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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 186.)

CHAPTER VII.

But Mr. Le Marchant delivered himself on the subject that night in a tête-à-tête with his wife.

"The more I think about it, my dear Caroline," he said, "the more I see to blame in the conduct of your aunt, Miss Judith Gerard. As guardian to your sister, she should have exercised more authority over her; should have prevented her rash engagement, her more than rash attempt at fulfilling it by coming to the East? Such a child in ways and apparently in intellect a giddy, impulsive young creature, she should, to my thinking, be still in the schoolroom, and as to having 'lost her heart' to Captain Lawrence, why, the child can hardly have known anything about it! The fellow must have fooled her."

"I will not, dare not, judge him yet," said Mrs. Le Marchant. "Georgie and I had rather a painful scene this morning. She burst into tears at the first mention of Aunt Judith, and her broken engagement: I really was afraid she was going into hysterics! I cannot bear to blame Georgie, but still, Marmaduke, I fear she is a little to blame in this; as you say, she is almost too young to know what it is to love. We shall know more about it when the mail letters arrive."

These elder people judged more leniently than Georgie's contemporaries or even than Mr. Crawford would have done, had he and they known the full facts of the case.

In reality Georgie Gerard was full-grown in body, mind, and heart. Inanity keeps folks young, and is your true cosmetic and Hungary water. No thought, no cares, and consequently no wrinkles to speak of. None of the lines that deep thinking or loving anxiety ploughs on the fairest forehead would ever appear on Georgie's brow.

The letters arrived in due course; Aunt Judith's version of affairs before the engagement was broken off, and after. A brief and manly letter from Captain Lawrence, a note from Mrs. Seymour, Georgie's chaperon, all of these combined to show the girl up as somewhat of a foolish and frivolous coquette; if nothing more culpable.

Aunt Judith's letter was long, exquisitely written, crossed with great precision, and much emphasized.

Certainly our mothers and our aunts wrote much better than our wives and our sisters and our daughters write nowadays; what these have gained in freedom and originality they have lost in neatness and prettiness and legibility!

"Aurora Villa, Cheltenham.

"My dearest Caroline,

"I send you by my niece Georgina a little packet which I hope you will accept with my fond love. It contains some of the newest tating patterns, and a little collar, cuffs, and fichu of 'broderie anglaise' such as is much in vogue now. I have a set somewhat similar, and I am much admired in it.

"But indeed, dear Caroline, my heart has been so wrung of late that I have had but little time to attend even to necessary details of *toilette*. I little thought when I offered to take sole charge of my youngest niece left orphaned in the world that she would have turned upon me! That I should have nourished a viper, for cruelly has she repaid all my kindness to her.

"You know how young at heart I am, whatever may be my years (and I assure you that often and often Georgie and I have been taken for sisters, the advantage of figure being on my side!). I thought perhaps foolishly that a bright young girl to look after and chaperon would cheer and solace me, and give a zest to the promenade and assembly; with this end I took Georgie from boarding-school sooner than some of my friends thought judicious. I thought her a high-spirited girl, just such another as I was, but alas! for myself, I had a heart, I have a warm heart still, source of all my woes!

"Georgie's affections are self-centred; she is merely a selfish little school-girl, over fond of admiration. I grieve so to brand your sister, my dear Caroline, but I assure you that *time will show*. To continue. Georgie scarcely had left the school-room, and I was hesitating whether I should take her out to public as well as private entertainments, when Captain Lawrence appeared on the scene. A perfectly charming man, my dear; so courteous, so high principled, so cognizant of the rules of society, he and I found we had kindred souls at once.

"Georgie, I am sorry to say, did everything she could to attract her cousin. On his part he was like an elder brother to her—her 'flirtations' pained him, I could see, but more because he thought such conduct unbecoming than because he was jealous. To be brief, time went on, and he was ordered out to India with his regiment. He wished me goodbye most tenderly and touchingly with a sort of reverent admiring affection, and then asked my permission to say goodbye alone to Georgie. I knew he meant to give her good advice on several points, and so I permitted her to see him alone. I heard a sound of weeping from Georgie and thought that her cousin at last had been able to make her feel the impropriety of her conduct to me, and her flightiness in society. I retired to my room, and will not conceal from you, dear, feeling niece,

that I shed a tear for Donald. The front door clapped to,—I clasped my hands. Oh! my poor heart, he is gone, gone,—the man I could have loved! Bear with me, Caroline, you know what a creature of sentiment I am!

“Georgina burst into my room, dancing and laughing through her tears. ‘I’m engaged, I’m engaged!’

“‘To whom pray?’ I asked, while my heart sank down. ‘To cousin Donald! It’s to be a long engagement, but I don’t mind that. If it is too long, I’ll go to India to be married to him!’ I will spare you the scene that followed. I cannot believe his heart was in it, or hers. And now they are to be married, perhaps by this time the marriage is consummated. Heaven bless him. But why did he take such a young, giddy, heartless creature? why did he not seek for the devotion of an older woman? I shall trust to hear all details from you. With fond love,

“Ever your sorrowing Aunt,

“JUDITH GERARD.”

Captain Lawrence’s letter had far more to read between the lines.

“Dear Mrs. Le Marchant,

“I had hoped ere this to have addressed you otherwise. No man likes to own himself to have been mistaken or deceived, least of all in matters concerning his choice of a wife, but I must confess myself to have been utterly mistaken. I deceived myself. I was wrong all through. I made a mistake in asking your sister to engage herself to me, I was wrong in not having released her from her engagement long ago.

“She is too young for such an ‘old fogey’ as myself, although I confess I once thought to myself how pleasing would be the task of moulding such a high spirit and a character so unformed. Perhaps I tried to guide her too soon, too harshly! she did not understand me. She was but a child, and brought up by an accomplished woman of the world, your aunt, what chance had poor little Georgie?

