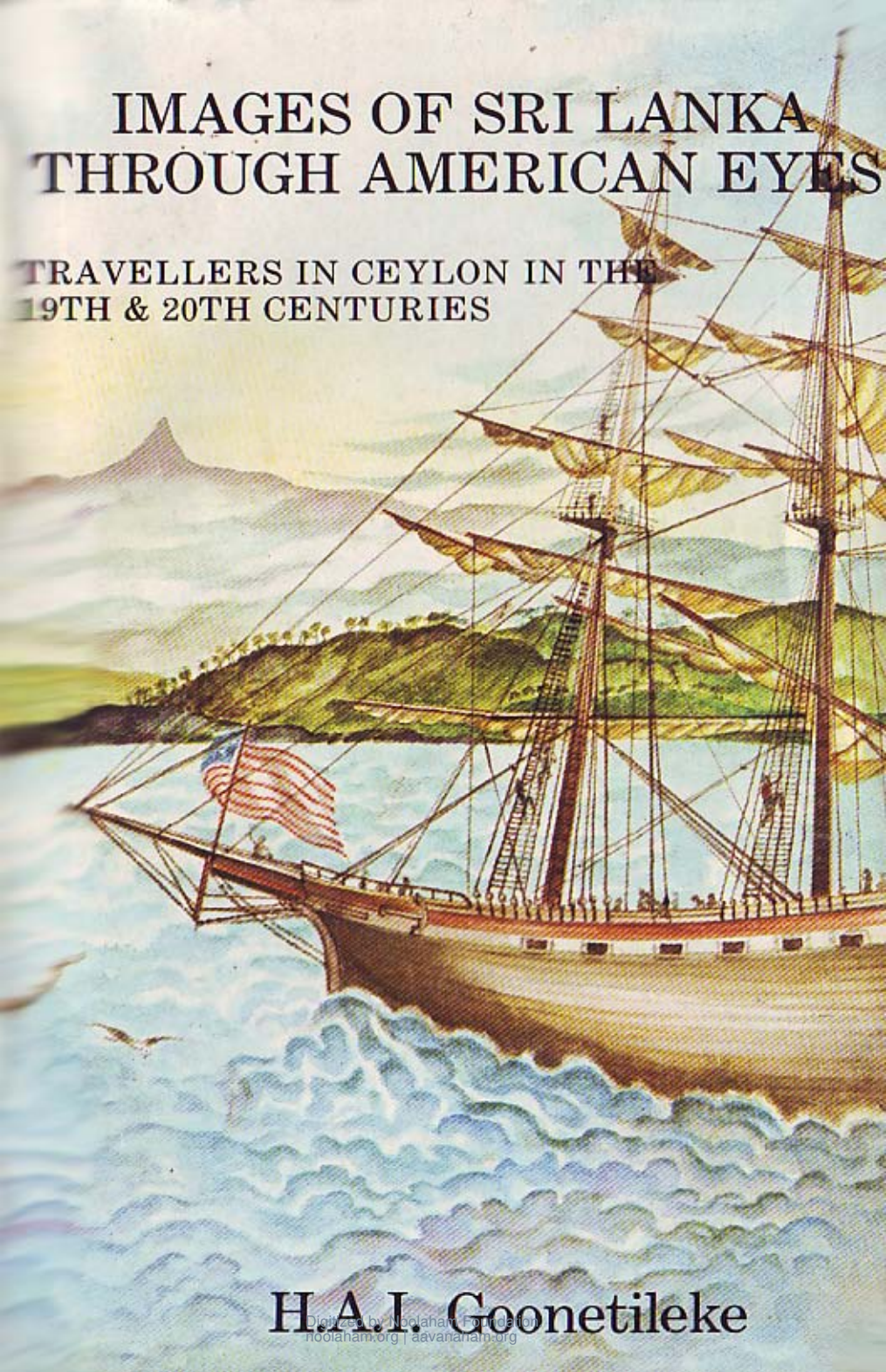
IMAGES OF SRI LANKA THROUGH AMERICAN EYES

TRAVELLERS IN CEYLON IN THE 19TH & 20TH CENTURIES



H.A.I. Goonetileke

IMAGES OF SRI LANKA THROUGH AMERICAN EYES

TRAVELLERS IN CEYLON IN THE NINETEENTH AND TWENTIETH CENTURIES

A Select Anthology, Compiled and Edited,
with an Introduction,
Commentaries, and Bibliography

by

H. A. I. GOONETILEKE

Photographs by
Yvonne Hanemann

Foreword by
Ambassador Christopher Van Hollen

Cover Illustration of
Galle Harbour in the
early 19th Century
by Stanley Kirinde

United States Information Service
Embassy of the United States of America
Colombo, Sri Lanka
First Edition 1976
Reprinted 1978
Reprinted 1983

To R — fellow traveller for thirty years.

"Monday August 31st 1789
...Bore away for the port of Colombo in the Island of Ceylon at 5 a m saw the Island bairing East dist. 6 leagues and saw between 70 and 80 Boats afishing out of Colombo boats having sails exceeding fast differently riged from any that I ever saw at 1 this afternoon came to anchor in 8 fathoms of water 2 Miles from the shore Mr. Derby and myself and two passengers went on shore where we where received by a sentinall who conducted us to the Main gard the officer of which Informed us that we must visit the Governour the master of the port and fiscall accordingly sent a Gard with us to the Governour who received us very politely and invited us to dine with him the day following after visiting the Governour we paid a visit to Capt. of the port and Fiscall they all appear to be Elegantly situated and a vast number of slaves round them and very polite to strangers — ..."

—Benjamin Crowninshield
(1772-1851

From the unpublished manuscript log of the Henry *in the Peabody Museum in Salem Massachusetts. The* Henry *stopped in Colombo from August 31 to September 4, 1789 and this is the earliest known reference to a visit to Ceylon by an American. Crowninshield was master of the* Henry *at the early age of 17, and went on to become Secretary of the Navy under both Presidents Madison and Monroe, from 1814 to 1818.*

CONTENTS

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Grateful acknowledgements are made to the following for permitting reproduction of extracts or articles.

Doubleday, Doran & Co., New York. *The Complete Journal of Townsend Harris* by Emilio Cosenza (1930), pp. 34-45 copyright 1930, renewed © 1957 by Mario Emilio Cosenza.

Rutgers University Press, New Brunswick, N.J. *Japan Journal, 1855-1861,* by Henry Heusken (1964), pp. 38-43.

Doubleday, Doran & Co., New York. *Round the World* by Andrew Carnegie (1933), pp. 145-148, 155-160.

The Theosophical Society, Adyar. *Old Diary Leaves* by Henry Steel Olcott (1928, 1929, 1935). 2nd series, pp. 158-159, 162-165, 170-175, 304-307, 314-320; 3rd series, pp. 355-357; 6th series, pp. 180-185.

W.W. Norton & Co., New York. *An American Doctor's Odyssey* by Victor Heiser (1936), pp. 327-337. Copyright 1936, copyright renewed © 1967 by Dr. Victor Heiser.

Jonathan Cape, London, *The Great Horn Spoon* by Eugene Wright (1929), pp. 66-75. Copyright © 1928, rendered 1955 by the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Random House, New York. *Their Heads are Green and Their Hands are Blue* by Paul Bowles (1963), pp. 18-19. By William Morris Agency, Inc. copyright © 1963 by Paul Bowles.

Macmillan, London. *Diversions of a Diplomat in Ceylon,* by Philip K. Crowe, (1957) pp. 83-89.

Times of Ceylon Co., Ltd. "On a Sojourn in the Island of Ceylon," by William Hull (1956); "A Stranger at a Bali Ceremony," by Yvonne Hanemann (1964). Reprinted by permission of the Times of Ceylon Co. Ltd.

"Kandy Express" from the *Asian Journal of Thomas Merton.* Copyright © 1973 by the Trustees of the Merton Legacy Trust. Reprinted by permission of New Directions Publishing Corp., New York.

FOREWORD

I first met Ian Goonetileke in late 1972 when, shortly after my arrival in Sri Lanka, I called on him at his office on the Peradeniya Campus near Kandy. As his country's most distinguished librarian and author of an invaluable two-volume bibliography on Sri Lanka, his name was already familiar to me and I looked forward to making his acquaintance. But I was also anxious to meet him because I had enjoyed reading several of his articles in the press containing commentaries on Sri Lanka by foreign visitors to "the resplendent land."

I found Mr. Goonetileke a congenial and high-spirited man, an admirer of fine books, as every good librarian should be, and a person of wide-ranging artistic and literary tastes. Proud of his Island's history and cultural heritage, he had developed a special interest in learning how his country was viewed through the eyes of foreign travelers.

Recalling this interest three years later when our Embassy was making plans to commemorate the American Bicentennial in Sri Lanka, I wrote Mr. Goonetileke to ask whether we might draw on his knowledge of American visitors as part of our 200th anniversary celebrations. He quickly replied by offering the "congenial proposition" that he prepare a book on American visitors to this Island during the 19th and 20th centuries which would be ready for our Bicentennial and would be "a harbinger of a bigger

book I plan in a future of leisured ease."

This book, then, is the happy outcome of that generous offer. Beginning with extracts from the 1813 Journal of the Reverend Samuel Newell, the first known American to come to Ceylon, it records the experiences, observations, and insights of 36 highly diverse American travelers who visited this Island over more than 150 years. Missionary, naval officer, consul general, Secretary of State, steel tycoon, Buddhist revivalist, humorist, inveterate traveler, or precursor of today's hippie—each speaks for himself or herself in this book through the selected excerpts from their books, diaries, or articles. These individual views, however, are given greater coherence and perspective by Mr. Goonetileke's deftly sketched commentaries on each writer, describing their personal backgrounds and interpreting their observations on Ceylon in the historical and socio-cultural milieu of each visit.

In addition to these commentaries on individual travelers, in his introductory essay Mr. Goonetileke gives us a vividly written historical overview and assessment of the evolving American associations with Ceylon. Starting with the evangelistic New England missionaries who settled in the arid Jaffna Peninsula, he assesses the later contributions made by expanding trade and commerce, by naval visits and consular agents, by Colonel Olcott and the Buddhist revivalists, and by Ceylonese visitors to the United States, such as Anagarika Dharmapala and Ananda K. Coomaraswamy.

In this introductory essay, Mr. Goonetileke makes the observation that one of the most significant recent developments between the United States and independent Sri Lanka has been in the field of educational and cultural exchange. I agree wholeheartedly and I believe this book is a tribute to the exchange program in one of its most successful manifestations. Mr. Goonetileke, who with his wife spent a year in the United States in 1974 under the auspices of the JDR III Fund, has edited and written the textual material. Miss Yvonne Hanemann, an accomplished American photographer who ten years earlier spent a year in Ceylon under a Fulbright grant, has contributed her sensitive photographs of Ceylonese rural and religious life. The author, in turn, has selected evocative titles for these photographs from the writings of his

American visitors, including, it should be noted, from Miss Hanemann herself.

The bibliography on American travelers at the conclusion of this book contains a remarkable number of entries —over 225 in all—and reflects the enthusiasm, intellectual curiosity, and quest for comprehensiveness which are the hallmarks of a dedicated bibliographer. I hope that this rich reference source will be used for further research and study by Ceylonese and American writers and scholars as well as by the more casual readers who, without pretensions to authorship, are simply interested in learning more about the varied and long-standing connections between Sri Lanka and the United States.

In a letter to me shortly after he completed his manuscript, Ian Goonetileke wrote: "I have not experienced so exhilarating and enjoyable a pilgrimage in the intellect for a long time, and I do hope the results will satisfy". I think all readers will agree that the results do more than satisfy. But it is for the readers themselves to decide, and I can only say: read on and enjoy yourselves—from Samuel Newell to Thomas Merton.

Christopher Van Hollen

Colombo, Sri Lanka
December 1975

INTRODUCTION

The Traveller

"Holding the distance up before his face
And standing under the peculiar tree,
He seeks the hostile unfamiliar place,
It is the strangeness that he tries to see

Of lands where he will not be asked to stay,
And fights with all his powers to be the same,
The one who loves Another far away,
And has a home, and wears his father's name.

Yet he and his are always the Expected:
The harbours touch him as he leaves the steamer,
The Soft, and Sweet, the Easily-Accepted;

The cities hold his feeling like a fan;
And crowds make room for him without a murmur,
As the earth has patience with the life of man."

—W. H. Auden *(Journey to a War;*
by W. H. Auden and Christopher
Isherwood, 1939, p. 21)

This poem by the well-known modern English poet, an exile in New York and Austria, for the major part of his life, before returning to live in his beloved Oxford, conveys with ineluctable poignancy the mood of this book, which I have tried to capture in the pages that follow. Ceylon has long been the dream island of nearly every traveller from the intrepid voyagers of ancient Greece and Rome, Arabia and fabled China to the peristaltic globe-trotters of the present charter flight era. The last on the scene, before the Suez Canal opened a quicker pathway to the East in 1869, and the great mechanical birds began to drone and hum their sky-devouring tracks through space and time, were the visitors from the New World, fresh and eager to take all Asia in their stride, after carving out a whole new society in the territories of the American Indian. From the first landing of Samuel Newell, that indomitable missionary agent, in April 1813 to the issue over P.L. 480 (Food for Peace) flour in 1975, the traverse of American relations with the island of Sri Lanka has run the storied gamut of religion, education, theosophy, and politics, with trade, especially in the period after 1850, supplying the continuous economic underpinning for over sixteen decades of a substantially rewarding and mutually beneficial link with the votaries of the New World. This select anthology of travellers' accounts attempts to chart the course of this fructifying relationship, and to follow the changing images of the island and its people as seen through the eyes of visitors as they journeyed over the face of the land. To be sure, this oriental bazaar of a symposium does not reflect any precise pattern of interpretation or clear design of understanding, but it is possible to discern a recognisable and developing texture of appreciation and insight as we accompany this representative band of travellers in their perambulations through the external tableaus and interior landscapes of a country which was transformed from a feudal structure to a relatively modern state through the hot-house of the colonial process in the period of these travels.

The infant republic was barely a quarter of a century old when the first travellers began to penetrate the fastnesses of the Orient, beginning with Yankee sea captains nursed in the maritime traditions of New England, and very soon the lust to wander was combustibly fused with the service

of God and the planting of the cross in pagan lands. Throughout the nineteenth century New England was to supply the bulk of the visitants, spearheaded by the wave of Protestant evangelism peculiar to this region. A sturdy independence of spirit, a relative affluence, and superior educational resources, allied to this pioneer spirit of humanitarian benevolence steeped in a millennial romanticism, accounted in an adventurous combination for the preponderance of New England travellers during this period. Robert Frost once attributed the "strong personality" of New England Yankees to the tons of rocks the region's pioneer settlers had to clear from their land! The rise of the extraordinary missionary spirit in America which, for almost the identical pietistic and revivalist reasons, coincided with a similar phase in England as well, produced the remarkable outburst of Protestant religious migrations in the first half of the nineteenth century. Despite the severing of political ties by the event of 1776, the missionary enterprise provided both matrix and momentum for continuing cultural contact, and close on the heels of the English missionary to foreign parts came his American counterpart, imbued with even a fiercer desire to save heathen souls, and steer profane, degraded and perverted pagans from the blind alleys of superstition into the holy and happy paths of Christian rectitude. This fraternal solidarity was to inform their work from the beginning.

The British colonial authorities were singularly favourable to the Ceylon Mission, and the growing admiration and support for the Jaffna enterprise from 1816 was to influence the Indian authorities to relax their original suspicion, hostility and lack of favour. Seven stations had been consolidated in Jaffna by 1850. Educational activities, a medical mission, and a printing press were flourishing within ten years of the first turning over of the missionary sod, and in the first hundred years 120 missionaries had come out from home to labour in the Hindu vineyard of northern Ceylon. There are old churches by the dozen dating from the early nineteenth century, and the missionaries set out to recreate their New England structures, and moral fibre often supplied the cement when skilled labour and the appropriate materials were lacking. The men of the cloth left Jaffna a mixed bag of blessings, even though their urges for the spiritual betterment of the native Hindu may not have yielded the desired harvest. They laid the foundation of modern education in the Northern province, and made the population of Jaffna the most literate in the island, both in English and Tamil. The education of females was especially noteworthy and socially significant. The excellence and vigour of both their educational programs and medical projects supplied both example and challenge to other Christian Missions and the Government to increase the scope, and improve similar facilities in other areas of the island. Labouring often under fearful odds, they remained intensely patriotic and lived simple, almost spartan, lives, in extreme isolation for the most part, cut off from the mainstream of American missionary traffic and commerce, for, until the middle of the century, the flag of Boston and Salem merchant vessels seldom appeared in the southern ports of Madras, Galle and Colombo. The Earl of Shaftesbury's eloquent tribute to the American Board's agents in Turkey would apply with equal point to the missionaries in Ceylon and India: "I do not believe that in the whole history of missions, I do not believe that in the history of diplomacy, or in the history of any negotiations carried on between man and man, we can find any thing to equal the wisdom, the soundness, and the pure evangelical truth of the body of men who constitute the American Mission. I have said it twenty times before, and I will say it again;—for the expression appropriately conveys my meaning—that they are a marvelous combination of common sense and piety". (Rufus Anderson *Memorial Volume of the First Fifty Years of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions*, Boston, 1861, p. 32).

Before 1800 there were few American accounts, if any, of Asian life, institutions or the character of its inhabitants. A lamentable ignorance of oriental culture was the stock in trade of the early missionary, brought up on the nostalgic European image of the peccant and savage nature of a composite Asian man, waiting to be liberated by God's untiring and unerring compassion. In the beginning of traffic with Asia, the American attitude to alien races was formed almost entirely by the stock missionary images, resulting from the culture shock produced in the strict and prurient Calvinist mind by a versatile range of convivial, frank and uninhibited modes of social and moral behaviour

in the strange societies across the seas. This attitude held sway for almost the whole of the nineteenth century, until, with the opening of the Suez Canal in 1869, a new class of educated American lay traveller began to inspect alien lands with a less puritan and inquisitive eye, and, in Ceylon and India particularly, fell under the spell of Hindu and Buddhist philosphy. In Ceylon the missionaries, by virtue of their calling and extreme dedication, confined their attention almost solely to the peninsula, believing generally that the Tamils were the chosen people of God. Having no voice in the ecclesiastic or secular administration of the country, they took little or no notice of the details or technicalities of British administration, except for lauding examples of patronage and protection, where their missionary activities were concerned. Their comments on social organisation and religious practices were again confined entirely to their experience amidst the Tamils, though on longer acquaintance with the environment early estimates of a vicious, priest-ridden, static, regimented Hindu social system gave way to more realistic revelations, where the Brahmin was no longer the agent of the devil and principal antagonist in the battle for the souls of the lower classes and castes. The peculiarities of caste observances were detailed, as well as observations on distinctive aspects of economic life, and agricultural practices in particular. There was little respect and less sympathy for Hinduism, considered the work of several separate devils, and human folly at its most debased. Popular religious practices, as with Buddhism in the rest of Ceylon, were confused with the higher flights of religion, and rituals and festivals written off as abominations and a financial drain. Little or no interest was displayed in the past, and except for the occasional sortie to the buried cities, no serious attempt was made to investigate the rest of the island. Sequestered by profession and provincial in spirit the role of the American Board missionary was largely limited to his cultural and educational objectives in Jaffna, though he belonged to the largest group of Americans to be present continuously in the island for the first 125 years. But it is only fair to observe that as the century progressed, and fears and suspicions receded, the hot ardours of spiritual militancy began to be replaced by the warm passions of a gentler humanisation, and the blatant misunderstandings and impatient dismissals of the variety, colour, and depth of native custom and belief gave way to more balanced and perspicacious judgments. The remarkable tolerance of Hinduism, and a common platform of profitable education were the principal agents of this significant change in attitude. Later missionaries were increasingly impressed by the industry, independence, initiative, and loyalty of those people among whom their lot had been cast, though their estimates of the remote Sinhalese seldom wavered from the primitive vision of an indolent, listless, lotus-eating tribe.

During the first fifty years of the nineteenth century another type of traveller, little constrained by vocation and upbringing and less inhibited in approach, roamed the seven seas, especially the shores of Africa and Asia—this was the American merchant seaman and captain, with the blue pennant of New England maritime supremacy fluttering bravely at the masthead. These mercantile voyages of discovery produced the first exploits of travel and glimpses of charmed magic casements opening out to fabulous tropic lands and islands, but no record in published form of a visit to Ceylon has been encountered. In the wake of the sailing vessel and Yankee sea-captain came the United States Navy, which, no sooner the state of "cold war" with England had ended, by the close of the second decade of the century, came sailing into the same oceans. These "showing the flag" expeditions, which were virtually circumnavigations of the globe, were designed to reassure Americans abroad of the protective shield of their government available in every nook and cranny where either trade or cross had penetrated. A significant amount of informed and detailed observation emerged from the travel books stimulated by these exciting voyages, the writers being mainly articulate chaplains to the fleet or medical officers with literary gifts. A good example of the former, Fitch W. Taylor, sums up the venturesome, go-getting American abroad in this period, whether dedicated to driving a bargain in the rich markets of the East or using less overt tactics of salesmanship to boost the superiority of his spiritual wares. "And Americans, those everywhere enterprising and adventurous people, have been seen in every corner of the globe, careless alike what revolutions take place, or tumults in morals, politics, or

physics, provided they all contribute, as they often do, to fill their treasures with the precious materials from the mines of the earth. And yet money-making as they are, they show themselves to be a race capable of feeling and acting for the advancement of their species, universally, in all that is intellectual and moral, as evidenced by the numbers of American missionaries abroad, on every foreign strand of the main in each hemisphere, and almost on every island of every sea—men and women too, that do credit to American intellect, and American Christianity. And the superstitions of heathen nations, in their thousand-formed variety, cruelty, deformity and absurdity, have passed before our observation, in contrast with the benevolent and lovely, and elevating and fit system of the religion of the gospel of Jesus Christ." (*The Flagship, or a voyage around the world, in the United States frigate "Columbia"*. 1840, vol. 2, pp. 398-9). To such travellers, and few, indeed in the period before 1850 have published accounts of such excursions to Sri Lanka, we owe our early impressions of what it was like to tread the soil of this cinnamon isle, even though these sojourns were confined to a brief exploration of the sights of Colombo and sampling the lavish hospitality of erstwhile foes across the Mill Pond.

After 1850, with American diplomacy taking up the challenge thrown down by the agents of its commerce in the far-flung corners of Asia, and the American missionary presence consolidating and strengthening its early precarious hold in these same territories, a new breed of traveller emerged. These were consuls and consular officials, on the way to their assignments, politicians taking a leisurely look at the world, professionals engaged by firms, a prolific class of peripatetic theologian and spiritual do-gooder, and the burgeoning tribe of affluent innocents abroad. "Pax Britannica" and the settled institutions of imperial administration, with the concomitant and congenial British and native elites forming welcoming sanctuaries of familiar habit and social intercourse, paved the way for the traveller to proceed in well-ordained and pleasantly refreshing paths of discovery, the journeying in the flesh becoming all too often an adventure of the mind. Most travellers in the second half of the nineteenth century were impregnated in an Occidental insularity as fantastic as the British general in the mid-twentieth century who was overcome at the discovery that "hardly any of these Siamese blighters speak English."

The booming material progress in the West gave fresh strength and comfort to Western modes of thought interested in the possibility of improving man's moral and intellectual condition in a widening vista of nineteenth century liberalism and evolution. Conventional eighteenth century Christian attitudes about human character and the beastliness of man died hard, and coloured European stances on both sides of the Atlantic. Vile man, whether black, brown, white or yellow was still the noble savage awaiting redemption and upliftment, and no missionary of any persuasion could afford to write him off. The notorious Ceylon verse in Bishop Reginald Heber's 1811 hymn composed for The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel contained what endured as the most disagreeable and unpalatable verdict of a nineteenth century white man on the island, and "Where every prospect pleases, And only man is vile" is a constant refrain in the thoughts and writings of the early missionaries and travellers. Heber was merely giving vent to the stereotyped counterpoise between lavish nature and meagre man, and no ethnological opinion was being essayed. After a pastoral visit of five weeks in 1825 Heber commented: "Ceylon is a noble island in all natural riches, but I have seldom seen a country for which man has done so little." This theme became the common slogan in all travel writing on the island in this period, and Americans were not immune to being influenced by so tempting a manner of expression, though latter-day missionaries and visitors, treading warily, have tried hard to soften the blow of these controversial lines. The furore over Heber's disputatious line has now abated completely, and as E.F.C. Ludowyk aptly points out, "The vileness of man is of little consequence now, and, if prospects still please restaurants will crown their summits, and an eager generation rush to write their names on rocks on which once the sage correctly ruminated." ("Vile man in Ceylon". *Ceylon Observer Annual*, 1950, p. 92). But in the heyday of its currency and influence, travellers from the New World, confronted by the generous and gorgeous opulence of nature contrasted with the insignificance and nakedness of colonial man, found its appeal invincible.

Maturin M. Ballou, an otherwise favourable commentator, provides, perhaps, the apogee, charming albeit, of this form of observation. "As one regards these lazy, betel-chewing, irresponsible children of the tropics, idling in the shade of palms, it does not seem strange that they should lead a sensuous life, the chief occupations of which are eating and sleeping. All humanity here appears to be more or less torpid. There is no necessity to arouse man to action—effort is superfluous. The very bounty of Nature makes the recipients lazy, dirty and heedless. They live from hand to mouth, exercising no forecast, making no provision for the morrow. It is the paradise of birds, butterflies, and flowers, but man seems to be out of place; he adds nothing to the beauty of the surroundings; he does nothing to improve such wealth of possibilities as Providence spreads broadcast only in equatorial regions." (*The Pearl of India*, 1894, pp. 125-6).

Compared with the trickle of relatively sedate and urbane travellers in the nineteenth century, the twentieth century witnessed a veritable deluge of voyagers, tourists, globe-trotters, excursionists, rolling stones, hobos, and sundry vagabonds lured by the quick excitements of the Orient and the cheap passages through the Suez Canal. In the midst of this escalating traffic the genuine traveller with his eyes and ears open for the spirit of place was still a hardly annual. Travellers from the New World were more generally kindly and friendly, good mixers, and ready to acknowledge their own emotions fulsomely without British reserve, than the sahibs who were too busy bringing progress and enlightenment to the East in the golden age of empire. The private mythologies of the white man's burden did not weigh them down so acutely, and though an exaggerated national pride and a belief in their own superiority lay scarcely concealed beneath the demonstratively affectionate facade, the pathology of imperialism and the aspects of an European colonial system, which had vitiated their pristine democratic ideals of human dignity, proved disturbing. But accepting the explicit assumptions of hegemony of their British compatriot, they were prepared to be impressed by a mild and beneficial despotism, however unrepresentative the forms of government were that clothed that rule. The statistics of elementary material progress were commented on with approbation, while

the rising tide of the plantation economy, and the expanding boundaries of the social services were viewed with admiration, though the changeless traditions of the immemorial East confounded Americans whether in country or town. The 1975 bullock-cart remained the 1795 model, and the technological lag manifested itself early in the starkly utilitarian washrooms and toilets in the towns. To the inhabitant of a hygienic fortress, the vitamin most conspicuous by its absence was the vitamin of progress, and testimonials were greedily offered to the overt symbols of technological progress, on early display in the westernised circles of Ceylonese society. Most travellers responsive to sophisticated hospitality gravitated towards those enclaves of the native elite, who were busily engaged in mating a caricature of Europe with a parody of Asia, wearing, with increasing aplomb, the restricting and alien pith-helmet of an English education against the glare of their own home-grown culture. These familiar precincts were a safeguard against loneliness, cultural isolation, depression, the frightening absence of the commonplace, and the sinister presence of the unknown, from which nearly every traveller suffered by fits and starts. Representative of this tribe was Clara Kathleen Rogers who travelled in 1903. "The saying 'only man is vile' jingled in my ears! Yet we noticed quite a number of little Roman Catholic chapels—in fact there was one whole street which our driver called the Catholic quarter. I only hope that their presence may work as a leaven in time, but I cannot help thinking that in their present state of ignorance, perversion, or what not, the natives need taking in hand in the way good old father Moses did with the Orientals in his day, and after they have learned something about sanitation it would be time enough to tell them about the Virgin Mary! Of course I bear in mind the saying, 'Cleanliness is next to Godliness,' but I should like to change it into, 'Cleanliness *leads* to Godliness'—as I feel at present!". (*Journal—Letters from the Orient*, 1934, p. 125). But more percipient travellers probing beyond the surface of technological backwardness found values of great importance, compounded of religions, history and culture, forcing them to reject or alter their own original western views of the world, and to question certain features of their own cultural heritage. Cultural exchange appeared suddenly

superior to cultural monopoly, and the discoveries of travel, though frequently painful, began to have a liberating effect. Asian travel took on the nature of a pilgrimage in search of the spiritual unity of man, leading to an understanding of strengths and weaknesses, and self-understanding and self-knowledge demisted the clogging veils of cultural superstition and ideological delusion, which had hampered the reconciliation of Western and Eastern man.

The Bicentennial celebrates the evolution of brash frontiersman into civilized settler, though beneath the settler-self the adventurer-self still lurks. The latter vanquished geographical frontiers in a vein of insatiable, violent, lawless, curious and irresponsible exploration, before the shoots of community nourished the fruits of civilization, and the idealised social man, even-tempered, respectful of custom, age, possessions, comfort and the law produced the former. The challenge, however, remains and now that external frontiers have been virtually removed, and even the moon trodden over, the most worthwhile voyages appear to be those of self-discovery—the gold-rush now, in the ebbullient and never-say-die consumer paradise, is to those hitherto hidden centres of self-understanding, personal growth and enlightenment, as satisfying the adventurer's desire for peril matched by promise. Travellers in the last two hundred years have reflected these patterns of domestic culture, and their accounts mirror these changing vantage points in a yet restless and uneasy balance between the external and internal frontiers. Increasingly in the twentieth century the traveller was breaking loose from an environment of bustling progress and material advance, occasioned by the American entry into the big time league of business and industrial technology, the period which produced Rockefeller, Morgan, Carnegie, Frick and Ford. The modern American wayfarer escapes from the ubiquitous whir of technology, the clockwork strictures of industrialisation, and the neon principle of salesmanship that implores everyone to plug into a motorised Dionysian self-indulgence. The growing concern for the quality of experience, both sensory and intellectual, represents a rebellion against empty, decadent affluence and the emotional angst of increasing riches—a society in which the buzz of

the telephone has drowned out the chirp of the cricket. The "drop-out" Trappist poet, Thomas Merton, in Ceylon eight years ago, delivered the perfect distillation of this mood. "I don't know when in my life I have ever had such a sense of beauty and spiritual validity running together in one aesthetic illumination. Surely with Mahabalipuram and Polonnaruwa my Asian pilgrimage has become clear and purified itself. I mean, I know and have seen what I was obscurely looking for. I don't know what else remains, but I have now seen and have pierced through the surface and have got beyond the shadow and the disguise. This is Asia in its purity, not covered over with garbage, Asian or European or American, and it is clear, pure, complete. It says everything; it needs nothing. And because it needs nothing it can afford to be silent, unnoticed, undiscovered. It does not need to be discovered. It is we, Asians included, who need to discover it." *(The Asian Journal of Thomas Merton,* 1973 pp. 235-6.)

While this steady stream of travellers, prosperous, patriarchal or pedantic, in the late nineteenth century, began to grow by ever increasing gushes into a sizeable river of visitors of all sorts, another class of resident American observers was added to the settled covey of missionaries in the north. This came about when, with the growth of the commercial sector in the island and the rapid expansion of American trade, official ties were established in 1850 between the two countries. John Black, an American merchant residing in Colombo, was appointed the first American Commercial Agent in Galle, and fifty years later the Agency moved to Colombo and became a Consulate, being elevated to the status of an Embassy in 1948, soon after Ceylon achieved independence. These early Commercial Agents and later Consuls operated as listening posts and provided an independent channel of communication through non-British eyes on the affairs of the country. They were primarily interested in the economic condition of the island and the commercial scene, and innumerable reports and memoranda cascaded from their pens on all aspects of Ceylon's agriculture, industry and trade. Both subsistence and plantation agriculture were particular concerns, and they were generally inclined to support the colonial administration in their tussles with the European settler community, whom they viewed as birds of passage

intent on quick exploitation of the economic opportunities held out by the mother country, or hunting and shooting types bent on pleasure. They showed little interest in the island's history, native traditions, or religious systems, and even less concern with the details of British colonial government—their weather eye being always cocked for the fluctuating winds of commercial fortune. In this sphere they performed invaluable service in presenting the salient facts that should be appreciated by their compatriots desiring to do business in such "open door" areas of the then British Empire. Their reports also contained curious and diverting glimpses of social history, and they had a keen eye for the social foibles and status symbols of up and coming Ceylonese elite families on the make in the period of their rapid social advancement in the service of the colonial master. Charles K. Moser, American Consul in the early part of the twentieth century describes the lure of the motor-car for such families accustomed hitherto to the "pageant-like black-and-gold English victoria, with rich harnessings and its footmen in elaborate uniforms. Tamils, Singhalese and Moors are especially fond of motorcars, and have a keen appreciation of the added dignity which the possession of one gives to their families in the eyes of the rest of the community. Even among those who, according to American standards, could not afford it, the possession of a motorcar has come to be a cherished dream, and if motorcars could be bought on a low instalment plan there are families which would deprive themselves even of the necessities in order to buy one." (*British India, with Notes on Ceylon, Afghanistan and Tibet;* compiled by Henry Dunstan Baker, 1915). A careful sifting of these nineteenth and twentieth century consular reports may unearth fascinating personal sidelights and reflections on the character of a heterogenous society, and the social mores of a nation in a period of modernisation and change.

The missionaries and the consuls and nearly all the nineteenth century travellers represented in varying degrees of intoxication those prudential, conservative, patriotic, and thrustingly material elements in the self-assertive society of the New World, content to allow imperialist modes of political conduct, and the evangelistic

tentacles of their Christian faith to undermine the traditional cultures, and forms of life and thought in the East. The arrival of the theosophists in India and Ceylon in the last quarter of the nineteenth century was to upset this balance and introduce a totally new and radical dimension into the American image, in Ceylon especially. The advent of Colonel Henry Steel Olcott and other members of the Theosophical Society in the island in 1880 marked a watershed in the American role in the cultural history of Ceylon, and it is pertinent to briefly consider the context in which they made their significant impact.

The first half of the nineteenth century witnessed a boom in the Christian enterprise, and, in the midst of a serious slump in its fortunes, Buddhism was undergoing an internal renewal and reformation which enabled the sangha in the low-country at least to withstand the external challenge of the Western missionary. During this process of withdrawal and reconstitution of their forces, the Buddhists declined to enter the competitive arena either in religion or in education. But increasing militancy and calculated aggressions on the part of the Christian missionary establishment in the period following the middle of the century produced a new climate of corresponding defiance and combativeness on the part of Buddhist monks and laymen alike and the stage was set for a crucial confrontation. The situation was tailor-made for the effervescent revivalist role of Olcott in providing the Buddhists a versatile and adroit strategy for strengthening their organisation and ideology to meet and blunt the growing threat posed by the evangelical establishment. He succeeded beyond his wildest dreams, and the thirty years of his association with the late nineteenth century Buddhist revival marks a remarkable trend in the religious and political history of an Oriental colony ripe for self-government before its time. His industrious and sophisticated shoring up of the traditional religious establishment paved the way for the emergence of a true nativistic reaction to colonialism, and he helped to sow the seeds of an indigenous and homespun nationalism. His notable contributions to the cause of Buddhist education, in particular, have had far-reaching results, and no American, before or since, has left such an enduring impression in the

hearts and minds of the Sinhalese Buddhists. In 1967, sixty years after his death, islandwide celebrations were sponsored by a grateful government, and more than one statue of Olcott was dedicated in his memory.

In the cavalcade of American visitors to Sri Lanka since 1813 Olcott stands out as a bright particular star, dramatically espousing the cause of mediation between East and West. This period marked the beginning of closer cultural and economic relations between the United States and Ceylon, and the arrival of the first visitors and immigrants from the little island to the new continent. The Anagarika Dharmapala returned the compliment of the Theosophists by addressing the first Parliament of Religions held in Chicago in 1893 on "The World's Debt to the Buddha," and in the course of his travels established contact with his American "Foster Mother," Mary Elizabeth Foster. The World's Fair at Chicago in 1893, and the Louisiana Purchase Exposition of 1904, at both of which Ceylon exhibited, led to an early dribble of Ceylonese emigres to the New World, a few members of the two Ceylon contingents remaining behind to seek their fortunes in the spheres of trade, entertainment or cuisine. Circuses and travelling troupes also provided their tiny *soupcon* of footloose immigrants. The first doctor from the emerald island, also, began to flourish his stethoscope in a New York hospital, almost three quarters of a century before the Ceylonese medical invasion of Coney Island! In 1917 the great Ceylonese savant Ananda Kentish Coomaraswamy arrived in Boston to begin three decades of luminous interpretation of the arts and philosophies of the East. In the last twenty-five years increasing numbers of Ceylonese academics, and professional men and women, have found congenial and illustrious footholds in the highly competitive world of American education, science and learning.

In 1838 William Ruschenberger, dwelling on the special destiny that America had to fulfil in both religious and commercial fields, remarked "even the literary will find an increased demand for their labors." The official seal of approval on educational and cultural exchange between Sri Lanka and the United States was set in terms of the Fulbright-Hays program in 1952. Under this continuing program American university teachers, and "specialists" known as Fulbright professors and consultants have come

to Ceylon for short periods, of a year generally, and nearly four hundred Ceylonese in varying disciplines have done research, and received specialised training in American universities and other institutions of higher learning. Under a separate treaty signed on August 27, 1964, called the "Agreement between the Government of the United States of America and the Government of Ceylon for financing, certain Educational Exchange Programs" a wider exchange of knowledge, and professional and cultural talent became possible. Under the Fulbright program initiated in 1952 a substantial and impressive quantity of graduate research too has been accomplished by American doctoral candidates in the areas of history, political science, sociology, anthropology and religion especially. The collaborative projects with the Smithsonian Institute since 1967 have also borne much fruit. Under the American Field Service Program initiated in 1966 about seventy-five Ceylonese students between the ages of 16 and 18 have studied for a year in American high schools, and about two score American high school students have returned these visits under the Americans Abroad program. All these avenues, and more informal contacts and liaisons, have produced a constant coming and going of American visitors to these shores, ranging from itinerant intellectuals, musicians and politicians to sundry vendors of hot-gospelling brands of pop-Christianity. In their own separate and individual styles they have, doubtless, been travellers embarking upon fresh pursuits of interpretation, journeys to new shores of thought, some perfectly charted, others still mirages.

And so it is time to drop the anchor on a personal voyage of discovery, which has produced this patchwork quilt of an anthology. The approach in the book is best described as mosaic, and this ambagious introduction mirrors truly an agreeable axiom of the pilgrim's art that it is better to travel hopefully than to arrive. The selection of thirty-six travellers arranged in strict chronological sequence reflects an infinite variety of mood, and an astonishing scale of purpose and the reader is free to wander, joggling impressions and finding his own patterns of wanderlust. The charm of all these travellers, each providing his own watermark and intimate slants, is deafeningly free of the stereotyped deadeye cliches of the travelogue or the ruth-

less insincerity of the touristy journalist who skims a country in a few days without an inkling of its daemon. There is a threshold hour in each of these journeys, radiating a potent mixture of enchantment and magic, alive to the possibilities of serendipity and serenity alike.

Brief essays commenting on the traveller and his milieu introduce each extract, and the editorial notes are confined, for the most part, to rescuing the unwary passenger through this anthology from the confounding idiosyncracies of the spellings of place and proper names. It remains to be said, before I shower grateful thanks on those persons who became my fellow-travellers in this minor Baedeker of the soul, that this book was conceived and delivered in a fine frenzy of just two months labour after the sunset of each working day, as well as happier and more conducive weekends.

The stimulating encouragement and warm support of Mr. Christopher Van Hollen, American Ambassador in Sri Lanka, lent spurs to my enterprise, and I am grateful for his felicitous foreword to this book. Miss Yvonne Hanemann generously permitted a selection of her photographs to embellish the text and adorn the book. The manuscript could not have been completed so swiftly if Dr. Myron Weinstein, of the Library of Congress, eclipsing the conventional boundaries of both friendship and professional acumen, had not aided and abetted this singular pilgrimage with his willing and affectionate responses to my urgent requests for material. I am thankful to Miss Leelanganie Perera for typing the bulk of the manuscript at short notice, and to Mr. Richard Abrahams for chipping in fluently when the heat was on. And finally I am grateful to the JDR III Fund (New York) for underwriting so pleasantly and rewardingly a sabbatical year in 1974, through which my wife and I were enabled to sample the very special attributes of New York, and to undertake a Greyhound peregrination of six thousand miles through twenty-five States of the American Union, in which the journey and not the arrival mattered. This is but a tiny return for such largesse.

H. A. I. Goonetileke

Peradeniya, Sri Lanka
December 1975

Postscript

The demand for a third printing, within seven years, of this idiosyncratic tribute to the peripatetic American who sported his traveller's heart on his sleeve for two hundred years proves the point of this evocative exercise. Long before the ubiquitous travel agency and the seductive package tour there was the passionate pilgrim who chose his intellectual itinerary and framed his perceptions relying on his own sensibility and imagination. The success of this book is a testimony to the enduring charm and quality of his observations.

H.A.I.G

Nawinna, Sri Lanka
August 1983

1.

SAMUEL NEWELL: "WHAT A FIELD IS HERE FOR MISSIONARY EXERTIONS!" 1813-1814

Samuel Newell, by his fortuitous arrival in Ceylon in April 1813, and single-handed reconnaissance of the possibilities of planting the Protestant version of the American cross, sowed the seeds of the Ceylon Mission in 1816. He was, perhaps, an outstanding example of the trail-blazing missionary, exhibiting, in more than ordinary measure, those qualities of initiative, resource, intelligence and devotion, which later agents would strive to emulate. In his tragically brief Indian career of ten years, Newell was to symbolise that fusion of evangelical fervour and intellectual maturity which produced in the New England region the burgeoning missionary impulse in nineteenth century America. He was one of the four students of Andover Divinity College—that fertile reservoir of missionary talent—who volunteered their services as missionaries in June 1810, and thus provided the springboard for the establishment of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions in Bradford, Massachusetts the same year.

On February 6th, 1812 in the little seaport town of Salem, Mass., five young men—Samuel Newell, Adoniram Judson, Samuel Nott (three of the four 1810 volunteers), Gordon Hall and Luther Rice—were ordained as "Missionaries to the heathen in Asia" at the Tabernacle on a bitterly cold day under the direction of the American Board. The five pioneers to India—Newell, Nott and Judson with their newly married wives—sailed two weeks later without ceremony and arrived in Calcutta in the middle of the year to find a state of war had been declared between their infant republic and the mother country in June 1812, thus spoiling the climate for their work from the start. Forbidden to remain in Bengal, the company broke up. Hall and the Notts managed to escape the surveillance and hostility of the East India Company, and secured an uncertain sanctuary in Bombay, where, by dint of sticking it out in the face of many-sided difficulties and perils, the first overseas mission put down its anxious roots. Rice and the Judsons, deciding that spiritual discretion was the better part of missionary valour, went over to the Baptists in Burma, and Newell was left alone with his ailing wife Harriet to fend for himself. He took refuge on the island of Mauritius, where his wife and infant child died shortly after arrival. Seeking to link up with his confreres in India, Newell sailed from Port Louis on a Portuguese ship on February 24, 1813 and arrived at Galle on April 8th. Racked by uncertainty as to his future plans, he decided to stop in Ceylon to reconnoitre the situation regarding his colleagues stranded in Bombay. He was favourably received by his brother missionaries in the island and by the British authorities, and was offered a conditional asylum in Colombo by the Governor Sir Robert Brownrigg, who became most sympathetic to his cause.

Nothing daunted by the anxiety over his future, Newell threw himself into the as yet tiny world of evangelism and church activity in Colombo, and spared no pains to equip himself for the eventual Indian enterprise about which he continued sanguine throughout. His Journal which he maintained with impeccable meticulosity and the skill of an accountant is a fascinating record of his life in Ceylon from April 8th, 1813 to January 28, 1814 when he sailed for Bombay to begin his primary labours in India. It details with unsparing purpose and a notable lack of flourish the painstaking and perilous processes of Newell's encounter with his destiny, and deserves to be reproduced in full. The extracts chosen, however, afford a valuable insight into the character of this indomitable man of the cloth.

In August 1813 he decided to scout the possibilities of missionary work in the northern peninsula, and obtained permission from the Governor to visit Jaffna. He embarked on August 28th on a sailing vessel bound for Madras, and

after a few days exploration of Rameswaram, arrived in Jaffna on September 7th. He was received kindly by government officials to whom he had letters of introduction, and quickly discerned the favourable conditions for an evangelistic mission to the Hindus. Hearing that Hall and Nott were leaving Bombay for England he decided to travel to Galle to meet the ship, and made this intrepid journey of over three hundred miles by palanquin, setting out from Jaffna on October 22nd and arriving in Galle via Colombo on November 3rd. His party consisted of fourteen persons, twelve for the palanquin and two for the baggage. No details of the drama of this exciting journey are vouchsafed in the journal, though his pecuniary accounts revealed a bill of 68 dollars and 50 cents as expenses of this remarkable expedition. Disappointed at the non-arrival of the ship, and learning that his colleagues had not sailed on it, Newell, dismissed his bearers and scorning the comfort of the palanquin, set out on foot to Colombo! Again, with that characteristic absence of self-dramatisation, Newell lets slip not the slightest hint of the travails of this eighty mile hike, in the course of which he fell ill. After two more months in Colombo making ceaseless attempts to keep in touch with his Bombay brethren, he decided to join them on learning that the climate for settling in India had improved considerably. He left Colombo on January 28, 1814 on a Portuguese ship Angelica *bound for Goa, after thanking the Governor for the great and sympathetic favours shown to him during his ten months residence in the island, which augured well for the first mission two years later. He arrived in Bombay on March 7th. The Marathi Mission suffered a severe blow when he succumbed to cholera on May 30th, 1821.*

The early missionaries of the American Board were held up as heroic models of self-sacificial martyrdom, and the Newells were perfect exemplars of the type. The missionary flame burned equally strongly in the female, and the short, tragic life of the nineteen-year-old Harriet Newell set the pattern. In one of her last letters before departure she crystallised her starkly prophetic feelings: "All will be dark, everything will be dreary, and not a hope of worldly happiness will be for a moment indulged. The prime of life will be spent in an unhealthy country, a burning region, amongst people of strange language, of a returnless distance from my native land, where I shall never more behold the friends of my youth". (Life and Writings of Mrs. Harriet Newell, *Philadelphia, 1831, p. 129). In 1814 her husband in a letter from Goa to Samuel Worcester, who ordained him in 1812, cries out: "Had I nothing to do here but to make a fortune, how quickly would I quit this land and fly across the ocean to my own country, my much loved America, that happy, happy land, which contains all that is dear to me on earth". (Quoted in Phillips* Protestant America and the Pagan World, *1969, p. 246). Newell's fortitude and absolute dedication to his calling were to light a torch for those who followed in his adventurous and dogged footsteps.*

From "Mr. Newell's Journal". *The Panoplist and Missionary Magazine* (Boston). vol. xi, 1815, pp. 185-186, 189-193, 234.

"Early in February I learnt, that a Portuguese brig, the *Generozo Almeida*, then in Port Louis, would sail in a few days for Point de Galle, Goa, and Bombay. I engaged a passage on her for Point de Galle in Ceylon, having liberty to proceed thence, in the same vessel, to Goa, or Bombay, if I chose.

"Port Louis, Feb. 24, 1813. After a residence of four painful months in the Isle of France, I this day took leave of my friends Judson and Rice, and embarked for Point de Galle.

"About the 1st of April we made land, which proved to be the southern promontory of Ceylon; and on the 8th, I left the Almeida, and landed in a fishing boat 10 miles below the harbor of Point de Galle, the brig not being able to get into port, on account of the strong head wind and current.

"I fully expected to find my friends at Point de Galle, or to hear that they had proceeded to Colombo; but on making inquiry, I could hear nothing respecting them. I was now much at a loss to conjecture, whether they had proceeded to Bombay, or had been sent to England. I sent a letter of inquiry to Mr. Chater[1] the Baptist missionary at Colombo, and in a few days got an answer from him, stating that he

1. *Rev. James Chater, the first Baptist missionary in Ceylon. His arrival in 1812 marked the beginning of the activities in the island of the Baptist Missionary Society founded in 1792.*

had heard by way of Bengal, that my brethern had gone to Bombay.

"The probability of their being able to continue there appeared to me so very small, that I determined not to proceed in the Almeida to Bombay, but to stop in Ceylon until I could write to them and get an answer. Accordingly, I took my baggage from the ship, and made arrangements to proceed to Colombo, the capital of the island and residence of the Governor.

"Having visited Mr. Errhardt,[2] a German missionary in the employment of the London Society, at Matura, 30 miles south of Galle; and despatched a letter to Bombay; I set out on my journey to Colombo 80 miles north of Galle. I travelled in a palanquin, the only way of journeying in India, and left my baggage to come on in an ox waggon. There is a good road all the way from Galle to Colombo. It is a perfect level, close along the sea-side, and is shaded by a continued grove of palm trees. There are resting houses every 10 or 12 miles, built by government; but you must carry your own provisions with you.

"April 17th. I arrived at Colombo. I went to the house of Mr. Chater, who had been here about a year. I took lodgings with him, and continued at his house all the time I spent in Colombo.

"I made it my first business to acquaint the Governor with my arrival and my object, in order to ascertain whether I was safe here, or was liable to be forced away from this place, as I had been from Calcutta.

"By my American passport, and an official letter of recommendation from the British Consul in Boston, I introduced myself to the Rev. Mr. Bisset,[3] one of the chaplains and the Governor's brother-in-law. Through Mr. B. I informed the Governor, that I was an American and a missionary to the heathen; that I arrived at Calcutta in June 1812, and having been ordered to return to America, I had obtained permission to go to the Isle of France; that I had been thither, and returned from thence to Ceylon to join

2. *Rev. J. P. Ehrhardt, one of the four pioneer missionaries of the London Missionary Society (founded in 1795) who arrived in Ceylon in 1805. The others were J. D. Palm, M. C. C. de Vos, and W. Read. Rev. Ehrhardt was appointed to a Dutch church in Matara.*
3. *Rev. George Bisset arrived in Ceylon as an assistant Chaplain in 1811, and succeeded Rev. Twisleton as the Senior Chaplain in 1818. He was a brother-in-law of the Governor General Sir Robert Brownrigg.*

two other missionaries, my associates, whom I expected to find in Ceylon but that they had gone, as I supposed, to Bombay; that, if they continued there, it was my intention to join *them;* but, if they could not stay there, it was my wish to continue in Ceylon, and that they might be permitted to come and unite with *me.*

"The Governor made particular inquiry respecting the reasons of my being ordered away from Calcutta; to which I replied, that no other reasons were assigned than this: 'That his Lordship, the Governor General, did not deem it expedient to allow me to settle in the country'; and that all missionaries who had lately come to India, had been treated in the same manner, not excepting those who claim the privilege of British subjects.

"The final answer of the Governor, which was a verbal message through Mr. Bisset, was to this effect: 'That as there is war between England and America, the Governor could say nothing more at *that time,* than that I might be permitted to reside at Colombo for the present. If I wished to visit any other part of the island, I might have leave by applying to the Governor; but it was expected that I should not remove from Colombo without his permission'.

"I now took up my residence with Mr. Chater, and considered Colombo my home for the present. The only way in which I could make myself immediately useful was by preaching in English, which I did statedly, once or twice a week, while I continued there.

"Though I was still ignorant of my final destination, I resolved, if possible, to set myself about studying the Sungskrit or Hindoosthanee language, both of which are of general utility, in every part of India. I found, however, that it was extremely difficult to procure books, or teachers, in these languages at Colombo." . . .

"Sept. 5th I sailed from Ramisseram, and on the 7th arrived at Jaffna.

"Mr. Twisleton had given me letters of introduction to the principal persons in the place, and on my arrival I was invited to the house of N. Mooyart, Esq. with whom I continued during my residence in Jaffna. The day after my arrival, I walked out to Tilly Pally,[4] the late residence of

4. *Tellippallai, 9 miles from Jaffna, one of the earliest mission stations of the American Board.*

Mr. Palm, the missionary; about 10 miles from Jaffna town.

"The mission house was shut up, the roof had fallen in, and every thing around was going to decay. At a little distance stood the ruins of the old Dutch church, of which nothing remains but the walls and pillars. Here the Gospel was once preached to a congregation of 2000 natives. Now it is hardly known that Christianity was once the religion of this place.

"There is but one congregation of Protestant, native Christians in the district, and that is in the town of Jaffna. Except a few thousands, who are principally Roman Catholics, the present generation are all idolaters. The Roman Catholic priests have taken possession of this vineyard, once cultivated by the Dutch clergy, and almost all, who choose to retain the Christian name, have gone over to them; but the great body of the people are the followers of Brahma.

"In the town of Jaffna, there is a congregation of Protestant, native Christians, under the care of the Rev. Christian David, a native of Tanjore, and a pupil and catechist of Mr. Swartz. He is a very capable man, and much engaged in plans for the instruction and improvement of the people in that part of the island. He has lately obtained permission of the Governor to erect a free school in Jaffna, in which a number of native youths are to be supported at the expense of Government and trained up for school masters, afterwards to be employed in the native schools, which the Governor is about to re-establish in the district of Jaffna.

"There is a religious woman at Jaffna, a Mrs. Schrawder, of Dutch extraction, who is very useful to the natives and halfcasts, particularly to the rising generation. She keeps a school for children of both sexes, and on Sabbath day she keeps a meeting, which was originally intended for children and persons of her own sex, but which is now attended by great numbers of the people in Jaffna, of all descriptions. In these meetings she reads the Scriptures in Dutch, and expounds in Tamil or Portuguese, which she speaks fluently, and which are generally understood here. She also leads in the devotions of the meeting, and conducts the whole with great propriety and modesty. Is this a violation of the Apostolic prohibition? I *suffer not a woman to teach*, & c. She was first induced to engage in these exercises by the advice and persuasion of Mrs. Palm, who was a woman of uncommon piety and energy of character, and did a great deal of good, during her residence in Jaffna.

"Except this woman and Mr. David, there is no one in this part of the island to instruct these people. What a field is here for missionary exertions! Here is a little province, which the soldiers of Jesus once won from the god of this world and added to the dominions of their Lord. The people of God possessed but a little while. The prince of darkness has regained it, and reigns again in full power over these 120 thousand souls. Here is work for 120 missionaries. And there is every facility here for spreading the Gospel among these pagans. The Bible, and many other religious books, have already been translated into Tamul, the language of these people, and a supply of Bibles and Testaments has lately been provided by the Colombo Bible Society and sent to be distributed among them. But there is no one to say unto them, HEAR *the word of the Lord.* The Governor is desirous that these heathens should be instructed, and would patronize and encourage every attempt of this nature. The people, though heathens, have no peculiar objections to the Christian religion. Here missionaries may labor with perfect safely; the people will not molest them—the Government will protect them. On these accounts there is perhaps no portion of the heathen world, which possesses so many advantages for spreading the Gospel, as this. How desirable that a number of faithful and zealous missionaries should be sent, together with the Bible, to this people.

"Mr. David wished me to represent to the Board of Commissioners the needy state of this part of the island, and the facilities for evangelizing the people, and to request, that when they have a missionary to spare, they would send him to Jaffna.

"Sept. 5th, Sabbath day. To day I preached in the Dutch church in the fort of Jaffna, to the soldiers, and civil and military officers. Some Dutch people, who understood English, also attended.

"I continued to preach every Sabbath while I was at Jaffna. I read the church service in compliance with the wishes of the people.

"As I did not entirely give up the hope that the brethren would be able to continue at Bombay, and that I might here-after join them, I determined for the present to con-

tinue the study of the languages I had commenced, and accordingly brought my Hindoosthanee moonshee with me from Colombo. I was also in hopes of finding at Ramisseram a Brahaman who could teach me Mahratta, but in this I did not succeed.

"Sept. 19th, I received a letter from the brethren at Bombay confirming the intelligence contained in the last, and saying, that they were actually to be sent to England on the Caarmarthen, which was to sail early in October. They advised me to make Bombay my object, and said it was their intention to return from England to Bombay, if practicable, and as soon as possible. I wrote to them, urging them to save themselves from being sent to England by coming immediately to Ceylon.

"Oct. 20 and 21, I received letters yesterday and to-day from the brethren, informing me that the Caarmarthen was to sail about the 20th of October, that she was to touch at Point de Galle, and that it was their intention to leave the ship and stop in Ceylon. I doubted whether they would be able to effect their wishes; but I thought it important to have an interview with them, even if they were sent to England, that we might perfectly understand each other respecting our future plans.

"Oct. 22d, I set off from Jaffna to go over land, three hundred miles, to meet the brethren at Point de Galle. I was obliged to go in a palanquin, the only mode of journeying in this part of the world.

"Most of the way between Jaffna and Colombo is either a barren heath or a desert, filled with wild elephants, wild hogs, bears and tigers. Travellers are obliged to carry all their provisions with them, even to the article of water. My train consisted of fourteen persons; twelve for my palanquin, and two for my baggage. I travelled in the night, as is usual, on account of the heat of the day, when you are obliged to rest. My bearers carried torches, and kept up a great noise to keep off the wild beasts.

"I have given a particular description of the mode, in which I travelled, without any concealment or reserve. I know it will excite surprise in America to hear of a missionary's travelling in this manner. I mentioned it on purpose that I might explain the necessity of it. There is in fact no other way of journeying. There are no stages, no private carriages, no horses to be had, to go more than a few miles. Even those who have carriages do not use them for journies on account of the badness of the roads and the weakness of the horses. Walking in this country is extremely dangerous.

"Oct. 29th I arrived at Colombo, having been a week on my journey. I found, on my arrival, a packet of American letters which had arrived for me during my absence from Colombo. They came by the Alligator, had been sent round from Calcutta to Bombay, and from thence to Colombo. These were the first letters I had received from home since I left America. They were welcome indeed, but they made me sad as well as joyful. A large packet came for Mrs. N. from those dear, affectionate relatives and friends, who are never to receive an answer from her. O may they be supported under this trial.

"Nov. 1st, I proceeded to Galle, where I expected the Caarmarthen had already arrived, as she was to sail about the time that I left Jaffna.

"Nov. 3rd. I reached Point de Galle. The Caarmarthen had not arrived.

"Nov. 8th. A cruiser arrived from Bombay, by which I learnt, that the Caarmarthen sailed on the 26th ult, direct for England, and that the missionaries who were to have been sent on her, disappeared several days before her departure, and were not to be found. On receiving this intelligence I returned to Colombo. Having been at great expense in coming from Jaffna, I dismissed all my bearers, except four to carry back the empty palanquin. I attempted to walk back to Colombo, 80 miles. I got a fever in the way, from which I did not recover for more than three months.

"Nov. 19th, I received a letter from the brethren dated at Cochin, in which they informed me, that when it became certain, that they were to be sent in the Caarmarthen, and having ascertained that she would *not* touch at Point de Galle but go direct to England, they came to the resolution of escaping from Bombay immediately, and coming to Ceylon. They had engaged a passage in a Pattymarr, (a small coasting vessel) to *Colombo*, as they supposed; but it was not so understood by the Tindal (native captain) of the boat; who refused to proceed with them farther then *Quilon*, a place on the Malabar coast, a little above Cape Comorin. The concluded therefore to land at Cochin. They

had been at Cochin a week when they wrote, and were expecting in a few days to proceed to Colombo. I communicated this intelligence to the Governor, and inquired whether my brethren, coming under these circumstances, would be received and allowed to remain in Ceylon. If there was danger of their getting into difficulty with the Ceylon Government in consequence of the manner in which they had left Bombay, I thought it would be best for them to know it as soon as they arrived, that proper measures might be adopted to secure them from being after all sent to England.

"The Governor replied, that he could not give any answer on the subject until he knew more respecting their situation with regard to the Bombay Government; but said 'they should be treated with mildness'.

"Immediately on this I received a letter from a respectable military officer in Bombay, a friend to my brethren. The letter represented the conduct of my friends in a favorable light, and as I thought it was calculated to make an impression in their favor, I shewed it to Mr. Bisset, Sir Alexander Johnstone, and others at Colombo; and I have reason to think it had the desired effect.

"Mr. Bisset assured me he would use his influence with the Governor in favor of my friends, that no decisive measures might be taken respecting them until time should be allowed to make an application to Lord Moira, the Governor General, in their behalf. The brethren were now withing three hundred miles of me, and I was hourly looking for them, when

"Dec. 1st, I received a letter from brother Hall dated at Cochin, informing me that while they were at Cochin a Cruiser arrived there from Bombay, with orders from the Governor to take them and carry them back.

"All my hopes respecting my brethren were now over. I had many doubts about the course which I ought to pursue.

"Jan. 5th, 1814. While I was thus in perplexity about the course which I should pursue, another remarkable turn in our prospects occurred. I this day received a letter from the brethren, informing me that after their return to Bombay they had received letters from Bengal, containing intelligence favorable to their continuance in Bombay.

"Our Committee in Calcutta, the Rev. Dr. Carey, the Hon. Mr. Udny, and the Rev. Mr. Thomason, had applied to Lord Moira in their behalf, and his Lordship had said that there could be no objection to their remaining, as no public evil could possibly result from their continuance, and added, that in a few days the application of the Committee would come before the Council, and would receive a *public answer.*

"This communication was not official, but contained in a private letter from Mr. Thomason to the brethren; they hoped, however, that, in case the official communication should not come in season, this letter of Mr. T.'s would save them from being sent to England by the ships then ready to sail.

"Jan. 7th. I received another letter from the brethren, informing me that they were again disappointed in their hopes of staying, and were under orders to embark for England on the ship Charles Mills, which was to sail in a few days, and would touch at Point de Galle to join the fleet. No official communication having arrived from Bengal, they had sent Mr. Thomason's letter to the Governor, who said 'he did not doubt that Lord Moira had said what Mr. T. had written, but that his orders were unrevoked, and therefore must be executed'. They saw no way to escape a voyage to England.

"As the ship was to touch at Point de Galle, I thought it might be possible to save them by an application to Governor Brownrigg, who had already manifested a disposition to shew them every favor, which it was proper for him to do. Accordingly, I addressed the Governor through Mr. Bisset, stating all the circumstances of the case, and requesting permission for my friends to land and wait in Ceylon until the pleasure of the Governor General respecting them should be *officially* made known.

"The Governor and Mr. Bisset were both going to Galle to be present at the sailing of the fleet. My ill health did not allow of my going so long a journey to see my friends, but Mr. B. engaged to do everything in his power to assist them in leaving the ship.

"Jan. 13th. I received a letter from Mr. Bisset at Galle, enclosing one from brother Nott.

"Mr. B. writes as follows. 'I shewed your letter to the Governor, and his answer was everything that could be reasonably expected. He said that if the Governor of Bom-

bay had absolutely sent your brethren as prisoners, he could not think himself justifiable in detaining them; but if they were at liberty to quit the ship on *his permission*, to land here, as you requested, he was ready to give it. The Bombay ships arrived last night, and this morning the Admiral sent his boat ashore with letters from them. When the enclosed came for you, I was much at a loss how to act; and the time pressed, for the Convoy having sailed yesterday, the Admiral was watering the Bombay ships from his own to prevent delay. I saw the only thing was, if they had your friends on board, to go off in a boat and endeavor to bring them on shore; but I was not certain that they were on board. I was therefore induced to open your letter. The first paragraph satisfied me at once. I opened it in the Governor's presence, and closed it again as soon as I saw your friends were still at Bombay. I beg to congratulate you on the favorable change that appears to have taken place.'

"The enclosed letter from brother Nott informed me, that they were released from going to England, and were still at Bombay. They had made all their arrangements for the voyage, and were just sending their baggage on board, when the Governor sent them a message by the chief magistrate of Police, saying, that they might remain until further orders from Calcutta. It now appeared almost certain, that our mission would be established at Bombay, under the sanction of the Supreme Government of India. The brethren were allowed by the Governor of Bombay to wait there for the official answer of Lord Moira; and as his sentiments had already been fully expressed in private, there seemed to be no room left for a doubt respecting the result. I thought this, therefore, the most favorable moment for me to join the mission, and accordingly made arrangements to proceed, by the first opportunity, to Bombay.

"Jan. 20th. I engaged passage on a Portuguese ship bound to Goa, as there was no opportunity of going direct to Bombay. Before my departure, I addressed the following letter to the Governor.

" '*To His Excellency General Brownrigg, Governor and Commander in Chief in the island of Ceylon.*

'Sir,

'Having resided nearly a year under Your Excellency's

jurisdiction, and experienced during that time every indulgence from Government which I could wish, I beg leave to express the deep sense I have of Your Excellency's kindness to me, and to ask permission to depart on the *Angelica*, Portuguese ship, bound to Goa, in pursuance of my original intention of joining the mission in Bombay. I should esteem it an additional favor, if Your Excellency would be pleased to give me a testimonial, that would satisfy the Governor of Bombay that I leave Ceylon with Your Excellency's consent and approbation. I have the honor to remain, & c. S. NEWELL.'

"*Colombo*, Jan. 24, 1814. I felt obligated to notify the Governor of my departure, as he had intimated on my first arrival at Colombo, that I was not to remove without giving him previous notice, and I felt a real pleasure in expressing my gratitude for his kindness both to me and my brethren.

"The Governor informed me through Lord Molesworth, that he consented to my departure and would write by mail to the Governor of Bombay in my favor.

"Jan. 28. I embarked on the *Angelica*, and sailed from Colombo after a residence of ten months on the island of Ceylon."

2.

EDWARD WARREN, JAMES RICHARDS, BENJAMIN C. MEIGS AND DANIEL POOR: "BY DILIGENCE, PERSEVERANCE, AND CONSTANT PERSONAL INTERCOURSE WITH THE NATIVES"

1816

After the path-breaking efforts of Samuel Newell in 1813 which suggested Jaffna as an inviting field for the next mission of the American Board, the initiative was quickly seized as soon as the state of war ended in 1815. The second in order of time of several important undertakings of the Board was this first mission to Ceylon consisting of the Revs. Edward Warren, James Richards, Benjamin C. Meigs, Daniel Poor and Horatio Bardwell, the last four being accompanied by their wives. This pioneer quintet were again graduates of Andover College, and sailed from Newbury port in the brig Dryad *on 23 October 1815, their departure being the occasion of much fanfare, unlike on the first occasion. "The day was very pleasant. A large concourse of people assembled on the wharf at which the vessel lay, and on the adjoining wharves and at other places which commanded a near view of the scene. The deck of the vessel was filled with visitors, mostly females, the particular friends of the missionaries, assembled to bid them a final farewell...The utmost stillness and solemnity pervaded the attentive multitude. A missionary farewell hymn was sung to the tune of Old Hundred. Many were deeply affected and bathed in tears. After the hymn, the visitors on deck immediately stepped on shore, the brig left the wharf, spread her sails to the breeze and quietly entered on her course, followed by the gaze of many deeply interested spectators."*

(The Panoplist and Missionary Magazine, *xi, 1815, p. 533).*

The party arrived in Colombo on 23 March 1816 and began their program of orientation without further delay, being greatly assisted in their efforts to integrate with Colombo missionary society by the encouragement and daily support of church and lay authorities. The Governor, Sir Robert Brownrigg and Sir Alexander Johnstone, the Chief Justice, were untiring in their advice and open cooperation, further emphasising the great evangelical potential of the northern peninsula. After three months of incessant activity —preaching, studying and teaching, which their journal documents with loving care and untiring spirit—the decision to proceed to Jaffna was taken, and Edward Warren, the bachelor among them, left Colombo by palanquin on July 1, reaching Jaffna on the 11th. He lost no time in arranging for the rest to follow, and on September 20 the Poors left in a small boat to Kalpitiya, and then took another boat to Jaffna, while Richards and Meigs with their wives and the baggage followed in a dhony five days later sailing direct to Jaffna. They left with the warm blessings of the authorities and many proofs of kindness and tokens of affection from missionary circles in Colombo. Horatio Bardwell (and his wife) remained behind, as being experienced in printing, and the Bombay mission needing a replacement for Nott, he left for India soon after.

Messrs. Richards and Meigs settled at Vaddukoddai ("Batticotta") and Poor and Warren at Tellippallai ("Tillypally"), and on October 15, 1816 began the prodigious labours of the American mission in Jaffna, which were to bear such impressive educational, social and religious benefits and dividends for the doer as well as for the recipient, "in the island of Ceylon...by nature the fairest perhaps of the green isles of the tropics" (Miron Winslow, Memoir ... *p. 119). The leavening influences in education, medicine and social welfare, especially, were striking benefits at the time, helping the Tamils in the northern part of the island to forge ahead into the sophistications and new frontiers of the twentieth century, already at work in Asia in the nineteenth.*

In the early years the educational and propaganda programs were substantially more rewarding than prospects of spiritual betterment or direct missionary methods, and the quartet concentrated on digging in, learning the language

strenously and turning their early attention to the education of native children, starting free schools for boys and free boarding schools, and by 1819 about 50 boys and 6 girls had been enrolled. By July 1823 when the central high school was opened at Vaddukoddai, the mission had taken firm hold of three more mission stations at Uduvil ("Oodooville"), Manipay ("Manepy") and Pandeterippu ("Panditeripo"), thus bolstering the long enterprise of preaching the Gospel of Christ to the Tamils of Ceylon.

Edward Warren was a native of Marlborough, Mass., and a graduate of Middleburg College, Vermont. A student of law he was attracted to the church, and was ordained on June 25, 1815 along with Meigs. He was striken with tuberculosis even before sailing, and had a relapse of the lung haemorrhage in August 1817, which forced him to leave Jaffna for Colombo. He sailed from Colombo to the Cape of Good Hope in April 1818 having been recommended a long sea voyage. He reached Cape Town in July very feeble and died on 11 August 1818. James Richards, suffered a slightly less tragic fate. He was one of the five "Brethren" at Williams College who in 1806 met at the historic prayer meeting which proposed "to send the gospel to the Pagans of Asia and to the disciples of Mohammed," thus promoting the embryonic missionary concept which led to the formation of the American Board four years later. A hundred years later, the then President, Samuel B. Capen, compared this "consecrated ground" to the battlefields of Waterloo, Gettysburg and Bunker Hill, and declared that the missionary conquest was more decisive than any issues decided on these three sites. "So far as America is concerned, trusteeship for the world was here born." (The One Hundredth Anniversary of the Haystack Prayer Meeting, *Boston, 1907, p. 108). In 1817 Richards suffered an inflammation of the eyes, and dieted himself on so strict a regime that he suffered from debility and pulmonary complaints. He left for Colombo in December 1817, and accompanied Warren to Cape Town. He remained there without much benefit until November 25, 1818, and returned to Jaffna via Colombo very feeble. He never recovered his strength, but survived astonishingly for three more years, dying on 3 August 1822, a virtual skeleton and out of his mind, but singing the praises of his Maker to the last. Daniel Poor, born in 1789, was an enduring pioneer, carving out a niche in mission circles, becoming*

the first Principal of the High School in 1825, later to be called the Batticotta Seminary from 1846. He left to join the Madura Mission from 1835-1841, returning to Jaffna to continue his significant labours, only to succumb to the cholera which ravaged the peninsula in 1855. Bardwell died in the fullness of years in 1866 at home, while Meigs continued to serve devotedly in Jaffna. To him the blacksmiths of Vaddukoddai owed the gradual adoption of the iron hoop on cart wheels, over which their permissiveness was considerably less in evidence than in the matter of spiritual conversion. When Meigs arrived there were only five bullock carts in the peninsula, but with his determined propagation of a relevant transfer of useful technology abetted by the rapid advance of macadamised roads, there were over five hundred by 1843. Meigs returned to American only in 1858 after forty-two years of great sacrifice in the cause of his missionary calling. He died in New York on 12 May 1862 at the age of seventy-three.

In 1819 this heroic band was reinforced by the second complement of agents—Winslow, Scudder, Spaulding, Woodward, and their wives—who carried on the pioneer work in the face of many obstacles. The departure of Brownrigg and the advent of Sir Edward Barnes as Governor were to result in a period of some hostility and lack of support for nearly eleven years till the arrival of Sir Robert Wilmot Horton, another friend of the mission, led to the expansion of activities with the coming of the third band of missionaries in 1834. The extract reproduced from the journal of the pioneers records their first days in the island and exposure to some aspects of their professional calling, in the course of establishing early social contacts with persons who were to aid and abet their historic mission.

From "Mission in Ceylon. Extracts from the Missionary Journal of Messrs. Warren, Richards, Meigs, Poor and Bardwell, commenced at Colombo, March 26, 1816." *The Panoplist and Missionary Magazine* (Boston), vol. 13, 1817, pp. 380-384.

"Tuesday, March 26. Since our arrival, which was on the 23d, we have been very hospitably entertained by the Rev. James Chater, a Baptist missionary. Most of our number have taken lodgings in a house hired by the Rev. Mr. Nor-

ton, but which he does not at present occupy. In this house we expect to reside a few weeks, till the one we have engaged can be repaired. Having procured the necessary articles, this morning, for the first time, we took breakfast together, in our own hired house. Captain Buffinton, and Captain Titcomb the supercargo, dined with us. After dinner, we took our final leave of them. This was, on many accounts, a season truly interesting and affecting. In the evening the Dryad sailed for Calcutta. By her we sent a letter to the Corresponding Secretary of the Board of Commissioners, giving some account of our voyage; also several parcels of private letters to our friends. At 7 o'clock P.M. Brother Richards preached in the Methodist chapel.

"*Wednesday, 27.* This morning, agreeably to appointment, the brethren were introduced to His Excellency, Governor Brownrigg,[1] by the Hon. and Rev. T. J. Twisleton[2]. We were highly gratified with the manner in which the Governor received us. He gave us assurance of the protection of government, during our residence on the island; recommended to us several missionary stations, which he wishes to have occupied; and referred us to Mr. Twisleton, for more particular information on the subject. He also expressed a wish to see our instructions; but as he is about to leave this part of the island for the interior, he cannot peruse them, until he returns. He was pleased to accept a set of the reports of the Board, that he might look at them during his absence. All our baggage, even those articles which were detained at the custom house for a time, such as maps, globes, medicine, & c. have been permitted to pass without duties. We consider it a very favorable providence, that we arrived just in season to have an interview with Gov. B. before he leaves Columbo. Dined with the Rev. Mr. Twisleton at St. Sebastian's, the place of his residence, about a mile and a half from the fort. As Mr. T. is a man easy of access, has long resided on the island, is much interested in the prosperity of missions, and is a real

1. *Sir Robert Brownrigg was Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Ceylon from 1811 to 1820. He actively aided and abetted Christian missions.*
2. *Rev. T. J. Twisleton was Senior Chaplain and principal of Government Schools until 1818, when he was appointed the first Archdeacon of Colombo.*

friend to all Protestant Missionaries, we had much conversation with him of a profitable nature, on the moral state of the island. Our views of its importance, as a field for missionary labors, remain the same as when we left America. Presented Mr. T. with a set of reports and missionary sermons.

"*Thursday, 24.* Engaged in a variety of things relative to our new family. Several friends called on us. At a special meeting, appointed a committee to draw up a confession of faith, and a covenant, with reference to the formation of a church.

"In the evening, Brother Bardwell preached in Brother Chater's chapel in the Pettah. The fort of Columbo is one mile and a quarter in circumference. It is composed of seven bastions of different sizes, which are connected by walls, and the whole is defended by 300 pieces of heavy cannon. The fort is chiefly occupied by English inhabitants; it is the place of our residence. The Pettah or outer town, which lies at a short distance to the eastward of the fort, is inhabited principally by the Dutch and Portuguese; and the suburbs, which are very populous, by the native Cingalese.

"*Saturday, 30.* This morning the brethren called at the chief secretary's office, to receive licences for residence on the island. Sent to Mr. Twisleton our diplomas, certificates, and instructions, accompanied with a letter containing inquiries on the subject of our engaging in private English schools, native free schools in English, and preaching by interpreters. The reason for doing this, is, that it is impossible for us to obtain the requisite information for deciding on the place of our future residence, till the change of the monsoon. It will therefore be impossible for us to leave Columbo short of six months.

"*Sabbath, 31. A.M.* Attended the Episcopalian church in the fort. In this place divine service is held only in the morning. Mr. Twisleton and Mr. Bisset, colonial chaplains, preach alternately. P.M. heard Brother Norton in Brother Chater's chapel, in the Fort. In the evening Brother Poor preached in the Pettah. Mr. Norton, sent out by the Church Missionary Society, is here waiting for a passage to Travancore.

"*Monday, April 1, 1817.* Received from Mr. Twisleton our public documents, and a letter, in answer to our inquiries

concerning schools and preaching; the letter was of such a nature, as rendered a personal interview with him desirable. This we requested. He immediately returned a very polite note inviting the brethren to take breakfast with him on Wednesday; he also requested permission to take a copy of our instructions. Dined at the Rev. Mr. Harvard's[3], one of the Wesleyan missionaries. On the island there are five missionaries of this description; one at Jaffnapatam, two at Galle, and two at Columbo. Those at Columbo have a printing press, which is of very great advantage to the mission. They are now engaged in printing the new version of the Scriptures in the Cingalese language, prepared by William Tolfrey, Esp.

"At Mr. Harvard's we had an interesting account of a young Boodhist priest, now residing in his family. Mr. H., in company with some others, in a journey to Galle, overtook an old Boodhist priest, attended by three young men, who were under his tuition. The missionaries proposed several questions to the old priest, relative to his religion, which he could not answer. The young men were requested to bear witness to the ignorance of their instructor. This had such influence upon the mind of one of them, as induced him to throw off his priestly garments and soon after apply to Mr. H. for permission to reside in his family. He is now very diligent in acquiring a knowledge of Christianity. In the evening, we attended the monthly prayer-meeting, in Brother H's chapel. All denominations of Christians here unite in this meeting. Prayers are usually offered in English and Portuguese, and sometimes in Dutch. Brother Meigs gave an exhortation.

"*Tuesday, 2.* The Rev. Christian David[4], who has recently arrived from Jaffna, to take charge of a Malabar church in this place for the term of one year, called on us this morning. He conversed much on the state of things at Jaffna, and said many things in favor of some of us settling near his station at Jaffnapatam.

"*Wednesday, 3.* Three of the brethren took breakfast with the Rev. Mr. Twisleton, and had a full and satisfactory conversation on the subjects which had been proposed to him. The education of native young men for the ministry has long been a favorite object with Mr. T. He proposed to us to take a number of young men of high cast, who have been studying the English language several years, and instruct them in the principles of theology. Mr. T. suggested, that we should address a letter to him, stating definitely our proposals and wishes; the substance of which he would forward to the Governor, now at Candy, accompanied with a letter in our behalf. P. M. Brother Bardwell preached at the hospital to about 50 persons.

"*Thursday, 4.* Rev. Mr. Palm called on us; gave a very favourable representation of the missionary station at Tillipally; assigned the reasons for his leaving it; suggested various considerations, to influence us to take possession of it. Addressed the Governor, through the Rev. Mr. Twisleton, as had been proposed.

"*Saturday, 6.* Agreeably to appointment, the brethren were introduced to Sir Alexander Johnstone. He was very communicative on those subjects, on which we need information. He agreed with most gentlemen, with whom we have conversed, in considering the district of Jaffna the most important missionary field on this island. For several reasons he recommended Batticotta, about a mile from Tillipally, as the principal seat of our mission, if we settle at Jaffna. He said many encouraging things for our tarrying on the island; gave some information of the state of things at Bussora; but nothing to encourage the hope of our establishing a mission there at present. This evening, held our family prayer meeting.

"*Sabbath, 7.* A.M. attended the Episcopal church, as usual. P.M. Brother Richards preached for Brother Chater, in the fort; in the evening Brother Meigs for the Methodists. This evening Brother Chater held his communion; some of our family were present, but were not invited to commune with the church, which is composed of 6 members. To prevent repetition, we may here remark, that we preach at five different places, on an average, four or five sermons a week.

