

Moreover, Eliza lost her grimness and was more amiable than she had been for years. She frequently remarked that "we had ought to make allowances for everybody," and that "no one knowed how he'd act under temptation."

She had evidently taken to charitable views of humanity in her old age, and her pensioner occupied her time pleasantly. But one Sunday evening I was surprised by hearing a murmur of voices behind the hedge, at the same time detecting the odor of a pipe, and peeping through saw Eliza—our proper and particular Eliza—in her best dress, her pocket-handkerchief primly held in her folded hands, sitting calm and smiling, with the arm of the old gentleman from the poorhouse around her waist. He for his part sported a blue tie and a yellow linen suit, and had in the button-hole of his stiffly ironed coat a red geranium.

I retired astonished, and I fancy Eliza suspected my presence, for she came to me next day in a clean apron with an evident purpose in her mind. She opened the subject in these words:

"For a plain person, on in years, ma'am, would you say if you was asked that a genteel pale brown was a suitable wedding dress, with say a bonnet to match, and lace neck plaitings?"

"Decidedly," I said.

"Then I think I'll git that, ma'am," she said. "I intend to change my condition."

"For the better, I hope, Eliza," I said.

"For the better as fur as worldly prospect goes, no, ma'am, but as fur as heart's affection counts, yes, I be," said Eliza. "Persons of matoor years knows their own minds. I've thought it over, I'm fixed in mine."

"And who is the happy man, Eliza?" I asked.

"Well, now he is happy, ma'am," Eliza responded with a chuckle. "To see him sit and eat plain cake is a sight for sore eyes."

"Is it—the—the old gentleman from the"—I faltered.

"Don't be delicate in mentioning it, ma'am," said Eliza. "The poorhouse—yes'm. Misfortunes is not faults, and ups and downs may happen to everybody. Thomas and me is going to jine hands and hearts a month from Wednesday, which is as soon as the tailor and dressmaker can be depended on. Perhaps, mum, being so young at the time, you don't recognize Thomas Tripp, your pa's late coachman, but he it is, once young and flourishing and in prosperity, now aged and misfortnate, but the same in intillects and fascinations."

"Is it possible, Eliza!" cried I. "This old gentleman from the poorhouse, Thomas Tripp?"

"Yes'm," said Eliza. "I don't deny he had writ. I knowed he was there when I came up, and my feelings at first was fearful, but soon I saw that he was capable of fixin' up, and I began to do it,"

"I've noticed the improvement," I said.

"It's great," said Eliza, "and he is that penitent! Lotty Lavender turned out as I knowed she would. Livery stable work ain't like private families. Lotty didn't get all she wanted, and her temper drove Thomas to drink. Then one day a horse run away with him and he was in hospital quite a spell, and when he come out his looks was spiled and his strength gone, and he couldn't get work, and Lotty she went back on him and run away with a man that had been hanging around her; then Thomas drank worse, of course. Lotty is dead now and better off, for she went to the bad altogether," said Eliza, "and you know what happened to Thomas; but I'm fixin' him up gradual, and we're thinking of a little shop. Thomas ain't so handsome as he was, of course, but he has improved in morals and intillects, and he has made it plain to me that he was tempted, and all along his true love was for me alone."

"To err is human, to forgive divine, Eliza," I said.

"That's beautiful," said Eliza; "I'm very fond of hymns myself, and thank ye, ma'am, for your good advice."

I was not aware of having offered any, but I did not deny the charge. Later I gave Eliza a set of china. My mother sent her some silver spoons, other wedding presents arrived, and on the Wednesday appointed Eliza removed Thomas Tripp from the poorhouse to the church and married him.

At the altar he was a marvellous specimen of gentility, in a black suit and white necktie, and he has remained so ever since. The little shop prospers. The neighbors pronounce Mr. and Mrs. Tripp the happiest couple they know, and on the whole Eliza's love affair has turned out happily after all.—MARY KYLE DALLAS in *Fireside Companion*.

### A CEYLON PLANTER'S VISIT TO IONA, WEST OF SCOTLAND.

There is no spot on the western coast of Scotland that will better repay a visit to any one who takes an interest in old Scottish History than the far-famed Island of Iona, which, for nearly 16 centuries, was used for their last resting-place, first by Druids and Highland chiefs, and then by Scottish, Irish and Norwegian kings, and by many chieftains and lords of the Isles even as late as the 18th century. The island is placed far out in the Atlantic, and receives the full force of eastward driving storms. It is an outlying sentinel of Scotland, and although insignificant in appearance yet, from this wild spot went forth the first gleam of Christianity, which was soon to blaze forth into a never-to-be-extinguished