“She wept the day I parted from her, and thinking such demonstration was a tacit betrayal of her love for me (I have not had much love in my life), I asked her to be my wife. After two years of fitful correspondence, I wrote to break off our engagement, saying I released her from what had seemed an uncongenial bondage. My letter crossed one from Georgie saying she had quarrelled with her aunt, and left her protection for mine. I could not go back from what I had said. It was my firm conviction that we were not suited for each other. At any risk we must keep apart! You know the rest. I plead your forgiveness and hers if I have acted wrongly. Tell your sister to keep anything I may have given her as cousinly tokens, or fling them away if she will. I wish her all happiness.

“Believe me, yours most sincerely,

“DONALD LAWRENCE.”

A second letter, later on, from Aunt Judith was all flame and fury. What an ending to Georgie’s engagement! Served her right, it might have been predicted! “I wash my hands of her, and wish you joy of your charge, my poor Caroline. I am considerably out of pocket by the affair. Georgie’s year’s allowance went towards her outfit, and I advanced her passage money, with the understanding that Georgie’s future husband should repay it, I see no chance of that now, and I ask you what is to be done?”

It was evident that the Le Marchants would have to pay dearly for the privilege of having this flighty young sister under their roof.

(To be continued.)

DAYS OF OLD IN CEYLON.

A NEW ZEALAND COLONIST IN HIS 80TH YEAR GIVES HIS REMINISCENCES OF CEYLON (WHERE HE WAS BORN) FOR THE PERIOD BETWEEN 1825 AND 1830.*

[Dunedin, 10th December 1890. As promised I now enclose Mr. J. O. White’s account of himself and of Ceylon in the early days of the British occupancy. It is curious and interesting that a man who can now write without spectacles as per enclosed had charge of one of the first two coffee estates in Ceylon, and met and conversed with Sir Edward Barnes and Sir Hudson Lowe. My friend Dr. Anthonisz will be interested in Mr. White’s reminiscences of Jaffna and the Dutch families.—W.W.]

To William Watson, Esq, Dunedin.

Auckland, New Zealand, 10th Jan. 1890.

MY DEAR SIR,—The Ceylon Tea Kiosk in the South Seas and New Zealand Exhibition now being held in Dunedin, brings to my mind many reminiscences of my native land, an account of which may be of interest to you, as I understand you have been a resident of that Island, and still hold an interest in that country.

The Kiosk itself is a grand adjunct to the Exhibition, being tastefully laid out, emblematic of the country, and proving a great boon to the 4 o’clock tea-loving ladies forming so large a proportion of the visitors from all parts of the world, and so convenient for parties desirous of entertaining their friends.

I was born in Jaffnapatam in the north extremity of the Island, where my maternal ancestors held some property. My father was a Surgeon in H. M. Service, and my mother a member of one of the oldest Dutch families residing in Ceylon, when the British took possession of the Coast. Kandy was subsequently surrendered to the Crown, and its King sent away a captive to British supremacy. My grandfather was Baron von Driberg, a Colonel in the Dutch service, who married a Miss Tanner. I was taken to England along with an elder brother by my father in 1815, I was then 6 years old. My father died in 1818 a victim to yellow fever caught in attending upon a vessel which put into Colombo for medical advice. I returned to Ceylon in 1825, both my brother and I having been promised commissions in the Army by H. B. H. the Duke of York for my father’s services.

My brother obtained his commission in the 38th Regiment, and was afterwards transferred to H. M. 44th Regiment, the same corps as my father served in. He was the Adjutant of that Regiment when it was stationed at Cabul in Afghanistan, and he fell in the Kyber Pass during the fatal retreat of the British force in 1841-42, when only one man saved his life, Dr. Bryden. Ceylon in those days was merely a civil and military station: there were but few merchants, and no employment whatever for the young men, descendants of the Europeans. There were only two coffee plantations, one at Peradeniya on the Mahavilla Ganga near Kandy, belonging to Sir Edward Barnes, the Governor, and the other at Gampola, a few miles further south. I never got my commission, and to pass away the time I went on a visit to my uncle, Captain Charles Driberg, Commandant at Hambantota on the south-east coast of Ceylon, a place famous for its salt lakes, a great source of revenue to the Government. My guardian in those days was Charles Edward Layard, Paymaster-General, who lived at Bagatelle a little beyond, the Cinnamon Gardens.

* For an editorial notice of this paper, see daily Ceylon Observer of this date.—Ed. L. R.

The Governor of Ceylon was Lt.-General Sir Edward Barnes, and Lady Barnes took an interest in my sisters who were often invited to the country residence at Mount Lavinia. While I was in Hambantota, Sir Hudson Lowe, well-known as the gaoler of Napoleon at St. Helena arrived in the colony as a visitor, and being anxious to see the country, he took a tour of the Island in a small coasting craft which put in to Hambantota, and Sir Hudson became a guest of my uncle's. He was rather repellent in personal appearance, short in stature, very thin, with shaggy eyebrows and stern countenance. This visit occurred in September 1826. There were only three Europeans in the place besides my uncle's family,—my uncle, a Dr. Casement and J. W. Bennett, a civil servant and author of Bennett's History of the Fishes of Ceylon. There were no horses nor conveyances of any kind, beyond my uncle's palanquin, in which he used to make his tour of inspection of the military posts situated at the lakes for the protection of the salt which was annually collected by the Government, and kept in sugar-loaf heaps till it was shipped away.