"*Wednesday, 10.* Received an invitation from the Rev. Mr. Pereira, a Roman Catholic priest, to call on him tomorrow morning.

"*Thursday, 11.* The brethren went to Mr. Pereira's;

3. *Rev. William Martin Harvard, a pioneer Wesleyan Methodist missionary.*
4. *Rev. Christian David was a notable Tamil Protestant priest, whom Samuel Newell met in Jaffna in 1813.*

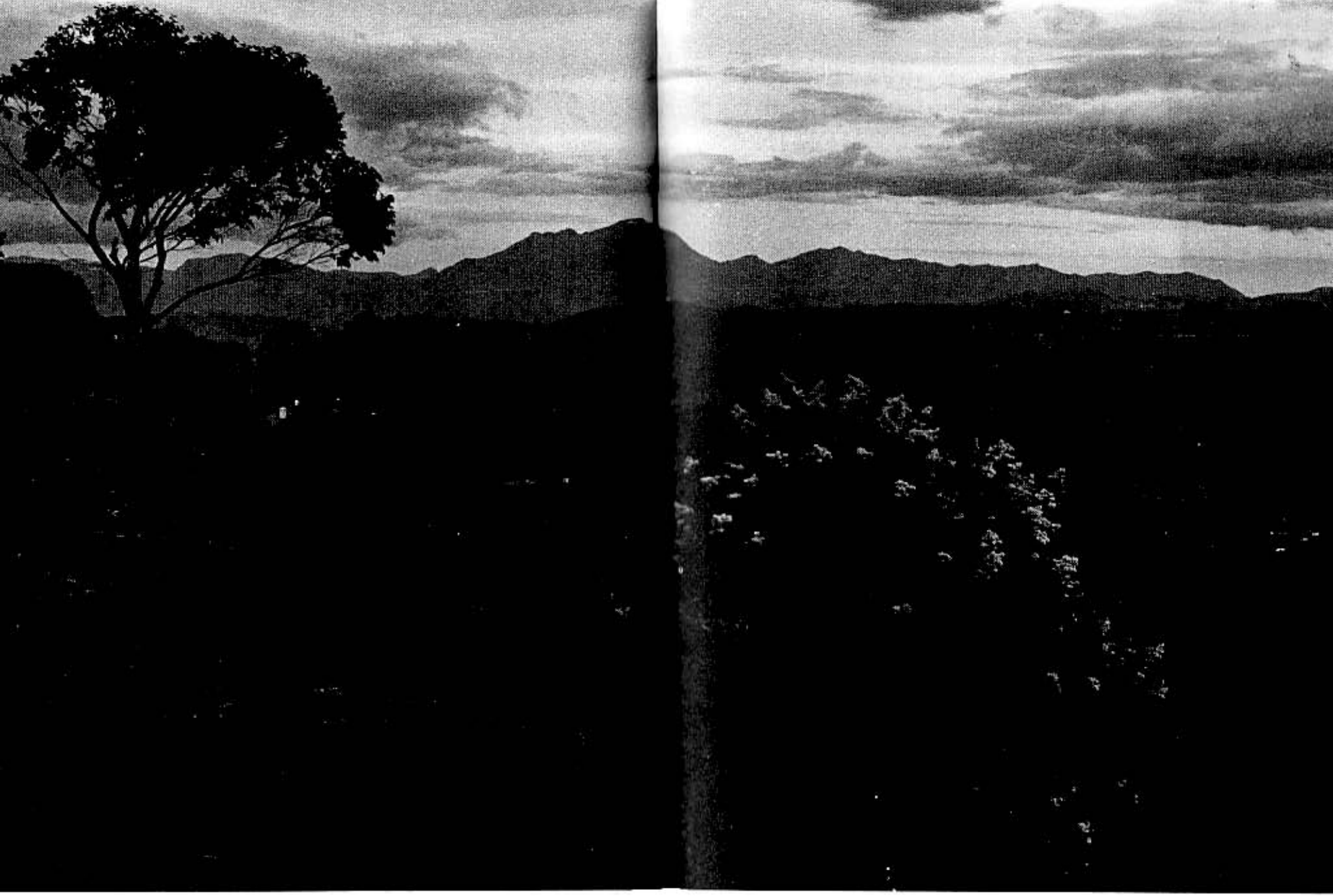
found him engaged in hearing the confessions of the people. He received us very politely, and gave us an invitation to attend the services of his church tomorrow, it being Good Friday. He informed us, that at 10 o'clock A.M. the image, meaning the image of our Savior, would be exposed to be adored; and P.M. the crucifixion would take place. Being much engaged, he soon excused himself and took leave of us.

"*Friday, 12.* This morning the brethren went to the Roman Catholic church. It stands near Mr. Pereira's house, about 2 miles from the fort; it is about 100 feet long and 60 wide. At 9 o'clock, A.M. the priests, three in number, went to the church and read mass. Then with great apparent reverence and devotion, they uncovered an image, and exposed it to the view of the people. When one of the priests held the image erect, the other two kneeled and chanted prayers. It was then laid upon a rich and elegant carpet, with its face upwards, and placed upon the floor in the middle of the church. Mr. Pereira, with much gravity and moderation, approached the feet of the image, kneeling and bowing 3 times at short intervals, and at length kissed its toe. The other priests went through the same ceremonies. Immediately there was a great and violent press of the people to touch and kiss the image. The priests then withdrew, and invited us to take some refreshments with them. The conversation turned principally on the state of the Catholic religion on the island, and at Goa, at which place Mr. Pereira was educated. We informed them, that we were much indebted to Dr. Buchanan[5] for information on these subjects. Mr. P. had seen Dr. B. and had heard that he had dropped down dead in the street. We corrected his mistake; answered several questions respecting the Catholic religion in America; gave them an invitation to visit us; and took our leave of them. Soon after the priests left the church, the image was carried round the church without, followed by a multitude of worshippers. It was then laid upon the floor of the church as before; many

5. *Dr. Claudius Buchanan, outstanding Anglican missionary agent in India, who visited Ceylon twice, in 1806 and 1808. He went out to Calcutta in 1797, and was an ardent promoter of a colonial ecclesiastical establishment.*

candles were lighted around it, and two large basins placed to receive the offerings of those who worshipped. Immediately the people, who thronged the church, pressed upon each other, that as soon possible they might make their offerings, bow, kiss some part of the image, cross themselves, blow out two or three candles, light them again, and give place to others. Children of two, three or four years old, would go through these ceremonies with such regularity, as shewed it was the result of much instruction and practice. Many infants at the breast were brought, and their lips and hands were put to the image. This business continued till 4 or 5 o'clock P.M. when this small image was removed, and a tragedy called the attention of the people without. In front of a large stage, which had been previously erected, the people sat and stood in such numbers as to cover many acres of ground. At a moderate calculation it was judged there were 6 or 7,000 persons present. All these were in a waiting posture. When a signal of attention was given, the curtains were withdrawn and an image of our Savior, as large as life, appeared extended on the cross, and an image of the Virgin Mary, strung upon wires, at its side. Immediately there was a hoarse chattering throughout the whole multitude. Thousands of torches and candles were lighted, and the people smote upon their naked breasts, as an expression of their grief. They were permitted to enjoy the sight but for a few moments at once. The curtains were drawn and opened several times, at intervals of 8 or 10 minutes. When evening approached, the priests went to the cross, accompanied by persons bearing ladders, a silver plate, (having in it a silver hammer, pincers, & c) a bier and all things necessary for taking the image from the cross, and preparing it for burial. Much incense was offered; prayers were chanted by the priests; and the people were apparently agitated. As the image was taken from the cross, the image of the Virgin, having seven swords thrust through her heart, was made to embrace her son; and several other things were done to give an appearance of reality to the transactions. When the image was placed upon the bier, it was followed by the confused multitude, and deposited in a sepulchre, in an apartment of the church. At this time, the discordant chantings and vociferations of the people, were extremely grating to the ear, and very naturally excited the idea,

that the church must have been dedicated not to "the God or order" but of confusion. Knowing that the people would continue in that state, for a length of time, we returned home. In view of the inquiries, to which these scenes have given rise, it appears that the state of the Catholic religion, on this island, will prove to be one of the most formidable obstacles to the progress of Christianity. From the best information we have obtained, it appears that there are about 50,000 Catholics on the island, and about 6,000 at Colombo. The priests have very great influence over the minds of this ignorant people. The method by which this influence has been obtained, *viz. by diligence, perseverance, and constant personal intercourse with the natives,* should be imitated by every Protestant missionary. Many and serious are the reflections excited in our minds by the events of this day".



"and over these boundary
hills, dim and misty, were
seen the distant mountains
of Ceylon, suggestive of
a wonderful interior"
—William Maxwell Wood.

3.

MIRON AND HARRIET WINSLOW: NEW ENGLAND FISHERS OF MEN IN JAFFNAPATAM 1819, 1820, 1832

The Jaffna peninsula was the favoured preserve of the evangelicals from the New World since the first missionary labours of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions commenced in Ceylon in 1816. Harriet Wadsworth Lathrop was born at Norwich, Connecticut on April 9, 1796. She married Rev. Miron Winslow on January 11, 1819, and sailed for the East from Boston on June 8, 1819 in the brig Indus. *This, the second mission to Ceylon, comprised Rev. and Mrs. Levi Spaulding, Rev. & Mrs. Henry Woodward, Dr. & Mrs. John Scudder, and the Winslows. "After a long residence on the water of one hundred and thirty-three days," they reached Calcutta in late October. They sailed for Trincomalee and Colombo on the* Dick *on November 10th, and anchored in the calm haven on the east coast on December 3rd. After about eight days in Galle and some weeks of acclimatisation and orientation in Colombo, the party left for Jaffna on February 4, 1820 mainly by inland waterway along the western coast. They arrived in Jaffna on the 17th of that month, and until her death on January 14th, 1833 she lived the heroic Christian life of the perfect dutiful mission wife in romantic exile. From 1824 her duties were largely concentrated in Uduvil where she and her husband were responsible for the central school for girls opened in that year. Mrs. Winslow kept a journal and wrote frequent letters to her family, especially her mother.*

In his valuable Memoir of Mrs. Harriet Wadsworth Winslow *(1835), the Rev. Winslow combines a graphic sketch of thirteen years of activity and Christian penetration in an entrenched Hindu environment, with an affectionate tribute to the piety and long-suffering devotion of his wife, who died a few months before her 37th birthday. Her journal and letters are used to build up the narrative with interlinking passages and comments by Miron Winslow and extracts from his own journal.*

The details of missionary life and work are seen through the eyes of a courageous woman pioneer, and the wear and tear of domestic life in a tropical missionary settlement, the weeping and the laughter behind the scenes, the colour and humanity behind the prosaic reports and statistics of official writers are vividly portrayed. The Memoir *affords a perfect insight into one particular locale of missionary endeavour in the early nineteenth century, and had the added purpose at the time of stimulating interest in the country and its inhabitants. The first extract from Harriet Winslow's journal describes early days in Galle, together with her husband's account of their first arrival in Colombo soon after. The second extract, in Harriet Winslow's words describes their eventful two-weeks journey from Colombo to Jaffna in February 1820. The third is Miron Winslow's description of the principal seat of their evangelical labours, and his first impressions of the religion and inhabitants. The last extract is a lively description of an intrepid journey from Colombo to Nuwara Eliya via Kandy and back to Kandy twelve years later, by Miron Winslow. This first visit to the southern and interior parts of the island was for the purpose of Harriet's health, as well as to see the new Governor, Sir Robert Wilmot Horton, and to request permission for a new band of missionaries to come out. As the Governor was away in Nuwara Eliya, Miron Winslow made the journey alone by stagecoach and bearer, and his running commentary of the travails of the trip, lit up by the magnificence of the landscape, throw vivid light on the nature and hardships of travelling in those early days before the construction of roads, and the advent of the regular stagecoach, railway and motorcar. It is significant of the total dedication to their task in the peninsula, that apart from a short visit to South India, this visit to the south in 1832 was the first by husband or wife since their arrival in the island*

in 1819. About eight months after the death of his wife, Miron Winslow left for America with his three girls, and continued his labours thereafter in India.

Rev. Winslow's Memoir *has strong claims to be considered as the first American account of travel in Ceylon, containing as it does many felicitous and finely drawn descriptions of parts of the island, and impressions of arduous journeys undertaken at a time when travelling was, as yet, a strenuous adventure. It is worth remarking, too, that Harriet Winslow, first principal of the pioneer girls' college in Sri Lanka was the great-great-grandmother of the late John Foster Dulles, former Secretary of State—a circumstantial vagary of more than ordinary sentimental import.*

From *A Memoir of Mrs. Harriet Wadsworth Winslow, combining a sketch of the Ceylon Mission;* by Rev. Miron Winslow (New York, 1835), pp. 124-127, 128-135, 136-139, 332-344.

"*December 7th. Fort of Galle.* This morning the Rev. Mr. McKenny, a Wesleyan missionary, came on board and kindly conveyed us to his house. He and his wife are from Ireland. His house is sufficiently spacious. On each side is a *virandah.* In the rear is an open square having *go-downs* and other buildings on two sides and a neat chapel on the third at right angles with the house. In the middle of the square is a *tank* of water, around which you might see turkeys, geese, ducks, hens and chickens, a monkey and a dog. Mr. and Mrs. McK. are agreeable and appear zealous for the cause of God among the heathen. We feel quite at home with them, for they treat us with that hospitality which characterizes their nation. He has under his care several flourishing schools. In some respects the prospect of bringing these poor idolaters to a knowledge of the truth is encouraging, in others it is dark. Their confirmed habits and the evil example of most Europeans are the grand barriers; and these are more formidable than you can easily conceive. In looking round upon all this eastern world, I should ask with despondency, 'can these dry bones live?' were it not for the promises of God. These are the life and strength of a missionary amidst his greatest discouragements.

"*9th.* This afternoon we visited a Boodhist temple situated on an eminence in the midst of cocoa-nut trees. It being twilight an old man went before us with a torch. The moment I entered the building a sort of horror seized me, so that I approached with trembling the hideous figure called Boodhu. It is made of potter's earth baked and painted, and is eighteen cubits long and proportionably large. It is stretched on a platform. A variety of flowers lay around it, which had that day been brought as offerings. A small stone image of the same god stood before the one lying down, and at the feet was Vishnu with a blue face and a distended bloody mouth. On every side were paintings of different gods. In the outer room were representations of kings and of important events in history. At the door were images of two giants and of two lions placed as guards. Notwithstanding all the descriptions of these temples which I had read and heard in America, I had no proper idea of one. Returning home we had a pleasant walk by a canal, on one bank of which were both rocks and shrubbery, and on the other mud cottages swarming with children, who ran out in crowds to see us pass by. A part of the road lay by the sea-shore where we had a fine view of the angry surge foaming amidst the rocks and sand.

"*Sabbath 12th.* Where are the Sabbaths I once enjoyed? Their memory is still sweet. A part of today I have been refreshed. This morning went with Mr. W. to a school. The building is on the top of a hill. Below we could see a small sheet of water near a white cottage, also winding paths, cocoa-nut trees, and abundance of jungle on the side of the hill in the valley below. The prospect was charming. Mr. W. preached through an interpreter to about seventy boys with their teachers and some of their parents. Previous to this however the interpreter read prayers in Cingalese. The responses were repeated by the boys with much animation. They likewise sang with spirit. Some of these little creatures scarcely moved their eyes from the speaker during the sermon. Their answers to questions put to them displayed a good degree of acquaintance with the Scriptures. Probably in most of the Sabbath schools in America you would not find children better informed on religious subjects. Some of them write and read very well. When we came away they all rose and bid us good day. I have seen nothing in India that interested me so much.

"After having been hospitably entertained eight days at Galle, the party were summoned on board ship, and sailed for Colombo, where they arrived on the fifth day. In passing along the coast there was a fine view of Adam's peak in the interior of the island, whose conical top rising boldly into the clouds, which often rest on the sides of the mountain, was now covered by them, and then appeared distinctly above them all as a blue tent hanging in empty air.

"One of the most singular sights presented on approaching Colombo is the great number of fishing boats seen venturing out in all weathers. Sometimes not less than five hundred sail, in a morning, stretch out to sea so far as to appear only like ducks sitting on the water, or be entirely out of sight, though the weather is boisterous.

"Colombo is a fortified town, or a fort, a mile and a quarter in circumference, inclosing several hundred houses with wide and open streets. It is defended by three hundred heavy cannon. There are seven bastions. It stands low on a projecting point of the coast, having on the north an open bay of small extent, in which light vessels may find some shelter, but larger ships must lie in the open roads. In the bosom of this bay is the *Pettah,* or suburbs, inhabited principally by the Dutch and Portuguese, and on one side and back of this is the native part of the town, extending into and under deep groves. To the south, nearly on a line with the fort, is an open *course,* beyond which stretches a fine sandy beach covered to the water's edge with cocoa-nut trees, and diversified with elegant mansions of English gentlemen, and innumerable as well as grotesque habitations of the natives. Back of these are the cinnamon gardens on a white sandy plain. The most prominent object in the *Pettah* is the Dutch church, whose spires rise amidst the palm trees. In the fort is a large custom house, a church, and the King's house, or residence of the Governor.

"On landing at Colombo all were most kindly invited to the house of the Rev. Mr. Chater a Baptist Missionary. The season did not admit of their going immediately to the northern part of the island by sea; but after a little delay they proceeded by the inland navigation to Jaffna, in company with J. N. Mooyart, Esq. a warm friend of missions and a magistrate in that district. The brethren previously waited upon the Governor, Sir Robert Brownrigg, then about to leave the island, and obtained an official permit for the reinforcement to join the mission. Their arrival in season for this was very providential, as the successor of Sir Robert would not, there is every reason to believe, have granted their request. They had also opportunity to see something of the missionary work at Colombo, and to meet most of the missionaries from different parts of the island.

"*February 4th, Friday evening.* Started from Colombo about 6 o'clock P.M. taking leave of our kind brother and sister Chater, after a season of prayer with them and some other missionary friends. We reached the place of embarkation in the evening. The scene was gloomy. Our passage was through a thick wood. In some places the river appeared scarcely wide enough to admit our boats. A fire on the banks only served to make visible the thick darkness around.

"*5th.* We had a comfortable time last night, and this morning found ourselves at Negombo, eighteen miles on our way. Were received very kindly by the magistrate of that place and breakfasted with him. Negombo is a pleasant town situated on a lake, and near the sea. it contains no Europeans except the magistrate, one Wesleyan missionary, and as assistant teacher. An old Catholic church is in ruins, and has lately been given by the Government to the Wesleyan missionaries for a chapel.

"*6th. Medampia.*[1] This morning we are twenty miles from Negombo. Have had one portage of nine miles by land. Our baggage was conveyed by porters. The gentlemen walked. The ladies and Mrs. Mooyart's three children were carried in palankeens and ton-jons—the latter of which is a chair on two bamboos, and is carried on the shoulders of four men. Our road was through jungle, ponds and marshes. Sometimes the poor bearers waded with their burdens several rods in deep water. We saw no inhabitants of the jungle, but heard the trampling of an elephant. At the end of this portage, we were met by the father of the magistrate of Negombo, Mr. Vanderstraten, with a small boat called a *ballam* for our party, and a platform made by lashing two canoes together for Mr. M.'s family. Mr. V. was

1. *Madampe, 43 miles from Colombo, and 6 miles south of Chilaw.*

once in affluence, but being reduced in his circumstances, he obtained from Government the grant of a plantation at this place, and has supported a large family eight years by growing rice. After a short walk by a winding path in which his dependents appeared here and there, making their *salam* to the strangers, we were met at the gate of the yard surrounding a farm house, by Mrs. V. and a flock of children. They all appeared pleased with seeing us, and treated us with much attention. The country around is level and appears more like New England forest than any we have before seen.

7th. We came to our *ballams* this evening after receiving such kindness from strangers as calls for our warmest gratitude. Some of our luggage not having come up we are obliged to remain in the boats until morning. You might commiserate our condition if you should see how we are crowded together this warm weather; but I assure you that we are quite comfortable. We have with us a Portuguese boy who understands cooking, and almost everything that we need to have done. Our boat is what you would call a bateau, or a small row-boat with a covering of braided cocoa-nut leaves. We have just room to put our matresses on one side, rolled up for a seat; and when we are all under cover our parlor is quite filled.

"Mrs. S. and I took a walk this morning while our husbands were exploring Mr. V.'s premises, and found a retired spot among the bushes, where we seated ourselves to read. Very soon a native female passed by. She immediately collected others and returned, so that we had soon around us about twenty men, women and children. They requested permission to sit down on the grass by us, talked very fast, and used many gestures, but finding that we could not understand them, they went away beckoning us to go with them.

"*8th.* The luggage did not arrive till three o'clock, when we started. Our course was for a few miles along a small river into Chilaw lake, which is very shallow. As Mr. Mooyart had taken another boat, Mr. and Mrs. S. went into the palankeens placed on two canoes lashed together, and left Mr. W. and me alone. Our boy also went with them. We were still in the lake when night came on, and some miles before our companions. The scene was rather dismal. We could get no light, and could not make ourselves understood by the boatmen. When we mentioned Mr. Mooyart's name, they signified that he had gone another way. We however, at length reached Chilaw in safety, and were after some time joined by our friends. The river along which we first came was very narrow and the low banks were thick set with trees. Some of them stood even in the water. On these, monkeys were playing, and we were told that serpents are seen suspended from their branches, and that they sometimes fall into boats passing beneath. They bear a kind of fruit about two feet long resembling a snake in appearance, which is probably the only serpent that falls from them.

"*9th.* We started from Chilaw in the night, but after proceeding two miles were stopped by shoal water. This morning we came on eight miles to Andepan rest-house. Mr. W. and I were again before our companions. We walked up to the house and to a temple, in which were several figures of the idol Ganesa. We were admitted into the outer court by a man who was sweeping the yard, and who made his obeisance several times at the door of the temple, as though to ask permission of the god for us to approach. In front of the temple was an altar on which were scattered flowers, seeds and fruit, that had been offered to the idol. We remained at this place until afternoon and obtained some nice buffalo's milk*. Mr. W. in walking out came suddenly on an alligator lying near the water. While in a boat at night, unless covered, one is sometimes exposed to an attack from this animal in these rivers. Coming across a

*There are no inns in the country, and the "rest-houses" are mere sheds, or at best empty rooms, in which a traveller may *rest*, but he must furnish his own provisions, as well as bed, and most of the utensils for cooking. The cooking is, however, a very simple operation. An earthen pot placed on three stones, and a little fire kindled beneath, serves to boil his rice, and in another smaller vessel, also of brown earthen, his "curry" is prepared. This is the staple food of India, and is easily cooked, whether you stop at a rest-house, or by the side of a road, or on the bank of a river. The curry is made of coriander, cardamon and a variety of other aromatic seeds, ground up with tumeric (a yellow root) to powder, to which red peppers, onions and garlic are added. This compound being mixed up with melted butter, or the milk squeezed from scraped cocoa-nut, is simmered with a little butcher's meat, fowl, fish, eggs, or vegetables cut up fine, and perhaps previously boiled. This forms a condiment of which a small quantity is eaten with the rice. At the rest-house milk may often be procured, and sometimes eggs.

narrow lake we were again detained through the night by shoal water, in some fear of elephants and buffaloes. Morning and evening they leave their retreats and go to the rivers and lakes for water. We are somewhat exposed to them. Have seen some buffaloes and the tracks of elephants.

"*10th.* This morning we walked about one mile, and our boats were drawn through shallow water to a river, which carried us into an arm of the sea, near Putlam. We stopped to dine, and all met for the purpose in Mr. M.'s boat. At six o'clock, started for Putlam, distant eight miles. Most of the travelling in this country is by night. The natives, although inured in childhood to the sun, by being rubbed with oil and exposed to its rays, cannot long endure the mid-day heat, it is so intense. We find it tedious to stop so often, as it detains us from our home, but in other respects it is pleasant. It makes variety and gives us an opportunity to see the country.

11th. We reached Putlam in the night, and early this morning, went to the house of Mr. Temple, collector of the district, who was absent. We breakfasted and dined at his house, the servants being at home, and then left at five o'clock in two boats.

"*12th.* Our boat arrived at Calpenteen,[2] at three o'clock. We were told that we could not go on until night, on account of an opposing wind. Thus far, we have come by the inland navigation, but from this place are to go by sea, keeping near the coast. Here is an old fort quite deserted. We supposed that no Europeans were here; and therefore walked about quite carelessly, gazing at all we saw. A man of Portuguese descent, seeing we were strangers offered to find a room for us to rest in, and to bring us some milk. We accepted his offer, and were on our way to the room, when a gentleman stepped up and introduced himself as Mr. James, from Trincomalie, a traveller like ourselves, but residing here a few days. He insisted on our going to his house, which we did, and found there his wife, an agreeable woman, country-born, but educated in England. We spent the day very pleasantly, in Christian intercourse with them, admiring the goodness of God, in raising up friends

2. *Kalpitiya, 103 miles from Colombo and 29 miles from Puttalam. Old Dutch town, containing Dutch fort and church.*

for us in all places. Mr. M. came up at a late hour, his boat had been aground. Mr. James had come to Calpenteen, to build a cocoa-nut oil-mill. This oil is burnt here in lamps, and is exported to England. Mr. M. says, Ceylon needs only about twenty enterprising men like Mr. James, to render it the *garden* it has been called. It is certainly capable of much improvement. Its resources are great. The soil, in many parts, is extremely fertile. Large quantities of fruit, especially the palmyra, cocoa-nut, jack-fruit, and plantain, are produced without *great* labor, and afford *much* sustenance to the inhabitants; many almost subsist on these fruits. Only a few are able to live on rice. They who can usually obtain it, are considered good livers. Most of the natives, have only one *full* meal a day, but *then* they eat an enormous quantity. Common laborers will carry heavy burdens in the sun, from morning to night, without taking nourishment in the mean time. They look very thin; but see them after they have eaten their rice, and you might think they have swallowed a pumpkin.

"*13th.* Another holy day has passed, without our having the privileges of the sanctuary. We have attempted to worship God in the wilderness, spending the day on a barren shore.

"*14th.* Arrived at Manar[3] this morning. It is an island, about seventeen miles in circumference, and contains, it is said, 18,000 inhabitants. There is no missionary here, nor any between this and Negombo. The soil appears barren. We stopped at the outer bar long enough to bathe in the sea, and to take our breakfast. I find that frequent bathing is very necessary to health, in this country, and you cannot conceive how pleasant it is. I wonder that it is not more practised in America. At eleven o'clock we reached the town, and the fort, which commands the straits. Here we were again strangers. Mr. W. and Mr. S. going on shore to look about, were seen by the commanding officer, and taken to his house. They soon returned for us, and we spent the day with this officer's lady, receiving every kind attention. Were urged much to remain through the night, but thought best to return to our boat, in the hope of

3. *Mannar, an island joined by a causeway to the mainland. A trading emporium in ancient times, containing a Dutch fort and giant baobab trees.*

leaving before morning.

"*15th.* In crossing a bay this morning, we were far from land. The winds and waves were boisterous; two squalls came up and tossed us about, so that we were in some jeopardy, but were mercifully preserved. The great danger in native boats, is, that the boatmen when alarmed, will do nothing, but leave the boat to the mercy of the waves.

"*16th.* We came to the shore early this morning, after having been stopped many times by the coral rocks, which every where cover the bottom of the bay. I was not aware of the great variety of colors and forms which the coral line presents. It grows like a bed of flowers, and appears almost as variegated, under the clear shallow water. When we landed, we found ourselves at Elephant point; saw some wild hogs, but not other wild animals. Here we remained till three o'clock, and are now proceeding rapidly towards Jaffnapatam, which our boatmen assure us, we shall reach tomorrow morning. I will not attempt to tell you what are my feelings, at the thought of being within one night's journey of our future home. I confess, that I have felt some degree of impatience to be there. The wandering life which I have led for more than a year, has wearied me, and I could now be happy in the meanest place that I could call *my home*. We have met with much kindness every where, but no where have we felt *settled*. My health, and that of all our company, has been uncommonly good, during this journey; for this we feel thankful to our gracious Benefactor.

"*17th. Thursday.* This morning at seven o'clock, we reached Jaffnapatam, and went immediately to Mr. Mooyart's empty house, he not having arrived, till we could get conveyances to our friends. We had soon the pleasure of seeing Mr. Meigs, who came to conduct us to Batticotta,[4] and accompanied him to the house of Mrs. Driberg, a pious widow, where we breakfasted and dined. Saw there, Mr. Knight, church missionary at Nellore.[5] At evening, when about to start for Batticotta, Mr. Poor also came in from Tillipally.[6] We rejoiced greatly to meet these dear brethren, whom we had learned to love for their works' sake, and with whom we were to be so intimately associated.

4. *Vaddukoddai, 7 miles from Jaffna. The American Mission established the Batticotta Seminary in this early station.*
5. *Nallur, 2 miles from Jaffna, site of famous Hindu temple, Kandaswamy Kovil.*
6. *Tellippalai, 9 miles from Jaffna, another early mission station.*

"This district, called also Jaffna, is at the northern extremity of Ceylon, and is itself an island, about 40 miles in length, by 15 in breadth, with many islets near it, forming together, a surface of 1,200 square miles. It has a population of 147,671; of whom, 650 are reckoned as whites, that is (with the exception of a few English families, mostly connected with government) descendants of the Dutch and Portuguese. As in other parts of Ceylon, there is a proportion of Moormen, who are generally merchants, mechanics, or sailors, and several thousand Roman Catholics. There are among the natives, a few Protestant Christians, but the great mass of the population is Heathen. With few exceptions, the natives are of the sect of Siva, though some are followers of Vishnu. In the Brahminic system, these two gods with Brahma, form the Hindoo Triad. Brahma has no temples, in consequence of a curse being denounced against him for committing incest with his own daughter. He is, however, addressed by the brahmins, in their daily *mantras*, or prayers, which are repeated, as they mark themselves with white ashes, made from burnt manure, on the forehead, arms, and breast. Vishnu is extensively worshipped, especially under the incarnations of the Juggernaut, Ram, and Krishnu, but more in the northern than southern part of India. The Hindoos of Ceylon, are generally of the sect of Siva. This god has two sons, Ganesa, or Pulleyar, who is represented as a very fat man, with four arms, and an elephant's head, riding on a rat; and Skanda, or Kartikeya, who has six heads and twelve arms, and rides on a peacock, with a wife on each side. These two have many Temples in Jaffna, even more than Siva himself; as has also Doorga, or Parvuti, the wife of Siva, under her different incarnations as an evil, as well as good being.

"The town of Jaffnapatam as you approach it from the sea, over shallow water, and between the small coral islands which line the coast, has a picturesque appearance. On the left towards the west is a large and well built fort, inclosing several public buildings, among which is an old Dutch church, whose turrets are seen above the battlements. On the right, or towards the east is the town, sepa-

rated from the fort by an esplanade and a burying ground. The streets of it are straight and at right angles. They are sandy, and the houses are generally low, being a single story, but are plastered and white-washed, outside as well as in, and have neat *virandahs* or piazzas in front. In some of the streets there are shade trees, and the town itself, at least the native part of it, extends back into the midst of palm groves, which are seen towering with their lofty tufts in perpetual freshness, affording a pleasing contrast with the burning sands of the streets, and the reflected whiteness of the houses.

"This town was the pride of the Dutch, when they had possession of Ceylon, but it has gone very much to decay. The principal Dutch families left the place for Batavia on the accession of the English. Such as remained have generally become poor. The descendants of the Portuguese are often as dark as the natives, and in poverty and vice are sometimes sunk below them.

"The houses of the Tamulians in the country, except such as are mere huts, have usually a court in the centre, open to the sky. Narrow pent roofs supported by posts and covered with the large fan-shaped leaves of the palmyra, or the braided leaves of the cocoa-nut, are thrown over each of four low mudwalls, enclosing an area, perhaps forty or fifty feet square. These roofs project on the outside, so as to form a virandah all round the building four or five feet wide; and on the inside, another of perhaps twice that width, looking towards the open court in the centre, in the manner of a low gallery. The floors of these are of hard earth or brick, and raised two or three feet from the level of the ground. The outside virandah is used for sitting, working, and sometimes sleeping; while the inside may be divided into enclosed apartments, of which there is usually one at least, where the most valuable articles and stores of the family may be locked up, but is most of it left open or separated only by temporary partitions. It is the parlor, dining-room, and bed-room of the family, comprising perhaps two or three generations, and many collateral branches. Here they sometimes form a social circle at evening around a smoking lamp, though such family scenes are not very common; here they sit cross-legged on the floor, with their food before them on a leaf or brass plate, conveying it to their mouths with the right hand,

without the use of knife, fork or spoon, the husband taking his portion first and the wife eating what he leaves; and here they sleep, almost promiscuously, spreading a mat on the floor and wrapping themselves in the clothing they wear through the day. This consists principally among the men, of a strip of cloth, two or three yards long, wrapped round the loins, and occasionally another or a muslin shawl thrown over the shoulders; and among the women, of a piece twice as long wrapped round the waist with one end thrown over the bosom and shoulders so as mostly to cover them. The lower castes however are not allowed to cover the upper part of the body. The men sometimes wear a shawl or handkerchief wrapped round the head, and sandals on the feet. Both sexes wear jewels in their ears, and rings on their fingers; and the women wear a profusion of beads, bracelets, armlets, plates on their hair, clasps round their ancles, and ornaments on their toes. These are all of gold or silver, while the rings in their ears and on their fingers are frequently set with precious stones; and the gold plates on the head and breast, with pearls. These jewels constitute a great part of their property, especially that of the females, and as their fashions do not change, are handed down from generation to generation.

"*Colombo, 13th.* Came from Cotta this morning to this place. This afternoon am to go part of the way to Kandy, by the mail coach (the only one in Ceylon or India) which has lately commenced running as far as Maha Haine,[7] about half the distance.

"*Kandy, 14th.* Leaving as proposed. I came on before midnight to Maha Haine where, as a new thing in this part of the world, a small inn has been lately established. After taking some refreshment, I continued my journey to this place, by a sort of litter, in which I suffered in the night from the heavy dews, and in the day from the scorching sun; but arrived safely a little after mid-day.

"Have been most kindly received by Mr. and Mrs. Browning, of the Church Missionary Society. Though I passed along much of the road by night, as there was a good moon, I saw enough of it to know that it everywhere presents scenes most attractive to one brought up in the vicin-

7. *Mahena, a village near Warakapola on the early mail-coach route, begun in February 1832.*

ity of mountains, and who has for many years seen a little else than one unvaried plain.

"On leaving Colombo you enter the country by what is called 'grand pass', where is a long bridge of boats over the Kalany Ganga.[8] The road then lies for some miles through extended rice fields, near the river, perfectly straight, and several feet above the level of the fields. It is two or three times the width of a common turnpike road, and made almost as smooth and hard as a floor, by pounding down several layers of lateritious stone called cabbook, in wet clay and gravel, and covering it with coarse sand. The country is divided into the level, the hilly, and the mountainous. As the road reaches the higher lands, it is so laid out and levelled by cutting down the hills, filling up the valleys, and blasting the rocks, as to make the ascent almost imperceptible. In one place is a tunnel of five hundred feet through a granite rock. It is indeed a grand military way, from Colombo to Kandy, seventy-two miles, made at the expense, it is said of two hundred thousand pounds, including several bridges. Captain Dawson, the engineer, who had the principal share in laying out the road, and conducting the operations upon it for several years, has since died, and a monument is about being errected to his memory at the head of one of the most difficult passes. In this place the road runs along the side of a mountain so that on one hand you see cliffs some hundreds of feet above, and a precipice as many below you; and look down upon large hills rising out of the deep vallies. Some of the mountains are naked at the top ending in bold and barren rocks; others are covered with large trees and underbrush even to their summits. They do not here, so much as in some parts of the island, appear in ridges or connected chains, but often as separate masses thrown together without order. They are generally conical at top, or more or less approach that form. To see the vast piles of rocks, and occasionally a small cataract tumbling over them, having washed bare immense masses, and separated from them blocks of stone of every size and figure, would be to any one fond of wild mountain scenery, a most enchanting prospect.

8. *Kelani Ganga, river flowing into sea near Colombo.*

"In leaving the lowlands we leave the cocoa-nut and other palms, except as occasionally they are seen in the vallies, or in gardens where they are cultivated; and the appearance of the forest becomes similar to that of a colder climate, though the trees are different. Near Kandy a wooden bridge is erecting over the Mahavilliganga,[9] on an American plan with a single arch of two hundred and five feet span, at a very great expense. Most of the timber for it is brought from the sea coast by land. Some mountain timber is however used. I saw the patient elephant bringing it on his tusks from the mountain sides, and two or three yoked together drawing it on huge carts along the road.

"*15th.* Went out this morning with Mr. Browning to look at the place. Kandy is a valley about fifteen hundred feet above the level of the sea, surrounded by mountains; beyond which, so as to defend it on three sides, winds the Mahavilliganga, the largest river on the island. Mr. B.'s house is on an elevation at the north, and we walked from it down one of the principal avenues to the main street, near the lake on the south. Except some public buildings, and a few private dwellings in the way of erection, almost all the houses are small and inferior in appearance. On an elevation at the east is a noble building erecting for the Governor's residence, called the pavillion, and on the west are some good houses in the new cantonments. The 'lake' is mostly artificial. It was caused to be dug by the late king of Kandy. It may be a quarter of a mile long. In the middle is a building, now used as a magazine, which was formerly a place of resort for the king. The old palace on the east at the head of the principal street, is an object of curiosity to a stranger. It is enclosed by a wall on three sides, and on the other is defended by a mountain and thick jungle. The enclosure is entered from the west, by a draw bridge over a ditch, and through a large gate-way. On entering, you see two Boodhist temples*, and several choultries on each

9. *Mahaweli Ganga, longest river in Ceylon, 208 miles.*

*In one of these temples is deposited what is said to be a *tooth* of the last Boodhu, wrapped in pure sheet gold, enclosed in several golden boxes (one within another) studded with emeralds, diamonds, and rubies. The outer case is ornamented by a variety of gems and gold chains attached to it.

(Continued on next page)

side. On the corner, at the right hand, is a tower called the Hexagon. In the second story of this is a close room, strongly barricaded, where the king's wives used to collect on public occasions, to witness various exhibitions, which they could do through narrow windows, without being seen. The upper story is an open gallery, from which the king was in the habit of reviewing the parades, and cruel executions, which took place by his command on the esplanade below. There he could see all that was done, and yet be out of the reach of any hostile attack on his sacred person. From this place he witnessed, not only such executions as impaling, pouring melted lead down the throat, and tearing off the flesh by hot pincers—representations of all which tortures are now seen painted on the walls—but saw, with horrid satisfaction, the wife of his prime minister, who had offended him, forced to pound in a mortar, one after another, the heads of her seven children, among whom was an infant at the breast, after they were cut off by his executioner.*

"To the north of this Hexagon is the 'Hall of Audience', now used as a court-house and chapel. The principal things remarkable about it are, alternate pillars and arches, in a double row, forming an aisle like that of a church. They are carved with immense labor from a wood resembling mahogany. At one end of the hall is a portico, with four rows of pillars, and at the other an alcove, where was the *throne*. This is now removed, and a pulpit occupies its place. The late good bishop Turner, in this palace of a heathen king, confirmed a large number of candidates for the church, and administered the holy sacrament. As there is now no chaplain here, Mr. Browning preaches in this chapel every other Lord's Day. Besides his occasional labors among the English, Mr. B. has a good Cingalese

* This monster of cruelty died in captivity at Madras, about the time I was in Kandy.

The most remarkable ornament is a bird, suspended by a gold chain, formed of rubies, blue sapphires, emeralds, and cats' eyes set in gold, which is hid by the profusion of precious stones. Two or three years since, this object of worship was carried round the place in public procession, by the priests under the protection of the military, directed by the officers of this Christian Government, the natives doing it homage. They have a tradition that whoever has possession of this tooth will rule the country. When the English obtained the precious relic in the last war, all immediately yielded without further struggle.

congregation, and has had the pleasure of receiving to communion some of the principal men, as well as others of a lower standing. He has a very promising and interesting missionary station.—As the Governor is not expected to come down to Kandy immediately, it becomes necessary for me to proceed to Nuwera Ellia, [10] fifty-two miles distant.

"*16th.* Left Kandy this morning at four o'clock, and came on thirteen miles to Gampalla, where is a rest-house. The road lies most of the way along or near the Mahavilliganga, which has its source near Adam's Peak. On each side are barren hills, or rather mountains, but near the road are low lands, capable of cultivation. They are in some places formed into rice fields, made on terraces of different levels, so as to receive and retain the water which comes down from the hills, or enters from the river. At Gampalla there is a lovely prospect of these cultivated fields, while the barren hills rise on all sides to the height of mountains. Most of them are covered with a kind of fern, mixed with tufts of very coarse grass which domestic cattle will not eat. In the valley is the plantation of a Mr. Bird, who is attempting to introduce the English method of agriculture to some extent. He has a large coffee plantation, and cultivates also cocoa for chocolate. He ploughs the ground with elephants. In the afternoon, I came over a very wild and mountainous country, through which the government are now laying out, and making a graded and macadamized road; and lodged at night in a miserable mud rest-house at Poosalawa.[11]

"*17th.* The first part of my road this morning was through what is called the 'dark forest', which, in appearance, is much like thick primitive forests of heavy beech and maple. It runs along the side of a steep mountain. On coming out upon the high lands, bare of timber, there was presented the grandest mountain-scene which I ever witnessed. On the left was a high barren cliff, or spur of the mountain, almost perpendicular; and at some distance another, which rose in the form of a vast round tower, with

10. *Nuwera Eliya, 105 miles from Colombo, the principal hill resort in the island. Elevation 6,185 feet. Established as a convalescent station for troops by Sir Edward Barnes in 1829.*
11. *Pussellawa, 24 miles from Nuwera Eliya, roughly half-way on Kandy-Nuwera Eliya road.*

dark and dilapidated walls, while to the right, and behind, were high mountains of the most fantastic forms, some bare, and some covered with trees and verdure. At the distance of seven or eight miles in front, were seen immense piles of light and dark colored rock, so disposed as to have the appearance of a town in ruins; with walls, streets, houses and turrets. Some hundreds of feet below, lay a long and narrow but beautiful valley, covered with rich fields and terraced beds of different widths; and now and then a native house surrounded by a few trees or a garden. A small river winds its course along this valley, receiving contributions from all the surrounding mountains. There are no less than five waterfalls in view from one point. Passing along the road, I first saw, at a little distance, a beautiful cascade, where the water was thrown over a projecting and shelving semi-circular rock in two divisions, forty or fifty feet before it struck the next point in the descent. I had not ceased admiring this, as I went slowly forward, before the sound of another cataract, on the same side, attracted my attention; and then, in front, at some distance, one still larger, where the principal stream of the valley came tumbling down several descents, two of which must be near one hundred feet each. These mountain torrents, wearing deep chasms into the immense masses of dark rock, and rushing along over precipices, or amidst high piles of loosened granite of every form and size, together with all the mixture of wildness and loveliness in the other parts of the scenery, made this panoramic view exceedingly impressive. God appeared to be speaking in those cataracts, and to be exhibiting the emblems of his power in those deep vallies and 'everlasting hills'. I do not know the depth of the valley here, but in some places it is said to be more than three thousand feet. Travellers have affirmed that the prospect, for the kind, is scarcely surpassed even in Switzerland. The road along the pass is making at immense labor, as much of the way it is cut into the sides of the mountains; where they are very steep and where the rock, most of which appears to be a sort of gravelly quartz, with gneiss, and now and then piles of blue granite, must be cut down many feet or entirely removed by blasting.

"*18th.* To-day being the Sabbath, I remained at

Rambodde,[12] where is a small cantonment perched on the side of a mountain. I was most hospitably entertained by Lieutenant R., of the Ceylon Rifle Regiment. Have been literally in the clouds to-day, for they have been lying on the sides of the mountain both above and below me.

"*19th. At Nuwera Ellia.* Left Rambodde early this morning, and came on slowly to this place. The first eleven miles is ascending, as the road rises more than three thousand feet, and then descends nearly one thousand to come into the valley, which has been estimated to be about six thousand feet above the level of the sea. Some of the mountains around it are higher than Adam's Peak, which is a short distance to the west. The road ascends the mountain by a serpentine elbowing course, turning back upon itself so as to make the ascent long, but very gradual. The mountain is thickly wooded, and the trees are not, as in a cold latitude, small and stunted on the higher elevation, but, where the soil is good, they are as large and tall as below, and resemble the forests of temperate climates, and, like them are covered with moss. All the mountains are evidently of primitive formation.

"After reaching the highest elevation of the road, the valley of Nuwera Ellia bursts at once upon you. It is an undulated plain, about five miles in circuit, covered with grass, through which runs a small river toward the south; on the bank of the river, is the rhododendron, now in beautiful blossom, the only tree on the plain. The ground gradually ascends on each side, with various swells, till it comes to the foot of steep mountains clothed with verdure. On the little elevations not far from the foot of these mountains, the few houses in the place are built. They are most of them like neat cottages in temperate climates, with chimneys, board floors, and glazed windows.

"On arriving at the Governor's lodge, I found his Excellency was not at home, but Lady Horton very kindly invited me to take a room with them; and in the afternoon politely proposed to walk out and show me the gardens and other curiosities of the place. In one of the enclosures I saw almost every variety of vegetables to be found in an American garden with flowers and fruits, both oriental

12. *Ramboda, 14 miles from Nuwera Eliya, beginning of pass and steep ascent.*

and occidental. There were roses and carnations alongside of the yellow and white jessamine of the tropics; oranges, pine-apples and limes in common with strawberries, apples, pears and peaches. On one side was the coarse mountain grass, in which buffaloes were grazing, and on the other was a field of ripe oats for horses. As there is an abundance of water which comes down in rivulets on almost every side from the mountains, and can easily be conducted to the grounds; and, as the climate is favorable to labor, and the soil, though not the best, is capable of improvement, this may be made a delightful spot for gardening. It is only recently discovered, but will become a place of great resort for invalids, debilitated, exhausted, and worn down by the heat of the plains below. In consequence of there being a cool atmosphere almost under the equator, the productions of different climates are easily brought together for subsistence or comfort; and from an average heat of about eighty degrees, a few hours travel may bring one to a mild temperature, varying from thirty-four to seventy-four degrees, in the course of the year. it must be considered as a great mercy that such an easy retreat has been found from the burning sun.

"*20th.* Breakfasted with the surgeon of the establishment; and as the Governor did not return until after noon, I spent most of the morning in rambling over the plains, and climbing the sides of the mountains. Found some old acquaintances in the shape of blackberry and raspberry bushes. I wished to ascend the principal mountain, which is a little higher than Adam's Peak, and from which the Peak, as a gentleman told me, seems so near as to be almost within reach of a rifle-ball, and the shed on it covering the famous print of a foot (said by the Cingalese to be that of Boodhu and by the Mohammedans to be that of Adam) may be distinctly seen; but I had not time to gratify my curiosity. It would perhaps be impossible to describe the peculiar sensations, so long unfelt, which I experienced from the cold, so bracing and invigorating; so different from the langor constantly felt below. I walked until noon without fatigue, and without feeling uncomfortable from the heat of the sun.

"The Governor returned home a little after noon, and as soon as he had taken some refreshment, invited me to walk with him. While out we discussed the different subjects

which I wished to bring to this notice. On all of them his Excellency manifested the greatest kindness, signified his intention of giving us some pecuniary assistance, and expressed his regret that we had been so long embarrassed by governmental restrictions. We have, therefore, reason for thankfulness in the hope that instead of former vexations, we may look for aid from those who rule over us; though it will not render it less necessary to look to Him who is higher than the highest, or to remember that 'it is better to trust in the Lord, than to put confidence in princes'.

"*21st.* Left Nuwera Ellia early this morning. The thermometer was about forty-two degrees, before sunrise, and there was on the grass the appearance of hoar frost. With this degree of cold in the houses, ice is said to be found in lower situations, a quarter inch in thickness. I had once more the pleasure of shivering with cold, and then we left this retreat to descend into the regions of the sun. As is often the case, the downhill path was more easily trodden than the up-hill, and I was in season for breakfast at Rambodde, though I walked great part of the way. In order to reach the next stage before night, I started early in the afternoon, and suffered much from the heat; but arrived at the mud rest-house at Poosalawa, just as a thunderstorm, which had been brewing among the mountains, came down, with an unusual degree of fury, upon the lower regions of the country. It passed off soon, however, only leaving me a wet lodging.

"*22nd.* This morning had a walk of five or six miles through a very wild region. Being desirous of reaching Gampalla[13] before the sun should become powerful, I left the rest-house about three o'clock in the morning, and, to relieve my bearers, walked until after day-light. There was a moon, but it was in its wane and flitting clouds at times obscured its dim light. Part of the way the road was cut into the side of an irregular mountain, along the foot of which, far below, ran a small but rapid river. The mountain was bare of wood, except where, at short distances, there were deep ravines worn in its sides by torrents from above. There was, therefore, on one side, overhanging cliffs, and

13. *Gampola, 12 miles from Kandy on Kandy-Nuwera Eliya road. 14th century capital.*

on the other, a deep and dark chasm; from the bottom of which the noisy river, urging its descent over rocks of all shapes and sizes, sent up the constant sound of its unwearied contest. As the road, on approaching any of the ravines, wound up the side of the mountain, to avoid a descent into them, and to cross them where they were narrow, I was constantly plunging into the thick jungle which lined them, and then emerging to catch a glimpse of the deeper precipices overhanging the main stream below. Such, thought I, is life. The light from above, like that of the moon is only reflected, and for our trial is often clouded and obscure. Nor does this light shine on all our path. Even the King's highway, sometimes leads us unto dark places, and we, also too often choose crooked paths from which the light is shut out; and when we emerge from the darkness, we find ourselves on the edge of a precipice, and see that he only, who walketh softly, walketh surely. But I desired to be thankful for the light we have, and for our assurance of safety, so long as we are in the right way; and for the confidence, also, that as the sweet morning star , and afterwards the opening light of a clear day, dawned on my weary path, so will the day-star from the high, and the light of eternity, rise joyfully on every weary pilgrim in the road to Heaven. As the day dawned all the country below me was covered with a dark fog or cloud, so dense and regular that it resembled an immense ocean, in the midst of which the tops of the lower mountains appeared as so many islands, gilded by the beams of the rising sun; which soon poured a flood of light over the whole rejoicing landscape.

"I could not but praise God in the confidence, that although 'darkness now covers the earth, and gross darkness the people', there are, even in this eastern world, some moral elevations on which the rays of the sun of righteousness begin to dawn; and that they will kindle more and more in his beams, until they appear only as islet-gems in an encircling sea of glory'.

"I reached Kandy in the midst of a heavy shower, and rather late, having stopped some time in the botanical garden at *Peradenia,*[14] four miles distant. This is quite

14. *Peradeniya, 3-½ miles from Kandy on road to Colombo. One time royal residence and capital.*

extensive, the principal walk through it being more than half a mile in length. It is filled with a variety of plants, shrubs, and trees from every quarter of the globe, and is kept in the finest order. Among other rare trees is what is called the *'traveler's tree'*, which yields a large quantity of pure water from any one of its leaves when cut. By a wise disposal of Providence this tree is found in desert plains, where water is more precious than wine. The *jaggery tree* (from which is made an inferior kind of sugar) is not only found in this garden, but is common in Kandy, where, in different places, you may see the beautiful *talipot*, or large fan-palm. Kandy is a very favorable place for gardening, as the climate is more temperate than on the coast, and rain is frequent. In front of Mr. Browning's house are several varieties of roses, carnations, geraniums and other flowers, with the almond, coffee, cinnamon, bread fruit, Indian rubber, and several other rare trees and plants."

"to revere their
incomparable religion and
its holiest Founder"
—Henry Steel Olcott.

4.

WILLIAM SAMUEL WUTHMAN RUSCHENBERGER: "THE BRIGHTEST SPOT IN THE COLONIAL POSSESSIONS OF THE BRITISH CROWN" 1835

By the first quarter of the nineteenth century, Boston had become virtually a synonym for the New World, as much for its foreign trade as for its foreign missions. New England continued to build a large proportion of American sailing ships, and their crews contained many a New England boy who wished to take a trip to the distant places of the globe before settling down to level-headed farming. They perfected the clipper ship, which dominated cargo carrying on the seven seas between 1830 and 1860. The increasing commerce of America in Asia and the Pacific developed alongside the Christianisation of these territories, and a settled mission station was a positive impetus to trade, and a congenial haven for visiting vessels from the home country. Missionary endeavor, and business enterprise went hand in hand, and were mutually beneficial exercises throughout the nineteenth century. American merchants were in league with the American Board's ventures, transporting men and supplies without a fee. Trade followed the cross and vice versa, and to the American public sympathetic to the missionary emprise, this collaboration was the contribution of the New World to the expansion of Anglo-Saxon civilisation in lands beyond the seas, where its political writ had not yet had time and opportunity to run.

Commerce, however, was not the only means by which the American flag was carried to every sea. The nineteenth century witnessed the official showing of the flag by naval vessels which, in small fleets, undertook, increasingly, expeditions to the four corners of the world, and to British ports where, after 1830, they were especially made welcome. A Voyage Round the World*...(1838) by William S.W. Ruschenberger, M.D. Surgeon, U.S. Navy was a notable book of early American travel in Asia and the Pacific, and it followed an earlier literary exercise in this genre* Three Years in the Pacific *(1834). Ruschenberger was a versatile professional and scientist who later gained fame in his native Philadelphia as a writer of learned textbooks and manuals in natural history, and the elements of anatomy and physiology of mammalogy, ornithology, herpetology, ichthylogy, etc., known as the Ruschenberger's Series. He was an Honorary Member of the Philadelphia Medical Society, and a distinguished member of the Academy of Natural Science of Philadelphia. In 1852 his* Notice of the Origin, Progress and Present Condition of the Academy*... was published, going into a second edition eight years later.*

His Voyage Round the World *is an impressive document of honest reportage and impressionistic accuracy, in line with his motto on the title page from Shakespeare's* A Winter's Tale: *"Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me; and as mine honesty puts it to utterance". It was left to this naval medical officer to enter the strongest plea for the commercial value of the missions, as his visits to Board stations in Hawaii and the Far East had left him in no doubt that the Christianisation of "Asia, Polynesia, and indeed of all the world" was "sound policy." The most telling passage occurs on p. 311: "When the half naked millions of Asia shall attain Christianity, and with it, all the new wants which the necessary change in their social condition will produce, the soil of our country, as rich and vast as it is, will be scarcely adequate to supply them. A new and extensive mart must be opened for our manufacturers of all kinds, and even the literary will find an increased demand for their labors. Hundreds of ships will spread their sails to the eastward of the Cape of Good Hope, destined for the shores of Asia and the isles scattered in the southern ocean, and commerce will pour her wealth gathered in the old world into the lap of the new."*

Ruschenberger had a pleasant and congenial traverse through Ceylon in 1835, and discusses his experiences and impressions in three chapters, of which the last is repro-

duced here. There are sharply etched cameos of a "Kanakapulle" (the immigrant South Indian book-keeper or accounts clerk), and itinerant Muslim jewellers, and an entertaining description of a visit to enjoy the hospitality and view the cinnamon garden of a leading citizen of Colombo. A birthday ball on December 21st in honour of the daughter of the Governor Sir Robert Wilmot Horton was the highwater mark of the agreeable, though sadly brief, junketing before he sailed away on Christmas Eve, nursing the most gratifying impressions of this emerald jewel in the British Crown.

From *A Voyage Round the World; including an Embassy to Muscat and Siam in 1835, 1836 and 1837;* by W.S.W. Ruschenberger. (Philadelphia, 1838). Ch. 19 "Sketches in Ceylon," pp.201-210.

December, 1835

COLUMBO is placed on the western coast of Ceylon, in six degrees and fifty-seven minutes of north latitude, and in eighty degrees of longitude east from Greenwich. It is divided into two parts; one within the fort and the other outside of it, which is called the Pettah. The town within the fort is laid out regularly; the streets are broad, macadamized and planted with the hibiscus, which affords a pleasant shade; the houses are generally one story high, built in the Dutch style, with a porch or corridor in front, besides a paling, which encloses a small plot of grass or flowers. The Pettah is much of the same character except that it is but little shaded, and the dwellings are of a more humble appearance. The fort is chiefly inhabited by Europeans; the Pettah, by natives and castes, originally from India and the neighbouring island. In 1832, the population was 31,519, consisting of Europeans, Burghers, Malabars, Singhalese and Moors, besides a few Malays, Chinese, Parsees, Caffres, and Patanys. And we may remark of the Asiatics, what cannot be universally said of Christian nations, that wherever they go, or settle, they preserve unchanged their customs and costumes, as well as their peculiarities of physiognomy, from generation to generation. The reason of this appears to be, that their customs are more or less connected with their religious forms, to which they are in general bigoted adherents; and their

costumes are typical of caste, the preservation and maintenance of which is, in their opinion, an imperative duty, admitting of no compromise; and, therefore, the castes never intermarry with each other. And hence it is, that most eastern towns of note present such various and interesting groups to the passing stranger. Besides the costumes already mentioned, we meet in the streets the degenerate Portuguese of modernate means, dressed in the fashion of his early ancestors, seated in a small carriage having three low wheels; two behind, and one in the centre of the fore-part of the vehicle, rigged like the fore-wheel of a velocipede, by which it is guided in any direction at the will of the passengers, while a naked slave imparts motion, pushing behind with all his force.

Next, attention may be drawn to an India-skinned individual, called a "Conicoply,"[1] who, instead of appearing bareheaded after the fashion of his countrymen, the hair turned up with a tortoise-shell comb *a la Greque*, wears a blue velvet cap without vizor, having a sort of horn projecting forward from each side. A collarless surcoat of bluish cotton, with pantaloons of the same and sharp-toed slippers, make up the costume; but he has an ornament in each ear, consisting of a half dozen circles or rings, three or four inches in diameter, of fine gold wire, closely resembling a coil, depending to the shoulder. He has an inquiring look, and carries a book or a small packet of nicely folded white papers under the arm; one might detect in him, without question on the subject, the collector of bills, the dun by profession. Almost every public office, as well as mercantile house, has its conicoply to keep a look out for the detail of its fiscal affairs.

While you stop to gaze, when for the first time you meet in the street an elephant harnessed to a cart, lazily swinging his great trunk from side to side, or flapping away the flies with his monstrous ears, as he trots along, under the guidance of a naked Indian perched over his fore shoulders, you will find yourself surrounded, after the passing of the show, by a dozen Moors in cotton skirts or naked, except the kummerband, offering for sale jewelry of all

1. *Kanakapulle, a high-caste, immigrant South Indian book-keeper, or accounts-clerk, connected with mercantile activity in the island, from the beginning of modern commerce.*

sorts, gems set and not set; some genuine, and others fair sophistications in glass.

The first salutation, in short, clipped yet respectful tones, is, "Master, want buy water sapphire?—blue sapphire me got—very fine." He is interrupted by a second, "Mooney stone, master, no buy?—fine mooney stone me got"—A third breaks in, "Mister, starry stone, no buy? me got cat's eye". While these are exhibiting their wares and flashing them in the sunshine before your eyes, another pulls you by the sleeve from behind, and with a look and gesture intended to enhance the importance of the communication about to be made, says; "Sare, me got ruby, aquamarine, cinnamon stone"; but he is cut short by another crying, "Topaz—carmagorin, (from the Scottish, *cairngorum*) no want buy, my master?" The instant, however, you manifest the slightest inclination to purchase by taking a stone in hand to examine, all except him to whom it may belong, stand back and silently await the result. You now ask the price and the jeweller answers, "Me no say, master; me poor Moorman—master, see good stone—master, know good stone, have good price—what master give?"

Not feeling confidence perhaps in your knowledge of the article, you insist upon his naming a price. After some hesitation and bestowing a good deal of superabundant praise on the stone, displaying it at the same time in the most advantageous manner, the vendor of "gems from the mountain and pearls of the ocean," whispers, "fifty dollar, very cheap." Then, unless you be what they term a 'griffin' or greenhorn, you will be careful what offer you make, for "you must do as chapmen do, dispraise the thing you mean to buy," or you will probably pay dear for the whistle. Were you to offer one-fourth of the price named, you would very often pay ten dollars for a jewel not worth one, the vendor putting it into your hand, with an air of one sacrificing his wares, saying, "take, master, take." Therefore, gentle reader, should you ever visit Colombo, let me say to thee; *Apunta Vmd.* But if the first stone do not please you, the same individual draws forth from the folds of his kummerband another of more brilliant aspect, and puts it into your hand, with an air which says, "There's a gem for you"—and so on till he has displayed his whole stock. Then the others importune you to look at the contents of their kummerband folds; and there is no getting rid of them, except by offering a very trifling sum for a valuable gem; then away they go in disgust, but it is only to meet you again in an hour, at another turn of the street.

Every day, while at Colombo, several of the tribe came on board in dhonies to sell jewelry and collections of shells, mostly from Trincomalee, very nicely arranged in baskets woven of palm leaves. Some brought uncut stones; others, knife-handles and snuff-boxes, made of elephant's teeth (not tusks) which were to us novel and very pretty, from the wavy alternation of the osseous strata, which are white and of a deep king's yellow; others, again, offered gold chains, resembling in their fabric those made at Panama; and rose chains, made of very pure gold, in small square chased links, after the fashion of those of Manilla; but it was necessary to be always on the alert, or they would palm upon you gold ornaments—"pure gold, all same, same make copper pans." Indeed, some on board made wonderful bargains, and discovered when it was too late, that their jewels were of some base metal nicely gilded.

Among the most admired gems, were the moonstone, a fine species of feld-spar; the cat's eye, which is greenish gray, traversed by an opalescent streak of light, said to depend upon minute fibres of asbestos contained in its composition; when this ray is perfect, the stone brings a great price. Cordiner states, that they have been sold in England even as high as £150 each. But the most singular is the star-stone, a variety of sapphire of a greyish blue color, which, when subjected to a strong light, presents a star composed of six delicate white rays, turn it whatever way you may. Amethyst of every variety of hue was offered for sale.

In a ride through the Pettah, we stopped one day to witness the labors of the jewellers, or rather lapidaries. They sit under a veranda or shed, in front of the house, squatted on their heels behind a rude lathe, raised a few inches from the ground. On the end of its axle there is a round plate of iron or steel, about eight inches in diameter, placed vertically; which is made to revolve backwards and forwards by a drill-bow about four feet long, made of bamboo, and worked by the right hand, while the left applies the stone to be cut, held tightly between the finger and

thumb against the wheel. A sort of emery, or finely powdered sapphire of coarse quality, moistened with water, is the only intermediate substance used in cutting the stone. One of the lapidaries, who seemed to be indifferently honest, told me, that what are called "Ceylon diamonds" are made of a species of tourmalin which is boiled for some time in cocoanut oil, before being cut, to make it perfectly transparent. A gentlemen of the ship saw one of these jewellers manufacturing water-sapphire from the fragments of a decanter, and a glass fruit bowl.

Among those things which the stranger anticipates most, on going to Colombo, is the pleasure of visiting what are termed the cinnamon gardens. The very name makes one think of Ceylon's spicy breezes"—of flowers—of beautiful walks and of balmy airs redolent of fragrant odors; but it is all of a pious imposition palmed upon us by an idle race of people, called poets. "Spicy breezes!" Such breezes never swept the olfactories of any man, any where, unless they were wafted from some grocer's shop or cook's pantry. It is a commonplace remark, by all new-comers to hot countries, "that though the flowers be brilliant in color, they are almost destitute of smell." The heat seems to be so great, that the essential oil, upon which the odor depends is dissipated so rapidly, that it cannot accumulate in sufficienty quantity to impart its peculiar fragrance to the flower; and the same is true of tropical fruits generally. I have met with nothing under the sun's track, either in the east or west comparable in the respect to our own forests, at the season when the magnolia "may be scented afar off"; and why travellers have lent their aid and sanction to poets in upholding and spreading the idea of Ceylon's or any other land's "spicy breezes," I am at a loss to imagine.

While turning over some gazettes at the Colombo Library, on the day of our arrival, I was addressed very politely by an elderly gentleman, who discovering me to be a stranger, introduced himself, and at the same time invited me with as many of my messmates as would accompany me, to breakfast with him the next day at Bagatelle, the name of his garden, and, lest I should forget the direction, requested the librarian to write the address for me, saying, "However, anybody can tell you where the former Commissary General lives; it is about four miles from town." Circumstances prevented us from taking advantage of the

invitation for that day, but we did not fail to visit several times what is considered to be the best cinnamon garden, under private cultivation, in the neighborhood; and I am sure we shall long remember the cordial welcome, the unaffected hospitality and kind attentions extended to us on these occasions, by Mr. L. and the ladies of his amiable and numerous family.

About ten o'clock, one morning, we mustered a party of six or eight, and hired a "bandy," sometimes termed a palanquin carriage, a long-bodied vehicle set on low wheels, capable of accommodating four passengers. The driver—a more appropriate name would be, leader—holds the head of the horse by a single rein a foot or two long, and trots along beside him the whole way. This personage is usually attired in a cotten jacket and kummerband, or only in a kummerband; he keeps his body straight, holds his shoulders back, and does not swing his arms; and it is a subject of admiration, the speed and ease at which he travels six or eight miles, apparently at the end of the journey not more fatigued than his horse. These drivers excel the same class of people one sees at Bombay.

Our party being accommodated in a bandy and a part of Mr. L's carriage, drove out of the fort at the Galle gate, crossed the esplanade and race ground, a distance of about a mile, and then found the road running through forests or groves of cocoanuts, beneath the shade of which were seen the white huts of the Ceylonese, as well as the bungalows and gardens of the English residents, who were named to me by Mr. L. as we passed along. The road is level, macadamized, and, during the greater part of the day, completely shaded; it lies about a half mile from the sea, a glimpse of which is now and then caught through the alleys of tall trunked trees. The natives were seen variously employed. Some were bearing water in jars, suspended from the ends of a bamboo resting across the shoulders, and others were dispensing arrack from their little shops; but every where the women were the most industrious and engaged in the most laborious employment. They wear a short, loose spencer or gown, which falls just low enough to hide the breasts, while the lower part of the person is clothed in numerous folds of colored cotton, quite neatly arranged. Children, up to the age of eight or ten years, go entirely naked, and are very numerous; indeed, my com-

panion, who has twenty-four children by his present wife, expressed his opinion that the climate is remarkably favorable to procreation, both in the animal and vegetable kingdoms. Now and then we met a Boudhist priest, distinguished by his closely shorn head and eyebrows, and yellow robe cast about his person in such a manner, that the right arm and shoulder are left bare. A large banyan tree forms a sylvan arch over the road, some of its descending branches having taken root forty years from the parent trunk, on the opposite side of the way. In short, the whole ride was so novel, so picturesque and possessing at the same time, a miniature-like neatness and regularity, that one cannot but be pleased; one of our party declared, that he had never seen anything so Eden-like, and that he felt himself nearer paradise than he had ever done before.

We alighted at the mansion of Mr. L., and, after paying our respects to the ladies, were led through the cinnamon grounds; but there was no odor, no "spicy breezes," nor could we perceive anything like a cinnamon smell, not even when the very bark, still attached to the stick, however, was put under our noses. At the season of cutting, I was told by Mr. L. the odor was anything but agreeable, bearing more of the hircine offensiveness than of the spicy aroma, upon which poets love to dwell. The leaves, however, which are from five to eight inches long, by about three broad, and of a dark shining green, when mature, emit a strong smell of cloves, if broken or rubbed in the hands. The cinnamon (the spice) is the true bark, outside of which there is a tasteless, cellular cuticle, which the cinnamon pealer scrapes off with his knife before he removes the spicy bark. Were it not for this cuticle, the essential oil might be evaporated by the heat of the climate, and leave but an inodorous, tasteless substance, instead of the aromatic, which is so highly prized.

"Garden, sir"! replied a midshipman when asked how he liked the cinnamon garden—"garden, sir—it is nothing but a wilderness of green bushes and shrubs"; and such, in fact, it is. The cinnamon, when not interfered with, grows into a tree, twenty feet high, and eight or ten inches in diameter at the base of the trunk; but, when cultivated for the sake of its bark, it is not allowed to exceed eight or ten feet, with a diameter from one to two inches. The stalks, which shoot up in a cluster of

eight or ten together, are cut once in about three years close to the ground. On Mr. L.'s plantation the earth is accumulated around the roots, and, to retain the water, cocoanut husks are placed about them, which, in time form an excellent compost. It is cultivated by suckers generally, and sometimes from the seed, in which case, the young plants are kept in a nursery for a year or two, and then transplanted. Besides cinnamon and cinnamon oil, the plant yields, from its dark green leaves, a clove oil, which affords a very considerable profit.

While the Dutch held the government of the island, only a fixed quantity of cinnamon was allowed to be grown, the policy being to get as large a money return for as small a quantity as possible; and it is stated, that when the crop was greater than the demand, at the established price, the surplus was burned. Private individuals were inhibited its cultivation; nor were they permitted to cut a branch of the plant, even if it grew wild upon their estates, under the barbarous penalty of losing a hand. After the English got possession of Ceylon, the East India Company obtained a monopoly of the cultivation and sale, which was held until 1832; its growth and exportation have since been free, upon paying a duty of three shillings per pound on all qualities, equal to about six hundred percent on the cost of gathering, which is estimated at sixpence. During the existence of the monopoly, all the cinnamon was collected by the agents of the company, sorted, packed, and sent to England, whence it found its way to the different countries of the Christian world. This course and policy brought an inferior article into market, under the name of cassica, which, from its cheapness, has, to a very great extent, superseded the fine cinnamon.

The cinnamon oil is obtained from the fragments of bark which are made in peeling, sorting, and packing. The estate also produces a great number of cocoanut trees. Their sap is collected and sold under the name of toddy, which, by distillation, yields arrack, the spirits chiefly used in India, and the fruit is manufactured into oil, and sold in England. Besides these sources of profit, the plantation affords a number of sappan trees.

Mr. L. has a considerable dash of the antiquarian in his tastes, and, during a residence of thirty years in different parts of Ceylon, has picked up much curious information

relative to the inhabitants; he told me that, in digging, he had found several coins of Augustus Caesar. He showed us several Kandyan coins, and a book, written in Singhalese, upon leaves of the talipot tree. The leaves were about two inches wide, and sixteen long, and were laid uniformly together, betwen two heavy brass covers; but instead of being secured by one edge, like our books, a cord was run through the leaves, about two inches from either end, and in the centre; so that they may be said to be rather strung than bound together. The writing is done by an iron point, or stylus, which is something held in a slit made in the fore finger, and rubbed over with a composition, which, being at once wiped off, leaves the scratched letters black, contrasting well with the cream white of the leaf. Some of these works are centuries old, and still appear fresh and unimpaired.

Not the least interesting sight at Colombo is a very large elephant, employed every day in conveying great trees to the landing-place, where he piles them carefully, by aid of his tusks and trunk, thus performing, in a day, the work of twenty men. The strength and sagacity of the animal are wonderful, everybody knows; yet one cannot avoid expressing admiration when he sees him look from his small intelligent eye at a log, twenty or thirty feet long, and a foot or more in diameter, and then, taking it up in the middle, so that it will be accurately balanced across his tusks, carry it wherever directed. His driver is on excellent terms with him and makes him perform a variety of tricks, such as holding out a foot by which to mount.

Judging from what we saw, the English society, consisting chiefly of the families of the civil and military officers of the government, is very pleasant, but not very extensive—at least, not sufficiently so to be split into circles. The usual routine of life seems to be lunch or tiffin about two o'clock, P.M., a ride or walk at five, and dinner at seven or eight. We dined daily at one house, or at another, but saw nothing essentially different from our own customs on like occasions. The dwellings usually stand some distance from the road, and, when guests are expected, the alleys leading from the high-way are usually lighted up by torches, formed of inflamed cocoanuts fixed on short staves, producing a pretty effect, seen through the thick foliage which every where prevails. This I first saw at the

Governor's and again at the mess-house of the Ceylon Rifle Regiment, where we spent a most social and agreeable night.

It has been very correctly remarked, that Englishmen are less superlative in their language and less enthusiastic in their manners than we Americans commonly are; they most resemble the phlegmatic Dutch, we the volatile French. Most of those gentlemen I had the pleasure of meeting were of liberal opinions; but I was once or twice amused at certain hues of Bullism, which peeped forth when the conversation turned on subjects wherein some little rivalry between the two nations is supposed to exist.

On the night of the twenty-first we attended a ball at the King's House, given on the birth-day of Miss Horton, daughter of the Governor. For the pleasure of the evening we are particularly indebted to Lady Horton; the previous day had been appointed for sailing, and was postponed at her request. All were gay and agreeable, and the night passed happily away. A specimen of eastern luxury was seen in the ball-room, where constantly moving punkas, depending from the ceiling, fanned the dancers as they moved in the quadrille, or twirled in the waltz.

Of the kind hospitality extended to us, on all hands, at Colombo, I might speak in the highest terms, particularly, were I to draw a general comparison between it and Bombay, in this respect; but I think silence on the subject is more becoming, and perhaps, more agreeable to those whom I might name, should these pages ever meet their eyes. I know it is common with travellers of the present day to name, in their journals, all those who have obliged them with a dinner; but I cannot be convinced that private individuals are gratified by a public acknowledgement for the common courtesies of society, nor do I think it a legal tender for social civilities.

On the 24th of December, after sunset, we got under way, bidding an unwilling farewell to Ceylon, which, whether considered in respect to its natural sources of wealth, its climate, or flourishing condition, is the brightest spot in the colonial possessions of the British crown.

"We return—we return—we return no more!
So breathe sad voices our spirits o'er,
Murmuring up from the depth of the heart,
When lovely things with their light depart,
And the inborn sound hath a prophet's tone,
And we feel that a joy is for ever gone."

5.

FITCH W. TAYLOR: AN AFTER-DINNER PROMENADE WITH THE GOVERNOR 1838

Fitch W. Taylor was Chaplain to the East India Squadron comprising the frigate Columbia *and the sloop* John Adams *which circumnavigated the world for a little over two years. The two ships sailed from Hampton Road on 6 May 1838 on a typical voyage, fairly common in those times, where the dignified and courteous showing of the flag in far-flung corners of the globe where American commerce was beginning to penetrate, was interspersed now and then by characteristic feats of gunboat diplomacy. From Rio de Janeiro the squadron sailed around the Cape of Good Hope, visiting Arabian Gulf ports, Bombay and Goa, before anchoring in Colombo harbour on Sunday, November 25, 1838. Their brief stay in Colombo appears to have been most agreeable to judge from the convivial hospitality afforded the author and officers of the ship from the Governor, the Rt. Hon. James Alexander Stewart MacKenzie, and other members of the British establishment. The highlight of the stay was a dinner at Queen's House hosted by the Governor and his lady. A longer stay, with a visit to Kandy, had to be unhappily cut short on a report appearing in the* Colombo Observer *of an extract from the* Penang Gazette *relating to the murder of Captain Wilkins and some of the crew of the American ship* Eclipse *by natives of the west coast of Sumatra. Reluctant leave of the congenial blandishments of the English residents of Colombo was taken on Saturday, December 1st, but after Commodore Read had entertained the Governor and his retinue to breakfast on board the* Columbia *just before sailing.*

The outrage on the west coast of Sumatra was summarily avenged by the destruction of the picturesque seaport town of Muckie by concentrated cannonades from thirty-two and forty-two pounders, the guns raking the whole city in its length and breadth in a ruthless display of firepower. Ten boats crowded with armed sailors and marines went ashore with orders from the Commodore to "burn and destroy the town," leaving Muckie in "smoking ruins." After this exploit, which the parson details with a wealth of candour and self-righteous detail, the ships sailed for Singapore, Canton, Macao, Honolulu, Tahiti, Valparaiso, Callao, Rio de Janeiro, doubling Cape Horn, and reaching Boston on 13 June 1840, about thirteen months after setting out. The entire traverse from port to port was nearly 50,000 miles, in the course of which more than seventy of the frigate's crew died of diseases contracted in the east. The author, 34 years old at the time of sailing, wrote his fascinating account of the voyage during the leisurely days at sea, in which the incidents of the cruise and the many splendours of the passing scene—human and natural—were reviewed with a deft and attractive pen. In a characteristic burst of loyal sentiment, which had never deserted him throughout the memorable voyage, Taylor ended his account with an eleven-verse poem "The Traveller's Return to his own Dear Home." The work was dedicated to Commodore Read, and dated New York, October 1840, a few months after the ships returned.

From *The Flagship, or a Voyage Around the World, in the United States Frigate Columbia;* by Fitch W. Taylor (New York, 1840), vol. 1, pp. 295-304.

"We anchored in Colombo Roadstead on Sunday morning November 25, 1838, having made land the preceding evening, and standing off during the night.

"After the services on board, during the day, I accompanied Lieutenants Magruder and Turner and Dr. Hazlett to the shore, to attend the services of the church in the evening. It was dark before we landed; but the Colonial Secretary, who had called on the Commodore, politely accompanied us to the church within the walls of the fort, and

obtained us seats. As we landed we passed within the gate, along a street with its white colonnade lining on either side the whole range of the low buildings, producing a fine effect in the bright moonbeams; while the mellowing shade of the hour concealed all that would diminish our favourable impression, as we reached the church, lighted up for the services of the evening. The congregation had already mostly assembled, and the faces and the dress of the female part of the congregation were so like our own congregations at home, and the prayer book containing our own prayers, and the English service in our own tongue, and the like ceremonies of rising and sitting and kneeling, all made it seem like being in one of our own temples in our own western home, among our own acquaintances, on the still eve of the Sabbath day.

"Most of the gentlemen attending the services of the evening, were the officers of the barracks, in their red uniform, accompanying the ladies present, who were generally of the officers' families.

"The American is struck with the slight variations in the services of the English and the American Episcopal church. And where this variation occurs, I think it must be conceded, that the alterations in our service are decidedly an improvement. The English clergy so consider it; at least the Rev. Mr. B. thus expressed himself to me, when the two services were a subject of remark. There is also a difference between us in pronouncing several words of the service. In the opening exhortation of the clergyman to the congregation, the attention of the American is particularly arrested by the pronunciation of the word acknowledge, which the English clergyman pronounces as if written ac-no-ledge: 'The Scripture moveth us in sundry places to ac-no-ledge and confess our manifold sins and wickedness'; 'And although we ought at all times to ac-no-ledge our sins before God', & c. And in the Te Deum laudamus, 'We praise thee, O God, we ac-no-ledge thee to be the Lord'. And yet, Sheridan and Perry, and Jones and Jameson pronounce this word as if written ac-nol-ledge, as also do Walker, Fuller, and Knight, while they are the only three who give their authority also for ac-no-ledge.

"As we returned to the ship, the sea was running high. The anchorage ground is an open roadstead; and sometimes the swell is threatening to a small boat. And yet

there is a species of canoe here, constructed with an outrig. It consists of light pieces of wood, narrow, and nearly as long as the canoe, and is parallel with it. It has two arched bars, extending from the canoe to this stick, thus enlarging the base of the little boat by several feet. This fragile thing, with this construction, rides on the heaviest billow, like a wafer or a cork.

"The Commodore and some of his officers dined with his Excellency the Governor, last evening, November 27th. It was a beautiful night. We reached the Governor's house, a spacious mansion, at half-past seven o'clock. Commodore Read and his officers were severally presented to Mrs. MacKenzie, the Governor's lady,[1] who entered the room with her hat on, as her head-dress, which we humbly conceive to have been in great bad taste, while her ladyship was prodigal with her smiles, and with great frankness and goodness of heart, placed her guests at their ease. The Governor's self, in lace and silver epauletts, soon presented himself, that others might be presented to him. He entered the reception-room after a number of the guests had arrived, with ease, but less with the air of a polished courtier than the plainer gentleman of education and great good sense, who had seen the world and knew its different phases and its fashions, and relied on his personal merit and conscious mental acquisition for consideration, in connection with his station, rather than on mannerism, or on a polished address that excluded mannerism in the faultless but marked attitudes of graceful and elegant demeanour.

"An hour passed after the arrival of the Governor's company—few ladies and more gentlemen—when there was a movement from the antechamber to the hall, where the guests placed themselves on a range of seats around a tasteful and well-spread table.