flame over the length and breadth of the mainland. After leaving Staffa with its wonderful grotto behind, the steamer draws near to a long, low, treeless island, whose rocky shores are lashed constantly by the long Atlantic rollers. This is Iona—The Island, like all in its neighbourhood, is of volcanic origin, and covered with verdant grass making sweet feeding for cattle and many sheep. As we near the Island, the little fisher village and the centre tower of the ruined Cathedral can be described. How strange to hear the word "Cathedral" in this wild spot. One is so accustomed to hear it in connection with the Gothic structures of busy towns and teeming civilization, that its sound seems out of place in this rock-bound land far out in the Atlantic. So much more credit therefore is due St. Columba for so influencing the wild inhabitants of the western islands as to induce them, not only to build, but to endow, the cathedral at Iona, and in succeeding generations for his successors, the Culdees, to form, on this wild spot, the monastery into a theological college, from whence knowledge was dispensed to all parts of Scotland. The fine steamer that takes the passengers to and from Iona anchors just outside the little village, and visitors are quickly put ashore by Highland sailors, whose only language is Gaelic. As you land on the beach and wend your way to the cathedral through the little village, dozens of little bare-headed, bare-legged children throng around you trying to sell for a few pence sea urchins, shell necklaces, and green stone bracelets. They know by heart the few set phrases requisite to dispose of their wares, and are soon confounded when other questions in English are put them. The Island belongs to the Duke of Argyle, who provides a competent and educated man to act as guide to the hundreds of visitors who annually come to see Iona. This gentleman met us on landing, and shewed and explained everything of interest to us. Everyone has heard of the Ionic cross, but too many associate it with the Greek adjective, "Ionic," which of course has nothing to do with Iona. The style of the crosses of Iona is unique and beautiful, and when we learn that over 300 of these monuments marking the tombs of kings, chiefs, and bishops were standing in good preservation up to the time of the Reformation, we cannot but groan when we hear that zealous members of the Synod of Argyle decreed that these crosses were "but emblems of popery," as such, doomed them to destruction. By their order all (save two which escaped the general destruction) were broken short off and thrown into the sea. When the custodian told the visitors of this piece of vandalism, a gentleman present at once called for three groans for the Synod of Argyle, which was responded to without a dissentient voice. The two crosses that escaped the general destruction are called McLean's and St. Martin's. The first is passed on the roadside as you approach the cathedral, and the second is in the cathedral enclosure itself. The latter is by far the finer specimen, but the former is much the older and is indeed hoary with age and weather-beaten by centuries of fierce winter storms. So also is the fine old cathedral. With very little pretensions to architectural beauty, I could not but admire the energy that must have possessed St. Columba to have built, and built so well, such a church on the far-away and inhospitable shores of West Scotland. How, in those days of sparse population and difficult travel, he got together material and skilled labour sufficient to complete his cathedral and monastery is a loss to me. But by far the most interesting portion of the ruins is the "Releig Orain," or Royal Cemetery, where lie the mortal remains of forty-one Celtic and Scottish

kings, three Irish and three Norwegian. Beside these are hundreds of chiefs, lords of the Isles, MacLeans of Duart, MacLeods of MacLeod, bishops, abbots and monks. The tombstones are all carefully railed off, having been collected and placed in their present position some years ago. The custodian quite bewildered us by his list of names, from Fergus II, who was said to have been an ally of Alaric the Goth and assisted in the sack of Rome, A.D. 410, down to MacBeth who was killed by MacDuff, Earl of Fife, and "buried in Icolmkill" (Iona) A.D. 1040. The last royal head laid to rest here was Haco Upsac, Norwegian, king of the Sodorian Isles, (Man &c.) A.D. 1228. Among these ancient relics a modern tomb strikes the eye. This is a memorial stone raised by the United States Government to the memory of 18 American sailors, who were shipwrecked and drowned one stormy winter night off the Island, and who now lie in peace in the cathedral enclosure. There was only one thing that marred a most interesting visit. This was the untidy way in which both the "Releig Orain" (royal cemetery) and the cathedral ruins were kept. Cattle seemed to be allowed free access into the ancient pile, and had trampled all enclosed spaces into mud, through which it was impossible to walk. The cemetery was also buried in weeds and coarse grass, and the many valuable and ancient monuments were in many cases nearly hidden from sight. A few pounds per annum spent by the Duke of Argyle would rectify all these unpleasantnesses, and add greatly to the pleasure and convenience of the sightseer. Iona is, I believe, mentioned by Tacitus, though by what title I forget. Its Gaelic name is Icolmkill.

T. D., JUNIOR.

OFFICIAL RECORDS OF THE DAYS  
OF OLD:  
CATTLE MURRAIN IN CEYLON.

Westelive, 28th March, 1801.

To His Excellency the Hon'ble FREDERIC NORTH, Governor, &c., &c., &c.

HONOURABLE SIR,—I arrived here about midday, and found that about 170 cattle had died from the disease. From every information, however, that I have been as yet able to obtain, the infection is confined to the cattle that have come from the Island. I have not been able to trace from what cause they had caught the disease; the Headman has told me that they were all well for months after their arrival, and that none of the cattle of this village were at that time sickly.