Captain Driberg was in the Ceylon Rifle Regiment, and was a first-rate elephant shot. The jungle between Hambantota and Katregam was infested with herds of wild elephants, and I had on three or four occasions accompanied my uncle elephant-shooting, and succeeded in bagging my first and only brute. It was an exciting sport, and I recollect several instances of Europeans and natives falling victims to the rogue elephant which used to frequent jungles in the vicinity of paddy or rice-fields where they did much damage. I recollect Major Haddock of the 97th being killed. He met one of these single animals on the border of a small patch of jungle, fired one shot which turned him. The Major rushed round back to intercept the animal and was struck down before he could raise his rifle. The elephant so mangled the body that it was scarcely recognizable when brought in. We put Sir Hudson Lowe in a palanquin, and my uncle and I accompanied him on foot, both of us being accustomed to take long walks. After some considerable time in making a circuit of one or two of the lakes we returned home and went to dinner, my uncle in his regimentals and the rest of us in full dress in honor of Sir Hudson. We retired to bed after spending a few hours in social chat, affording Sir Hudson all the information we could, and about 3 o'clock on the following morning were called up by a messenger from the craft saying the wind was fair; this was done according to Sir Hudson's instructions, so all of us accompanied him to the wharf and wished him good-bye.

About a week after his departure my uncle complained of feeling unwell, and soon after symptoms of jungle fever set in, which attacked the whole family except myself. Dr. Casement and Mr. Bennett fell ill, and an express was sent off to Point-de-Galle for medical assistance. In the meantime my uncle died at 3 o'clock on the 6th October, and my aunt succumbed at 6 o'clock on the same day. The rest of the patients recovered. Of course this event broke the family up, and we had to return to Colombo and lived for a time at Colpetty, and subsequently at Caltura where Mr. Layard had a nice country residence, nearly half-way between Colombo and Point-de-Galle. Sir Hudson Lowe, it appears, on his return to Colombo, was informed of a new publication having been issued in London, "Scott's Life of Napoleon" which reflected somewhat upon his management of the Island during the incarceration of Napoleon, and he deemed it incumbent to go home to clear his character.

his way home the vessel put in to the Isle of France now called Mauritius. Sir Lowrie Cole was Governor, but the bulk of inhabitants were French. Sir Hudson landed to dine with the Governor, and on his way back at night was mobbed by the populace and had a narrow escape:

Being of an active disposition I could not stand an idle life, so I first tried making sugar from the coconut tree at Caltura, but it did not pay.

I tried digging for precious stones at Avisawella, employing about 40 men; the stones found were Rubies, Garnets, Topaz, Blue Sapphires and Cinnamon and Moonstones, occasionally a Cat's-eye. I cleared expenses, that was all; but the place was fearfully hot. I had often to sit and watch the washers with an umbrella over my head and the thermometer up to 130°. I was residing in the Government Resthouse, many of which are erected about the country for the use of Europeans, totally unfurnished, but as travelling in those days was done in palanquins, one carried his lodgings with him, and the "Aratchy" or Headman of the village was bound to find provisions on payment, as well as carriers (coolies) for the palanquin and luggage if required.

While I was working here, Sir Edward Barnes and suite came in one day, and the Governor visited my diggings which were alluvial, and took great interest in the proceedings. I was asked to dinner, but tried to excuse myself by having no dress clothes, but I had to go, and it was curious to see a lot of military and 2 or 3 civilians in full dress dining with the Governor, and only one individual dressed in white throughout, and really the only comfortable person in the room.

Digging did not pay, so Mr. Layard, my guardian, got me a situation on Colonel Bird's Coffee Plantation at Gampola, then managed by his brother William Bird. Some time after I had been there Wm. Bird went to be married, and I was left in charge. We had eleven elephants on the estate which were employed in ploughing and carting, bringing in logs, &c.

It was while I was here I became acquainted with the Hon. Campbell Riddell, who came to the Colony as one of three Inspectors appointed by the British Government to enquire into the Civil Service of the Crown Colonies. Mr. Riddell married the daughter of the Hon. John Rodney, Chief Secretary of Ceylon, brother of Lord Rodney of the Navy. The family were living at Caltura, and we were on friendly terms. Mr. Riddell got the appointment of Colonial Treasurer of New South Wales, and he thought there would be a better opening for me in Australia than in Ceylon, and he induced me to come over in the same vessel, the Barque "Ceylon," Captain Davidson, and we left Colombo on the 1st July 1830, and reached Sydney on the 15th July. In my excursions around Avisawella I came across some splendid ruins of ancient architecture, some of the stones were of enormous size, and the carvings of birds and animals were as fresh as if they had been recently cut. Mr. Layard was then building a fine home at Colpetty, and I thought some of the stones would be of use to him and beautify his house. So I set to work to move some of them—beautiful slabs 12 feet by 6 feet 18 inches. After some days' laborious work with a gang of men, I was waited upon by three Buddhist Priests who put a stop to my proceedings, and I fancy the stones are still left there.

One of the most venomous snakes in Ceylon is the Cobra de Capella or Hooded Viper. I have caught many a one by the nape of its neck and allowed it to twine its body round my arm. When in Colpetty I was told by the natives one morning

goat. I was anxious to secure this one alive if I could, so I went to the Cinnamon Gardens and saw the brute at work. He had the goat by its two lips, and had evidently suffocated it by blowing into its mouth, as the body was greatly swollen and no bones broken. I had a strong line with me, which I fixed to the goat's hind legs, giving the snake the opportunity of stretching his tail as far backwards as it could, and would then coil his body up, keeping his tail fixed to a cinnamon plant and draw the goat up to it. I fastened the rope and bothered the snake a bit. I wanted to pass the noose over the goat's body and on to the neck of the snake behind the protrusion of the fang, where it would hold fast. The expression of the snake's head and eyes looked so vicious that I durst not go too near, so a gun having been procured, I shot him through the head. He measured 26 feet long, and was as thick in the body as a man's thigh.