"It contributed much to my gratification to be seated on the right of Sir John Wilson, the commander of all her majesty's forces in the island; a gentleman of great amiableness and worth and popularity, and distinguished for

1. *Daughter of the Earl of Seaforth whose family name was MacKenzie. Her first husband was Admiral Sir Samuel Hood, former Commander of the East Indies Squadron. On his death she married the Rt. Hon. James Alexander Stewart, who added his wife's family name to his own. He was Governor of Ceylon from 1837 to 1841.*

his services in the peninsular war.

"His Excellency called upon myself to 'say grace', as the guests were about to take their seats, and again to return thanks before the ladies left the table. I note it here as illustrating the custom of those in high stations, in the East, of whose hospitality we have participated, and to commend what we deem laudable at their tables. At Bombay, at the Governor's table, it was the same. A blessing was asked and thanks returned. And there was no blush for the name of Christian, nor felt apprehension that this act of devout acknowledgement to the Giver of all our mercies, might be unwelcome to the pleasure of any at the extensive table.

"The gentlemen sat longer after the ladies had retired than was the case at Bombay, but it was not in the turbulence of noise and excess of wine, but to indulge in the vivacity of free and social conversation. We had already learned of the frank hospitality of the residents at Colombo; and our anchors had hardly dropped before we were partaking of it, in a manner that assured us of its generous and entire cordiality.

"Before I had risen, myself, from the table, earlier than others, Sir John Wilson had politely urged that I would dine with him, at his lovely villa, on the beautiful little lake in the neighborhood of the city. Leaving the day to be named by myself, and proposing to invite some friends whom he supposed it would give me pleasure to meet, I was happy to accept of his politeness, even to the necessary omission of courtesies proffered in notes of invitation to the ward-room mess generally, and some others individually, which had been received for every night of the week. The number of English officers at this station is numerous, and the officers of the different brigades have the different mess-houses. Each of these messes sent invitations to the officers of the Columbia. And though I did not make it convenient, myself, to be at either of their dinners, the officers who were, found the entertainments to be most creditable to the messes for the taste and elegance displayed; and in every instance they were particularly complimentary, in the sentiments which were expressed, towards the American nation, and personally to Commodore Read and his officers.

"As I vacated my seat at the table, I strolled into the

verandah, extending with its colonnade of pillars quite the length of the main building with its extensive wings, and adjacent to the garden-grounds, which surround the house; but erelong I passed to the upper chambers, delightfully disposed for receiving every breath of air which sweeps, with the sea-gale, through the windows, quite down to the floor of the verandah. And the sea! the deep rolling sea—the surf-sounding sea, the beautiful, the sublime, the eternal sea, with its now calm and now turbulent and now throwing bosom, spreads its vast expanse before the commanding residence of the Governor. The building consists of a centre and two long and low wings, surrounded by the verandah already alluded to, with its massive pillars in front and rear, with also an upper verandah to the centre building, which opens at each of its ends, directly upon the flat roofs of the long wings of the mansion.

"As I ascended the inner flight of stairs to the upper verandah, the Governor approached me; and as we leaned over the balustrade, contemplating the scene in front of us, his Excellency soon discovered, that the elements of poetry were in his make; and for a while, we promenaded this sweet balcony, overlooking the grounds between the near sea-shore and the garden, with the white pagoda-like light-house in the perspective. And the moon, the bright moon, on one of her loveliest passages through the clear and deep blue sky, was moving to-night, in her meekness and softest sheen of glory, with only here and there a collection of fleecy clouds, which, drinking in her prodigal beams, added new beauty to the scene, as they cast their mimic shadows on the illumined bosom of the far-out deep.

"That scene reminds me," said his Excellency, 'of a print which I have seen, representing *night* in its composition, and another of *morning*. The night-scene was composed of the particulars as they now lie before us.'

"It is beautiful," I replied. 'I have seen night represented by a black horse with a dark cloud curling upon his neck, and morn, by a courser striking his small hoof upon the fleecy folds of a golden-edged cumulus, as his nostrils snuffed its vapour for the early dew. But this is indeed a charming view—the queen of night, as she is now seen reclining on those clouds, as Cowley describes her, like a Sultana pillowed on couches of silver. And then, that

mighty ocean, and that dashing, cascading, eternal surf, which beats upon those rocks, throwing up their jets in crystal sheets of foam, to drink in the moonbeam, in contrast with the deep shades of those young forest trees —certainly there is composition here, to delight; and how the soul loves the hallowed impressions received from the pure sounds and pure visions of nature, when addressed to the mind which sometimes lives in itself.

"You see those shrubs," said the Governor, as he led the way from the verandah to the promenade on the top of the wing of the building nearest the sea, and the ideal visions of improvement in his garden-plots warming his imagination, as the capacities of his grounds were alluded to; 'scarcely one of them were here seven months ago;— so luxuriant is the vegetation in this climate, that they have been brought forward in their cultivation, in so short a period'.

"The Governor devotes his mornings to the improvement of his grounds, and pointed out to me the different plans, as they lay in his own imaginative mind. He has but lately, comparatively, come to the island, as Governor of Ceylon, but evinces an enthusiasm for its improvement, and the development of its resources, and the promotion of its interests as a statesman, a Christian philanthropist, and a man of literary taste and acquisition. He has already found materials of interest in the old Dutch records; and is having translated a manuscript document composed by one of the old Governors, on the eve of his leaving the island, for the benefit of his successors, showing what he had done, and proposing measures which would facilitate and extend further improvement. —'Just such a thing', said his Excellency, 'as I should like to leave to my successor.' The paper is a curious document, and will form a treat to the antiquary and the politician.

"His Excellency talked of the interior—gave a graphic description of the reception of one of the chief men of Candy,[2] who lately visited Colombo, whom he presented with a medal, and who, of his own accord, has lately manumitted all his slaves. This man, though of little importance in a political point of view, in the present firm establishment of the power of the English in the island, yet retained all the airs of one who still deemed himself a prince among his own people. And of the scenery of the interior, on the route to Candy, the olden residence of the ancient powerful chiefs of the island and the capital of the empire, the Governor gave a description, which, doubtless, was coloured by an imagination and a sympathy which he legitimately inherits, as the birthright of one who has been born in Scotland, and has roamed in his young days among its mountain ranges and highland hills.

"I was glad, also, to hear from his Excellency, an unequivocal commendation of our missionaries, who are situated in different parts of the island. During the late embarrassed state of the finances of the people in America, which affected the resources of the missionary stations, the government here contributed £200, or nearly $900 for the benefit of the American missions. And his Excellency, in making up his private budget this season, was so thoroughly impressed with the commendable zeal which actuated the American missionaries, and the happy results consequent on their labours, that he did not wait to hear of any embarrassment of theirs, or allow an application to be made in their behalf, but anticipated anything of this kind by asking if the allowance of the preceding year would be acceptable to them. It was added to his list of expenditures.

"And believe me," was the sentiment of his Excellency, 'we think the government to be under a greater obligation than this, for the efforts which the American missionaries are putting forth for the education and the religious welfare of the inhabitants of the island'.

"We had been promenading for more than an hour on the top of this wide and extended west wing of the Governor's house, with a bright heaven above us and a rich landscape and glorious moon-lit sea-scene around us, uncovered, and with the moonbeam glancing back from the rich lace of the Governor, as we turned or paused in our walk, to express an agreeing sentiment on the topics already alluded to, or which the works of Scott and Bulwer, or Cooper and Irving, (the last, all Englishmen bless) or the general theme of England and America awakened. And now, a strain of music, borne from the inner rooms along the verandah,

2. *Kandy, principal town in the highlands of Ceylon, and last capital of the Kandyan Kingdom before annexation by the British in 1815.*

met our ears, in the open air, as the vibrating zephyr came dancing and delighted by us. It had attraction for both of us, and we sought the company, who were listening, with a marked compliment, to the fine execution of one of our officers on the Spanish guitar.

"Americans," said an English officer in red, who was near me, 'excel in music. I have had the pleasure of spending some time among them, and longest in New York. I speak from observation and feeling'.

"At least," I rejoined, 'I know some New Yorkers who have a love for music almost to a passion, whatever may be their execution; although the inhabitants of the Eastern States have the highest reputation for excellence in the art, which you know it is said, and I should question the sensibility of the man who doubts it, once had the power to move stones into regular built palisadoes. And your particular friend, Miss B., I should think had inherited the lyre of Apollo, as his favourite muse. At least she has the song of soul which is the soul of song, if I have read rightly the spirited play of her features.'

"The Colombo people were ever ready to say kind and complimentary things of America, and I had no reason, once to question the sincerity of their expressed sentiments towards our nation; but without an intended compliment, merely to the young lady, to whom the gentleman I then addressed, as rumour that evening said, was soon to be joined in matrimonial nuptials, I thought her face strikingly pretty, as the simple fillet of braid confined her luxurious ringlets from off her beautiful and pure brow.

"The ladies gave us music, with the piano-forte as their accompaniment; and the evening was spent in social and agreeable interview.

"Sir John, lounging at his ease on a rich ottoman, had passed to me the word, 'dinna forget', just previous to our leaving, and the Commodore and his officers, at a seasonable hour, returned to the ship."

"Imagine these terraces all flooded with water and sown with rice, or "paddy" as they call it"
—Clara Kathleen Rogers.

6.

SAMUEL FISK GREEN, M.D.: BELOVED PHYSICIAN 1854

Dr. Samuel F. Green was born at Green Hill, Worcester, Mass. on 10th October 1822, the son of William E. Green and Julia Plimpton. He graduated in March 1845, and a year later was asking himself, "Why is it not better for me to go where I can be very useful, as well in my profession as otherwise, at once — go to a land of darkness and heal the bodies and enlighten the minds of some error-bound people" (Cutler, p. 22). This burning desire was almost immediately satisfied for, on offering himself to the American Board, he was appointed to act as missionary physician to the American Mission in Ceylon. A mark of his earnestness may be remarked from the fact that he plunged into the study of Tamil immediately. He sailed alone from Boston on 20 April, 1847, confident in his loneliness, saying to one sister, "I won't get married, if I can help it, till I have explored the Indies myself alone first" (ibid. p. 32). He arrived at Point Pedro from Madras on October 6, 1847, and was soon caught up in the practice of his profession, to which he gave abundantly and without cease for over twenty years. He was dedicated to the diffusion of true medical science as an antidote to what he considered the "quackery" of the Hindus, and also to training a skilled body of native practitioners. Finding that those trained in the English tongue were soon lost to the mission field, through 'brain drain' to the government and outside, he pioneered the study of medicine in the language of the people, and commenced the translation of medical textbooks into Tamil.

He was both an outstanding physician and surgeon, despite being out of touch with advances in his profession, but though he healed bodies, he considered it his primary mission to save souls, by exploiting his craft for the higher objective of evangelising the patient. He was the medical missionary par excellence in the Asia of his period. He spoke and wrote Tamil with ease and grace, and strove heroically to spread the benefits of western medicine and hygiene in the peninsula. He was almost fatally stricken by the cholera which raged in Jaffna in 1855. His hospital at Manipay was virtually the headquarters of medical science and training in the island, until the government instituted the Ceylon Medical College in 1870. He produced nearly sixty medical graduates, over half of them in the vernacular, and left his Tamil translations of medical books as enduring memorials of his work when he left in May 1873. He died on May 28, 1884 in the house he was born. The two extracts are taken from letters written in 1854 — about six years after he entered on his labours among the Tamils.

From *Life and Letters of Samuel Fisk Green, M.D. of Green Hill;* by E. Cutler (1891), pp. 88-89, 93-98.

"Cancer of the mouth is a very common disease here, arising from the habitual use of quick-lime with the Betel quid.

"In the dewy season there is much of fever and lung affections. Even the sheep die of pneumonia in that season, so very trying is the change from the hot days to the chilly nights. So poorly clad are the people that their liability to these troubles is greatly increased. Often of a dewy morning have I—from the cold regions of the North—gone by almost chilled in flannels, while little children of the tropics stood stark naked by the roadside.

"Fever-and-ague is very common in the eastern parts of the Province, and the miserable victims of its long continued attacks are very frequently seen—with enormous bellies, shrivelled members, bloodless tongue and eyelids. The spleen becomes really prodigiously enlarged, in many cases reaching over to the right side and nearly or quite

down to the hip bone.

"Many of the wealthy die of diabetes, the effect of their vegetarianism, license and luxurious indolence combined. The corpulency some of them attain is wonderful.

"The force of action in the physical system of this people is very small. I have been surprised, on feeling the pulse, to find a man, under a recent severe injury, even in the stage of reaction, icy cold . . .

"Much of their illness may be ascribed to their diet, and their ignorance of the laws of health. Even some of the respectable people here eat field rats as well as bats and lizards. It is curious to see an old man take basket after basket of water and pour it over a child's head; although the natives may wash the body daily, they take what they call a bath only once a week (some of them at least), and then they wash and oil the head. Although a Tamil gets sick by his weekly bath of fifty or a hundred basket of water, yet he will not lessen the quantity.

"The Hindu religion, wrote Dr. Green, 'is interwoven in all the social system. Not a house must be built but the astrologer must predict the favorable day for commencing; and for a long time will a frame stand unthatched till a propitious time shall arrive for tying on the first leaf; it may then be finished at leisure.

"The custom of putting two ear-rings in each ear, when the people are able, must be observed on an auspicious day, and one part of the ceremony is to break a cocoanut to Puliar.

"In Batticotta, the women will, and the men will not, kill the centipede; for once, as a woman tried to poison her husband by mixing poison in his soup, a centipede, falling into it from the roof, prevented his eating it and thus saved the man's life.

"I observed that all the patients in the bungalow headed in our direction—towards the Puliar temple. None would presume to point their feet thither. One boy, who had been educated in one of the Mission schools, disregarded the position and lay sidewise to the temple.

"The flesh of sheep and goats these people do not think of eating; nor do they kill their calves, because they firmly believe no milk can be obtained unless the calf does part of the milking.

"A barber in Araly goes to the temple, becomes seized of the god and executes his vengeance by beating the low caste people with a rattan; this a sign of the god's displeasure, and the people run to offer sacrifices and get rain. A man sings and prays for three days in the temple, and, if in that time rain does not come, threatens to cut off his head. For two or three nights at sunset the people drag about the 'great sinner',—an effigy of the one who so offends Indra that he will not give rain,—and in the darkness burn it in some wilderness.

"Mootayvi is the personification of darkness, and her presence brings misfortune; and Eluchvome, her younger sister, is the personification of light, and her presence brings prosperity. If a child blows out a lamp by his mouth he is reproved for want of respect to Eluchvome; the child is taught to fan out the flame by waving his hand. The people are particular to light the lamp early in evening, so that Eluchvome may enter; if the house be dark, Mootayvi will enter.

"When a person is dying his friends send immediately for the Brahmin, who comes running to the house with sacred grass in his hand, sprinkles with water a place on the ground beside the sick, spreads out his handkerchief and sits down upon it, calls for diverse articles needed in the ceremonies; several Brahmins stand around and respond to the muntras as he repeats them. Just at the last gasp the tail of a cow, previously brought and backed up near the sick man, is put momentarily in his hand and held by someone; then the cow becomes the property of the Brahmin. The belief is, that, if the man at the last moment gives the Brahmin a cow, the Brahmin will cause the cow-goddess in the other world to come and convey the soul over the fiery river; and this faith seems implicit, even among educated, polished people.

"As we approached a place where dead bodies are buried we saw the ashes of a body, and the son of the deceased, with a Brahmin and another man, standing beside them. A brass pot containing money was at the head of the pile of ashes, enwrapped in a new shoulder cloth; upon it a green cocoanut, fringed below with a circle of mango leaves. This represented Puliar, or Genesa. In front of this were spread little cakes, bran of rice, rice flour, and soft boiled rice in little heaps on a large plantain leaf. Two wicks, made of rag

rolled up and dipped in oil, were burning, each on a heap of the soft rice,—I understand, to satisfy the devils. Most of the remains they were burying; but a handful the Brahmin put in a pot, to carry to the sea shore and throw into the water—in order that the ashes may float into the Ganges. The people think that if the child does not go through all these ceremonies the parent will not reach heaven.

"One does not see all that is bad in heathenism, for the people are haters of the light and carry on their orgies in the darkness. As I was returning from a prayer meeting in the pitch dark of a rainy night I saw five or six men, with bushel baskets of firewood on their heads, and a new pot, seized by the brim, in their hands, on their way to the temple to boil rice to the idol. If it foams up nicely when it begins to boil, the deity is propitious.

"What can be viler than their revered sacred books! A person could translate faithfully Koo-rul into English without sentencing himself to perpetual infamy. When Siva is worshipped, the Dancing Girls stand by the idol, so that the first glance of the Divinity, as he comes to receive his honors, may be one of pleasure. Here you see the worst form of social corruption enshrined in the very Sanctum of the community.

"Oleanders in full flower—pink, red and white—are daily stripped of their fragrance and beauty for the temples, where they are hung upon the senseless idols. To talk down idol worship does not require much acumen; but though one succeed in rebutting everything said in its favor, the work is not done. Behind or above the popular forms lies a network of metaphysics, finespun and ingenious. The most ignorant know nothing of it save that it exists, and they consider its depths of wisdom as immense. In this lies the hold of heathenism on the masses; on the enlightened its chains are worldly interest, honor, power, wealth, and peace with their relatives. The position of the Brahmins here is very much like that of him who stirred up the people to cry, 'Great is Diana'. When heathenism sinks, they will sink with it—from deities to men.

"What then do we see in India but a huge Banyan with a trunk of enormous girth, and with ten thousand branches reaching out in every direction, each with its several rooted adjuvant trunks supporting it? And this tree to fell, a few puny white boys, with plaything hatchets, are commissioned. Wait we must a century for its fall, and longer too, unless that mighty Spirit appear and make by his own divine power a short work of it in rightiousness."

"Filled with every possibility, questioning nothing, knowing everything, rejecting nothing"
—Thomas Merton.

7.

TOWNSEND HARRIS: A HAPPY NEW YEAR IN POINT DE GALLE 1855-56

Townsend Harris, the first United States Consul-General to Japan, was born on October 3, 1804. He was active in the commercial and educational life of New York from an early age. He was President of the Board of Education of New York, from which post he resigned in January 1848. In 1847 he devoted much of his time to the establishment of the City College of New York, where his unpublished letters and manuscripts are now preserved. In 1849 he began a series of trading voyages as supercargo of his own merchant vessel, in the course of which he lived and carried on business in North and South China, Hong Kong, Shanghai, Canton, Macao, Penang, Singapore, Ceylon and India. These six years commercial wanderings provided Harris with the ideal training and background for his later intercourse with the Japanese. The feelings of culture-shock had long been resolved, and his constant traffic in Asia had imbued in him attitudes of sympathy and tolerance, and patience above all. It gave him, too, an understanding of the life and mind of the Oriental.

Harris was in China at the time the American fleet bearing the pioneer Japan expedition under Commodore Matthew Perry reached that country in 1853. In 1854 Harris was nominated Consul at the treaty port of Ningpo, China. But he returned to the U.S. in July 1855, a month after the Perry Treaty with Japan had been proclaimed on 22 June 1855, and lost no time in pressing his claims for the greatly responsible diplomatic post as first Consul to Japan. Even Perry, who had been impressed by his work in the Far East, was among those friends and supporters, actively aiding and abetting Harris in this campaign. He was duly appointed Consul-General to Japan by President Pierce in the first week of August 1855, and resigned at the end of 1861. His six years as the first representative of any country to be accredited to the Island Empire of the Far East was extremely rewarding and fortunate both for the U.S. and Japan, when the latter first opened her ports to the western world. In his youth he had been taught by his mother "to tell the truth, fear God, and hate the British" — he carried out these precepts in his lonely mission.

He embarked on the Pacific *from New York on October 17, 1855 on the first stage of his journey to Penang, Siam and Japan. He travelled to Ceylon on the* Bengal *from Suez boarding on December 7, 1855; and reaching Galle on December 24, 1855. His fellow-passengers from Suez were Mr. Stirling, a newly appointed Puisne Judge with his wife and daughter, Mr. Mitford, Civil Judge, and General Lockyer, Commander of the Forces, Ceylon, with his wife and daughters. He went ashore on Christmas Day, lodging at his favourite guest-house, and visiting old friends in the mercantile and official community, and being hospitably treated by them. Among his hosts were Mr. John Black, the first American Consul in the island. He indulged his taste for avid reading by exploiting the resources of the local library and reading room. He was familiar with Ceylon from his earlier business voyages, and had stayed with a Mr. A. H. Fryer in Colombo in 1854. His unpublished papers should shed more light on his Ceylon connections. He sailed from Galle to Penang on the* Cadiz *on June 13, 1856, and there linked up with his secretary, Henry Heusken.*

From *The Complete Journal of Townsend Harris, First American Consul General and Minister to Japan* (New York, 1930), pp. 34-45.

"*December 24, 1855.* At 6:30 anchor off Point-de-Galle to wait for daylight. The next morning I take leave of Captain Black of the *Bengal,* with thanks for his attentions, and go on shore and proceeded to my old quarters at Bogar's

Mansion House. Call on Captain and Mrs. McDonald. The *Bengal* leaves for Madras and Calcutta at 5 P.M. I dine with Dr. Clarke (LL.D.), Acting Judge. The guests, besides myself, were Judge Mitford, Mr. Clarke, the Presbyterian clergyman, Mr. Black, U.S. Consul, and wife. Mr. Clarke is a teetotaler,—of which class the number is increasing in the East. While in France I drank the delightful mild wine of the South, but after leaving Marseilles I came back to my old Asiatic habit—tea and cold water.

"*December 26, 1855.* Call on John Black, Esq., U.S. Consul—he [was] absent at Colombo. Saw Mrs. Black and her three fine children. Afterwards I see Staff Surgeon Cowen and the Rev. Mr. Garstin, Colonial Chaplain, and Mr. W. C. Forbes, all of whom call on *me first.* What a difference a *title* of office makes in this world of ours? Mr. Forbes invited me to dine with him on New Year's Day, which I accepted.

"*December 27, 1855.* Breakfast *chez moi.* Afterwards go to reading room, where my name has been kindly inscribed. See a grand match at billiards played between Major Lilly, Commander at Point-de-Galle, and Captain Vanderspaar, of the Ceylon Rifles. A deal of betting by the players and bystanders. How fond the English are of a bet! Home to dine and early to bed. Sleep well.

"*December 28, 1855.* Breakfast and dine with Captain and Mrs. McDonald, my old Hongkong friends. They kindly give me a standing invitation to breakfast with them every day and also to dine, when they are not engaged out themselves.

"Write to Judge Mitford and J. O'Halloran, Esq. Mr. H. Sonnerkalb, Consul for Hamburg, called on me today.

"*Friday, Saturday and Sunday, December 28, 29 and 30, 1855.* Did not leave the hotel. Read *The Newcomes.* This, like the other works of Thackeray, leaves a very unpleasant sensation. In his eyes the whole world is base, black and faithless; he ignores everything like benevolent action based on principle, and disbelieves any other motive of action than egoism. On Monday the 31st the steamer from Calcutta for Suez comes in. Mr. Baker, formerly of the Sandwich Islands and now of Calcutta, desires to be remembered to S. N. Greene, (fat Sam) of Penang. Write to N. Dougherty of New York.

"*Monday, December 31, 1855.* The steamer from China comes in. Hear of the death of Commodore Abbott, U.S.N., at Hongkong. Call on Mrs. Black and Mrs. McDonald.

"Go to reading room; look over China and India newspapers; return *The Newcomes,* and take out *The Caxtons.*

"*January 1, 1856* Happy New Year! I would much like to be in New York today to call on the few friends that Death has left me. This bids fair to be an important year to me. I have important matters entrusted to my charge, and, *if I am successful,* I may connect my name with the history of my country. But, if unsuccessful, no matter what ability I may display in my negotiations, I shall sink just as much in proportion as I should rise if successful. In other words, the world judges solely by results. *Finis coronat opus* is the motto of our day and generation. The steamer from China *(Norna)* sailed for Bombay at 6:30 A.M.

"Call on Captain and Mrs. McDonald. Finish and return *The Caxtons.* How much the later works of Bulwer excel his early productions; what a difference in the morals and philosophy of *My Novel* and *The Caxtons* and that of *Pelham, Eugene Aram, Paul Clifford,* etc., etc. Dine with Mr. Forbes, Governor's Agent for this place. His bungalow is outside the Fort, on a pretty hill overlooking the Fort and Harbor. Met Captain and Mrs. McDonald, Major Lilly and two subaltern officers. These military men cannot talk anything but *shop.* The Indian officers are, many of them, much better informed than those of Her Majesty's service. The latter talk only of horses, dogs, billiards and cards —that is, beyond the gossip of the regiment and station.

"Mrs. Forbes is a very charming person, daughter of a judge, born and educated in Ceylon; she has never been one hundred and fifty miles from her birthplace, yet she is well informed and most pleasing in her manners. The dinner was somewhat different from the usual English one in the colonies. A great number of excellent Cingalese *plates* made their appearance; among others, the *cabbage,* as it is called, of the cocoanut tree, dressed half a dozen different ways, the meat of the cocoanut which has just begun to germinate in which state the cavity is quite filled up with a sweet, crisp vegetable substance that is quite agreeable. The Malay curries of Mrs. Forbes were unexceptionable. *Hulwah,* an Arab sweet-meat, made of rice, sugar and camel's milk, figured at the dessert among a regiment of Cingalese and Hindo-stanee preparations of fruit and

sugar.

"*January 2, 1856.* I meet for the first time with the works of the Rev. C. Kingsley; *Alton Locke, Yeast, Hypatia,* and *Westward Ho!* I shall read these. I took out the *Adventures in the Punjab* by Major H. M. Lawrence, the most remarkable man of India at the present day. He resembles Lord Clive in energy, fertility of resources and indomitable courage, while he has none of the vices that stained the glory of Clive. Also took [out] *Anti-Coningsby.*

"*January 3, 1856.* Up at 5 a.m. and go out to a rock temple *(wiharree),* sitting and recumbent figures of Budh—the last, twenty-five feet long. Plenty of the sacred *tulsi* of the Hindoos growing here. This plant is the 'sweet basil' of Europe and America—the purple variety. The Hindoo legend is that 'Tulasi', beloved of Krishna, was changed by him into this plant. The first avatar of Vishnu was in the form of a fish, and a fish forms a part of the Royal Arms of the Great Mogul, the King of Oude, and other potentates of the East. When a new Governor General comes out to India, that 'shadow of a shade', the 'Great Mogul', presents him with a patent of nobility giving him various titles, among others that of 'Bahaudor' of 'Lord of the Sword'. This patent bears the impress of two crossed fishes as a seal. Sacred trees here, as in India, are decorated with red and yellow flags. I cannot but admire the brilliancy and blue tinge of Sirius, the Dog Star, as seen both in India and Egpyt. It shines more brightly than Venus with us. Major Durand told me that when he was stationed at Peshawur, in the Punjab, he had frequently seen the hour by his watch from the light of the star. It is the most agreeable in idea of all the host that was worshipped by the ancient Egyptians, who called him Anubis, and he figures as a Dog-headed Deity. The Hindoos say that the constellation Rishi—our Great Bear—is composed of seven Hindoo Fakeers, who were so placed by Siva or Ram.

"The *Neem* tree (Persian lilac) is planted near the temples; leaves are on racemes; are pointed, about three inches long by half an inch wide. In appearance it is like our mountain ash; when in flower. The fragrance is charming. Here also is the henna tree—*Mendee* in Hindostanee. It is the *Lawsonia* of botanists. The leaves are small and the flowers are like those of the clematis; if placed close to the nose, they have an unpleasant vegetable smell, but at a short distance the perfume is charming. The henna dye is produced by bruising the leaves and moistening them with water and lime juice. When applied to the nails and palms, it produces a bright orange tint. The extraordinary custom *of polyandry, i.e.,* one woman having several husbands, —is practised in Ceylon and also in Thibet and parts of Nepal. The husbands are usually (but not always) brothers, and exercise their marital rights for one week at a time. On the road from Point-de-Galle to Colombo, the rest house where coach passengers breakfast is kept by three Cingalese brothers, who have one wife. On stopping there the second time, I asked the woman which she would like the best: to be one of many wives to one man, the sole wife of one man, or her present situation. She spat at the idea of polygamy, shook her head at a single union, and was emphatic in praise of polyandry. After some pressing she said the youngest of her husbands was her favorite, but that all were kind to her.

"*January 4, 1856.* Major Lilly invites me to dine with him tomorrow. At reading room; finish Guizot's *Charles I,* and first volume of *Coningsby.* Lieutenant Griffith, R.N., and Admiralty Mail Agent, is a fellow lodger at the hotel with me. He is an enthusiast with the microscope, examining flowers, flies, beetles, etc., etc.

"*January 5, 1856.* Finish *Coningsby* and *Anti-Coningsby;* query, who wrote the latter work? Dine with Major Lilly. Guests: Captain McDonald, Judge Clarke, Mr. Forbes, Mr. Sonnerkalb and Mr. Vanderspaar. Left at 10 p.m., leaving the whole party playing short whist at sovereign points. I never bet on any game of chance—not even sixpenny points, and the older I grow the more am I satisfied with this resolution which I took some eight years since.

"*Sunday, January 6, 1856.* At church, where to my surprise and annoyance, I found myself occupying a 'high place in the synagogue'. Dr. Garstin gave a capital sermon. Dined at the McDonalds. Yesterday I took from the library Kay's *Life of Lord Metcalf;* a very readable book.

"*Monday, January 7, 1856.* Steamer *Cadiz* from Bombay for China arrived. By this steamer I shall proceed to Penang, where I am to be taken up by the *San Jacinto,* but the *Cadiz* must wait the arrival of the steamer from Suez to take the mail on to Penang, Singapore and China. Went on board the *Cadiz* and found my old friend Captain Baker.

Captain Franceville and Mr. Newman (Americans) are passengers.

"*Tesday, January 8, 1856.* Returned *Life of Lord Metcalf.* Write to A.H. Fryer, my kind host at Colombo in 1854, during my visit to that part of Ceylon. Mr. Ronaine, Collector of this port, was introduced to me to-day. Call on Mrs. McDonald, Mr. Clarke, Major Lilly, and the Rev. Dr. Garstin. Ride with the collector to Garstin's hill, where he has a pretty bungalow, beautifully placed, charming views from all sides of it.

"Dine with Mr. Sonnerkalb, Hamburg Consul.

"*January 9, 1856.* Mr. Ronaine takes me out for a drive. It was charming and such an one as only can be found in the tropics. Palms of every kind shaded our road. The bright sweet-scented flowers were seen on all sides; bright plumaged birds flitted about, and monkeys mimed and grimaced at us on all sides. Our road lay across a stream over which the government engineer had thrown what *he* called an American truss-bridge; but, from some slight errors in his architecture, the bridge instead of presenting a fair level roadway, formed an *inverted arch* of rather steep descents and ascents. It is a crazy looking affair, and I was glad when I was safely over it. Dine with Mr. Black, U.S. Consul; Captain Baker, Rev. Dr. Garstin and Mr. Ronaine were the guests. It is the custom of all who do not ride or drive out to walk the ramparts from half-past five to six p.m. The views are beautiful and you have a fine fresh air. I always walk here unless occupied by a drive.

"*Thursday, January 10, 1856.* Breakfast at Captain McDonald's and dine with Mr. Forbes. It is a shame to *nembu* a dinner, no matter how good, when the table is graced by such a woman as Mrs. Forbes, but I must say that her dinners, for my palate excel all I have partaken of in Ceylon.

"*Friday, January 11, 1856.* Mr. Forbes drives me out to the Paramendr *wiharree.* The High Priest Darmasalmkase Sirisoman Tisse is a clever man. He showed me a number of letters from the First King of Siam *written in English* by the King himself, and a number of presents from him. The High Priest has some curious books in the Pali character, inscribed on leaves of the talipot palm, with a steel style. After thus engraving the letters, the surface is rubbed over with blue, red or black, according to taste; and, falling

into the marks of the style, the letters remain of the color of the powder applied. This priest built the Burmese wat at Ayer-Etam, Pulo Penang. He speaks Cingalese, Burmese and Malay, and understands English very well—altogether an uncommon man. I had a good deal of conversation with him,—he answering my English by Malay. He said he would not take life under any circumstances; that, if threatened by a cobra capello or tiger, he would not attempt to secure [his life], by destroying either of them; that if it were God's will that he should escape or die, that will would take effect notwithstanding *his* efforts. He said he would not catch a fish or kill a fowl, yet he would eat of both when they were cooked for him; that the sin lay not in the eating but in the slaying. In answer to my remark, that if there were no eaters of fish or fowl none would be killed, he said those things were settled by an overruling power. The Cingalese use the sacred *Aum* of the Hindoos. This word is composed of the initial letters of the three unknown and ineffable names of the Deity. In Thibet the lamas use *Aum, mani pani aum,* and also *Aum! mani pami aum! Heu! jemma lotus heu!* The Chinese use *Aum meto Foo! Amidah Budh!* repeating these thousands of times; and this dull repetition forms the principal occupation of the life of a Chinese recluse. When I was wandering among the picturesque hills and the sacred groves of Tien-Tung in China, I came one day to a hermitage seated high up the gorge of the hills. A little streamlet of water ran near it, and made everything verdant in its vicinity. On approaching the hermitage, its tenant, a pleasant looking old man, came out and saluted me kindly.

"On looking about I saw a little water-wheel, such as boys make from shingles in America, placed over the brook, where it was revolving merrily.

"I could not help smiling, as it brought back my boyish days when I used to construct similar pieces of machinery. On looking at it closely, I discovered that the gudgeon or shaft was square, and that it had Chinese characters on each of its four sides, and a further examination showed the inscription to be the same on all the sides. Through my Chinese servant I asked for an explanation and was told that the characters stood for *Aum meto Foo-Amidah Budh,* and that, when the wheel revolved, each time one of its square sides came up, it answered the same as if it had

been uttered by the priest; in other words, that he was praying by water. I believe wind wheels are used for a similar purpose.

"I may here remark that, while the Chinese Buddhists have retained the *sound* of these pious ejaculations, they have entirely lost the meaning of the words, and this remark will apply to all the books they have in the Pali character. They have preserved the sound by writing it in Chinese, but the sense is lost. The same has taken place with the Mahometans at Ningpo with the *Koran*, and with the Jews and the *Pentateuch.*

"The following lines, translated from a Cingalese poet, show that females do not occupy a high position in their estimation:

"*I've seen the* udumber *tree in flower;*
White *plumage on the crow;*
And fishes' footsteps *o'er the* deep,
I've seen through ebb and flow;

"*If man it is who this asserts,*
His *word you may believe;*
But all that woman says, distrust,
She *speaks but to deceive.*"

"The *udumber*, almost alone of the Cingalese trees, *never blooms.* In my wanderings in almost every part of the world I have applied one test, which I find to be unvarying, and that is, that the social position of women in any nation will indicate the amount of its civilization. Therefore, given her social status and you can at once find the mental state of the men.

"*Saturday, January 12, 1856.* No steamer yet from Aden. The *Oriental* is now five days behind her time. Captain Bond of Madras Artillery desires to be remembered to Captains Danen and Macpherson at Penang. Captain Bond is ordered to the Tennessarim provinces at a post back of Maulmain. At library from 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. Steamer from Suez arrived at 11:30 p.m.

"*Sunday, January 13, 1856.* Meet my friend Huffnagle; take him to breakfast at Captain McDonald's. At noon good-bye to all kind friends at Galle, and go on board the *Cadiz* and start for Penang; not crowded."

"The deep dignity of
processional renewal of
one's cultural fundaments"
—William Hull.

8.

HENRY HEUSKEN: "YOU AMERICAN OFFICERS BEHAVE MUCH BETTER THAN THE ENGLISH" 1856

Heusken was born Henricus Conradus Joannes Heusken in Amsterdam on January 20, 1832, and emigrated to America at the age of twenty-one, on the collapse of the family business. His restless spirit craved for a new life in the equally restless land of vast opportunity. Drifting in New York on his beam ends for the first two years, success came in 1855 with his selection as first secretary to the pioneer American Legation in Japan, on a salary of $1,500 a year, and free passage to Japan. He owed his appointment to his knowledge of Dutch, then the only language of diplomacy, science and scholarship of the Western world in its meagre relations with Japan. He rapidly became a valued and popular member of the small foreign community, and being sensitive to Japanese life and customs, and considerably sympathetic to their attitudes, moved without constraint in his new surroundings. This very freedom and initiative were to bring about his untimely death four days before his twenty-ninth birthday at the hands of one of the numerous bands of assassins then active in Japan. He spent four years and five months of his brief life assisting his chief Townsend Harris, the first American Consul-General, in a critical period of much ferment and misunderstanding, in the task of releasing Japan from its web of isolation.

Heusken sailed for the East on the San Jacinto *from New York on October 25, 1855, the ship which carried Harris' heavy baggage and presents for the King of Siam, and Emperor of Japan. He started a journal on this long voyage which he kept almost till the day of his tragic death. It is an entertaining and perceptive record of his adventures and personal reactions to the strange countries he visited, and the narrative was embellished with quite competent pen and ink sketches, as well as random sorties into verse. Except for a few excerpts from the French original of the journal published in 1883, the entire manuscript was unrevealed until 1951 when Lawrence C. Powell, Librarian of the University of California, Los Angeles, came across it in Holland. Curiously enough, a few years later, a Dutch translation came to light at an auction in the same country. The first translation into English was published in 1964 as* Japan Journal 1855-1861. *Heusken spent six cordial days at Galle from March 6-11, 1856; and his account provides an interesting contrast to those of the staid and urbane Harris and the affable, adventurous Wood, who were no strangers to the delights of this southern town and its arboreal environment.*

From *Japan Journal*, 1855-1861; by Henry Heusken (New Brunswick, N. J., 1964), pp. 38-43.

"March 6, 1856. This morning we cast our anchor before Point de Galle. As I enter the city I can't help but admire the still-solid walls that surround it and I regret for a moment the fickleness of things human. Three and one-half centuries have gone by during which the island of Ceylon has three times changed masters. About three hundred and sixty years ago, the intrepid Vasco da Gama, with a handful of men, went ashore in the long boat when he saw the smooth beach of the Spice Island. Setting foot aground, he heard the familiar crowing of a great many roosters and for that reason he called it Punto di Galle, Rooster's Point. This handful of heroes immediately started working and built a fortress whose solid walls have resisted so far the ravages of time. For one hundred and fifty years the glorious descendants of Albuquerque and Vasco de Gama knew how to maintain their positions on the "Pearl of the Indies', but another sun was rising on the seas of the Indies before which all others were going

to wane. A small nation of merchants, occupying a territory no larger than that of Ceylon, having shaken off the yoke of the most powerful monarch of the Earth, was now sending her tricolor flag sailing to all the known places of the new El Dorado. The Portuguese, weary of exploits and triumphs, degenerated by luxury, were no longer those brave companions of Albuquerque, full of energy and courage, and they surrendered, almost without resistance, the fruits of their ancestors' efforts and perseverance. The gate and the walls of the old fortress has remained the same, to this day bearing witness to the rights of the original masters. But the coat of Portugal was replaced by the Lion of Holland, and it, in turn, gave way to another one, flanked by a unicorn and the melodious harp of the Emerald Isle.

"Point de Galle has a lovely little bay surrounded by coconut groves, and in the distance high mountains appear with the famous Adam's peak from which, according to tradition, that venerable father—others say it was the god Buddha—betook himself in one single stride into the Kingdom of Siam. The inhabitants will still show you his footprint, five times longer than that of an ordinary foot.

"I went to the Lighthouse Hotel. Its worthy owner, Monsieur Andre, greeted us like old friends. He belonged to an old Dutch family, and, although he had never left the island where he was born, had never known any other dominion than that of the British, old Dutch blood bubbled in his veins. He took me aside and treated me to a genuine gin and bitters. 'Ah! the Dutch! he said. 'They knew how to treat the natives. Even today, the Hindus will address the descendants of the Dutch families with the deepest respects, and they will never dare step ahead of them in the street—but the English! Bah—!' 'But which one of the three nations', I interrupted, 'that ever held dominion over Ceylon was the best liked?' 'Well', he answered, 'that's certainly the British.' 'They were the ones that abolished slavery and they gave equitable laws.' 'But the Dutch', he sighed again, 'they knew how to govern with an iron hand, and how to keep the natives within the limits of respect and obedience.' 'May it please God that, before I close my eyes, I would have the pleasure to see the Dutch flag raised over the battlements of Point de Galle.' And the old Dutchman blew billows of smoke and drank his genuine gin and bitters, alone faithful to his ancestors.

"The Dutch language is not spoken any more at Point de Galle. Mr. André is the only one who speaks it well. At Colombo it is better preserved but here they speak only Singhalese [the vernacular of the native], a degenerated Portuguese, and English. Great pictures on the walls of the church indicate that here rest the remains of Hoog Wel Edelgeboren Heeren Governors of Galle, overleden 16 . . ., 'the noble and well-born Governors of Galle who died in the 16 . . .'

"Once out of the city you see nothing but a multitude of coconut groves, the tree par excellence of the Indies. A man who owns even only five such trees is a man of independent means. They supply him with enough food for the year, oil, milk, wood to build a hut with palm fronds for the roof. Ships are sometimes made entirely of that tree. The ship itself is built of coconut wood, and masts are coconut tree trunks, the rigging is made of coco fiber, and even the cargo is coconuts and coconut trees.

"On the main road to Colombo, I saw a genuine elephant doing the work of sixty men. When we arrived, that well-trained animal fell on his knees, walked on three legs and performed a thousand other such tricks, all at the command of his master. Snakes are plentiful here. There are thirty-three species, all venomous, especially the frightful *cobra de capello* [hooded cobra].

"It was in Ceylon that, for the first time in my life, I saw a Buddhist temple. It was located a few steps away from the road on a small hillock and surrounded by groves. The priests, clad in yellow robes, their heads completely shaven, let us inside. There one sees the great god Buddha in all possible postures, standing, sitting, lying. The largest statue measures about twenty feet in height, is yellow and made of clay. The walls are covered with figures depicting the different noteworthy episodes of the great God's life. Incense always burns before the statue. There, for the first time in my life, I saw these fervent disciples of Reincarnation bowing before their God. Poor Buddhists, whose greatest desire is, after purification by several reincarnations, to re-enter nothingness, or, as they naively explain it, to be absorbed by the rays of the divine essence. Not to exist anymore, to be complete extinct—that is the utmost bliss for them.

"The Singhalese are a mild and shy people by nature, and chaste of morals. When you represent to them the 'truths of the Gospel', they answer: 'We do not see that you Christian people live better than we do. Before judging of a faith, we judge of its works, and we fail to see how you carry out these holy doctrines of your great prophet, Jesus'.

"Mr. Austin, a merchant of Galle, was kind enough to take me to visit his plantation at Wackwalla, where he grows citronella, from which he extracts the aromatic oil known the world over under the name *oleum citronellum*. I shall never forget the pleasant surprise Mr. Austin had in store for me. After having passed in his carriage through coconut tree plantations on a land which, only twenty years before, was nothing but an impenetrable jungle infested with ferocious animals, we arrived at his bungalow built on a hilltop. These I found myself carried back instantly into the civilized world, that of elegant apartments and magnificient furniture, and I allowed myself to recline casually in a great Chinese easy chair. A Hindu was ordered to prepare dinner, and, within half an hour, we were served a meal worthy of 'Very' or one of the 'Provencal Brothers'[1], with even a genuine steak. After having passed the Cape of Good Hope, one abandons all hope of eating any beef or veal, for the wretched Brahma oxen, about as large as our house cats, certainly do not deserve that name.

"Strolling in the vicinity of Galle, I chanced to pass a very lovely country house. I was invited to enter and the owner, a native, showed me about his house with the courtesy of a perfect English gentleman. His name was Don Nicholas Dias. He showed me the ornaments that Singhalese chiefs wear on festive days. Men and women both wear their hair pulled back and tied in a knot at the nape of the neck and in that knot they place combs of tortoise shell, golden arrows encrusted with diamonds, and other precious stones; a dagger whose sheath and handle are strewn with diamonds is worn hanging from a gold-embroidered belt.

'Ah!' said my host, 'you American officers behave much

1. *Famous French restaurateurs of the nineteenth century. The Very Brothers in Paris are associated with the recovery of the French cuisine from the depths to which it had sunk during the French Revolution.*

better than the English. You are gay, and you do not treat us in that condescending manner that they have.' Wasn't that good man entitled to our consideration, entertaining us as he did in his own home, making it his duty to instruct us in the customs and ancestral traditions of his people? Oh, you civilized nations, fair-skinned people, how many lessons of true barbarism you give those aborigines of the two Indies, whom you call savages! You use the term as a sort of excuse for the outrageous thefts you have committed and will commit against them.

"When I left the home of our worthy Singhalese friend, it was dark. I saw, rising from the tall grasses, an infinite number of fireflies, which lit our path with their phosphorescent glow.

"These thousands of lights flying about us, the somber depths of the coconut palm forest, the flickering of a torch carried by a small Hindu boy, the calm sea, now silent, now breaking suddenly against the reefs with a dull sound, covering them with sprays of luminous foam, the towering walls of the old Portuguese fortress outlined in a darker shade against the bluish waves of the ocean—all these impressed me so deeply that I began to think that *The Thousand and One Nights* tales were coming true.

"*March 11, 1856.* We weigh anchor, and, as this fertile island disappears from view, I want to caution those who may visit these parts against the merchants of precious stones who will try to sell you their wares. These stones are of no value, sometimes even being pieces of cut glass imported from Marseilles. There are some most elegant, fancy boxes, wonderfully made. For those you will be asked three pounds sterling. Offer ten shillings and they will be glad to give them to you at that price."

"ancient groves where
the serene stone
Buddhas sit smiling
through the centuries"
—Achsah Barlow Brewster.

9.

WILLIAM MAXWELL WOOD: "THE INDOLENT EFFEMINACY OF EAST INDIAN LIFE" 1856

William Maxwell Wood, M.D., was surgeon of the Fleet to the U.S. East Indian Squadron, and was a fellow-passenger of Henry Heusken, Townsend Harris' secretary and interpreter, on the San Jacinto, *which sailed from New York on October 24, 1855. The rendezvous with Harris travelling on the* Cadiz *from Galle was Penang. Wood was a highly sensitive and cultivated man, with a keen sympathy for exotic lands and alien peoples, and a felicitous turn of phrase with which to write of his sojourns amidst them. In "A Few Words With the Reader" intended as a preface to his absorbing book, he distils the essence of good travel writing. "Thus do we all see differently what has the same external form, and hence a reason for writing many books upon even frequently described countries and peoples. It is not the ground over which the traveler goes which appears in his book, but the individuality of him who observes it. Each prismatic observer presents his own colored ray to make up the clear beam of truth, and no aggregate description of multiplied observers will make foreign nations accurately acquainted with each other, even when in close proximity, or derived from the same stock. There is, then, room for my gatherings from the remote regions respecting which I write, and I am conscious they will not be missed from the vast mass left for other observers and future years . . . Most of the time of these travels was among that people who, claiming to be Celestial themselves, regard every Western as a Fankwei, or "foreign devil." As Fankwei and Celestial we saw each other, and as Fankwei I tell the story." Woods unalloyed adherence to these well-framed spirit of place formulae informs every page of his genial and honest book.*

Wood had spent thirty years in the U.S. Navy by the time he returned home on the Ottawa *in 1858, and his book, published a year later, is considerably critical of the encrusted conservatism and lack of reform in this "important national institution, with its own peculiar usages and internal politics." Wood gives an affectionate account of the "pretty walled and embowered town of Galle" and its pleasantly wooded environs, with which he was familiar from an earlier visit. The highlight of a totally delightful description is the word-picture of a stay in a "rural bungalow" in Wakwella, a sylvan suburb five miles from the Fort, remembered from the earlier visit, when he and a British army doctor, James Cruice, spent an idyllic time together. His intercourse with the residents of upper-class Galle occasion some shrewd comments on the colonial-style dependence on native servants — a reliance continued to the present day by their successors to this indulgent heritage. In his rustic retreat he relished the flavour of curd in earthenware pots with a true Southern zest. Random travellers to Galle, before its great rival Colombo took over the bulk of the seagoing callers in the late nineteenth century, have written delightfully of their brief sojourns in this placid port town, but few have done so with a surer touch for its mood, atmosphere and landscape than Wood.*

From *Fankwei; or, the San Jacinto in the Seas of India, China and Japan;* by William Maxwell Wood (New York, 1859), pp. 104-120.

"XI. Ceylon. 'EBONY and topaz'. Not the sentimental contrasted blackness and brightness of the thrice venerable John Quincy Adams, but real material ebony chairs, sofas, bureaus, boxes, canes richly carved, and glittering sammes of topaz, in the shops and on the streets, with sapphires, rubies and amethysts, are the prominent first impressions of Ceylon, as we are introduced to it at the pretty walled and embowered town of Galle.

"Bishop Heber's beautiful missionary hymn has so as-

sociated the fragrance of spices and poesy with this island that one feels reluctant to break the bonds of genius which have thus bound them together; but true it is, the 'spicy breezes' are wafted only by the poet's imagination.

"In the first watch of the night of March 5, 1856, we made the light of Point de Galle, gleaming over the sea like a 'star on life's tremulous ocean', and on the following morning the tall and graceful white shaft, standing on the extreme point of Ceylon, indicated to us the 'fort' and city. A pilot boarded us and took us in.

"It was a quiet and lonely looking spot, with but few vessels at the anchorage. As we ran in, however, the harbor became suddenly alive. A crowd of boats, thronged with bronzed Cingalese, announced their rapid approach to us by the confused clattering of many voices.

"Queer looking boats they were, and won much of our attention. They seemed to be two planks, about six inches apart, coming end on to us, floating on the edge and carrying a heavy press of canvas. The planks rested upon a canoe beneath them, and out-riggers to a log, sharpened at both ends, kept them up in the water when under sail. Models of these boats are among the curiosities sold visitors.

"From these unique boats our glance is to the chattering, jabbering, shrieking, scolding, quarreling human beings on board of them. Their costume is attractive. At Galle a little book has been published called the 'Guide to Galle', in which, alluding to a part of Ceylon, it is said: 'The rainy season extends from December to May, and from May to December the season is wet'. So, in describing the costumes of our new acquaintance, I would say—from the head to the hips there are no clothes, and from the hips to the heels about the same.

"On shore we found ourselves among a varied population of Asiatics. The Cingalese, with glossy jet-black hair smoothly put back from the forehead by a semicircular tortoise-shell comb, and done up on a knot at the back of the head. Beneath this feminine arrangement are features covered with a fine skin, only less dark than the hair, of delicate and feminine form and expression, so that all the young look like girls to our unskilled eyes, a confusion which is increased by the white or bright-colored 'comeboy'—a shawl folded as a petticoat around the waist,

and worn alike by the more respectable of either sex. The women, however, wear a short jacket, dropping over the breasts, and leaving the body exposed between that and the comeboy. Like the boatmen we first saw, the lords of the lower class indulge in no such waste of muslin, but are content with that amount of costume which is a bare insufficiency. All have black teeth and bloody looking mouths, from the use of betel, mixed with lime, and pepper leaves.

"Moormen, in Arab parti-colored caps, with shaven heads, and voluminous shawls wrapped around their waists, are everywhere at our heels, on the shores, in the streets, in the hotels and the halls of private houses; even on the road-side to the distance of some miles in the country, they appear importuningly. These Moormen are the traders in jewelry and precious stones. Jewel boxes are taken from the folds of their shawls, and sapphires, rubies amethysts, carbuncles, emeralds, cat's eyes, and moon stones, displayed in gorgeous abundance, or else good English and French imitations of these valuables.

"Prices are coolly asked for these little glittering ornaments which would indicate that money was in great abundance at Point de Galle. Fifty, seventy-five, one, two hundred dollars for what, in your uneducated judgement, you hoped to win a wife or sweetheart's smile, at the cost of only five or ten. One of these street peddlers proffered to sell me a sapphire for fifteen hundred dollars; and in a shop having over its door a sign, 'Guaranteed Jewelry', I was shown a cat's eye, which the proprietor professed to value at two thousand dollars.

"Ethnographers, in their classification of races, should make one of the mendicant or begging races; and this characteristic would give us at once all the subordinate and inferior qualities which fill the vacuum of absent self-respect. While to the Malabar or Moorman is left this trade in jewels and gold-mounted tortoise-shell bracelets, the Cingalese himself follows you with porcupine-quill baskets, carved ebony boxes, canes, etc.; and if he has nothing in the shape of trade by which to rob the passing stranger, he still thinks he has the right of contribution, and if you glance at him on the wayside, out comes his soliciting hand with a salaam; and smirking fathers will hold forth the hand of the infant in arms, to beg of the passer-by.

"It would be curious to know what idea a Cingalese resi-

dent of Point de Galle has of Europeans. This place is the first Indian touching-point of those young adventurers to whom, being fresh from home, every thing is new. With life, and hope, and Indian fortunes in the future, they are reckless of their present limited means, and in the excitement of novelty, scatter what is to be so readily and richly replaced.

"On the other hand, it is the last stopping-place in India of those golden-skinned, liver-grown few, who in the race against death for wealth have jumped so often over the open graves into which their fellows have fallen; and when they reach this point on their homeward voyage, they begin to feel as though they had distanced their grim competitor forever. They boast already of their renewed strength, their spirits are willing to buy, at any cost, trinkets as tribute to the homes of their childish memories, and those whom they hope yet to find in them. The jewel merchant of Galle is a keen observer of human nature, or rather 'passenger' nature, and has a home and a 'passenger' price for his wares. After some little detention at Galle had made me familiar with these things, I said to one of these peddlers, 'You scamp, what do you mean by asking me so much for this thing, when you know the regular price is so and so?' 'I thought master was a passenger, and that is what the passengers give us.'

"Soon after our arrival one of these peddlers was showing his wares to a group of officers at the ward-room table, when I, looking on, remarked of a neat and tastefully-set ring, 'That is the prettiest thing he has shown.' The man, with a graceful salaam, at once handed it to me, and said, 'I'm sure you'll buy that'. I had no intention of buying any thing, and wishing to be rid of his continued persuasive importunity, I asked the price. 'Twenty pounds'. 'I'll give you one'. In a dramatic manner, he laid his hand on his breast and said, 'I thank you. I know though, you are but jesting; it is not in my heart to ask more than the real value', and with a mortified air, he put up his ring and went on with his sales to those who were satisfied with his prices. I felt somewhat sorry for having hurt the poor man's feelings. Having concluded his sales, he returned to me, saying, 'I am very much in want of money, and must take the one pound for the ring'. I knew now that even at my own offer I was paying too much. Having made it,

would have given it, but not having so much money by me, I told the man he must wait until the Purser came on board, or return to the ship in an hour or two. This did not suit him, and he urged me to say what I would give on the spot. 'All that I have in my purse', as I laid it on the table. He eyed it keenly for a moment, pushed the ring toward me, and emptied the purse. It contained one dollar and seventy-five cents, with which he went off satisfied, having made a dollar and a half by the sale of his sixty dollar ring. What precious stones passengers must buy at Galle! There are, however, beautiful gems to be had there by the exercise of care and skill.

"We are talking about some of the people and usages of Galle without getting into the place. Where is it? Most that we see are tall cocoanut groves, here and there and everywhere waving their graceful branches in the breeze, and promising to sea-parched throats the sweet refreshment of the sparkling water of the young fruit—a promise which is fully kept. There stands the tall light-house, from amid the trees rise the roof and gable of a church, and surrounding all are the walls of a fortress. Galle is a fort. Behind those walls and green ramparts, hidden beneath those trees, are the houses, churches, shops, hotels, and clean, quiet streets of a population of three thousand Portuguese, Dutch, English, Cingalese, and a mixture of all—Catholic, Protestant, Mohammedan, and Boodhists; and the only entrance to them is beneath a stone arch in the wall at the sea-side, through which are constantly passing, foot-passengers and merchandise, carriages, wagons, and queer little bull-carts—small carts drawn by small bulls or oxen, and trotting rapidly with one inside passenger. The highest elevation of this fort-town is occupied by the old Dutch church, with the exception of a small Wesleyan chapel, the only church in the place; and it presents an illustration of that Christian fellowship which should everywhere characterize Christian denominations. From early morn until night, it is, on the Sabbath, occupied for religious worship, and by three different denominations —two forms of Dutch Presbyterian, and an Episcopal congregation.

"The congregations were of various degrees of color, from black, through shades of red and yellow, to white, and all dressed with great neatness, mostly in European style,

but some in the native costume of the 'comeboy', surmounted by light loose jackets. The spectacle to us spectators was strange—and a pleasant one—to see Hindoos, in Hindoo costume, coming devoutly, book in hand, to a Christian church, and kneeling reverently a few moments before taking their seats.

"Most of the congregation was made up of half-caste descendants of the Dutch and Portuguese. Many of the Portuguese residents are either Presbyterian or Methodist; some of the church members are Cingalese. The Bible is freely distributed in the Cingalese language, which is that of the south of Ceylon; and also in the Tamil, which is that of the north of Ceylon, and the neighboring part of Hindostan.

"Among the necessary excursions of visitors to Galle, is a ride to the cinnamon gardens, and to the Boodhist temples; and to those points of interest we of course went in a palanquin—a carriage cross between a 'Black Maria' and a hearse, with four seats, roofed over and shut in, drawn by a miserable poor little horse, and conducted by a turbaned native, who, with well-timed consideration, gets the concern under full headway, and runs along for some distance by the horse's side, before mounting the box. During our drive, we met one of the carriages of the aristocratic residents and the coachmen were picturesquely clad in white dresses, with turbans of intertwined crimson and white.

"The cinnamon gardens on the banks of the Gindurah[1], are about four or five miles from the fort—a pleasant drive, passing out into the country beneath the shade of thick groves of cocoa-nut trees. The cinnamon plantation is a mere thicket of bushy shrubs, although if permitted to grow it would be a tree twenty feet high. Their branches are cut off close to the ground, and the growth is so rapid that they are replaced in a season. On our way to the cinnamon garden, we had stopped at a Boodhist temple, perched on an elevation a little distance from the roadside. The temple consisted of an interior chamber, with an outer hall, or passage, going all around it. In this interior chamber were great carved images of Boodha, one sitting and the other lying in front of the former. These images are about ten feet long. On each side of the same chamber are

1. *Gin Ganga, river joining the sea at Gintota, taking its name from Gin-pol, "water coconut" or Nipa palm.*

painted images of Seva and Vishnu, the saving and the destroying deities. The outside passages, from roof to ceiling, were painted with allegorical or historical designs. Some of them seemed to have an elevated and spirited significance, and there was enough besides the Trinity to show the corrupted relationship of Boodhism to a lost but pure revelation. The predominant color in every thing —paintings and idols—was a bright golden yellow. The crowd of Indians who followed us into the temple, and who, from their residence about it, I presume were Boodhists, seemed to have no veneration for it as a sacred edifice, but rather gave their own admiration to and expected ours for it, as a work of art.

"Immediately to the right, outside of the temple, was a dirty looking shed, under which were two priests, wearing soiled mantles of the sacred yellow color, hanging over their otherwise naked, and by no means cleanly-looking shoulders. One of them was, in a rapid, monotonous tone, reading from a bundle of narrow strips of bark, or rather the tough leaves of the talipot (a palm) tree, closely written. The other followed the reader, silently looking on a similar bundle of bark strips. It appeared to be proof-reading, as the silent men occasionally corrected the reader. They did not interrupt their work to look at us, and the only break in the rapid utterance, was the spitting of the blood-colored saliva, caused by the betel-nut, into a brass spittoon, as filthy as the whole party and its surroundings.

"As we drove along the road in the neighborhood of this temple, and of the cinnamon garden, our palanquin was surrounded by a crowd of children and men, who kept pace with us by a steady trot, begging—offering canes of cinnamon-wood, the ever-present boxes of jewelry, and, in the immediate neighborhood of the Temple, carved heads of the Boodhist Trinity. One lad, of about sixteen, with no clothing but the fold of muslin tied around his waist, was very persevering in showing a box of glittering jewelry at the palanquin window. I said to him, 'Go away—I don't want any thing—I am too poor—have no money to spare'. He, with a laugh, promptly replied, in good English, 'On no, sir, you are rich—you are as rich as Croesus'. The classical allusion, and the speaker, and the place, all taken together, were rather interesting.

"There were other temples in the neighborhood. One of them, called 'Minangodde Parama Muda Vihare', instead of being under the direction of the chief Boodhist priest of Ceylon, is of the Siamese sect, the priest being ordained by the high priest of Siam. This functionary, and also the King of Siam and his brother, have sent some valuable presents to this temple, among them books in the Burmese characters, splendidly gilded and ornamented, and supposed to be worth over one thousand dollars; a betel-box wrapped in cloth of gold-silk robes, richly embroidered with the same metal; paintings on cloth of the temple of Rangoon; and the foot of Boodha, as carved in a rock in the Nerbudda river. One of the small statues of this temple is said to be two thousand years old.

"Among the points of beauty and interest in the vicinity of Galle generally visited by strangers, is an eminence known as 'Garstin's Hill', being the property of the Rev. Dr. Garstin, military chaplain, and the site of his bungalow, or country cottage. It ascends, covered with thick tropical growth, amid which chatter hundreds of monkeys, rather abruptly from the plain, and when the summit is reached, from the piazzas surrounding the bungalow, the eye sweeps over an extent of rich scenery—plain, river, ocean, village, hills—and away to the interior mountains of Ceylon, and can distinguish the peculiar and interesting point called Adam's peak, or Mallua Sri Pade, the Hill of the Sacred Foot. From this peak, according to the Boodhist tradition, Boodha made a step into Siam, leaving the foot-mark of his last step from Ceylon impressed upon the rocky summit of this elevation, seven thousand four hundred and twenty feet above the sea. The Mussulmans change the foot-mark from Boodha to Adam, and both Mussulmans and Boodhists make it holy ground, and a point of meritorious pilgrimage. The Boodhists have the nine points of the law advantage of possession, and from their pilgrims quite a revenue is collected for the treasury of the high priest at Kandy. The approach to this sacred pinnacle is very difficult and laborious, as is also its ascent. Dr. Garstin had accomplished the feat, and told me the foot-mark was a mere weatherworn depression in the rock, assisted, by chiseling and additions of mortar, into the form of a foot.

"The indolent effeminacy of East Indian life makes itself

apparent at Galle. Every house seems to be crowded with a multiplicity of servants, all of whom do not do more than one good stout house-servant in the United States. There is a servant for almost every individual at table, besides one to stand pulling the punka, or great fan, suspended in the middle of the apartment. Two or three seem to be necessary to take care of one chamber, each having his separate function. This all looks very comfortable, and promises an easy kind of a life. It is such for a guest, but when the burden and charge upon the lady of the house are considered—the neglect of duty, the caprice of changing places, the jealousy and bickering among each other—it becomes a servile tyranny, to which the free expectoration of betel, in all directions, is no ornament.

"The demoralizing influence upon the young is more than that attributed to slavery in our southern States. No matter what pains European parents may take to prevent their children becoming indolent and dependent, the result seems inevitable; and an energetic lady, who has exercised a most vigilant precaution, told me that her children thought it the greatest hardship to have to take off their own shoes and stockings. There is much more real comfort in our New England and western homes, where one servant or more is kept, and where each individual develops a self-dependent and vigorous character by the necessity of personal exertion, than in all this abundance of oriental servility.

"From the tyranny of this crowd of Cingalese domestics there is no refuge, as the number is a law of fashion and a measure of respectability. It requires, however, some habituation to the customs of the country passively to submit to it.

"Upon taking my seat in a friend's office, to write a letter, I noticed that a fellow was at once set to fanning me with a punka. A whole man, physical, moral and intellectual, working with all his energy for such a result, made me nervous, and I could not write until I sent the fellow away. There was a want of proportion between the power and the end.

"During one of my visits to Ceylon, being detained there several weeks, an agreeable poetical friend, Dr. James Cruice, of the British army, the author of Psyche and other poems, and I, determined to fly from the glittering

tempters, the jewel merchants of Galle—from the gastronomic delights of its hotels, and to take refuge in a rural bungalow, fives miles from the fort, amid the natural beauties of the picturesque vale of Walkwelle.[2] Such an eremetical flight from hot, glowing streets—from the resources of the billiard room, and the loafing lounges of the hotel verandahs—from society—was easily enough accounted for by our friends, as regarded Dr. Cruice, from the fact of his being a poet, but as for myself, no satisfactory reason for the move, short of insanity, could be imagined. Nor was I personally dependent upon the mercies of the hotels, Commodore Armstrong and myself being made at home by the attentive hospitality of Mr. John Black, United States Consul, to whom the petty income of his office can be no compensation for the hospitalities of himself and family, extended to such of our countrymen as the passing steamers bring to Galle. One enterprising gentleman formed the bold theory that I might be a poet in disguise. I gave no reasons then and there. I will now give them in an appeal to a public jury 'de lunatico inquirendo.'

"The bungalow of Walkwelle stood upon the point of a lofty promontory, which in one direction looked over palm-covered hills and valleys, out upon the blue sea and the sails upon its surface, from which the breezes came freshly, rustling among our cocoa-nut and palm groves. We looked down from each side upon grove-covered valleys, which meeting at the foot of our promontory, wound away as one expanse, dotted with cattle and island groves, between ranges of hills far as the eye could see; and over these boundary hills, dim and misty, were seen the distant mountains of Ceylon, suggestive of a wonderful interior. Down from those far hills, and away through our valley, on the right hand, in serpentine turns, flowed the Gindurah now resting in the dark shadows of the overhanging forest, then gleaming in the open sunlight, as it sought its westward way to the sea. At sunset as the seaward sky was crimson, the river was a stream of bright gold. It was a place and a time to realize the opening of my friend's Psyche.

'It was the hour when, in his flight,

2. *Wakwella, 5 miles from Galle, a wooded suburb, with a fine river view, very popular with nineteenth century visitors.*

The sun along the western sky
Leaveth a track of golden light
To trace his radiant chariot by;
The hour when from the lofty pine
The shadows fall in lengthened line,
And song birds chant their vesper hymn—
The dying day's sweet requiem;
When feebly falls the slanting ray
On rivulets winding their weary way,
By shallow ford and tangled brake
To rest that night in tranquil lake;
And flowers are closing their drooping eyes,
And softly the gales
Are breathing around their amorous sighs.'

"The birds loved this scenery and lonely spot (we were the only inhabitants) as well as we, and sang among our trees their morning welcome; while certain grave and bearded old monkeys seemed to hold an evening mass meeting upon our presence, which, from the earnestness and confusion of the debate, may have originated some new political party in the state—from the chattering they certainly were not all of the same opinion. And the night cries of the jackal announced a wide-awake party in the forest.

"Such was our Cingalese retreat, in which, after a few days, I was with the exception of the servants, left the solitary inhabitant, and thenceforth occupied myself in making the acquaintance of the various inhabitants around my dwelling. The triangular point of the hill before my door, looking up the receding valley, had been at one time cleared and leveled a little, forming a small plain. Several large trees were, however, left standing, a row of cocoa-nuts fringed the edges near the house, and wild vines those at the point. Below these hill margins, the sides were a mass of wild jungle, and, for purposes of business or pleasure, the inhabitants of the jungle made frequent visits to my clearing, and gave me a good opportunity, as I sat in the verandah, of observing them with my opera glass; and I found this moral in my study, that throughout all animal existence, high and low, that manifestation of selfishness which displays itself in self-importance, is the one uniform character. This, however, may be truly

a virtue—the consciousness of individual humility, in aspiration after a higher state of existence. As I half dreamed over the spectacle before me, I sometimes fancied I saw the various phases of human society, including those of our twenty-by-ten feet world, the quarter deck of a man-of-war.

"I was a spectator and a listener at a natural and varied opera, more harmonious to my untutored ear than the clanging of instruments in crowded halls, beneath the glare of gaslight. The performance opened merrily at daylight and continued with varying notes through the day.

"The most numerous, restless, and dissipated members of this mixed society, were the brown-coated, striped chipmunks, who arrogated to themselves the right to discard all duties, and to sport now on the ground and then amid the leaves and branches of the trees. With no steadiness of pursuit, they sought only the excitement of the moment among high and low.

"There were five or six families of lizards, some in grave and some in gay costumes, with puffed-out throats, hurrying to and fro as if bearing messages of importance to the state—consequential as Mediterranean men-of-war, in inverse proportion to their usefulness. Occasionally two of these busy cruisers would stop a moment, exchange quiet signals, and then each hurry on his way.

"Heavy-bodied, long-tailed iguanas, some of them three feet long, would waddle up into view, and after looking around the scene for a comfortable place, recline half on one side while they lazily raked the ground with one fore paw and nibbled at the exposed roots. Fat vulgarians lying on the velvet benches and nibbling ground nuts. Industrious gatherers of the surrounding sweets, but making their industry heard in the world, buzzing a contribution to the general harmony, were tiny, sober-clad, long-billed humming-birds.

"Among my most frequent visitors, on the ground and in the trees, were pert, dandy, dapper little fellows, with black, velvet heads, black satin coat and vest, white satin breeches, coat tail lined with the same, and a narrow slashing of white along the sleeves, or wings. They hopped about, and sometimes, most impudently, up into the verandah, with their white-lined tails stuck perpendicularly up into the air, with a defiant 'none like me' kind of air; but

not withstanding all their conceit and pretensions they were very nervous and timid, so that I was compelled to be motionless or put them in a panic. While thus still and quiet myself, looking and listening, an enthusiastic chap, up in the tree-top galleries, startles me by calling out in good English, fast and loud, just what I thought, 'Pretty, pretty, pretty'.

"But thorns among roses—bitters with sweets—and dangers amid the delights of Walkwelle. Whilst bathing in the Gindurah one is vividly conscious of the vicinity of crocodiles, and when coming from this refreshment early on the morning of the memorable 22d of February, I was in time to assist, at my own door, in the death of a fatal cobra; that is, I looked on, while the native servants mashed his head, extracted with great care four sharp-pointed fangs, and then held his contorting body in the flames.

"To vary my residence at Walkwelle, I extemporized a vagabonding cruise of a day up the Gindurah. My boat was got up for the occasion. Two old and leaky canoes, one double the size of the other and doubly as rotten, with a bridge uniting them, upon which was laid, as a floor, a broad and golden yellow plank of the jack-fruit tree, and some twigs bowed over the machine, supporting a roof of dried palm leaves, completed our establishment. A cushion, carried with us from the bungalow, and extended on the jack-fruit plank, gave me a reasonably comfortable resting-place. Three naked Cingalese were my crew. The point of the river from which we took our departure was a ferry, and the country people were crossing it, on the way to the fort with their products. These were done up in baskets made of fresh taro or banana leaves, and suspended in green ribbons of some strong and fibrous leaf or grass, all having an inviting, fresh and tasteful appearance. Some carried suspended in these vegetable ribbons earthen bowls covered with green leaves, fixed by neat and regular rolls turned around the edges. Curiosity led me to look into these bowls, when I was pleased to see them filled with smooth and snow-white curdled milk, nothing less than the old-fashioned bonney-clabber, so bountifully associated with youthful years, country life and puzzling orthography in my childhood's early Maryland home. Thenceforth I had a bowl of this discovery and a bottle of fresh milk brought daily to my hermitage, and if its intrin-

sic merits, as a cool and refreshing food, had not been sufficient reason, I should have been tempted to do so by the renewed youth of early associations. A bit of brown fresh johnny cake beside the earthen bowl, would have absorbed all the intervening years and made the illusion complete. It is, though, a curious fact, that amid the spice groves of Ceylon, and with a nutmeg plantation within a short walk, I could not get a fragment of the aromatic nut to add its flavor to the cream's flakes, although it was always present in the North American farm-house. The wooden nutmeg, illustrative of the ingenious knavery of our eastern brethren, loses the originality of the invention, either as a fact or a caricature, by the natural products of Ceylon. The wild nutmeg of Ceylon resembles, in all external characteristics, the true spice, but the nut upon being cut is so completely insipid and wooden, that it is difficult to believe it any thing else than an ingenious artificial imitation. The probability is, that a fraudulent or accidental exportation of the wild nutmeg to Boston or to Salem, gave rise to this persistent sectional scandal.

"Cingalese all chew betel; their mouths are blood-red with it; streets and houses are spotted with the saliva; the shops keep it for sale in tempting combination with the green pepper leaves, and lime. Galle exports cocoanut oil, ebony, spices, and the betel nut, the fourth in value being this nut."

"a really good dancer can still revive the old gods"—Paul Bowles.

10.

E. JACKSON: "THE DRIVE TO COLOMBO IS THE MOST DELIGHTFUL IT HAS BEEN MY GOOD FORTUNE TO TAKE" 1869

Before the railroad from Colombo to Galle was completed in sections by 1894, and in the days when the sleepy port-town on the Southern coast had not yielded pride of place to Colombo, on the construction of the breakwater in the latter's harbour in 1884, the stage-coach route to Colombo was the only avenue to the traveller landing at Galle. This account by an American visitor of a journey on this delightful road, is extracted from an absorbing description of a visit to the island, "in which a taste for the romantic and beautiful can be more readily gratified than in any other." He is concerned at the lack of attention by his fellow-countrymen to a country where "on all sides, the traveler traverses ground of either a classic or historic character; now the scene of some war-like contests, or again, the site of some ruined city or temple." Readers of the Overland Monthly *in San Francisco must surely have been moved to sample the versatile attractions of an island, extolled so eloquently by a fellow-Yankee.*

The picturesque old-world town of Galle, with its perfectly preserved 90-acre Dutch Fort constructed in 1663, owed its fame on account of the strategic position of its harbour. It became the island's chief port of call even before the coming of the Portuguese, and held its position until the last quarter of the nineteenth century. Nearly every visitor in early British times landed at this seaside resort, with its attractive suburbs of Wakwella, Unuwatuna and Magalle.

The "high road" from Colombo to Galle was virtually the avenue to the world. But until almost the middle of the nineteenth century, when it had improved into a gravelled road, it was a little better than a rude sandy track fit only for palanquins, pack-horses, tavalam *bulls, and postal runners. There were convenient resting places and halting stations, which were later elevated to proper rest-houses for stage-coach travellers where food and basic accomodation were available. With the beginning of the Galle Mail Coach in July 1838, the road blossomed into a more systematic thoroughfare, though for the most part of the century it remained a charming seaside drive shaded by coconut trees for its entire length of seventy-two miles.*

From *"Ceylon";* by E. Jackson. *Overland Monthly* [San Francisco], Vol. 3, No. 5, November 1869, pp. 447, 451-453.

"In their wanderings over the globe American tourists have overlooked, or entirely neglected, the claims of a country to their attention, in which a taste for the romantic and beautiful can be more readily gratified than in any other. The advent of a German Prince or French Count, who comes to shoot elephants and see the country, is by no means a rare incident in Ceylon; but the presence of a live Yankee—a citizen of the Great Republic—within her borders for similar purposes, would assuredly be a noteworthy circumstance. A passing visit to Point de Galle might have afforded him a chance of purchasing counterfeit gems and of forming false ideas of the country, its inhabitants and Government, which he may have, in common with other would-be travelers, recklessly committed to print; but his stay of a week or a fortnight, if so far prolonged, would give him only a faint impression of what might be learned of Ceylon. Madame Ida Pfeiffer, after her exhaustive travels throughout the world, declares that Ceylon, of all others, is the country she should prefer to live in; and it is acknowledged by all who know it, to surpass in attraction every land in the golden Orient." . . .

"Everything about the old fort of Galle recalls the period when the Sword and Cross went hand in hand for the conversion and subjugation of the heathen. Its battle-

ments command the approach by land, but are useless as a defense from an attack by sea—the latter contingency never having been contemplated as possible by the Portuguese, who, at the period of the erection of this stronghold, were undisputed masters of the seas east of the Cape of Good Hope. The peculiar style of houses in the fortress—the overhanging trees, that diffuse a grateful shade—the balmy and delicious atmosphere, and the strange conglomeration of natives and languages—irresistibly tend to throw an air of novelty and romance around, such as has never been before experienced; and this feeling is enhanced by a visit to the cinnamon gardens and plantations about Galle.

"The drive to Colombo is the most delightful it has been my good fortune to take. For seventy-two miles the road runs along the sea-coast, bounded on either side by the finest cocoa-nut trees, which form an avenue that partially protects the vehicle from the sun, the whole distance. The roar of the Indian Ocean is heard, as it breaks monotonously on the shore; and occasional glimpses are caught, and vistas of the surrounding country, while towering aloft in the distance stands Adam's peak—a mountain that has for ages been the object of veneration to thousands of pilgrims from every part of India and Ceylon. On the summit of this mountain, and crowning its highest pinnacle, stands a temple dedicated to Buddha, the ascent to which is by means of a chain-ladder fastened into the rock. Here is shown a mark said to be a footstep, which is claimed by Hindoos as the imprint of Siva, by Mohammedans as that of Adam, by Buddhists as that of Buddha, and finally, by the Portuguese as that of Saint Thomas. Its similarity to a footprint, however, could only be recognized by those devotees whose heated imagination, under other conditions, would lead them to mistake chalk for cheese. Our vehicle was one that would scarcely pass muster in America, as it was clumsy and heavy, and evidently took it out of the poor horses considerably, although a change occurred at every eight miles of the road. A little by-play was necessary before the fresh relay could be started; for they plunged and kicked furiously, and could only be induced to move ahead after the application of the twitch to the nose, or an unmerciful amount of counter-irritation of their hides.

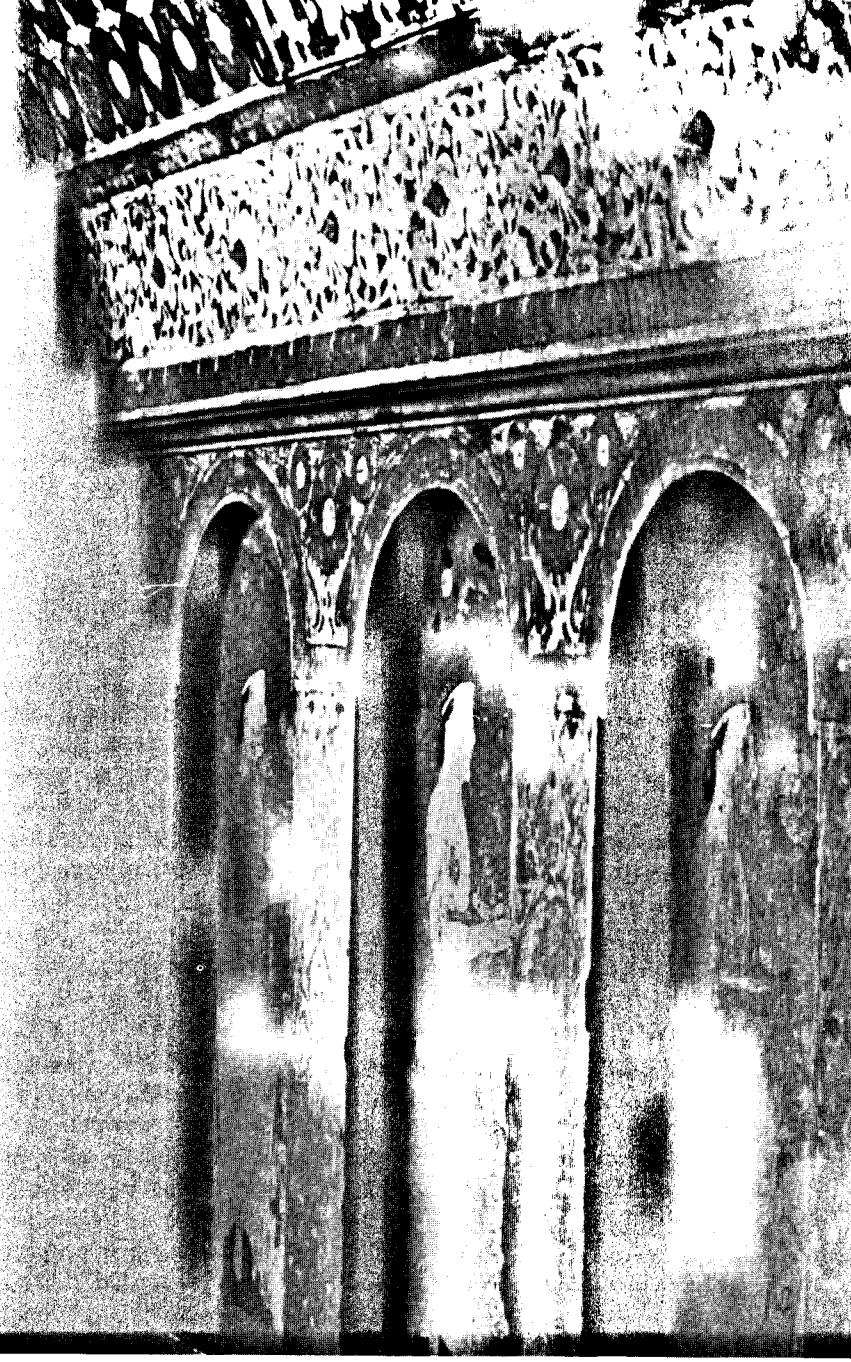
"On every side, Nature seemed teeming with life and motion, as we journeyed onward past clusters of the *gloriosa superba*, orchids, and climbing plants, which hung in festoons from the undergrowth. Insects of the most brilliant lustre hung on the leaves, or hovered about the trees; while birds of a varied and beautiful plumage flitted across our path. We stopped at different villages, where refreshments were obtained in the shape of coffee and rice-cakes, and the delicious king cocoa-nut, the water of which, medicated with a dash of cognac, I thought quite equal to champagne. As we proceeded, a lazy ratsnake might be observed dragging his weary length across the road, or climbing the side of some native hut, under no apprehension of violence, as the natives are forbidden by their religion to take life in any shape. This code is not, however, always adhered to, since they are readily roused to anger, and revenge themselves in a cruel manner on any thing that has injured them. Thus, on one occasion, while I was riding in the jungle near Ranee, on the south coast, I observed a wounded alligator bound by ropes to a tree. It appears he had committed sundry depredations on cattle; and although pierced by half a dozen bullets while in the water, he exhibited sufficient vitality to make extraordinary efforts to escape, after being dragged ashore. A batch of natives were amusing themselves by inflicting prodigious whacks on his carcass with huge billets of wood, with apparently but little effect. One aggrieved party was in the act of making a furious onslaught, when the monster, by sudden flank movement, caught him right amidships, and sent him howling a distance of several yards. It was manifest that the destroyer of cattle was not to be done to death by any amount of hammering; so he was left attached to the tree, and for a month afterward his mortal remains diffused an odor over the neighboring district that did not savor of 'gales from Araby the Blest'.