As medical superintendent, I have given such orders as I judged best calculated to prevent the contagion from extending farther, and I am in hopes that its ravages will be confined to such cattle as had been sent here.

No care has been taken to separate the diseased cattle from those infected, and it appears that none of those that are dead have been as yet buried, which in my opinion are two of the principal objects to be attended to.

I shall have the honor to address Your Excellency again tomorrow on the subject.—I have, &c., &c.

(Signed) J. CARNIE.

Arrippe, March 31st, 1801.

To His Excellency, the Hon'ble FREDERIC NORTH, Governor, &c., &c., &c.

HONOURABLE SIR,—Agreeable to Your Excellency's desire, I have the honor to inform you that on my arrival at Westelive. I found that the cattle which had died of the disease, (with which they are at present affected at that place,) remained above ground, and that such as were able to walk

had been allowed to range about in every direction exposed to the heat of the sun. One of them that had lost part of one leg from a mortification, I found in the public road with another that had died of the disease, and I also found one of them dead, and others dying by the side of a tank of fresh water. I immediately gave orders that all the dead bullocks and cows should be buried, which order was executed as quick as I could possibly expect, and the village cleared by that means of the putrid odour of the dead carcasses which, whilst they remained above ground, rendered the place almost unsupportable. In my former letters I informed Your Excellency what orders I had given relative to the cattle, and of what had been done for them.—I have, &c., &c. (Signed) J. CARNIE,  
Medl. Supdt. Jaffna District.

Trincomalie, 13th April, 1801.

To His Excellency the Hon'ble FREDERIC NORTH, Governor, &c., &c., &c.

HON'BLE SIR,—In my letter of the 19th ultimo, I intimated to Your Excellency my intention of visiting Batticaloa.

From the best information I was able to procure from the Collector respecting the mortality of the cattle in the District of Batticaloa, it amounted betwixt 4 and 5000 at the end of March. I have not yet ascertained the numbers that have died in this and the Mulletivoe District, but they must greatly exceed this, as the disease had been of much longer continuance and greater violence.

It is to be hoped it will soon cease entirely all over the country, and I wish the tradition of the natives may hold true, a pestilence only prevails once a century.

Wishing your Excellency health.—I have, &c., &c.,  
(Signed) COLIN ROGERS,  
Medl. Superintendent.

Proclamation by the Governor.

Whereas it has been represented to us, that in various parts of the Dessavony of Colombo and in the District of Galle and Matura, the dreadful disorder, lately prevalent among the cattle, has again broken out, and that our solemn and public order concerning the conduct to be held on that occasion, have been disobeyed and neglected, to the great detriment of the inhabitants of these settlements, for whose benefit they were issued.

We hereby make known and declare that till we issue further orders on being assured of the cessation of the present distemper, the owner of every bull, cow, ox, buffalo, heifer or calf, which may be found at large and not tied up separately from all others in the districts between the river of Chilaw and that of Bentotte, after the 1st day of May next ensuing, between the river of Bentotte and that of Matura on and after the fifth day of the said month of May, between the river of Matura and that of Waturoe or and after the tenth day of the said month, and between the river Waturoe of the north-easterly extremity of the Magampatoe, on and after the twentieth of the said month, shall be fined in the sum of ten Rds. on due conviction before any Dessave, President, Fiscal, Medical Superintendent, or Assistant Modliar, or other European or Native Magistrate, the whole of the value of the said fine to go to the informer.

Excepting only such cattle as may be under the charge of the Worshipful, the Dessaves, or the Commissary of Grain and Provisions and their respective Deputies.

By order of the Governor,

(Signed) W. BOYD,

Actg. Secy. to Govt.

30th April, 1801.

## MY FIRST ELK.

(From "The Chase.")

How well do I remember the death of my first elk. Years have elapsed since then, and yet I remember every incident connected with it as clearly as if it had happened last week. I was staying with some friends, who rented the sporting rights over an enormous tract of country on the border of Sweden and Norway, and had spent a pleasant fortnight, trout-fishing and riper shooting. We formed a *partie carrée*, two of our party being anglers pure and simple, and caring for nothing but fishing, whilst the third, whom I will call Dick, was a first-rate all round man, and he and I used to do most of the shooting. The anglers were obliged to return home early in September, when Dick and I intended having a month's elk-hunting on some ground he had hired in Norway. Now, I must add, that that part of Sweden in which we were then living had formerly been probably the best elk district in the whole of Scandinavia, but of late years, thanks to the natural poaching propensities of the natives, and the fact of a railway having been run through it, which afforded the said poachers a ready transit to market for their spoil, elk had become practically extinct in it; and neither Dick nor myself, who knew the district well, having hunted it fruitlessly the year before, had any intention of doing so again, but as the "glorious first" (elk-hunting begins on September 1) drew near, both of us began to waver in our resolution; it seemed foolish, when one had an elk forest literally at one's very door, not to give it a trial. Then I had a new rifle, and this was a good opportunity to air it; not that I had any expectation of letting it off, and above all, as we pointed out to one another, it would help to get us into condition for our Norwegian trip if we had a day or two beforehand, and so we agreed to make an early start, and each hunt a different part of the forest. On the opening day Dick, who was an old hand at the game, had his own elk hound with him, and agreed to take Ole, our Norwegian servant, and a very keen sportsman, with him, while I secured the services of a local hunter and his dog. It may be mentioned here, for the benefit of the uninitiated, that dogs are invariably used in elk hunting, both in Sweden and Norway, the only difference being that in the former country they are allowed to run loose and hold the elk at bay until the hunter has time to get up and have a shot, whilst in the latter the dog is led in a leash and used for stalking purposes only, and of the two methods, having given both an impartial trial, I consider the Norwegian not only the most sportsmanlike, but the most deadly. A really good elk hound is worth a great deal of money, and £25 would be an uncommon price for one, this, too, in a country where such a sum is equivalent to double the amount in England.