The only sickness I experienced in Ceylon was a slight attack of cholera at a time when it raged fearful in the Pettah or suburbs of Colombo, inhabited chiefly by Moors, a trading section of the community. Many hundreds were carried off, and the obsequies of the dead took place by night with torchlight, the procession consisting of Moormen chanting the funeral dirge, very imposing and very solemn observance of the dead.

A great deal of the Government work around Colombo was done by elephants, one of the most docile of the animal creation. Sir Emerson Tennent's *Natural History of Ceylon* gives a fine account of this useful animal, the mode of capturing them, and other incidents.

Ceylon is supposed to be the original Garden of Eden, and to this day may be seen the alleged imprint of Adam's foot on the top of Adam's Peak or "Newra Ellia," some miles south of Kandy. The imprint where God first placed Adam in the garden is a very large impression, so Adam must have been the progenitor of Anak as well as of us pigmy mortals.

I have seen many countries in my sublunary journey through life for 60 years since I left my native land, but I have seen none I like better for its scenery (what can be more beautiful than the view from the Kadiganava Pass on the road to Kandy?) and the variety of the fruit and vegetable productions, the wonderful talipot tree, the graceful palmyras, and the groves of cocoanut trees on the coast between Colombo and Point-de-Galle. People condemn the climate. One great feature of its salubrity is its equal temperature—and the first and most useful lesson I received while staying in Ceylon from 1825 to 1830 was that the mortality amongst the young Europeans who joined the civil and military establishments was not due to climatic influence, but to a mistaken notion that brandy and water were necessary to keep up the stamina, the excessive heat at times inducing extreme prostration.

Seeing a chance of visiting the Malabar Coast, I took a passage in a small schooner proceeding for a cargo of Pepper. We touched at Calicut, Tellicherry and other ports as far as Goa, but it was a venturesome trip; the captain was a drunkard, and we used to sail along the Coast admiring the beauties of the Coast and the Neilgherry mountains in the distance, but on rising in the morning we were almost always out of sight of land, and much time was lost in making our Easting again. One day we were becalmed close to a China ship on her way to Bombay. I went on board and purchased some pieces of silk. On our way back to our craft which was pretty close in shore, we were boarded by some Custom House Officers off Calicut, and being as they alleged within the

waters of Calicut, they wanted to seize the silk as contraband. I much doubted their jurisdiction in the matter, but to save trouble I arranged matters satisfactorily by giving the Headman four Rixdollars, equal to 6s.

On leaving Ceylon I got letters of introduction from Chief Justice Sir Richard Ottley to General Darling, the Governor of New South Wales, and from Colonel Muller of the Ceylon Rifles to Colonel Lindsay of the 78th Highlanders then in Sydney; these, with the interest of Mr. Riddel, procured me an appointment in the service of the Australian Agricultural Company, where I spent the best years of my life. I have now resided in Australia close on a period of sixty years, leading a most active life, almost free from sickness of any kind, chiefly in New South Wales and Queensland. I have been one of the early pioneers travelling overland from the Hunter River to Queensland on the look-out for land and forming stations nearly 50 years ago when the native blacks were troublesome. I have travelled overland with stock from Queensland to Melbourne during a rainy season and heavy floods in the numerous rivers I had to cross, and I spent 10 years of my life amongst and superintending a large number of convicts between 1830 and 1840, and I am now, after a chequered and adventurous life, in my 81st year, I thank God, full of health and vigour, and without having used a pair of spectacles. You are at liberty to do what you like with this, and if any mistakes are found in dates or names, they must be attributed to a failing of memory.

Faithully yours,

J. C. WHITE.

P.S.—Of the old Dutch families of our acquaintance, I recollect the names of two with whom we were most intimate, the Vanderstraatsens of Colombo and Vanderspaars of Point-de-Galle. The former obtained great notoriety by introducing during the cholera epidemic a specific for cure of that fearful disease; the Vanderspaar family were merchants residing at Point-de-Galle.

My motto through life has been

Plenty of exercise,

Open air, and

Plain living,

and I have eschewed tobacco and drink, a rule I recommend everybody to follow. J. C. W.

LORD DERBY ON TECHNICAL EDUCATION.

The annual meeting and distribution of awards of the Liverpool School of Science and Technology took place on September 25th in St. George's-hall, under the presidency of the Mayor (Mr. Thomas Hughes). There was a large attendance.

The Chairman mentioned that Lord Derby had given further evidence of his interest in the school by giving £200 to provide two more special prizes.

Lord Derby, who handed the awards to the successful students previously, delivered an address on technical education. He said—Gentlemen,—You have asked me to attend this meeting and to deliver the prizes earned within the year. That is a duty which I undertake with pleasure, because, having watched from the beginning this School of Science, and I may add, having been one of the earliest contributors to it, I am satisfied it has done good and useful work in the past, and that it is capable of doing much more if only adequate support be afforded. It has lived as yet less than 30 years since its foundation, in 1861. Its progress has been steady and not slow. From 28 students