"At Bentotte,[1] the half-way house, the midday meal is taken, and certain degree of rest afforded, which by this time has become necessary. In the cool and comfortable resthouse we found no difficulty in satisfying the cravings of hunger, and the more importance demands of thirst. The river is here crossed by a bridge of boats, which is occa-

1. *Bentota, town mid-way between Galle and Colombo, the 19th century half-way house in the old coaching days.*

sionally swept away or injured by heavy freshets, which bring down heavy pieces of timber, and sometimes small islands, against the bridge. Then miles farther on we arrived at Caltura[2], where are the remains of an old Dutch fort, and in the vicinity of which are the caves where a species of swallow constructs the famous edible bird's nests, so much valued as a table luxury by the Chinese. The village is distinguished for its extensive arrack distilleries. In the vast topes of cocoa-nut palms from whence these distilleries are supplied may be seen the operations of the toddy-drawer, as he rapidly ascends, descends, or runs along the numerous lines that connect one tree with another. Within eight miles of Colombo, the road runs through the cinnamon gardens. The aroma so much lauded by voyagers as emanating from this famous laurel is, when close to it, any thing but agreeable to the olfactory nerves; and the vaunted plant itself is by no means an imposing shrub. Its cultivation has deteriorated considerably of late years, owing to the monopoly at one time exercised by the Government, and subsequently, to the heavy impost levied on the trade. Driving across the Galle-face, and entering the fort by the south gate, we arrived about four o'clock in Colombo, the seat of Government. The English society here is not such that a stranger will appreciate, unless he possesses introductions of a certain character; but he can find ample and interesting employment for his time in rides and drives about Colombo and its neighborhood."

2. *Kalutara, large town on the south coast, 26 miles from Colombo, situated at the lagoon-like mouth of the Kalu-ganga.*



"If you should enter the gates of the Maligawa Temple in this mood"
—Lucian Swift Kirtland.

11.

WILLIAM HENRY SEWARD: "TREADING THE SOIL OF FRAGRANT CEYLON" 1871

William Henry Seward was born on 16 May 1801. He graduated in the law in 1820, and was admitted to the bar two years later, and early in life evinced political ambitions. He was elected to the State Senate of New York in 1830, and after a four-year stint as Governor of the state from 1838–1842, was elected to the U.S. Senate in 1848. He was appointed Secretary of State by President Lincoln in December 1861, and during a critical period of American history exerted considerable influence on both domestic and foreign policy. The politician and statesman were happily and skillfully commingled in his person, and he displayed diplomatic gifts of a most astute order. He read much and widely, and travelled extensively in Europe. At the end of his term of office he travelled around the world, despite being partially crippled. He was the first notable American politician to do so, and his visit evoked much enthusiasm which he relished. He was accompanied by his adopted daughter Olive Risley Seward, who later edited his book of travels, and her sister. He returned home in the Autumn of 1871 and died a year later on October 10th, 1872. His book of travels was published in the year following his death.

Seward arrived at Point de Galle on February 8, 1871 in the Columbia, and had time only for a very fleeting excursion ashore in the captain's launch, before sailing for Madras the next day. He was favourably impressed by the natural beauty and attractive coastline along which they cruised for some hours before entering harbour.

From *William H. Seward's Travels Around the World;* ed. O. R. Seward (New York, 1873). pp. 320-322.

"Off Point de Galle, February 8th. A letter from Lord Napier comes on board, protesting against our lingering at Ceylon, so as to fall into India in the hot season. We are obliged to be content, therefore, with an outside view of that famous island. We have been running nearly all day along its beautiful coast. A yellow beach, with dazzling breakers, fringes the forest verdure of the island. The verdure extends to a height of five thousand feet, when it gives place to a blue rocky ridge, from which rises Adam's Peak, nine thousand feet, and Haycock Hill, fourteen thousand. The fishing-craft here is as ingenious as its construction is peculiar. Being a canoe, scooped out of the trunk of a tree, it is too narrow for safety. It is, therefore, provided with a float attached to outriggers at the right side. Fleets of these boats are moving around us, but, whatever pearls the fishermen may have taken from these rich waters, are too minute for our vision. So, also, if elephants are as numerous on the shores as they are represented to be, it must be remembered that an impenetrable jungle intervenes to conceal them from our sight.

"Steamship Columbia, 10 P.M., February 8th. While we were writing our latest notes, a summons came for our trans-shipment from the Behar to this steamer.

"Point de Galle, or, as it is otherwise called, Galle, although described in some of the geographies as having a good harbour, has just no harbor at all. It has neither bay nor roadstead, but a pitiful cove, into which the sea forces its way between two short ledges of rock projecting from the shore. These ledges, which are scarcely a quarter of a mile apart, seem to break the surf, and thus in fair weather afford something like a tranquil anchorage. This anchorage, however, can accommodate only five or six sea-going vessels, and every one of this number is exposed to great danger if it loses control of its ground-tackle, from hidden coral-rocks. Our fellow-passenger, Colonel Garden, of the British Army of India, tells us that one of these rocks

wrecked and broke into pieces the steamer in which he was entering the harbor two years ago.

"This afternoon three steamers met here—the Behar bound for Suez, the Columbia for Madras, and a third for the Archipelago. With these came also a Portuguese man-of-war. The Behar, just before we left here, collided with a large iron ship, inflicting the loss of a boom, and suffering the loss of a life-boat and stanchions. We asked whether this is the best of the island ports, and were answered that Columbo, the only one available to the present trade, is worse. Nevertheless, the cove is beautiful to look upon. The shore is ten or twelve feet above the sea, and shaded with palms. Here and there a fanciful bungalow may be seen peeping from behind the dense groves. On a gentle elevation is a pretty Christian church and spire, confronting a mosque and minarets not less conspicuous. At the water's edge is a line of white fortifications and barracks, with a lofty gateway leading to the town, built by the Portuguese. These buildings, substantial and old, are sheltered by immense trees, of what sort we are unable to learn.

"*Ten O'clock.* Until the moment of writing the last notes, we had entertained no hope of treading the soil of fragrant Ceylon. The captain of the Columbia tendered us his service to go ashore in his launch. We made our way, not without great difficulty, through the crowded shipping to the stone steps under the mediaeval gateway. Ten minutes sufficed us to walk through the principal street. We rested under the veranda of a comfortable, modern hotel, making a hundred inquiries concerning the island and its wonders, continually interrupted by tempting offers of carved ebony elephants, coffee-wood sticks, cinnamon paper-cutters, Cingalese lace, not to speak of diamonds, pearls, rubies, and sapphires. Having so soon 'done' the town and island, we rowed among the shipping, dodging a rudder here, a propeller there, and native raft-boats on every side, until a flash from the ship's gun summoned all on board. The most inspiring incident of this day's experience was the last. The moon had not risen, and the night was dark and cloudy when our propeller was put in motion. A blue light on the Columbia's bow signalled that her movement was to begin. Instantly a brilliant torch, fed by impish natives, blazed on each one of the hundred beacons which rose on the sharp ledges of the channel, and soon we were moving through a maze of bonfires to the open sea, adding a new and inconceivable brilliancy to the scene.

"*Bay of Bengal, February 9th.* The route of Madras requires that we retrace to the end of the island the course by which we reached Point de Galle. We are now steering northward, along the eastern coast of Ceylon.

"The island constitutes a distinct British province, and its government is under the direct supervision of the Secretary of State for India. Its people, all Cingalese, are doubtless of Hindoo extraction. The prevailing religion, that of Buddha, we are inclined to think, flourishes more vigorously there than on the continent. British and American missionaries labor harmoniously together, and report that they have one pupil in their schools, for every ninety of the native population."

"The rural labourer with us must be taught to hold his head up. He is A1 in Ceylon"—Andrew Carnegie.

12.

ANDREW CARNEGIE: "THERE IS NO PRETTIER SEA-SHORE IN THE WORLD, NOR A MORE BEAUTIFUL SURF" 1879

Andrew Carnegie, renowned manufacturer, publicist and philanthropist, was born in Dunfermline, Scotland in 1835, to poor parents, who found the struggle to survive too much for them, and emigrated with their two sons in 1848 to a small Scottish colony in Allegheny, Pennsylvania. The little Andrew was soon transformed into an eager American, and became a voracious reader and writer in his teens, habits which never deserted him at the height of his power and influence. This self-made economic and mental background explains the pattern of his later career. His first salary of $2.50 a week was earned as a telegraph messenger boy in Pittsburgh. His entry into business and the industrial world was through the Pennsylvania Railroad, where he remained for 12 years from 1853-1865. He never looked back, and when at the age of 38 he decided to put all his eggs into the steel basket, the industrial supremacy of the United States was hatched. The next three decades of Carnegie's life was in effect the industrial history of his country in the same period. But his business activities did not prevent his early passion for knowledge and learning bearing rich fruit. He began to write seriously and cultivate the friendship of important men in the literary and political world on both sides of the Atlantic. He married only after his mother's death in 1887, and fourteen years later sold his business, which had made him many times a millionaire, to Pierpont Morgan. In the next twenty years before his death his liberality was prodigious, and his benefactions amounted to 350 million dollars, the gifts to libraries being predominant. He died in his 84th year on 11 August 1919 at his summer house in Massachusetts. His Autobiography *was published in the year following his death, and* Round the World *(1884), from which the following extracts are taken, is one of his most important books.*

His journey round the world was made in the prime of his career in his early forties, and his observations throughout the book are distinguished for their understanding and lack of intolerance. In his account of Ceylon he stands out as an astonishingly unstuffy and percipient traveller, and delivers some remarkably enlightened statements on the social, religious, economic, and political institutions of the island, although with a decided bias in favour of good British government rather than self-government. He was struck by the official revival of village government institutions in the seventies, perhaps not realising that it was part of a colonial attempt to soften or neutralise pressures to liberalise the administration at the centre. In a memorable encounter with his local guide he puts Bishop Heber, and his notorious line in realistic perspective, and, except for finding the drumming at the Temple of the Tooth too insistent and discordant for his comfort, he appeared to have relished, with a keen appetite for natural scenery and the life of the people, his brief visit to Ceylon. By normal nineteenth century standards he was an intelligent and perspicacious tourist, not merely because of the studied encomiums he lavished on the mores of the inhabitants, and the congenial styles of government. He was charmed on arrival by the coach journey from Galle to Colombo, which "is one of the best treats we have yet had," and the second time on returning to Galle to take ship to Madras on January 25, "even more than the first." The completion in 1894 of the railway up to Galle on the southern line put an end to this traveller's delight.

Carnegie's perambulations round the world were originally printed twice for private circulation as Notes of a Trip Round the World *in 1879 and 1880. A slight revision and some additions were made on his publishers requesting him to allow a more public appearance of his book which had evinced much interest and praise from readers, who had*

earlier been charmed by his An American Four-in-Hand in Britain. *The book in its present form was, therefore, first published in 1884, and was reprinted many times before the last edition of 1933.*

From *Round the World;* by Andrew Carnegie (1879, New York, 1933), pp. 145-148, 155-160.

"It was smooth and quiet steaming all the way to Ceylon. I had been humming 'Greenland's Icy Mountains' for several days previously, about all that I knew of Ceylon's isle being contained in one of the verses of that hymn, which I used to sing at missionary meetings, when a minister who had seen the heathen was stared at as a prodigy.

"And indeed the 'spicy breezes blew soft o'er Ceylon's isle' as we approached it in the moonlight. We found Galle quite a pretty, quaint little port, and remained there one night, taking the coach next morning for Colombo, the capital. The drive of sixty miles to the railway which extends to Colombo, seventeen miles beyond, is one of the best treats we have yet had. The road is equal to one of our best park avenues, as indeed are all the roads we saw in Ceylon; from end to end it skirts the rocky shores, passing through groves of cocoa and betel-nut trees, and dotted on each side by the huts of natives at work at some branch of the cocoanut business. Every part of the nut is utilized; ropes and mats are made from the covering of the shell, oil from the kernel, and the milk is drunk fresh at every meal. These trees do not thrive except near the coast, the salt air laden with moisture being essential for their growth, but they grow quite down to the edge of the sea. The natives have been attracted to this main road, and from Galle to Colombo it is almost one continuous village; there is no prettier sea-shore in the world, nor a more beautiful surf. Every few miles we come upon large numbers of fishermen drawing in their nets, which are excessively long and take in several acres of sea in their sweep. An artist who would come to Ceylon and devote himself to depicting 'the fishers of Ceylon's isle' (how well that sounds! and a good title is half the battle) would make a reputation and a fortune. I am quite sure there is no more picturesque sight than the drawing of their nets, several hundred men being engaged in the labor, while the beach is alive with women and children in bright colors anxiously watching the result.

"The dress of the Ceylonese women is really pretty; a skirt closely fitting the figure, and a tight jacket over the shoulders—all of fine, pure white cotton cloth or muslin and quite plain, with neither frill, tuck, flounce, nor anything of the kind. Necklaces and ear-rings are worn, but I am glad to say the nose in Ceylon seems to be preserved from the indignity of rings. The men's dress is rather scanty, their weakness being a large tortoise-shell comb, which every one wears; it reaches from ear to ear, and the hair is combed straight back and confined by it. Women are denied this crowning ornament, and must content themselves with a pin in the hair, the head of which, however, is highly ornamented. The Buddhist priests form a strange contrast in their dress, which consists of a yellow plaid, generally of silk, wrapped around the body and over the shoulders.

"I asked our Ceylonese guide to-day whether he had ever heard of our most popular missionary hymn. "Here is the verse', I said, 'about your beautiful isle':

'What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile!
In vain with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strewn;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.'

'What do you think of that description?' I asked. He said he thought 'the writer was a fool', and asked if any one in my country believed that there was a man, woman, or child in Ceylon who did not know better than to bow down to any power but God. 'Yes', I said, 'I once believed it myself, and millions believe it to-day, and good boys and girls with us save their pennies to send missionaries to tell these heathen who worship idols how very wrong and foolish it is to do so, and how angry the true God is to have anything worshipped but himself. He said ours must be a very curious country, and he should like to visit it and see such queer people. I gave him my address and promised, if he would come to see me, to take him to a great missionary meeting where he would see the best and most religious

people, all greatly concerned about the idolators of Ceylon.

"The truth is there is scarcely in all the world a human being so low in the scale as not to know that the object he sees is only the symbol of the invisible power. What the cross is to the Christian the idol is to the other, and it is nothing more. The worship of both is to the Unknown beyond. I did my best to soothe the wounded spirit of our guide by explaining the necessities of poetic license. Still he would have it that Bishop Heber had wronged his beloved Ceylon and did not know what he was writing about.

"The religion of Ceylon is Buddhism; indeed it is now the most strictly Buddhist country in the world. One condition of the cession of the sovereignty to Great Britain was that this religion should be held inviolable with its rights and privileges, its monasteries and temples and all pertaining thereto. In the language of the greatest European authority, 'although government support is no longer given to it, its pure and simple doctrines live in the hearts of the people and are the noblest monument to its founder Gautama Buddha. The taking of the meanest life is strictly forbidden, and falsehood, intemperance, dishonesty, anger, pride, and covetousness are denounced as incompatible with Buddhism, which enjoins the practice of chastity, gratitude, contentment, moderation, forgiveness of injuries, patience, and cheerfulness.' The priests of Buddha are regularly ordained and sworn to celibacy, and they are required to meet each other every fourteen days for purposes of mutual confession. The lowest caste is eligible to the priesthood, as with the Christian religion." ...

"*Colombo, Tuesday, January 21.* Ceylon was originally settled in 1517 by the Portuguese, who obtained the right to erect a small factory at Colombo for purposes of trade. This soon grew into a fort, and naturally the whole west coast became theirs. The Dutch drove them out a hundred and fifty years later, to be in turn expelled by the English after they had occupied the island for just about the same period. As with all their colonies, the Dutch left their impress upon Ceylon. New industries were introduced, great public works constructed, and, better than all, the education of the people were well cared for. The trade with Holland became a source of much profit. England has been master since 1796, nearly ninety years now, and certainly the work she has to show for the less than a century is marvellous indeed.

"The people are not yet done rejoicing at the restoration of their ancient village institutions, which took place in 1871. Europeans had rudely swept these away and substituted courts after their own fashion. After many years' trial, they were seen to be unsuited for the country, and the ancient village tribunals were reestablished, as I have said, a few years ago. It will not do to conclude, as many do, that India, Ceylon, and other of the Eastern lands, are left almost bare of just laws and fair administration, for nothing could be farther from the truth. The village elders, chosen by the people of Ceylon, for instance, administer laws which are the outgrowth of centuries, and as such are far better adapted to the real conditions which exist than any other system of laws, no matter how perfect, which have been found suitable in other lands under conditions wholly unlike. Here in this charming island, as indeed throughout all India, villages, or groups of villages, are authorized to frame rules having the force of laws, and which natives construe and administer.

"I am amused at the ignorance of the average Englishman or American upon Eastern affairs. He is always amazed when I tell him that so far as representative institutions are concerned, there is not a village in India which is not farther advanced in this department of politics than any rural constituency in Britain. The American county, village, district and township system is of course more perfect than any other with which I am acquainted, but the English is really about the most backward. The experiment in Ceylon of restoring the native system has been an unequivocal success, even beyond the expectations of its warmest advocates, and in addition to the advantages flowing from the native courts, it is found that the village committees are beginning to repair and restore the ancient tanks and other irrigation works, which, under the curse of centralized and foreign authority, had been allowed to fall into disuse.

"The new blood of home rule in local affairs has aroused local patriotism and established numerous bodies throughout the country, each a centre from which good influences radiate, organizations into which good impulses flow, to crystallize into works of public utility, while at the same time an *esprit de corps* is created which must

tell more and more. Wait till this plan is tried in England and Scotland, and, above all, in unhappy Ireland! I shall never despair of Ireland until at least a generation has had such local institutions as we find in Ceylon's Isle. If that people cannot develop under self-government, they deserve to fall away and give place to a better race; but they will not fail.

"Caste exists in Ceylon, although it is not so strictly preserved as in India. Still, every calling is a caste, down to the scavenger. The several castes do not intermarry, nor is it practicable for one who has reaped great wealth and has natural tastes and abilities above his caste, to do in this small island what is readily done in India, viz., emigrate and set up in superior style in some other part of the crowded empire. The wealthiest native in Ceylon to-day is a fisherman, and yet he cannot gain admittance to the society of poorer natives about him of higher caste. If he were in India, and socially ambitious, he would change his residence. I was told by several Europeans that the bonds of caste in India are slowly weakening, and that when a wealthy stranger comes to a district it is held wise not to inquire too curiously concerning his birth.

"Of all the castes, the tiller of the soil stands at the head in Ceylon; even the skilled worker in iron is away below him. The rural laborer with us must be taught to hold his head up. He is A-1 in Ceylon.

"The position held by Ceylon in ancient days as the great granary of Southern Asia explains the precedence accorded to agricultural pursuits. Under native rule the whole island was brought under irrigation by means of artificial lakes, constructed by dams across ravines, many of them of great extent—one, still existing, is twenty miles in circumference—but the system has been allowed to fall into decay. I am glad to know that government has resolved to undertake the work of repair. Proper sluices are to be supplied to all the village tanks, and the embankments are to be raised and strengthened through the labor of the village communities. We may yet live to see the fertility of the country restored to that of its pristine days.

"We saw the new breakwater which government is constructing here at great expense. When finished it is proposed that the Indian steamers shall call here instead of at Galle, the harbor of which is dangerous. This may be a

decided improvement upon the whole, but the tourist who does not see pretty Galle and enjoy the long day's drive through the island to Colombo will miss much.

"Iron ore exists in Ceylon in vast deposits and is remarkably pure, rivalling the best Swedish grades. It has been worked from remote times, and native articles of iron are preferred even to-day to any that can be imported. If cost of transportation is to keep growing less and less, it is not beyond the range of possibility that some day Britain may import some of this unrivalled stone for special uses. There are also quicksilver mines, and lead, tin, and manganese are found to some extent.

"*Galle, Wednesday, January 22.* We reached here last night upon our return, stopping one night at Colombo. Future travellers will soon miss one of the rarest treats in Ceylon. The railway will soon be completed from Colombo to Galle, and the days of coaching cease forever. We congratulate ourselves that our visit was before this passed away, as we know of no drive equal to that we have now enjoyed twice, and the last time even more than the first.

"During our trip down yesterday I counted within forty miles eleven schools filled with young Cingalese. English is generally taught in them, and although attendance is not compulsory, great inducements are held out to parents to send their children. The advantages of knowing the English language are so decided that I am told parents generally are most anxious to have their children taught. The school-houses are simple affairs, consisting only of white plastered walls about five feet high, with spaces for entrance. On this wall rest the slight wooden standards which support the roof of palm-leaves, so that all is open to our view as we drive past. The attention paid to this vital subject, evidences of which are seen everywhere, is what most delights us. In 1874 there were 1,468 public schools on the island, attended by 66,385 scholars.

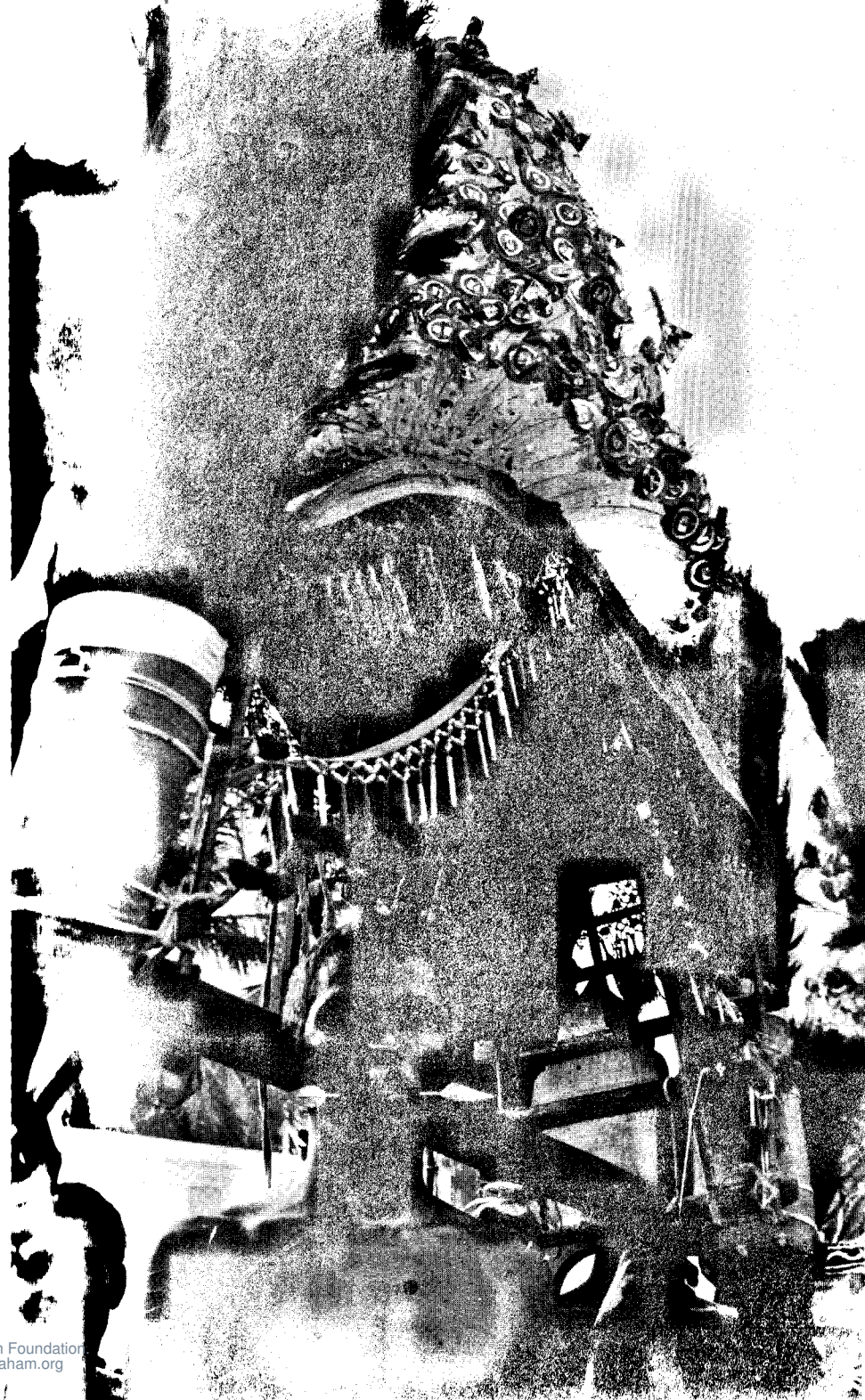
"We were equally delighted to see numerous medical dispensaries, where the afflicted natives can obtain advice and medicine free of charge. On several huts we saw large placards denoting the presence of contagious disease within. It is a great work that is going forward here under English rule. By such means England proves her ability to govern, and best confirms her sway against domestic revolt or foreign intrigues. The blessings of good govern-

ment, the education of the people, and careful attention to their health and comfort—these will be found the most effective weapons with which to combat mutiny within, or Russian or any other aggression from abroad. From all we saw in Ceylon we are prepared to put it forth as the best example of English government in the world, England herself not excepted.

"*Saturday, January 25.* At ten to-night we sailed for Madras and Calcutta by the English mail steamer Hindostan, and were lighted out of the intricate harbor by flaming torches displayed by lines of natives stationed at the buoys.

'Flashes of flambeaux looked
Like Demons guarding the river of death.'

"The last sight of Ceylon's isle revealed the fine spires of the Catholic Cathedral, which tower above the pretty harbor of Galle."



"Of all strange sights in this fairy land, this is the strangest"—Michael Meyers Shoemaker.

13.

HENRY STEEL OLCOTT: WHITE CHAMPION OF THE BUDDHIST FAITH 1880-1906

Henry Steel Olcott, who occupies a special niche in the affections of the Sinhalese-Buddhists, was born in Orange, New Jersey on August 2, 1832 and after his early education in New York, devoted himself to agricultural pursuits. At the age of 25 he published a treatise on the culture of sorghum Sorgho and Imphee. *He married Mary E. Morgan in 1860, from whom he was later divorced. He enlisted and served in the Civil War, and was appointed by Secretary of State Stanton, a special commissioner to uncover corruption in navy yards and military depots. He was accorded the title of Colonel for this assignment. He later studied law and practiced it, after admission to the bar, in New York for a few years in the early seventies. Developing an interest in spiritualistic phenomena he met Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, the daughter of Colonel Hahn of the Russian Horse Artillery, and widow of General Blavatsky, Governor of Erivan in Armenia. Together they founded the Theosophical Society in New York in September 1875, the objects being: "1. To form the nucleus of a universal brotherhood of humanity, without distinction of race, creed or colour; 2. To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literature, religions, and sciences, and vindicate its importance; 3. To investigate the hidden mysteries of nature and the psychical powers latent in man."*

On December 18, 1878, "the Theosophic Twins" sailed for India, intent on a crusade which was to confront Christianity with an eclectic Oriental system. They arrived in India in February 1879 and began their work in Bombay. Olcott's belief in spiritualism and occult practices did not long survive the exposure of Blavatsky, and after this discomfiture in 1885, he settled down to building up the activities of the Theosophical Society on an organised basis, into which he threw all his abundant energies and enthusiasms. Mme. Blavatsky died in May 1891 and he was on his own thereafter. The credit for the development of the main headquarters of the Theosophist Movement at Adyar in Madras, and its branches all over the world is largely his, and he was indefatigable in its service, lecturing and writing tirelessly. When he died in 1907 the Society had over 600 branches in 42 countries. Old Diary Leaves, *the record of this thirty year enterprise, first appeared in* The Theosophist *March 1892—December 1906, and is, perhaps, more complete and candid than the later revisions in book form.*

Olcott's interest in Buddhism and its struggle against Christianity in Ceylon had been sparked off by reading his friend J. M. Peebles' booklet on the oral debate at Panadura between the noted Buddhist prelate Migettuwatte Gunananda Thero and the Rev. David de Silva in August 1873. He descended on the island with the messianic zeal of an Old Testament prophet and looking like one too. He arrived at Galle from Bombay on the first of his several visits on the 17th May 1880, with a delegation from the Bombay Branch of the Theosophical Society, accompanied also by Helena Blavatsky. The first extract gives an idea of the rapturous welcome they received, from which Olcott derived great encouragement for his energising labours on behalf of the renascent Buddhist movement in the country. Seven branches of the Society were formed during this trail-blazing two-month tour, and the idea began to form in his mind of promoting the meagre cause of Buddhist education, then at a very low ebb—there being only four Buddhist schools as against 802 Christian schools. On the second visit in April 1881, the launching of an Education Fund became his major obsession, and for this purpose he spent eight strenuous months travelling from village to village in the maritime provinces in a specially constructed bullock-cart, as well as other traditional conveyances by land and water. During this visit he compiled the Buddhist Catechism

which became a best-seller, appearing first in both Sinhala and English versions on July 24, 1881, and re-appearing in 44 editions in the English original alone by 1915. It was also translated into 23 languages, and reprinted many times in the next thirty-five years.

Olcott's catalytic role in reviving the decadent institutions of Sinhala Buddhism, and giving them a sophisticated twist, the better with which to counter the militancy of the Christian missions, and his trouble-shooting embassies to the authorities, were responsible for an impressive shot in the arm to the local religionists striving to restore their lost rights and privileges. Wesak was declared a statutory holiday in 1885, and an international six-coloured Buddhist flag designed as a symbol of unity. He performed the most valuable services for the Buddhists of Ceylon in the matter of education and the provision of schools, and his educational work inspired Westerners to come out to help. Mrs. Marie Musaeus Higgins, widow of Mr. Anthony Higgins of Washington, D.C., came out to Ceylon to become principal of Sanghamitta Girls' School in Colombo, and in 1893 founded her own Musaeus College for girls. His third visit was in August, 1882, and his fourth in 1886. On this visit he renewed acquaintance with Mr. Miller of Sacramento, the American Consul in Colombo, who had been a clerk under him during his spell in the War Department. He returned to Ceylon again and again until his death on 17th February 1907 at Adyar. The last extract is from a visit in 1897, when he teamed up with his friend of long standing J. M. Peebles to visit a low-caste village in Rambukkana. His diary accounts, written with the true zest of a traveller, reflect the gusto and infectious enthusiasm he brought to his activities in Ceylon, and portray a genial, kindly man, with a great sense of humour and love of humanity. His last visit was to Colombo on November 24, 1906, while returning to India from Europe, from where, dangerously ill, he sailed to Madras on December 8.

In the brief sketch of his life in the Dictionary of American Biography *(vol. 14, p. 10) the following estimate occurs:* [*Olcott*] *"has been variously considered a fool, a knave, and a seer, and was perhaps a little of all three". The grateful Buddhists of Ceylon will, surely, contest this ungenerous verdict with the same degree of passion and understanding he released in their cause in the late nineteenth century. There is little doubt that his role in the resurgence of Ceylon Buddhism will be long remembered. At the time of his death, there were 205 schools and 3 colleges run by the Buddhist Theosophical Society in Ceylon, in every one of which hangs a portrait of Olcott. He fired the Anagarika Dharmapala to provide the indigenous cutting edge to the religious and educational weapon he had forged, and this great Sinhala nationalist was the true native product of the Olcott phase of Buddhist evangelism. Dharmapala thereafter spearheaded, in his own millennial fashion, the nativistic reactions to colonialism and rode the rising tide of religio-nationalist pressure, which Olcott had helped to form. On 17 February, 1967, the sixtieth anniversary of his death, a statue was unveiled in Norris Road, Colombo 11, now renamed Olcott Mawatha, and in the same year the Olcott Commemoration Society published a* Commemoration Volume. *On December 8, 1967 the Goverment issued a special postage stamp bearing his portrait stating in an official bulletin, "Ceylon remembers with gratitude and veneration Colonel Olcott, a great American who has been a source of inspiration and guidance to the Buddhists of Ceylon"–an epitaph, happily composed and richly deserved.*

From *Old Diary Leaves*, Second Series: 1878-83 [2nd ed. 1928], pp. 158-159, 162-165, 170-175, 304-307, 314-320; Third Series: 1883-87 [2nd ed. 1929], pp. 355-357; Sixth Series: 1896-98 [2nd ed. 1935], pp. 180-185.

"*Second Series* [*1878-1883*]. Before dawn on the 17th we were off Galle light, and getting out pilot, anchored about 500 yards from shore. The monsoon burst, and there was tremendous wind and rain, but the view was so lovely that we stopped on deck to enjoy it. A beautiful day; a verdant promontory to the north, against which the surf dashed and in foamy jets ran high up against the rocky shore; a long, curved sandy beach bordered with tile-roofed bungalows almost hidden in an ocean of green palms; the old fort, custom house, lighthouse, jetty, and coaling sheds to the south, and to the east the tossing sea with a line of rocks and reefs walling it out from the harbor. Far away inland rose Adam's Peak and his sister mountains.

"After breakfast, in a lull of the storm, we embarked in a

large boat decorated with plantain trees and lines of bright-colored flowers, on which were the leading Buddhists of the place. We passed through a lane of fishing boats tricked out with gaudy cloths and streamers, their prows pointing inward. On the jetty and along the beach a huge crowd awaited us and rent the air with the united shout of 'Sadhoo! Sadhoo!' A white cloth was spread for us from the jetty steps to the road where carriages were ready, and a thousand flags were frantically waved in welcome. The multitude hemmed in our carriages, and the procession set out for our appointed residence, the house of Mrs. Wijeratne, the wealthy widow of a late P. and O. contractor. The roads were blocked with people the whole distance, and our progress was very slow. At the house three Chief Priests received and blessed us at the threshold, reciting appropriate Pali verses. Then we had a levee and innumerable introductions; the common people crowding every approach, filling every door and gazing through every window. This went on all day, to our great annoyance, for we could not get a breath of fresh air, but it was all so strong a proof of friendliness that we put up with it as best we could. Our hostess and her son, the Deputy Coroner of Galle, lavished every hospitality upon us, loading the table with delicacies and delicious fruits, such as we had never seen equalled, and dressing it in the charming Sinhalese manner, with flowers and pretty leaves; and the walls were beautified with them in artistic devices. Every now and then a new procession of yellow-robed monks, arranged in order of seniority of ordination and each carrying his palm-leaf fan, came to visit and bless us. It was an intoxicating experience altogether, a splendid augury of our future relations with the nation."

"As it had been arranged that I should give a public lecture on Theosophy on the 22nd, I made desperate efforts to think over my subject and prepare some notes. For I was then quite inexperienced in this business and was afraid to trust myself to extemporaneous discourse. But I might as well have tried to compose an aria in a machine shop where fifty blacksmiths were hammering on anvils, fifty turning lathes were whirling, and fifty people were gathered about to criticize my personal appearance, my pen, and my handwriting! Our house was a Babel, our rooms occupied

by a friendly mob from morning till night. I would have done far better to have just gone to the platform without preparation, and trusted to the inspiration of the moment, as I soon learned to do. I think my first lecture in Ceylon is worth a paragraph. It was delivered in a large room in the Military Barracks, imperfectly lighted, and packed to suffocation. A temporary platform had been erected at one end and a figured canopy suspended over it. Besides our delegation there were upon it Sumangala, Maha Thero, the Chief priest Bulatgama, Chief Priest Dhammalankara, of the Amarapoora Sect., who had come twenty-eight miles to meet us, and number more. The whole European colony (forty-five persons) were present, and, inside and outside, a mob of some 2,000 Sinhalese. I was not at all satisfied with my discourse, because, owing to the interruptions above noted, my notes were fragmentary, and the light was so bad that I could not read them. However, I managed to get through somehow, although a good deal surprised that not even the taking passages elicited applause: from the unsympathetic Europeans that was to have been expected, but from the Buddhist! As soon as a passage could be cleared our party passed out, H.P.B. and I arm-in-arm and holding each other tight so as not be separated by the jostling crowd. 'Was it a very bad speech?' I asked her. 'No, rather good', she said. 'Then', I continued, 'why was there no applause; why did they receive it in such a dead silence? 'It must have been very bad.' 'What? what? what are you saying?' broke in a voice from the Sinhalese gentleman who had hold of H.P.B.'s other arm. 'Who said it was a bad speech?' 'Why, we never heard so good a one in Ceylon before!' 'But that can't be', I replied; 'there was not a hand-clap, nor a cry of satisfaction.' 'Well, I should just have liked to hear one; we would have put knife into the fellow who dared interrupt you!' He then explained that the custom was to never interrupt a religious speaker, but to listen in respectful silence and, after leaving, to think over what he had said. And he very proudly pointed out the high compliment that had been paid me in the packed audience hearing me without making a sound. I could not see it in that light, and still think my lecture was so bad as to be not worth applauding; unless, perhaps, the Galle public had by common consent agreed to obey the injunction of Thomson!

'Come then, *expressive silence, muse his praise*'.

"*Chapter XI. The Popular Enthusiasm.* This was the Prologue to such a drama of excitement as we had not dreamt we should ever pass through. In a land of flowers and ideal tropical vegetation, under smiling skies, along roads shaded by clustering palm trees and made gay with miles upon miles of small arches of ribbon-like fringes of tender leaves, and surrounded by a glad nation, whose joy would have led them into the extravagance of actually worshipping us, if permitted, we passed from triumph to triumph, daily stimulated by the magnetism of popular love. The people could not do enough for us, nothing seemed to them good enough for us; we were the first white champions of their religion, speaking of its excellence and its blessed comfort from the platform, in the face of the Missionaries, its enemies and slanderers. It was that which thrilled their nerves and filled their affectionate hearts to bursting. I may seem to use strong language, but in reality it falls far short of the facts. If anybody seeks for proof, let him go through the lovely Island now, after fifteen years, and ask what they have to say about this tour of the two Founders and their party."

"Almost the entire Buddhist population of Galle massed together to see us leave town, and rent the air with friendly shouts. Our first stage was to Dodanduwa, five miles, the seat of the grand *Vihara* and *pansala* of our friend Piyaratana Tissa Terunnanese, a monk of erudition, energy, and high character. At every favorable point along the road crowds had gathered to look at us, we were invited to stop and refresh ourselves with cocoanuts, milk, tea and cakes, and at several points, so large was the concourse, I had to get out of the carriage and make addresses. At Dodanduwa we were greeted with such a downpour of monsoon rain as had not been seen in years. During a lull we were conducted to an immense shed that Piyaratana had had erected, and I gave the expected address to 2,000 people. After that we visited his temple, which we found scrupulously tidy and well kept—an unusual circumstance in the Island. We saw a huge standing image of the Buddha, more than a century old. We passed the night in a bungalow provided for us by Mr. Weerisooriya and friends.

"On again the next morning, in the two stage-coaches supplied by our friends, the Galle fishermen. I had to make four speeches this day—the first from the steps of the coach, before starting; the second from the steps of the bungalow at Ambalangoda; the third at Piyagale,[1] where we breakfasted at 3 P.M. [!] and were so besieged that we could scarcely breathe; the fourth at the temple at Piyagale, where an audience of 3,000 to 4,000 had collected. We were taken there in a fine rain, in procession, with banners, and tom-toms making a hideous racket; each beater trying to outvie the others and working the crowd up into a sort of frenzy of jubilation. The temple is situated on top of a steep, rocky hill, up which we were helped or, rather, dragged; giving poor H.P.B. agony with her lame leg, which had never fully recovered from the blow she got on board the 'Speke Hall' in the storm, when she was pitched against the corner of the dining-table. The drizzling rain blurred my glasses so that I could not properly see where I was walking and, to make things worse, my pince-nez dropped from my nose and smashed on the rock over which I was passing; thus leaving me, with my myopia, in an uncomfortable plight. The gathered monks presented us an address through their Maha Terunnanse, to which, of course, I replied at some length. Continuing on, we at last reached Kalutara at 9 P.M., but our troubles were not yet ended, as there was another bevy of monks to encounter, another address to listen to, and briefly answer, and then, after a needed meal, to bed, worn out. We were amused by an incident which happened *en route*, after dark. A man came rushing out of a wayside house with a bright light in his hand, stopped our coaches, and excitedly asked for each of us in turn. We thought he had something of importance to communicate, perhaps the *octroi*, perhaps even to warn us against a plot of the Christian party to do us injury.* But he said nothing except to repeat each of our names with a sigh of satisfaction, and then turned away. Our interpreter called after him to know what it was all about. 'Oh, nothing', he said, 'I only wanted to look at them.'

"There was no time for lying abed on this tour, so the next morning we were up at dawn when the birds began to

*That came later, they tried to murder me once.

1. *Paiyagala, a village, 30 miles from Colombo on the road to Galle.*

greet each other in the palm groves, and we men had a surf bath. Under very disadvantageous circumstances, truly, with a sharp coral bottom to stand upon that was like standing on a floor covered with inverted carpet tacks, the certainty of sharks, and the presence of a critical audience, watching us as though they were a class in Delsarte or calisthenics! Still it was a bath, and that means much in the Tropics. We made a charming acquaintance to-day—a graduate of Christ College, Cambridge; one of the most intellectual and polished men we have met in Asia. Mr. Arunachalam is a nephew of the late Sir M. Coomaraswamy, the well-known Orientalist, and at the time of our visit was Police Magistrate of Kalutara. His eldest brother is the Hon. P. Ramanathan, who is a warm friend of mine, and the official representative in the Legislative Council of the Tamil community. We breakfasted at Mr. Arunachalam's house, and his courtesy drew out H.P.B.'s most charming traits, so that the visit was in every saw a pleasant episode. As a dessert, or rather *pousse-cafe*, my colleague abused the Missionaries in her best style.

"The same afternoon we had a taste of the other style of official, the Government Agent—a most satrapy grade of public servant—having forbidden the use of any public building, even the verandah or steps of the school-house, for my lecture. The poor creature acted as though he supposed the Buddhists could be overawed into deserting their religion, or into believing Christianity a more lovable one, by excluding them from the buildings that had been erected with their tax-money and that would be lent to any preacher against Buddhism. But the fields and the sky were left us, the one for lecture-hall, the other for roof, and the meeting was held in a cocoanut grove. Some bright cloths, laid over cords stretched between trees, made our canopy and sounding-board and a chair placed on a big table my rostrum. The audience numbered two or three thousand. It may be imagined that the occasion was improved to point out the malicious spirit which actuated the Christian party, and their dread of the Sinhalese being made to see the merits of Buddhism.

"Our gravity was sorely tried the next morning. Wimbridge, Panachand, Ferozshah, and I were made to mount a sort of bedizened triumphal car and, under an escort of a company in comical uniform, carrying wooden guns and

sticks, their dark brown faces whitened with flour or chalk (to give them a quasi-European complexion), and with much music and many banners, were taken to the village of Wehra,[2] three miles off, for a reception ceremony. I spoke to a large audience, in a very fine preaching-house (Dharmasala), with two rows of white columns, stained glass windows, hanging lustres, and a large preaching pulpit. In the Oriental fashion, I sat while speaking. After that we went to pay our respects to Waskaduwe Subhuti, Terunnanse, a monk better known among Western orientalists than any other save Sumangala, who, of course, is the representative and embodiment of Pali scholarship. After lunch at Mr. Arunachalam's, we visited another famous priest, Potuwila Indajoti, Terunnanse, who enjoys a great renown as a Vederale, or native Physician. He is sent for from all the Buddhist parts of the Island, and has made numberless cures. We found his conversation very interesting, his views as to the survival of the ego in Nirvana being those of his late Guru, the Polhawatti priest and opposed to those of the Sumangala school. He applied for admission to our membership and was accepted.

"At that time the railway ended at Kalutara, and we here took train for our next station, Panadure (pronounced vulgarly Pantura), the locality where Megittuwatte debated against the Missionaries the respective merits of Buddhism and Christianity; and got the better of them, it is said. We were lodged in a new pansala adjoining a Vihara, which had just been erected by a picturesque-looking old man, named Andris Perera, at his own cost. He was tall, thin, dark, had a spacious forehead, wore his hair brushed back and twisted into a long switch, which was put up like a woman's hair, with an immense and costly tortoise-shell comb; and a circular comb—a Sinhalese fashion—arched over his fine head. He wore the country dhoti and a single-breasted, last-century coat of blue cloth, with long skirts, turnover cuffs, twenty large gold buttons down one side of the front and as many loops and lacings of gold lace opposite them, and the same ornamentation on the collar and cuffs. A gold-laced scarlet

2. *Weragama Temple, near Waskaduwa in the Kalutara district.*

baldric, passed over one shoulder and under the opposite arm, supported a short sword with a gold scabbard; a huge gold medallion-plaque, as large as a dessert plate, was suspended diagonally in the contrary direction by a golden chain; a heavy and richly embossed gold girdle was buckled about him. His feet were bare and he wore leather sandals! The figure was so striking, so unlike any other we saw, that I noted the above details in my Diary. He had advanced some little distance from the house to receive us, and behind him stood his six tall, striking-looking sons and three handsome daughters. The group struck us as being very picturesque. I bethought me of Torquil of the Oak and his stalwart sons, though I cannot say that I thought the Sinhalese family would have withstood the *Gow Chrom* as well as the champions of the Clan Quehele. Without delay, the old 'Mudaliyar' (the title of a Headman's office) led the way to a large permanent preaching-shed, and I addressed some 4,000 people. The Missionaries had been doing what little they could since our landing to try and weaken our influence with the Buddhists, so I paid my compliments to them and their questionable policy. This produced a sequel which will be mentioned later on. In truth, these Protestant Missionaries are a pestilent lot. With the Catholics we have never had a hard word."

"Chapter XXI. Creating a Sinhalese Buddhist Fund. If anyone fancies that the influence which our Society enjoys in the East has been gained without hard work he should look through the pages of this Diary. Day after day, week after week, and month after month are to be seen the records of journeys taken in all sorts of conveyances, from the railway carriage to the ramshackle little hackney, jutka and ekka, drawn by a single pony or bullock; to the common country cart, with its huge wheels, its bottom of bamboo poles, sometimes but thinly covered with straw, and its pair of high-humped Indian oxen straining at their yoke—a thick pole laid across their tired necks and tied to them by coir ropes; to roughly built boats covered with arches of dried palm-leaves, but with neither bench nor cushion; to elephants carrying us in their howdahs, or, more frequently, on great pads, which are simply mattresses belted around them by giant girths. Journeyings by clear days are recorded here, and days of pouring tropical rains; nights of moonlight, of starlight, and heavy showers; nights, sometimes, when sleep is broken by the ear-splitting sounds of the jungle insect world, the horrid yelp of the jackal pack, the distant noise of wild elephants pushing through the cane groves, the ceaseless shouts of the driver to his lagging bullocks, and his country songs, mostly in *falsetto*, and usually discordant, to keep himself awake. Then the mosquitoes swarming about you in the cart, with their exasperating drone, menacing slow torture and white lumps swelling on the skin. Then the arrivals at villages in the dawn; the people all clustered along the road to meet you; the curiosity that must be gratified; the bath under difficulties; the early breakfast of coffee and *appas*—a thickish sort of rice cakes—with fruit; the visit to the monastery; the discussions of plans and prospects with the Buddhists monks; the lecture in the open air, or, if there be one, the preaching pavilion, with a great crowd of interested, brown skinned people, watching you and hanging on your interpreter's lips. Then came the spreading of the printed subscription-sheets on a table, the registering of names, the sales of Buddhistic tracts and catechisms; the afternoon meal, cooked by your servant between some stones, under a palm tree; perhaps a second lecture for the benefit of newly-arrived visitors from neighboring villages; the goodbyes, the god-speeds of rattling tom-toms and squeaky gourd-pipes, the waving of flags and palm fronds, the cries of Sadhu! Sadhu! and the resumption of the journey in the creaking cart. So on and so on, day after day, I went all over the Western Province on this business, rousing popular interest in the education of their children under the auspices of their own religion, circulating literature and raising funds for the prosecution of the work. So great was my discomfort that at last I set my Yankee ingenuity to work, and had built for me a two-wheeled travelling cart on springs, which could give ample sleeping accommodation for four people; had lockers projecting from the sides, for holding table-furniture, tinned provisions, a small library, and my bathing kit; two large ones under the floor for baggage, sacks of vegetables and curry-stuffs; a tight canvas roof on hoop-iron ribs, a chest in front for tools and spare ropes, hooks underneath for water-bucket, cattle-trough, etc., a secure shelf over the axle for the driver's cooking-pots, and rings behind for attaching a led bullock. After we got that, our troubles

were at an end, and I lived in that conveyance for weeks at a stretch. It weighed less than a country cart, and was as comfortable as need be. By a simple change of longitudinal seat-planks inside, I could, at will, have a writing room, dining room, sleeping room, or an omnibus-like arrangement, with two cushioned seats running fore and aft, to accommodate eight sitters. It was as much a novelty to the simple country folk as the *Buddhist Catechism*, and priests and laity used to flock around to see its mechanical wonders. After the lapse of fifteen years the cart is still in serviceable condition, and has been used by Dhammapala, Leadbeater, Powell, Banbery, and various other workers in Ceylon. I have travelled many miles in the best Indian bullock-coaches, but not one compares for comfort and convenience with this. It would be a kindly act for someone to build it for the public, for it is equally useful for any part of the world where there are roads for a two-wheeled conveyance and stout oxen to draw it. If I have permitted myself to say so much about it, it is only that my readers might fancy themselves along with me in my pioneering educational mission among the good Sinhalese, and realize how some of our time has been spent in Asia."

"The ordinary steam-passenger sees little of the loveliness of Ceylon, although that little is calculated to whet his desire to see more. The drives about Colombo, the exquisite railway trip by the seashore to Mount Lavinia, and the climb by rail to Kandy and Nuwera Eliya are experiences never to be forgotten; but I have seen the Island thoroughly, have visited almost every little village in the Maritime Provinces at all times of the year, and I can endorse every word of praise that Professor Ernest Haeckel has written about it as fully deserved. And I saw the people as they are, at their best; full of smiles, and love, and hospitable impulse, and have been welcomed with triumphal arches, and flying flags, and wild Eastern music, and processions, and shouts of joy. Ah! lovely Lanka, Gem of the Summer Sea, how doth thy sweet image rise before me as I write the story of my experiences among thy dusky children, of my success in warming their hearts to revere their incomparable religion and its holiest Founder. Happy the karma which brought me to thy shores!

"One of the most delightful of my trips of 1881 was that to the hill-district of Ratnapura (City of Gems), the country where the famed precious stones of Ceylon are dug, and where the lordly elephant rules the forest. The scenery is charming, the verdure that clothes the landscape is of that brilliant tint peculiar to the Tropics in the rainy season. The encircling hills are blue and misty in the clouds which float about their crests. As I strolled down the road that passes through the town I met a string of tamed elephants with their mahouts, and stopped them to pay them some agreeable civilities. I fed them with cocoanuts bought at a neighboring stall, and patted their trunks and spoke friendly to them after the fashion of the wise. It was interesting to see how they got at the contents of the hard-shelled fruit. Holding them in a curve of their trunks, they smashed them against a stone or laid them on the ground and stepped on them just hard enough to break the shells. One cracked his against a stone, let the juice run into his proboscis, and then poured it into his mouth. A large beast is worth Rs. 1,000—say, rather more than £ 55 in our now degraded rupees. Feudalism still holds its own in the hill tracts of Ceylon, having hardly yet been extirpated with the change of Government from native to British rule.

"I lectured first at the Dewali,[3] a temple dedicated to one of the Indian 'patron deities' of Ceylon. Iddamalgodde Basnayaki Nilami, a noble of the old regime, is the incumbent of this temple, and derives from it a considerable income. These Dewalis, or Hindu shrines, one sees in many places actually adjoining the Buddhist Viharas and within the same compound (enclosure). They are an excrescence on pure Buddhism, left by the Tamil sovereigns of former days, and, for the most part, are handsomely endowed with fields and forests.

"A *perehera*, or elephant procession, was a fine sight. Imagine fifteen or twenty of these huge beasts marching along, all decorated with rich trappings; tinsel covered carts; Buddhist priests in yellow robes, borne along in portable shrines, trying to look meek but really swelling with pride; devil dancers (*kappakaduwe*) in fantastic costumes, and wearing huge, hideous masks, and harlequins following after; the three *Nilamis*, or noble headmen, in

3. *Saman Devale, 2 miles from Ratnapura, the shrine of the God Saman, the patron deity of the Sabaragamuwa province.*

carriages, and the rear brought up by a long procession of men carrying food in baskets slung to *pingoes*, flexible poles of elastic wood, such as are commonly employed for carrying burthens; the whole scene lit up by torches innumerable, of dried cocoanut fronds, which burn with a bright glare that turns every dusky figure into a charming artist-model.

"After breakfast the next morning we 'went gemming', that is, to dig a little in a piece of ground that one Mr. Solomon Fernando had given me for what I could get out of it for the Fund. For the first and only time in my life I realized the gaming excitement of mining. The chances were even whether I should get nothing or turn over a sapphire worth Ł 1,000. I handled the spade first myself, but the climate soon warned me to turn over the search to the hardy coolies who stood waiting. We dug a half hour, and got imperfect cat's eyes by washing the dirt. I took them away in high glee, fancying in my ignorance that the whole sum we needed for the Fund might perhaps be taken from this pit. Alas! when I had the gems appraised in Colombo, I found there was not a single stone of any commercial value in the lot. I never got anything at all from the pit, which was not the generous Mr. Fernando's fault. But I am wrong; I did get something later from him—a good *loupe*, or magnifying-glass, which he had cut for me from a pure rock crystal taken from my pit.

"At 4 o'clock that day I spoke at the preaching-shed in the town and got Rs.500 subscribed. But most of it is still unpaid; subscribing, for show, and paying, for conscience' sake, being two quite different affairs, as we found by sad experience in India as well as in Ceylon. Stupid people to believe in the law of Karma, and then break such voluntary contracts as these! They remind me of the Sinhalese folklore story of the dull-witted fellow who engaged a blacksmith to make him a knife, and cheated him by giving him soft iron instead of good metal!

"A local Branch of the Society resulted from my visit to this town. Another lecture followed on the next day, and the five most important *Nilamis* and *Retemahatmeyas* —chief officials—were admitted into the membership of the Society. A Baptist missionary, attended by a grinning black catechist, came to my lodgings for an intellectual wrestle with me upon the respective merits of Buddhism and Christianity. They retired sadder, if not wiser men, and made no converts that time. At 11 P.M. our party embarked in a paddy boat, a platform laid over two canoes, to descend the river to Kalutara, where we were to take train. The Captain proved a cheat and a traitor, for, although our bargain was for the exclusive occupancy of the boat, he let come aboard about twenty-five men, despite our remonstrances. Finding argument useless, I bade our friends remove our luggage, and, collaring the fellow, took him before a police magistrate, who was close at hand. Leaving him in custody we engaged another boat and pushed off at once. We learnt afterwards from an acquaintance who was on a third boat, that, tying up by the bank at a village down the river, he overheard the men on our first boat talking near him about the failure of their plot to rob me of the money I had collected at Ratnapura, and, if necessary, despatch me! It seems that these villains were notoriously bad characters from the Pettah of Colombo.

"We spent the next day delightfully on the river, admiring the green banks, the luxuriant foliage, the bright-plumed birds, and the mountain chain with its ever-shifting tints. Our meals, cooked on board in the most primitive style, consisted of curry and rice, and were eaten off leaf-plates, with our fingers, in Eastern fashion. The night was lovely as Paradise, with first a blaze of stars and then the fairy moonlight, creating about us a dream-landscape and silver-paved stream. The jungle noises were most novel to me, a stranger, and so was a huge crawling animal we saw moving at the water's edge, which I took to be an alligator, but which proved to be a huge lizard, seemingly six feet long. We shot the rapids at one place, and enjoyed the excitement of watching to see if our frail craft should go to pieces and leave us floundering in the water. But our Captain proved a splendid helmsman, and his son, a handsome, well-shaped lad of 13 years, stuck to his bow-oar with cool courage, and we soon passed down to the calm water below. This boy was wonder to me. He ate nothing but curry and rice, and had not got his growth, yet he plied the oar throughout the trip of fifty-seven miles, for twenty-two hours at a stretch, save occasional short reliefs, and was as fresh at the end as at the start. I thought it would be hard to find a Western youth who could equal that feat of endurance.

"We had no cots or bunks to comfort us, but sat all day and slept all night on mats laid on the bamboo deck, after a bone-crushing fashion which I prefer to leave to the reader's imagination rather than dwell too long upon details. I will only say that a night passed without a mattress, on a tiled roof, is luxury in comparison with it. We reached Kalutara before cockcrow the next morning, took train, and got back to Colombo, for early breakfast, tired enough."

"Third Series (1883-1887). The cocoanut palm has been the theme of hundreds of poets, for it is one of the most beautiful objects of the vegetable kingdom. But to see it as we saw it on the night of 23rd March, at Ooloombalana, on the estate of Messrs. Pedalis de Silva and R.A. Mirando, was to take into the memory a picture that could never fade. The stars shone silvery in the azure sky, and in the extensive cocoanut grove many bonfires had been built to protect the fruit from the depredations of thieves. The effect of these lights upon the enamelled surfaces of the huge fronds was marvellously artistic. Their lower surfaces were brought out into high relief, and standing at the foot of a tree and looking upward, one could see the great circle of star-studded sky that was opened out by the outspringing foot-stalks, while, as the wind shook the fronds, their spiky points would wave up and down and bend sidewise and back again, so that the hard, smooth, emerald-hued upper surfaces would glint and sparkle in the yellow glare of the fires. It was one of the most entrancing pictures I ever saw in my life. Our pitched cart with its white tent-top, the white oxen, our camp-fire, and our group of persons, were vividly lighted up, and I could not but fancy what an exquisite painting Salvator Rosa would have made of the quiet scene.

"We entered the village of Madampe with a great procession that had come to meet us, and made noise enough with their barbaric tom-toms and horns to frighten away all the *pisachas* within the circuit of five miles. Of course, our public lecture was attended by a huge crowd, who displayed much enthusiasm. Leadbeater, who is now working in America, will doubtless be entertained by these notes of our associated tourings. I doubt, however, his recalling with pleasure the trip from Madampe to Mahavena,[4] in a

4. *Mahawewa, a village 5 miles from Madampe on the road to Negombo.*

country cart without springs, over a fearfully rough road, on which we got, as Horace Greeley did over a Kansas railroad, more exercise to the mile than was good for the soul. Every bone in our bodies was shaken up so as to make us painfully conscious of its anatomical position, while, as for poor Leadbeater, he suffered agony with his weak back. However, we came out of the experience alive, and that was something.

"At one village, which I shall not name, we found the Buddhists killers of animals for food and drinkers and vendors of arrack—a pretty mess indeed—quite after the Indian Christian model. Well, it may be safely said that I walked into them in my discourse citing the Silas to show what a real Buddhist should be, and pointing to what they were. The very headman whose hospitality was offered us was an arrack-renter, and fish-catching and selling was the order of the day. In defining Nirvana and the Path towards it, I gave them one and all to understand, on the authority of Lord Buddha Himself, that if they imagined that they could get to Nirvana with a jug of arrack in one hand and a string of fish in the other, they were mightily mistaken; they had better go over to the Christians at once if they believed that, for fishing and arrack-drinking put a man quite outside the pale of Buddhism!

"On 7th April we closed the tour and started back for Colombo, but in the night our driver, having fallen asleep, dropped from his seat, and the bulls drew the heavy cart over his foot, so my servant 'Bob', who was up to any emergency, took his place and brought us at 3 A.M. to the house of our good friend Hendrik Aracchi, where we stopped until 9 o'clock the next morning and then proceeded on towards home. We got to the Headquarters at 3 P.M., and I went at once to my desk to deal with arrears of work."

"Sixth Series (1896-1898). While I was at Colombo the author and lecturer, Dr. Peebles, arrived there on one of his round-the-world tours, and as we were old acquaintances, I put him in the way of seeing some things which would not normally come under the notice of globe-trotters. Among other incidents was a visit to an interior village, named Walpolla, in the jungle back of the village of

5. *Rambukkana, a town 15 miles from Kurunegala, and a station on the Colombo-Kandy railroad.*

Rambakkana,[5] where it had been arranged that I should lecture to delegates from several villages of very low caste people, something like the Indian Pariahs. Although there is no caste in Buddhism, yet, all the same, the Indian dynasties who have ruled Ceylon have left behind them marked social distinctions, and in the hill country the Kandyan aristocracy have treated the laboring classes with as much harshness and injustice as though they had been their slaves. The people in the district to which I was going had been taught next to nothing about Buddhism, and since they were made by the aristocrats to feel themselves the vilest of the vile, they fell a natural prey to proselyting agents of the Salvation Army, who told them that if they would drop this accursed Buddhism and come into Christianity, they would be free men and could look anybody in the face. It was to open their eyes to the truth that I was asked to go to this obscure hamlet in the heart of the forest.

"Accordingly I left Colombo on the sixteenth of April, in the early morning, with my old colleague and friend, C.P. Goonewardene, as interpreter, a Buddhist priest to hold the service, and an indefatigable Bob Appu, my old servant, for Rakwana; Dr. Peebles, coming from Kandy, met us there and went on with us. The poor people had sent as transport one big elephant, one half-grown one, and an ox-cart, without springs and apparently constructed with a view to pulverizing the bones of unfortunate travellers. As Dr. Peebles had never had an elephant ride except as a boy at the circus, he gleefully accepted my benevolent offer to let him ride the big beast; without howdah or pad, be it said. Although experience had prepared me for the terrors of the ox-cart, I preferred to face them rather than the risk of being swept off the big elephant's back by a bough of some one of the many trees of the forest that we would have to pass under. This however, I did not mention to Dr. Peebles, for I thought that it might do him good if his pride should have a fall. He having mounted by a short ladder to the back of the kneeling elephant, and been nearly flung off when the beast rose to its feet, we entered the forest. Dr. Peebles had on, I remember, white trousers, and although his legs were long they were not long enough to bestraddle the elephant's broad back; so, perforce, they stuck out straight athwartship, and I was nearly convulsed with laughter to see him clutching at the back of the guide who sat in front of him, and trying to balance himself so as to adjust himself to the elephant's stride. As to myself, there was not a bone in my body that did not feel as if it had been passed through a threshing-machine. When we reached our destination it was as much as Dr. Peebles could do to get down to *terra firma*, and then his white 'continuations', after serving as a clean towel to wipe the elephant's dusty back, were more like a crash roller that was hung all day in a machine-shop for the use of the men, than anything else that I can recall. As for his body he said that he felt as if 'there would have been two of him if we had gone much farther'! A large audience had assembled to hear my lecture, which I gave after the Buddhist priest with us had given the *Pancha Sila* (the Five precepts). It was a beautiful landscape that spread out before us, one of broad stretches of emerald green fields, majestic forests, and encircling hills. I placed my back towards the wall of the monastic building that stood there and the people sat cross-legged on the ground in many hundreds. Of course the theme of my discourse was an indignant protest against the treatment which these hard-working peasants have received from the Kandyan higher classes on account of caste. I gave them to understand as distinctly as possible that, not only was Buddhism free of caste distinctions but that the Lord Buddha, himself, had denounced it as an unnatural and unwarrantable social injustice. I quoted to them things that he had said in various sermons, or sutras, among others, those known as the *Vasala* and *Brahmajala*, wherein he says that it is not birth that makes a man a Brahman or a Pariah, but the actions of the person. 'By deeds', says he in the Vasala Sutra, 'one becomes an outcaste, by deeds one becomes a Brahman.' I illustrated the principle also by telling them the story of Prackriti, a girl of the Matanja, or Pariah, or *Chandala* caste, from whom Ananda, the great disciple of the Buddha, took water at a roadside well. Passing along in the heat of the day and feeling thirsty, he asked the girl to give him water to drink. She said that she dare not do it because she was of such a low caste that he, a high-caste man, would become contaminated by taking water from her hands. But Ananda replied: 'I asked not for caste but for water, my sister'; and the Matanja girl's heart was glad and she gave him to

drink. The Buddha blest her for it. I told them, moreover, that in that very sermon, the *Vasala Sutra*, the Buddha told the Brahmana Aggikabharadvaja, who had sought to insult him by calling him an outcaste, that a certain *chandala* of the Sopaka caste, had become a Buddhist monk and attained to such a glorious renown 'as was very difficult to obtain', and many Kshattriyas and Brahmanas had rendered their personal services to him; whereas there were many Brahmanas born in the highest families who 'are continually caught in sinful deeds and are to be blamed in this world, while in the coming (world) hell (awaits them); birth does not save them from hell nor from blame.' I then called up the acknowledged headman of the outcastes and, through the interpreter, asked him to bring me a drink of water. I took it, held it up before the people, and said: 'I drink this water as a Buddhist who protests against the falsehoods that have been spread among you about our religion.'

"There were no more conversions made by the Salvation Army in *that* village, and I never saw an audience in Ceylon hang more attentively upon the lips of a public speaker than they did upon those of the Buddhist priest who had come with me and who preached to them after I had done. At their request he stopped with them some days and held religious services day and night."

"Everything is emptiness and everything is compassion."
—Thomas Merton.

14.

MATURIN MURRAY BALLOU: "THE MOULDERING ARCHITECTURE OF A FORGOTTEN RACE" 1882

Maturin M. Ballou was born in Boston in 1820, the youngest of nine children of the Rev. Hosea Ballou. His grandfather was a Baptist clergyman and four uncles were preachers. Whether as journalist, traveller or author, he wrote with a didactic pen handily dipped in the ink of the pulpit. At nineteen he became a clerk in the Boston Post Office, but a congenial and passionate scribbler could not long forsake the world of printer's ink. He founded Ballou's Pictorial, *one of the earliest American illustrated papers, and was the first editor and manager of the* Boston City Globe *from 1872-74. He was an inveterate traveller on sea and land, and circumnavigated the globe in 1882.* Due West, or, Round the World in Ten Months *(1884) resulted from these travels. Throughout his life he remained pre-eminently a journalist who strove to reach literary heights. He wrote over fifteen books, mostly impressions of travel. His particular love for islands produced separate books on his two favourites Malta and Ceylon, but he awarded the palm for natural riches and attractiveness to "this fabled isle of Arabian story." In his preface to* The Pearl of India *he makes an unequivocal admission. "It is safe to say no point presents more varied attractions to the observant traveler, more thoroughly and picturesquely exhibits equatorial life, or addresses itself more directly to the delicate appreciation of the artist, botanist, antiquarian general scientist, and sportsman, than does Ceylon, gem of the Orient."*

Ballou is swept away in his depictions of the island's beauties by the spirit of romance, and is ever willing to be wafted on the wings of his mellifluous pen when carried away by some extra-special aspect of enchantment. He was studiously conscious of the historical traditions and impressive antiquities of the Sinhalese, but, in the company of his nineteenth-century peers and even betters, thought poorly of the contemporary variety of lotus-eaters. "As one regards these lazy, betel-chewing, irresponsible children of the tropics, idling in the shade of palms, it does not seem strange that they should lead a sensuous life, the chief occupations of which are eating and sleeping. All humanity here appears to be more or less torpid." The values of a technologically backward Asia had yet to strike the pundits of the stridently progressive West. Ballou travelled extensively over all parts of the island, and commented freely and with exuberance on every profile of nature and society he encountered. Before leaving Colombo, he satisfied a sentimental urge to see the town from the bay under the moon and stars, and the last two pages of his book are given up to the description of this boat ride which afforded him an "absolutely perfect"..."farewell vision of this 'utmost' Indian isle." The book on Ceylon was published a year before his death at the age of seventy-five.

From *The Pearl of India;* by Maturin M. Ballou (Boston, 1894) pp. 49-51, 72-80, 120-125.

"This interesting island is rich in prehistoric monuments, Buddhist temples, and lofty dagobas, some of which were originally over three hundred feet in height, exceeding that of the Cathedral of Notre Dame, in Paris, by sixty feet. This, be it remembered, was representative of a civilization which existed upon an island of the Indian Ocean between two and three thousand years ago. The lofty, gorgeous colored, and eccentric temples which the traveler regards with such curious interest in India belong to a much more modern period. They are structures which have been raised oftentimes upon the site of former heathen shrines. So in Rome, many of the churches which we visit to-day accredit with great antiquity are rebuilt

upon edifices formerly dedicated to strange gods. Some remain intact, like the Temples of Hercules and the Pantheon. These Ceylon dagobas are only one class of monuments, and are to be considered in connection with other vestiges of vast public structures, the origin and purpose of which have been lost sight of in the lapse of ages. Slabs of granite engraven with half-effaced inscriptions in Pali, and in unknown characters, are still found, mystifying the most learned antiquarians, while the significance of others has been made plain by means of commendable patience and scholarly acquirements. What an object lesson is here presented, attesting the evanescence of all mundane power and glory. Here are evidences of vast and costly enterprises, such as the rearing of grand monuments whose legitimate object can only be conjectured, and the names of whose builders are forgotten. The annals of the Singhalese, to whom we are not accustomed to give much credit as a literary people, yet afford consecutive historical data for twenty-four centuries back, though, as in most oriental countries, the records of their past combine truth and fable almost indiscriminately, so that it is often difficult to distinguish one from the other. These Eastern writers had a royal mode of assertion, much more impressive than convincing; as regards the general fidelity of these annals, however, there is no reasonable doubt, after allowing for what may be termed poetical license of expression. We may well ask ourselves how many lands can, like Ceylon, tell so much of their past history in authentic records verified by enduring monuments. As is well known, we in America go back only about four centuries before the trail of history is lost. To be sure, conjecture is abundant enough, but conjecture is not history." . . .

"There is sufficient evidence still left us to show that the olden city of Pollonarua was laid out in a perfectly systematic way, and built up in the most regular manner. Its founders evidently started with a well-perfected purpose. It was not a chance settlement of a few cabins, which gradually increased hither and thither in various directions until it assumed the proportions of a metropolis. Notwithstanding the present confusion, the general features of its topography are clearly discernible amid the mounds of mouldering material. The main street from the

principal entrance-gate continued perfectly straight for four miles between royal palms to the opposite extreme of the city crossed at right angles in the centre by a similar thoroughfare, thus forming two main streets, which terminated at four great gates of entrance and exit to and from the town, north, east, south, and west. From these main streets radiated lateral and smaller roadways, evidently occupied by humbler dwellings, together with an occasional temple or other public building. The ruins of what is known as the Treasure House of Pollonarua are unusually interesting, as exhibiting some of the finest and best preserved bas-reliefs to be found in Ceylon, and as showing also certain marked peculiarities of skill in architecture which prevailed in pre-Christian times. On either side of the principal thoroughfares of the city were handsome and substantial dwellings, palaces, and sacred temples. The latter, with their gorgeous gilded domes, were dedicated to various pagan gods. Other spacious buildings and open areas were devoted to pleasure entertainments for the masses of the people, not unlike the modern idea of public gardens and outdoor theatres.

"Here and there labyrinths of unexplored ruins are entirely hidden by lofty, broad-limbed trees and a tangle of low, dense shrub, as though the big city had been originally built in a forest. We pause, and gaze thoughtfully at the desolation which speaks so emphatically in its dumb way. It is the language in which the decline and fall of great empires is written—monuments of mutability.

'Tully was not so eloquent as thee,
Thou nameless column with the buried base.'

"It is not to be wondered at that learned European antiquarians make pilgrimages hither to see with their own eyes what others have graphically described, and to translate for themselves these black-letter records of by-gone ages. We met at Pollonarua one enthusiastic traveler who had neither eyes nor ears for anything else but that which related to the almost forgotten past. The mouldering ruins of Ceylon were food and drink to him, with which he gorged himself to repletion. Each new student of antiquity who comes hither, being informed of the progress of those who preceded him, takes up the thread of discovery where they left it, and adds something to illumine the darkness which enshrouds these sombre ruins.

"It could not always have been peaceful in these populous cities of the past, where strange gods and strange customs prevailed. The imagination easily depicts dire tragedies and bloody conflicts which must have drenched their broad avenues with blood. Such has been the history of the world since the beginning of time.

"The best-preserved construction amid all the ruins is a Buddhist rock-temple, which, having been hewn out of the native stone, is still intact, though supposed to date back three hundred years before our era. It is only a small chamber about twenty feet square, containing an altar and three stone figures of Buddha in different positions, sitting, reclining, and standing. The entrance to the chamber is an archway; on either side, inscriptions are engraven in the Pali language, but these, we were informed, had never been translated. The native rock, from which the small temple is cut, rises abruptly from the level plain.

"Anuradhapura, as wonderful in its way as Pompeii or Herculaneum, is known as the ancient capital of Ceylon, and Pollonarua as the mediaeval, but even the former is antedated by other half-buried cities in the island, that of Bintenne, for instance, which exhibits ruins of great interest and of admitted antiquity. There is a dagoba here which is spoken of by the former Dutch occupants of the island, in A.D. 1602, as being still in good preservation, surmounted by a gilded dome, while its smooth, white exterior was quite unblemished. The wear and tear of the centuries has not yet obliterated this monument.

"These dagobas, shaped like half an eggshell, are very similar to the topes of India proper. The interior consists of earth and sun-dried clay, built about and rendered substantial with burned bricks and tiles, the whole being coated on the exterior with a stone-like mortar or chunam. The burned bricks which are found in the debris of the 'buried cities' have their form quite perfect, and were so well fired when made that they still retain their sharpness and consistency. The best examples of brick-work are to be found among the ruins of Pollonarua, where the mortar that was originally used shows the remains of the burned pearl-oyster shells from which it was made. The principle of the true arch secured by its keystone does not seem to have been understood by the people of that period in this

island, though what is called the false arch, produced by projecting one layer of bricks beyond another, is clearly shown. The carving in stone was carried to a high degree of excellence, and is still in good preservation, as shown upon slabs, risers to steps, and on octangular columns of graceful proportions. The entrance to some of the cave-temples also exhibits ability in the carving of stone which is of no mean quality, depicting innumerable single figures and many groups. None of the Indian topes are more than half as large as these Ceylon dagobas. The latter were solid, hemispherical masses, standing upon a raised square platform of granite six or eight feet high, and approached by broad stone steps. The incrustation of the dome-like edifice was after the fashion of our modern stucco process, except that it was very much more thickly laid on. The preparation consisted of lime, cocoanut water, and the glutinous juice of a fruit which grows upon the paragaha-tree. This compound was pure white when dried and hardened, receiving a polish like glass, and was remarkable for durability.

"We were told of, but did not see, carved stone capitals and elaborately draped monoliths, found among the ruins of Bintenne, which represented early perfection in architecture as displayed in a region now indeed barbaric, but where a civilization flourished in the far past in all the pride and pomp of oriental grandeur. To-day the jackal and the panther, unmolested by man, prowl about the spot in search of prey.

"When the hosts who formed the population of these long-buried cities disappeared we may not know, nor what fate befell them. There are many intelligent theories about the matter, but very little positive evidence. The most plausible supposition would seem to be that a devastating famine must have been the fatal agent. Most of the works which these people left behind them, except the bell-shaped and nearly indestructible dagobas, are now covered with rank vegetation. The first structure of this character erected at Anuradhapura is still extant, and is believed by some writers to be one of the oldest architectural monuments in India. With this conclusion we certainly cannot agree, as the chronicles tell us it was raised by King Tissa, at the close of the third century before Christ, over the collar-bone of Buddha. The author has

seen at Benares many sacred structures, some in ruins, which are much more ancient. After all, these milestones of the centuries afford us little data by which to unravel the mysteries of the past in Ceylon. They are only isolated mementos, forming disjointed links in the chain connecting us with bygone ages, mute but eloquent witnesses of a former and high degree of civilization. The most erudite antiquarian finds no coherent or reliable history in such crumbling monuments; generalities only can be deduced from them, however suggestive and interesting they may prove.

"Neither the ancient nor the modern Singhalese seem to have had any distinctive order of architecture, though the variety which they adopted was infinite. Here, among these half-defaced ruins, one detects Egyptian, Greek, Roman, and Moorish inspirations, calculated to puzzle the scientist as to their probable origin. The singular conglomerates of our own day are not more confusing than some of the best-preserved specimens to be found in these ruined cities of ancient Ceylon.

"Another notable object of antiquarian interest in the island is recalled in this connection. It is that of a colossal, upright figure of Buddha, a figure hewn out of the solid rock, to which it is still attached, though it is statuesque and not in bas-relief, the original material only furnishing its support at the back. This rude piece of sculpture is fifty feet in height and otherwise duly proportioned, vividly recalling the mammoth bronze statue of Dai-Butsu at Kamakura, in Japan, which is nearly sixty feet in height, though it is represented in a sitting position. Within this statue fifty people can stand together, the interior being fitted like a chapel. As regards antiquity, the Japanese figure is supposed to be but six centuries in age, while that of Ceylon is surely three times as old, and probably four. The great Singhalese statue is now in the jungle, which has grown up about it during centuries of neglect, near to the great Tank of Kalawera. The surrounding rocks were in ancient days turned into a cave-temple with infinite labor, by hewing and excavating them into chambers of suitable dimensions. Without excellent tools of steel and iron, very nearly approaching in efficiency those of our own time, this could not possibly have been accomplished.

"The carved pillars, flutted, beveled, and spiral columns,

mounds of ruined masonry, crumbling flights of stone steps, ornamental fragments of temples, and granite statues skillfully wrought which are scattered in all directions throughout the jungle, in some instances overgrown by tall trees, attest both departed greatness and far-reaching antiquity. Broken bricks, tiles, and sculpture are so knit together by snake-like tree-roots, while shaded by their lofty branches, as to form one solid mass for hundreds of rods together, dotted here and there by simple wild flowers which modestly rear their delicate petals and perfume the air. One represents the tomb of decayed magnificence and oriental luxury, the other is the sweet and simple emblem of Nature undefiled. Thus she covers up the wrinkles of age with blooming vegetation, screening the mouldering architecture of a forgotten race beneath fresh arboreal and floral beauties. There still remain, though partially buried beneath the earth, the suggestive memorials of a prosperous and energetic people, who were once the possessors of this beautiful Indian isle. These decaying monuments are at the same time indisputable evidence of the high civilization which once existed here, and also, sad to realize, of the deterioration of the Singhalese as a people. However gradual may have been the decadence of the race from the proud condition of their ancestors who built the 'buried cities', the contrast is so strong to-day as to seem singularly abrupt, notwithstanding the intervening centuries.