My hunter, who rejoiced in the euphonious name of Eric, arrived on the evening of the 31st, and, barring a beastly habit of chewing snuff, seemed a very decent sort of fellow. I thought him rather a stupid-looking man, but Ole informed me "he was a very clever man, and made his own clothes." Which latter statement, whatever I thought of the former, I quite believed as soon as I set eyes on him. He could speak a few words of English, which was fortunate, as I was quite ignorant of Swedish.

The next morning dawned bright and cloudless, and as I sat down to an uncomfortably early breakfast, I must confess to a sneaking feeling of envy for

the anglers, who, still snug between the blankets, would start a couple of hours later for a quiet day's fishing on the upper river, whilst I should be tramping over hill and dale on what I considered a perfectly hopeless quest; but, however, I consoled myself by thinking that after all it was "air and exercise;" and so I finished my breakfast, put my lunch and a few cartridges in my pocket, and caused Eric to be summoned from the hay loft, where he and his dog had passed the night, and from which he emerged with his mouth full of snuff, as usual, and with his hair full of the seeds of the fragrant herbs which had formed his pillow.

It had been arranged overnight that Dick was to hunt that portion of the forest lying to the north of the river, and particularly a part of it known by the local name of "The Home of the Elk," no doubt an excellent cognomen in former years, but now apparently only so called on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, while I was to cross the stream, and search the forest lying on its southern shore.

It was a lovely morning, as I paused on the threshold of the house to light the only pipe I should be allowed for hours, and although a far abler pen than mine has already described the beauty of the scene which lay before me, I am going to try and give some faint idea of it, hoping, perhaps, that my description may so far resemble it as to recall some happy memory to some of the select band of English sportsmen who are familiar with it.

The house stood on a slope of emerald grass, which fell gently away to a noble river, flowing smoothly and majestically, as though weary, after its impetuous course from the snow-clad mountain which had given it birth, to lose itself in the deep blue waters of a beautiful lake, now lying so clear and smooth beneath the morning sun as to mirror faithfully on its glassy surface every pine-clad hill which surrounded it. A few little streaks and wreaths of pearly mist, soon to be sucked up by the glowing sun, still clung in places to the pine forests, as though loth to leave their cool shelter, and on the far side of the lake the great dark forest swelled, tier above tier, and hill beyond hill, till it died away on the great bare slopes of a noble mountain which closed the distance.

Amid some rather ironical wishes for good sport from the anglers, who, luxurious dogs, had just risen, I ran down the slope, stepped into the boat which Eric had just finished baling out, and, crossing the river, was soon plunged into the depths of the forest. For the first mile our way led along a sort of rough path, till we came to a point where Eric judged we had got the wind right and could begin our day's work. At his earnest request I knocked the ashes out of my pipe and slipped a couple of cartridges into my rifle, and proceeded to follow him up a rather steep hill much strewn with fallen timber.

It has been said that there are few forms of sport more fatiguing to mind and body than elk hunting, and this, to a certain extent, I can endorse; the "going" is always bad, and, as a rule, one rarely leaves thick forest, except to cross a hideous swamp, into which one sinks ankle deep at every step. One's successes are, as a matter of course, few and far between, and to walk for hours in single file behind a rather odoriferous Scandinavian, of whose language you are ignorant, is, I admit, not an exhilarating form of sport, and, after doing this for some hours on the day in question, I was not sorry when Eric called a halt, and even countenanced a pipe. I had not been very much impressed with my hunter's performances into the bargain. He assumed an air of mystery, pointed out month-old "spoor"—one can hardly go anywhere in a Swedish forest without finding some trace of elk—as though

it were fresh that morning, and gazed into thickets as though he were looking for rabbits instead of the biggest deer in Europe, whilst his dog was a nasty, impetuous brute, continually straining at the leash, which a good elk hound should never do.