in 1865 the numbers have steadily increased to 905 at the present date. In all since the opening it has been attended by 12,916 students, and the total cost has been £26,700, being an average of £920 yearly. I am told that our students have been mostly, though not exclusively, taken from the artisan class. Of the practical results of the school we have no cause to be ashamed. It is never possible to state them in an entirely satisfactory way, because the exceptional success of an individual here and there proves less in favour of the training which he has received than a high average of attainment which does not so easily admit of evidence in a statistical form. I am told that very many of our students are employed in all parts of the world as marine and civil engineers and builders; that the winners of the prize which you have been kind enough to call by my name are nearly all in responsible and important positions. One is a manager of the Mersey Forge. One is an expert in the Patent Office. One is an architect and surveyor to the Board of Works in London, and others are in various capacities which I do not state to you in detail, because the list would be too long. The school has suffered, like most institutions, from "that eternal want of pence which vexes public men." I am told that its space is utterly inadequate, and that increased accommodation is urgently required. But there is some comfort, on the other hand, to be found in the prospect that when the Technical Instruction Act is in operation, as it is expected to be, the corporation will come to its assistance, and meet what is no doubt an increasing and urgent popular demand. (Hear, hear.) Of the practical utility of a school of this kind you have heard enough, and it is needless to prove what nobody doubts. The necessity of technical instruction, if our workmen are to hold their own against foreign rivals, is a common place of the platform; but we must not forget that there are other objects to be served, less pressing—some would say less practical—yet in their ultimate results surely not less important. You will not expect from me, who can claim no relation to science, except that of a respectful admirer and in some very humble degree a student, a disquisition on the use and value of scientific training; but some facts are clear, and need no special gift of observation to detect them. Ours will be remembered as pre-eminently the age of science, I might say throughout the civilised world, but more especially in England. In literature our age has done well, but we can scarcely, perhaps, claim to rival the generation that gave us Shakespeare and Bacon. In politics we cannot judge the work of our time. We are too near it, and we have not seen the end; but the changes of our day, many and important as they are, can scarcely be set alongside the Reformation of the 16th century, or the civil wars and revolutions of the 17th. I speak here not as judging any of these movements, but only as weighing their relative magnitude and importance. In regard of wars and of conquests, happily we have little in the last 50 years to look back upon. But the triumphs of applied science in our day are the veriest commonplace. To dwell upon them would be absurd, and in such matters one success leads to another. More than that, spread as civilisation is over the whole earth, there is no fear of such a reaction of barbarism and ignorance as that which followed the decadence of the Roman Empire. Whoever wishes to see an admirable summary, at once concise and comprehensive, of scientific progress in the last half century will find it in a little volume by Sir John Lubbock, published this year, which has no fault except the rare one of too great brevity. In this one

respect I think we may praise ourselves without fear of seeming ridiculous to the next generation. Our successors may excel us as writers, as politicians, as soldiers; they may surpass even the industrial energies of the present time, but it is not likely—it is scarcely possible—that in the region of science, the 20th century should witness advances greater than, or as great as those of the 19th. (Hear, hear.) The general experience of the world hitherto has been that brilliant but brief epochs of advance have been followed by long intervals of stagnation, and sometimes even of retrogression. Retrogression is not likely, as I said just now, but stagnation is quite possible. There is one phrase much employed when people talk on these subjects, which, to my mind, contains a fallacy. I mean the common phrase of popularising science. Now, to popularise science is simply impossible. You may give everybody an opportunity of learning, but not everybody will or can take advantage of it. You may popularise the results of science, but that is quite a different matter. As an old saying runs, there is no royal road to mathematics. Anybody could cram up, with the help of an average memory and of easily-acquired handbooks, a summary of what has been done in astronomy, in chemistry or other science, but when that result is accomplished he will be very little nearer to any real gain which science could bring to him. It is only labour and perseverance, added to natural capacity that can give a scientific mind. Fortunately, not everybody is required to have it. I have no doubt a man may be a good workman, a good clerk, a good man of business, and discharge all the duties of life in a satisfactory way, although he believes that the sun goes round the earth and that the moon and stars are lighted up at night to enable mankind to see their way. We cannot all be what the hideous slang of the day describes as "scientists," any more than we can all be poets; but I think the answer was a good one which was given long ago to the objection, "You want to make your pupil Jack of all trades, and master of none." "No," was the reply, "I want him to be Jack of all trades, and master of one." Nobody is required, nor, indeed, is it usually possible to make a serious study of more than one profession; but, just as it is good to have a taste for books, though we may not wish to become authors, and to have a love of pictures, though we may never intend to paint, so it is desirable to have a sympathetic insight into studies alien from our own. Time is not wasted in that way, for there are very few people a good deal of whose time does not run to waste, and when they talk of want of time, it is really, nine times out of ten want of energy that they mean. No doubt, much labour is monotonous and wearisome, but those who have tried the experiment will tell you that, given a reasonable degree of bodily health and mental activity, the best repose from monotonous labour is to be found in change of occupation, not in absolute apathy and vacancy (Hear, hear.) and there is one reason why, in my judgment, some tincture of scientific knowledge is desirable for every educated person. The result may not be great, but the process is valuable. An entire absence of the scientific spirit is no doubt compatible with brilliant talent and high distinction. You do not find fault for a deficiency of that kind in a novelist, a poet, or a writer of light literature, but it is a deficiency notwithstanding. If you ask me what I mean by a scientific spirit, I think I know, but I must confess that it is more easily described in vague and general terms than precisely defined. I mean by it in the first place, a habit of accuracy and