"Fifty years ago, it was only at the risk of one's life that these famous ruins of Ceylon could be reached. Such expeditions were not even attempted without a strong escort and governmental aid. Hostile native tribes and equally malarial influences, together with almost impassable forests and unbridged rivers, were all arrayed against the curious visitor. This is now changed so that enterprising travelers can with but little trouble enjoy a view of some of the most extraordinary monuments to be found in the East, and which are of much more than ordinary archaelogic and artistic interest." . . .

"Speaking of the road between Colombo and Galle, too much praise cannot be bestowed upon these government thoroughfares. Whether on long or short routes, they are admirable and substantially constructed, consequently

they are easy to keep in good order. The island has over three thousand miles of made roadways in an area of twenty-five thousand square miles. 'The first and most potent means of extending civilization', says a modern pioneer,' 'is found in roads, the second in roads, the third again in roads.' The best thoroughfares in the neighborhood of our New England cities are hardly equal to these. The Ceylon public roads would delight Colonel Pope, of bicycle fame; he who so eloquently and none too earnestly advocates the great importance of good common roads, especially in New England, where we are, when the truth is fairly spoken, sadly deficient in them. The new states of the West and Southwest far excel us in this respect. The road on which we have just embarked, aside from its excellence in point of usefulness [the railway from Colombo to Galle was not completed when the author traveled over the route], is one of ideal beauty, passing through a forest and shore region combined. This turnpike abounds in unique effects and a succession of charming surprises. One is never quite prepared for the natural tableaux which constantly present themselves. An experienced traveler in the low latitudes is apt to anticipate the probabilities when starting forth on a new tropical route, but one must behold in order to properly understand the nature of Ceylon forest scenery. The Colombo and Galle road forms an almost continuous avenue through overarching cocoanut palms, with frequent glimpses of the Indian Ocean on the side and of fresh-water ponds and small lakes on the other, the latter all alive with aquatic birds, such as water-pheasants, plovers, teal, sand-larks, and the like. The 'painted snipe', as it is called, is very common, having a chocolate-colored head and a white collar, with back and wings of green, the tail feathers being spotted with yellow like a butterfly's wings. It is a very active bird and is never quiet for a single moment, constantly teetering when upon its feet while seeking for red worms in the sand. A very similar bird is often seen on the salt-water beaches of New England, which resembles this Ceylon example in shape, size, and habits, but not in the texture of its feathers. The American bird also called snipe is of a uniform pale lavender color. It is shy enough on our coast, but its tropical brother is as tame as a pigeon. These places are teeming with blossoms,—pink lilies, bearing broad, floating, heart-shaped leaves whose roots are securely anchored to the bottom. Some of the plants resting so serenely on the glass-like surface have short, delicate white roots, and receive their nutriment only from the air and water, not coming in contact with the earth at all. Others, with insect-inviting petals, close promptly upon the victims allured to their embrace and digest them at leisure, thriving marvelously upon this animal nourishment. Any agency which tends to diminish the myriads of flies and mosquitoes is an assured blessing.

"When a native hut is seen, it is found scarcely to equal the anthills in neatness and solidity of construction. Close by the cabin the always interesting breadfruit tree rears its tall head, abounding in its large pale green product, which forms a never-failing natural food supply. It is a notable member of the fruit-bearing trees of these latitudes, and is next in importance to the cocoa palm, with its serrated, feathery leaves, and its melon-shaped product. The breadfruit weighs on an average ten pounds each, and often attains double that weight. It is as fattening to cattle as the best Indian meal, and the natives relish it, but to a European the breadfruit is not palatable. The tree grows about fifty feet in height, and requires but very little attention to insure its welfare. Plenty of bananas, the big jack fruit, mangoes, and plantains give altogether the appearance of an abundance for the support of life. As regards the valuable and, to the native indispensable jack-tree, it is strongly individualized, not only because it yields the largest of all edible fruit, but also in the fact that the massive product grows out of the body of the tree, and not, after the fashion of other fruits, upon the small limbs and branches. Nature has made a special provision in behalf of this tree. As it grows older and the fruit increases in size, it is produced lower and lower on the trunk each year, until from being grown near the top, it springs out close to the ground. Though the short, rope-like stalk which holds the rough, green-coated fruit is of strong fiber, still, when in ripe condition, it is apt to fall to the earth. As the product increases in size, it would be broken to pieces if it fell from any considerable height. The natives apply themselves to its consumption with unlimited capacities. The wood of the jack is much used for lumber, being easily worked, and presenting a good surface even for common house furni-

ture as well as for lighter bungalow framework. Supporting timbers, however, must be made from harder wood, so as to resist the inroads of the vicious ants. The humble native tenement has a frame made from the tough, golden-stemmed bamboo, which is to a casual observer apparently very frail, but is nevertheless found to be extremely flexible, tenacious, and lasting. Where the bamboo branches intersect each other, they are securely bound together with thongs made from palm-tree fibre; this is to secure them in position.

"For a long time the luscious mangosteen was thought to be peculiar to the islands of Malacca Straits, but it now found thriving in this garden-land of Ceylon, having been long since introduced from Penang. Attempts to domesticate it in southern India have proved unsuccessful. The same may be said of the fragrant nutmeg, which has become an article of profitable export from the island, though it is not indigenous here. Along this turnpike road we occasionally pass small cinnamon plantations, where the process of cutting and peeling the bark is going on, considerable quantities being exposed and spread out in the sun, whose intense heat dries it most rapidly. When labor of any sort is in progress, even in the wet rice-fields, it will be seen that the women perform the hardest tasks. In fact, this is to be observed in town and country, both in domestic affairs and in the open fields, especially in the transportation of heavy burdens, which they carry on their heads.

"Making beasts of burden of women is not alone practiced in Ceylon. It is also shamefully obvious in many European centres, where civilization is supposed to have reached its acme. Americans who have traveled in Germany, for instance, have often experienced disgust at the debasing services required of the sex in that country. The author has seen women, in Munich, carrying hods of bricks and mortar up long ladders, where new buildings were being constructed, while hard by their lords and masters were drinking huge 'schooners' of lager beer in taprooms, and lazily smoking foul tobacco.

"Loitering beneath the shade of the trees contiguous to their cabins, queer family groups of Singhalese natives watch the passing stranger with curious, questioning eyes. Clothes are of little consideration in a climate like this, and consequently nudity is the rule. The preparation of food is intrusted mainly to Nature, whose bountiful hand hangs ripe and tempting nourishment ever ready upon the trees, where all are free to pluck and to eat. It is curious to see how easily a native man or boy, with a rope of vegetable fibre passed round his thighs and thence about the trunk of a palm, will, with feet and hands thus supplemented, ascend a cocoanut-tree eighty feet or more, to reach the ripe fruit. He moves upwards as rapidly as one might go up a tall ladder. It is true, the rope sometimes fails, a broken neck follows, and a fresh grave is required to decently inter the remains. This is said to be one of the most 'fruitful' causes of fatal accidents in Ceylon. This sort of catastrophe, and poisonous cobra bites, are almost as frequent and deadly in the island as electric car accidents are in Boston or New York"...

15.

PHILLIPS BROOKS: "I THINK IT MUST BE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PLACE IN THE WORLD" 1883

Phillips Brooks, a noted American divine, was born on December 13, 1835. He began his ministry in Philadelphia in August 1859, and began to attract notice by the fervour of his sermons and the creative vigour of his theological mind. He beame Rector of Trinity Church in his native Boston ten years later, and quickly made his mark as a preacher and writer, so that his church rapidly assumed the character of a pivotal social landmark in this bustling city. He was elected Bishop of Massachusetts in 1891, and died soon after completing his fifty-seventh birthday on January 23, 1893. Of impressive physical presence, and filled with an irrepressible gusto of theistic elan, he gained a tremendous reputation on both sides of the Atlantic. He was the first American to be honoured by an invitation to preach in Westminister Abbey on July 4, 1880, and the following Sunday he conducted the service at Windsor before Queen Victoria.

The letters of travel published in the year of his death arose out of two journeys made during 1865-66, and again during 1882-83, when he was Rector of Trinity Church. They were written to members of his family, and Bishop Brooks regarded them as significant records of his travels and experiences—"important biography." They portray, in striking measure and abandon, the character of this amiable and uncrusty New World cleric, while his sunny and playful mood are on display throughout his correspondence, even though for the most part in those 'holier than thou' days at the expense of the "natives." His warm remembrance of friends from whom he was absent is a constant strain in his letters. Just before crossing over to Ceylon he saw the grave of Bishop Heber in the chancel at Trichinopoly Cathedral, and wrote the following letter dated 25 February 1883: "Dear William, I am sincerely blue at the prospect of leaving India in ten days more. I try to fix every picture in my memory, so that I may not lose it. But I hate to think that I shall never see it again. The people cheat, lie, worship false gods, and do all sorts of horridly wicked things, but they are evidently capable of a better life. Their land is full of monuments which show what they once were, and there is a courtesy, mild dignity, and perpetual picturesqueness about them which is fascinating . . ." The two letters reproduced are the only ones published in the book relating to his week's stay in Ceylon, but writing to "Dear Johnny" on March 25, 1883 from on board the Verona, *he lists "eleven great sights stand out which you must see when you go to India . . . Eleventh, the temple at Kandy, in Ceylon, where they keep Buddha's tooth. You see the strange Buddhist priests and their strange ways." The spontaneous nonsense ballad of seven stanzas in the first letter reveal his strong bent for whimsy, and the remarkable lack of learned concern for all phenomena outside the Christian pale, to which his dedication was not less than absolute. He appears to have been in Kandy during a Hindu festival or at a time when the streets were full of Indian estate labour doing the town.*

From *Letters of Travel;* by Phillips Brooks (New York, 1893), pp. 268-272.

"*Kandy, March 4, 1883.* My dear Mary,—Do you know I think this place is good enough and important enough from which to write you a letter. In the first place, it is the farthest point of my travels; from this time my face is turned homeward. In the second place, I think it must be the most beautiful place in the world. I do not see how there could be one more beautiful. I wish you could have driven with me this morning at sunrise, through the roads

with hundreds of different kinds of palm-trees, and to the Buddhist temple, where they were offering fresh flowers to Buddha and banging away on drums in his honor enough to kill you; then out to the gardens where cinnamon, nutmeg, clove-trees, tea and coffee, plants, pineapples, mangoes, bamboos, banyans, India-rubber trees, and a hundred other curious things are growing. Here and there you met an elephant or a peacock, and the pleasant-faced natives smile at you out of their pretty houses.

"Oh, this beautiful island of Ceylon!
With the cocoanut-trees on the shore;
It is shaped like a pear with the peel on,
And Kandy lies in at the core.

"And Kandy is sweet (you ask Gertie!)
Even when it is spelt with a K,
And the people are cheerful and dirty,
And dress in a comical way.

"Here comes a particular dandy,
With two ear-rings and half of a shirt,
He's considered the swell of all Kandy,
And the rest of him's covered with dirt.

"And here comes the belle of the city,
With rings on her delicate toes,
And eyes that are painted and pretty,
And a jewel that shakes in her nose.

"And the dear little girls and their brothers,
And the babies so jolly and fat.
Astride on the hips of their mothers,
And as black as a gentleman's hat.

"And the queer little heaps of old women,
And the shaven Buddhistical priests,
And the lake which the worshipers swim in,
And the wagons with curious beasts.

"The tongue they talk mostly is Tamul
Which sounds you can hardly tell how,
It is half like the scream of a camel,

And half like the grunt of a sow."

"But it is too hot to make any more poetry. It is perfectly ridiculous how hot it is. I would not walk to that Buddhist temple opposite for anything. If I tried to, you would never see my familiar face in Clarendon Street any more. I am glad, with all the beauty of Ceylon, that there are only two days more of it. It is too near the equator. On Wednesday morning the Verona sails from Colombo, and will carry me to Suez, and the Indian trip is over. It has been one unmixed pleasure from beginning to end.

"We have a new boy. Huri's language gave out at Calcutta. He did not know the queer tongues they talk in Southern India, and he had to be sent back to Bombay. We parted with tears and rupees. Then came another boy, who had to be summarily dismissed. He was too stupid for anything. It made the journey far too laborious when we had to take care of him. Now we have a beautiful creature named Tellegoo, or something like that. He wears a bright yellow and green petticoat, which makes him look very gay, and a tortoise-shell comb in his hair...Our association with him will be brief, for we leave him on the wharf when we sail, Wednesday, and there will be fewer rupees and no tears.

"I went to church this morning, and the minister preached on the text, 'Bake me a little cake first', and the point was, that before you bought any clothes or food, you must give something towards the endowment of the English church at Kandy. It was really a pretty sermon...

"There are the Buddhists howling again. It must be afternoon service. The priests go about without a bit of hair on their heads, and wrapped in dirty yellow sheets...

"P & O Steamer Verona, March 11, 1883. Dear William—I wrote last Sunday to M. from beautiful Kandy...

"It seems so strange to be on the sea again and thinking about the Indian journey as a finished thing. The days from Venice to Bombay keep coming back, when I was full of wonder about it all. Now, I know at least a great deal about what I shall always think one of the most delightful and interesting lands in all the world. In some respects, the last bit of it was almost the best. The tropics had seemed to elude us before. Many a time in India it seemed as if the landscape were almost what one might have seen at home,

but the minute that we touched Ceylon, every thing was different. One cannot conceive of the gorgeousness of nature. Only the night before we left, we drove a few miles along the seashore, with such groves of enormous palms and cocoanuts on one side, and such color of sunset on the water on the other side, as no dream or picture ever began to suggest. And the whole four hours ride from Colombo to Kandy is marvelous. The mountains are superb, and in the valleys there are depths of jungle which show what the earth is at only eight degrees from the equator. And then in Ceylon for the first time we saw Buddhism, that great religion which sprang up in India, and has completely disappeared in the land of its birth, but has spread elsewhere, till more than a quarter of the human race are Buddhists. We just caught sight of it when we were close to the Himalayas on the borders of Thibet, but in Ceylon we saw the strange system in its fullness.

"Last Monday afternoon I drove out to the Buddhist college and saw the old high-priest teaching a class of students, who sat around him with their shaven heads and their yellow robes, getting ready to continue this atheistical religion for another generation. The old fellow looked up and asked us who we were. I gave him my card, which he spelled out with difficulty, then he asked me, 'Do you know anything about me?' and seemed disappointed and disgusted when I was obliged to tell him that much as we were interested in his religion, and glad as we were to see his college, we had never heard of him before in all our lives. He evidently did not understand how local his great reputation was. He dismissed his class and untwisted his legs, and got down and toddled away . . ."

"They are simply the most lovely children ever seen, with great dreamy eyes and bright expressive faces"
—Mary Thorn Carpenter

16.

MONCURE DANIEL CONWAY: "I SHALL ALWAYS THINK OF CEYLON AS AN EDEN" 1883-84

Moncure D. Conway, free-wheeling and nonconformist preacher, was born on 17th March 1832 in Stafford County, Virginia. The Moncures, of French origin, later settled in Britain, and his great-great-grandfather John Moncure went to Virginia in 1733 from County Kincardine, Scotland. He entered the Methodist Ministry at the age of 19, and served two circuits before joining the Harvard Divinity School. On graduation he became pastor of the Unitarian Church in Washington, and on being dismissed from this church for his outspoken anti-slavery utterances from the pulpit, was called to the First Congregational Church in 1856. His religious views became increasingly more free and radical, and moving to London in 1863, he enjoyed the freedom of a congenial pastorate until he returned to America in 1885. He travelled widely in Europe, lecturing and writing, and came in contact with the leading men of the day wherever he went. His pilgrimage to the wise men of the East was made in 1883-84 before he returned home, and until his death in Paris on November 15, 1907, he wrote profusely on slavery, oriental religions and demonology, as well as producing biographies of Paine, Hawthorne, Carlyle and others. He remained a leading anti-slavery campaigner in the southern States all his life. He was married to Ellen Davis Dana in June 1858, and the first words of his Autobiography: Memories and Experiences *(1904) were written a few months after she died on Christmas Day, 1897.*

Before arriving in Ceylon in the middle of December 1883, Conway visited Hawaii and Australia. In Ceylon he stayed for a little over two weeks, packing into this brief period a host of agreeable encounters and concordant impressions. He met and talked with leading Ceylonese personalities like the brothers Ponnambalam Arunachalam and Ponnambalam Ramanathan, then deeply immersed in their own religious searches, and members of their family. He had congenial conversations with leading Buddhists, both lay and clerical, including lengthy discourses with the two eminent scholar-priests—Waskaduwe Subhuti and Sri Sumangala. He visited prominent temples in Colombo and Kandy, and lectured on Christmas Day in Colombo. A highlight of his stay was the New Year's Eve banquet in P. Ramanathan's house, with a Sinhalese Kolam-netima *(folkplay) as after-dinner entertainment, which occasioned an enjoyable eye-witness account. He was also entertained hospitably by the nephews of the late Sir Mutu Coomaraswamy, a display of Nautch dances by girls and musicians from a Hindu temple being the cultural fare provided. A meeting with Arabi Pasha, the exiled Egyptian nationalist leader, was another high spot. Conway's eclectic spirit was at home in this Buddhist environment of plain living and high thinking, and he stands out among western visitors to the island in the nineteenth century for his refreshingly broad-minded, unprejudiced and sensible views. Heber's villainous dismissal of the "every prospect pleases isle" is deservedly chastised, and the episcopal dudgeon laid at the door of a discomfiture over the purchase of a gem in Ceylon. From Ceylon Conway crossed over to India and spent two months in ceaseless travel and talk, before returning to London in the middle of March 1884.*

From *My Pilgrimage to the Wise Men of the East* (New York, 1906), pp. 108-109, 112-114, 116-117, 125-126, 126-127, 136, 170-172.

"On a warm summer day, in the middle of December, voyaging on a sea of glass, I beheld a seeming long white cloud low on the horizon. It was Ceylon, — the land of my

dreams. Poor Columbus! You who saw a cloud that turned into America, and were welcomed by gentle natives,— unarmed Buddhists in their peacefulness,—how pitiable you appear! 'They knew not the use of weapons, and cut their hands in handling our swords; they know no evil; what a pity they must be damned because they know not Jesus!' So wrote the discoverer who, disappointed in not finding the land of gold, bethought him of transforming the gentle natives into gold and into Christians. Four centuries have passed and Christendom is singing of the vileness of the Sinhalese, the most innocent people on the face of the earth!

"It was a new world I was entering. I had studied the Sinhalese Buddha and Buddhists, and knew I was leaving behind Anglo-Saxonism,—cruel, ambitious, canting, aggressive,—to mingle with people who knew 'the blessedness of being little'. Here at last was a country without any revolutionary party. They were free to think and feel and dream, to find happiness in making their wives and children happy, and in sharing the thoughts of the world's teachers.

"But I was too sophisticated to adapt my mind at once to the extreme unworldliness of the Buddhists. To find philosophers living in thatched cottages with earthen floors was an astonishment. Sitting with one such man, talking of Emerson and Carlyle and Max Muller,—he knew their works by heart,—I could not forbear contrasting the abode of even well-to-do Buddhists with the villas of their English and Hindu neighbours. We were not far from the governor's palaces, and he pointed to a mounted escort entering the palace court on prancing steeds. He said, 'Would you like to be in the place of that captain with his red coat, high cap, and steed?' 'No', I answered. 'Well, that is the way we look upon these planters and officials and their fine houses. They do not appeal to us in the least. We are glad to be quite out of their sphere. We have good food, good wives; we love to see our children, as you see, nearly naked, playing on the grass; and to read, think, converse on great subjects, and are content to let the world go prancing on its way while we go on ours.'

"I made an excursion to Kattura.[1] A law court was in session there, and the proceedings were mostly in English, the case being between a native and an Englishman. The chief lawyer was a fine-looking Sinhalese gentleman, whose golden tint was occasionally revealed by a gesture. The young judge had an attractive face which I had somewhere seen before, and he sent down a note from the bench requesting me to remain near by, as he had known me at Cambridge, England. Judge Arunachalam was an undergraduate at Cambridge at the time of my Sunday evening lectures there, which he had heard. He also possessed several of my books and sympathized with my religious views. He insisted on my visiting him in his house, and as the court was not to be resumed for three or four days, said it would be a pleasure to him to go with me through the neighbourhood. The opportunity was welcomed. The judge (Hindu) had recently married a Sinhalese lady,[2] and they resided in a beautiful villa. His young wife had an English governess, and was assiduous in her studies. One of her favourite books was my 'Sacred Anthology', and when her husband took me to his house and went off to inform her that he had brought a guest, he presently returned with the pleasing information that his wife would be present to receive me at dinner. He told me that she had never in her life met any gentleman of the English race, and felt a little nervous at the venture; she could not depart from usage so far as to eat at the table with us, but was anxious to meet me and for the first time to try her English with one from abroad.

"The house and garden filled up all my old visions of Saadi's 'Gulistan' or Rose Garden. The villa, embowered by palms, twined about with blossoming vines, the open sides of the drawing-room tapestried with flowers, the air perfumed by the breath of roses, made a station in my 'Earthward Pilgrimage'. But when the Sinhalese lady appeared all of these flowers and decorations wove themselves into a sympathetic frame around her.

"The English governess was handsome, but no type of beauty previously seen had prepared me for that of Lady

1. *Kalutara, a large southcoast town, 27 miles from Colombo.*

2. *A common mistake made by Western visitors in the 19th century and even right up to the present, was to confuse the Tamils with the Sinhalese and vice versa. Arunachalam was married to a Tamil, who spoke Tamil.*

Arunachalam. Her complexion was of lightest gold-tint, a slight rose-mist appearing and vanishing on her cheek; her features small and fine, her ample black tresses fell around her oval face. The timidity in her large eyes was scarcely veiled by the long lashes, but there was also an expression of infantine curiosity. She was hardly seventeen, I suppose. It was in December, the tropical summer, and the lady was not burdened with garments; her simple white but toned drapery folded softly around her with two or three coils, and she wore jewelled armlets.

"She said something in Sinhalese, which the judge interpreted: 'She welcomes you and begs that you will be seated.' She herself took a seat on a divan and said presently with an accent I might have thought comical in another, but now found charming, that she loved to study English. With some aid from her governess she told me that she had heard that in England women were free, that they were able to enter into the employments of life; in India and even Ceylon women had few advantages. I gave her an account of the progress in that direction in England and America, telling her particularly about the female physicians and artists. Her colour went and came as she listened and answered, 'I am very glad.' She had heard that when the Prince of Wales (Edward VII) was in India, and made grand parade in the cities attended by all the Hindu princes in their richest costumes, he had requested that on each such occasion the ladies should be allowed to witness the scene. The Prince had acted the part of many a fairy prince in oriental folk-lore, and in the impression made on Lady Arunachalam, the only lady of high caste with whom I was able to converse in that region, I could perceive that he had not only left his image in the zenana along with the canonized heroes, but had been the means of placing slightly ajar those close-barred doors which ultimately perhaps may be thrown open.

"The judge was delighted with the freedom of his wife in conversation with a stranger, and now and then put in an encouraging word or two, but she was left to follow her own will. She requested some suggestion of interesting books in English, and before leaving I made out a list."

"After a luxurious breakfast with Judge Arunachalam, we began our ramble by visiting a temple in which by the

side of Buddha stands a small shrine of Vishnu, to whom offerings of flowers are subordinately made. We found hanging from the hand of Vishnu a Buddhist's written vow of a certain number of baskets of flowers and one hundred lamps in case of the offerer's success in defending himself on a trial for theft. Judge Arunachalam, before whom the man had been acquitted, was amused by observing these duly paid debts to Vishnu. Among these gods transformed to guardian genii is now Maia, the mother of Buddha. She introduced Buddha among the gods to humanize them. I was scandalized that her sex should be changed; but a priest explained to me that by continued merits a woman might be promoted to be a man in the next world. I could not forbear saying that I hoped the time might come when it would be believed that a man, by extraordinary virtues, might be rewarded by becoming a woman.

"At one temple we met the priest Waskaduwe Subhuti, to whom the judge paid marked honour. He was known to European scholars by his Pali Grammar (1876), and I had in my pocket a letter to him from Max Muller. He spoke excellent English, and was a gracious old gentleman. His residence was some distance, and he was brought in a sedan carried by four men. I ventured to allude to this devotion on the part of his people. 'It is', he said, 'because I have been with them very long and am too feeble to walk the distance from my house.' But I was desirous of knowing why he did not come in a carriage drawn by horses. He said that life was so sacred that he was afraid a horse might be vitally injured by carrying him. 'But', I said, 'might it not be the same with one of those men while he is carrying you?' After a moment's silence he said very sweetly, 'But a man can tell me if he is suffering.'

"Subhuti was an exact thinker, and the elevation and sweetness of his spirit excited my veneration. He was the Buddhist I had dreamed of. The affection of his people for him was touching. He had some pleasant word to say to each of them. The mothers brought their children to him that he might smile on them, and some of them brought him white lotos [lotus] flowers."

"An extremely ancient temple in Ceylon is Kellania.[3]

3. *Kelaniya, historic temple 6 miles from Colombo, with traditions going back to a legendary visit of the Buddha.*

Near it is an enormous Bo-tree said to have descended from a slip of the original tree at Gya[4] under which Sakyamuni received his illumination and became the Buddha. It is nearly a day's journey in the heifer-drawn vehicle; the sun was very hot, the region thinly settled, and there being no inns it became trying. My driver knew little English, and it required pantomine to tell him I was thirsty. Instantly he dropped his rein, quickly climbed a palm, and plucked off several green cocoanuts. With his knife he cut a hole in the husk of one, transforming it into a flask of perfectly cool nectar.

"When I reached the temple a beautiful boy, nude but for his loin girdle, approached me. He was about twelve, spoke English, and was delighted at the prospect of guiding a visitor. There was no village near the temple, which was a good deal dilapidated. The tree was wonderful, but that which most interested me was the crop of Bo-tree legends which had grown around it and were related to me by the boy. One was represented in an isolated wooden house. To this the lad conducted me, opening the door with a key. Inside was an image of Buddha seated under a tree artificially modelled and erect in the middle of the room. The leaves on this tree were all spearheads. When I enquired about this the lad related the legend in words that I wrote down as nearly as I could:—

'Our Lord, when the evil Mara tried to tempt him many ways, would not yield to his evil will; then the evil Mara went and brought a great many horrible monsters to make our Lord afraid; but he was not made afraid; then the evil Mara made his horrible monsters to swoop down on our Lord; but all at once every leaf on the holy tree was a spear, and the horrible monsters were all stuck fast on the spears; and our Lord sat there; he was not tempted, not afraid, not hurt!'

"I can hardly believe that the boy's tale was literally memorized, for his face was radiant as he told it; there were also hesitations, and probably I was more concerned to get the legend exact than to write down his every word. I was often impressed by the care with which children of Buddhist families are instructed in the moral tales and parables of their religion. While the Christian mother is telling her child the story of the Prodigal Son, the Pearl

4. *Gaya, or Buddha Gaya.*

searched for, the Leaven and Meal, the Buddhist mother is telling her child tales and parables just as sweet; and so far as they come from the unsophisticated mother's heart such instructions are alike in justice and compassionateness."

"When I had the happiness of receiving a call from Subhuti I questioned him about the Christian missionaries. I knew him to be incapable of untruth or unfairness. He said that some of the missionaries troubled Buddhist families; they obtruded into the homes of the humble people and frightened them. They could only worry them, as a Buddhist peasant was quite unable to comprehend any of their dogmas.

"The idea of salvation by one's own merit prevails in every religion on the face of the earth except Christianity. In the Buddhist world it is the lesson taught from the cradle; it is the daily bread in every household. In one of the villages through which I passed with Judge Arunachalam I noticed a beautiful baby in its mother's arms, and pressed a piece of silver into its pink hand. The child whimpered faintly, and the mother said something to it as if it could understand. When we left the judge repeated what the mother said: 'Why should you fret when you have received a gift from a meritorious hand?' The word 'meritorious' was a definitive religious expression, and referred to what my indulgent friend had said of me.

"I do not remember a child really crying in Ceylon. I mentioned this to a gentleman from Philadelphia while we were walking through the crowds on a market day. There were swarms of children, but we failed to hear any crying, nor did we hear any angry word exchanged between grown-up people. I could see something of the serene Buddha of the temples in every Sinhalese face. Of course it was different with the dark-visaged Tamils; these are taciturn, and have a look of melancholy.

"On Christmas Eve I heard the beating of tom-toms in Colombo, and learned that from immemorial times December 25 was the sacred day of Buddha. Evil beings were frightened away by the tom-toms. By this time I had formed friendships with several Buddhists in the town, and one of them—a learned man—went about with me. I found that the beating of the tom-tom was altogether by

women. My friend took me into several houses. Behind each was a tiny yard and a circle of women seated on the ground, all beating little drums and singing, though they paused now and then to converse. At the centre of each circle was a small fire. As the night was warm, the fire was no doubt of some religious importance."[5]

"Every Buddhist priest I met impressed me favourably. They are celibate, but it is perfectly easy for one who wishes to marry to 'disrobe', as they say; he is not disliked. Possibly this complacency is the result of old experience. One of them told me an amusing legend; a god disguised himself as a monster dog whose function was to devour immoral priests; immediately every monastery became vacant! Easy divorce from priesthood appeared preferable. If a priest 'falls' without 'disrobing' he is disgraced.

"Subhuti told me that there was once a body of female priests in Ceylon. It was necessary for a woman to ordain a woman. The line became extinct, he said, by reason of the wars. In telling me this, Subhuti suggested to me more than he intended. It helped to confirm my belief that the inferior position of woman and her political disability were due to her unfitness for bloodshed."

"I shall always think of Ceylon as an Eden, and of the Sinhalese as happy children who have not yet eaten of that tree which Pessimism calls Consciousness. In the Padma Purana beautiful Parvati asks the god Siva to show her the finest garden in the earth; he conveys her to Nandana. In the garden's centre there is a wondrous tree, the Kalpa-tree, which 'bestows all that gods desire'. Its seeds are gems. Parvati longs for the 'beautiful gem of a maiden', so Asokasundari was born. But this tree? Kalpa means Time, or an immeasurable era; does the Puranic fable mean that Time brings about all that the gods desire? It does not always bring about what man desires, and I do not suppose the famous founders and priesthoods of any temples would be satisfied with the shape Time has given their gods in Ceylon, which received them all with the large tolerance with which Roger Williams welcomed in Rhode Island the

5. *The fire was merely for the purpose of warming the skins of the drums or rabanas.*

heretics exiled from other regions. Modliar quotes a Sinhalese as saying to a European sceptic: 'I don't know whether these things be true or false. When we fall sick we try every means within our reach of getting better. We worship Buddha, the gods, and the demons, all at once, to take our chance of recovering from the sickness through the help of some of them. All my countrymen do so, and I am only doing like them.' It does not seem to have occurred to the lowly man that any one of these potent beings might be a 'jealous god' and object to being mixed up with other deities. The philosophy derived from Buddha is pure pessimism, and Ceylon is its academic centre; but the Kalpa-tree, Time, in that garden has produced a people practically optimist. The seeds of that tree are gems, and each has the priceless contentment—which keeps the heart young to its last beat.

"The Kalpa-tree in oriental folk-lore probably originated 'La Peau de Chagrin'. Balzac's centenarian says, 'The Brahman to whom I owe this talisman explained that it would effect a mysterious accord between the desires and the destinies of its possessor.' But it required European sophistication to connect with the Wish-talisman the moral that every fulfilled desire is another step in suicide. Whatever may be the natural penalties of violent western passions, there are none for the simple affections of these Sinhalese vegetarians, with their chaste nudity, the womanliness even of the men, whose long hair is coiled with combs. I counted twenty-nine various vegetables in one market-stall and wondered whether these various contributions of Armaiti, genius of the Earth, had any connection with the varieties of expression, voice, fancies of the Sinhalese, and their freedom from friction. They spoke and moved—women, children, men—spontaneously, as if never used to being sat upon.

"Buddha said of Truth that it was as the rain which each plant, flower, grass-blade sucked up in accordance with its nature and its need. What matters any dogma, theology, philosophy, uttered thousands of years ago, compared with the life that is quickening hearts to-day? Each great Bo-tree *(Ficus religiosa)* beside its temple is a Kalpa, giving each several heart its sustenance: and I am leaving Ceylon with a serene confidence that if Allah or Jesus are ever welcomed there it will be because they will be seen

sitting beside Buddha under his fig-tree, as Vishnu and Agni have long been sitting, and like these conveying to native hearts sweet secrets of private interpretation. The Buddhist Kalpa will, I believe, continue its gifts after the Trees rooted in deities and dogmas have withered. For in the course of ages the accumulated sentiments projected into and nursed by every religion bring human hearts in fatal conflict with any falsities in their foundation."

"mysterious relics of the pomps of a forgotten time and a vanished race"
—Mark Twain.

17.

JOHN FLETCHER HURST: "THE ENCHANTED ROAD TO KANDY" 1890

John F. Hurst was born in Salem on 17th August 1834. After a distinguished career in the Methodist Church, he became Professor of Historical Theology in Drew Theological Seminary at Madison, New Jersey in 1871, and President of the College two years later. He resigned on being elected Bishop of the Methodist Epicopal Church in 1880, and thereafter began his travels in his own country and outside in the next twenty-one years. In 1891 he became Chancellor of a post-graduate university in Washington, which was chartered as the American University two years later. All his energies were poured into its establishment, in which he played a leading part. He was the author of many important theological treatises, possessing a ready pen and a breadth of scholarship. He died on May 4th, 1903, a few months before his sixty-ninth birthday.

The object of his work in Indika *was to "describe India and Ceylon as they are today." At every stage the historical antecedents are brought to bear on the present condition. "I soon saw that if one desires to understand all that is involved in the Christianization of a land, he must make a special study of the country, its people, antiquities, dead faiths, industries, literature, habits, and political history" (p.vi). Hurst was thus an outstanding pioneer of that later school of missionary dialogue which believed that the blessings of Western materialism and the virtues of the Christian ethic had to be introduced with care and intelligent circumspection. He made a special point of discussing the role of Christian missions in India—an abiding professional interest. He entered Ceylon by steamer* Dacca *from Madras. "Every mile of the way from Point de Galle to Colombo brings a new enchantment. The whole sweep of vision, from the breaking surf along the shining coast to the mountain-peaks, abounds in rich and strange scenes. Every vale and granite buttress furnish a new surprise" (p.245). He was greatly moved by the first sight of Colombo, 'the domes and spires and bright houses of Colombo, beautiful queen of beautiful Ceylon, burst like an apparition upon the view" (p.246). He explored the metropolis, and then took train to Kandy, a journey which satisfied his most romantic strains of wander-lust. He was charmed by the old-world atmosphere of the sacred city, and writes lovingly of the spell it cast over him. He left from Colombo after a few days for Tuticorin by steamer. The extracts are taken from Chapter XXV. "The Enchanted Road to Kandy," and Chapter XXVI: "Kandy and its Wonders."*

From *Indika. The Country and the People of India and Ceylon;* by John F. Hurst. (New York, 1891), pp. 255-256, 261-263, 264, 267-268, 270-272.

"Chapter XXV. The Enchanted Road to Kandy. THINK of a railroad amid the tangled and varied wonders of Ceylon. Yet here is one from Colombo on the sea to the ancient capital, Kandy. For the first fifteen miles the road is nearly level. But then it begins to climb. Soon you are far above the sea and the housetops of beautiful Colombo. The steady climb continues more than three hours. The view becomes more entrancing every minute. When Mrs. Browning had her dream of her sweet distant land, did not Ceylon float before her vision?—

'Hills running up to heaven for light
Through woods that half-way ran!
As if the wild earth mimicked right
The wilder heart of man.'

"The scenery grows wilder, of deeper tints, and more richly tropical. The surprises intoxicate and bewilder. Great boulders lie out on either hand, and hills, which grow into mountains, can be counted by the score. But boulders

and hills and mountains are all different in Ceylon from those of any other land. The wealth of vegetation, which become a drapery to all things, gives an entirely new character to every rock, whether standing alone or combined with a mountain-chain. Here, for example, is a great jagged rock, a hundred feet in diameter, scarred and gashed by the storms and shocks of ages. But the vines have thrust themselves into its deep lines and climbed over its rugged points, and fairly smothered every angle with their delicate and dallying fingers, so that one would think the hard rock was only placed there as a support for a tropical vine.

"But this is not all. Shrubs have found their way into the crevices, and pushed their roots deeply down, and now their broad and ample branches flash out over the mossy shoulders as rich scarlet and yellow blossoms as ever borrowed color from the sun near the equator. Even the palms seem to take special pleasure in getting close to the rocks, then flinging their great fronds right out over the gray granite, as much as to say: 'How dare you take up so much space? Make way, or I will cover every inch of your impudent face with my big leaves, and drive you into perpetual oblivion.'

"*The Singhalese Palms.* The palms along this wonderful road are the very kings of trees. They are the chief feature, next to the mountains themselves, of the unparalleled landscape. They have the same general trunk—long, graceful, slender—but, like men, exhibit amazing differences when one comes to examine them minutely. The fronds always tell the story of individuality. You see the talipot palm, the areca palm, the sago palm, the cocoanut palm, the toddy palm, and I know not how many others. Each has its large class of uses, and there is hardly any limit to its applications.

"The palms abound everywhere along this enchanted road to Kandy. They run along both sides of the road. They climb well up the mountain-sides, and run down into all the valleys. No doorway seems complete without one, to throw down its welcome shade upon all who enter it. No home is too stately or too poor to be without it. It is the cosmopolitan fruit of beautiful Ceylon. It hugs closely the railway track, grows in plenty far away from any house, bends over the thatched roof of the farmer, as if for protection, lets the gray cattle come and lean against it; and now and then, when still young, drops its fronds so low down that a child can play with them and swing by them. In some instances they form a vista, and as you drive under them, as we did in one case, they are found to have thrown out their branches to meet one another, and to have interlaced, and to have made so thick a shield that only an occasional fleck of sunshine could be seen on the red and perfect road." . . .

"*Wildness of Nature.* But we are still climbing this wonderful hill. At no moment, however, is there any release from the sweet bondage of this perfumed and dazzling scene. You are fairly overwhelmed with every new mile in your upward road. Each moment there is something new and strangely fascinating. Rich as the vegetation is in Southern India, and especially on the plains about Madras, and on the fertile table-lands of Mysore, there is not an acre in all India which compares with Ceylon in productiveness and a certain lawlessness of color and vegetation. One sees so much which he never thought of seeing, that he becomes surfeited with the prospect. It is like looking at too many Guido-Renis in the same gallery.

"I was thoroughly tired by the time I reached Kandy —not because of the journey itself, but because of Nature's extravagant display of plants and flowers and fruits. My eyes and sensations were overtaxed. Then where there is neither flower nor fruit, Nature seems to take a special delight in winding wild vines in all possible directions, in making them spring to every branch and rock, and get ready for a loftier leap. Many of these vines, when they had exhausted all the supports they could find, just jumped out desperately into the air; and there they hung and waved and nodded their smiles down upon us, as much as to say: 'Just give us more trellis, and we will wander out on larger paths into this Elysian air.'

"We have now reached the Kandy station. Here are tall people, the giants of this isle of dreams and history. Neither Dutch nor French nor English ever conquered them. Their spears have been very weavers' beams. The English would not be here today, with their good rule and even justice, but for the cruelty of the native king, whom the wise native chiefs asked English help to rid them of. The English were waiting. They are heroes of an opportunity. Here they stayed, and are now as firm here as the

granite sides of the isle itself. A *bandy*, or little carriage, is waiting for us, to drive us to the Queen's Hotel. Things are reversed here. You see the opposite of what you wait to see. The women do not wear combs, but the men do. So our driver, a pleasing native, has long hair, twisted into a firm knot on the top of his head, and held by an artistic comb of tortoise-shell. The wearing of combs by the Singhalese men is said to have been introduced by the Dutch ladies, in the time of the dominion of Holland, who insisted that if their household servants would wear long hair, they should also wear combs.

"Our driver of the large comb helps us to our seats, and soon we are whirling past the trim houses and beneath the long arms of the welcoming palms of this old, old Singhalese capital." . . .

"In Kandy, whether one will or not, the mind will go back to the Lake region in England. You find a calm and quiet beauty, a freedom from strain and stress, a cluster of hillsides which throw down their beautiful face into the mirroring lake at their feet, a sweetness in all the pulsations of the air, and a universal friendliness between all Nature and its lord, which bring up Grassmere, Windermere, Derwentwater, and their spirits—Southey, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and all the rest of the Cumberland immortals. Even the hostelry of Kandy, the Queen's Hotel, suggested to me immediately the Keswick Inn. The whole reminder was pleasant enough at first. But too much of such resemblances is not good. You can less easily resign yourself to the novelty of your new environment. You lose the new by recalling too intensely the old." . . .

"Kandy, though many times attacked, has never been conquered. The real Kandyan is a mountaineer. He lives from two to five thousand feet above the sea, loves his hills with an idolatry equal to his veneration of Buddha, has all the robustness of the Scotchman, is tall and well-knit, and, as history well proves, is a master in using his mountains as a safe defense. In no part of Asia have I seen such fine specimens of well-formed men among the natives. They might safely be taken by any Angelo as models for sculpture of the human form.

"Just a few rods from the Queen's Hotel you step up to

the broad and beautiful walk which surrounds the celebrated Lake Maha, or Lake the Great. This wonderful sheet of water is the heart of Nuwara, or the Great City, as the Singhalese love to call their beautiful Kandy. It was the work of an early rajah, and is as beautiful as the crystal image of Buddha off yonder in one of the shrines. It is bordered by a low parapet of stone, indented like a castle wall, and has a beautiful islet in the centre, from whose trees the vines and branches hang down into the lake itself. No boats ply upon the lake, and no one is allowed to fish in it. It is simply a crystal setting in the centre of the charming city, where people may walk at will, by day and night along its gravelled margin.

"I shall not soon forget my night ramble along this enchanted body of water. The moon never shone more brightly. It was in the full, and almost eclipsed the brightest stars. It lighted up the farther hillside, and threw down into the lake the shadows of the villas that climb up to the very top of the mountain. The Temple of the Sacred Tooth was lighted up, there being service that evening, and one could see, reflected in the lake, the entire outline of the strange building, the lights from many a window and archway, and the coming and going worshippers. Once again, after returning to my lodgings, I went back to the esplanade surrounding this matchless sheet of water, and walked up and down, in every direction, almost asking myself whether this was dream or reality. The air was laden with fragrance. There was no ceasing of these delicious pulsations of the air at nightfall. And yet they are not to be defined. The perfume of roses fairly filled the whole place; but there were so many other flowers, of equal perfume, which competed for the sway, that one could not tell which predominated." . . .

"*Temple of Buddha's Tooth.* I visited the Temple of the Tooth at the time of the evening service, half-past six. Worshippers were crowding in. Each went first to a fountain within the temple wall, where he poured water on his feet and hands, and then bought flowers from vendors who stood near by with baskets laden with them. These flowers are, first, the rich and fragrant champac, or frangipani, the flower of the temple-tree, and, second, the blossom of the ironwood, or na-tree. They are all white, with a slight

dash of pink. Their perfume fills all the sacred spaces. The air hangs heavy, and surfeits one with the combined fragrance. On advancing to the outer court, whose entrance is guarded by two broad pillars, I ascended the temple steps, and reached an outer veranda. Here I saw a series of rude frescoes on either side, descriptive of the torments of the Buddhist hell. Of the hopelessly lost, by far the larger part were women. You then come to the veranda which immediately surrounds the great temple itself. To the left is a small shrine, where there are several images of Buddha, the chief of which is the one made of a single block of crystal. The cabinet enclosing it consists of combined silver and ivory, curiously wrought, and in a style well worthy of the early Italian workers. To enter the main temple, where the sacred tooth is, you have to pass two pairs of huge elephant-tusks, which serve as portarii on either side of the steps by which the worshipper ascends the stairway to the awful sanctuary. You now go through a doorway, the whole frame of which consists of three parts, a smaller frame, then a larger one outside of it, and the largest outside of that. One is of ivory, minutely wrought, and evidently very old, having grown very dark by age. Another is of solid silver, covered with a sheathing of gold. By this last doorway you enter the dark and mysterious sanctum sanctorum of the whole Buddhist faith. There is first a silver table, which stands before the shrine, and awaits the worshipper's gifts. You look through iron bars, and behold a gilded shrine, shaped like a bell. This is a mere covering for six other shrines, of decreasing size, one within the other. All are of solid gold, with rubies, pearls, emeralds, and other precious stones. Here are Oriental cat's eyes incrusted into gold and silver. The two smallest of these shrines are covered with squarely cut rubies.

"The sacred tooth, invisible in these days, is contained in the smallest of all." . . .

"the shrill descending note of a bamboo whistle announces the commencement of the ceremony"
—Yvonne Hanemann.

18.

MARY THORN CARPENTER: "COLOMBO IS A BABEL OF STRANGE SOUNDS AND COLOURS" c. 1890

A fresh-eyed, warm-hearted and lively American girl's account of a winter holiday in the sub-continent. Two chapters are devoted to a brief stay in Ceylon, and engaging impressions of the conventional tours. Chapter 4, "The Island of Ceylon," is dated "Colombo, December 24," and Chapter 5, "In a Singhalese Paradise," "Kandy, New Year's Day." The book was published in 1892, and the visit, considering the vivacity and immediacy of the account, must have taken place a year or two earlier. The manners and customs of the westernised native families and the British residents are observed with an indulgent dawn of democracy, American leveller's eye. The journal of travel was dedicated to her father, and bears the address, "Millbrook, Dutchess County, N. Y." The two extracts describe early days in Colombo; including a visit to church on Christmas Day, and an entrancing journey to Kelaniya, almost a day's expedition in the late nineteenth century.

From *A Girl's Winter in India;* by Mary Thorn Carpenter (New York, 1892), pp. 38-43, 49-55.

"Colombo is a babel of strange sounds and colors, all new and bewildering to me. Fancy a town of one hundred thousand blacks,—Singhalese, Tamils, Mahometans and Hindus,—with only fifteen hundred Europeans. The natives wear a costume, if not the strangest, at least the most grotesque that one can imagine. The Singhalese portion of the population are dressed in a dark coat, over a skirt of white muslin, fastened about the waist; their long black hair is brushed smoothly back from the forehead, and secured by a tortoise-shell comb,—the only feature which distinguishes the costume worn by the men from that of their wives, so far as I can see. Tea and bananas, our first chota-hazri, were served on the piazza of the grand Oriental Hotel by a native servant, dressed in about a shilling's worth of white cotton cloth. Then we secured our rooms, and spent the morning in the bazaars.

"An arcade extends along this low colonnaded caravansary, where the life of the town is concentrated. Here are the shops, the only apothecary, the only bookstand. Here, on the broad street, are congregated a long line of *jinrikishas*, the hansoms of Colombo. Groups of half-naked coolies squat on the ground, inert and motionless, scarcely distinguishable from a heap of dirty rags. Not allowed to approach nearer the hotel, they await the porter's signal; when, filled with sudden life, they jump quickly to a place between the shafts, and rush forward with the richshaw. Here also are the jewellers' shops, where we were shown glittering heaps of precious stones, but found scarcely a good ruby or sapphire among them. Streeter, of London, and the great New York firms purchase all the valuable gems, leaving flawed and imperfect stones for tourists. No sooner has the unwary traveller set foot in the arcade, than these Moormen rush out of their shops, push a printed card of the firm in your hand, and press you to enter—no one escapes. Once inside, courtesy provides fans and chairs. You are soon seated at a table before heaps of sparkling rubies, cat's-eyes, pale sapphires, and moonstones. Then, if you like, bargaining begins, and a war of words is waged on the price. The insinuating jewellers produce well-thumbed letters from distinguished curtomers, Mr. Vanderbilt, or the Rothschilds, while they raise or lower prices in the scale of your enthusiasm. The least interest manifested in a particular stone on your part seals you as their prey. They hunt you for days, steal stealthily towards you at four o'clock tea on the veranda, and thrust the stone, shining on a bit of cotton-wool, directly under

your eyes; or suddenly come upon you, just leaving for a drive, retreating from the blow of the porter's stick, only to re-appear more bland than before,—always polite, resenting nothing; they finally astonish you by accepting a tithe of the original price, and you are most fortunate if your gem proves not a bit of bright-colored glass. The barefooted rascals are cunning, and I am no match for them as far as I have gone. There are several good shops for tortoise-shell; here is the cheapest market in the world for shell, which the natives polish but never carve.

"In the hotel, you feel transported to another planet. The building itself is not remarkable, resembling a large Italian house, white, low, and surrounded by balconies, with a beautiful garden, rich in flowering shrubs and brilliant trees; but the life and customs of the house are very Oriental, and suited to the tropics. We have an excellent table,—in the morning, *chota-hazri* (tea and toast, bananas and jam) is served in our room at six a.m.; breakfast (*burra-hazri*, or the big breakfast) comes at nine; tiffin at two; and dinner at the *table d'hote* at eight. The great native *plat* is 'curry'; well, 'curry' means anything, meat or vegetable, accompanied by miscellaneous dishes at the same time. Our 'curry' of meat at dinner last evening was eaten with dried cocoanut, chutney simple and chutney green, Bombay duck (a funny little dried fish to be eaten with your fingers) rice, pulled bread, and turnover of potatoes, fresh yellow cocoanut, grated fine, white cocoanut sliced, besides the spices. All our servants are men; and are called, old and young indiscriminately, by one general name, 'boy'. It seems so absurd to call one of these grave, white-bearded Singhalese, a 'boy'.

"In the East, you are not expected to do anything for yourself, never to stoop or to cross the room; one call in the corridor brings a black multitude to your door, who know nothing but to serve you quickly and faithfully as a matter of course. I would give much for a picture of the Singhalese barber who did the shampooing of my hair this morning,—straight as an arrow, in clinging white undergarment reaching to his bare feet, and a loose white coat; his front hair combed straight back under a narrow tortoise-shell comb. They all speak a few words of several languages, and understand better if one speaks broken English to them. I informed my native barber that I lived in America, not in England; and in wonder, he replied, 'Lady speaks English very, very well'.

"*Colombo, Christmas Day.* I was awake this morning at six o'clock, having it on my mind that Christmas had come in Ceylon. A very few fire-crackers and the church bells from the fort sounded outside my window; but by far the most noise was made by the birds in the garden trees who carolled away without ceasing. B. came in with Christmas greetings, and brought me a dainty chotahazri, and soon we were both off in a gharri to the English church for eight o'clock service. The church, mossy and gray, is placed above the roadside in a dense palm grove. Among the congregation already in the church were high-caste native ladies, who occupied the benches, dressed in full low-necked and short-sleeved gowns; their bronzy black necks and arms quite covered with bracelets and jewelry. A drapery of white worked veiling covered the head, reaching to the waist; and a few wore old-fashioned and very scanty satin skirts. We passed many native grandees going to church in coaches, driven by black coachmen, in their white trousers, bare knees, and barefooted. Some Europeans drove very smart dog-carts, with black grooms standing behind, in bright red or yellow turbans and sashes; and all in white, without shoes and stockings. Indeed, everything in this climate is white. Carriages, and also umbrellas, are covered with white linen, as a protection against the sun's rays; even the residents appear in the evening for dinner in white linen clothes of English cut and make, and belted with red sashes, which look very bright in a drawing-room. In church, the service was read by the European chaplain from the fort; and the choir, organist and choristers, are all recruited from our dark brothers, the Singhalese converts. For a reminder of Christmas, the church is festooned in white and green, while a couple of boys outside the open windows are pulling an immense punkah to and fro over the heads of the congregation; and from the doorway steals in the scented air of cinnamon gardens, and birds fly in and out of the windows, joining in carols and chants. 'High noon behind the tamarisks; the sun is hot above us, as at home the Christmas Day is breaking wan . . .'

"*December 29*. We have driven to Kalanie.[1] It was necessary to make a very early start indeed; for in this hot climate the noon-day sun puts an end alike to business and pleasure after ten o'clock. A fresh air blew softly through the trees, stirring up an occasional puff of dust in the streets. Before starting out we picked up our Hindu guide from a motley crowd of natives at the entrance of the hotel, choosing one especially recommended for his linguistic talents. It was soon evident that our information concerning the various points of interest *en route* would be conveyed to us in a choice vocabulary often very broken, very imperfect, almost unintelligible English words possessed by the guide.

"Kalanie is an old Buddhist town fourteen miles distant from Colombo, reached by a narrow road cut through a jungle of luxuriant growth. On the outskirts of the town we passed through several native settlements, meeting numerous venders carrying large baskets of the green betel-nut on their heads. From the size of the baskets and quantity of leaves one would imagine the supply coming into Colombo in the morning would be sufficient for the entire East; but they assured us not a single leaf would remain unsold by the evening. We passed crowds of children playing in the narrow streets, where vegetables and fresh fruits are sold on the side-walk by half-clad and wretched natives. We could not drive very fast for fear of running over the small urchins squatting about the roadway, enjoying to their heart's content a game of marbles, played just as children would in our country.

"Here and there was a pretty Buddhist home; and sometimes the devout inmates were tracing white arabesque designs in chalk on the hard, yellow ground before their doors, placing at each end of the lines bunches of the roses of Sharon, red and brilliant against the sun-baked earth,—it being the Singhalese way of honoring a saint's fete. In their Tengyur, Buddhists have particular directions laid down for constructing magical squares and angles around the image of tutelary saints who are thus worshipped. Such figures are varied according to the

1. *Kelaniya, the historic temple, 6 miles from Colombo, destroyed by the Portuguese, and later rebuilt and restored before Independence in 1948.*

school of the disciple; some patterns are rounded, some oblong, others square; and traced in colored chalks, they resemble the decorative pavement-drawing used for advertisements in cities.

"Farther on a river is crossed by a bridge of boats which earned a title for the architect. The narrow stream is bordered and shaded by thickets of cocoanut-palms which Mark Twain describes as 'feather-dusters struck by lightning'. I fancy this comes from the slanting angle of their slender trunks, ending in a tuft of feathery leaves, which gives the whole country the effect of having been swept by a hurricane. Ten of these cocoanut-trees are a native's wedding portion to his daughter,—a valuable heritage indeed, when you consider the great possibilities of usefulness to a native household. The Singhalese rely solely on the leaves for thatching their huts; avail themselves of the juice, called tody,[2] for convivial occasions; make the fibre into cloth; to say nothing of the cocoanuts themselves, which furnish them milk and capital curry.

"At last we reached the jungle. Ever since I had been in this country I had been pining to see a tropical jungle,—a real haunt of wild animals and deadly snakes. On both sides of the road stretched a forest of thick, interminable, green palms and bananas, interwoven with vines and clinging plants. Here were the bread-fruit trees and spreading mangoes, many rare ferns and fantastic bushes, besides the jack-tree, whose mammoth green fruit, shaped like a prickly gourd, runs tearlike down the trunk, instead of growing properly on branches in a conventional manner. It was all indescribably beautiful, and awed one by the intense, the absolute silence of desolation broken only by the bird dwellers of its dark and lonely depths. Nothing could induce a person, other than a native or a most enthusiastic sportsman, to venture ten feet in the tall stems of purple foliage or the green thicket of branching boughs. The vegetation is almost too luxuriant; it goes against man's efforts towards cultivation, as the Arctic barrenness would discourage one in this lack of vegetation. Everything grows so rank,—cut away a root, and flowers will cover the earth; a little twig stuck into the ground becomes a tree in a year.

2. *Toddy, the fermented juice of the cocoanut palm.*

"I wish I could take some of the fascinating photographs one could so easily make. Every spot is a picture; and there are so many delicious places and queer scenes that a camera would be better than a volume of letters. Now and then we pass native huts, thatched down to the ground with cocoanut fibre, where, from the inky blackness of the only opening in the house, a native appears in his ragged waist-cloth, only less dark than his habitation. The only touch of color is the great yellow stem of bananas hanging in the doorway, cut fresh this morning from his own stock of trees in the jungle. These he may dispose of during the day for a couple of annas, should a passer-by have need of them.

"The temples at Kalanie form a collection of rude and neglected shrines, dirty and ill-kept, but interesting as the oldest Buddhist remains in Ceylon. Kalanie was once a famous seat of Buddhist learning, and known all over the Eastern world. What a change,—almost all traces of former grandeur have vanished! The most ancient building is a kilnshaped, white plastered tope, its base half hidden by tall grasses. The interior remains a secret; no permission to visit the shrine has ever been extended to travellers. This tope is claimed by the monks to date with the pyramids; an antiquity very absurd and unfounded according to a recent statement of Max Muller, who places the earliest Vedic hymns about 1500 B.C., and declares that Buddhism stands to Brahminism as Protestanism stands to Roman Catholicism; and to effect such changes and reforms requires centuries. So the enormous antiquity of our Kalanie tope must be brought forward from the youth of the world into her more vigorous age. It has been truly said, 'that Oriental scholarship has wrought an almost miraculous change among the ruins of the past. What was old has become new; what was young has become old.'

"Children, beautiful, dark-eyed children, offer us temple flowers, and, on seeing us arrive, cry, in a well-meant effort of welcome, 'Good-by, lady! good-by.' They are simply the most lovely children ever seen, with great dreamy eyes and bright expressive faces. They are a great deal prettier and more graceful than our village children, and came swarming around us, darting behind some shelter when warned by the priests in emphatic Singhalese and gestures, which we could understand, at least that they must leave our ladyships in peace.

"Two priests were being photographed by an amateur under a sacred bo-tree. We observe the mild brethren of the yellow robe, in spite of their perfectly impassive countenances expressing a would-be attainment of an early Nirvana, show that little touch of human vanity, in posing before the camera, which makes the whole world kin. One of the priests afterwards volunteered to show us the temples, where the life and work of Buddha was rudely pictured in bright colors on the walls. After a struggle to conquer English words, which I thought would cause his sudden death, the yellow priest, exhausted from his labors, drew a disconsolate breath, and pointing to the still unexplained pictures and sculptures of his master, Buddha, said: 'Lady know repeat Edwin Arnold; lady know repeat everything,'—which means that the 'Light of Asia', containing Buddha's life history, would relieve the poor monk of future efforts to enlighten us. It is a perfect enchantment to be here; the quiet Buddhist temple, the impassive priests, the roguish little fairies of children, and ourselves,—the heirs of all the ages, meeting in this distant, mysterious, and sacred place of the ancient religion. But the sun is getting high, and it is quite time we were starting for home." . . .

19.

MICHAEL MEYERS SHOEMAKER: "CENTRAL PARK IN A NOOK OF THE MOUNTAINS" 1892

Shoemaker was one of the increasing number of typical American tourists in the early post-Suez Canal period, attracted by the alluring and mysterious Orient, and the quickening pulse of Eastern life and society, who travelled "eastward to the land of the morning." In a later book Quaint Corners of Ancient Empires: Southern India, Burma and Manila *(1899), there are five pages containing an account of Colombo, largely taken up by a performance by street magicians and jugglers opposite the Grand Oriental Hotel—the "fabulous East" in operation from first landing, and a Church of England service on a Sunday attended by the Governor. The extract chosen is a description of a week in Kandy, another tribute to the charm of this musty and bedraggled city nestling in the centre of the Kandyan hills, which continues to tug at the heart-strings of visitor and resident alike. The comparison with New York's green lung in the heart of the towering concrete and steel landscape of his own sacred city of finance is particularly apt.*

Of all cities in Ceylon, Kandy best radiates the fragrance of the mediaeval past, and this beautiful and historic town nestling in the ravishing folds of the island's central hills has captivated casual visitor and native resident alike. The appeal is immediate and lasting, and this lake city has always been able to retain, despite the vulgar hustle and ugly flurry of the commercial present, the compelling patina of its ornate and many-splendoured past. The magnetic charm of what Hugh Clifford, a twentieth century Governor of Ceylon, called this "Divine Old Town beneath Hantenne" has been distilled, and echoed and re-echoed by hundreds of visitors, impregnated at every turn by the romantic aroma of its inescapable and seductive past. Kandy endures as an endearing and irresistible reminder of a near vanished past.

From *Eastward to the Land of the Morning:* by Michael M. Shoemaker (Cincinnati, 1893), pp. 182-188.

"Chapter XXXV

"We have drunk of the Lethe at length;
We have eaten the lotus.
What matters it now for us
That sorrows are born and die
We have said to the dream that caressed,
To the sorrows that smote us,
Good night and good-bye.

"For the first time since leaving Egypt we are awakened by the pattering rain drops, now falling softly, now rushing and roaring. Suddenly they cease, and the brilliant tropical sunshine floods harbor, mountains and city. Almost before you have commenced to enjoy it, on comes the rain once more, and again the sunshine follows. So it goes on forever on the shores of Ceylon—alternately smiling and weeping, sunshine and storm. Of course all this moisture and heat produces the most luxuriant vegetation; every thing seems sprouting and growing until you look aloft, almost expecting to find all covered by a vast roof of glass. The temperature of Colombo never varies the year round. To me it would prove, as do all moist hot-houses like heats, most exhausting, and as there is nothing to detain you there, let us take the train for the ancient capital, Kandy. Here is the Ceylon of your dreams. On the porch of its quaint little hotel we spend a week doing nothing at all. I scarce know how to describe Kandy. Strange that this work-a-day world should possess a place where all the people seem children out for a holiday. Even the convicts have a good time, and lie around under the trees all day doing

nothing, save laughing, eating, and sleeping, whilst closely guarded by one keeper armed with a green and white umbrella, which is appropriated by the prisoners to their own use frequently; so, if you want to go to jail, come here.

"Imagine Central Park in a nook of the mountains, with here and there a picturesque house embowered in flaming flowers and sheltered by stately bamboo trees; there a bit of sparkling water, with a vista of a tropical town, one storied, white and silent, with great masses of crimson and purple vines tumbling here, there, and every-where. Even the parrots are asleep, and arouse themselves with a clatter as the tom-toms from the temple of Buddha awaken them. That is Kandy, that is Ceylon; so you will lie back in your chair sleeping and dreaming, thanking the Lord for a life so sweet.

"Here is the first Buddhist temple we have met with. There are but one or two in all India. It contains the sacred tooth of that prophet, also the imprint of his foot, a yard long. The creed in many of their works seems singularly pure. That they do not believe in a personal God is fully set forth when they state that he is 'a gigantic shadow thrown across the sky by ignorant minds.' May the unseen powers, what and wherever they be, help us if this is the case.

"We are seated one day on the porch of our hotel dozing, as people are apt to do in Ceylon, when a native, carrying a small green parrot on a stick, passed along.

"Uncle, I want that parrot.

"How will you get it home?

"Why, just as easy as any thing; such a little parrot.

"Whereupon, not thinking it will be accepted, I offer a rupee, and find the bird ours. The cage cost three rupees, and the steward from Colombo to Hong Kong got a pound for the care thereof, so that before Polly became an American citizen she cost something like $20. She is alive and well, and goes by the name of Polly Kandy, but like many snobs does not tell what her original worth was, enlarging greatly upon her after costliness. She could speak Cengaleese,[1] but for many months no English, and I do not think she will ever do much of it. (I never look at her without deep feelings of reproach. Having a bottle of ammonia in my hand one day in Hong Kong, I allowed her to take a sniff thereof, which almost settled Polly Kandy. However, that was many weeks later, and when she was somewhat accustomed to the hardships of travel.) Now, as I return from my room, where I have carried her, the peaceful stillness of the night is suddenly broken in upon by barbaric clangor, and we start down the street hatless, to be present at whatever may be on hand. Flaming torches throw a weird light over a circle of natives intently watching the motions of a trio solemnly performing their famous 'Devil Dance'.[2] Stripped to the waist, well oiled, garlanded with yellow flowers (the Buddhist color), with brazen jars on their heads, over which yellow flowers wave and nod to the music, they are performing a species of stately minuet, with the salutations left out, one carrying a huge cleaver with which to annihilate the prince of darkness. As we approach, the circle separates for us, and perched on a stone block we look on as honored guests. Of all strange sights in this fairy land this is the strangest. We, with our prosaic travelling dress, the people with scarce any kind of a dress, the religious rite so solemnly performed yet so grotesque, the intense stillness of the southern night broken only by weird chanting or the call of an awakening parrot—all seems almost to force our senses into slumber, while high in the heavens flames the southern cross. There is some enchantment in the air. We must leave, or the power to do so will desert us forever.

"Here in the gardens of 'Peradenia' waves the upas tree; but, though death would surely result from a night under its branches, it would come in the form of the graceful but deadly cobra, which here abounds in such numbers as to render entrance after sunset certain death. In our walk around the lake at dusk eyes and sticks are constantly on guard. Strange that a land so beautiful should hold such horrors under every leaf and twig. Still the beauty of Ceylon is soul-satisfying and never to be forgotten. Now, as we watch it sink into the western ocean, it seems more dreamlike, more heavenly than ever. There at last is a spot where one would willingly live life over.

"Whose sandal groves and bowers of spice
Might be a Peri's paradise."

1. *Sinhalese, or Ṣinhala, the language of the Sinhalese people of Sri Lanka.*

2. *Mendicant Hindu dancers, to judge from the description.*

"intense zeal and the centres
of it"—William Hull.

20.

MARK TWAIN: "DEAR ME, IT IS BEAUTIFUL! AND MOST SUMPTUOUSLY TROPICAL" 1896

Mark Twain, pseudonym of Samuel Langhorne Clemens, was born in Florida, Missouri on November 30, 1835. Living as a boy at Hannibal on the river Mississippi for nearly fifteen years, the environment and his attachment to it became almost his university, and the perennial favourites The Adventures of Tom Sawyer *(1876), and* Huckleberry Finn *(1884) were radiant cameos of that deeply-etched boyhood. Twain wrote these stories of life on the Mississippi out of his memories of youth, but they possess that universal quality of comic genius which offers different meanings for various stages of perception. He was successively a steamboat pilot on his beloved river, a printer, and a miner, before settling down to his true trade as a writer. His first book of travels* The Innocents Abroad *(1869), hilarious, surprising and eloquent at one and the same time, was an instant success and made his name and his first fortune. He was an irrespressible speculator all his life, and the collapse of his business ventures and his reduction to bankruptcy, stimulated a round the world lecture-tour which produced* Following the Equator *(1897), the rambunctious and mercurial record of that circumnavigation. A great humourist and acid-tongued cynic, who poured unceasingly and with gusto from an apparently inexhaustible mill of comic genius, overpoweringly close at all times to the tragic sense of life, he has been compared with Cervantes and Swift, and his great friend and biographer William Dean Howells called him "The Lincoln of our literature" in* My Mark Twain *(1911). He died at Redding, Connecticut on April 21, 1910, but not before prestigious universities had heaped on him the highest accolades of intellectual accomplishment.*

His trip around the world lasted thirteen months in 1895-96 beginning and ending at Southampton in England. He spent most time in Australia, New Zealand, Tasmania, India and South Africa. He was accompanied by his wife, and they both found the great heat oppressive. He sailed from Sydney for Ceylon in the P. and O. steamer Oceana *on Monday, December 23, 1895, and from Melbourne on New Year's Day, arriving in Colombo on January 13th. He sailed from Colombo in the* Rosetta *for Bombay on the 14th evening and arrived there on the 20th. "Bombay! A bewitching place, a bewildering place, an enchanting place—the Arabian Nights come again!" He left Calcutta towards the end of March and stopped a day at Madras, and "two or three days in Ceylon," but sadly there are no entries from his diary as on the previous briefer first visit. But under the entries for April 7th and 9th extracts relating to Ceylon are quoted. Huck Finn said of Tom Sawyer's special delicacy in saluting adults: "He lifted his hat like it was the lid of a box that had butterflies asleep in it." There were always butterflies in Twain's head, and the most delicate of them fluttered their wings with him as he followed the equator.*

From *Following the Equator: A Journey Around the World* (London, 1900), vol. 1, pp. 16-22, 310.

"January 13. Unspeakably hot. The equator is arriving again. We are with eight degrees of it. Ceylon present. Dear me, it is beautiful! And most sumptuously tropical, as to character of foliage and opulence of it. 'What though the spicy breezes blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle'—an eloquent line, an incomparable line; it says little, but conveys whole libraries of sentiment, and Oriental charm and mystery, and tropic deliciousness—a line that quivers and tingles with a thousand unexpressed and inexpressible things, things that haunt one and find no articulate voice . . . Colombo, the capital. An Oriental town, most manifestly; and fascinating . . .In this palatial ship the passengers dress

for dinner. The ladies' toilettes make a fine display of color, and this is in keeping with the elegance of the vessel's furnishings and the flooding brilliancies of the electric light. On the stormy Atlantic one never sees a man in evening dress, except at the rarest intervals; and then there is only one, not two, and he shows up but one on a voyage—the night before the ship makes port—the night when they have the 'concert' and do the amateur wailings and recitations. He is the tenor, as a rule . . .There has been a deal of cricket-playing on board; it seems a queer game for a ship, but they enclose the promenade deck with nettings and keep the ball from flying overboard, and the sport goes very well, and is properly violent and exciting . . .We must part from this vessel here.

"*January 14.* Hotel Bristol. Servant Brompy. Alert, gentle, smiling, winning young brown creature as ever was. Beautiful shining black hair combed back like a woman's and knotted at the back of his head—tortoise-shell comb in it, sign that he is a Singhalese; slender, shapely form; jacket; under it is a beltless and flowing white cotton gown—from neck straight to heel; he and his outfit quite unmasculine. It was an embarrassment to undress before him.

"We drove to the market, using the Japanese jinriksha—our first acquaintanceship with it. It is a light cart, with a native to draw it. He makes good speed for half-an hour, but it is hard work for him; he is too slight for it. After the half-hour there is no more pleasure for you; your attention is all on the man, just as it would be on a tired horse, and necessarily your sympathy is there, too. There's a plenty of these 'rickshas, and the tariff is incredibly cheap.

"I was in Cairo years ago. That was Oriental, but there was a lack. When you are in Florida or New Orleans you are in the South—that is granted; but you are not in *the* South; you are in a modified South, a tempered South. Cairo was a tempered Orient—an Orient with an indefinite something wanting. That feeling was not present in Ceylon. Ceylon was Oriental in the last measure of completeness—utterly Oriental; also utterly tropical; and indeed to one's unreasoning spiritual sense the two things belong together. All the requisites were present. The costumes were right; the black and brown exposures, unconscious of immodesty,

were right; the juggler was there, with his basket, his snakes, his mongoose, and his arrangements for growing a tree from seed to foliage and ripe fruitage before one's eyes; in sight were plants and flowers familiar to one in books but in no other way—celebrated, desirable, strange, but in production restricted to the hot belt of the equator; and out a little way in the country were the proper deadly snakes, the fierce beasts of prey, and the wild elephant and the monkey. And there was that swoon in the air which one associates with the tropics, and that smother of heat, heavy with odors of unknown flowers, and that sudden invasion of purple gloom fissured with lightnings,—then the tumult of crashing thunder and the downpour—and presently all sunny and smiling again; all these things were there; the conditions were complete, nothing was lacking. And away off in the deeps of the jungle and in the remotenesses of the mountains were the ruined cities and mouldering temples, mysterious relics of the pomps of a forgotten time and vanished race—and this was as it should be, also, for nothing is quite satisfyingly Oriental that lacks the somber and impressive qualities of mystery and antiquity.

"The drive through the town and out to the Galle Face by the seashore, what a dream it was of tropical splendors of bloom and blossom, and Oriental conflagrations of costume! The walking groups of men, women, boys, girls, babies—each individual was a flame, each group a house afire for color. And such stunning colors, such intensely vivid colors, such rich and exquisite minglings and fusions of rainbows and lightnings! And all harmonious, all in perfect taste; never a discordant note; never a color on any person swearing at another color on him or failing to harmonize faultlessly with the colors of any group the wearer might join. The stuffs were silk—thin, soft, delicate, clinging; and, as a rule, each piece a solid color; a splendid green, a splendid blue, a splendid yellow, a splendid purple, a splendid ruby, deep and rich with smouldering fires—they swept continuously by in crowds and legions and multitudes, glowing, flashing, burning, radiant; and every five seconds came a burst of blinding red that made a body catch his breath, and filled his heart with joy. And then, the unimaginable grace of those costumes! Sometimes a woman's whole dress was but a scarf wound about her

person and her head, sometimes a man's was but a turban and a careless rag or two—in both cases generous areas of polished dark skin showing—but always the arrangement compelled the homage of the eye and made the heart sing for gladness.

"I can see it to this day, that radiant panorama, that wilderness of rich color, that incomparable dissolving-view of harmonious tints, and lithe halfcovered forms, and beautiful brown faces, and gracious and graceful gestures and attitudes and movements, free, unstudied, barren of stifness and restraint, and—

"Just then, into this dream of fairyland and paradise a grating dissonance was injected. Out of a missionary school came marching, two and two, sixteen prim and pious little Christian black girls, Europeanly clothed—dressed, to the last detail, as they would have been dressed on a summer Sunday in an English or American village. Those clothes—oh, they were unspeakably ugly! Ugly, barbarous, destitute of taste, destitute of grace, repulsive as a shroud. I looked at my women folk's clothes—just full-grown duplicates of the outrages disguising those poor little abused creatures—and was ashamed to be seen in the street with them. Then I looked at my own clothes, and was ashamed to be seen in the street with myself.

"However, we must put up with our clothes as they are—they have their reason for existing. They are on us to expose us—to advertise what we wear them to conceal. They are a sign; a sign of insincerity; a sign of suppressed vanity; a pretence that we despise gorgeous colors and the graces of harmony and form; and we put them on to propagate that lie and back it up. But we do not deceive our neighbor, and when we step into Ceylon we realize that we have not even deceived ourselves. We do love brilliant colors and graceful costumes; and at home we will turn out in a storm to see them when the procession goes by—and envy the wearers. We go to the theater to look at them and grieve that we can't be clothed like that. We go to the King's ball, when we get a chance, and are glad of a sight of the splendid uniforms and the glittering orders. When we are granted permission to attend an imperial drawing-room we shut ourselves up in private and parade around in the theatrical court-dress by the hour, and admire ourselves in the glass, and are utterly happy; and every

member of every governor's staff in democratic America does the same with his grand new uniform—and if he is not watched he will get himself photographed in it, too. When I see the Lord Mayor's footman I am dissatisfied with my lot. Yes, our clothes are a lie, and have been nothing short of that these hundred years. They are insincere, they are the ugly and appropriate outward exposure of an inward sham and a moral decay.

"The last little brown boy I chanced to notice in the crowds and swarms of Colombo had nothing on but a twine string around his waist, but in my memory the frank honesty of his costume still stands out in pleasant contrast with the odious flummery in which the little Sunday-school dowdies were masquerading."

"Lots of pets on board—birds and things. In these far countries the white people do seem to run remarkably to pets. Our host in Cawnpore had a fine collection of birds—the finest we saw in a private house in India. And in Colombo, Dr. Murray's great compound and commodious bungalow were well populated with domesticated company from the woods; frisky little squirrels; a Ceylon mina walking sociably about the house; a small green parrot that whistled a single urgent note of call without motion of its beak, also chuckled; a monkey in a cage on the back veranda, and some more out in the trees; also a number of beautiful macaws in the trees; and various and sundry birds and animals of breeds not known to me. But no cat. Yet a cat would have liked that place.

"*April 9.* Tea-planting is the great business in Ceylon, now. A passenger says it often pays 40 per cent on the investment. Says there is a boom."

21.

JOHN HENRY BARROWS: "IT SEEMED AN ECHO FROM REMOTE CENTURIES" 1897

John Henry Barrows, noted lecturer and clergyman, was born in a log cabin in Medina, Michigan on 11 July 1847 of New England stock. His mother was one of the early students of Oberlin College, and his father was a man of some learning and a teacher—both professing deeply religious views and suffering for their anti-slavery stance. After studies in divinity and theology at Yale and Union Theological Seminary, he became a pastor in Kansas at the age of twenty-two, and quickly showed promise as a preacher. He married Sarah Eleanor Mole on 6 May 1875 and became a Congregational clergyman the same year. His prowess in this sphere led to his taking up the post of pastor at the prestigious First Presbyterian Church of Chicago, where, from 1881-1896, he carved out an exemplary reputation as a vigorous advocate of religious tolerance, a powerful preacher, and a pioneer in social undertakings. Much of the success of the first Parliament of Religions held in Chicago in 1893 was due to the untiring efforts of Barrows in pursuing the idea of dialogue between representatives of historic religions, and to promote world brotherhood through religious tolerance and understanding of other faiths. The awakening of a respect for non-Christian varieties of religion and spiritual experience was one of the achievements of this Parliament. As a result of this new interest Barrows was able to persuade Mrs. Catherine Haskell to donate a large sum of money for the construction of a building for the study of Oriental history and religion at the University of Chicago, and to endow the Haskell Lectures of Comparative Religion, and the Barrows Lectureship on the relations of Christianity and other religions. Barrows seized the opportunity of these Lectures to good purpose, being the first lecturer in both foundations, giving the first seven Haskell series from 1895 to 1901. He became President of Oberlin College in 1898, and until his untimely death on June 3, 1902, he displayed great energy and administrative ability in building up the resources and standing of the College. He wrote many books, including one in 1893 on The World's Parliament of Religions.

In 1896 he resigned his pastorate at Chicago, and utilised the first of the Barrows Lectureships, which provided for lectures in India, to spend fifteen months in Asian countries travelling and lecturing. His attitude was not that of a typical missionary, though the exposition of the benefits of Christianity was his main aim. A World Pilgrimage *describes the experiences of this voyage of spiritual discovery, in which the exhilaration of the traveller was never far from his thoughts. He reached Colombo by boat from Tuticorin, and spent a week in the island, sampling the beauties of Kandy and Nuwara Eliya, finding "coolness and quiet in the midst of scenes as beautiful as the hand of God ever created." He left Ceylon on March 15th after delivering two lectures in Colombo, and being greatly struck by the strong, enduring, and civilising impact of Buddhism on its culture. The following extracts are taken from Chapter 35 entitled "Ceylon." In* The Christian Conquest of Asia *(1899), delivered as the Morse Lectures of 1898, he summed up his views of this encounter with Hinduism and Buddhism.*

From *A World Pilgrimage;* by John Henry Barrows. (Chicago, 1897), pp. 418-422, 423, 427-428.

"At half-past eight o'clock the next morning we were anchored in the harbor of Colombo. After another medical examination we and our luggage were landed by means of a small boat, and without a second's delay at the custom-house Mem Sahib and I were soon rolling in jinrikishas

along the sea-road a mile away to the Galle Face Hotel, overlooking one of the finest beaches in the world. The cooling tub, the sea-breezes, which, if not 'spicy', were fresh and healing, iced drinks, and a bamboo couch helped to mitigate the intense and overpowering heat. The Reverend Mr. Moscrop, a Wesleyan missionary, called to inform me that my two lectures in Colombo were to be on the next Friday and Saturday evenings. Therefore we had nearly a week of freedom. I felt like an escaped schoolboy.

"Now my task is smoothly done,
I can fly or I can run.

"And the next day we took our flight from Colombo for Kandy. Colombo itself is interesting, the chief city of an island, part of which may have been the original paradise of man. Half the size of the Empire State of New York and with half its population; set like a jewel in the Indian Sea; luxuriant in palm-trees and cinnamon groves; covered with tea and coffee plantations and with immense forests, through which herds of elephants still rove; rising into great and beautiful mountains which lift one into the regions of physical comfort, and yet almost everywhere covered with a rank and indescribably vigorous vegetation wherein nature displays not only her stupendous power but also her tropic violence,—Ceylon affords so many attractions, so much of interest, with its great variety of populations, with its picturesque ruined cities, temples, and its unmatched health-resorts among the hills, that I do not wonder at the enthusiasm of traveller and poet. Literally, every prospect pleases, and I do not think that man here displays any conspicuous or unusual vileness. Indeed, a few days on the island and among its people made me feel how much superior, as a civilizing and humanizing force, is Buddhism to the degrading Hinduism, which, fallen from its higher ancient philosophies, has perverted the life of India.