However, Eric was very keen, which was one great thing; and I think he was a little disgusted when, having finished my pipe, instead of rising to resume the chase, I proposed we should lunch. This leisurely discussed, I gave Eric a taste of whisky out of the cup of my flask, and in order to show me that he was not unaccustomed to good society, he carefully cleared his mouth of snuff with his forefinger before drinking it. It was only natural that I should require another pipe to aid digestion, and it was nearly two o'clock ere we rose, and once more resumed our tramp through the forest.

An hour passed, and I was trailing listlessly along behind Eric, indulging in epicurean dreams of shandy gaff in quart pewters, with a lump of ice clinking against the edge (the day was very hot, and I was not in the best of condition), when suddenly, as we emerged into a rather more open piece of forest, I suddenly saw my hunter pause and listen intently, and almost at the same moment I heard a twig break on the hill above us. Instantly Eric seized my shoulder, and, pointing in the direction whence the sound had come, whispered hoarsely, "Elk, elk there!" and following the direction of his arm, I became aware of a huge grey form, indistinctly seen through some birch bushes, unconcernedly tearing down the bough of a tree. I could only see one bit of the animal fairly distinctly, but that, curiously enough, was its shoulder, and, taking a hasty aim, I fired at it. The smoke hung so close in the atmosphere I could not see the effect of my shot, but as it cleared off I caught another glimpse of the huge beast crushing through the trees, and gave it a second shot, which brought it hurling to the ground with a most delightful thud; but in any case, as I found afterwards, it could have gone no distance, as my first bullet had caught it fairly in the heart.

My victim was a young bull, with a poor head; but oh! how pleased I was. It was the first big game I had ever killed, and I felt as though I could have danced a jig on its carcass. Eric, too, shared in my enthusiasm, and bestowed numerous Swedish congratulations, mixed with the few English phrases he knew, upon me, whilst the impetuous hound was soon making, probably for the first time in his life, a really square meal off elk "gralloch."

As I aided Eric to pull round the enormous head, in order to bleed it more easily, I could not help thinking of how tremendously I had been aided by luck, first in finding what was probably the only elk for miles; secondly, in stumbling on it on a cross wind, for had we worked up to it up wind, Eric would infallibly have slipped the dog, in which case my chance of getting that elk would have been small indeed; and thirdly, in being able to get a shot at a vital part when the animal was standing surrounded by timber.

Nevertheless, luck or no luck, I had killed my first elk, and was proportionately happy; and it was with light hearts that Eric and I returned home, my only regret being that I arrived there before either Dick or the fishermen. However, they soon turned up (the former, I am sorry to say, after a blank day), and were equally astonished and delighted at my luck. Dick, like the good sportsman he is, being just as pleased as though he had got an elk himself, and over and over again during the evening had I to recount the incidents of the chase.

The next day happened to be Sunday, and very early in the morning the men sallied forth, headed by Eric, and the ground not being very difficult, managed to get the elk home intact, on a wood sled, and proceeded to cut it up in a large empty barn near the house. For the rest of the day the place resembled a shambles, and every man a butcher; at every corner one came on a dog, red to its very eyes, tearing at some pilfered morsel. While the fame of my achievement having apparently spread over most of the North of Sweden, parties of natives kept arriving in boatloads all day, to lounge about the place, view the carcass, and, with much chewing and expectoration, to dilate on the good fortune of Peter Nilsen (the farmer on whose land it had been killed, and to whom the meat belonged by right, we only receiving the head and one haunch) in having so much meat (it was an exceptionally fine beast) to keep him through the winter, and Eric must have consumed several ounces of snuff in dilating to them on the extraordinary skill and woodcraft he had displayed in taking the Englishman up to the elk.

JOCK SCOTT.

### PONGOL! OH, PONGOL!

Such is the cry that will resound in all Hindu homes at this time [January 11th to 15th] for it is the great day of thanksgiving to the Sun for favours past and to come. If any festival has survived in its pristine simplicity the transformation of the ancient patriarchal religion of nature into the priest ridden ritualistic Hinduism of to-day, it is this *pongol* festival, common to all, and exclusive to none, of the Hindu population. In the performance of the *pongol* ceremonies, the aid of the Brahman priest is not invoked, each householder, in fact, being his own priest, thus pointing to the times when the Brahman priesthood as a class was unknown. The *pongol* festival is in thanksgiving to the elemental gods, *Agni* (fire), *Indra* (firmament), and *Surya* (the sun); and even after these primitive gods have been ousted by their more powerful successors, the Puranic gods, the festival introduced in their honor has continued to survive and has almost withstood the accretions and innovations which Brahmanism subsequently endeavoured to foist on it. When it is considered that, unlike the Puranic ceremonies, this feast is open to the day and is held in the face of sun, rain, and wind, (*i.e.*) under no cover, and is not considered to be desecrated if profane or unholy eyes should be looking on, we may be pretty sure that the feast was observed by the forefathers of the Hindus, when caste was a system or an innovation unknown to them, and was handed down by them to their modern descendants in almost all its primitive simplicity, essentially much the same we see it at the present day.