exactness in matters of fact. It matters very little to an orator that his facts should be carefully verified—sometimes he is wise in abstaining from the attempt but a calculation or an experiment must inevitably fail if there is a want of accuracy anywhere. In the next place, I mean that temper of mind which seeks for conclusions, but does not jump at them; which is equally opposed to the stupid incredulity of ignorance, refusing to accept any idea which is not familiar; to the reverential credulity, which accepts as true any statement coming down from old or high authority; and to the careless indifferentism which, so long as a theory looks and sounds well, and especially if it flatters some previously existing feeling or prejudice, does not care on what foundation of reality that theory rests. (Cheers.) Ours is an age when the half-educated are a power in the world; when more men than ever before reason and speculate on difficult matters, and when, consequently, there is all round us and on all subjects a quite bewildering amount of loose talk and inconclusive argument. (Hear, hear.) More than that there are fashions in opinion, and you constantly hear it said, "Oh, yes, that was the way people reasoned 20 years ago, but it is quite out of date now." Well, such fluctuations must exist in what are called practical affairs, but that is all the more reason why it is good to have to do with theories that cannot go out of fashion, and with trains that are absolutely incapable of being affected by the ebb and flow of what is called public opinion. Else we should be apt to rest in the conclusion that nothing is true and nothing false, and that the best thing to do is simply to accept the current ideas of the day, which, indeed, from the point of view of personal interest, very likely for most people is the best thing. That the world is governed by laws which we did not make and cannot abolish—laws which will operate whether we recognise or ignore them, and which it is our wisdom therefore to study that we may obey, and in obeying utilise them—that is what I take to be the outcome of scientific teaching (cheers), and if anybody thinks that a useless or an unimportant or unnecessary lesson I do not agree with him. (Hear, hear.) Something else science, rightly understood, will teach us to know—what it is that we can hope to know and to understand; and to recognise how little that is, and how much lies, and probably always will lie, beyond the reach of our faculties. One word only I will add—that, having known men of many professions, I should say, as far as my observation goes, the happiest lives are those which have been devoted to science. Every step is interesting, and the success of those who do succeed is lasting. What general, what orator, what statesman, what man of letters can hope to leave a memory like that of Darwin? An invalid in health, a man who seldom stirred from home, a man until his later years very little known to the outer world, but who, from his quiet study, revolutionised the thought of Europe, and will be remembered as long as Newton and Bacon. If fame be ever worth working for—I do not say it is—that kind of fame is surely, of all, the most durable and the most desirable. (Cheers.) Well, I have perhaps digressed from our proper subject, for it is not likely that we have a future Darwin in this room, but it is no exaggeration to say that, as a rule, no man who has taken to science as the work of his life regrets the choice, while men who have done important work in other lines feel like Renan, who, at the height of his literary eminence, tells us in his autobiography that he has often regretted that science, rather than historical research, had not been the object of his early pursuit. Nothing

remains for me now except to offer to this school of science my sincere good wishes for its future prosperity, and to you, the successful students who are attending here to receive your prizes, my congratulations on the good beginning which you have made, and my hope that neither early success nor possible temporary failure may induce you to desist from those steady, unshaking, unshattering exertions without which the great prizes of life can never be attained. (Cheers.)—*Pioneer*. [There is so much that is good in Lord Derby's address that it is the more to be regretted that he should have held up for admiration two men like Darwin and Renan, the first of whom did not think Christianity worthy of the same examination which he instituted regarding the phenomena of the physical world, while the other, most unnecessarily introduced, has devoted his life to destroying the faith which is the light and the hope of the human race, and will remain so when Renan is forgotten.—*Ed. L. R.*]

REMINISCENCES OF CHRISTMAS DAY IN EAST AFRICA.

BY A LADY.

It is six o'clock on Christmas morning when our boy "Spaniola" comes to our room door calling "License!" and on our answering "Entre!" he brings in morning tea with fruit—bananas and mangoes. The still sultry night is over, the sun blazing away down from a cloudless sky, and sounds of re-awakened life are heard on all sides; the birds whistling to each other from tree to tree, the black and white crows cawing in the palm trees watching for fresh opportunities of thieving, and the poultry being released from their night's imprisonment are making for the duck pond helter-skelter with sounds of rejoicing.

"License!" (*i. e.*, permission). This time it is Fred, our Tyanibari cook, come for the "Dona's" orders for breakfast. He is a great boy is Fred, a valuable pillar of the "Casa Ingliya," though it is best not to tell him so. He speaks a little English, but understands more, and always "knows" everything, though he is only hearing it for the first time. He is not a "thing of beauty," being minus one eye, and all his front teeth; his cooking costume of an old flannel shirt (which might once have been white); his closely shaved head, and his chronic grin complete his description. "Well, Fred, what are you giving us for breakfast?" "Got chips fowl, minsh fowl, carry fowl, no camarao to-day" (camarao, fresh prawns). As our menu has been everlasting fowl for some time back, varied by fruit and tomatoes, I think we should have something different on Christmas day. So I explain a new egg dish, and Fred says "I know," and goes off in all confidence to turn out a tasty enough dish, but quite unlike my directions.

Ten o'clock.—The verandah would be piping hot if it were not for a thick creeper of grenadilla which screens it, and at all times looks green and fresh. I am putting a few tidying touches to small tables, chairs, plants, &c., when my husband comes along from his office, ravenous after three hours' work. "Breakfast ready?" we call to Fred, where he is fussing over pots and pans in the cook-house in full view of the verandah. "Yes, sir, ready ma'am," he answers back; and then we whistle for the boys, who, before many seconds are over, have the first course on the table, and are standing behind our chairs ready for "Almoso" to begin. Sitting over our coffee we wonder how we can best spend the day to make it different from any other. "We

must have turkey for dinner, of course," and we look out on the yard where old "Bubbly-jock," with his wives and family are doing the aristocracy amongst the fowls. So my husband shouts to Fred to drive them in our direction. We choose the least bony-looking, and before many hours it will be in the oven—no hanging required. "We must have a plum-pudding, of course," so I undertake to set about it at once, with what ingredients Quilimane can produce, using tinned butter (more like train oil in hot weather) in lieu of suet. While I am "bossing" the gathering together of materials necessary, the beating of eggs, &c., our Italian friend comes in to wish us "Boas festes," this suggests our asking him, along with our Dutch and German friends, to dine with us in the evening. That question settled, the gentlemen go off to work again, and I deliver my precious pudding into Fred's care to get baked, telling him that if he spoils it I will take his head off, and show him the knife; but as I cannot help laughing, he just grins back to me, and the desired effect is lost. I then throw myself on to a long basket chair with a fan, too hot and exhausted to read or do anything but snooze, with one eye and one ear open, that the house-boys may not be up to pranks.