"Colombo, a city of one hundred and thirty thousand inhabitants, seems to be buried, most of it, in vegetation. Where the sun is nearly vertical, one welcomes any amount of shade. The houses are almost hidden in palm groves, a drive to the cinnamon gardens or Victoria Park leads one to pass many a charming and picturesque bungalow, and by the sites of several important schools, churches, and colleges. The Portuguese, Dutch, and English have had their hands on the rice-fields and sugar-canes, the feathery bamboos, nutmegs, and breadfruit-trees, of this most wondrous of tropic isles. The years of British rule have brought material prosperity. Colombo is now a great port, and really the meeting-place of the North and the South, the East and the West. Great French, English, German, Italian, and Austrian lines of steamships centre here. From Colombo you sail for Melbourne or Marseilles, Madagascar, or Java, Calcutta or Shanghai, Alexandria or Yokohama; Aden or Saigon, Liverpool or New Caledonia, Trieste or Singapore.

"But we were impatient to leave Colombo for Kandy, where we might find coolness and quiet in the midst of scenes as beautiful as the hand of God ever created. 'The fairest view that these eyes of mine ever rested on', said General Booth, speaking of Kandy. It was a ride of seventy-five miles,—the hottest ride, for a part of the way, which we have on our record,—a ride that carried us up through pretty views of forests and sloping tea-fields and terraced rice-paddies, nearly seventeen hundred feet, to this old capital, for which the Cingalese, Portuguese, Dutch, and English have struggled, but sacred forever to the memory of the calm and peaceful Buddha whose tooth consecrates the little temple which rises on the shores of a tiny lake. In the Queen's Hotel we made our home for nearly four days. To me the most delightful experience of this time was an occasional spin in a jinrikisha around the palmfringed and hill-shaded lake. It is a place for perfect, dreamy quietness. Nature is not so violent and gigantic as at Darjeeling; the sea is not present with its everlasting moan and its terrible power of dragging the mind far, far away to 'inhospitable shores' of thought and feeling. All seems like a picture of Eden from Milton's fifth book of the 'Paradise Lost'. How profuse is the bloom from the tops of these trees, how wondrous the fruitage of these various palms, how friendly these hills, how homelike and tranquil these villas embowered in foliage! One morning, lying in bed, I heard the musical drums of the little Buddhist temple amid the trees by the lake. The sound had a strange effect on my imagination. It seemed an echo from remote centuries recalling the cry of the self-exiled Siddartha for deliverance. It seemed the voice of millions on the far-off Asiatic plains and the northern Japanese Isles, in a bewil-

dered way calling to prayer. It was another expression of the sweet, sad music of humanity, stirring in the heart humane and pitiful feelings toward those—and how many they are—

"Who, groping in the darks of thought,
Touch the Great Hand and know it not.

"The morning after our arrival we drove to the world-famous royal botanical gardens in Peradeniya. It was a drive of four miles through such displays of bright tropic verdure and bloom as one may have dreamed of, but never realized before. The garden itself would have been a perfect home for Adam and Eve in the blissful morning of time. Adam's Peak, it is well known, dominates the island of Ceylon. One must come to Peradeniya to learn what nature really can do when sun and shower and soil give her the chance of displaying her prodigious force. The wealth and beauty of the tropic world are in that garden. Here we saw the wondrous India-rubber trees, their roots spreading like enormous crocodiles or writhing serpents, some of them four feet thick. Here we saw the taliput palm, sometimes called the queen of all palms, which in thirty years pushes its white and polished trunk and plume of dark verdure straight upward and then blossoms, shooting upward for forty feet a white pyramidal spike, each bloom of which forms a nut, the seed of other palms. The tremendous effort of nature has been too much for the mother tree and she dies. Here the nutmeg and clove trees flourish, and the ebony and mahogany, the coffee, the vanilla, the camphor, and the cacao, and two hundred varieties of palm-trees. Here is one which can be put to a hundred uses. Here is the breadfruit-tree, and near it the traveller's tree, which remind us of 'Swiss Family Robinson'. Here is the sugar-palm from which fortunes are made in Southern India. Here are the ivory-nut palm, and the prickly palm, and the cabbage palm, and the date palm, the toddy palm, the sago palm, and the cocoanut palm. Accompanied by a very intelligent Cingalese guide, we walk through wondrous arches of foliage, through the orchid and fern houses, and gaze with joyful astonishment at riches of color and miracles of nature's workmanship, cheapening the tapestries and museums of kings.

"How poor would the world be without such growths as abound in these gardens! The physician's art would be less potent without the cinchona and cocain. The world of childhood be impoverished of one of its delights without the cacao, from which chocolate is made, and the world of commerce without the nutmeg and clove, the mahogany and ebony, the coffee and the pepper, the rubber and the cinnamon. We saw the Napoleanum Imperiale, whose blossoms look like a crown and the giant maidenhair, big enough for the tresses of Hindu goddesses, and we saw here, as we had seen elsewhere, the jack-fruit-trees, where the green clumsy fruit, sometimes weighing sixty pounds, cling close to the trunk. Along the beautiful river which waters this garden, we saw clump after clump of the giant Malacca bamboos. These enormous thickets with their close-clustering stems, each as large as a Western tree, shoot upward to an enormous height, and well have been likened to a petrified botanical geyser. Nowhere else have I been so impressed with the vigor—I may say the violence and venom—which aroused nature displays in these portentous and almost incredible growths." . . .

"This morning we left Kandy with regret, but soon found ourselves filled with delight over the glorious mountain views which reward the sight as the train climbs the four thousand feet to Nuwara Eliya. It was a beautiful ascent, with its glimpses of tea plantations, waterfalls, mountain vistas, hedges of lantanas of many colors, and of other beautiful blooms, such as we find only in our hothouses. A three-mile drive from the station brought us to this, one of the loveliest spots in all the world. Some rather decrepit members of the English aristocracy are here, and all the sports, driving, riding, bicycling, tennis, cricket, golf —most dear to the English heart—may be enjoyed in the midst of climate and scenery on which experienced travellers are now lavishing the praises which have been given to Honolulu, Pasadena, Cashmere, the Riviera, and the New Zealand Alps, all combined in one! But alas! it rains this afternoon, and our drive to the botanical gardens and around the Moon Plains must be given up, and tomorrow night, in Colombo, I return to my old habit of lecturing. My whole course of lectures was asked for by the Missionary Conference of Colombo, but I gave only the fifth and sixth. These were delivered in Wesley Hall, where I had my first opportunity of addressing a large number of Buddhists." . . .

"Ceylon, as well as India, is now a thing of the past. At Nuwara Eliya last Friday morning the sun smiled again, and the dawn was superb and refreshing after the much-needed rain. We took a drive about the lake, and gained a good idea of a region which seems to fascinate all who come to it. On the breakfast-table the flowers were those of the temperate zone,—daisies, pinks, geraniums, coreopsis, and larkspur—and out of doors the callas, fuschia trees, and eucalyptus reminded us of California. The slide down hill to Colombo took most of the day, but the temperature went up as we went down. Had it not been for the entrancing views, the refreshment car, and the interest of 'Sir George Tressady', the heat might have disturbed our tempers. The Reverend Mr. Moscrop received us into his comfortable bungalow among the slender cocoanut palms, on the marge of the loud-resounding sea. Wesley Hall was thronged on that night and the next. On the first evening the presiding officer was a Christian Cingalese lawyer, a member of the governor's council. The audience was half Christian, and it was quite a relief to address so large a proportion of hearers in full sympathy with my words.

"Ceylon has a Christian population of more than three hundred thousand, of whom about fifty-six thousand are Protestants. The Portuguese and the Dutch used force to persuade the people of this island to accept Christianity. Mr. Moscrop says that 'Ceylon has been christianized twice over, or, rather, ecclesiasticized,—a very different thing'. When the coercion was removed, thousands, of course, went back to Buddhism and Hinduism.

"Better methods prevail to-day, and Christian progress has been genuine and hopeful. Saturday afternoon I was honored by a call from Sumangala, the high-priest of Ceylonese Buddhism, a man of great learning and distinction. In his yellow silk robe and bare feet and shaven head he preserved the general characteristics of the Buddhist monk as he has appeared in Asiatic history for the last twenty-four centuries. But he himself is a modern man, familiar with recent thought and radiant with the spirit of gentleness and tolerance. We had much pleasant talk of Dharmapala, at whose father's house we were entertained that night at dinner. In the days of Portuguese and Catholic ascendency European Christian names were freely given and received by the people. Dharmapala's father bears the name of Don Carolis. This is his business designation, and he is a man who has been eminently successful. It was pleasant to meet in his large and beautiful home his wife and sons and daughters, some of whom are familiar with the English language.

"Colombo has a warm place in my recollection, not only on account of its beauty and the kindnesses of its people, but also because there I heard the first sermon in English to which I have listened since leaving Cairo. Yesterday morning we made our final arrangements for the long voyage of twenty-one days between Colombo and Japan. Our host accompanied us to the ship." . . .

"These native children, though brown skinned, are bright, active and handsome"—James Martin Peebles.

22.

JAMES MARTIN PEEBLES: "OUR CROSSES ARE MANY, OUR CROWNS ARE FEW" 1897

J. M. Peebles, M.D., M.A., Ph.D., was one of that inquisitive band of moral crusader types, which an energetic Western liberalism spawned in the nineteenth century, who combined the triple roles of author, lecturer, and traveller in their indefatigable frames. Peebles was also a Fellow of the Geographical Society, Washington, D.C., and a Vice-President of the Psycho-Therapeutic Society of London, in addition to memberships of similar bodies dedicated to the pursuit of esoteric and arcane subjects. On the first of his three journeys around the world, Peebles happened to arrive in Ceylon during the time of the great oral debate or controversy held at Panadura on August 26th and 27th, 1873 between the silver-tongued Buddhist prelate, Ven. Migettuwatte Gunananda Thero, a redoubtable controversialist, and the Rev. David de Silva, a Wesleyan clergyman, his Christian protagonist. A large audience estimated at between five to seven thousand thrilled to the cut and thrust and parry of the disputants, and in a period given to developing confrontations between advancing Christianity and resurgent Buddhism, this particular debate excited much interest and produced the greatest impact. The proceedings were given prominence in the local press, especially by John Capper, the notable editor of the Ceylon Times, *who later in the year issued the eight addresses revised and amplified by the speakers as* A Full Account of the Buddhist Controversy Held at Pantura in August 1873. *(Colombo, 1873). Peebles collected the revised reports of the debate and published them under the title* Buddhism and Christianity Face to Face *in 1875, with his introduction and annotations. It was this book which falling into Henry Steel Olcott's hands in New York, first introduced him to the attractions of Buddhist evangelism, and decided his entry into the same arena, with far-reaching results, four years later.*

On his third visit to Ceylon, Peebles arrived on April 5, 1897, and teaming up with Olcott, whom he had known for almost twenty-five years, toured Buddhist institutions and ceremonies. He was a curious observer at a Buddhist funeral, and with Mr. Peter de Abrew, a noted Buddhist philanthropist, visited Musaeus College, where Mrs. Marie Higgins was Principal, and Migettuwatte's temple at Kotahena. He visited the rock temple of Aluvihare and explored Anuradhapura, and comments freely on the customs of the Buddhist sangha. *He accompanied Olcott to a low caste village in Rambukkana, and it is interesting to compare his account of this strenuous expedition with Olcott's own spirited description. Peebles left for India after a two-week stay.*

Peebles was a prolific author, and among his best-known works are Seers of the Ages; Immortality; How to Live a Century; Jesus, Myth, Man or God?; The Soul, its Pre-existence; and Did Jesus Christ Exist? *His peculiar penchant as a tireless seeker after truth is well expressed in the fragment of verse he includes on the title-page of his book of travels*

"World-weary pilgrims, comfortless—forlorn?
Up! Let us hence depart.
'Tis morning now. No longer let us stay
Where hope will wither, love and life decay;
Bright is the world today!
Let us on—then and compass it."

Peebles, however, was a refreshing example of an American who made an earnest attempt to study and interpret Buddhism, though he concentrated in the main on Buddhist doctrines and formal ceremonies, and was not familiar with its everyday practice. Peebles died on 15th February 1922,

five weeks before his 100th birthday, bearing his crosses manfully and wearing his crowns jauntily to the last.

From *Three Journeys Around the World, or Travels in the Pacific Islands, New Zealand, Australia, Ceylon, India, Egypt, and Other Oriental Countries* (Boston, 1898) pp. 390-392, 396-399.

"*Saturday, April 10th.* Called in the morning upon the United States Consul. His wife is a Singhalese. In the afternoon went to a Buddhist funeral. The deceased was a young lady connected with the higher classes. The cemetery was about one mile from the Musaeus school. There was a very large concourse of people, and among them, twenty-three Buddhist priests clad in their yellow robes. The mourners followed the corpse borne by friends to within some thirty yards of the grave, when they stopped and commenced weeping, mourning, groaning and agonizing in a most pitiable manner. When! Oh, when! will mortals learn to differentiate the body from the risen and immortal soul? A corpse is only a lifeless shape of disorganizing putridity—a deserted shell—a vacated house to be speedily burned.

"The grave was rimmed around a foot or more with beautiful flowers on each side. The priests upon reaching the grave formed a circle around it holding in their hands many yards of soft white muslin, a portion of it resting upon the metallic coffin, glittering like silver under shimmering sunbeams. Then the high priest offered prayers in the ancient Pali, the other priests responding. Then followed chants—chantings of life, of death and the consolations of the future. Perfumed sacred water was poured into all of the priests' hands, and two earthen bowls of water were broken at the head and foot of the grave, symbolizing as the water poured out, the release of the spirit from the broken, buried body. Several of the priests as well as Colonel Olcott made short speeches. The friends of the deceased filled up the grave with their ungloved hands and covered it with flowers. All Buddhist priests are cremated; while the masses both cremate and bury.

"*Sunday, 12th,* went with Mr. de Abrew and the Musaeus school teachers out to the Kotahena temple—the temple of Migettuwatte, the famous preacher and debater. Standing in his pulpit just outside of the unique, yet gorgeous temple, in which the image of Buddha, twenty-seven feet in length, lies reclining on the right side with a circled aureola of golden rays around his head, such as we see around the heads of Christian saints and martyrs, I tried to picture to myself the discussion that this Buddhist priest Migettuwatte held with the Rev. Mr. Silva, upon the comparative merits of Buddhism and Christianity. It was the consensus of opinion that the Rev. Silva was signally routed. The priest was the best scholar and far the most eloquent. The alleged miracles connected with Buddhism are almost infinitely more numerous and astounding than those connected with Christianity. Why, when Buddha made his reported third visit to Adams Peak in Ceylon, he left his footprint upon the rock—and it remains unto this day.

"*Temples in Rocks.* Accompanied by a Singhalese youth, I went out to Aluxihara,[1] meaning dwelling-place of monks. It was at Matale, the terminus of the railway leading from Colombo up through Kandy. It was some three miles from the station to this famous rock temple. We rode in springless bullock carts, drawn by large humpshouldered bullocks. They go on a good trot. We passed many poor-looking, palm-thatched cottages; saw natives by their huts, eating their dried fish and rice with their fingers; jogged along by vacated coffee-tree plantations and rice paddies. Now we have passed the gate from the main road, and following the winding way, we are at the foot of the great rock temple, the crevices of which shelter a million bats. Here is what corresponds to a church edifice cut into an immense granite boulder, the workmanship of which would do honour to the sculptors of ancient Greece. In this stone temple of worship is a massive image of Buddha, with a sevenfold rainbowed circle around his head. The walls are covered with old religious carvings and paintings of Buddha's conflicts with demons, of his fast friend Ananda, of many saints and their temptations by demons. There were several priests in this stone temple and they kindly showed us the nine points of bending and bowing in Buddhistic worship. On the highest point of this

1. *Aluvihare Temple, 2 miles from Matale, where according to tradition, the Buddhist scriptures were first committed to writing in the first century B.C.*

rock is the legendary imprint of Buddha's foot, fully six feet in length...

"*Kandy, Rumbukkanna*[2] *and the Jungle.* It is seventy miles from Colombo to Kandy, the old capital of the Kandian kings. This city of twenty-five thousand inhabitants is half embowered in tropical foliage, and surrounded by evergreen hills, mirrored in an artificial lake. Its famous Dalada Temple was built to hold Buddha's tooth—a sham tooth, as every scientist and pathologist knows. Adams Peak may be seen from the Kandian Hills; while the fine sanitarium of Neura Eiliya,[3] nearly three thousand feet above the level of the sea, is only fifty miles distant. This is a noted resort of the rich man and the artist, the sick, the lame and the lazy. The climate here is not only temperate but cool and bracing.

"Left Kandy for Rumbukkanna on the 16th, to meet Colonel Olcott, who was to address a school by a noted temple out in the jungle. When the colonel reached the station there was a crowd awaiting him. When he alighted the people shouted and the elephants were made to kneel down, then rise up and trumpet in his honor. A Singhalese crowd followed him to the Government Rest House, where I was breakfasting. In the mean time deputations came in from districts ten and fifteen miles distant. They met in front of our hotel, a motley crowd, and entertained us with native music—I think they called it music, certainly it was noise. Mr. Subasinnah,[4] a gentlemanly Singhalese, brought his Buddhist Sunday-school class before us, the calisthenic and gymnastic exercises of which very much resembled the children's progressive lyceums of America. These native children, though brown-skinned, are bright, active and handsome. The exercises at the Government House concluded, with their accompaniments of flags waving, tom-toms, hand-drums and devil-dancings, the full procession was formed for a five miles' march into the jungle. I was dumped into a seatless, springless bullock-cart with the colonel and three Buddhist priests. The packing was too close for comfort. We move on, led by waving

2. *Rambukkanna, a town in the Sabaragamuwa province.*
3. *Nuwara Eliya, the principal hill station of Ceylon with a salubrious climate.*
4. *Mr. Subasinghe.*

banners, elephants and donkeys, now over a hill, now under a decorated arch, now through a grove of wild cocoanut-trees, devil-dancers with jingling bells upon their ankles before, devil-dancers behind and cheering all along the line. No artist could have transferred this scene to canvas.

"*Mounted Upon An Elephant.* Weary of the jolting, uncushioned cart, it was gravely proposed that I take refuge upon the largest of the elephants in line. It was agreed to. He was a monster of an animal. Lying down, as commanded by his owner, I mounted him with some native assistance. Already was he burdened with five passengers all riding astride—no houdah! The march continues. We are in the thick of the jungle. The elephantine movements of this great animal were only comparable to a steamer rocking, struggling in a howling monsoon. It was soon a question of bullock-cart or elephant, which? Sitting astride his nearly square back and fearing there might possibly be two of me soon, I dismounted, and betook myself to the cart again!

"Here we are now at an old, gorgeously-decorated temple out in the jungle. Met at the door-way and blessed by the priests, we passed on and out into an emerald-carpeted field, where, under the waving boughs of a majestic Bo-tree there had been erected a platform festooned with wreaths and flowers of seemingly a thousand hues. There was an audience before us of some two or three thousand. All were sitting. The scene was entrancing. Colonel Olcott, at his best, delivered an eloquent address upon education, brotherhood and the beauties of ethical Buddhism. It was loudly cheered. To make practical his address, the colonel drank from a bowl of water brought to him by one of the lowest caste persons present, to show the true, fraternal spirit of Buddhism.

"What do you say?—caste among the Buddhists, when one of the first teachings of Gautama Buddha was, 'Down with caste!' But remember that Ceylon was conquered by the Hindoos, who introduced and enforced the caste system, the remnants of which have not yet been exterminated.

"Introduced by Colonel Olcott as an old American friend of his, imbued with the ethics of Buddhism, the brotherhood of man and all humanitarian reforms, I addressed

this great mass-meeting of Buddhists upon the schools, manners, customs and religions of America, and never did I address a more quiet or appreciative audience. The meeting was continued till the next morning, two Buddhist priests preaching and chanting alternately all the long night. Asiatics are anxious to know the truth.

"On our way back to Rambukkanna, near evening-time, we were overtaken by a terrific thunder-storm, the rain pouring in torrents and leaking down through our palm-thatched bullock-cart; one of the bullocks balked; one of the rude vehicles upset; another broke down because of the flooded road-way. Oh, the times and terrors of these pilgrims! Dripping, hungry and weary, we felt like singing:

"Our crosses are many, our crowns are few."

23.

CLARA KATHLEEN ROGERS: "I AM MORE AND MORE DELIGHTED WITH THIS ISLAND AND ITS PEOPLE" 1903

Four intrepid not-so-young members of the American upper-middle-class community of Norwood, Massachusetts, set out on an Oriental odyssey in 1903, and this book recounts, largely through the eyes of Mrs. Clara Kathleen Rogers, details of their adventures in Asia. She was accompanied by her husband, who, thirty years later, edited her journal-letters, with letters and notes of his own, and Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst and Mrs. Nathan Anthony. The frontispiece is a daring picture of the four ensconced imperiously in a capacious howdah on the back of a gaily caparisoned elephant in India. The quartet stayed in the Galle Face Hotel on their arrival in Colombo on 6th December 1903. They went up to Kandy by train on the 8th, and returned to Colombo on the 11th, doing the usual sights of the hill capital. They left for Tuticorin by boat on December 12th, and arrived in Madura on the 14th. Both the Rogers were fascinated by the natural beauties of the island, and the grace and deportment of its inhabitants, and emerald gleams of enchantment remained to jog the memory.

The spacious fin de siecle *era, and the well-upholstered early decades of the new century saw the emergence of a host of new travellers, who generally voyaged to broaden their minds, and slake their thirst for outlandish spectacles. A hectic visit to the gods of the East, in the course of a two-hundred-day circumnavigation of the globe, was generally the prelude to a sated, and comfortably spread-eagled reverie in the familiar haunts of Mid-Western man. The Rogers were typical of this class, whose lineaments and cravings remain the happy and profitable hunting ground of tourist boards and travel agents. Their crisp and no-nonsense style of writing, though spiced with a brisk whimsy and engaging caprice, does justice to the neat and well-ordered frame of travel they indulged in without getting their shoes wet.*

From *Journal-Letters from the Orient;* ed. by Henry Munroe Rogers. (Norwood, Mass., 1934), pp. 121-133.

"Galle Face Hotel, Colombo, Ceylon, December 6th, 1903. Our ship anchored off Colombo at 4 A.M., and we landed, after breakfast, in a flatboat, called katamaran, which held ten easily, Gen. Winslow's party of five and our own. On the wharf there were rows of bullock wagons, queer things, waiting for freight, and rickishas and pony carriages waiting for passengers. Everywhere natives and many other Indian races in a variety of picturesque Oriental costumes, and as many again naked but for a turban and a clout; some with their caste marked by a line of ashes on forehead and breast. Just before landing we saw a banana boat, at prow and stern a large growing banana tree laden with fruit, instead of a painted sign to tell what it was. The natives were such fine, picturesque creatures. How I wish I could have made a sketch of that boat in colours!

"On our drive home, again were our eyes feasted with monster trees, covered with huge clusters of crimson and scarlet blossoms, the ground red with their fallen petals; and then came groves and groves of King-cocoanut palms, many nearly one hundred feet high, and loaded with fruit which, when not green, are a rich orange colour, and never brown as they look in their fibrous outer shell in the markets.

"This is really an imposing looking hotel, and, I fancy, a very comfortable one. Harry and I have two large, high-studded, airy rooms *en suite,* mine with three large windows with sun hoods painted white.

"(Note by H.M.R. 'The beautiful sea comes as near to our

windows as the beach at Swampscott to our house, and in front of our window on the second story, and looking upon the sea, cocoanut palms rise up, clean and clear and without foliage say for forty feet, and then bursting out in an umbrella-shaped top, with the cocoanuts scattered around, giving a sort of shade to our room without obstructing our view.

'Warm and balmy air, broad sweep of road and open space like a parade ground extending along the sea far as the eye can reach, every part of the house open and having reading rooms and enclosed verandahs, and color both of men and women and children, native and European, everywhere.')

"The waves are dashing in across the road, which is of a beautiful Pompeian red (all the roads here are of a red clay, very handsome in colour), and under my windows are large groups of tall cocoanut trees, bending forward at an acute angle, and hanging their heavy heads a bit, as though they would drink the moisture of the ocean if only they could stoop low enough.

"There is not supposed to be very much to see at Colombo besides the vegetation and quaint, Oriental streets—no fine temples and things; but there is always so much to be seen, and one must be constantly on the *qui vive*. We are perpetually wishing for a hundred eyes, for we would see what there is on both sides of the streets as well as behind and before! We are off our heads with excitement most of the time, and how long we can bear the strain of it in this climate, heaven knows!

"*December 7th.* I SHALL never have a better chance to study the anatomy of the cocoanut tree than now. Wherever I look from my windows, I see nothing else, except the Pompeian red road and the sea. The leaves are over twenty feet long, and they are all bunched up together on top, the nuts grouped together in bunches where the stems shoot out. They grow up straight or crooked as may be, but without a branch, a knot, or a flaw on their smooth bark. All sorts of large birds take their recreation in these trees, where they seem to be fumbling among the nuts and stems for flies and grubs. Some of them are a sort of tropical crow—very noisy, very saucy. They come in at my windows and steal all they can get under my very nose—the butter, marmalade, toast, sugar, and fruit left over on the little tray that by custom is brought up early to one's room, and which they call 'morning tea'. Some of these birds are like 'mynahs'—about the size of small jack-daws, and black all over. Then there is one kind, very large with a dark blue body and a greyish-cream, fluffy head and neck. They all seem friendly together, and share their grubs, but keep up a fearful noise the while, cawing and screaming.

"Such a view as I have from my window over the sea! And I get the marvelous sunsets! He who has not seen a tropical sunset knows not what *colour* is! Fire and flame, from orange to purple, and every shade in between. Ahi mai! How beauteous it all is! As I lay stretched out on a cane lounge, right up against a bay window looking out over the ocean, and listening to the swash of the waves beneath, I said to myself, 'Can this be Ceylon? I think it must be heaven! But this was while I was waiting for our luggage, and was enjoying a little *dolce far niente*, but as soon as I had to get my things out of my trunks and move about a bit, wasn't it blazing hot! 'Good bye heaven', says I. 'I must have made a mistake as to the locality.'

"We went for a fine drive yesterday afternoon through the park, the suburbs, and the town, gloating on Oriental colour. The high-coloured garments of the natives would seem out of place, perhaps gaudy or tawdry, any where else, but here they are so entirely a part of the soil and atmosphere that nothing else would seem to suit. We went through a cinnamon grove, and our driver picked us a branch. It looks something like the orange bush, and the leaves are delicious and full of cinnamon flavour as well as the stems.

"The town presented many a sight that was unsavoury—dirt and unwholesomeness were everywhere, though I must own that it did not smell half as bad as either Japan or China. One thing I cannot get out of my head—it keeps rising up before me as a grim picture. There was an unfortunate dog prowling about one of the narrow streets, who, either from mange, canine leprosy, or what not, had not a single hair left on body or head. It was a mess of sores which showed up horribly on its poor naked body, on which one could count every rib. It could hardly walk, but just managed to drag itself along somehow. In our country it would have been the duty of a policeman to put an end to its misery before it came to such a pass, but here, current

superstition will not permit any such humane course, for they believe that some sinful soul may thus be working out its *karma*, and that therefore they must not interfere with natural law. So they permit, without hindrance, a poor, diseased creature like that to roam about, poking its nose into their open shops, and fumbling among their grains and vegetables—perhaps breeding heaven knows what infection. The loathsomeness of it all was indescribable. On turning our eyes from such a gruesome sight to the luxuriant foliage, beauteous flowers, the flaming glow of the heavens above, the calm, blue sea, all the generous opulence of nature, it seemed as if such a sight belonged in some other world than this! The saying 'only man is vile' jingled in my ears! Yet we noticed quite a number of little Roman Catholic chapels—in fact there was one whole street which our driver called the Catholic quarter. I only hope that their presence may work as a leaven in time; but I cannot help thinking that in their present state of ignorance, perversion, or what not, the natives need taking in hand in the way good old father Moses did with the Orientals in his day, and after they have learned something about sanitation it would be time enough to tell them about the Virgin Mary! Of course I bear in mind the saying, 'Cleanliness is next to Godliness', but I should like to change it into, 'Cleanliness *leads* to Godliness'—as I feel at present!

"*December 8th.* THIS morning we saw from our window a native, with turban and clout, shinning up a cocoanut palm to cut off a large bunch of ripe nuts. As the bark is smooth, and there is no place for a purchase, the feet have to be tied together by a double string, about a foot apart, and it was really a curious sight to see him pulling himself up with an action much like the inch worm—a simitar in his belt to cut the nuts with.

"This afternoon we start for Kandy up in the mountains, and shall sample Ceylon scenery. Harry and I are growing more intelligent every day, and we are now beginning to know which is a man and which is a woman when we see them. You see the Cingalese men wear their long hair gathered up in a knot behind, near the neck, and sort of shell comb on the top of the head like a diadem, turned hind before, and they wear a kind of divided skirt, so it really is a bit puzzling at first. I have frequently heard Mrs. Hearst and Clara speculating as to the sex even of those who were naked down to the waist, and I have more than once jeered at them for their imperfect knowledge of anatomy! We have engaged two native men servants. Harry now is happy in that he has someone to pack his trunks and put his studs in his shirts. David, with his white dress and turban, and rolling black eyes, is a queer specimen of a 'valet', but he does the business. Our Japanese man Fujii had a soul above such things, and when I asked him to strap up my valises, he called seven coolies to do it instead, all of whom demanded fees!

"(Note by H.M.R. 'I am more and more delighted with this island and its people. There is beauty everywhere, of mountain and valley and seashore, of verdure and flowers, radiant trees with great flaming flowers on them that illuminate the scene. Then the people are so beautiful to look upon, and the children, bronze statues, who have left their clothes in the wash. I should like to stay in this island and spend a few weeks, browsing around in the country and wherever else chance took me.

"On our arrival here we were met by our two servants from Madras—not the two we expected, but two substitutes, Daniel Ramasawnie being engaged, we have this substitute, Anthony Butler and another, whose name I have not yet mastered. We had one or two others whom we took to Kandy, and so here we have *four* on hand. One leaves tomorrow, and I retain David who already looks upon me as his father, and Mrs. Hearst and Clara will take the other two.

"Butler and 'friend' are *fine*. They have the costumes on that we sent the money for from San Francisco—Mrs. Hearst's colors which we chose for them, blue and yellow. They seem well mannered and efficient fellows, and are evidently well trained. My David is familiar now with my clothes and my studs and he gets me dressed all right in the A.M., and prevents my crawling all over the floor looking for studs and sleeve buttons at night. He packed up my belongings at Kandy and delivered them here, and has helped Dorie pack and fold dresses and things, and all for one and one half rupees a day, and he finds his food and lodging. He generally sleeps at my door when he is not at home. He lives in Colombo, and he has just gone home to leave his money (20 rupees—$6.40 U.S.) which I have just

advanced him, for his wife and children two . . .)

"*Kandy, Ceylon, December 9th, 1903.* YESTERDAY afternoon at 2:30 we were duly installed in our first-class compartment—very like an English one, only upholstered in white linen—on our way to the mountains. General Winslow and his party were in the next carriage, and we all met in the refreshment car at afternoon tea. It was an exciting journey, for though mountain peaks, ravines, abysses, valleys, rocks, waterfalls, and streams, whether in Japan, China, America, or any part of Europe are apt to resemble each other more or less—or rather, to differ more in degree than in kind, here it is quite different with all this jungle of tropical vegetation. For twenty-three miles, while in the sight of the river, we saw nothing but cocoanut palms—millions of them; but as soon as we began to get well up among the hills the cocoanuts gave place to all sorts of other kinds of palm trees and great trees of jak-fruit, bread fruit, papaya, mangoes, flambeau trees, bananas, banyans, cane trees, bamboo, and heaven knows what all. Such a wealth of everything that is splendid and beautiful!

"Then we saw something to us quite new—terraced rice plantations. Picture to yourself a mountain slope terraced as in Switzerland or Germany for vineyards, and then imagine these terraces all flooded with water and sown with rice, or 'paddy' as they call it, the sun and sky mirrored in each terrace, and you have a wondrous sight when you see it for the first time. At one time, on our way, there was a coffee plantation on one side of the road, and a tea plantation on the other. We reached this charming place in time to dress for dinner. Mr. and Mrs. Van Vleaht, a very nice couple from Memphis, with whom we travelled from Hong Kong, were there to welcome us, they having come here the day before, and after dinner Mr. V. persuaded us to ride round the lake in rickishas and see it by moonlight. It was a beautiful sight to go to bed and dream on!

"This morning we got up at six, and, after taking morning tea in our rooms, started off to see the sights of Kandy before the sun should be too high in the heavens. First we went to the Botanical Gardens, which are considered, I think, the finest in the world, and no wonder! To attempt to tell you of all the tropical luxury, the unthinkable variety of form and freak the splendour and magnificence of it all, would be vain! It was delight to be shown round by a nice old Cingalese, who had been in charge there for twenty years, and who knew all the trees by heart. As he spoke some English he could tell us so much that we wanted to know. Clara and I have been perfectly desperate at not being able to find out the names of all these marvelous flower—and fruit-bearing trees. There are dozens and dozens of fruits which we have never heard of before. We saw the mangosteen and the far-famed Duryan, but the latter was not bearing at present. There was also the deadly 'upas trees', from the sap of which the natives used to poison their arrows. The orchid tree *(Amherstia Noblis)* with its heavy clusters of crimson, orchid-like sprays of blossoms.

"Then the India rubber trees. They are the most curious as well as the most imposing things I ever saw. They are of the banyan family, which accounts for the extraordinary freakiness of trunk, branches, and roots. We were taken into a nutmeg grove and allowed to pick up some of the nutmegs both in and out of their outer green pod—not unlike the walnut, only much larger. The nutmeg itself, when it is fresh, is smooth and black, and looks very handsome in its pretty, trelaced fibre of bright red (which is sold as mace, and which turns a golden brown). We picked green cloves as well, were introduced to the coca plant, from which cocaine is made, camphor, allspice, pepper, pimento, and every sort of spice-yielding plant and tree. A liberal education, I can assure you!

"After tiffin we took a long, circular drive, or series of drives, among the hills, where there were fine vistas of peak and valley. A large monkey was swinging himself in the branches of a jak-tree, the fruit of which is precious to his kind. Then we went to see some elephants, and afterwards to a Buddhist temple, where, in the cloisters, there were very crude pictures of a different King of Hell appointed for each crime. It was growing dusk, and we were followed round by such an army of beggars, who persisted in lighting tiny candles to show us the way, and in thrusting decapitated flowers—for offerings—into our hands, in addition to the temple guides who demanded a fee at almost every corner of the building, that it got on our nerves, and although we went there late because there was to be a

service at 6:30, after which the temple jewels and a crystal Buddha were to be shown, Harry and I got so weary of it all that we went home without the show, simply to save having the life plagued out of us.

"*December 10th.* TODAY we did not go sight-seeing, because there were no more special sights. We just loafed about—in the market and streets, and after tiffin we went to the Governor's house and garden. The present Governor, Sir Arthur Blake, has not seen it yet, but is expected on the 21st inst. It is fine in spaciousness, but the furniture is uninteresting English stuff of the kind one finds in a Liverpool hotel, instead of the rich, Oriental things they might have so easily if they only would. It made me sick to see the cheap Nottingham curtains in the windows where Indian silks and embroideries naturally belong.

"We leave Kandy tomorrow morning at eleven for Colombo again, where we take ship for Tuticorin—a journey of fifteen hours. The passage is a proverbially uncomfortable one, like that across the English Channel, only longer, but as the N.E. Monsoon is on, let us hope it will be bearable. During S.W. Monsoon, they say it is terrible.

"*Colombo, December 11th, 1903.* BEFORE leaving Kandy today we poked around among the jewellers, examining and buying some of the Ceylon precious stones. Moonstones, rubies, emeralds, pearls, tourmalines of all colours are found here, and many people buy and are taken in. Mrs. Hearst knows about stones so well that we dared, what we would not have done otherwise, to make a few purchases on our own account. Mrs. H. bought largely. A fakir accosted us as we were returning to tiffin and offered to do the famous 'mango trick' and some snake charming. As we had heard so often of the mango trick, but none of us had ever seen it, we engaged him to perform there and then, and, having seated ourselves on a row of chairs brought out to us, on the hotel *loggia*, we saw him, after doing various unsightly things with a large cobra, plant a mango seed in a little heap of soil, cover it up with cloth, and, in a minute or so, there was a little tree—a seedling. He covered it again and pronounced more incantations, and lo! there was a big bush when he again removed the cloth. He pulled it up to show that not only was it growing out of the seed, but up to show that not only was it growing out of the seed, but that the seed itself, which at first was quite smooth and clean, now had long dangling roots. It was very well done, and we did not begrudge him his five rupees for our private entertainment.

"We arrived here in time for dinner, but I did not want to dress to go down, so I had a tray sent up to me, and I wish you could have seen the procession of three servants who brought it! First there was one of our two Madras Indian servants to open the door, then our own particular man, David, carrying the tray, and the other Madras Indian following him—for no known purpose that I could discover.

"By the way, the two servants that we had written to Madras to secure, and who failed to appear on the appointed day, notified us of their arrival in Colombo after we had engaged two others and taken them with us to Kandy. On our return, as the tardy ones, engaged for us by Judge H. looked very fine in their liveries, Mrs. H. concluded to retain them both in addition to our man David, who has already made himself indispensable to Harry. The other man we discharged, as he was of little use. You would laugh to hear the way our turbaned slave addresses us. He speaks of Harry as 'the Master', but to his face he often calls him 'Pappa'—with the accent on the first syllable as in America. He is perfectly devoted already, and when the news reached us of the belated arrival of the two other men, he came to my room, and, pressing his hands to his forehead while bending low, he cried: 'Lady, ask Master to take me with him to Madras, I so unhappy not to go with Lady and Master!' They are a queer lot, these Indians. They sleep anywhere and nowhere in particular. On the mat outside one's door, or under the table if there happens to be one in the hotel corridor.

"*December 12th.* THIS morning Clara had an experience which caused her great agitation. She had taken off her diamond and pearl rings and other jewellery, and put the little case containing them on the dressing table, prior to packing them in her valise. She happened to turn away for a moment, and that was enough for a thief of a crow which pounched on it and flew out of the window with his prize. Poor Clara, as white as a sheet, called frantically for the servants, who ran aimlessly hither and yon. The alarm was given, however, and every one was on the look-out for the crow thief. When the rogue found, however, that a case of jewels was neither good to eat nor to build a nest, he

dropped the case in a garden near the hotel, where it was found by a native boy, who hearing what had happened, brought it up to Clara, panting and trembling with agitation, crying, 'I honest boy, I no keep, I bring back to lady. Lady give me sovereign, I honest boy!' Clara was so relieved that she was only too glad to give him a sovereign with her blessing, but it took her some hours to recover from the shock. The fear was that the crow would either hide it in a cocoanut tree or drop it into the sea. So you see that the 'Gazza Ladra' is not a myth."

24.

HARRY A. FRANK: A VAGABOND IN "THE REALMS OF GAUTAMA" 1905

Harry Frank was a Michigan graduate who spent fifteen months girdling the globe, without money, weapons or baggage, to satisfy an undergraduate dare against the conventional notion that all travellers had to be affluent. The spirit of a Dick Whittington, laced with a desire to investigate social conditions among the underprivileged in every clime, sparked off this vagabond journey a year after his graduation. Having chosen the vocation of teaching foreign languages, this "year off" promised to reinforce his professional preparation for his career. He was resolved "to depend both for protection and the necessities of life on personal endeavour and the native resources of each locality." Setting out with only 104 dollars as expenses for his kodak camera, he returned to Seattle four hundred and sixty days later, having exceeded for his photographic expenses just nine dollars more. His sundry earnings in various places were purely for the purpose of keeping life and soul together. "The chief object of investigation being the masses, I made no attempt during the journey to rise above the estate of the common laborer. My plan included no fixed itinerary. The details of route I left to chance and the exigencies of circumstances" (p. xiv).

The grand escapde began on 18th June 1904 from Detroit, and took him through Canada, Scotland, Holland, Germany, France, Switzerland, Italy until he finally sailed from Marseilles to Egypt as a deck-hand. After studying the lower-depths of Asia Minor and the land of the Nile for a few months, he stowed away with typical vagrant aplomb on board the S.S. Worchestershire, *a Bibby liner bound for Colombo in February 1905 at Port Said. Ten days later, "with one English half-penny jingleless in my pocket (I) set foot on the verdant island of Ceylon." In Chapter XII: "The Realms of Gautama," and Chapter XIII: "Sawdust and Tinsel in the Orient," he describes with a sparkling raciness and warm exuberance the delights of life in the underworld of Colombo, with a tramp to Kandy thrown in for good measure to keep the spirit of wanderlust from settling. He sampled the services of institutions set up for the derelict and the habitual "bum," from "The Original and Well-Recognized Sailors' Boarding House of Colombo under Proprietorship of C. D. Almeida" to a Salvation Army doss-house. He fell in easily enough with other members of the light-footed tribe of European hobos, the most learned among them being John Askins, M.A. (Dublin). Together with an Englishman he conceived the idea of becoming temporary rickshaw-pullers, leasing their vehicles from the American Consul. The latter exploded in their faces at the mere suggestion! After savouring the sights and sounds of Kandy, he returned to Colombo, and took up with four fellow-countrymen—Henderson, Marten, Haywood and Arnold—a quartet with a shady and chequered past. Adopting Gordon Gardens as their sleeping quarters it soon acquired the subtitle of "American Park Hotel." The arrival of Fitzgerald's Circus, an Australian enterprise, provided employment for a week as a clown in cap and bells, before the ebullient scaramouch sailed for Tuticorin on April 4th as a tally clerk on the* S.S. Kabara. *India, Burma, Malaya, Siam, and Japan fell in rapid succession to his conquering feet, before he returned home, laden with the proletarian spoils of life, in September 1905. The two extracts relate to his second night under the stars in Colombo, and the hike to Kandy—vivid, spirited, and redolent of the mood of the whole book.*

From *A Vagabond Journey Around the World;* by Harry A. Frank; (London, 1910), pp. 256-258, 259-264.

"On the edge of the native section stood an eating shop that had won the patronage of half the beachcombers in the city. It was a low, thatched shanty, constructed, like its neighbors, chiefly of bamboo. The front wall—unless the canvass curtain that warded off the blazing sunshine be reckoned such—was all doorway, before which stood a platform heaped high with multicolored tropical fruits.

"A dozen white men bawled out a greeting as I pushed aside the curtain and crowded into a place on one of the creaking benches around the table. At the entrance stood the proprietor, guarding a home-made safe, and smiling so vociferously upon whomever added to its contents that his circle comb rose and fell with the exertion. Plainly in sight of the yawning customers, in a smoke-choked back room, two chocolate-colored cooks, who had evidently divided between them a garment as large as a lady's handkerchief, toiled over a long row of kettles.

"The dinner was table d'hote, and cost four cents. A naked boy set before me a heaping plate of rice, four bananas, a glass of tea, and six small dishes of curried vegetables, meat, and shrimps. The time had come when I must learn, like my companions, to dispense with table utensils. I began the first lesson by following the movements of my fellow-guests. Each dug in the center of his mound of rice a hole of the size of a coffee-cup. Into this he dumped the curries one after another and buried them by pushing in the sides of the excavation. The interment finished, he fell upon the mess with both hands, and mixed the ingredients as the 'board-bucker' mixes concrete—by shoveling it over and over.

"Let no one fancy that the Far East has no etiquette of the table. It was the height of ill-breeding, for example, to grasp a handful of food and eat it from the open palm. Obviously, the Englishman beside me had received careful Singhalese training. Without bending a joint of his hand, he plunged it into the mixture before him, drew his fingers closely together, and, thrusting his hand to the base of the thumb into his mouth, sucked off the food by taking a long, quick breath.

"I imitated him, gasped, choked, and clutched at the

bench with both hands, while the tears ran in rivulets down my cheeks. 'Twas my introduction to the curries of Ceylon. A mouthful of cayenne pepper would have tasted like ice cream in comparison. The stuff was so calorific—in chillies, not in temperature—that it burned my fingers.

" 'Hot, Yank?' grinned the Englishman. 'That's what all the lads finds 'em when they first get out here. In a week they'll be just right. In a month you'll be longin' for Madras where they make 'em 'otter.

"The dinner over, the guests threw under their feet the food that remained; washed their fingers, surreptitiously, of course, in a chettie of drinking water; and sauntered out into the star-lit night. Across the way lay the cricket ground of Colombo, a twelve-acre field, silent and deserted. While the policeman yawned at the far end of his beat, I scrambled over the bamboo fence, and, choosing a spot where the grass was not entirely worn off, went to bed. The proverbial white elephant was never more of a burden than my kodak had become. Hitherto, I had easily concealed it in a pocket of my corduroy coat. Now my entire wardrobe could have been packed inside the apparatus, and wherever I wandered I was forced to lug the thing under one arm, like a pet poodle, wrapped in a ragged cover that deceived the covetous as to its real value. By night it served as pillow, and so fixed a habit had its possession become, that I ran no more risk of leaving it behind than of going away without my cap.

"The grassy slope was as soft as a mattress, the tepid night breeze just the right covering. I quickly fell asleep. A feeling, as of someone close at hand, aroused me. Slowly I opened my eyes. Within a foot of me, his naked body glistening in the moonlight, crouched a coolie. I bounded to my feet. But the native was quicker than I. With a leap that would have done credit to a kangaroo, he shot suddenly into the air, landed noiselessly on his bare feet some three yards away, and before I could take a step in his direction, was gone.

"Midnight, certainly, had passed. The flanking streets were utterly deserted. Not a light shone in the long rows of shops. Only the ceaseless chanting of myriads of insects tempered the stillness of the night. I drew a cord from my pocket, tied one end to the kodak and another to a wrist, and lay down again. The precaution was wisely taken. A

tug at my arm awakened me a second time and, as I started up, a black rascal, closely resembling my first visitor, scampered away across the playground. Dawn was drawing a thin gray line on the black canvas of night. I left my bed unmade and wandered away into the city." . . .

"The city of Colombo is well spread out. Though I set off early next morning, it was nearly noon when I crossed the Victoria bridge at Grand Pass and struck the open country. Great was the contrast between the Ceylon of my imagination and the reality. A riot of tropical vegetation spread out on every hand; in the dense shadows swarmed naked humans uncountable. But jungle was there none, neither wild men, nor savage beasts. Every acre was producing for the use of man. The highway was wide, well-built as in Europe, close flanked on either side by thick forests of towering palm trees. Here and there, bands of coolies repaired the roadway, or fought back the aggressive vegetation with ax-like knives. Clumsy, broad-wheeled bullock carts, in appearance like our 'prairie schooners', creaked by behind humped oxen ambling seaward at a snail's pace. Under his protecting roof, made, not of canvas, as the first glimpse suggested, but of thousands of leaves sewn together, the scrawny driver grinned cheerily and mumbled some strange word of greeting. Even the heat was less infernal than I had anticipated. The glare of sunshine was dazzling; a wrist uncovered for a moment was burned red as with a branding-iron; my face shown browner in the mirror of each passing stream; but often are the sun's rays more debilitating on a summer day at home.

"In the forest the slim bamboo and the broad-leafed banana tree abounded; but the cocoanut palm predominated. In every grove, prehensile coolies, armed with heavy knives, walked up the slender trunks, and, hiding themselves in the tuft of leaves sixty feet above, chopped off the nuts in clusters of three. One could have recited a poem between the moment of their launching and the time when they struck the soft, spongy earth, to rebound high into the air. 'Tis a national music, the dull, muffled thump of cocoanuts, as reminiscent, ever after, of dense, tropical forests as the tinkle of the donkey bell of Spain, or the squawk of the water wheel of Egypt.

"I stepped aside from the highway in the mid-afternoon and lay down on a grassy slope under shielding palms. A crackling of twigs drew my attention, and, catching sight of a pair of eyes filled with mute wonder, I nodded reassuringly. A native, dressed in a ribbon and a tangle of oily hair, stepped from behind a great drooping banana leaf and advanced with faltering steps. Behind him emerged a score of men and boys, as heavily clothed as the leader; and the band, smiling like a company of ballet dancers en scene, moved forward hesitatingly, halting frequently to exchange signs of mutual encouragement. Their timidity was in strange contrast to the boisterous or menacing attitude of the Arab. One felt that a harsh word or a gesture of annoyance would have sent these deferential country-folk scampering away through the forest. A white man, whatever his station in life, is a tin god in Ceylon.

"With a simultaneous gurgle of greeting, the natives squatted in a semicircle at the foot of the knoll on which I lay, as obsequious in manner as loyal subjects come to do homage to their cannibal king. We chatted, intelligibly if not glibly, in the language of signs. My pipe aroused great curiosity. When it had burned out, I turned it over to the leader. He passed it on to his companions, each and all of whom, to my horror, tested the strange thing by thrusting the stem halfway down his throat and sucking fiercely at it. Even when they had examined every other article in my knapsak, my visitors were not content, and implored me with tears in their eyes to give them leave to open my kodak. I distracted their attention by a careful inspection of their tools and betel-nut pouches. With truly Spanish generosity they insisted on presenting me with every article that I asked to see; and then sneaked round behind me to carry off the gift while I was examining another.

"I rose to continue my way, but the natives burst out in vigorous protest, and, despatching three youths on some unknown errand, dropped again on their haunches and fell to preparing new chews of betel-nut. The emissaries soon returned, one carrying a jack-fruit, another a bunch of bananas, and the third swinging three green cocoanuts by the rope-like stem. The leader laid the gifts one after another, at my feet. Two men armed with jungle knives sprang forward, and while one hacked at the adamantine jack-fruit, the other caught up a cocoanut, chopped off the top with one stroke, and invited me to drink. The milk—the

national beverage of Ceylon—was cool and refreshing, but the meat of the green nut as inedible as a leather strap. The jack-fruit, of the size and appearance of a water melon, was split at last into longitudinal slices. These, in turn, split sidewise into dozens of segments not unlike those of the orange, each one containing a large, kidney-shaped stone. The meat itself was white, coarse-grained and rather tasteless. The bananas were smaller, but more savory than those of the West Indies. When I had sampled each of the gifts, I distributed them among the donators, and turned down to the highway.

"It is easy to account for the vagabond's fondness for tropical lands. He loves to strut about among reverential black men in all the glory of a white skin; it flatters him astonishingly to have native policemen and soldiers draw up at attention and salute as he passes; he adores, of course, the lazy indolence of the East. But all these things are as nothing compared with his one great advantage over his brother in northern lands. He escapes the terror of the coming night. Only he who has roamed penniless through a colder world can know this dread; how, like an oppressive cloud, rising on the horizon of each new day, it casts its gloom over every niggardly atom of good fortune. In the north one must have shelter. Other things which the world calls necessities the vagrant may do without, but the night will not be put off like hunger and thirst. In the tropics? In Ceylon? Bah! What is night but a more comfortable day? If it grows too dark for tramping, one lies down in the bed under his feet and rises, refreshed, with the new dawn.

"From my forest lodging bordering the twenty-first mile post, I set out on the second day's tramp before the country people were astir. The highway, bursting forth from the encircling palm trees now and then, stalked across a small, rolling plain. Villages rose with every mile, rambling, two-row hamlets of bamboo, where elbow room was ample. Between them, isolated thatched cottages peeped from beneath the trees. Here were none of the densely-packed collections of human stys so general in Italy and the land of the Arab; for Ceylon, four centuries tributary to Europe, knows not the fear of marauding bands.

"As the sun climbed higher, grinning groups of rustics pattered by, the men beclouted, the women clad in a short skirt and a shorter waist, between which glistened ten inches or more of velvety brown skin. Hunger and thirst come often in the tropics, but never was highway more liberally stocked with food and drink. Half the houses displayed for sale the fruits of the surrounding forest, and tea and cocoanut cakes could be had anywhere. On a bamboo pedestal before every hovel, however wretched, stood an earthenware *chettie* of water, beside which hung as a drinking-vessel the half of a cocoanut-shell; commonly slimy and moss-grown. Great was the joy of every family whose hut I entered—silent joy, generally, for the unhoped-for honor of welcoming a white man left one and all, from the half-naked wife to the babe in arms—no household lacked the latter—speechless with awe and veneration. They are charming children, these smiling brown people, and industrious, though moving always after the languid manner of the tropical zone.

"Bathing is the national hobby of Ceylon. Never a stream crawling under the highway but was alive with splashing natives. Mothers, plodding along the route, halted at every rivulet to roll a banana leaf into a cone-shaped bucket and pour uncounted gallons of water on their sputtering infants, crouched naked on the bank of the stream. Travellers on foot or by bullock cart took hourly dips en route. The husbandman abandoned his tilling at frequent intervals to plunge into the nearest water hole. His wife, instead of calling on her neighbors, met them at the brook and, turned mermaid, gossiped in cool and comfort. The men, subjected only to a loin cloth, gave no heed to their clothing. The women, wound from knees to armpits in gossamerlike sheets of snowy white, emerged from their aquatic couches, and, turning themselves round and round in the blazing sunshine like spitted fowls over a fire, marched homeward in dry garments.

"With the third day the landscape changed. The slightly rolling lowlands of the coast gave way to tea-clad foothills, heralding the mountains of the interior. The highway, mounting languidly, offered noonday vista of the ranges that have won for Ceylon the title of 'Switzerland of the tropics'. Here were none of the rugged peaks and crags of the Alps nor the barren wilderness of Palestine. Endless, to the north and south, hovering in a sea-blue haze, stretched rolling mountains, thick clothed in prolific vege-

tation. Unaggressive, effeminate they seemed, compared with northern highlands; summits and slopes a succession of graceful curves, with never an angular stroke, hills plump of contour, like Ruben's figures.

"Try as I would, I had not succeeded in making my daily expenditures since leaving the coast more than ten cents. Near the summit of the route I paused at an amateur shop by the wayside. It was a pathetic little hovel, built of rubbish picked up in the forest. A board, stretched like a counter across the open doorway, was heavily laden with bananas. Near at hand a plump, brown matron, in abbreviated skirt and a waist little more than neckerchief, was spreading out grain—with her feet—on a long grass mat. Unfortunately, the list of Singhalese words that I had jotted down at the dictation of Askins lacked the all-important term 'how much.' I pointed at the fruit and tossed a coin on the counter. It was a copper piece, worth one and three fourths cents; enough, surely, for the purchase of a half-dozen bananas. The matron approached, picked up the coin gingerly, and, turning it over and over in her hand, stared at me with wide-open eyes. Had I been niggardly in my offer? I was thrusting a hand into my pocket for another copper, when the female, motioning to me to open my knapsack, dropped into it three dozen bananas, hesitated, and, assuming the air of one whose conscience is master of his cupidity, added a fourth cluster.

"A furlong beyond, in a shaded elbow of the route, I turned to the task of lightening my burden. Small success would have crowned my efforts but for the arrival of a fellow-wayfarer. He was a man of fifty or sixty, blacker of skin than the Singhalese. A ten-yard strip of cloth, of a pattern in which two-inch stripes of white and brilliant red alternated, was wrapped round his waist and fell to his knees. Over his head was folded a sheet of orange hue. In either hand he carried a bundle, wrapped in cloth, and tied with green vines. The upper half of his face was that of meekness personified; the rest was covered with such a beard as one might swear by, deeply streaked with gray.

"Painfully he limped to the roadside, and squatted on his heels in the edge of the shade. By every token he was 'on the road'.

" 'Have a bite, Jack?' I invited, pushing the fruit towards him.

"A child's voice squeaked within him. Gravely he rose to his feet to express his gratitude in every known posture of the human figure except that of standing on his head. That formality over, he fell to with a will—and both hands—so willingly in fact that, with never a pause nor a choke, he made way with twenty-eight bananas. Small wonder if he would have slept a while in the edge of the shade after so noteworthy a feat.

"I rose to plod on, however, and he would not be left behind,—far behind, that is. Reiterated solicitations could not induce him to walk beside me; he pattered always two paces in the rear, too mindful of his own inferiority to march abreast with a sahib. From the gestures and gasp that my questions drew forth, I gathered that he was a *yogi*, a holy man—temporarily at least—bound on a pilgrimage to some shrine in the mountains. Two hours beyond our meeting, he halted at a branch road, knelt in the highway, and, ere I had divined his intention, imprinted a sonorous kiss on the top of one of my Nazarene slippers. Only my dexterity saved the other. He stood up slowly, almost sadly, as one grieved to part from good company—or bananas, shook the dust of the route from his beard, and, turning into the forest-throttled byway, was gone.

"Night, striding over the mountains in the seven-league boots he wears in the tropics, playfully laid hand on me just at the entrance to the inn of the Sign of the Palm Tree. The landlord demanded no fee; the far-off howling of dogs lulled me to sleep. With dawn, I was off once more. Sunrise waved his greeting over the leafy crests of the Peradeniya Gardens, and her European residents, lolling in their church-bound 'rickshaws, stared at my entrance into the ancient city of Kandy."

25.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX: "THE WOMEN OF CEYLON ARE OFTEN AS BEAUTIFUL AS THEIR LAND" 1913

This heart-throb American poet of the well-known lines "Laugh and the world laughs with you, Weep and you weep alone" was born on 5 November 1850 in Johnston Center, Wisconsin. By the time she was eighteen she was picking up an easy living with her pen, and continued her literary activities even after her marriage in 1884. With the brand of sentimental verse, which became her signature tune, she quickly rose to be an influential and best-selling poet in the late nineteenth century in her own country. There was a strain of spiritualism and vaguely oriental mysticism, streaked with eroticism, in her prolific output of poetry, fiction and short stories, and she was thought daring in her lifetime. Her interest in the possibility of communication with the dead led her to repeated attempts to reach her husband after his death, and she believed she had finally made contact via the ouija board. She fell ill of over-exertion after touring army camps in France in 1918 comforting the troops on the Western Front, and died in the spring of the next year.

She travelled widely in Europe and the Orient, and her autobiography The Worlds and I *was published a year before her death. The article reproduced on Ceylon women resulted from a brief visit to the island, and a ship-board encounter with the svelte Mrs. Henry de Mel, the wife of the coconut and plumbago magnate H.L. de Mel, who was later knighted. This was around the time when members of the rising new Ceylonese mercantile and planting elite, were spreading their affluent wings abroad, and doing the sights in "merrie England" and the Continent. The sophistication and westernised elegance of this dusky Singhalese lady obviously took Mrs. Wilcox by surprise—hence her observations on the liberated status and role of woman in early twentieth century Ceylon. The article is illustrated with three photographs of Mrs. de Mel, Sister Suddhamadara and a typical Kandyan-Singhalese girl.*

From "Women of Ceylon." *National Magazine* (Boston) vol. 37, no. 5, Feb. 1913, pp. 906-909.

"The Women of Beautiful Ceylon, by Ella Wheeler Wilcox. The scenery of Ceylon is glorious beyond words; and the women of Ceylon are often as beautiful as their land.

"It was on the return voyage from Colombo to Southampton that I had opportunity to study and enjoy one typical Singhalese beauty. During a three weeks' acquaintance this charming woman (Mrs. Henry de Mel of Colombo) grew in interest, and left a more lasting impression on my memory than any other one of the hundreds of ladies who made up the passenger list; a list comprising English, German, Dutch, French and Americans.

"Mrs. de Mel was en route to the coronation festivities, in company with her husband and several other Singhalese friends, all people of culture, means and refinement.

"Mrs. de Mel was the daughter of a Singhalese chief, holding office under the Government.

"This chief wears a wonderful uniform, including a long coat with gold buttons and eyelets, gold sword and belt, and a checkered silk cloth from waist to ankles, called the 'soman cloth'.

"His position is much revered in Ceylon, and his children belong to the 'ultra fashionable circles' as we say in America.

"Girls are not married at the early age in Ceylon which makes the marriage customs of India so unfortunate for the race, and education among the better classes of Ceylon women is the rule, not the exception. Mrs. de Mel was educated in the English mission school, and speaks not

only her own Singhalese tongue, as taught her by the native instructors, the 'Pundits', but English and French fluently. At eighteen she became the wife of a brilliant young attorney of her own race, Henry L. de Mel, who is descended from a long line of owners of land and graphite mines, and other properties. He is a keen temperance man, a Free Mason, and secretary of both institutions. Mr. de Mel keeps four elephants to carry heavy timbers and machinery used in mining graphite up into the mountains. The family divides its time between the mountain home and the city residence in Colombo.

"Mother of six children, this Singhalese lady takes charge of their education, and looks after their clothing, health and pleasures while she dispenses large hospitalities to the innumerable relatives, for whom Singhalese people keep open house. National festivities, weddings, funerals, and New Year holidays are observed with great ceremonies in Ceylon. There is a pretty custom of offering a handful of betel leaves to superior relatives on New Year day, and all the serving people do this as a sign of submission to their masters.

"Singhalese women are fond of music, and Mrs. de Mel is an accomplished pianist, besides being a brilliant mathematician. The average Singhalese is quick at figures. On board ship Mrs. de Mel won four prizes at the games and sports.

"Statistics show that not one in ten thousand of the better class of women in Ceylon are divorced.

"The open air life, and the diet of vegetables and rice, with very little meat eating seems to render the Singhalese people particularly hardy and healthy.

"Mrs. de Mel, despite her English education and associations, has wisely kept to her native fashions in dress. On board ship she appeared in a bewildering array of exquisite costumes of delicate and dainty fabrics and classic lines. Her complexion is a soft brown, something like the shade of unburned coffee, and her long straight hair, clear cut features, and dazzling teeth and eyes, made her a target for admiring glances wherever she moved.

"Mr. and Mrs. de Mel and their attractive friends, Mr. and Mrs. de Silva, were presented to royalty in Europe, and were the recipients of many honors.

"Another type of woman met in Kandy, Ceylon, was Sister Suddhammadara, a Buddhist nun. Even with the closely shaven head of the Singhalese Sister, and clothed about with her burnt orange robe, Sister Suddhammadara was most attractive.

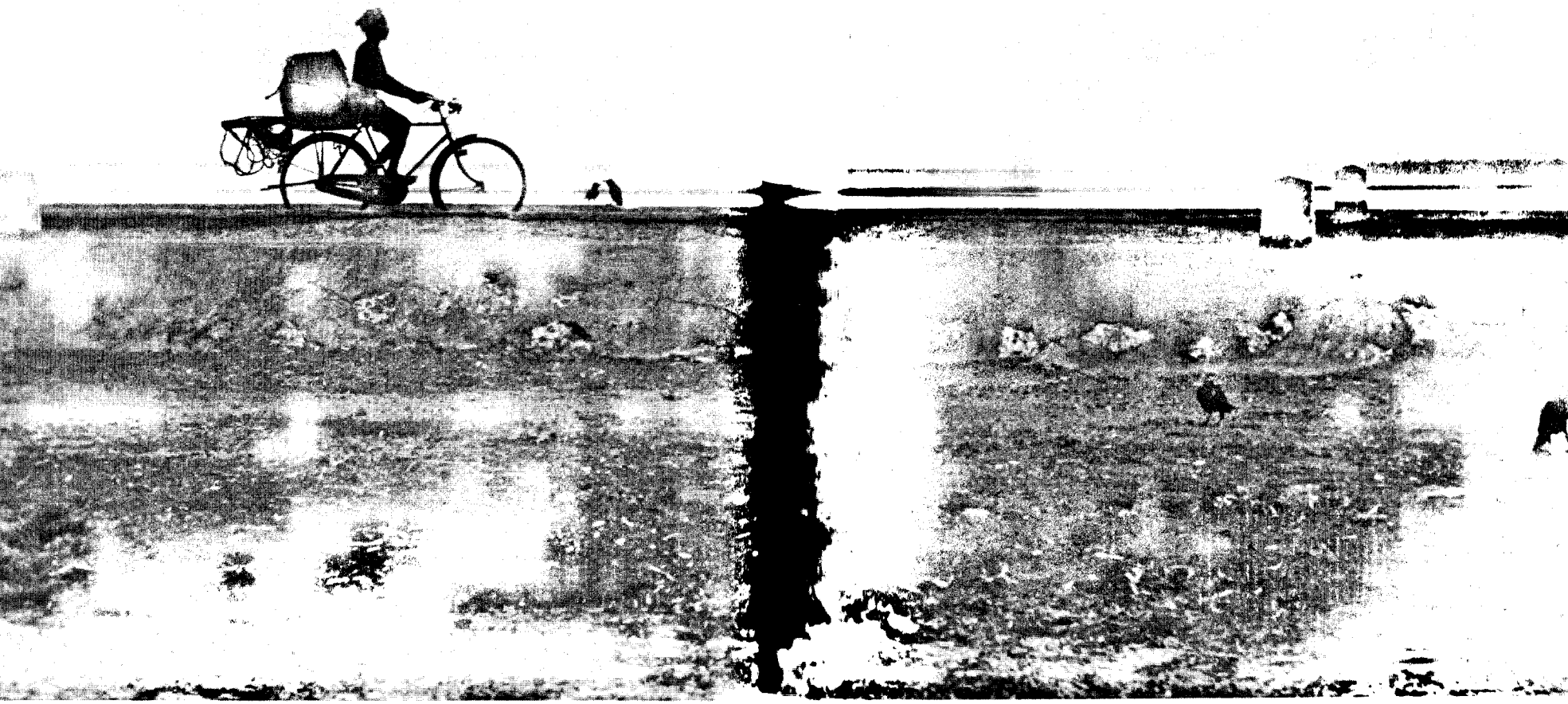
"Curiously enough Mrs. de Mel was born of a Buddhist family and became Christian through education; while Sister Suddhammadara, born of Christian parents (converts of missionaries) became a Buddhist after reaching maturity. Her whole life is given to educating the young in the eight principles of 'the Lord Buddha'.

"Lady Blake, wife of Sir Henry Blake (ex-Governor of Ceylon), endowed the Sister's school with a fund which enables her to give a home to ten aged nuns; and the same Lady Bountiful gave her a bullock and a cart in which she drives about on her errands of mercy, as well as when asking for alms. It is the Buddhist custom for priests and nuns to go about with their bronze begging bowl daily, not making any plea, but silently holding the bowl for such offerings as their disciples can give.

"Each city and locality of Ceylon has its own type of beauty, and Kandy claims to be pre-eminent in its lovely women.

"Many seen at temples and going to and from their daily duties verified the claim. The 'new woman' is not known in Ceylon, as there seems to be little oppression of women in that romantic and beautiful spot, and her privileges seem to be quite equal to those of her brothers.

"Indeed, with the environment of entrancing scenery, the best of all tropical climates, a fertile and luxuriant soil, beauty and freedom her heritage, the lot of the Singhalese woman does not seem one to excite pity in the western visitor."



"the fishers of Ceylon's isle"—Andrew Carnegie.

26.

VICTOR HEISER: "SNAKES IN EDEN" 1915

Before the controversial incursion of the Project Hope *ship and its visiting American medics in 1968, the Rockefeller Foundation had made a notable penetration in the field of public hygiene with its pioneer health work in Ceylon over fifty years earlier. Dr. Victor Heiser, M.D., began as a member of the United States Public Health Service, and worked on problems of smallpox, cholera and plague in many countries in the East, particularly the Philippines, before joining the Foundation, as it offered better potentialities for world service. He came to Ceylon, as in those early days the Foundation was making prime use of the island to demonstrate the beneficial results of hookworm research, a subject close to Mr. John D. Rockefeller's social service heart. In the face of many obstacles and discouragement, not least from the British authorities, the practical application of hookworm knowledge made great headway in the country. For nearly twenty years Heiser travelled all over Asia as Director for the East of the International Health Board. In his own words: "I did not roam from wanderlust or curiosity as to other lands, not to criticize ways alien to my own, not to bring back adventurer's tales to those who must travel in armchairs. My mission was to open 'the golden window of the East' to the gospel of health, to let in knowledge, so that the teeming millions who had no voice in demanding what we consider inalienable rights should also benefit by the discoveries of science, that in the end they, too, could have health" (p. 326). In chapter 19, "Snakes in Eden," he describes the strenuous and successful efforts to promote the application of systematic anti-hookworm measures in the face of hostility from planting interests, and suspicion and resistance of the local institutions. His visit in 1915 coincided too with the Sinhala-Muslim riots, but the political climate did not deter Heiser from prosecuting with vigour the modern health concepts his Foundation was paying to disseminate. A little later, a survey to promote an island-wide malaria control campaign was undertaken, but the average per capita cost of six rupees made it prohibitive to introduce, and a great chance was lost to prevent or control the worst effects of the disastrous malaria epidemic in the thirties. Heiser retired from the service of the Rockefeller Foundation in 1935, after helping in substantial ways to spread the ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure message in sixty-odd countries.*

From *An American Doctor's Odyssey. Adventures in Forty-Five Countries;* by Victor Heiser (New York, 1936), pp. 327-337.

"Chapter 19. Snakes in Eden. When the British in 1795 added Ceylon to their Empire, they became overlords of a country with a storied past but no apparent future. The massive ruins of Anuradhapura, once a city covering two hundred and fifty square miles, was no more than a shrine for pilgrims, who came to gaze with reverence upon the sacred Bo tree, grown from a slip of that under which Buddha himself had sat at Benares. It had survived two millennia, and bade fair to continue for several more. The island,which had known the yoke of Hindustan, Portugal, and the Netherlands, retained only vestiges of its ancient riches—few divers descended to the famous pearl fisheries, the gold mines were abandoned, the people had grown weary, and grubbed but listlessly for topaz, sapphire, and ruby, the palaces were tumbled down, and the jungle had crowded into the groves of cinnamon and cardamon; it was said the British had conquered no more than an empty shell.

"But, once again, after many vicissitudes, the Fragrant Isle has bloomed. Although not many decades ago the cof-

fee trees on the great plantations were destroyed by blight, and the cinchona industry was lost to Java, in place of these, pungent tea shrubs now flourish luxuriantly on every mountain side, and latex flows from the rubber trees and have brought new prosperity. In the lowlands the fronds of the useful cocoanut shade broad roads, and add to the country's riches.

"Because of its economic prosperity, Ceylon was looked upon in the East as a prize colony, although many serpents flourished in this Garden of Eden; the hookworm infestation was heavy and widespread. If we could prove the importance and the practicability of a hookworm campaign, funds would be available to carry on the work, and the already existing Health Service would provide the machinery. A second reason for concentrating on Ceylon was that other British colonies tried to emulate it, and hence a successful campaign there would serve as an entering wedge elsewhere in the Orient.

"But the internal situation in Ceylon was exceedingly complex. Economic, political, and social conditions made it desirable for us to work first on the large estates, which, in turn, required securing the cooperation of the powerful planting interests. This was necessary but dangerous, because a hostile-minded press might have attacked us on the ground that we were one group of rich men working for another group of rich men rather than for the poor down-trodden masses.

"Living is easy in Ceylon, and the Sinhalese, the native born, choose not to work for the planters. Therefore, laborers had to be imported for the year-round task of gathering the leaves in the tea estates. Fortunately, an inexhaustible supply of Tamils exists in the great Presidency of Madras, which sprawls down the eastern and up the western coasts of South India. When the Rockefeller Foundation decided upon Ceylon as a demonstration center, about one hundred thousand coolies, including their families, were going annually to the Ceylon tea and rubber plantations.

"These primitive Dravidians of Madras, coal black with Caucasian features, ignorant, superstitious, and servile, unresponsive, uninterested, only five percent literate, entirely lacking in ambition, were also docile. They were willing workers, but depressing to look at because of their blank countenances; there was hardly a smile in the entire race. They still spoke in their ancient dialect, and had brought with them to Ceylon their own habits and preferences. They ate their strictly vegetarian meals from banana leaves, and objected at first to the substitution of tin plates.

"A detention camp had been built at Mandapam, at the tip of India, through which half of these coolies passed on their way to the estates. According to contract, the planters provided their living and hospital care, but otherwise did little more than cater to their insurmountable caste demands. Hindus, for example, lose caste whenever they leave their country and travel over water. This could be restored by religious ceremonies at the temples of Dhanushkodi or Rameswaram when they returned from Ceylon.

"Because the Tamils had a superstitious fear of light, no windows were built into the barrack-like 'lines' in which they lived on the plantations. Each family had two rooms; in one they slept, and in the other cooked on the floor. Smoke and dirt were everywhere. More insanitary than all else was the indiscriminate soil pollution. This was a greater health hazard to the Tamil than to many other peoples because his skin was as thin as that of the white man, and hookworms could penetrate it easily.

"The planters had long before made up their minds they would allow no interference from the local health authorities. They would neither give nor receive aid in dealing with the hookworm situation, because they were convinced the instrusion of sanitarians would hurt business. I was well aware that Lord Crewe, when at the India Office, had threatened to stop their labor supply unless they took active steps to deal with the hookworm situation; they had then made evasive but plausible answers, and things had gone on as before.

"The resistance of the planters had to be overcome, but policy demanded also that we conduct our work under the official auspices of the Health Service. Consequently, my first step on landing at Colombo was to call upon the incoming head of the department, Dr. G. J. Rutherford. After the amenities had been complied with, we began discussing the new venture in health launched by the Rockefeller Foundation and what it purposed to do. 'What's the present hookworm situation in Ceylon?' I asked.

" 'It's frightful', he promptly admitted.

" 'Why should that be? You have laws enough to cover any action you might take; haven't you?'

" 'Yes, we have, but the tea planting interests are all powerful, and they are opposed to taking adequate measures against hookworm. We issue a regulation—they get it suspended. We're helpless'.

" 'Would you have any objection to a survey made under the auspices of the Rockefeller Foundation—supposing it could be arranged with the planters?'

" 'Not at all, provided your men operated under our Health Service'.

"Since this had been my objective from the beginning, I assented readily to his condition.

"That evening at the Colombo Club I was fortunate enough to meet the Chairman of the Estates Agents Association, which represented the absentee landlords of England and was the dominant force in local politics. In the pleasant club atmosphere I was able to establish friendly relations. 'They tell me you've lots of hookworm in Ceylon', I said, seizing the opportunity, ' but they also say you planters won't allow anything to be done about it'.

" 'You're jolly well right we won't'.

" 'Why not?'

" 'We're not going to have a lot of health fellows crashing into our affairs. Look at what happened last year. There was a plague scare just when our best harvest was due. It amounted to nothing, but those health inspectors came along threatening to inoculate our laborers, and almost before we could turn around thousands of them were on their way back to India. It nearly ruined us. If we ever let the Health Service get started on hookworm, all our laborers would run away, and we couldn't harvest our tea and rubber, No! No health business for us'.

" 'Well', I replied, 'I'm not a reporter or a writer for muckraking magazines, But if I wanted to, I could make your actions look like the Belgian Congo atrocities. Here you are—rich Englishmen—sacrificing thousands of lives just to get your tea harvested'.

" 'But we have no such intentions', he indignantly protested!.

" 'It's actually happening, Why don't you do something about it?'

" 'Nothing can be done with Tamils', he asserted with an air of finality.

" 'That's all I've heard in the East for fifteen years. When I first began working with a peasant population, I was informed everywhere "Nothing can be done". But it was done in the Philippines'.

" 'Perhaps American millions did accomplish a little there. But nothing can be done with our coolies'.

" 'We won't get very far by my insisting it can, and you that it cannot. Let's talk about this as a business proposition. How much does it cost you to bring a laborer here from Madras?'

" 'That's a commercial secret'.

" 'I don't care about your exact figure. I'm not in business. But does it cost you a hundred rupees?'

" 'All of that.'

" 'How many laborers do you have to import?'

" 'About a hundred thousand a year.'

" "That runs into quite a sum of money, doesn't it? Now, on every estate you have a hospital. It may be large or small, but it is constantly occupied. Doctors and nurses alone must cost you a lot. And am I correct in assuming that you have to pay your laborers whether or not they are working?'

" 'Yes.'

" 'Suppose we could reduce the hospital expense by half.'

" 'That would certainly save us a great deal.'

" 'Here's another important point to be considered. The Tamil women tend to be sterile because of anemia from hookworm. If they could produce children, you wouldn't have to bring over fresh labor all the time. You could raise your own. Wouldn't that be advantageous in the long run?'

" 'It would increase our profits tremendously—that goes without saying.'

" 'So health and the planting business have something in common after all? Now, there's a way to test out these arguments I've been giving you. Suppose you were to pick out some estates employing several thousand laborers and allow the Rockefeller Foundation to bring in experts to demonstrate whether we could cure them without having them run away. You'd be the judge of our success.'

" 'I don't see how that could do us any harm. But we wouldn't want our own Health Department concerned in

any way. They're all tangled up in red tape, and would only make a lot of trouble. You'd have to leave them out of it.'

" 'I'm afraid we couldn't do that. If you don't like your present Health Department, it's your privilege to recommend a change. But we cannot go anywhere at the request of a commercial organization alone; we must have an official invitation from your Governor.'

" 'Well, I'll talk this over with my Board of Directors, and let you know in a few days.'

"In the interval I made calls assiduously on everybody who might be concerned, hearing everywhere that all hookworm conversation ended merely in talk. I was, therefore, much gratified when the representatives of the Estates Agents reported that the planters were willing to let the Foundation go ahead with the demonstration. I had some difficulty, however, in making clear to him that the Foundation must supervise its own expenditures. Finally, he accepted my condition that the planters pay their share.

"The Governor of Ceylon, Sir Thomas Chalmers, K.C.B., had previously indicated that he did not want any Yankee men or Yankee methods introduced; Ceylon was capable of running its own affairs and paying for its own health work. The Estates Agents Association, however, brought its influence to bear, and in the course of a week the Governor capitulated. Letters were exchanged, and we prepared to begin operations, but, because the submarine campaign was in progress, and the Germans were constantly torpedoing boats with our supplies on them, we were delayed some months in assembling a staff.

"But when finally we did get under way, as was almost inevitable, we incurred immediately the enmity of the native herb doctors, who considered we were interfering with their practice. They said we were in league with the British and were administering capsules to the coolies which would explode inside them at the end of five years; thus the Germans would find no labor when they possessed themselves of Ceylon. This rumor, which seemed so plausible to the coolies, was not easy for us to combat, especially as the War was going badly for the Allies at the moment. Our demonstrators might swallow capsules by the dozen to combat the accusation, but this constituted no proof that at the end of five years their stomachs would not explode.

"For many years thymol had been used as the standard vermifuge, but owing to the War this drug became expensive and difficult to obtain. The Dutch had already discovered the virtues inherent in oil of chenopodium and had called my attention to it. Chenopodium had the advantage to expelling all worms, even the long-lived and tenacious tapeworm, and had a ninety-one percent efficiency against hookworm as compared with thymol's eighty-three. Carbon tetrachloride, tetrachlorethelene, and hexylresorcinol are being used now.

"Our first action in the Ceylon campaign was to treat thoroughly a small number of estates for hookworm. The results were amazing. Hospital attendance and charges dropped immediately, and the general death rate was soon greatly reduced. Whereas before the campaign large numbers of coolies failed to report for work, afterwards the labor turnover was reduced. The treatment was rapidly extended to other estates, and in 1921 two hundred thousand coolies were being freed of worms.

"After demonstrating what we could do in the way of cure, it was time to start education in preventive measures against hookworm. The coolies lines in 1915 were not equipped with latrines. Every planter believed it futile to build any because he was convinced the Tamils could never be induced to use them. But by this time we had proved the economic value of our methods so completely that we could lay down conditions. We notified the plantation owners that we would do no more work on the estates until they had installed them.

"Accordingly, the planters erected latrines and we helped to instruct the coolies in their use. An effective method of enforcing compliance was to fine a coolie a few cents for dereliction. We had not been installing latrines for many years before a Tamil who was preparing to sign on again would ask whether the particular plantation to which it was proposed to send him was equipped with them. Districts now vary from thirty to ninety percent in installation, and their use has become an accepted part of the customs of the people.

"In time the number of Tamils imported from India was reduced, because the working force on the plantations was not so depleted by sickness and death, and the women, having recovered from their anemia, began to bear chil-

dren. In the end, the planting interests cooperated wholeheartedly and themselves went through many a struggle on behalf of sanitation.

"After we had demonstrated under controlled conditions on the estates that hookworm could be both cured and prevented, the campaign was extended to the villages, a far more difficult undertaking. We were now dealing with the intractable Sinhalese rather than the stupid but amenable Tamils, but, even so, we kept the idea in the forefront that it was their responsibility.

"Ceylon, like India, was split along religious and racial lines. The Sinhalese, who made up half the population, were followers of Gautama: the largest minority were the Hindu Tamils, and next to them the more energetic Mohammedans. An important factor in the population were the Christian Eurasians, known locally as the Burghers. Under supervision by the whites they ran a great deal of the administrative machinery of the island and the plantations.