The word *pongol* means "boiling," and the festival takes its name from the "boiling" of the pot, into which are put the first fruits of the year. The other name, by which the festival is known, the *Sankranti*, or as it is fully denominated in the north, the *Makara Sankranti*, explains the precise time when the pot containing the first fruits should be set a-boiling. *Makara Sankranti* is the passage of the sun into *Makara* or *Capricornus*, and this, according to the Hindu calendar, happens on January 12th of this year. This is also the time when according to the same calendar, the sun turns back to pursue his course towards the north. The feast hangs upon this, but the festival, however, commences on the previous day, and lasts for four days. Long before the commencement of the feast, an unwholesome activity pervades native society. The *pongol* is the social festival of the year, and must be celebrated with due honor, else an ineffaceable stain will rest on the family name. As soon as the rains have finished, the car-

painter, the builder, and the artist, are in full work repairing the houses. The housewife goes out and buys new vessels of every kind, and earthen pots and chatties of all shapes and sizes. Meanwhile the father of the family goes to buy new clothes for himself and the children. Presents go to the members of the family who reside elsewhere, and to the daughters of the house who have been given away in marriage. They consist of sacks of *new* grain, pots of ghee, basketfuls of the fruits in season, new clothes, and jewels. "This universal kindness," testifies Charles E. Gover in the pages of the *R. A. S. Journal*, "is most pleasant to see, and of course still more gratifying to give and take."

After the preparations are complete, the great feast is ushered in by the *Bhōgi Pongol* or the *Pongol* to Indra (the god of the firmament). For days previously, the youngsters in every household have been busy gathering sticks, straw, bratties, and everything that will burn. Long before sunrise on the *Bhōgi* day, the youngsters are all up, for they are the "heroes of the hour," and they commence piling up the combustibles in front of the doorway. Then the torch is applied to the pile, and in a moment a vivid flame leaps up into the sky. As the fire sinks, the young folks heap on fresh fuel, till sunrise, when the fires kindled in front of every house are allowed to die out. In the meantime, the youngsters have not been idle, but have been ever and anon warming their tom-toms (with which every one is provided for the occasion) before the fire, and raising a hideous din. The next day is the day of the *pongol* proper, the day on which, according to the Hindu reckoning, the sun enters Capricorn. On the morning of this day the women of the household purify themselves, and begin to adorn the house by drawing red and white lines on the floor in fanciful and complex patterns. Then, as the time of the sun's passage draws near, in the centre of the court-yard of the house are heaped up fire-wood and bratties in three circular heaps, and upon them are placed three new earthen vessels, filled with new rice, the produce of the season just closed. Besides these, another vessel is filled with rice, milk, sugar, dhol, ghee, and other Hindu dainties, and set in a fire-place adjacent. "This *pongol* dish of rice is as important a test of house-wifely skill in native homes as is the Christmas plum-pudding in England." The fire is applied to the heaps of bratties on which the vessels are placed, and the process of "boiling" commences amidst the eager expectations of the old and young, down to the infant in the mother's arms, who are all assembled to witness the seething and surging of the milk, especially in the middle rice pot of the *pongol*. "Now every neck is bent, for the surface of the milk is disturbed. One bubble, and then another, rises to the top. Dead silence prevails—a terror of waiting thrills the assembly. Then, with a heave, a hiss, and a surge of bubbles, the seething milk mounts to the top of the vessel." As it runs down the blackened sides, the air resounds with the joyous shouts of "Pongol, Oh Pongol! Sārya Pongol!" meaning "It boils, Oh, it boils, the offering to the Sun!" If at the time when the shouts rise up, the passage of the sun is accomplished, it is well, if not, well also, though not so well.

When the excitement has subsided, the pots are lifted from the fire; and as soon as the mess is a little cooled, a portion is taken out of the pots and placed in a leaf platter, and the savoury mess is offered reeking to the god of day—the great Surya—in whose honor this domestic festival is held. After that, all the members sit down together in a family party to partake of the new year's *pongol*. That day is a day of relaxation from labour, and is given to conviviality and merry making. The day is also a day of mercy and charity, wherein good deeds are practised, and good resolutions formed. It is the day on which the wants of the needy are supplied by their richer neighbours, and the heart of the beggar is made glad. It recalls to our minds those primitive times, when differences of caste were unknown, and the tie of hospitality was strong. The next day ushers in the *Pongol* of cattle. On this day,

the whole bovine possessions of every household are taken to the tank, and a general wash takes place. The lavatory process completed, they are then driven back home, and the adornment commences. The horns of the cattle are painted red, blue, green, or yellow. Garlands of flowers and leaves, and strings of coconuts, plantains and other fruits, are hung from the horns and fastened round the necks of the patient beasts. Incense and camphor are burned before the cattle, and then they are led out into the street. What with the beating of tom-toms and the braying of pipes, and what with the dismal yell of the urchins who have assembled on the occasion, the poor cattle get frightened and madly career down the street. They are allowed to run madly along till they are divested of their trappings and adornments, either by the violent motion of the animals themselves or by the eagerness and adroitness displayed by the urchins in robbing the animals of the trophies. As the shades of night fall, the exciting chase is over, and people retire to spend the hours of the night in feasting and merriment. The fourth day dawns, and brings with it the *Pongol* of calves, but it is uninteresting, and the ceremonies are much the same as on the previous day, only they are less exciting. Thus ends the *Pongol* festival, the great festival of rejoicing, and of thanksgiving; but it does not so end to those who have visits to make and visits to receive, to those who go out levying "black mail" on all persons with whom they have ever come in contact, or for whom they had ever done some slight service.