Half-past two brings my husband back to the verandah for tea—he is accompanied by a German who nearly always makes his calls at this hour—we think the attraction is the tea cosy—an article almost unknown in these parts. Towards sunset feeling rested and refreshed, an expedition is suggested to Shemba-dembi, some miles up the river, instead of our orthodox "constitutional," and we discuss whether to go by land or water. If we go by land we would be carried in "machillas" (chairs hung by chains from a long bamboo pole, with four boys to each "machilla"), through groves, lovely with dark old mango trees and graceful young cocoa-nut palms, but infested by mosquitoes, and as this is the time of year when those merciless little wretches are most at large, we decide on going by water. Some three minutes walk along the glaring sandy street brings us to the "Rampa," where our 10 Masaro boys, stripped of all clothing but a small loin-cloth, are waiting in the boat ready to paddle us to our destination in true up-country fashion (*i.e.* each boy sits close to the side of the boat, holding his short paddle upright in both hands, and ploughs the water with it). This way of progression is rather fascinating, as all the strokes are made exactly at the same moment, and the broad glossy backs and square shoulders of the boys sway backwards and forwards to some monotonous river song something like the following:—

Waya, waya, waya, waya,
Waya, waya—ai
Waya, waya, waya, waya,
Chisa-mooloo-changa,
Chinin-a-si, chinin-a-si,
Chininasi, chininasi
Chisa-mooloo-changa.

Arriving at Shemba-dembi, we cannot find a dry landing place, so over the shallow water and muddy sand we trust ourselves to the boys—my husband on the shoulders of one, and myself borne off by two, in a sort of "king's chair," grasping a woolly head with each arm. This little place with the big name boasts of a brick manufactory, and consists of one or two tumble-down Portuguese houses, any number of native huts, some artificial ponds, out of which the clay is taken, and one or two pyramid-shaped kilns for baking the bricks. The place is quite lively with men and women carrying on their heads loads of 10 bricks or so (most of the women have babies on their backs besides) all

singing and shouting to each other, passing to and fro in single file. We must hurry homewards now, or the incoming tide would meet us in rough waves, and we would have to creep slowly back in the darkness of night. We reach the Vice-consulate just in time to dress for dinner, and get the table "titivated" with leaves in cup-shaped Mozambique shells, and lighted with shaded lamps. We are by and by eating our turkey and plum-pudding, fondly believing it is as good as at home, and before flitting from the verandah to the drawing room for music, photographs, and dominoes, one gentleman proposes the health of "absent friends," and we drink it most heartily in fresh lime juice and water—two of us with thoughts wandering to the cosy, warmly-lighted rooms, Christmas cheer, and last, but not least, to the many dear friends in Aberdeen awa.

K. A. CARNEGIE ROSS.

[The lady who writes this interesting contribution to the *Aberdeen Free Press* is the daughter of the late Mr. R. B. Tytler, her husband being British Consul at Quilimane.—ED. L. R.]

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

BY MESSRS. ADAMS, CHURCHILL AND BAILEY.

(Continued from page 192.)

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If the repairs were effected, a large body of water would flow over the Kondrowawe spill-water into Minnery; this would find its outlet by the low level escape channel or Mahawana, and flow into Kowdella. Thence we think the water would escape by the large breach (Report, p. 10) into the Kowdella Aar, which is said to join the Mahawellaganga near the point at which the Virgil Aar strikes off. There is no doubt that this stream enters the Mahawellaganga, and should it prove that its junction is below the point at which the Virgil Aar strikes off, the addition of this large body of water to the stream might result in opening the navigation of the Mahawellaganga; an object which, in 1832, occupied the attention of Government (Vide Brooke's Journal, p. 29.)

No 5.

We annex a plan of the Sluice of Topawewe; for it is more perfect in its details than almost any of the many ancient sluices when examined.

As the plan shews, it is much dilapidated, and is out of repair, but its plan is very clearly discernible.

The use of the well, or බිංසැකොටුව as it is called, has puzzled many people. Here we have the sluice gates quite distinct from it, whereas in some there are grooves for sluice gates within the well. It is probable, the well served as an entrance to the sluice, for the purpose of cleaning it, and removing roots, pieces of wood or other obstructions. It is true that a man might enter the sluice from the outside for that purpose; but without the well he would be in darkness; and it is only in the embankments of large tanks that the well is found. Besides, in the event of the sluice-gates getting out of order, supplementary gates could be put to the sluice in the well, while they were being repaired.

The well at Topawewe, is not a very large one of the kind.

Extract from a Minute by His Excellency the Governor on the Eastern Province.

The views suggested by my visit to Trincomalie, which occupied me from the 11th February to 3rd March, [1856] will I hope, be found not undeserving of attention, from their connection with what I may

term the "Tank Question," I mean, the questions as to the practicability, and prudence, of attempting to restore the system of artificial irrigation, which, under different circumstances, and in other times, unquestionably gave food, and employment, to a vast population, in parts of the Island which are now a desert.

This subject was brought before me at a very early period after my arrival here, by a Report upon the ancient Canal of Ellehara, prepared by Messrs. Churchill, Adams, and Bailey. I have much pleasure, in laying before the Executive Council this document, because it does credit to the enterprise, perseverance and public spirit of the gentlemen who prepared it, and who voluntarily undertook a very laborious duty. It will be found to merit an attentive perusal; for it shews the immense amount of time, science, and combined exertion, that must have been brought to bear upon works of Irrigation, at a period, when agriculture in Europe was in the rudest and most primitive state. It proves, too, how vain human efforts are to stay the operation of those mightier causes, which, though now lost in obscurity, have influenced the march of civilization, and which, so far as we can judge, by altering the course of Navigation, and Trade, must have deprived Ceylon of those local advantages, which made her, in earlier ages, the Commercial Depot of the surrounding countries, and thus both created the necessity for those extraordinary works, of which we admire the remains, and furnished her with the means of executing them.