"Politics in every Eastern country is inextricably mixed with religion. This always complicates the health problem to a degree inconceivable to Western minds. Our work in future years was to be delayed by the rising tide of Sinhalese nationalism. The first day I was in Colombo I heard the slogan, 'Ceylon for the Sinhalese', on all sides, and was offered also a glimpse of native religious unrest.

"May 25 was Wesak, a Buddhist festival, customarily celebrated by making pilgrimages to shrines, feeding the poor, and feasting. But in 1915 the religious tension seemed extraordinarily acute, particularly at Kandy, a very holy place because of its temple where one of the teeth of Buddha reposes on a golden lotus leaf within its seven jeweled caskets. Riots flared up when the Buddhists held their procession in defiance of an injunction secured by the Mohammedans. The worshippers of Allah had irritated the erstwhile peaceful Buddhist to the point of violence by disrespectfully tweaking the noses and twisting of the ears of the calm and contemplative images of the Enlightened One.

"The unrest spread along the railway toward Colombo. Volunteer white guards mobilized, cannon were dragged through the streets, armored automobiles filled with soldiers dashed about. The concentration point seemed to be

at my hotel.

"A week later trouble began in earnest. The street cars stopped running, soda water bottles filled with sand were hurtling about, and the broken glass interfered seriously with motor traffic. Groups of people were collecting everywhere, ships in the harbor were unable to coal, the government commandeered all motor cars. The Mohammedans were the shopkeepers; hence they were the creditors and the Buddhists the debtors. I would see a crowd gathered in the street; one man would point to a shop and all, with a concerted rush, would dive into it. Three minutes and the place would be gutted, and not a trace of 'accounts due' would be left. Dr. Rutherford told me one hundred and fifty injured were brought into the hospital during one night.

"This was by no means the end of the disturbance, although a Colombo paper soothingly stated that everything was 'practically quiet in Kandy except a few assaults and murders.' Finally British territorial troops restored peace.

"The Mohammedans, in retaliation, started many lawsuits for damages, which were upheld by the courts. Bitter resentment was felt against the government by the Sinhalese, some of whom are still paying costs.

"Our work was going on in Ceylon when the Donoughmore Commission's recommendation for self-government went into effect. This movement was synchronous with the rising tide of Indian national feeling. An attempt had been made in Ceylon to safeguard the rights of minorities, but the Sinhalese, who were in the majority, tended to disregard the claims of Tamils and Burghers to hold office, even though they had been born in the country. Under British control many Burghers had been taken into the Civil Service, but now their advancement was threatened by the Sinhalese.

"The political situation in Ceylon was typical of that encountered elsewhere in the East. Petty politics, unwarranted attacks launched by ambitious office seekers, vague promises never fulfilled, evasions and procrastinations, public announcements conveniently forgotten, were everyday happenings. Politics had to be considered at every turn. There often seemed to be no chance whatsoever of getting action on our many plans and projects. Our representatives sometimes become so down-hearted

that they recommended withdrawing until things should settle down.

"But in spite of individual discouragement, the Rockefeller Foundation persevered in its attempt to make Ceylon a modern health community. Experience proved that the best way to popularize a movement so foreign to the customs of the people as hookworm prevention was to prosecute it as though it were the only thing in the universe left undone. The history of the devious life and habits of this wily worm had to be brought home to every resident of Ceylon.

"To prepare the way, lantern slide lectures were given and public exhibitions arranged, showing the parasite and its eggs under the microscope. To make the demonstrations more convincing the villagers were allowed to take part. They were first asked to scoop up moist earth, and put it in a glass funnel. Water was poured through this and they could watch with their own eyes the larvae being washed out of dirt they had walked over daily.

"People universally seemed to show more interest in the biological problem involved than in the ravages caused by the disease. The aim was to make even the most backward members of the community thoroughly familiar with the biology of hookworm, thus creating better understanding of the methods for its control.

"A small dispensary was often opened in the house of the Headman of the town, who was instructed to persuade the villagers to apply for treatment. When they showed reluctance, the simple device was adopted of treating everyone for hookworm who applied at the hospital or dispensary, even though his complaint might be as far afield as a broken leg or a toothache. The number treated in this way rose to over a million a year.

"Hookworm relief was supplemented by the establishment of Health Units throughout Ceylon, which assumed responsibility for all work in a particular district. They were staffed by a doctor, a number of public health nurses, midwives, and sanitary inspectors. When no epidemic loomed in the offing, these nurses always directed their attention toward maternity and baby welfare work, because the problems of both are constant and serve as the best avenues of approach to general education in health measures.

"These Health Units did not blossom forth overnight. They met opposition from all classes and religions. A doctor would approach the Mohammedan chief of a village with a list of questions. 'What's your death rate?' he would begin.

" 'It is the will of Allah that all die; some die young, some old.'

" 'What's your number of births?'

" 'Allah alone can say.'

" 'Is your water safe and potable?'

" 'History records no death from thirst.'

" 'What is the hygienic condition of your village?'

" 'Allah sent Mahomet who proved the truth with fire and sword. Now, Lamb of the West, cease your questioning. It can do you or others no good.'

"To train doctors to cope with these and all other possible situations which might arise, better instruction had to be provided in the Medical School. This presented a major problem. The Sinhalese believed their school to be one of the best in existence, and support for any radical change was almost impossible to obtain. Practically all the instruction was by lecturers of the old didactic type. Criticism of the general lack of interest and the inefficiency shown by the doctors in the hospitals always brought the triumphant rejoinder that they had qualified before the British General Medical Council with flying colors. Though I might be convinced that both diagnosis and treatment were often incorrect, I could make no answer.

"When the Sinhalese gained political control, they insisted on having the teaching of the ancient Hindu system of Ayurvedic medicine supported by the government. As the protagonists of modern science, we had to discourage a method by which a practitioner, en route to a patient's bedside, would determine the treatment he was going to prescribe by the number of buttons on the coat of the first man he met."

"The Hindoos of Ceylon are generally of the sect of Siva"—Miron Winslow.

27.

ACHSAH BARLOW BREWSTER: "LIFE BEARS AN INEXTINGUISHABLE FLAME IN THIS LAND" 1921

Achsah Barlow was born in New Haven, Connecticut, and took her Bachelor's degree at Smith College. She attended the School of Fine Arts in New York, and then continued her art studies in Paris, visiting the museums of Europe. In December 1910 she married Earl H. Brewster, an American painter, born at Chagrin Falls, Ohio in 1878. He had studied art in Cleveland and New York, and by 1910 had visited art museums in Europe, and fallen under the influence of the Impressionists. Thereafter the Brewsters lived in Sicily, where they painted, and had exhibitions of their work in Paris, Rome and London. Earl Brewster's interest in Buddhism and Oriental languages brought him to Ceylon in November 1921. His wife and small daughter Harwood, now Mrs. Harwood Picard of Washington, D.C., born in 1913 accompanied him, and they soon settled in a beautiful rambling bungalow "Ardnaree" overlooking the Kandy Lake. Just before leaving Sicily they had made the acquaintance of D. H. Lawrence, who was then in the middle of his Taormina phase, and they were to remain staunch friends for the next nine years till his death in 1930. They were with him in his last illness. They persuaded Lawrence and his wife Frieda to join them in Ceylon, sending him enthusiastic and cajoling letters about the attractions of the island. Lawrence acquiesced in this plan, sailing from Naples on 26th February and reaching Colombo on 13th March 1922. After a few days in Colombo, they went to live with the Brewsters. Though Lawrence had earlier expressed a desire to explore Buddhism, his six weeks in Ceylon were marked by an increasing irritation with the quality of the culture, and a refusal to make contact with the interests Brewster was pursuing with studious zeal. He was also bothered by the heat.

"Ardnaree" stood on a hill amidst a great grove of trees and surrounding jungle, high over the lake. It was a magnificent spot, with resplendent views from every side of the broad verandahs. The Brewsters loved their stay, despite the heat. The Lawrences left Ceylon April 24th for Australia, and the account of this Lawrence encounter with the island is affectionately and understandingly recounted in D. H. Lawrence; Reminiscences and Correspondence; *by Earl and Achsah Brewster (London, 1934). Out of this confrontation with the alien world of Buddhism and Sinhala ritual came the* Elephant, *than which a finer poem in English on a Ceylon theme has yet to be written. A few years later Lawrence put the Brewsters into a satirical little story called* Things *about wandering Americans who study "Indian thought" and collect bric-a-brac all over the world. The Brewsters were too good-natured and fond of him to take offence, Lawrence stayed with them in 1926 when they were about to leave for the East again, this time to India. After Achsah's death, Brewster lived in India from 1935. The article by Achsah Brewster describes their first arrival in Ceylon in 1921, their early impressions of travel, and the poetic cadences of life in Kandy, illustrated with seven paintings by husband and wife.*

From "Ceylon the Luxuriant"; by Achsah Barlow Brewster. *Asia* (New York), vol. 34, February 1934, pp. 88-95.

"Why must one leave one island to sail over distant seas to another? After all, our world is a mere concatenation of seas and islands, and one might think it as well to stay safely in a sheltered cove. Or does one secretly hanker for the old tree of knowledge and the far-off Garden of Eden? Rumor still whispers that Ceylon is the true, original Garden, and that its serpents are offspring from the ancient foe. But rumor reverberates through this island, where

Hanuman performed feats of bravery to rescue the fair Sita from Ravana. Lanka, now called Ceylon, unfolds the *Ramayana;* black-faced monkeys, descendents of Hanuman, are convincing and visible proof of the reality of the great Hindu epic.

"We arrive at Naples, our baggage piled high, painting kits swelling the mounds. Our ticket reads: 'For two and one-half adults and three souls', I squeeze my little girl's hand, saying, 'At least you are a whole soul.' The October wind blows cold, the rain cuts, we are shivering when the throng begins to move up the gangway.

"A fortnight later our floating village sails us in serenely to Colombo. A fragrance of cinnamon and clove with a base of coconut oil reaches our noses before our eyes can detect the waving tufts of palms on the horizon. The sun streams down upon us; here, ten degrees from the equator , we swelter in thin white clothes. One group after another descends into bobbing tenders, and disembarking seems interminable before we are actually standing on the ground, earth as red as blood, and soft under our feet. We don't mind that the sky is blue, the grass green and the earth crimson, with no attempt at a color scheme.

"The N. A. A. (North American Artist, as one inquisitive stranger finally labeled my husband) speaks excitedly, 'It feels good!'

"The Half-adult sniffs her snubby nose, declaring, 'It smells good!'

"Then in a whisk we are seated in our first rickshaws, each of us a monarch on an easy throne. Green grass, red earth, city streets, the ocean rolling, rolling, rolling, in thundering breakers, open parkways, waving palms, loitering people, the soft pad pad of bare feet, with the spicy breezes blowing warmly about us.

"Our pullers draw up with a flourish before the hotel among the rows of rickshaw boys. They mop their faces with the loose ends of their turbans and chew betel nut; their teeth and lips are red with it. Before the entrance a youthful Arjuna walks, bow in hand, a quiver of arrows ready. An incessant hoarse cawing sounds, and the flapping of black wings swoops close to us. Arjuna sends an arrow into the thickest flock of crows, and the cawing redoubles, but the birds make way for us.

"In our rooms the electric fans whirl, buzz, buzz, The crows sweep in from the windows, waiting to snatch up anything from a bread crumb to a brooch or a garter. Outside, tall coco palms, twirled by the prevailing winds, writhe and toss with a metallic clink and shiver like crashing glass. Green breakers rush over the rocks and sand in deafening uproar. It is like the rattle of kettle-drums in a wild overture before the curtain rises. There is no use talking. We cannot hear a word over the din.

"Before each door sits the personal servant or bearer of the guest occupying the room. One after the other the squatting black figures rise and solemnly salaam as we walk down the long corridors on our way to the dining hall. Grave dark-faced men looking like supreme court judges move lightly on bare feet from table to table. They wear white drill coats adorned with silver buttons over bright silk *dhotis,* pleated in heavy folds. Their black hair is gathered into a tight little walnut at the nape of the neck and held in place by a round tortoise-shell comb that protrudes like horns.

"At six punctually the sun's crimson globe plunges into the sea. Along the water sit Parsis worshipping its last gleam. Darkness falls, sudden and relentless; no dallying in any gloaming here. Over the darkness 'Tom-tom-tom-tom-tom', throbs like a dull life-beat. 'Tom-tom-tom-tom-' rises from the evening rituals. In the sky the southern cross burns. I cannot bear a sheet. I cannot bear even a mosquito netting. The fan buzzes over me, whiz, puff, and I mop my brow and push back the moist tangles of hair.

"The sun blazes up punctually at six; all the world is up likewise to enjoy the freshest hours of the day. We hasten to see Colombo, its city streets of English shops, built along melting asphalt roads, its bungalows tucked back among luxuriant gardens, its crowded bazars, its temples and domed stupas, its Art Museum.

"The museum holds a rare collection of Buddhas in stone and bronze; the garden contains a replica of one of the gates of the Sanchi stupa; carvings from the Buried Cities tell of past glories. The Half-adult finds the natural history exhibitions of man-eating sharks and of reptiles fearfully wonderful. It is long before we depart out of the side door and stroll into the garden.

"Perhaps it is tempting Providence to stay overlong in this heat. It seems wiser to go upcountry where it is cooler,

until we get our bearings, much as we regret hurrying through Colombo.

"We start for Kandy. The motor spins through coconut groves. No wonder the Sinhalese plant miles of them; one coconut tree is fabled to meet all the needs of man—food, drink, raiment, shelter. Before the thatched-roofed cabins round babies, the color of cafe-au-lait, roll on the ground, unhampered by a shred of clothing; only the ultrafashionable ones, we observe, wear a silver fig leaf.

"Trees are bouquets of flowers; most of the blossoming is done by trees, with giant prodigality. We pass through seas of jungles, on, on up. 'What blossom is that?' I ask the boy pointing to one of the many varieties of hibiscus. 'Jungle flower, lady.' Everything is 'jungle flower.' Sudden views burst out from the jungle. Down below lie fertile valleys, patterned in emerald plaid with rice fields; mountains rise, conspicuous among them a square giant known as Bible Rock.

"The sun is westering, with golden clouds in a green sky, by the time we reach Kandy Lake. The citizens, staid gentlemen under ceremonial umbrellas and monks in yellow robes, are taking their constitutionals, walking the circle of the lake, one mile in circumference.

"Our hotel borders the lake; its verandas spread hospitably before our open windows; the guests sit and pour their deepest secrets. Every one is friendly.

"The lawn is cut blade by blade with incredible slowness by a black man who looks so majestic that he might be descended from a line of kings.

" 'Could I hire him for a model?' the N. A. A. asks.

" 'If you won't pay him more than ten cents a day', replies the hotel proprietor.

"The distinction of being raised from cutting grass to the field of art so impresses the fellow that he wears a taller turban than before and puts a ruby ring on the little toe of his left foot.

"Kandy weaves enchantment. We decide to look for a bungalow of our own and live here; but it is weeks before we find Ardnaree, Lake View Estate. Meanwhile Kandy captivates us more and more. The old books in the library—manuscripts engraved on palm leaves—are tied with silk cords attached to lacquered wooden or to metal covers often incrusted with jewels. The N. A. A., who is studying Pali, the language in which these Buddhist scriptures are written, regards the manuscripts with special veneration. He prizes highly the aid in his study which is given him at a Buddhist monastery. We like to be in the presence of the kindly monks from whom radiate the peace and happiness of spiritual realization. There are temples containing interesting mural paintings not far from Kandy, hidden in the silence of the forest, where we delight to linger.

"We see the sacred relic of the Tooth in the Temple of the Tooth, and the precious offerings in its shrine—a Buddha figure carved from a single emerald several inches high, a bird of rubies beggaring description in this land of jewels, where one of the duties enjoined upon a Buddhist husband is to supply his wife with jewels.

"For the first time I look upon jewels with an awakened eye. Even the Half-adult has a collection of stones tied professionally in the corner of a bit of rag, after the manner of the Mohammedan on the corner of Trincomalee Street who gives her the gems. Every time we pass he calls out, 'Little Missie, here are some moonstones for you', and, without realizing it, we are in his shop.

"Sapphires are as numerous as in Aladdin's cave: blue, yellow and star sapphires, king sapphires of white. Most Sinhalese wear a lucky ring with nine stones, ruby, sapphire, emerald, diamond, topaz, opal, cat's-eye, tourmaline and pearl. The Holy Refuges that the Buddhists recite daily—the refuge in the Buddha, the Teaching *(the Dhamma)* and the Order *(the Sangha)*—are piously named the Triple Gem in the land of gems.

"We go to the Peradeniya Gardens, past the lake where tortoises sun themselves by the score, through the bazars where people are bartering with shells and beads, past the market heaped with fruits—eight varieties of bananas, jak fruits, breadfruits, custard apples. A mother goes by chewing betel nut; in her arms is a six months' child moving its jaws in the same way. People are stretched out, asleep on string beds by the roadside in front of their cabins. The problem of living seems solved: no fires, no clothes for the children, a mere strip of cloth for the grown-ups and fruit ready to fall off the banana tree or coconut palm. We ponder over these advantages offered by a tropical island on our way to the gardens.

"There we find trees of every rumor—cinnamon trees, clove trees, with clusters of spiky white flowers, mahogany trees, ebony trees, banyan trees pushing vaulted roots into the ground from tall branches, areca palms, trees bursting into every device of flower and fruit. Flying foxes hang from the branches; leaf bugs walk about like animated leaves and insects looking like bits of twig crawl over the ground; birds build hanging nests lighted with fireflies. Noxious plants of great potency flourish here, and cannas beyond the dream of Burbank, orchids and flowers trapping insects. The amherstia tree, with its great dropping mass of coral pink and golden flowers, grows luxuriantly in Kandy. But who can describe a garden in the Garden of Paradise?

"A friendly guest at the hotel invites us to motor to the Buried Cities, and off we drive with the generous lady for a week's tour, going through the rubber groves and on to Alu Vihara, where the Buddhist scriptures were first written down in Ceylon, a land where the written word has been cherished. Its *Mahavamsa* chronicle is said to be the oldest unbroken historical record ever kept, which is significant in the East where the historical sense has been so little developed. We stop at Matale, and then go on through the jungles in this country of wild elephants, where the trunks of palm trees suggest the legs of gray elephants and the boulders their rounded backs.

"It is nightfall before we reach Sigiriya Rock, looming over the vast expanse of green jungles from which it rises abruptly, forming a natural fortress, to which King Kasyapa retreated after he had murdered his father and seized the throne. After a night in the lonely dark bungalow, we mount with the early sun, scaling the bare, perpendicular rock, clinging to iron supports. We come to a balcony where we can rest and view the remains of fifth-century frescoes on the rock wall. We climb to the top. The sea of jungle below waves in green. There are stone copings of what is called the 'Queen's Bath'; but the touch of man has been nearly eradicated; nature has her way in Ceylon.

"Farther on is the great tank of Kalawewa, forming an artificial lake with a contour of forty miles and carrying water through a canal to Anuradhapura, fifty miles away. It breeds legions of mosquitoes, and crocodiles sun themselves on its waters. Past the tank we move into ancient groves where the serene stone Buddhas sit smiling through the centuries, as if silently musing on that oft repeated Buddhist text, 'An arising thing is a ceasing thing.'

"At Anuradhapura we wisely take ten grains of quinine each morning in defiance of the mosquitoes, who have inherited the ancient capital and the remains of splendors which flourished in the fourth century B.C. Anuradhapura covers a wide expanse, and only fragments of the buried city have been here and there unearthed. The Brazen Palace lies in ruins where once a thousand yellow-robed monks dwelt. Pillars and broken fragments bear witness to past glories; but the bo tree near by, the oldest historical tree in the world, still grows from its ancient roots, an offshoot from the original *ficus religiosa* under which Gautama the Buddha once found enlightenment. Little heart-shaped leaves quiver from the sprawling branches, tenderly cared for and reverenced during the stretch of two thousand years since the daughter of the emperor Asoka brought here the original slip. Now monkeys throng about the tree to enjoy the rice offerings made by the pilgrims under the whispering leaves.

"The artist or the archeologist finds inexhaustible treasure wherever he turns in Anuradhapura. After some days in this neighborhood we motor on perfect roadways through wild jungle without a sign of man for hours. A rustle among the leaves and deer dart into the thickets, a great lizard drags its antediluvian bulk across the road, yellow butterflies flicker up from the ground as we pass.

"We visit various monuments, some of them having later and dimmer glories. They offer a multitude of Hindu and Buddhist treasures for wise archeologists to label and cart away to museums. On the edge of the jungle, which reaches out to devour it, we come upon Gal Vihara, where a rock-cut figure of Buddha sits and a reclining statue of the dying Buddha, forty feet long, has been cut from solid rock.

"Not long after our return to Kandy we are living in our own bungalow, isolated on the top of a high hill, belonging to an estate of sixty acres. Verandas encircle the house: thickets and jungle encroach on the open compound. As we lie out on our *chaises longues* we can see the mongoose climbing a jak tree, from the trunk of which depend large

fruits like green melons. Breadfruit trees are alive with birds and little chipmunks, marked with the stripes of Siva's fingers. Termites rear mounds like models of Gothic cathedrals. The garden swarms with creatures, shrills with bird cries and insect hums, bursts with lush life, flowering, producing. The stubs of a few pineapples, carelessly thrown out by the cook, flourish wherever they fall. Life bears an inextinguishable flame in this land. It matters not who bears the torch, the fire burns still.

"A Sinhalese youth who comes to see us says that our estate is full of ticpolongas (Russell's vipers), and that these are not honorable like the cobra. The cobra, especially the king cobra, is very honorable. He will not bite the blind, nor helpless infants. He will not strike unless he is attacked. Under every bo tree lives a cobra. The children in the primary school offer milk to the cobra every day under the tree in the school compound. This is the land of *ahimsa*, where all creatures are allowed by human beings to live unmolested. But at night on the roof I can hear them battling with one another, wild cats and snakes.

"From the front veranda we can look down over the waving of talipot palms and plumes of tall areca; on the side terraces we look off over the Mahaweliganga, or Great Elephant River. There the elephants bathe. Any day one may offer bananas for their salaams or watch them sporting in the river while their keepers scour them down with bricks. We see them gathered together, a hundred of these great creatures, all the island can muster. Gay in trappings of velvet and gold, they march in a sacred procession around the lake in front of the Temple of the Tooth. Before them runners unroll white bunting so that the sacred feet of the elephants will not be polluted by the dusty earth. Devil dancers perform feats of impassioned dancing. Fireworks burst in the air and scatter down into the lake.

"Life maintains a continual throb of pomp and ceremony in the land where a Kandyan chief has a head-dress like a wedding-cake, only frosted with jewels instead of confetti. It seems perfectly natural when the boy from the hotel meets us and says, 'There is a *sadhu* going to walk on the lake this afternoon.'

"We hasten to the demonstration, but to our disappointment meet the throngs returning. The N. A. A. asks if they have seen the sadhu walk on the water. Some say no, others say that he sat and 'treaded water'; no one seems to have seen him take a real promenade. 'You will find him now, on Trincomalee Street, upstairs with his disciples.'

"We stand before the house which his followers are entering. A man in the pale orange-colored garment of the Hindu sadhu comes to the second story window and beckons us to enter; but we go on, only stopping at the Indian merchant's shop to examine a bronze elephant with sapphire eyes, which I hope to acquire.

" 'Did you see the sadhu?' asks the N. A. A.

"The Tamil shopkeeper looks at him quietly, answering: 'I come from southern India where holy men train themselves to do these things. Many of them can, if they wish, rise and float through the air or walk on water. Why should I bother to see this man?'

"The longer we stay the more we find to do. The N. A. A. looks up from the letter he is writing to his mother. 'What shall I say? If she wants facts, she'd better look them up in the encyclopedia and the atlas! We can give only experiences!'

"This life in Ceylon passes swift as a cloud, swift as the monsoon clouds that gather at their appointed hour during the rainly seasons, rain at ten in the morning, again at four in the afternoon, inevitable as death.

"Even the monsoon passes. The months glide on. Our household gods are piled around us, the golden-haired doll, Margherituccia by name, which had belonged to Little Missy, lies hugged tight in the arms of Ayah's bare baby. The rickshaw boys are waiting to carry us down to the Malabar road and on to the station.

"From prolific vines hang crimson pods, pepper creepers tangle the garden paths. The fragrance of cinnamon is in the air. Beauty is of infinite variety, and each variety can be perfect of its sort, like Ceylon."

"There is some enchantment in the air"—Michael Meyers Shoemaker.

28.

MARGARET MORDECAI: "MAN IS NOT VILE IN THIS BEAUTIFUL ISLAND, BUT GENTLE AND PATIENT AND GOOD" c. 1924

Rich Americans travelled in the East to slake their thirst for outlandish wonders, some repeatedly on world cruises. Mrs. Mordecai is an example of this tribe of affluent globe-trotters, who had an obvious and abiding affection for India, and a special corner in her traveller's heart for Ceylon. Three chapters in Indian Dreamlands *are devoted to Ceylon, and the following extract is chosen from Chapter 35, "The most beautiful spot in the British Empire," an ecstatic description of the author's third visit to the island, before she and her husband took ship for Europe. The fortnight was spent entirely in the old hill capital of Kandy, where enchantment lay heavy on the dreaming lids of Mrs. Mordecai's ready to swoon eyes, and the atmosphere all around was charged with necromantic spells, conjured up by the old-world charm of the Temple surrounds, the azure lake set in its green bower, the tea-estates, etc. Mrs. Mordecai's Roman Catholic zeal is also inflated by the historical legends surrounding the Temple of the Tooth, though she is impressed by the daily ceremony at the sanctuary.*

From *Indian Dreamlands;* by Margaret Mordecai. (New York, 1925) pp. 387-401.

"XXXV. The Most Beautiful Spot in the British Empire.

This being my third visit to Colombo, I began to feel as if I had been born and brought up there.

"We arrived at the Oriental Hotel at eight o'clock, and after breakfast I went out, did some shopping, and had my hair shampooed. This shampoo was so remarkable that I must describe it. I was conducted into a back room at the hairdresser's, which had a very 'behind the scenes' appearance. Two white-robed Cingalese seized me, wrapped me in a white *peignoir*, took down my hair, and seating me in front of a large basin began to shampoo my hair, both of them rubbing it at once, and so hard that I thought they would rub my head off. There was no arguing with them, I could only trust in Heaven.

"Finally they got through, and I went out in their little back yard and dried it in the sun. When I mentioned this to some English friends afterwards, they were horrified at my imprudence. But English people do not understand the sun; I never found it any different from our own.

"At two o'clock that afternoon we started for Kandy. The journey was a dream of beauty, revealing to us the full glory of the Tropics, such as we had not seen before; through forests of palms and thickets of bananas; past pools and ponds and rivers, everything in the most effulgent luxuriance and vibrating with emerald green; no architecture anywhere, only huts of wattle and thatch, the tropics pure and unalloyed.

"The way rose rapidly and when we were once in the mountains it was more than beautiful. Ceylon is the land of cascades, which come leaping down the sides of the mountains, glittering in the sun. In many places the forest has been cleared away and the whole sides of the mountains are terraced, each terrace being a rice field. Into these the cascades are persuaded, and the whole terrace is then dripping with water, like a fringe of diamonds.

"The railroad runs around sharp curves, down which one looks into deep valleys, while on the other hand the mountains rise majestically against the turquoise sky. And whether one looks up or down, the landscape with its forests, rice fields and cascades, is glorious beyond the power of words to paint, in its green splendour.

"We reached Kandy at six o'clock and went to the Queen Hotel, a comfortable house kept by Germans and furnished with 'real furniture', where we got very nice rooms on the

top floor looking out on the lake.

"When we went down for dinner in the long white dining-room we found it just like the *salle à manger* of any other fashionable resort. And indeed, this happy village, with its sacred lake, not long ago the capital of the Kandyan kings, is fast becoming a fashionable resort.

"The next day it rained nearly all the morning, and I stayed in the house and wrote letters, glad of the rest. But my husband went out and brought me back a bunch of roses, roses of a sweet blush pink, which he had bought and picked for me in a garden himself. And in this land of overflowing vegetation, roses are so rare that these filled us both with delight.

"In the afternoon it cleared, and we took a lovely drive to Peradeniya, the most beautiful tropical garden in the world. It is indeed. And on this, our first visit, we spent a happy hour walking over it with a good old Cingalese gardener as our guide.

"There are all sorts and varieties of palms and orchids, and the largest bamboos in the world. All the spices grow here and our old gardener gave us a nutmeg—of which we ate the crimson network of mace—green cloves, allspice leaves and a vanilla bean. It was a feast of ambrosia. Great rubber trees there are, large as Cedars of Lebanon, whose roots overflow the ground around them like petrified rivulets. Among other exotics, we saw a candle tree, which looks for all the world like a Christmas tree decked with white candles, and a large purple flower called 'Venus's fly-trap', which eats flies and does not disdain a bit of beefsteak. There are great beds of red and yellow flowers, brilliant as fire and gold. And it is all so green in the setting of the mountains, so beautiful and wonderful, that it seemed to me the ideal of Paradise.

"Another dinner with everyone *en grande toilette*, finished the day. The food was good, but without any seasoning, to please the English. It is really sad to think that they are spreading their tasteless cooking over so much of the globe.

"Kandy is considered the most beautiful spot in the British Empire. Nature indeed has done everything to make it so, and art has flowered here, as nowhere else in Ceylon, to put the finishing touch to the work.

"The town, or rather village, lies in a circular valley surrounded by mountains, mantled entirely with tropical forests. In the centre is an artificial lake made by the old kings of Kandy, by damming a stream, which escapes in a cataract at the western end. The lake is two miles and a half in circumference and surrounded by a fine machiolated balustrade of grey stone. Rich flowering trees hang over it, and it lies like a mirror on green velvet, reflecting in its crystal heart the emerald of the mountains and the turquoise of the sky.

"On the northern shore of the lake lies the once royal village, whose palace, temple and library are still preserved. There are a few wide streets shaded by splendid trees and bordered by old verandahed houses in beautiful gardens; a few shops clustered around the railway station; and a white Catholic church of the eighteenth century. Over the town and the valley broods an air of peace, happiness and dreamy repose.

"The importance of Kandy and its selection as the capital are due to its possession of the tooth of Buddha and other relics, which were brought thither in the fourteenth century.

"The sacred tooth was first brought from India to Ceylon by a Princess Kalinga,[1] who concealed it in her hair, about 400 A.D., for, at the time of the visit of Fa Hian, the great Chinese pilgrim in 411, it was already there. It was recaptured by the Malabars in 1315, and taken back to India, but was recovered by Bakrama Bahu III, King of Kandy.[2] On the arrival of the Portuguese it was hidden but was discovered by them and taken by Don Constantine de Braganza to Goa, where, in the constant Portuguese efforts to destroy idolatry, it was burned by the archbishop in the presence of the Viceroy and his Court, in 1560.

"Nothing daunted, Vikrama, the then King of Kandy, had a new one made. The present sacred tooth is carved out of a piece of discoloured ivory, two inches long and one inch in diameter, and resembles the tooth of a horse rather than that of a man. The shrine which was built for it, and which I shall describe a little later, is hidden from the outside world in the courtyard of the temple-palace.

1. *Princess Hemamali, daughter of the Kalinga King, who brought the Tooth Relic to Ceylon at the beginning of the 4th c. A.D.*
2. *Parakrama Bahu III who successfully negotiated the return of the Tooth Relic from South India.*

"The temple itself, which was built in 1600 by Portuguese prisoners, is most interesting and picturesque. Standing at the foot of a mountain, it has in front of it a moat full of sacred turtles, which is spanned by a single bridge guarded by two stone elephants. It is built of white stone, with a terrace, heavily pillared veranda and high peaked roof, and its most striking feature is the Octagon Tower, built on the corner towards the lake.

"Opposite the temple in a green enclosure are two little shrines and two pagodas, all white and very simple in design. And across the road from these is a curious building, built out in the lake and approached by a stone bridge. This was the royal library. And a library it is still, and said to contain a valuable collection of Buddhist books. It is square and white with a high peaked roof and a colonnade of massive stone pillars on three sides. This architecture though plain is impressive, and fits into the tropical landscape like pearls in a setting of emeralds.

"We had determined to spend two weeks in Kandy for rest and pleasure, as our journey was over and it was our last station in the Indies, so we took things easily.

"Every morning I walked round the lake and revelled in its beauty. And on these walks I had a good opportunity of studying the Cingalese, unmixed with Tamil or Malay. They are rather darker than the people in Colombo, but much finer looking. There is an aristocracy in Kandy still, landed proprietors who are known as the 'Kandyan Chiefs.' Sometimes I met these Kandyan ladies, who are very attractive. They all wore the costume which I have described before, the low-necked bodice of muslin trimmed with lace and the silken drapery wrapped around them below the waist. Sometimes also, they wore another piece of silk thrown gracefully over their heads, and they all had rich gold jewellery of old Kandyan workmanship.

"Hindus there are too, of Southern India, in their most picturesque costume, whom I was always glad to meet again; and sometimes a Buddhist monk appeared among the green, a flash of yellow splendour.

"At the upper end of the lake there were large tennis courts, enclosed in a high wire netting and shaded by great trees, where the English girls and young men were playing the game all day long. They were all in white, and therefore appeared to much more advantage than in the hideous

costumes they wear in England, and I often stopped to watch them.

"I have lived in many countries, and though they differ in many ways, there is one thing which is the same in all but one, and that is youth. In England youth is different, and that difference, which the English carry with them as they do all their 'differences' struck me most forcibly in Ceylon.

"In all other countries youths and maidens love to be together. They love to dance because they are dancing together, to feast, if there be only bonbons, because they are feasting together, but they are independent of amusements because their best amusement is just to be together.

"In England on the contrary, the moment youths and maidens meet, they must play some game. They must be hitting or batting or malleting balls. They have in this way no time or thought for each other, and I am quite convinced that sport is the principal cause of the low marriage rate among the upper class in England, and the indifference of the young men for girls.

"At no matter what time we passed the tennis court, they were jumping and batting in perfect silence. I always thought how different it would be if they had been Americans. Then the bats and balls would have had a long rest and the girls and boys would have been sitting in couples in the shade engaged in the old 'game for two', which began in the Garden of Eden. Certainly our way is more natural!

"I wish I could describe our drives at Kandy, for they are certainly the most beautiful in the world. On our second afternoon we took the road which is known as Lady Horton's Walk, and which winds through the tropical forest, sometimes along the river—the beautiful Mahaweli-Ganga—and sometimes through open glades. We saw many coco-trees heavy with purple nuts, and there were many brilliant flowers. We were the whole time in ecstasies of admiration and delight; Kandy is the true heart of the Tropics!

"Another beautiful drive leads through the thickest tangles of the forest, where the trees are bound together with lianas in one luxuriant green mass, a dream of beauty! Then suddenly it emerges on the edge of a bold precipice, and we looked down on a wonderful panorama

of mountains, with the river winding like a silver ribbon far below.

"We wound down again from this height by a road which leads round the lake, and stopped at a garden where, by paying a little tribute of silver, we were allowed to pick for ourselves, a large bunch of roses.

"Another day we went down to the river to see the sacred elephants take their bath. There were three of them, one immense one with tusks, and two middle-sized ones. And each one had his groom or attendant, between whom and himself there seemed to exist a great mutual affection. They love their bath as much as children do and splash and roll about with the greatest delight. "The two smaller ones came out on the bank and played tricks for our benefit. While we were watching them a cobra wriggled out of a hole in the rock behind us and slid sinuously away among the hanging vines. It was the first snake we had seen in Ceylon, but within the week we saw two others. It was spring and the cobras were waking up.

"Taking leave of the elephants, we drove on up the river and turned off into a romantic lane, where we followed a mountain stream through the forest. It was perfectly enchanting.

"We were invited to spend the day with two young Englishmen, who had a tea and cocoa plantation. Accordingly we started one morning at eight o'clock and had the most beautiful drive of two hours through the mountains. The forest grew wilder as we went on, and countless waterfalls dashed down among the rocks. We arrived at ten o'clock, and Mr. C. received us at the plantation gate and took us first over the tea factory, where we saw the whole process of making tea, which is surprisingly simple. The tea leaves, when fresh are stiff and glossy, in size and shape, just like the leaves of our American 'wintergreen.'

"They are first steamed to make them soft, and then rolled between rollers, like large millstones. Then they are laid out on sail cloth to ferment. Then cooked in wooden boxes with lamps inside for all the world like incubators. Last of all they are sifted to separate the leaves of different size, and packed in wooden boxes, lined with lead.

"Our host then took us to his bungalow, the most attractive one I have seen, and the only one which looks like a home.

"It is built on the side of a hill, with a flight of steps cut out of the earth and faced with bark leading up to it. At the top of these steps is a narrow terrace bright with flowers, and the entrance is flanked by two superb bo trees, which reminded me of the plane trees at Canozza.

"The house is only of one story, with a broad veranda. Inside there is a central hall with a drawing-room on one side and a bedroom on the other. Both are papered with flowered paper, curtained and cushioned with flowered chintz and furnished with attractive old English furniture. The drawing-room had a bay window around which ran a chintz covered window seat. There were photographs in silver frames, lamps with rose-coloured shades, and all the pretty dainty little things which turn a house into a home.

"The mistress of the house was in England with her husband, and our two young friends, who were his partners, were keeping bachelor hall.

"The second of these, Mr. H., now welcomed us and we were presently taken into a charming dining-room, the walls and ceiling of which were panelled in teak. There we were served with a delicious lunch on a table bright with silver and flowers, luxuries which we had lacked for long. It all convinced me that one can live as well in the Tropics as anywhere else.

"We all had a delightful time together. And, after looking at the cocoa and rubber trees, which formed part of the plantation, we had the same beautiful drive home again in the cool of the afternoon.

"One day was very much like another at Kandy, only with variations of beauty. We were so enraptured with its tropical splendour, so soothed and satisfied after all our wanderings, that it was several days before we paid our visit to the Shrine of the Sacred Tooth.

"The time for this visit on the part of strangers is fixed for the last hour of the day, at which time we presented ourselves in the courtyard of the palace and awaited with suitable humility the arrival of the rather haughty Buddhist priests, who are the guardians of the inestimable treasure.

"The Maligava Temple though small, is very rich and beautiful, with a winged roof and encircling veranda, whose pillars and projecting beams are exquisitely carved

and painted. It is two stories in height and consists of one room on each floor, the one below being merely an antechamber and the one above the shrine.

"When the two priests appeared, rustling in their robes of yellow silk, they beckoned to us and we followed them up the steps of the veranda, where the elder of the two unlocked the richly painted door, and we all entered the temple.

"The lower room has cupboards around the walls and doubtless answers the purpose of the sacristy. The priest led us up a narrow wooden staircase in one corner to the sanctuary above. Here daylight is not permitted to enter, but a 'dim religious light' is diffused by hanging lamps fed with perfumed oil. The walls are hung with rich brocades, and behind a grating, which only the priests may pass, is the sacred shrine.

"There on a table of massive silver, under a silver canopy, rests the 'Holy Tooth'! Covered by a bell or beehive, perhaps two feet high, of gold, studded with diamonds, rubies and cats-eyes. Under this bell, or beehive, are six similar bells, said to increase in richness as they diminish in size. And, under the seventh lies the sacred tooth on a lotus flower of pure gold! This, however, our profane eye were not to see. It is only shown to 'true believers' on high festivals.

"The priests performed a ceremony, chanting and reciting prayers. And then, from behind the grating, which is light and open, they presented to us a large round silver platter of rich workmanship, filled with white flowers. As usual the flowers were cut short from their stems, and filled the platter like a pile of snow. We pushed them aside and deposited our offering on the plate, whereupon the priest tilted the platter and the flowers drifted over it again. It was the most graceful and poetical way of making an offering at a shrine which has ever been imagined.

"We were then conducted by a temple attendant to see the treasury and votive offerings, which are kept in the Octagon Tower. This whole part of the palace now belongs to the temple.

"There are many rare and beautiful things, with many more whose value lies in the devotion which dedicated them to the shrine. The masterpiece of the collection is a Buddha, carved in rock crystal and ornamented with jewels, which is enclosed in a shrine of carved ivory, silver and gold. Six hundred years old, it is the finest example of Buddhist art which I have ever seen.

"There are a few shops in Kandy, where one may buy old things. Most of these have little value, but in rummaging in a box of jewellery at one of them we found two silver chains of old Kandyian workmanship, which were both rare and beautiful. One was a chain of Buddhist 'Wheels of Life', the other of diamond-shaped pieces of metal held together by double links. On our return to Europe I took them to the great jeweller, Koch, in Frankfurt, who pronounced them admirable. By his advice they were gilded as they had been originally, and I have the satisfaction of having made one real treasure trove.

"We spent our last afternoon at Kandy in the Peradeniya Gardens, which the more one sees of them, seem always the more beautiful. Nature intended this spot for a garden, for it is caught away from the forest by the Mahaweli-Ganga, which makes a shining loop around it so that it is almost an island, lying like a rare bouquet of flowers on a platter of crystal.

"The old kings of Kandy made it their garden long ago, and to honour it the more they threw across the river in one high noble span, a bridge of satin wood. Had they built it of less precious material we might have had it still. But, alas, the satin wood was too great a temptation for the commercial instincts of the British conquerors. The bridge was removed and sold to make chairs and tables, and lower down the river an ungainly iron structure in three arches has taken its place. *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

"On our last morning, I walked around the lake, perhaps for the last time, perhaps I may walk there again!

> "'*The one remains, the many change and pass*
> *Heaven's light forever shines, earth's shadows flee,*
> *Life like a dome of many coloured glass,*
> *Stains the white radiance of eternity.*'

"The same beautiful journey back to Colombo, only this time instead of climbing up we were running down. And then we were back at the 'Oriental' in our suite overlooking the harbour, when, as it was the hour of sunset, all Ceylon and all the sky and water were flushed with rose.

"We found some English friends there, and spent a gay evening with them in the palm garden. The next day we

spent the morning in last visits to our friends, the jewellers, and the afternoon in the last beautiful drive to Mount Lavinia.

"Our last, last day in the Indies was Sunday. I was up very early and down in the garden of the hotel bidding farewell to the flora of the Tropics. Then I went to High Mass at the Church of St. Philip Neri.

"It was the bi-centennial of the apostle of Ceylon, St. Joseph Daas,[3] the Hindu of Goa, who had taken a Dutch name, and had been the first to carry the Cross to Ceylon. It was therefore a great festival and the church was filled with the descendants of those first converts, a most interesting congregation.

"Often in Ceylon the words of the old missionary hymn which I had learned as a child from other children, though it is not of our faith, came back to me.

" *'What though the spicy breezes*
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile.'

"Man is not vile in this beautiful island, but gentle and patient and good.

"I have travelled far and wide, and I find that man is only vile, and then thank God it is the minority, in those countries where civilization has been forced and overdone till it has fermented and soured; in those countries where men have forgotten God and worship only themselves and the golden calf!

"As we stood on the deck of the steamer, which was to bear us back to Europe, my eyes lingered with love and regret on those glowing shores of red and green. I felt that I was leaving something of my heart behind."

---

3. St. Joseph Vaz.

29.

FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES: "BEAUTIFUL ARABIAN-NIGHTS ISLAND OF SPICY BREEZES" 1926

Frances Parkinson Keyes, novelist and biographer, was born on 21 July 1885 in the University of Virginia, where her father, John Henry Wheeler, a classical scholar, was Professor of Greek. Before she was seven weeks old she had travelled seven hundred miles, thus beginning a life-long career of travel which came easily to her. Her mother, a fashionable New Yorker, encouraged this natural proclivity to wander, and in her role as writer and journalist, and associate editor of Good Housekeeping *from 1923 to 1935, she travelled to nearly every corner of the earth. She married Henry Wilder Keyes, who was Republican governor of New Hampshire from 1917-1919, and United States senator from 1919-1937, dying a year later. She revelled in the social responsibilities of a politician's wife with an easy grace, but always had time to indulge her favourite passions of reading and writing. She was also editor of the* National Historical Magazine *from 1937-1939. She began writing at the age of four secretively, hiding her early literary effusions in bureau drawers, until the itch to cover paper became public knowledge. Her first novel,* The Old Gray Homestead *was published in 1919, and this marked the beginning of her enormous success with an assured reading public. She graduated with a remarkable flair into the ranks of professional author, heading best-seller lists over many decades. Her long series of novels are usually set in the South or New England, among the best of them being* Queen Anne's Lace *(1930),* The Ambassadress *(1938),* All that Glitters *(1941),* Dinner at Antoines *(1948), and* Steamboat Gothic *(1952). Employing a narrative gift coupled with a limpid and flowing style, a broad range of interests and experience, a driving energy and unbridled enthusiasm, with her travels supplying the colour, detail and locale, Mrs. Keyes catered to an unflagging level of popular taste, without any pretension to high literary standards. A convert to Roman Catholicism in 1939, her new-found faith resulted in two biographies—*St. Terese of Lisieux *(1950), and* The Sublime Shepherdess, *the life of Bernadette of Lourdes, in 1940. She won the Siena Medal in 1946 as the outstanding Catholic Woman of the Year. She amassed a collection of fans, national costumes, and peasant dolls from all parts of the world in her restored colonial-style house in Alexandria, Virginia, and was greatly given to restoring old homes. In 1948 she established the Keyes Foundation to carry on restoration work, and also to assist young authors with grants and scholarships. She died in 1970 at the ripe old age of 85.*

She brought to her journeys in search of journalistic material a zest for places and, even more, an enjoyment of people, and believed in traveling hopefully and with open-eyed wonder rather than in arriving sated and bored. "It is the search for treasure no less than the treasure itself which makes life worthwhile," she once said. In her Eastern travels, Ceylon made apparently the most striking impact on her sensibilities, and she writes warmly and affectionately of the effect of its glittering sensations and congenial hospitality on her imagination, ready to strike fire from each aspect of the colourful passing scene. She was accompanied by two of her three sons. Her keen eye for the telling detail, and the novelist's flair for investing the commonplace with romance and mystery are displayed to charming effect and delectable purpose. It is difficult to dissect or fragment her delightful encounter with the island entitled "Coral Strands," and it is given in its entirety, as an example of an intelligent and unjaundiced tourist's eye-view of the pleasures of Ceylon fifty years ago.

From "Coral Strands"; by Frances Parkinson Keyes. *Good Housekeep-*

ing (New York). vol. 83, October 1926, pp. 32-33, 38, 141-142, 144, 146-147, 150, 153-154, 156.

"Dear Daisy:

"I was, as you know, brought up by a very religious grandmother. She taught me to repeat whole chapters of the Bible before I could read or write, and she taught me to repeat—for neither of us could sing—the words of most of the famous old hymns. To this day I find that the phrases which I learned so long ago come aptly and unexpectedly to my lips, and it was on the good ship *Insulinde*, bound from Batavia to Colombo, that I caught myself humming one day.

" *'From Greenland's icy mountains,*
From India's coral strand'

and remembered, with a sudden pleased surprise that the second and most famous stanza of that greatest of all missionary songs went somewhat like this:

" *'What though the spicy breezes*
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Where every prospect pleases
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.'

"How startled both my grandmother and I would have been if we could have fore-seen, when I stood at her knee in the ground-floor bedroom back of the parlor in an old New England parsonage, patiently reciting that hymn line by line, that it would force itself to the front of my mind with a sort of uncanny significance a third of a century later, as I was approaching the spot about which it was written. For I have been to 'Ceylon's isle,' and felt the softness of its spicy breezes, and gazed upon its pleasing prospects, and beheld the lavish kindness with which the gifts of God are strown. But I did not feel that these gifts were in vain or that any man I saw was vile; and though I have seen the heathen bowing down to wood and stone—as my grandmother, no less than the writer of that hymn, would have expressed it—I should put it in a different way. And I hope when I have finished this letter that you will agree with me, and feel that you understand and approve the way I have put it.

"As truly as we felt that our visit to Netherlands India began at the time we left Singapore on a Dutch boat, we felt that it did not end until we arrived in Ceylon—also in a Dutch boat; then suddenly we realized that we were in the British Empire again. It was after dark when we entered the port of Colombo—the first harbor, in the course of our world trip, that we have approached in the late evening; it is so broad and deep that ships can enter it with safety even when there is no daylight—so we saw nothing of its national or colonial aspects as we drew near it. But as we stood saying good-by to the captain in the social hall, a ruddy-faced, smiling Englishman, clad in dark blue serge, presented himself before us and said:

" 'This is Mrs. Keyes, isn't it? I am Mr. Maybin, of the Colonial Secretary's office. The Governor has sent a launch to meet you, and this note. I suspect you'd like to get ashore at once, wouldn't you? I have some one here to look after your boxes, and I've been to the hotel to make sure your booking is all right.'

"Translating mentally and rapidly, I expressed my thanks and opened the extended letter with a sense of unusual pleasure. For it came from Sir Hugh Clifford, a man famous throughout the East—and indeed throughout the world—as one of the most illustrious among the living empire builders of Great Britain, whose renown I had heard proclaimed and whose praises I had heard sung for many months, and whom I had been looking forward to meeting with the greatest anticipation. He was only seventeen when he first entered the civil service at Perak as a cadet, but his remarkable gifts and his enormous capacity for work became apparent at once, and he began his public services as collector of land revenue in Kuala Kangsar before he was twenty. Soon after this he was sent on a special service to Pahang, for which he received official thanks; became successively government agent and resident there, took a leading part in suppressing the Pahang rebellion, and though later becoming secretary to the Government at Selangor, continued to act as resident in Pahang. In 1894 he visited the Cocos Keeling Islands as a special commissioner, led an armed expedition into the native states of Trenggan and Kalentan to effect the capture of the fugitive rebel leaders the following year and

became Governor of North Borneo and Labuan in 1899. From there he went halfway around the globe to become Colonial Secretary of Trinidad and Tobago; came halfway back again to become Colonial Secretary of Ceylon; served as Governor of the Gold Coast and of Nigeria; and finally became Governor of Ceylon last fall. Meanwhile, in his leisure moments—which would seem to most of us to be non-existent—he has written more than a dozen books, mostly concerning Malaya, is part author of a Malayan dictionary; and has translated the British Penal Code into Malay!

"The letter from this remarkable man was headed, 'The Queen's Cottage, Nuwara Eliya'—(pronounced Newraylia, if you please, for the British have taken the same liberties with the Sinhalese name of this famous mountain resort that they have with the proper name Cholmondeley (Chumley) and many others; and I was not surprised when the boys insisted on referring to it irreverently as Neuralgia). And it said, in part:

" 'I am very sorry that we shall not be in Colombo when you arrive tomorrow. I am, however, arranging that you shall be met, and Mr. Maybin will, I know, render you any assistance in his power.

" 'We shall hope to have the pleasure of seeing you and your party if you come up to Nuwara Eliya.'

Where Men Wear Combs

"Turning from the agreeable contemplation of this missive, I found that the removal of our 'boxes' had already begun, under the supervision of a gorgeous person in a white uniform made with a long coat and wide skirt, fastened with brass buttons and adorned with epaulets, and with sash, strippings, trimmings, and what not of scarlet and gold. This person's black hair was gathered into a large knot at the nape of the neck; and above the knot rose a high, circular, tortoise-shell comb terminating just in front of the ears and giving the wearer, when viewed from certain angles the appearance of having horns. For one startled moment, I was not sure whether I was looking at a man or a woman; and though of course I soon learned that this is the typical headdress of the male low-country Sinhalese—one of the most numerous of the native races of Ceylon—the flowing robes and long hair adopted by both sexes, combined with the slight figures and somewhat effeminate faces often seen among the men, often arouse a similar uncertainty until their wearers are close at hand.

"The trim little launch bore us swiftly ashore, and a moment later, having been passed through the customs, we were speeding down along the coast drive, with the great, crested waves breaking noisily against it, on our way to our hotel; and soon found ourselves established in rooms such as we had not seen for many moons. Everywhere in Java we had found immaculate cleanliness and delicious, abundant food; and it rather surprised us, given these two essentials, to find how uncomfortable we could be. But the prevalent porch sitting-rooms shut off both air and light from the bedrooms behind them, and the nights spent stretched out on hard, shrouded beds were suffocating; there was usually only the baffling 'dipper bath', and when we came in, day after day, wet to the skin from the drenching rain, we longed in vain for tubs of hot water in which we could steam and soak. In one hotel all water was turned off at seven in the morning, so that our evening ablutions were perforce our only ones. We dressed without washing, and still unwashed proceeded on our way, having repacked the suitcases from which swarms of mosquitos rose to attack us, and which, perforce, we always unpacked, no matter how brief our stay in any one place, because we discovered that if we did not unpack them, our clothes were covered with green mold from the dampness—even with this precaution, many were ruined. There were no bureaus or dressing-tables anywhere, and I ceased to wonder at the badly dressed hair of most of the women I saw, as I struggled to arrange my own before the inadequate wash-stands. There were no 'boys' with any idea of really attentive service, or any who spoke or understood a single word of any language except Malay; and though Larry learned, in a surprisingly short time, to demand the actual necessities of life in that tongue, we never progressed so far as the luxuries.

"Consequently, the wind-swept rooms in Colombo, facing out to sea, furnished with every possible comfort and convenience, and each with a real bathroom, looked very inviting to us indeed; and the gentle-voiced, white-robed 'boy' who instantly appeared on the scene saying: 'Lady

want anything tonight? Lady ring if she wants me—I stay right here!' took us back to the lost treasures of China, who had ministered to us so magically. We slept the sleep of the just; breakfasted—bemoaning, I must confess, the loss of the wonderful Java coffee as we drank the British substitute; read the British newspaper—or, rather, the alleged newspaper, for this actually went the one in Singapore which caused us so much amusement one better by appearing with an absolutely blank column under the headline, 'Latest news'; then sallied forth to do necessary and prosaic errands before starting on our trip 'up country'.

Jewels from the Arabian Nights

"But no errands can seem really prosaic in Colombo, for to do them you must pass along the splendid sweep of the waterfront, and through the vivid streets, with their glossy trees and glowing flowers, their great, tawny buildings—darker than the cream-colored ones in Singapore, but no less gorgeous—their temples and their watch-towers, their never-ending ebb and flow of humanity; and if one of these errands—a bit of repair work—takes you, as it did us, to the establishment of Abdul Caffoor, you are suddenly vouchsafed a sight of those wonders which caused the Portuguese explorers (for Ceylon, no less than Java, has been occupied by the Portuguese and the Dutch as well as the British) to speak of it as a place of 'gold and silver, pearls, gems, ebony, pepper, elephants, monkeys, parrots, peacocks and innumerable other things.'

"Except on Friday—when he goes to the mosque and locks his door—Abdul Caffoor, wearing his fez, stands at the door to welcome you, himself. He bids you come in, and causes you to sit down; and then he spreads out before you—not one at a time nor by the meager twos and threes, but by the handful, such jewels as you have read about in the Arabian Nights Entertainments. Moonstones, he implies, are really only called gems by courtesy—in fact, a bushel basket or so of them are being carelessly emptied out on a near-by table. And amethysts—rows upon rows of royal purple prisms—do not amount to much more; aquamarines, topazes, tourmalines, garnets, and other stones are dismissed with a similar gesture, though our eyes are bulging at the sight of them, displayed between

ebony elephants decked with silver and carved caskets of gold and ivory. But sapphires now, or rubies—rubies with that slightly violet tinge that characterizes those found in Ceylon; or emeralds—oh, you like emeralds? Instantly a heap of glittering green fire is placed in your fingers.

" 'Just for you, because I know you are a very important lady, because you have been sent to me by very important persons,' whispers the wily tempter in your ear, 'you may have this stone for'—and he mentions a sum which, though he apparently considers that it represents a bargain, is so startling that you almost scatter your pile. But he is none the less courteous when you repeat your statement that really you came only to see about that bit of repair work; and though some day—when the boys are all educated and have got through having weird diseases—I am going back to buy that emerald, it is something, for now, even to have seen these gems, representing one of the most important products of Ceylon. They are, for the most part, found in a gravelly deposit called 'illam' in the river beds. The illam is collected in baskets, and the loose bits of earth and gravel are sieved away through the baskets into the stream, and the hunt for gems begins.

"In the afternoon, of course, we must go to Mt. Lavinia —which, as far as we can see, is not a 'mount' at all, to have tea and see the sun-set, passing through a rather dingy district to do so, but finally coming upon a fine hotel originally built for a Governor's residence, where the terrace commands a splendid view of the ocean. That is the orthodox thing for every 'passenger' (tourist) to do in Colombo. But the next day we are off by motor for Kandy. We cross the Victoria Bridge over the Kelani River, and see, on the stream beneath us, a crude raft propelled by almost naked men, whose bare, black bodies gleam in the sun; then the green countryside suddenly closes about us. If I could take only one drive in a tropical country, I believe that I should choose this drive from Colombo to Kandy; for here, in the space of a few hours, can be seen a greater variety of scenery rich in concentrated beauty, of vegetation, and of humanity than can be seen in double or treble that time in any other place with which I am familiar.

"Ceylon is not, like Java, the land of one native people; it is the land of many native peoples, and representatives of all go to and fro on this road—Sinhalese, Kandyans, Moors,

Malays, Tamils, each race wearing its own distinctive dress. The fez, the turban, the gay handkerchief doing service as a cap, the graceful scarf, the horn-like comb, bob side by side upon adjacent heads. Many of these people are carrying umbrellas, not, as one might suppose, to keep off the burning light, but as a sign of respectability. Many of them appear to be bleeding at the mouth—a startling and, to the outsider, a revolting sight; but it is caused merely by their habit of incessantly chewing betel-nut, which stains their lips and teeth red. Whole families are bathing together by the roadside, the children entirely naked, the parents managing somehow in their clothes, which, after all, are not so numerous as to prove much of an encumbrance. Coming around a bend, we suddenly saw a line of at least a hundred coolies, the men at one end of the line digging a hillside excavation and filling shallow baskets with reddish earth. On the same principle that an old-fashioned fire brigade passed buckets from hand to hand, but with a far more graceful, swaying motion, these coolies passed the baskets to the other end of the line, where they piled the earth on top of a big, soft mound, returning the baskets as they had come, an endless human chain. They were preparing level foundations for a bungalow.

The Wealth of Ceylon

"Tea, rice, and rubber can all be seen in the process of growth and cultivation along this road. Bricks are lying out in the sun to dry, baked by this natural process. Coconuts are drying, too, split in halves, showing snowy-white semicircles. All these products represent untold comfort and wealth. 'The palm is a good friend to the Sinhalese, who declares that it so loves human beings that it pines and dies when out of the sound of the human voice, and that it will not flourish unless you walk under it and talk under it.' writes Bella Sidney Woolf in her delightful and valuable book, 'How to See Ceylon.' 'It is said, too, that it has as many uses as the days of the year. From its trunk the villager can construct a house to dwell in, a boat to sail in, and any furniture he may require. From its leaves, which he plaits into 'cadjans,' he can make a roof to keep out the rain and a fence to surround his dwelling. He can tap the flower of the tree, and a sweet drink called 'toddy' drops from it. (There is a 'Toddy Tavern' in Kandy.) 'Arrack,' a strong spirit unfortunately drunk by the natives, is made from fermented toddy by distillation. The fruit itself, called *Kurumba* when young, yields a cooling drink, and when ripe the kernel is dried to form the copra of commerce. A valuable oil is extracted from the copra by pressure, and the residue, called *poonac*, is used as cattle food. The outer shell makes ornamental cups, spoons, teapots, and is sometimes used for fuel and charcoal. The increase in the trade in coconut butter—a substitute for margarine—is very considerable and points to the steady rise in the value of coconuts. The fiber of the outer husk is called *coir* and is used for the manufacture of ropes, mats, brooms, etc. Desiccated coconut is largely used in the West for confectionary, and is familiar in the form of 'coconut ice' and 'coconut chips' in every village sweetshop. Even the young bud or 'cabbage' is used as a vegetable, and is a very delicious one.'

"Some idea of these manifold uses of the coconut we were able to form even in that one day's drive; for of course the houses in the little villages we passed were made from the palm, and the tiny shops were full of edible portions, but I must confess that the white beauty of its severed discs made even more impression on me than its domestic and commercial importance.

"Other impressions, too, crowded rapidly upon us; tiny shrines appeared scattered at frequent intervals along the way; Bible Rock, shaped like a great volume crowning a mountain, loomed in the distance. We passed the famous botanical garden at Peradeniya, to which, fortunately, we were to return again later on; and came into Kandy in the cool of the evening, just when it is most beautiful. The sun was shimmering over the smooth little lake built by the last King of Kandy, and turning to tawny gold the broken arch on the little island where he used to immolate his wives if they proved refractory. The tom-toms were beating for the evening service at the Temple of the Tooth, that famous shrine of Buddhism at the farther end of the lake, but no other sound fell on the sentient air. The green hills closed down around the water and around the little city which encircled it, and the sky closed down on the hills. Then it was night.

We Meet the Government Agent

"Morning brought us a welcome caller in the person of Mr. William Kindersley, the Government Agent. Each of the nine provinces of Ceylon has a Government Agent at its head; and though, since we have no official in our own service either at home or abroad whose duties exactly correspond to those of this functionary, it is difficult for me to describe them to you, I came to feel, during my stay in Kandy, that they must be very nearly all-embracing! He is supposed—among other things—to suppress epidemics and rebellions and foster education (on which, by the way, Ceylon is spending five million rupees a year); to enforce law and order and punish crime; to register births, deaths, and marriages; to preside at all meetings, to act as magistrate, mediator, and missionary, and even to read the lessons in church! To accomplish all this successfully requires the possession of wide attainments, and Mr. Kindersley is, in his way, quite remarkable a man as Sir Hugh Clifford is in quite another. His term of service has been long and notable, and he has further distinguished himself both as sportsman and musician. He is, I think, the tallest man I ever saw in my life. Henry and Larry, measuring respectively six feet and six feet three, were entirely dwarfed in appearance beside him. He has a merry twinkle in his eye and a keen sense of humor, being more given to 'wisecracks', as the boys expressed it, than any Britisher I had previously met; and he and his kind and charming wife between them made our visit to Kandy so delightful that we shall never forget their goodness.

"His first suggestion was that he should take us to see the Botanical Gardens at Peradeniya—'Though you must not expect me,' he cautioned us whimsically, 'to tell you the Latin names of all those plants down there. I think poor J. Caesar himself would have been puzzled, there are so many of them.' Having ascertained that we were not expected to walk through the Gardens from entrance to exit, as we were at Buitenzorg—a trying experience under a tropical sun—but could ride as much as we chose, descending only to see such choice bits as especially appealed to us, we gladly accepted the invitation. Our route took us along the 'Bat Drive', where thousands of flying foxes hang suspended, head downward, from the bare upper branches of

the trees, looking, at a distance, like clusters of dusky fruit, and swooping upward at any loud sound, only to descend again, with much noisy quarreling, to regain abandoned places. Then we followed the River Drive, bordered with cannon-ball trees, their trunks spiked with delicate pink flowers and great, dark balls containing seeds; and on to Talipot Avenue, where the talipot palms, which grow to an immense size, shoot up, after about sixty years of life, tall flowers which almost double their height, then their blooming over, die.

"We were, as a matter of fact, glad enough to get out and go though the lovely fernery and orchid houses, and the grove of spice trees which have beautiful, glossy foliage and cast the densest shadow of any trees I have ever seen. An agile coolie climbed to the topmost boughs and brought us down fresh cloves, and cinnamon, and mace. The two latter are found inside a fruit shaped and colored very like a pear, the mace, like rose-colored filigree, encircling the pit, inside which the cinnamon forms the kernel; and we listened with amusement to the story of the order sent out—many years ago, let it be said—from the home office of the Colonial Secretary, that it would be glad of the import 'of more cinnamon and less mace.'

"Mr. Kindersley's next suggestion was that we should come to his 'bungalow' for an early tea before going to see the sacred elephants bathe in the river. Again we accepted with pleasure, though little realizing the treat that awaited us, for the 'bungalow' proved to be an old palace, built by the last of the Kandyan kings, with a lovely, cool garden adorned with stone monuments, beautiful galleries more than a hundred feet long, and bas-reliefs on the walls, painted in blue and white, representing Kandyan women of both low and high degree, the full moon and the crescent moon—an oft-recurrent symbol, and the procession of the sacred animals—the goose, the bull, and the lion. These bas-reliefs appear not only on the exterior of the palace, but in the charming drawing-room, crowded with splendid brass, antique chests, and other Kandyan treasures; and they lost none of their lure for me when I asked whether they were carvings, and was told that they were merely 'stucco stuck on.'

The Sacred Elephants Bathe

"Refreshed by tea, we started on our drive for the river, and, reaching the little pavilion which has been erected there for visitors, were joined by the Chief Justice of Ceylon and his wife, and several other guests. In the chocolate-colored stream before us fourteen enormous elephants, for the most part tuskless, were disporting themselves, some blowing the water into the air through their trunks, some standing with trunks intertwined—for they are capable of great affection, and become much attached to each other—some lying on their sides, somnolent and content, while their *mahouts* scrubbed their great bodies. The ritual of the elephants' bath is a daily one; and when it was over, their *mahouts* brought them to the pavilion and put them through a series of antics which they performed with a surprising lack of clumsiness, and seemed thoroughly to enjoy. We were asked if we should like to ride them; and since, as you know, I never can bear to lose any new opportunity which presents itself, no matter what it may be, I was on top of one of the huge creatures in no time. In Ceylon the elephants do not wear *howdahs* as they do in India; I felt as if a small earthquake were taking place under me, and was glad to cling to the stout rope which was the only thing offered me in the way of support; and though I am glad to have had a *short* ride, I think I should greatly prefer to stick to motors for *long* ones!

"When we parted from our hosts for the evening, Mrs. Kindersley asked us if we were equipped with motor-robes for our trip to Nuwara Eliya, where we were to lunch with the Cliffords the next day; and on being told we were not, she said that we would need them, and that she would send over the 'plaidies' which the King and Queen of Belgium had used when they took the same drive last fall. We accepted the offer with due appreciation of the honor being conferred upon us, but with some skepticism as to whether we should really need much covering; and the boys complained bitterly during the first two hours of the trip because, acting on Mrs. Kindersley's advice, I had persuaded them to change from 'whites' to 'flannels.' Then, as we began the sudden tortuous ascent, the atmosphere changed with amazing swiftness, and we were glad indeed that we were warmly dressed and had the 'plaidies' with

us. The vegetation, too, became less tropical; we passed several beautiful, clear waterfalls, and one great tea plantation after another, noticing that the tea was gathered in baskets instead of sacks, as in Java. Once a great, black snake—the only one, to my intense relief, that we saw during our entire stay in the island—wriggled across the road directly in front of us. But the bamboo, and the rice fields, and the spreading palms we left far behind us; and as we approached Nuwara Eliya we saw the Keenea trees, which look so much like Scotch firs, and soon afterward sweet peas, and cosmos, and all the other simple, familiar flowers of both New England and Old England. Even the sight of Queen's Cottage, an unpretentious, half-timbered house surrounded by a pretty garden—strengthened the illusion that we were nearing home again; and when we entered the pleasant drawing-room and found a cosy fire glowing on the hearth, we felt sure of it.

Luncheon with Sir Hugh and Lady Clifford

"Very little ceremony attended our presentation to our hostess, Lady Clifford, a handsome woman of much dignity and presence, beautifully dressed in sage green, with a long white veil flowing from her hat, which she wore to luncheon after the custom of English women even in their own houses. It was some moments before Sir Hugh Clifford, who had been detained by a Council meeting, made his appearance, and he finally strolled casually into the room, a huge, stooping figure with a powerful body, a fine head set upon wide shoulders, and an expression strangely revealing of the strength, the intellect, and the humankindness of the man who bore it.

"Luncheon proved—to us—an extraordinary though delicious meal, with eggs mayonnaise for the *hors d'œuvres*, followed by poached eggs on minced beef, and a mighty curry in which eggs were one of the main ingredients. Then *gula Malacca*—tapioca pudding served with the sugar and milk of coconuts, which we had learned to like in Singapore; the mangosteens—a delicacy of the tropics, a translucent white fruit enclosed in a hard shell of crimson and green.

"As a conversationalist, Sir Hugh Clifford proved both delightful and illuminating, and I can well understand the

reputation he enjoys as being one of the greatest authorities on the Orient. I was much gratified at the high opinion he expressed of Governor Wood and his administration in the Philippines—an opinion shared and expressed also by the Governor General of Insulinde and many other officials, both British and Dutch, whom I have met. His chief theme, however, was designed to impress upon me the fact that Ceylon is entirely unconnected, in a governmental, no less than in a geographical sense, with India. That it is, indeed, the premier Crown Colony, under the direct authority of the Secretary of State for the Colonies, with its own executive and legislative councils. It is extremely jealous of these high prerogatives and prides itself on the fact that it is 'not a part of the troubled dominion of India.'

"There are splendid golf links at Nuwara Eliya where Larry would have been content to play indefinitely, and the drive about Moon Plains is lovely in a quiet, restful way; but we were not sorry to return to Kandy, which had completely captured our affections. There, too, are lovely drives, many of them named for the wives of former Governors—Lady Horton's Drive and Lady MacCarthy's Drive, winding through the jungle, with superb vistas of distant mountains seen through an occasional clearing; Lady Blake's Drive following the tumbling river, with its lush banks and frequent waterfalls to the Botanical Gardens.

"We never tired of taking these drives, but the temples in Kandy are and must always remain the greatest attraction of the place. We visited them first by daylight; the Nata Dewara,[1] on the grounds of which are a sacred bo-tree, spreading its great branches, which have never been cut, in splendid shade, and a number of small shrines, one of them containing a huge, recumbent Buddha; and the Temple of the Tooth, gorgeous with frescoes of scarlet and yellow, with an oriental library in its rotunda where the holy books of Buddha, formed of strips of dried talipot leaves on which the writing is traced, with an iron stylus, are preserved in covers of wrought silver encrusted with

1. *Nata Devale, one of the four principal shrines in Kandy linked with the Dalada Maligawa (Temple of the Tooth). A devale is a temple consecrated to one of the gods in the Hindu pantheon, whose character and attributes have been adopted by Ceylon Buddhism.*

gems. Every shrine was sweet with offerings of frangipani flowers, plucked from their stems. Noticing the enormous number of pilgrims who were going to and fro, we were not surprised to learn that the great festival of the Sinhalese New Year was at hand, that some of the pilgrims had come even from distant Burmah, and that the following night the temple lights would burn till dawn, and the sacred relic of the tooth, alleged to have belonged to Buddha, from which the temple takes its name, would be shown.

The Sinhalese New Year

"Hesitating lest we might be thought guilty of curiosity untempered by reverence, we asked if we might see something of the ceremony and were assured that we might. Even then, the boys, with wild memories of stories of fanatic antagonism toward Christians leaping through their minds, did not feel entirely happy to have me make the attempt. But having been strangely impressed with the gentleness and courtesy of all the people with whom I had come in contact, I insisted that we had no cause for alarm. And I was right. I noticed, as we drew near the shrine of the tooth, that several pilgrims glanced at our feet to see if we had taken off our shoes—as, of course, we had; but we did not receive so much as an unkind look, and more than once the crowds parted to allow us to obtain a glimpse of some treasure hidden from view, or to press forward, even out of turn.

"We returned first to the Nata Dewara, where the myriad tiny candles, burning before each shrine, illumined it to jewel-like radiance and cast flickering shadows on the open spaces of the courtyard beyond the dense shade of the bo-tree. Then, crossing the street, we walked with extreme caution that we might not tread upon the prostrate forms of beggars clustered about the steps, sleeping calmly on the hard stones, or soliciting alms in a soft, whining monotone. We passed the entrance with its 'guard stones' of elephants, and the moat where the tortoises bask; and, ascending the stone stairway, paused at the beautiful entrance to make our offering to the yellow-robed priest who stood there extending an immense salver of wrought brass. The tom-toms were beating in the inner courtyard, and it was thronged with pilgrims; but, moving very slowly

through their midst, we followed our guide up another gloomy stairway to an upper shrine, where, in a blaze of light, a small, exquisite, crystal figure of Buddha was displayed. Then, descending again, we treaded our way across the courtyard and entered the door leading to the narrow stairway by which the shrine of the tooth is reached.

"It was very dark, except for the occasional flash of candle or lantern, and it was stifling hot, the impact of perspiring, crowded bodies and the heavy scent of the frangipani blossoms which the pilgrims carried in their hands adding to the sultriness of the tropic night. For moments at a time we could not move at all, and even after we had mounted the stairs, there was a long passageway to traverse before we reached the silver and ivory doors leading to the sanctuary. When these opened to permit a server bearing food on a tray to emerge, but not to allow any to enter, we were flattened with a grinding pressure against the wall as he passed. At last, however, when we had almost lost hope of penetrating to the shrine, we were suddenly admitted. On either side of golden bars were set golden candelabra, and two priests in yellow robes were standing; behind the bars of gold, we saw the golden Karanduah,[2] encrusted with gems—the outer casket of the tooth. The tooth lies upon folds of red silk in the last of five Karanduahs which are slowly removed, one after another, to expose it to view; and in that strange and gorgeous chamber, crowded with worshippers, tense, reverent, and exalted, dim with mysticism, fragrant with perfume, we touched—vaguely and uncomprehendingly, but none the less surely—the hem of the garment of the East.

Our Last Festivity in the Orient

"We ate our final luncheon in Kandy at the bungalow, sitting at a table gorgeous with coral-colored sprays of Amherstia nobilis, and half a dozen varieties of tropical fruits lavishly and lusciously displayed on tall dishes of wrought silver; feasting on chicken stewed in coconut milk, coconut milk, coconut cabbage, soursop cream, and other delicacies; then we started back toward Colombo. All along the way the varied celebrations of the New Year were taking place: groups of women were beating with their hands on huge brass drums; men were playing cricket, their scanty, vivid clothing flashing back and forth in the fields where they had staged their adopted sport; a couple were dancing opposite each other in a tavern, their audience clapping time; every one was in gala attire. When we reached the city, the native shops were all closed, and the great open park by the seacoast was thronged with holiday makers. And—what concerned us even more closely—the big ship flying the stars and stripes which was to take us on our way was already in the harbor, so that delightful luncheon was not only our farewell festivity in Ceylon, but in the Orient.

"I caught my last glimpse of it through my porthole window, which encircled the scene before me as a frame does a picture: the black shape of four ships anchored in the harbor against a crimson sky; over all, a crescent moon. And now, after days of gliding over glassy seas, the coast of Italian Somaliland, in Africa, snow-white with sand, precipitous with cliffs, gleaming with sunny heat—is already in sight; and soon we shall be entering the Red Sea, and the wonders of the Near East will lie before us. I have been in the Far East for eight months—long enough to know how short a time that is; long enough to resolve to come back at the first possible opportunity, to go to all the places which I could not visit this time; long enough to have learned far more than I have seen; and I think the consciousness of what this new knowledge meant to me came to me most overpoweringly in Ceylon, where the breezes are so soft, and the prospects are so pleasing, and the gifts of God are strown with such lavish kindness.

"It came to me, as I sat at evening service at Kandy in the Church of England—which corresponds to our Episcopal church at home. The Curate was a Singhalese; his face shone dark above his vestments as he conducted the services; there were many others of his race in the choir, and others still, both men and women, in the congregation. We all recited the Apostles' Creed together, 'I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and Earth; and in Jesus Christ, His Only Son, Our Lord . . .' The Bishop, a Colonial with years of faithful service behind him, was sitting in his high carved chair near the altar where the cross gleamed golden through the dusk, and the

2. *Karanduva, a stupa-shaped casket of precious metal, containing a sacred relic.*

clergyman, an earnest, vivid, young Englishman but recently come to the Orient, was preaching a sermon on the divinity of Christ—the divinity in which we had just expressed our belief as we recited the creed. Then suddenly, through the doors open to admit the soft air, came the sound of the beating of the tom-tom: and, involuntarily glancing in the direction whence the sound was heard, I saw on my right a temple illuminated for the festival of the New Year, and pilgrims ascending its steps—the same pilgrims who had made way that I might enter their sanctuary, and whose worship, at the same time and so close to the same place where I was worshipping, disturbed neither curate nor bishop nor preacher. And in a flash as blinding as those temple lights, I realized that while to my grandmother, who first taught me about Ceylon, those 'heathen bowing down to wood and stone' would have seemed 'vile', I knew that they were the followers of a great and ancient faith, different from my own, worshipping in their holy place. I should have been glad, of course, had they been worshipping in mine, like the curate and the choir boys and the congregation about me. I admire and revere the noble men and women, Christian missionaries, who are giving them an opportunity to do so as soon as they will. But, meantime, I know that they are seeking salvation no less surely than I am. 'There are more roads than one to heaven, perhaps more heavens than one.'

Peace in the World

"I hope, my dear friend, that you feel the same way—at least, to some extent. We need other phases of consciousness with regard to the Orient, too, of course: the realization that while we always hurry, it never does, and that we simply beat our heads against a stone wall when we try to hasten it; the realization that it sets tranquility above achievement, wisdom above knowledge, courtesy above riches, and self-control above all—in short, a more thorough acquaintance with the psychology of the nations which we criticize without understanding. But without the feeling of tolerance and respect for the oriental's viewpoint, religious and otherwise, as the foundation of our friendship with the Orient, we shall not make that friendship deep and lasting; and I know how much we need that friendship, which is ours, I believe for the taking, if we will only take it right.

" 'The permanent peace of the World', writes Dr. Sunderland in 'The New Orient', 'depends upon peace between the Orient and the Occident. And that, as I have said before, depends upon acquaintance and friendship between the two . . . One of the most amazing and regrettable facts of modern history is the arrogance and semi-contempt with which the people of Europe and America have long looked down upon Asia, as if her people were inferior, as if her place in the world's civilization and the world's achievement were insignificant. But what are the real facts? Let me go a little into detail. She is the mother of the world's most important races, including the races of Europe; she is the greatest mother of nations; she is the most important mother of languages; she is the mother of the alphabet and of literature; she is the mother of astronomy, mathematics and navigation, and of most of the arts and industries of the world; she is the mother of the world's highest civilizations, having given to mankind its first great centers of enlightenment many centuries before any part of Europe had emerged from barbarism, and, when civilization came to penetrate Europe, it was from Asia that it came. What is of immense importance, too, Asia is pre-eminently the mother of religion. All the great historic religions of the world are of Asiatic origin, not one arose from any other continent. Europe herself received both her Christianity and her Bible from Asia. Moses, David, Solomon, Isaiah, Paul and Jesus were all Asiatics. Where, then, is there any ground for Europe's pride or arrogance when comparing herself with Asia?'

"I have learned, in these past eight months, the truth of every one of those statements; the truth also that this high degree of civilization, this deep and perfect culture, does not exist in the past alone; it exists in the present and in the future. If I have been able to pass some of this knowledge on to you, I am glad, for knowledge, like happiness, reaches its fulfilment only when it is shared.

"Always affectionately yours,

Frances Parkinson Keyes"

"and with much music a
many banners"—Hen
Steele Olco

30.

LUCIAN SWIFT KIRTLAND: "A MAGIC OINTMENT HAS TOUCHED YOUR EYES" 1926

Kirtland is a knowledgeable traveller, and has the knack of hitting on the worthwhile in the Orient, justifying amply the title of his interesting book. He claims "intimate acquaintanceship" with the places he visited and writes about, and he does so, as in the case of Ceylon, with an absence of tiresome gossip, and with an eye for the unusual and less well-established attractions. The book is dedicated to his "Companion Wanderer," "H.W.J.K."—most probably his wife. His chapter on "Ceylon—The Fragrant Isle" is a mellifluous silhouette of the natural and architectural beauties of the country in an accurate historical setting, mingling the pageantry and splendours of the past in the sophisticated sweep of present modernisation. "For the traveler the island has again become a paradise to gaze upon, a vast park through which to wander. Perfect roads thread the plains and wind their way into the mountains. One does not know whether to say that the motor car was ideally created for Ceylon, or Ceylon for the motor car. The alliance is consummately blissful." The author recalls more indomitable journeys, a quarter of a century earlier, in a "motor-less Eden." The chapter concludes with enticing views of Nuwara Eliya, and appealing cameos of the Buried Cities. The extract which follows is a good example of his style of writing, and his feel for atmosphere.