As soon as on the third day, the *Pongol* of cattle, the sun has well declined towards the west, every house is in a bustle; men, women, and children put on their best; and spend the remaining days of the *Pongol* in one long series of visits, entertainments, and social joys. At each house they visit, a colloquy ensues after this fashion: "Has the milk boiled?" "Yes, it has boiled, through God's grace and your favour." "In every house of every street from tongue to tongue flies the same question, solemnly put, 'Has the milk boiled?' Equally solemn comes the invariable answer, 'It has boiled.' Even strangers meeting in the street ask and answer the question as they pass, it matters not what their caste."

This festival, as the reader will have seen from the description of it, is at once the "Harvest Home" and the "Christmas" of the people of the Peninsula. The *Pongol* is a feast of ingathering, and care is taken, as we have seen, to celebrate it with things that have just been garnered. In this point the feast shows the closest likeness to the Jewish celebration, as enjoined in the offering of the "sheaf of first fruits." That the feast of the *pongol* should be observed at the time when the sun enters or is supposed to enter *Makara* or Capricorn, is explicable from the practice observed in ancient or modern times in other countries. The day on which the sun entered the winter solstice was observed with great rejoicing by ancient nations. For months previously the sun had been declining more and more to the south, and to men of the ancient world in higher latitudes, the phenomenon was daily disquieting. It appeared to them as if the power of their god was daily dwindling away, till at last the sun having reached the southernmost point in his course in the heavens turned back to pursue his journey northwards. From that moment the sun daily increased in power and rose higher and higher; and that moment marked the beginning of the year with many nations. Among the Egyptians, Harpochroti (Harpocrates) was the *new-born* sun of the winter solstice: as for days previously the old sun showed signs of decline, they as well as other nations fabled him to have died at the time, and to be re-born as the new sun with renewed vigour. The Romans also celebrated the winter-solstice festival, and as they celebrated it on the 25th of December, they gave that day the apposite name of Birthday of the Unconquered Sun. With regard to the bon-fire on the *Bōghi pongol* day and the beating of tom-toms, we may well compare such practices with the practice that prevailed in the temples of Mexico, where day

by day, the rising sun was welcomed with blast of horns. And we may also note that among many nations of antiquity the sun-rites of mid winter were celebrated by bon-fires, which the "Yulelog" of modern Europe still keeps in mind.—*Madras Times*.

ACCOUNT OF THE WORKS OF IRRIGATION CONSTRUCTED BY KING PRAKRAMA BAHOO, CONTAINED IN THE SIXTY-EIGHTH AND SEVENTY-NINTH CHAPTERS OF THE MAHA WANSO, WITH INTRODUCTORY REMARKS,

By LOUIS DE ZOYSA, Esq., MODLIAR.

(From the "Ceylon Almanac" for 1857.)

(Continued from page 272.)

The King moreover, having made a collection of water in the middle of the river Jajjwa (Deeroo Oya?) and having formed paddy fields, collected vast quantities of grain.

Moreover, having made Panda Wapi, which was formerly very small indeed, (into one) containing a body of water, great and exceedingly lofty, having outlets for the water, and an embankment of greatly increased height, length, breadth and strength, he gave it the name of the "Sea of Parakkama."

In an island situated in the middle of it, on the summit of a rock\* the King built a Dhātu gabbho (Dagoba) resembling the peak of Mount Kailasa.

In the middle also of the tank, he built a royal palace three stories high, and of superlative beauty; a palace indeed for the collected joys of the world.

The following, and many other ruined tanks, and mountain streams, did this benevolent monarch repair, in various parts of his dominions, viz. the tank of Mahagalla,† the tank of Setthi, likewise that of Wachchatanuka, the tank of Tamba, and the tank of Ambawa, the tank of Giriba, the tank of Patala, the tank of Mandaka, the tank of Morawapi, and the tanks of Sadiyajgama, and Tillagulla, also the tank of Mallawalli, the tank of Kalakitti, the tank of Kanikaragalla, and the mountain stream Buddhagama, the tank of Sukaraggama, (the village of Hogs,) the tank of Maha Kirala, the tank of Giri, and those of Rakkhamana, Amballa, and Katunaru, (the tanks of) Jalibawa, and Uttarala, and that of Tintingama, (the Tamarind village,) the tanks of Dawalawitthi, Kirawapi and Nallanaru, the tank of Karawitthawellattan, likewise that of Dumbarra. The tanks of Munnaruka, and Sallan, and also the tanks of Mulawari, Gerisigama, Polonnarutala and Wisirattala.