For the purpose of these works, in every instance, seems to have been, to provide food for a superabundant population. They may have been used as the Ellehara Canal was, for traffic, also. But irrigation was the primary object; and in the neighbourhood of most of the Tanks, though the ground is now covered with forest trees, the growth of many centuries, it is easy to trace, for miles around, the ridges, which denote the extent of Paddy cultivation, that once occupied the space now hid by interminable jungle.

This is not, however, the place, or the time, to enquire into the causes, that led to these revolutions. All that we know positively, or can collect from ancient records, is, that there must, once, have been a large population congregated upon the Western side of the Island, in the neighbourhood of Manaar and Aripo;—that the causes, which prompted the selection of this barren, and desolated, coast, as a Commercial Emporium, probably determined the choice of Anuradhapura as the seat of Government;—and this again led to the construction of the Giants' Tank, and Padiwel Colum,—the most wonderful work, that I have yet visited, whether we look to size,—difficulties of execution,—or to the time, at which these were surmounted,—the 62d year of the Christian Era. That other causes, equally obscure to us,* forced back this teeming population, leaving every where traces of its industry, and skill, to the neighbourhood of Pollinarua, where its second capital was founded:—that this second capital, like the first, is now a wilderness,—and that nothing remains, but the long line of tanks, which unite it with Tamblegam Bay, and Trincomalee, to bespeak its ancient magnificence.

My object in visiting this scene of past splendour, was a practical one. I wished to ascertain the state of the principal tanks, and to form an opinion as to the possibility of turning them to account, in connection with modern improvements. I was accompanied on my tour, by the Government Agents for the Central, and Eastern, Provinces, as well as by Captain Sim, R. E., and Mr. Adams, one of the gentlemen who explored the Ellehara Canal, and who took the direction of the party, from the time that we left the main road to Trincomalie, which we did, six miles beyond Dambool, at the Tappal station of Innamalluwe, until we rejoined it again at Kandelly.

Our first day's march from Dambool was to Sigiri, a place too well known to require description.

It is the first, and smallest of the line of tanks, that fills the space parallel with the Road from Innamallawe to Kandelly. Indeed, as a tank, it hardly deserves to be classed with its neighbours, as it has no artificial supply of water, but simply receives, in a natural hollow, the drainage of the surrounding country, and more particularly of the rock, upon which the old Fortress of Sigiri stands. From Sigiri to Kondruwawe,—the first of the artificial Tanks, formed by a regular "Bund," or embankment of earth, faced with stone,—the distance is about eight miles. The whole intervening country is jungle, with the exception of a small amount of Paddy cultivation in the vicinity of Kondruwawe.

The road is a path of the most rugged character, intersected by roots of trees, and masses of rock; and a similar path leads, for another eight miles from Kondruwawe to Angoulasse, a deserted village, once, probably, the centre of a large population, for, before reaching it, we crossed the "Bund" of another Tank which, though now buried in jungle, must, from the size of the embankment, and of the stones, with which it is covered, have been of no ordinary dimensions. As we did not reach Angoulasse till dusk, the lateness of the hour prevented closer enquiry.

From Angoulasse to Topari, or Pollinarua, the distance is not above 8 miles, yet even in that space, another beautiful Tank occurs, which looked more like a natural lake, than a piece of artificial water, when viewed from the top of the "Bund," along which we rode for 25 minutes, shaded by magnificent trees, the size of which bespeaks the antiquity of the embankment on which they stand. This Tank is the Tank of Dimitelli.

It occupies a plain opening at one end, upon the distant mountains of Matelle, from whence it draws its supplies of water, which are retained, on one side, by a natural slope, on the other side, and at the next Topari, by artificial mounds of earth, and stone. The embankments are perfect. The sluice, or spill water, has been replaced by a temporary dam, which is not in good repair, and the leakage may, ultimately, injure the Bund, if not attended to. The object of the Tank seems to have been the irrigation of the country between Dimitelli and Pollinarua, a space of about 4 miles, which is now a park, studded with large trees, but bearing evident marks of ancient cultivation.

There would not, I presume, be any difficulty in restoring this whole district to its original state, if there were men to till the ground, or a market for the produce. The last might be found, in the course of a few years, in the growing demands of the Matelle Coffee estates. But the other condition of renewed fertility, seems to have disappeared altogether. From Dambool to Topari we did not see a village, and hardly a human creature.

Pollinarua, or Topari, the capital of Ceylon, after the abandonment of Anaradhapoor, lies upon the borders of another Tank, somewhat inferior in size, and beauty, to Dimitelle, but filling a large portion of the plain, around which the ancient town was situated. Ruins of Temples, and Dagobas, and other public edifices, mark its site, and shew the great extent of ground, which it covered. Many of these are still in a very perfect state. The parts that lead to them, cleared by the Temple tenants, and trodden by frequent passengers, shew that the place has not yet lost its *prestige*, and that the Pilgrims to Dambool often include it in their devotional visits. Still, there is an air of desolation in the scene, which is very striking. A small village surrounded by magnificent trees, and separated from the Lake by the Bund, which forms its southern boundary, is now all that remains of human habitation in a place, that must, formerly have been the abode of many hundreds of thousands of our fellow creatures. Nor do I see what is to restore it.

(To be continued.)

* Surely not: the main cause of first the retreat of population and then the ruin of the tanks was the invasion of hostile Tamils.—Ed. L. R.