Draining up great marshes, in the country of Panchayojana (Pasyodun, or Pasdum Corle,) he formed paddy fields, and collected paddy.

Allotting lands (for paddy cultivation) in the jungles there, and in many other places, calling together the village chiefs, he caused the inhabitants to engage themselves in the cultivation of paddy.

In this manner having augmented ninefold the revenues of the state from what they were, the wise King caused the country to be so prosperous as never to know the calamities of famine.

He who was skilled in the maxims of Government, wishing that there should not be even a small spot of land within his dominions inhabited by men, which should be left unbenefitted, formed many pleasant and delightful gardens, and groves, full of fruit-bearing and flower-bearing trees and creepers, of every variety fit for the use of man.

\* I am informed by Mr. Braybrooke, who has visited Padiwel Colum, that there is a rock in the embankment, called by the natives දෙවියන්ගේ කඳු Deyyanne Kanda, "God's Hill," or "King's Hill," which they believe is haunted by the spirit of King Mahasen, to whom tradition ascribes the construction of the tank.

† I have no means of ascertaining the Singhalese names of these tanks. If we had a list of them in Singhalese, we might probably identify most of them.

Thus did this sagacious Ruler of the land, cause his small kingdom, which had attained prosperity, by the superiority of his wisdom, to surpass other great kingdoms in affluence.

The 68th chapter of the Maha Wanso, entitled "the Advancement of the Prosperity of the Kingdom," composed both to comfort and to afflict righteous men.

Extract from CHAPTER LXXIX.

This supreme of men, for the purpose of averting the calamities of famine, constructed many tanks and canals in various parts (of the Island).

Having turned the course of the river Karaganga\* by means of a great stone embankment, and having, by means of a great canal called Akasa Ganga (Celestial river) conducted its broad stream to the Royal Palace which was a noble one resplendent like the sun,† he constructed the "King of Tanks," (Wap Raja) celebrated under the name of "the Sea of Parakkama," which was like unto a second ocean, and which contained a perpetual supply of water.

He likewise built the great tank known by the name of the Lake of Parakkama, having a stone aqueduct constructed over land of difficult access. Also the tanks of Mahinda, Ekaha Wapi (literally) "the Tank of One day," the Sagara (Sea)† of Parakkama, and the water-fall of Kottabaddi.

In many places, the chief of men, built minor tanks, in number one thousand four hundred and sixty-one. The ruler of the land constructed conduits, and channels of stone, in no less than 300 tanks which had been in ruins.

The King also repaired many ancient tanks, such as the great tank of Manihira (Mingery,) the tank of Mahadaragalla, the tank of Sawannatissa, Duratissa, and those named Kalawapi, (Kalawawi,) and Brahmangama. The tanks called Nalikerathamba, and Raheya, likewise the tanks of Gattala, and Kumbhila Sobbha. The tanks of Kanawapi, Padi, and Kati, the tank of Pattapasana, the tank of Mahana, the tank of Waadha, and the tank of Mahidana, the tank of Kanagama, and the tanks of Wira, and Walahassa, and that called Suramana, the tanks of Pasanagama, Kalawali, and Kahala, and those named Angagama, Hillapa thakkhanda and Maddaga. These tanks which had been in ruins, did the king restore to their former condition, as well as others of less note, in number 467.

In about one thousand, three hundred and ninety-four tanks, did the king, who was a proficient in matters of state, effect repairs and improvements.

\* Major Forbes states that the river Ambanganga is joined "by a considerable stream," called Kalluganga. Might not this be the Karaganga alluded to here? The Pali form of Kalluganga would be Kalaganga, the only difference between it and Karaganga being the substitution of the letter *l* for *r*.

† Instead of, "which was a noble one resplendent like the sun," ("වරපාසුරදීපකං") some MSS. have ("දකුණුපාසුරදීපකං") which may be translated as follows, "made a shining or splendid Island."

‡ This is either a clerical mistake, or there were more than one "Sea of Parakkama." While on this subject, I may here notice a very curious passage in the Raja Ratnakara, which speaks of the construction by Prakrama Bahoo, of three great tanks known by the names "Maha Samudraya," "Bana Samudraya," and "Mati" or "Mani Sagara."

This passage is translated by Upham as follows:—"The said king of Ceylon also rendered his fame great by causing to be made in Ceylon three great lakes, the first of which was called Maha Samoodra (*i. e.* great sea,) the second was called Bana Samoodro (*i. e.* allied to the sea,) and the third was called Made Sawgiriya (*i. e.* the midling sea.)"

It is however, right to add, that this passage is not found in the Saddharma Ratnakara, from which the author of Raj Ratnakara, has copied almost verbatim the events of this reign. Nor indeed is such a passage found in any other work on Ceylon, which I have seen.

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