From *Finding the Worthwhile in the Orient;* by Lucian Swift Kirtland. (New York, 1926), pp. 431-435.

"Never has a travel book about Ceylon, nor a guide-book chapter, been written which has not explained that Colombo is a place of strange sights for those who arrive directly from the West and who are not familiar with the Eastern scene elsewhere, but that for other visitors its charms will not call forth more than a nominal degree of enthusiasm. I hasten to reaffirm the truth of this statement. If Colombo is your first sight of the Orient, it is likely that you will find it exhilarating. None the less I would insist upon whispering the name of Kandy in your ear. But I assume that Colombo is not your first Oriental port, and that you will be interested in knowing that it can be seen quickly. To my own way of thinking, the pleasantest thing to do is to engage a motor car for a drive through its streets and then to proceed along the coast road to Mount Lavinia by the way of Victoria Park. In this park there is a small museum, and should you wish to gain an idea of the arts and craftsmanship of the people who lived in the glittering days of Ceylon's imperial magnificence, here and there in these rows of glass cases are such exquisite examples of ancient jewelry and other trinkets that the imagination leaps to a reconstruction of the bygone civilization. In one of the wings has been gathered an assortment of stone carvings and 'moon-stones' from the buried city of Anuradhapura. The famous 'moon-stones' take their name from their shape. They are the semicircular, flat pieces of granite which were laid at the foot of the entrance stairway to temples and palaces. Their fame comes from their beautiful and intricate carving.

"The perfect hour to drive to Mount Lavinia is just before sunset, so as to have the tumultuous gorgeous colorings of the sky and sea as you sit on the terrace conventionally sipping tea. Not always, of course, does the sky perform to its full dramatic possibilities; nevertheless I can remember no other place in the Orient where the sunset is so consistently accommodating. Manila's famous sunsets are not half so reliable. Standing on the Lavinia shore close to the tea-house is the most photographed palm tree in all the world. No one ever came here with a camera who did not see the 'possibilities' of that particular palm tree against

the sea.

"This drive to Mount Lavinia is a seven mile sample, as it were, of the coast road scenery of the island. Should you wish a longer motor flight, there is the wondrous seventy-five mile drive to Galle. The scenery is sensuous by day, but if you return by night under the white light of the tropical moon, you have an idyllic enchantment quite beyond description.

"Galle is a somnolent, pictureque old port, dreaming of the days when it was a Portuguese, and later a Dutch, stronghold. It was the Dutch who built the fort of splendid walls, within which lie the older streets. You will find an hotel, quite passable, should you wish to spend a lazy day, strolling about the ramparts, prowling amid the bazars, or perhaps following one of the paths into the charming nearby country-side to visit one of the ancient Buddhist monasteries. In fact, should your temperament enjoy a day of no more hectic excitment than I have pictured, I withdraw my hint that the railway or steamer trip to Galle will not be worth your while.

"I have just mentioned the bazars at Galle. Sometimes visitors make extraordinary finds there in the way of curios or antique Singhalese jewelry. But in Ceylon one never knows where one's heart may skip a beat through coming unexpectedly upon a treasure. Sometimes you will see nothing at all at Colombo, and then find at Kandy or Nuwara Eliya the iron-bound chests of the dealers bulging with precious trifles. Sometimes it is the Colombo shops that are overflowing. For carved ivories, tortoiseshell, silver, or precious and semiprecious stones, there is no lack any place. If you have endurance in argument and know the value of precious stones, you will never be closer to the end of the rainbow than at Colombo.

Kandy and the Peradeniya Gardens

"Whether you find yourself climbing through the ever rising hills on the road to Kandy by train of by motor car, I think you will succumb to the spell of enchantment inspired by the beauty of the green jungle. But do not expect to find yourself journeying through an untamed wilderness. Your progress will not be blocked by an opposing herd of mad bull elephants. It was far different in the days when the surveyors were cutting the line for the railway. Wild elephants, leopards, and crocodiles were the masters of the swamps and the thorny countryside. In fact, elephants then existed in such numbers that the Government paid a bounty on each one shot. Sir Samuel Baker in his *Eight Years Wandering in Ceylon* tells a tale of three of his friends bagging one hundred and four of these animals in a couple of days' shooting.

"A few minutes before the train reaches Kandy it passes the station for the Peradeniya Gardens. Instead of alighting at this Peradeniya stop, it is much more satisfactory to continue to Kandy and later to return by carriage directly to the gardens.

"As dates may be considered in Ceylon, Kandy is not an ancient place. It can count only some six centuries since it acquired importance. But from the day when it did become the capital of one of the 'up-country' kings, it has had a sufficiently stormy history to make up for any amount of lost time. It has been besieged, captured, sacked, and burned 'more often than not.' To-day its population has dropped back almost to that of a village, but the dignity and atmosphere of having been a great capital still lingers unmistakably. Kandy has a peculiar charm which I have never attempted to analyze, and I will not now try to pull the flower to pieces.

"In the heart of the town is a squared, artificial 'tank'—the name given in India and Ceylon to any lake. Should you take a stroll around this tank in the early morning, with no other ambition than a desire to establish a mood of sensuous accord with the strange, tropical scene, something quite necromantic happens. You are no longer an alien and a stranger in the mysterious East. A magic ointment has touched your eyes. The veil of incomprehensibility dissolves. If you should enter the gates of the Maligawa Temple in this mood, you will find a picture never to be forgotten. At least that was my own experience one such early morning. The sun had not long been risen above the rim of the surrounding hills, and there was that delectable spicy freshness in the air which is at one and the same time a stimulant and a balm to the senses. A priest of the temple came up to see me, and immediately—with a strange absence of any barriers whatsoever—we fell into an absorbing conversation. He was a handsome youth, and

charmingly gracious. He invited me to enter the brass doors. Workers were strewing the altars and the floor nearby with freshly picked, waxen flowers on which the dew still hung. Their heavy perfume was almost drugging. My guide showed me the temple treasures, including the jeweled casket containing the famous tooth from which the temple takes its name. The tooth is hidden within seven diminishing shrines, resting on a gold lotus leaf.

"This treasure, which is supposed to be a tooth of Buddha, has an authentic legend going back for some sixteen centuries as far as Ceylon is concerned. At that early date a Princess of Kalinga brought it from India. Its history from that hour has been so extraordinary that a thrilling and exciting volume might be written about its adventures. It has been stolen and recaptured innumerable times. Thieves have taken it on remote wanderings. It has provoked wars and heavy retaliations. If you believe the Portuguese story, this is not the original tooth. The Portuguese declare that one of their Archbishops at Goa, four hundred years ago, destroyed the tooth by fire, after it had been seized at Jaffa by Don Constantine of Braganza. This effort of the pious Archbishop to confound the heathen was of very slight avail, as the legend immediately spread itself through the Buddhist world that the tooth had been miraculously preserved and spirited safely away.

"Should you have had your *chota hazri*, or little breakfast, brought to your room before starting on this stroll, you will probably have another hour, following your visit to the Maligawa Temple, before returning to the hotel for *burra hazri*, or big breakfast. And it takes just about an hour to circle the path known as 'Lady Horton's Walk.' Its views are enchanting and from some points magnificent. Later in the day—a felicitous hour is toward the end of the afternoon—you may wish to drive to Lankatilaka, a curiosity in temple architecture standing imposingly on a high rock.

"However, the goal which almost every visitor has foremost in his mind upon coming to Kandy is to see the Royal Botanical Gardens at Peradeniya. The fame of these gardens among travelers has been based upon their beauty and wonders, and not upon their utilitarian value to the world. The original idea was to establish a practical

experimental station, and an experimental station is what you are really seeing today. Perhaps it is intended that casual visitors will absorb a certain amount of practical instruction. If so, this aim is so well sugar coated that the usual visitor remains unsuspecting of the amazing amount of practical information he is carrying away. However this may be, the gardens could 'justify' their existence by their luxuriant beauty alone. The magnificent avenues are bordered here by one variety of stately palm, and there by another. The carpets of green lawn make one covetous that they might be rolled up and taken home. Of course there are all the rarities and curiosities of the flora of the tropical world, varying in surprises from specimens nearly unbelievable to others totally impossible in their strangeness. The orchids have their own conservatory. Possibly that climbing plant which covers a pergola nearby, the famous 'fly-catcher', is the supreme curiosity. If, when you were a child, the odors from the kitchen spice jars held strange and mysterious suggestions of romance for you, here are the spice trees themselves, perfuming the air with the same magical fragrance.

"Across the river at Gangaroowa,[1] is another experimental station, more uncompromisingly practical. It is largely confined to groves and fields for the raising of trees and plants of definite economic importance. Here are rubber trees, dripping future motor-car tires, tennis balls, and bath mats. Also you will find tea trees of savory leaf, and cacao and coffee trees. If you wish merely a composite picture of the gardens, pausing here and there as you might at a gallery, the drive will take two or three hours; but if your interest is exhaustive, you must plan for a long day. Whatever may be your program, let me give you the hint that toward the end of the afternoon you should be on the river bank. At this hour the mahouts bring the elephants to the deep pools for their daily bath and scrub. You get an amazing revelation of the wisdom and good manners of these mammoth creatures; and I prophesy that you will take exactly as many photographs as you have available exposures for your camera.

1. *Gannoruwa, a village near Kandy close to the Peradeniya Gardens, where in 1637 the Sinhalese army of Raja Sinha II defeated the Portuguese in a bloody battle. It is now the site of the Department of Agriculture's Research Institute and Experimental Station.*

"When you are in India, even if your visit is one of several months, I venture to hazard that you will not set eyes on a single member of the snake family except those specimens which are under the care and guardianship of professional charmers. Of course one observes sensible precautions everywhere. At Kandy, in its neighborhood, and at the Peradeniya Gardens you should be unusually alert and cautious. This may be Eden, but it is an Eden of the twenty-fifth verse of the first chapter of Genesis. Cobras and other equally undesirable serpents thrive. It is quite true that almost never does one hear of a European being bitten, but you must not understand that this comes about through any discrimination on the part of the reptiles. The Europeans do not wander carelessly across lawns in the dark; nor do they venture away from open paths and into the high grass at any time."

31.

EUGENE WRIGHT: "WHY, THAT'S THE PLACE THAT SINDBAD VISITED" 1928

The opening of the Suez waterway in 1869 provided a new fillip to those with an itch to travel of all sorts and conditions, craving in their individual ways for beauty, mystery, excitement and romance. Among them were more than a sprinkling of wandering minstrels, adventurous hobos, and motley beachcombers, in some of whom the itch to write lay scarcely concealed below the surface of the basic lust in the soles of their itinerant feet. To this fraternity belongs Eugene Wright, and his book The Great Horn Spoon *published by Bobbs Merrill in Indianapolis in 1928, and by Jonathan Cape in London a year later, recounts in carefree, jaunty and irrepressible fashion the adventures and exploits that befell him on his unconventional journey from New York to Borneo and back to Baghdad. His youthful strength and eager-eyed resilience, as borne out by his portrait in the frontispiece to the American edition, coupled with an engaging optimism carry him through all situations, however chancy. Though he displays a great gift for embellishing a tale, and the long bow, as usual with those who live on their ready wits, is never far from his impetuous elbow, he is, nevertheless, always a seeker after the truth beneath the facade, whether drab or glittering. In the English edition, his spirited and buoyant tale had the distinguished imprimatur of an enthusiastic introduction by Rosita Forbes, who with Freya Stark, were notable exemplars, in their travels and writings, of the truth of the Arab proverb "Travelling is victory."*

Wright opens his racy account in the first chapter entitled "Escape," with the following sentence: "The odors of cinnamon and cloves from Ceylon drifted from a musty doorway," and he is soon off on his great escapade, as an assistant boatswain on the S.S. Hyacinth, *a cargo steamer bound for the Far East via India. This gay light-hearted chronicle, diverting and curious in turns, is especially titillating when he encounters the East in India and Ceylon. His brief vagabond trail in the island on a forbidden shore-leave is narrated with a spirited verve in Chapter 5 "Compensations."*

From *The Great Horn Spoon;* by Eugene Wright (London, 1929) pp. 66-75.

"I determined to see Ceylon. Even though the mate had come aft and bawled out, 'No shore leave . . .ship's in quarantine!' and although the bo'sun had bellowed, 'No shore leave for *nobody*,' and looked me squarely in the eye, I knew that I would go ashore in Ceylon. Tall coconut-palms, the tallest and most luxuriant I had ever seen, swayed gently over the white beach, little red tile roofs glistened between them like bars of gold, and in the harbour, motionless upon the clear water, were fleets of strange craft, crazily shaped, gaudily painted, and of a sail and rig that made the *Hyacinth* look like a modern packing-box with straw sticking out through the cracks.

"Since daylight I had been sitting on the hatch cover staring at the shore. It looked clean and fresh, too rare to miss. The crew was forbidden to pollute its beauty, but I would get there if I had to swim. Anxious to be as discreet as possible, however, I went up to the captain and asked what the possibilities of shore leave were.

"He wrinkled up his nose, 'Well,' he said, 'ship's in quarantine. H'm! there's always some way to skin the cat I'm going ashore about ten-thirty. Come along with me in the launch. You can carry some papers or books along and pass as my secretary. But, if you get caught,' he added, 'don't come to me! It's your own look out!'

"It was then 8 a.m., so I went aft and sat on a bitt, chewing my finger-nails until ten-thirty should roll around. The crew was having a glorious time swimming.

They had let a rope ladder over the stern, and were swimming from it to the buoys, laughing and splashing around like country schoolboys.

"The bo'sun came by several times and fixed me with a sharp glance. He apparently had seen me talking to the captain, and had his suspicions.

" 'You ain't goin' ashore, are you?' he snapped.

" 'No, Bo'sun,' I replied sweetly, knowing that within forty-five minutes I would be disappearing down the back streets of Colombo.

"He grunted in a satisfied manner and strolled forward.

"I was under a further, and more complete, guard of three native harbour policemen who had come aboard in bare feet and blue uniforms. They had strict orders to keep watch over every man aboard, and patrolled the decks from bow to stern, keeping their eyes particularly on the sailors swimming about the buoys.

"At ten o'clock exactly, just as I was beginning to think of going below to change into a pair of shorts, I heard the rapid putt-putt of a motor-boat and turned around to see an open launch bounding around the stern toward the shore. Seated smugly in the stern sheets was the captain, his back toward me.

"I boiled with anger. I cursed that double-crossing skipper up and down, inside and out, from the tips of my fingers and the bottom of my soul. An instant later I was in the fo'c'sle. I changed from my heavy dungarees and blue shirt to a very light pair of shorts and an equally light shirt. There was no time to lose; I realized that I should have escaped at dawn, but I would go now, anyway, I carefully tied all my money in a handkerchief and secured it in a flap pocket together with my A.B. ticket and seaman's passport, fully prepared in case I decided not to come back to the ship. Then I slipped up the companion-way and looked out on deck. The bo'sun was nowhere in sight, but one of those cursed harbour policemen was hanging over the taffrail watching the sailors. In the offing, idling in the waves, were several small sampans manned by Cingalese and Hindus. They were looking for business, but were kept at a respectful distance by the policemen.

"Finally the bluecoat went forward; and no sooner had he passed the galley than I slipped out of the cabin, slid down the rope ladder and began swimming for the salvation of my soul toward the nearest of the boats. The sailors looked on astounded, but made no outcry. A boatman rowed toward me, and five minutes later I pulled myself over the gunwales and crouched down into the deep stern. He pulled stoutly for the shore and asked no questions.

"We were not a hundred yards from the ship, but I could not, for the life of me, look back. I was sure that I had been observed. The *Hyacinth* lay behind me like a red brick wall, and either the mate or the bo'sun must have seen me. But it made no difference, for I had escaped. In a half-hour's time she was a mere outline against the breakwater, and I, almost completely dried by the sun, paid the boatman and set foot upon the island of Ceylon.

"A paved street lined with white buildings led back from the quay. Another paved street led to the right, and still another to the left; all flanked by office buildings, all desolate and smug. I paused for my bearings, located the centre of Colombo, and headed down the middle street.

"Precious and semi-precious stones flashed from the shop windows—fire-opals, rubies, cat's-eyes, and a hundred others that I had never seen before. A man hurried after me with a beautiful model of a catamaran; another with his hair done up like a woman's gestured toward a basket of ebony elephants and carved ivory. I came to the end of the paved road, dived into the recesses of the town, and found myself in the midst of an exotic bazaar.

"Women brushed past me with baskets of fruits balanced upon their heads, shopkeepers weighed out sticky foods, fishmongers called their wares, and little boys and girls crawled through the crowds gathering remnants. Stacks of dates, baskets of fruits, and heap upon heap of market produce were piled in the shadow and sunlight of the noonday.

"I paused beside a shop to watch a man winnowing grain; and as I stood there the Cingalese proprietor asked if I were a stranger in the island, and would I like to see the bazaar and know more about its merchandise. His address was so thoroughly charming, and his wife looked at me in such a winning way, that I could not but accept with thanks. So he left his shop in charge of his wife, and we continued on through the aisles; I stopping every few feet to admire and wonder.

"My companion picked little oranges from the baskets,

cut them open and insisted that I eat them. He sliced mangoes for me, and invited me to taste of tiny seeds, spices and raw peppers of which there were heaping baskets at our elbows. Always he told me the native names, and if I did not repeat the name to his satisfaction, he would snatch a radish for me to eat, saying as I chewed, '*Moolee, moolee,*' over and over again, as if the taste would imprint the name in my mind forever.

"At length I could eat no more, and said that my stomach was out of order; whereupon he danced away in the crowd to return with a green coconut which had been opened at the top, and overflowed with rich cool milk. This, he assured me, was a cure for all stomach disorders and was drunk regularly by all the inhabitants of Ceylon.

"When we returned to his little shop it was well past noon, and I was hungry. Natives were squatted everywhere, eating, and women lurched through the aisles bearing immense steaming panniers of food. I told my host that I, too, wished to eat, whereupon he grinned, and said that it was not good for a young Sahib to eat in the streets with natives—but I assured him that it did not matter, that I was hungry and would eat anything that they ate.

"Immediately his wife bustled between us with a steaming crater of rice, filled with pickled fish and vegetables and covered with a reddish gravy. She cleared some fruits from a corner of the shop table, laid the plate down, and stepped back with a flourish. My host brought up a box for me to sit upon, and insisted upon arranging a screen of newspapers and banana leaves between me and the street. A fresh young coconut came next; and I dined in absolute privacy, to the great delight of the little Cingalese and his fat wife.

"When I left, he escorted me outside the bazaar, politely refused to accept any money, and wished me the happiest kind of a voyage.

"Very casually I wandered toward the outskirts of the city, watching the children at play and the men and women at their leisurely occupations. As I was examining the remains of an old Dutch wall clutched in the roots of a banyan tree, a soft voice greeted me politely, and I turned to see a little Cingalese standing at my shoulder. It appeared that he was a sort of free-lance guide who herded tourists during the winter season. Now, having nothing in particular to do, he offered to take me anywhere I cared to go just for the pleasure of my company. Good enough, I thought; he might be able to show me a few elephants or a couple of tigers; and as we strolled along I asked if there were any wild elephants left in the island.

"Elephants? Wild-elephant hunting was a passion with this little fellow! The jungles, he said, were full of them, and with appropriate gestures he began to narrate extraordinary adventures he had had with the beasts. They were found in tribes, he said, and because of their cunningness were rarely found by those who sought to kill them with guns. His method, he explained, was to seek out an elephant standing beside a tree in deep slumber. Then, provided with a stout rope, he crept noiselessly up to the beast and tied his hind leg to the tree. Of course, the elephant thrashed around a bit; but, in the course of time having suffered no harm and being mollified by kindness, it permitted itself to be tied to tame elephants and eventually became a valuable piece of property. In one day, he said casually, he had captured as many as twenty elephants in this fashion.

"He asked if I cared to go on an elephant hunt with him, but I replied that just now I was looking around the world for a place to settle down. I knew, however, that if I missed the *Hyacinth,* nothing would delight me more than to stay in Ceylon and spend the rest of my life trying to bind the hind leg of an elephant to a great ebony tree.

"The impulse to miss the ship grew stronger with each successive tale, and I was actually on the verge of deciding to try the foolish elephant-hunting venture when a huge omnibus rolled by in a cloud of dust. Painted on its side in large red letters was the one word: 'Kandy'.

"I stared after the bus in astonishment. Kandy!

"Why,' I said to my companion, 'that's the place that Sindbad visited. Do buses actually go there?'

"He replied firmly that they did, and added that he had never heard of Sindbad, but that Kandy was, without doubt, the most enchanting city this side of heaven.

"I told him that I could not possibly pay his expenses to Kandy, and he not only understood, but insisted upon giving me the name and address of a relative who lived there, and who would be glad to take me in. I thanked him warmly with two rupees, and his blessings for my happiness and

welfare were still going strong when I jumped on the next bus and waved farewell.

"Just before sunset we came to the top of a range of high mountains. The country-side was spotted with little ponds, and luxuriant growth of tropical foliage, smothering the hills into an undulating blanket of greenery, stretched away to a waste of white clouds that held us in the sky. We spiralled higher, dipped through a gorge and began to descend into the valley of the Kandian Kings.

"An amphitheatre of green mountains surrounded us completely. Far below were glistening strips and dots that I knew to be the bends of a river. Those little white patches would be houses; there was a lake, and not far off was a great white palace with a red tile roof. As we descended closer, the river, I could see, meandered through the valley in a lazy way, browsing through the meadows, investigating the foot-hills, finally to swing around the city in an eternal caress and disappear beneath us. The air was rich with exotic fragrances, the palms and tree ferns unnecessarily huge and spreading, and the mountains disproportionately ponderous. Here, if ever, was the fountainhead of Oriental splendour. Truly, it was the domain of a great king.

"It was dark when we reached the city. I made my way by inquiry to the address my Cingalese had given me, and found it to be a little town-room house beneath an enormous bo tree. The relative seemed genuinely honoured to receive me, but his place smelled so of odours to which my nose was still sensitive that I remained only to pay my respects. I made the tour of the town, lingered beside the river, and at midnight found myself on a wooded hillock overlooking a lake.

"I was in no condition to receive the beauty of Kandy. The tall trees threw gigantic shadows at my feet, and the palms and shrouded gutta trees that turned their drooping branches to the moon were transformed into cascades of shimmering loveliness. The river, stealing in and out among the shadows, was like a snake revealing its new skin to the noonday sun. Long after midnight, when the tinkle of bells had ceased, I became aware of the steady splashing of a distant waterfall.

"The night was too eloquent of beauty to be real. The soft moonlight and the deep shadows conspired to make me

think that it was an illusion, that Kandy was like some ordinary woman who requires only a little love and the proper lighting to make her irresistibly beautiful. It was the first living moment I had known since steering the *Hyacinth* out of New York harbour over a month before, and I was out of my depth. I convinced myself that I did not want to be disillusioned the next morning by seeing a stack of ugly white buildings and a herd of middle-class Britishers in Kandy; and with that thought in mind I turned my back upon the city, and began to walk toward the divide in the great amphitheatre.

"I reached the top of the rim and looked back. A light twinkled in the blackness, just one. It winked as if it understood the truth that I tried not to acknowledge, and died. Then I walked down the other side and slept the night on a patch of grass overlooking the asphalt road.

"A bus took me into Colombo the next day. I hastened to the quay, half-hoping that the *Hyacinth* would not be in the bay, yet worried lest she might be gone. She was still there, lying out by the breakwater like an old signboard stripped of its advertisement. The blue peter was at her masthead, smoke was pouring from her funnel, and I knew that she was ready to sail. I jumped into the nearest of the boats, showed the Cingalese three rupees, and told him it was his if he reached the *Hyacinth* before she pulled out of the breakwater.

"My escape from the ship in Colombo, the tenderness of the Cingalese merchant and the exquisite beauty of Kandy, seemed like a dream I might have had at the fo'c'sle head one night. I wondered how long it would be until I could relax into such loveliness once more."

32

PAUL BOWLES: "MAGICAL MORNINGS ON A PART-TIME ISLAND" 1951-1956

The quest for some celestial Isle of Avalon, an earthly Paradise, or millennial Island of the Blest has attracted many of the writers and artists of Europe and America disillusioned by the brittle extravaganza of the spreading technological scenario in their materialist societies. Among the postwar novelists who sought escape in this fashion was Paul Bowles. His novels seek to explore the tension between East and West, his characters moving from sensation to sensation in the squalid, malevolent, richly coloured, bizarre, complex and discordered life of the Arab world. Every rhapsodic and macabre prop of an Oriental setting is used to transform the thin grey lives of his white people in their search for a recovery of identity through a loss of selfhood. Bowles was born in New York in 1910, and went to the University of Virginia only because his literary hero Edgar Allan Poe had once been a student there himself. He fell in love with Morocco at the age of twenty-one, and made it his home in the early forties. He married the gifted Jane Auer in 1938. Beginning with The Sheltering *Sky (1949), he has produced a string of distinguished novels, short stories and travel essays, which have provoked discerning praise from the critics.*

The natural urge of a traveller for diversity, and unfamiliar varieties of nature and human society led Bowles to Sri Lanka, when he began looking eastward for a suitable 'writing pad' as a change from the North African landscape. A first visit to Ceylon in 1949 and a haunting view of the little house-crowned island off Weligama was the beginning of a love-affair with the country, which ended in his acquiring Count de Mauny's romantic abode on Galduwa in 1951. The whole story of this minor odyssey is told entrancingly in his article "How to Live on a Part-Time Island" from which the first two extracts have been chosen. The first describes his introduction to and purchase of the rocky island, with its nine-roomed house, six servants and unrivalled view, and the second, the dolce far niente *life of a typical Bowles day in 'Taprobane'. In his unique and fascinating autobiography* Without Stopping *(1972) the act of recall after fifteen years is less immediate and more tranquil, so that the joyful mysteries of life in Ceylon seep through the finer sieve of evocation with sharper relish and gentle understanding. The six-month spells on his oasis off the southern coast lasted till 1956, when he was compelled to cut the ties of ownership that bound him to this emerald tuft of rain-forest facing the South Pole. The third extract from his book of travel essays* Their Heads are Green *is an eloquent tribute to the spell of the Pettah section of old Colombo—the quaint clutter and uninhibited bustle of its life reminding him, perhaps, of the native quarter of Tangier.*

From "How to Live on a Part-Time Island" *Holiday* (Philadelphia) vol. 21, no. March 1957, pp. 41, 43, 45, 46 & 49; *Their Heads are Green and Their Hands are Blue;* by Paul Bowles (New York, 1963), pp. 18-19.

"Two types of landscape have always had the power to stimulate me, the desert and the tropical forest. These two extremes of natural terrain—one with the minimum and the other with the greatest possible amount of vegetation —are both capable of sending me into a state bordering on euphoria. Unfortunately, when you have a taste for two antithetical things, you are in danger of becoming a pendulum, moving with increasing regularity back and forth between them.

"I bought a house in North Africa to be near the desert. then, after a decent interval, I found myself thinking with nostalgia of the jungle. Since the closest rain forest to Morocco lies on the further side of both the Sahara and the

Sudan, I decided to look eastward for the other extreme, and hit on the idea of trying Ceylon. There would be luxuriant vegetation, and there would also be the pleasure of contact with an unfamiliar culture.

"Of course, as is almost always the case, the spot turned out to be something very different from what I had imagined it would be. Its flavor was far less 'Oriental' than I had forseen. Each successive European occupation —Portuguese, Dutch, English—had left deep marks on the culture, but there were enough unexpected charms to outweigh this initial disappointment. The people were unusually sympathetic and hospitable, the food was the best I had encountered in a equatorial land, the hotel service was impeccable, and, most important, the place possessed an inexhaustible supply of superb tropical scenery.

"I explored Ceylon and became acquainted with its magical mornings and its incomparable sunsets. Early morning, once the mist is gone, the loveliness of the land is in full focus, and color and form are clearest; as the day progresses the increased light tends to blur both. The sunsets, particularly on the coast, are vast, breathtaking productions which last only a few minutes. The months passed, I moved from place to place, continually finding each new one better than the others, but wishing there might be some spot with which I could identify myself through ownership.

"Before I left England, I had been shown photographs of an extraordinary property off the south coast of Ceylon—a tiny dome-shaped island with a strange-looking house at its top, and, spread out along its flanks, terraces that lost themselves in the shade of giant trees. These pictures, probably more than any other one thing, provided me with the impetus to choose Ceylon rather than Thailand when I was casting about for a likely country to examine. But I returned to Europe without having caught more than a second's glimpse of the shaggy jade island, from the Matara train as it rounded Weligama bay. The memory, however, does not relinquish its images so readily; the photographs with their casuarina trees, balustrades, breaking surf and curving palm-fringed shore line remained in my head, and on my next trip to Ceylon I made a point of going to Weligama Rest House, on the shore facing the island. From here I could look straight across into the sunny

verdure opposite and I determined to explore the place.

"Early the next morning I put on my bathing suit and started out. The waves were blood-warm. When I climbed up onto the long boat dock ten minutes after, there was no sound but the lapping of the sea around the piles underneath. At the far end was a padlocked gate. I called out and a dog began to bark. Soon a man appeared out of the tangle of trees, naked save for a white sarong, his lips, teeth and bristling mustache brick-red with betel nut. For a rupee he agreed to show me around the little estate.

"It was far better even than I had expected—an embodiment of the innumerable fantasies and daydreams that had flitted through my mind since childhood. But when I got back to Colombo and made definite inquiries about the island, I learned without much surprise that the owner had no intention of selling it. Once again I returned to Europe laden with visions of the little island, but this time they had substance; the color of the filtered light on the wooden paths, the hot smell of the sun on the flowers, the sound of the sea breaking on the big rocks. More than ever the island represented an unfulfilled desire, an impossible wish.

"One day six months later a cable arrived at my hotel in Madrid. It read: 'Owner Taprobane Willing Sell X Rupees Stop If Interested Wire Money Immediately'. I was suddenly downstairs at the desk, the telegram still in my hand, cabling Ceylon. The trees, the cliffs, the strange house with its Empire furniture, were all mine. I could go there and stay whenever I felt like it.

"When I broke the news of the purchase to my wife, her reaction was less enthusiastic than I might have desired. 'I think you're crazy!' she cried. 'An island off the coast of *Ceylon?* How do you *get* there?' I explained that you took a ship through the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, crossed part of the Indian Ocean, landed at Colombo, and hopped on a train which let you off at the fishing village of Weligama. 'And once you're on the island there's nothing between you and the South Pole', I added. She looked at me for a long moment. 'You'll never get *me* there', she said.

"But three years later she stood on a black rock under a casuarina tree and looked out across the Indian Ocean toward the South Pole.

"According to the deed, the original name of the little

hump rising out of the sea was Galduwa, a Sinhalese word meaning 'rocky island'. There seems to have been some kind of house standing on the highest point as long ago as anyone remembers. In 1925 a gentleman of leisure, the Count de Mauny-Talvande, purchased it and erected an octagonal fantasy in pseudo-Pompeiian style which, according to oral accounts, he proceeded to decorate in a manner we should now associate with mild megalomania. (He also changed the island's name to Taprobane, the word the ancient Greeks had for Ceylon.)

"Right at the beginning he decided he wanted not a real house with an interior, but a pavilion which would be a continuation of the landscape outside, and from every part of which there would be multiple views. And so, blithely, he did away with walls between the rooms so that all nine rooms (including the bathrooms) would in reality be only one, and that one open to the wind. Then, having chosen as his aesthetic north a little island across the bay whose form he particularly liked, he constructed his octagonal house so that from its exact center that island would be visible—framed first by columns, then by a further doorway, the paths of the formal garden, and finally by the hand-planted jungle beyond. The result is very rational, and, like most things born of fanaticism, wildly impractical." . . .

"The screaming of the crows from the bo-tree opposite the island is the alarm clock which wakens Gunadasa and prompts him to rise and make our bed tea. Each day he appears from behind the screen, chanting: 'Good-morning-Master-tea-Master'. Fortified with two or three cups of strong Tangana tea and a few slices of fresh white pineapple, I make my regular early-morning tour of the island, usually coming to rest on a stone bench that commands a fine view of Weligama Bay. The sun, although scarcely risen above the headlands to the east, already is giving off an intimate, powerful heat, and the distant flotilla of fishing boats slips past the white line of the reefs into the open sea, their unfurled sails like the dorsal fins of giant sharks. Scores of timorous black crabs creep out of their crevices in the rocks and sidle toward me. A sharp pain rouses me from my meditations. Big red ants make their nests in the trees that arch high above the bench, and their bite is like a minor wasp sting.

"I rise quickly and go up to the house, where I work until breakfast is ready. The remainder of the morning is devoted to settling servants' disputes, keeping the marketing accounts, and jumping into the sea when the breeze suddenly dies and the air becomes like a hot damp cloth pressed against the skin. After the lunch of curry, different each day but always so hot it draws tears (a phenomenon I have grown, for some strange reason, to enjoy), there is the afternoon nap, a quick descent into oblivion while the wind, then usually at its height, ripples the mosquito nets and fills the air with the salt mist of breaking waves.

"It is usually dark before the drums of the devil dancers begin. They do not drum every night; if they did, we should not get much sleep, for once they start they continue until the following noon. Not that they are so loud, but it is hard to stay home when you know what is going on. These ancient, pre-Buddhist ceremonies were once of prime importance to the community, and although they have degenerated over the centuries into what is widely despised as a vestige of primitive 'superstition', a really good dancer can still revive the old gods and bring shivers to the watcher.

"Often we start out at night in our bathing suits, change on the opposite shore into our clothing which the servants have carried across on their heads, and go toward the drums. Sometimes the dances are held in a village home or in the market (we are always urged to enter the crowd, given ringside seats, cigarettes and soft drinks), but the most impressive rites take place in the palm forest, not far from the beach. Here in the dark, the howling masked figures leaping with their flaming torches among the trees achieve their full dramatic effect. Nominally a devil dance is a magical observance whose aim is to banish the demons of pain, psychosis and bad luck by inducing such terror in the subject that he will automatically expel them—a rudimentary shock treatment.

"It is astonishing to discover how few Ceylonese have watched one of these performances, and how completely uninformed (and, alas, militantly so) most of them are about their own folklore. Among our domestics at Taprobane, the Christians are disapproving and the Buddhists mildly amused: they all prefer to spend the night fishing off the rocks for lobsters and crabs." . . .

"The Pettah is the only part of the city where the visitor can get even a faint idea of what life in Colombo might have been like before the Twentieth Century's gangrene set in. It is at the end of a long and unrewarding walk across the railroad tracks and down endless unshaded streets, and no one in Ceylon seems to be able to understand how I can like it. It is customary to assume an expression of slight disgust when one pronounces the word *Pettah.*

"The narrow streets are jammed with zebu-drawn drays which naked coolies (no one ever says *labourers)* are loading and unloading. Scavenging crows scream and chuckle in the gutters. The shops specialize in unexpected merchandise: some sell nothing but fire-works, or religious chromolithographs depicting incidents in the lives of Hindu gods, or sarongs, or incense. With no arcades and no trees the heat is more intense; by noon you feel that at some point you have inadvertently died and are merely reliving the scene in your head. A rickshaw or taxi never passes through, and you must go on and on until you come out somewhere. Layers of dried betel-spit coat the walls and pavements; it ought to look like dried blood, but it is a little too red. The pervading odour is that of any Chinese grocery store: above all, dried fish, but with strong suggestions of spices and incense. And there are, indeed, a few Chinese here in the Pettah, although most of them appear to be dentists. I remember that one is named Thin Sin Fa, and that he advertizes himself as a 'Genuine Chinese Dentist'. The mark of their profession is painted over the doorway: a huge red oval enclosing two rows of gleaming white squares. If there is a breeze, pillars of dust sweep majestically through the street, adding an extra patina of grit to the sweat that covers your skin. In one alley is a poor Hindu temple with a small *gopuram* above the entrance. The hundreds of sculpted figures are not of stone, but of brilliantly painted plaster; banners and pennants hang haphazardly from criss-cross strings. In another street there is a hideous red brick mosque. The faithful must wear trousers to enter.

"There are Hindus and Moslems in every corner of Ceylon, but neither of these orthodoxies seems fitting for the place. Hinduism is too fanciful and chaotic, Islam too puritanical and austere. Buddhism, with its gentle agnosticism and luxuriant sadness, is so right in Ceylon that you feel it could have been born here, could have grown up out of the soil like the forests. Soon, doubtless, it will no longer be a way of life, having become, along with the rest of the world's religions, a sociopolitical badge. But for the moment it is still here, still powerful. And in any case, *après nous, le déluge!"*

33.

PHILIP KINGSLAND CROWE: MILWAUKEE BEER, CASSEROLE AND PEACHES ON THE MAHAWELI GANGA 1955

Philip Crowe was American Ambassador in Ceylon from 1953 to 1956. An enterprising envoy who combined his love of open spaces with a gift for writing, his accounts of off-beat travels in Ceylon provide both entertainment and instruction. No deskbound adventurer, he seized every opportunity of the saddle, game trail, camp fire and canoe to enkance his "memories of jungle and stream that money cannot buy, and time cannot erase." He indulged his bent for hunting and jungle-expeditions up to the hilt in the congenial preserves of the island, and in Diversions of a Diplomat in Ceylon, *he describes with an unerring eye his feel for his favourite pursuits of shooting and fishing in out-of-the-way places. In the three years which the book covers he flew over much of the island's 25,000 square miles, travelled by rail and motor car over all its wonderful roads, besides reaching by jeep into trackless jungles, and by boat down beguiling waterways. These journeys afforded him an insight into the lives and customs of the real people of Sri Lanka in its villages, besides enabling him to satisfy his curiosity for its variegated flora and fauna. Observing animal and bird life in this naturalist's paradise, he was brought into refreshing contact with villagers whose patterns of living are closely in tune with the rhythms of jungle, river and ocean.*

In Chapter IV of his book, Mr. Crowe details, with the true zest of an explorer, a three-day journey in converted dugout canoes over the last sixty miles of the Mahaweli Ganga, "The Great River" of Ceylon, before it flows into the sea at Koddiyar Bay on the East coast. His fellow-travellers, all hand-picked, on this lively trip were James Espy, the late Paul Deraniyagala, L. D. C. Austin, C. P. Jayawardana, Charles Cruikshank, T. L. Green, and Chandra Gooneratne. Two thirty-foot canoes lashed together, with flat wooden floors on which chairs were placed, formed the principal transport, with a crew of six practiced Moormen. The baggage canoe with an outrigger was occupied by the expedition's cook riding in the middle on his own chair, with a bright-coloured umbrella, and "looked for all the world like some ancient sultan being poled down the river by his retainers." Early meals of soup, casserole, ham, salmon and peaches were soon followed by more humdrum, hard-boiled staples, until they reached civilization and the comforts of Muttur resthouse.

From *Diversions of a Diplomat in Ceylon;* by Philip K. Crowe (London, 1957) pp. 83-89.

"Many varieties of birds of prey were seen: the brahminy kite, the marsh harrier and the white-belted sea eagle. We were alerted by Paul to try to find the broad-billed roller, one of the rarest birds in Ceylon. For many years it was thought to be extinct until Mrs. Darnton discovered a pair in 1950 in this general area. Over the jungle we spotted a hovering kestrel, which later dived like a fighter plane on some luckless mouse.

"The canoes hummed with activity. Paul did water-colour sketches; Drogo trolled; Charles photographed birds; Tom told highly amusing tales of his academic life in London; Chandra worried about details and kept the men in line: Christie carried on animated conversations in Tamil with the crew; Jim got out and waded beside the boat with his gun for shots at passing pigeons.

"By eleven-thirty, we left the last *chena* cultivation and started through virgin jungle, lush tangles of great trees, cable-like creepers and matted grass which bore little resemblance to the sere and stunted bush of the dry country.

"Unlike the russet yellows and browns of the Wanni, the prevailing colour is deep green relieved occasionally by

the brilliant purple flowers of the Pride of India and the yellow blooms of the golden mohur. We passed great stretches of it indented here and there by the muddy slides by which the elephants descended to the river. The banks had been crushed down as if by a giant bulldozer and in the mud were the huge platter-like impressions of elephant feet. There were so many of these elephant slides that there was no question but that large numbers of the pachyderms must live in the district. And soon after this, we saw one drinking from a pool in the river. Farther on, we saw another and soon after that a third. All of them had the typical huge trunks of the swamp variety.

"At two-thirty, we passed the junction of the Mahaweli and the Kuru Ganga, or Elephant River, and instead of having to get out and help the crew drag the canoes over the shallows, we found ourselves in a great broad river where the poles were laid aside and only the oars were used to help the current. We ran into several violent thundershowers which soaked us thoroughly, but such was the strength of the sun we were soon dried. The Moor captain, while reasonably proficient in handling his boats and men, had no idea of distance. At noon, he said our night's camping ground was four miles away; at one-thirty, he again said it was four miles away; and at three p.m., it was still four miles away.

"The ever-new fascination of sailing through untouched wilderness more than made up for lack of lunch, especially since we had plenty of cans of Mr. Schlitz' product that made Milwaukee famous. Beer tastes good any time but on a jungle river it takes on the quality of nectar. Actually, we were never uncomfortably hot as there was always a breeze on the river and the thunderstorms periodically cooled the atmosphere. Lady-like as it may seem, the umbrellas proved a real boon as they not only kept us reasonably dry during the lighter showers but shaded us from the sun.

"The Lanka palu, the parasitic vine which eventually kills its host tree, made gloomy caverns in the jungle and, as we passed close to the banks, we could look down these dim forest aisles. Often a crash of branches indicated that an elephant or a sambhur deer had started away on catching sight of us. Once we saw the cleverly concealed hut of a poacher—perhaps one of the forest Moors who make a precarious living killing deer and crocodiles illegally and selling them. The white belly skin of a crocodile brings three rupees an inch in the Colombo market, so it is not strange that the saurians are becoming rapidly scarcer or much wiser. One of our boatmen shot a small four-foot specimen which Paul, in 1932, described as a *Crocodylus palustris kimbula*, a sub-species of the Indian mugger. The main difference between the two is in the number of the scales, the Ceylon race having more.

"Another difference between the Ceylon and the Indian crocodile is the former's propensity occasionally to attack man. There are two species of crocodiles in Ceylon, the estuarine, most of which are man-eaters, and the swamp crocodiles, which inhabit the tanks and rivers. There lives today in the tidal reaches of the Walawe River at Ambalantota a giant crocodile which is credited with at least a dozen victims. He inhabits a favourite bathing-place and it became necessary to put up a wooden fence in order to protect the swimmers from the brute. All efforts to trap or shoot this reptile have proved futile.

"In the late afternoon, we spotted two huge elephants, a bull and a cow, wading slowly across the river in front of us. The Moor captain cautioned us not to make a noise as the elephants are quite as much at home in the river as they are on the land and he knew of several cases where they had charged straight at canoes, capsized them and then tried to locate the terror-stricken occupants by smelling them out, even though they dived as often as they could.

"Accordingly, the boatmen rested on their oars and we drifted down silently on the pair who, by the time we reached them, had just mounted the opposite bank and were standing there facing us, the bull a bit in front of the cow. Again I noted the unusual size of the trunk, particularly at its base, and the absence of tusks. As we slid past, everyone took pictures while I drew back the hammer on the .405—just in case. The pair suddenly gave a start and plunged off into the jungle. The total number of elephants seen on this expedition was eleven, more swamp elephants than had been reported for years.

"Although we passed many likely camping spots, the old captain kept insisting that, unless we went on, he could not guarantee to get us to Trincomalee by the deadline the following evening. We strongly suspected, however, that

his real reason was fear of elephants and he finally admitted that there was no point in carting passengers this far down the river to have them made into jelly. The result was we skipped lunch and at five in the afternoon he finally, though somewhat dubiously, turned our bows toward a long spit of sand bordering an abandoned *chena* clearing. The first thing we saw on the sand were the fresh tracks of a big elephant.

"Eating is certainly one of the most important events of a camping trip and we were really lucky in having secured the services of John Perera. A thin little wisp of a man of fifty, with his long silver hair tied in a bun behind his head and his three remaining teeth permanently exposed in a broad grin, John proved himself capable of dealing with really grand meals under the most primitive circumstances. He even produced tea in a pouring rain. His reputation as a jungle cook was long established, for he was the cook chosen by Christie to officiate for the Governor-General when Lord Soulbury went on his expeditions into the jungle. John has a long record of Government service, having been employed at Queen's House since the days of Sir William Manning in 1925.

"Our last supper in the jungle was a triumph of culinary art. Aided and abetted by Drogo, John produced a savoury mess consisting of chop suey, fried Bombay onions, fried bacon, shredded cabbage, boiled rice, two tins of mushroom soup, one tin of tomato soup and pre-cooked bully beef. Needless to say we slept the sleep of the just and paid no attention to Tom when he declared that he had heard an elephant splashing near us. In the morning he was proved completely correct, for not more than fifty yards from the camp were fresh tracks showing that the big fellow had waded across the river, stood for a moment gazing in the direction of the tents, and then lumbered across the beach to the jungle. Tom's efforts in keeping a roaring fire going undoubtedly had something to do with the elephant's unwillingness to examine the intruders more closely.

"Left alone, there is no doubt that elephants would take no more notice of men than they do of any other animal, but in Ceylon the poor beasts have been shot at for so many years that there are probably few alive that do not carry festering sores resulting from bullet wounds. The villagers shoot at them only to protect their crops, and the guns they use seldom have the penetrating power to kill an elephant. The nails, glass and other unmentionable projectiles that they fire from their ancient gas-pipes, make nasty wounds, however, and certainly account for the elephants' hatred of man.

"The lower waters were too muddy to make trolling worth while but, according to Paul, the river carried some tempting prizes. There is even a species of sawfish that runs up from the Bay of Bengal and has been caught at Alutnuvara, 130 miles from the sea. Sand sharks and rays are also reported to have been caught at Manampitiya, the jumping-off place for our voyage.

"At a jungle clearing, where we saw a hut, we landed and questioned the Tamil owner. He proved an intelligent chap who acts as caretaker for a vast estate formerly planted in fruits but long since abandoned. He has been on the estate for ten years and, being fond of sport, was able to tell us a lot about the local fish and game. He verified the fact that shark, ray and sawfish are caught in the river and said he eats all three of them. He also shoots many crocodiles and was currently trying to destroy the local monster which, he said, measures twenty feet in length by four wide and accounts for many cattle.

"He said the country is full of bears and leopards, and only two days before a leopard had killed one of his Brahmin bulls. It was still early in the morning so, thinking that the big cat might be having a late breakfast, I asked him to guide a party of us to the kill. Jim and I led the expedition with guns ready. About half a mile along a jungle trail, we began to smell the rank pungent smell of rotting flesh and soon came on the corpse. It was very high, with swarms of hornets as well as flies feasting on the carrion. On the soft sand around the kill were the pugs of the big leopard; they had been made since the last evening's shower.

"The Tamil told us that he fished in the great *wila* as well as in the river and caught giant snakeheads weighing over twenty pounds. Paul explained that these are air-breathing fish which must come to the surface every five minutes if they are not to drown. Behind their gills they have a little chamber that allows them to live out of water for hours. As the swamps start to dry out, these fish wriggle to the deep pools and so survive the drought. The Tamil

name is *irru viral* and the Sinhalese name is *ara*. They are about two-and-a-half feet long and very broad, the head alone being nine inches across. They have dark-olive backs covered with blue spots; golden-yellow bellies and diamond-shaped black marks on the sides. The mother fish guards her fry and has been known to leap into the air after a kingfisher. Near Galle, the villagers will not eat these fish as they have been seen to leap up and pull snakes from the branches of overhanging trees.

"The last stretch of the river before we arrived at the bay was the most exciting of the trip. Sunken logs, whirlpools and rapids made the old Moor captain fairly fume with curses and brought a frenzy of action from the crew. We had some close calls but got through without a wetting, or, more important, a brush with the crocodiles. When we stopped on a sand-spit for lunch, we were solemnly warned not to swim. We did, but stuck close to the bank. The setting of this last jungle meal was the most spectacular of the trip. Great kumbuks, festooned with *lianas*, hung far over a deep pool, and the sunlight slanting down through this green fan fell like pieces of amber gold on the water. We ate our sausages, baked potatoes and hard-boiled eggs and sadly departed.

"We reached civlization in the shape of the river port of Muthura[1] about two p.m., and, landing at the rest-house, had a cup of tea before we paddled down to the town wharf and disembarked."

---

1. *Muttur, 16 miles from Trincomalee. The Mahaweli Ganga flows into the sea on the east coast at Koddiyar Bay near here. The "White Man's Tree" (now destroyed), under which Robert Knox's father was captured in 1660, stood at Muttur.*

"Such a sense of beauty
and spiritual validity
running together in one
aesthetic illumination"
—Thomas Merton

34.

WILLIAM HULL: "CEYLON, LIKE CLEOPATRA, IS INFINITE VARIETY" 1955-56

With the signing of the Fulbright-Hays Program in 1952, cultural exchange between the U.S. and Ceylon led to a sprinkling of university professors, from American seats of higher learning, spending a year or two in counterpart institutions in Ceylon, especially the Universities. Teaching their specialties and imbibing the "quality of life" in an Oriental society, most Fulbrighters took advantage of the assignment to travel widely in the country. Few, however, have written of these journeys, many choosing to confine their observations to the safe and conventional context of the colour-slide. William Hull, a Professor of American Literature at Hofstra University, Hempstead, New York, threw himself into the spirit of place mood with meditative abandon, and this distillation of a crowded year in Sri Lanka is worth reproducing.

From "On a Sojourn in the Island of Ceylon"; by William Hull. *Times of Ceylon Annual 1956.*

"One voyager from the West gave good counsel to the rest of us: 'The people of the Island of Zeilan are alwayes at your feete or at your Throate . . . they know alle about their Weaknesses and their Idiosyncracies . . . they are perfectly willing to make jokes about these same oddities and even laugh uproriously *(sic)* at themselves. But woe unto anny Foreigner who dares to offer the slightest criticism of the People of Zeilan.' *(Journeys in the Island of Zeilan* by Marco Polo.)

"And further, it is relieving of conscience to realize that where such clarity of self-knowing shines openly, the well-wishingest friend would be an ass to presume to add his torch's analytical little beam. Though perhaps if that little beam be a blush of shyly confessed love, it can be allowed to struggle in without the certain imputation to its shiner of animality unpleasant.

"Some risk, anyway, must be taken. Poised on Perugia's chill and for a week sunless mountains before swooping into New York's worse than Colombo's summer, one can't resist musing back to Ceylon, the *tillaka*[1], no Ceylonese would deny, of the East.

"And there's no real risk anyway. This sojourner has not the arrogance to assume that nine months is enough to penetrate a nation's core. But it is enough to explore, to learn by rambling. And from his base at Mahakande, this rambler rambled; and so doubtless will this piece.

"Rambled and turned and returned and re-returned. To Polonnaruwa, but not to Anuradhapura. To Embekke, but not to Kataragama. The alien is always likely to be repulsed by intense zeal and the centres of it.

"Anuradhapura has certainly elegant things: the great seated Buddha, impact with the clarity of the pure Hinayana; the original parts of Issurumuniya and the carvings, the courtly dash and contained hauteur of the warrior, the tenderness of the stone lovers; the Meditation House with its pools dividing, reflecting and cooling the rooms; the secular joy of the King's bath: the moonstones, of course unparalleled.

"And it was exciting for one who had sat for three years under the bo-tree at Bodhagaya to be under a true child of the true tree. But one feels in the great stupas and in general a striving after grandeur that feels more worldly than Buddhist. The Pyramids too have grandeur, crushingly and unpleasantly, like this, the grandeur of worldliness ironically celebrating death. And the restorations have an eye-offending glibness. The general air is of com-

1. Tillaka, *jewel or beauty spot.*

merce, slickness and the outstretched hand, offending to the spirit.

"But Polonnaruwa is exquisite and the quiet it immediately imposes is deeply religious. People talk loudly in Anuradhapura. All voices are hushed in the Wata-dage, one of the world's finest temples, even in ruins, and the finer for being lyric. The Acropolis has something of its quality, but the Wata-dage is warm as well as still. And nobody can enter the Lankatillaka with erect spirit. Nor chatter at Gal-vihare. This group, magnificent in concept and loving in execution, contains what the world reveres in Buddhism.

"It is a tough man who can enter the orbit of its sad and immutable calm without in his eyes tears of recognition of the rightness of the Buddha's enlightenment. Ellora, Mahabalapuram, Michaelangelo, Giza, none of them to this eye approach it. And this eye once did not. After a special trip to see it by full moon and waiting with only the solace of beer through a rainstorm until finally the moon broke through, and finally setting foot on the path to the site, we were abruptly halted by a snake loosely sprawling athwart the way in full light. When he coiled, raised, hooded and mewed (ask the University Department of Classics, Economics, Buddhist Art), mewed twice, we abandoned exalting the spirit for beering the flesh.

"At that Resthouse the beautifully muting light at Polonnaruwa and the Tank almost compensate for the bastardry of the Resthouse.

"A few months ago at Gal-vihare a photographing Australian lady was taken by her guide to the feet of the reposing Buddha and shown the lotuses. But when the guide urged a shot from that angle, she said aggrieved, 'Aow naow, that looks too much like a tryademark'. The Buddha remained undisturbed.

"Martha Graham's longest memory of Ceylon will be a drive through the Kandyan countryside, a walk along a narrow path through a grove of cinnamon, clove, coffee and cocoa, giving way to banks of ferns and flowers, down rock steps, through a paddy field and up to the neat village of Embekke and to the Vihare. Not only are the carvings fine and the Kandyan doorway, but the building is so proportioned and set that it is difficult to remember such a culture can harbour the wildness of communal fanaticism.

"The Kandy Perahera, in part for its beautiful transcendence of barbarism, is what every alien should be urged to come in to. One's first and lasting impression is of the quietness of the people who pour in early day by day, sit, eat, wait, drink, sit: the Perahera explodes in majesty: the people sit and watch from their bellies; the Perahera is done: the people quietly, without pushing, vanish. If only politics could absorb some of its dignity!

"Except for the double vulgarity of neon-lights on the Temple of the Tooth (borrowed from Christian crosses?) and those gross coloured lights ruining the fountain in Kandy Lake, it is possible that the Kandy Perahera is the most deeply moving (to all spectators) feudal procession left relic in this one world.

"The incremental tempo, night by night; the deep dignity of processional renewal of one's cultural fundaments: the focussing in the dancer, the gorgeous and stately civic figure and the elephant of all one's personal and communal memory, need and desire are to an alien not only moving but likewise renewing. Several still things in Ceylon bring one back to oneself. But nothing moving does so like the Kandy Perahera.

"Unfortunately there are other kinds of processions. The world still laughs and will laugh at the delegation, Sinhalese, that processioned and petitioned Kataragama in Tamil to make Sinhalese the State language. One can't expect even loving foreigners to be unrisible in the face of national ridiculosity. Even the taxi-drivers in Madras were moved. One commented, 'Who do they think they are? They are just (and the gesture was eloquent) a pinpoint!

"Wicked in origin as it may be, or not, Sigiriya stirs the mind like a turbine. Often far up from the wire cage, one has wished people would please speak more quietly. But of all the turnings and returnings, the most memorable is not even of climbings, but of just waiting in the King's bath with enough refreshment, human and malt, for the full moon to rise about 1:30 over the rock. And when it did, bended knees and contracted larynxes were the only tribute possible.

"It's right lovely though on a windy day from the top, if you wear some ballast. And the Sigiriya Ladies are lovelier there than on rubber pots, though they might do well at Colombo 6 ½ cocktail parties. Better there they would feel

than in a prohibition minister's drawing room. Dear, Dear. And there is the clear example of Chicago-New York, 1926 and Bombay-Madras, 1956. Though, perhaps the army needs exercise.

"Most people are not so blessed as to get to Yala in the evening in the wet season, get settled, climb a sand dune and see just across the river a large herd of elephants bathing and feeding. (My first wild elephant occurred just three miles from Trincomalee. And that's important. You know the American mania for collecting 'firsts'. Innocently we drove back and forth watching it feed by the road at twilight, and it innocently ignored us as flies. Only after reading the paper two days later did we get scared.) And there, aside from good company (and Ceylon is more expert than most countries in providing good company), was the relicless awe-inspiring rock city, a peacock dancing at dawn, a sambhur suddenly startled at noon abrupt in our faces, leopard turds and tracks fairly fresh, fresh enough to be safely exciting and occasional feeding gray walls that withdrew soundless on approach. And the birds near Tissa.

"Everybody talks about the physical beauty and grace of the Ceylonese, the dignity of the saronged villager and the loinclothed farmer, the courtesy, the spontaneous hospitality, the inbred politeness. But one phase of that politeness needs emphasis: the gentle tolerance of the eccentricities of foreigners, the immediate masking of that little light in the eye that reflects speculations about basic sanity.

"There was the day when Cargills in Kandy was asked to build a great wooden coffin, at some expense, to ship three rupees worth of Galle Face Green kites to Italy. With only a sad remonstrance towards reason, the crater deftly crated and sadly, apologetically took his fee. He would be rewarded could he see those *aquilone* prancing in a strong Italian breeze with half of Perugia looking gaily on.

"Of just places one could make a litany, but it would not stop short of a Whitman catalogue. Ceylon, like Cleopatra, is infinite variety. And, with her luxuriance, it is that sudden change every twenty or so miles that is her wonder for the traveller as well as his despair. How can one choose from the Southwest, the South, the East coast? The Kandy or the Nuwara Eliya hills? Dickson's Corner or Ella?

"That's what makes sojourning in Ceylon so circuitous. But labour is rewarded as one ends up in Hambantota with the boats sequencing out at just dawn in a pearling haze and riding back in with tired bravado, exploiting the surf, just after noon. Or having curried puffs and beer for tea in the Hakgalle gardens. But it is simpler to talk about places in terms of Resthouses.

"One must admit, being American, to being frightened at reading that an American has been hired to re-form the Resthouses. Americans seldom fully understand what appeals to Americans. And one likes to make an appeal for preserving the Ceylon Resthouses. (Try India's!) Polonnaruwa is over the ridge. Sigiriya remains poised. Negombo is indecisive. Bentota is hideous because its present management is not in the Resthouse tradition.

"Two of the best are Sinnamahutawaram and Hikkaduwa. The former because, with a decent location, the staff makes one feel one has come welcome to visit. And fairly primitive accommodations become pleasant. The latter because it occupies the loveliest (choice must be made) stretch of beach in Ceylon, and therefore the world, and its staff is considerate without being preoccupied with guests.

"And Ella must be enrolled, view celestial and keeper sensible. Any time Ceylon wants, she can compete with, if not replace, South France and Hawaii as world playgrounds. But, please, not at the expense of the institution of the Resthouse. Perhaps slickening up bathrooms would not, however, be disastrous.

"None of this suggests how richly, with only a little despair, a visitor lives in Ceylon. The great charm, differing only in kind not degree among classes, leaves the alien fairly helpless if not gasping. One does have to remember that charm is not necessarily profound interest, but that's good for flexibility and with luck risibility. This sojourner has never felt so little the foreigner away from home. The despair comes in the main from relearning firsthand how little responsible people read much less learn from history.

"Ceylon seems obviously from the mixed bloods in her people, from the near cessation of 'indigenous' culture (rather an idea without referrent, that phrase), from her geographical position, destined to be a pattern of how East and West do and must meet and can produce a new culture, as East and West produced by meeting some time ago in

Athens and Rome. Reactionaries will have the shrillness of their day.

"But if Ceylon can fuse her East and her West, she may be one of the earliest to show us what the coming world will look like."

"Life bears an
inextinguishable flame
in this land"
—Achsah Barlow Brewster.

35.

YVONNE HANEMANN: THE "MAGIC AURA" OF VILLAGE CEYLON 1964

Yvonne Hanemann spent a year in Ceylon in 1963-64 on a Fulbright grant studying the island's cultural and religious heritage. She had studied architecture and design in Michigan State University, and did graduate work in Columbia University in New York. From 1960 to 1963 she worked in close collaboration with Charles Eames and Alexander Gerard, two of the leading designers in the United States today. Realising that the various religious festivals in the country—Buddhist, Hindu and Muslim, as well as the folk rituals in the villages, stimulated Ceylon's most imaginative and original folk-art work, executed with ready to hand materials, Miss Hanemann set out to record photographically these fugitive moments of artistic expression, the best examples of which were so impermanent. Eleven thousand miles of travel, mainly by car, and most often alone, were registered in her effort to understand these aspects of life in Ceylon, which helped to lend colour, animation, and magic to the drab round of everyday existence. Before she left in 1964, a carefully selected photo exhibition designed to present a gleaning from her work depicting religious tributes, festivals and testimonies of faith, was presented by the United States Educational Foundation in Ceylon, at the Lionel Wendt Gallery in Colombo. She used two Asahi Pentax cameras and a variety of lenses, and did her own darkroom work. During her year in Ceylon, Yvonne Hanemann encountered thousands of people, many welcomed this unconventional traveller into their homes and extended the hand of friendship and hospitality, and the exhibit was dedicated to them. The photographs reproduced in this book are a small and purposive selection from this exhibit.

Miss Hanemann returned to Ceylon for six months in 1970, this time with a movie camera, and shot film for four projected 16 mm. documentary films in colour with sound on the major religious festivals of Vesak, Kataragama and Nallur, and the Kandy Esala Perahera, as well as the popular Sinhala folk ritual of the bali *ceremony. Three have been completed and edited, and have been shown in many parts of the United States, while the fourth on the Perahera is in preparation. The titles of the three films are "The Work of Gomis" (47 minutes); "Vesak" (17 minutes); and "Muruga" (23 minutes). The first is a moving document of the dramatic experience of witnessing a* bali *conducted by the well-known* kattadiya *Gomis, captured with a rare empathy; while the two others record in striking contrast the gentle and delicate passions of Buddhist fervour, and the penetrating raptures of Hindu devotion. In 1974 Miss Hanemann, then working in the U.N. Films Division, returned to Ceylon to make a short documentary film probing the status of women in the development of Sri Lanka by examining the liberal Buddhist traditions, its education system and the active role of women in politics. Produced by the United Nations, the film "Hidden Assets" is now ready for showing.*

After her return to the U.S., Yvonne Hanemann has worked for Vogue *magazine as a picture editor and designer, and has in the last eight years or so been active in free-lance photographic and short-film work in colour and black-and-white. Using her colour pictures of Ceylon, she gives slide shows to cultural societies in New York, where she resides, and other cities. She has travelled extensively in India, and other parts of Asia, especially in the Far East, in search of spontaneous manifestations of the art of the people, and in her own country she pursues with characteristic elan the rapidly changing scenario of popular entertainment and popular productions, whose sole aim is "to pacify. It is like sitting in a warm bowl of* kiri bat *(milk-rice)."*

The lyrical account of a bali ceremony in a Matara village

gives a perfect idea of the mood and attitude of the alien observer sans compare, and was illustrated with her own pictures.

From "A Stranger at a *Bali* Ceremony"; by Yvonne Hanemann. *Times of Ceylon Annual 1964.*

"As patrons and enthusiasts of the arts, we are often led to make evaluations from a position of detachment, without the knowledge of the artist or the environment in which the work was created. A tendency is developed to base our considerations on certain pre-conceived values and may, unfortunately, leave us holding the bag loaded with the tried and true. This, of course, is not a crime except the fun of discovery, an ingredient essential in art experience, is missing.

"There is a simple, unsophisticated ceremony which occurs frequently in Ceylon village life and it is rewarding to examine this event in the light of a fresh perspective. Let us think in terms of an art form seen as a separate entity, not in the confines of considering art as something which hangs on a wall, or as seen on a stage, or as in print captured between two leather covers. Rather, let us view this event in these broad terms: Art is something which affects the lives of men; it fills a need required by society; it is the expression of something unseen which has been made to exist, objectively; it is something which must be done and, if successful, it produces an experience for others.

"In this article the categories of Fine Art, Folk Art, High Art, and Low can be forgotten. We shall simply take a trip to a village in the south of Ceylon, on the day of a *bali* ceremony. Our viewpoint will be one of an artist with open eyes.

"A *bali* ceremony, as it is popularly known, is a type of folk-religious service conducted to appease certain malefic demons who are said to cause illness and misfortune. The combined ritual noted as *Irumudunpidenna* and a *bali tovil* is a good choice for we can encompass a range of activities and experiences.

"We will arrive at the house of a young woman whose family is arranging this ceremoney for her. She has been experiencing a spell of ill-health and bad luck. Her case has been diagnosed by the village *kattadiya*, or ritual priest, as an action of a demon called *Kalu Kumara*, and this ceremony has been prescribed.

"At 9 a.m. the finishing touches are being applied to the offerings of food and flowers which have been made to propitiate certain demons or *yakkas* who are responsible for sickness and misfortune. The soft, pale yellow streamers of young coconut palm leaves fall from the various offering stands and altars used in the ceremony. The application and detail of the *gokkola*, or palm leaf decoration, is ingenious. In addition to the adornments of the ceremonial area, parts of the costume, head-dresses, fans, masks and other ornaments are made from this simple material. Set in the villagescape, this small, average house has become unique and exciting.

"The drummers have begun to tune and tighten the vellum of their instruments. The sick woman has taken her place on the verandah and the forty or fifty friends and relatives gathered have lowered their voices and fixed their places. Drum beats move from the irregular tuning to a rhythmic pattern and they increase in tempo as the *kattadiya* appears. A handful of resin thrown in a brazier of glowing coals produces thick white odorous smoke and the shrill descending note of a bamboo whistle announces the commencement of the ceremony. With great dignity which comes with the ability to do things well, Gomis, the *kattadiya*, dances like a bird through the rounds of ritual, reciting the sacred and powerful *mantra* in a soft and almost hypnotic chant. The rhythm of the drum and the lithe flowing movements of dance are clouded in the pungent resinous smoke of *dummala*. On the perimeter of the ceremonial area a young dancer stamps his feet and struts, forcing his bells and anklet bracelets to the increasing tempo of the drums. The dancer then moves from altar to offering placating the demons who have caused the illness and trouble. At the height of the building rhythm, the dancer throws a handful of resin in the flame of his torch creating a huge ball of fire. The drums are silent and the curtain which has been held between the patient and the dancers is dropped and the young dancer, impersonating a *yakka*, begins a long dance which builds in rapture. The dance eventually produces a wild, frenzied, trance-like state ending in a climax of total collapse. The dramatic

element is stunning and the power of elevating the senses and creating an experience is overwhelming. There is a respite, a meal and then the afternoon work begins.

"In the front of the house, the men and boys, perhaps forty of them, divide into groups and start chores of building and setting the stage for the rituals of the evening and night. Under the direction and guidance of Gomis, the dancers and drummers begin to create more costumes and properties of *gokkola* and flowers. It is in this corner in which these men are sitting that the most startling and imaginative creation occurs.

"On a bamboo frame, about 2-½ by 5 feet, a clay figure is sculpted in bas relief. A practiced and sure hand outlines the forms of the demon image. The artist's attention to the traditional appearance seems effortless and he incorporates the details according to the way he was trained. However, he arranges the figure and its accompanying symbols in a way which seems most pleasing to him.

"From village to village and master to master the ritual in the ceremony is often the same but the colour, composition, organisation and interpretation of the creation of this image always varies. What occurs here is an interesting aspect of art. It is a transformation of an idea, a legendary figure so powerful as to cause illness and bad luck, into visual reality.

"*Kalu Kumara*, the vicious Black Prince, who attacks unsuspecting young women, is shaped from the mud of the earth. He is being compounded into an image into which his spirit will enter while being propitiated. What is being so carefully created out of those simple materials at hand will be destroyed tomorrow at sunrise. And with it the cause of misery.

"The ceremonial ritual such as the *mantra* or chants, the order of events, the dance steps, the legend of the demon, and even the dimensions and shape of the altars, have been carefully prescribed in palm leaf manuscripts. In this way, exorcism has been perpetuated for thousands of years since the time animism was the only religion. The recorded tenets are followed like a playwright's script. Theatrical embellishments are developed, exchanged and borrowed over the years enriching the ceremonial performances.

"By evening three more altars have been built and they

are enclosed in a stage-like structure referred to as a *mal maduwa*. In the light of the lanterns and oil lamps, the palm leaf decorations swing in the air of anticipation. An even larger crowd has gathered: the tap-tap tuning of the drums has called the people to their places encircling the ceremonial area. Again the shrill bamboo whistle introduces Gomis and he begins to recite the *mantra*. The swaying of his body and the tone of his voice repeating the powerfully condensed magic sounds puts him in a semi-trance.

"This soothing, almost hypnotic dance continues for about two hours, building to a climax which introduces a torch dancer who carries on the faster tempo. This dancer juggles the blazing torches, throwing them into the air and twirling them like batons. Sparks and spinning man combine like liquid fireworks and move at such a velocity that he is reduced to a flecked blur.

"Rhythm is an intrinsic part of these propitiation and exorcising rituals, for it is the media which conveys the message to demons and evil spirits. It is the same conveyance which makes the ceremony appealing and effective to the villagers. Rhythm has a way of satisfying feelings which do not lend themselves to expression in words. It seems quite natural for rhythm to be the vehicle to release the fears of the unknown. When combined with visual images, decorations, and the pungent aroma of the powdered resin, this village rite can produce a tremendous dramatic effect.

"The *kattadiya* is not above satisfying the demands of the restless or the sleepy. He had introduced several comic interludes to make the legend palatable. About 3:30 a.m. the summoning of the *sanniya-yakka* begins. This is a performance of several masked and costumed dancers who act the part of the *yakkas* who cause sickness. For the most part they are horrible creatures, whose crudeness and vulgarity amuse the audience as well as frighten them with their gruesome appearance. The drummer, referred to as *gurunanse* by the *yakkas*, is the 'straight' man and the dialogue is sometimes quite snappy; such as the *yakka* who was coming from India via Air Ceylon, and was thrown out of the plane by the pilot; it seemed he pinched the air hostess while serving tea.

"As the night sky begins to turn blue grey and the mock

sacrificial cock starts to crow, the ceremony quickens its pace, for all the *yakkas* will disappear at sunrise. And with the brightening sky the clay image is carried in a small procession to the bank of the river. The *kattadiya's* assistants return to the ceremonial area to destroy the altars, offerings, costumes and other decorative materials while Gomis remains alone, chanting the last repetitions of the *mantra*.

"Walking up the path to the house we are surprised to find the verandah and the grounds have dissolved from their magic aura and have slipped back to their original setting. The patient, obviously feeling much better, is helping to clean up the refuse. The dancers and drummers have changed into their sarongs or national dress and have become indistinguishable. All traces of the event are gone and we, like the villager, can only refer to our memory and our various impressions: What we have witnessed has been an example of some of the world's oldest forms of dramatics, of plastic arts, and of dance. For all of us, it has been a fresh experience."

36.

THOMAS MERTON: "A BEAUTIFUL AND HOLY VISION" 1968

The well-known poet and religious writer was born in France in 1915 of an English father and an American mother. He was educated at Cambridge University, and did graduate work later in Columbia University, New York. He became a Catholic, and in 1941 a Trappist monk, entering the Abbey of Gethsemane in Kentucky. He was influenced by Blake as well as by St. Augustine and his writings are nearly all contemplations in various ways of the different stages of his religious experience. The best known are. The Waters of Silence *(1950);* Seeds of Contemplation *(1949);* The Ascent to Truth *(1951); and* No Man is an Island *(1955). His spiritual autobiography* The Seven-Storey Mountain *(1948) published in England as* Elected Silence, *became a best-seller. Though eremitic in life-style, he did not close himself to contemporary events and secular processes, and he lifted his eyes to make studied comments on the life outside the monastic walls. This developing interest, sparked off by Zen Buddhism, in the relations between Christian and Buddhist mysticism led him to undertake his Asian pilgrimage in 1968, in the course of which he met with his tragic and accidental death in his hotel in Bangkok on December 10, 1968, soon after visiting Ceylon. His last entry in his* Asian Journal *is for December 8th, four days after he left Colombo.*

This was Merton's first visit to the East, and his journal is a minute record of the people he encountered and his impressions of Asian cities and landscapes. The text is illustrated with his own photographs. He spent six days in Ceylon from 29th November–4th December 1968. His first two days at the Galle Face Hotel were empty of interest as he was compelled to observe the glazed and lack-lustre round of cosmopolitan life in the Mascarella Room and the Hotel Taprobane, where the bookshop became an oasis. His visit came alive in the train to Kandy on November 30th, and staying at the Queen's Hotel, he visited the Bishop of Kandy, the respected Buddhist hermitage, an ashram (Devasaranaramaya in Ibbagamuwa), spent an enjoyable afternoon in the Kandy Museum, and had the time to say evening mass and preach the sermon in the Cathedral on Saturday, December 1st. He spent the next day driving to Dambulla and Polonnaruwa, and returned to Colombo by train on Tuesday (December 3rd), before flying on to Singapore. "Kandy Express" was an impromptu pseudosurrealist poem dashed off in his notebook during his train ride to and from Kandy, and the two extracts together convey in essence the impressions of the six days in Ceylon. He left Singapore on December 6th for Bangkok.

From *The Asian Journal of Thomas Merton* (New York, 1973), pp. 222-228, 230-236.

"KANDY EXPRESS

Inward parcels
Outward parcels
(Chamber of Horrors?)
Lordly blue ponds.
Men standing in river pouring water over
themselves from beat-up pails.
Coconuts, bananas, everywhere.
A. Baur & Co. Manure Works (Kelaniya)
Grand Land Auction
Little boy in yellow suit too big hat walks
tracks with brother
Schoolgirls walk tracks
Everybody walks tracks.

"Trespassers on the Railway will be prosecuted!"

2nd class on Kandy Express much more comfortable than plane—entire compartment to myself—plenty of room, air, see everything, etc.

Enderamulla
Tall girl in green—lovely walks on tracks.
Bhikkhu with umbrella walks tracks.
"Please refrain from
Traveling on footboards
Keeping carriage doors open
They are dangerous practices.

"Ragama
Man selling papers chants like sutras
'Never drink cold water lest the souls in it be injured.'
(Digha Nikaya)

"Little boy in tall grass near tracks waves
back delightedly when I wave.

"Straw i.e. palm-mat flags scarecrows (or scaredemons?) in paddy.

"Train speeds gladly amid paddy and
coconut—saying 'Mahinda, Mahinda, Mahinda!'

"Buffaloes swimming, great muzzles
yawning up out of the green-brown water.

"Great train monster—Buddhabuddha!
Sawing everything down to tea's smallest leaf.

"High blue mountains begin to show
their heads in distance.

"Magelegoda. Buddha shrine on station platform.

" 'The people, pleased with one another and happy dancing their children in their hands, dwelt with open doors!'

"A white crane standing in sunny water
briefly shakes herself.
Another flies low over green paddy and alights.

"Now the creeks are faster—begin to have rapids.
Hills. Irrigation tanks.

"Ambepussa—slopes, tunnels, jungle,
Steep black rocks.

"A lovely swift-flowing river with large sandbanks,
Jungle covered hills.

"More coconut and paddy—bamboo and banana
Yellow robed bhikkhu walking away in coolgreen shadow.

"Far ahead—a big stone block of mountain
standing as monolithic as a fat lingam.
Polgahawela. (new station being built—obviously with endless delays)

"Rambukkana.
A new side to the same mountain—it is two.
An interesting and massive shape.

"White stupa in the midst of rice fields.
An enchanted dirt roads winds (empty) into the hills.
Train slowly climbs.
Spear pointed peaks to the north.
Peaks everywhere—
Sweet cool smell of vegetation.
Tunnels.
Rock cluttered mountainsides.
Now we look down a hundred or two hundred feet
to paddy in the valley below.
Rock pools shaded by immense green leaves.
Longer and longer tunnels.
Deeper and deeper valleys.
Lovely pattern of terraced paddy
Waterfalls. White thatched houses far below.
Looking back—lingam from other side.
We have climbed the flank of it.
Ranges of peaks behind us. Deep valleys.
Two small boys with bundles on their heads
stand on path and watch train.
Black cliffs shine with water.
Small houses buried in masses of red flowers.

Kadugannawa.
Three pigeons sit motionless on the tile roof.
Men setting out rice seedlings.
First tea factory I've seen yet (about 1000 feet)
Others follow.
Man and dog walk quickly through paddy.
Fresh paddy set out in shallow water,
full of cloud reflections.
Women washing clothes in all the creeks.
We go faster—going down—the streams are with us,
rushing down the watershed to Kandy
(It is 1.30)
Tea set out every where in the shade of coconuts.
Women in a stream cover their breasts as train passes.

"Graceful girl looks up at train, turns away, throws a bar of red soap in the grass, takes bucket and stands in stream, pours water suddenly over her head once—then moves out and does it again and again rapidly, vigorously. Her wet shift clings to her body. She is very beautiful—in her gestures. Little boy comes to stream with a tiny puppy and a string. Ties one end of string to puppy's neck, tethers him safely on the bank, goes to wash.

"Girl is beautifully cool and wet.
Boy flings clods of earth at tethered cow.
Woman scrubs another woman's back.
Bathers and launderers everywhere.

"Peradeniya Junction. Kandy soon.

"New white houses
Shady gardens
Red earth
We come to Kandy.

"University in valley
Stupa on mountainside
Temple on a ridge
Radio tower on the top.

"On August 3, 1858, Sir Henry Ward cut the first sod for the railway line from Colombo to Kandy and forever ended a

long drawn out discussion which had gone on for about 40 years about a proposed railway connection to the hills.

"Picks up spade, ends controversy.

"I now ride in car number 6700 (2nd class)
Amid the wet shadows of massive plantations and cocoa trees.

"Do not block corridors.
Proceed from talk to action.
'I am afraid, I am afraid, I am afraid of silence',
Said the Vicar General,
'I was afraid of those Trappists'.
Dark night of the soul:
'I too am disgusted:
But how avoid illusion'?

"What if the mind becomes one-pointed
And the 'one point' is then removed?

"Return journey—heavy rains—a line of red oil barrels—a crow flies down onto the rainy station platform—dances awkwardly along the edge, investigates a very wet sheet of newspaper. He tries to pick it up. It falls apart. He flies up again into the rain.

"At the place where the girls were bathing the river is now red and swollen with up-country storms. Rain falls—no human being is to be seen.

"The mountains are all buried in rain-mist. The valleys are full of it. The shadlows of palms rise up in it near at hand, then vanish in the clatter of a black cut full of ferns and cobras.

"Sanghamitta Poya. Full moon Poya day of Unduwap (Dec. 4) marks anniversary of establishment of bhikkhuism in Ceylon at Anuradhapura, by Arhat Theri Sanghamitta. 245 B.C.

"Rattling down the mountain the Kandy Express sings Tsongkapa, Tsongkapa, Tsongkapa...

Praise of Yellow Hats.
Mirigama East.
Pink orchids among coconuts.
Veyangoda.

"That which grew slowly toward me Friday
Flies rapidly away from me Tuesday.
I have seen that buffalo before
I have seen that boy before.

"No man twice crosses the same river.

"I have seen that felled coconut trunk before.

"We rush blindly
In a runaway train
Through the great estates
Headlong to the sea.
That same sea which Queen Victoria
By a miracle of steam
Changed into sodawater."

"I remember the Moslems' sunset gun going off in Kandy and shaking the bishop's house. And the evening I returned from Polonnaruwa the gun went off as I stepped out of the car and a thousand crows flew up into the rain by the Temple of the Tooth.

"Polonnaruwa was such an experience that I could not write hastily of it and cannot write now, or not at all adequately. Perhaps I have spoiled it by trying to talk of it at a dinner party, or to casual acquaintances. Yet when I spoke about it to Walpola Rahula at the Buddhist University I think the idea got across and he said, 'Those who carved those statues were not ordinary men'.

"I visited Polonnaruwa on Monday. Today is Thursday. Heavy rain in Kandy, and on all the valleys and paddy land and jungle and teak and rubber as we go down to the eastern plains. ('We' is the bishop's driver and the vicar general of the Kandy diocese, a Ceylonese Sylvestrine with a Dutch name.) By Dambulla the rain has almost stopped. The nobility and formality of an ancient, moustachioed guide who presents himself under a bo tree. We start up the long sweep of black rock, the vicar general lagging behind, complaining that he dislikes 'paganism', telling me I will get much better photos somewhere else, and saying they are all out to cheat me. ('They' being especially the bhikkhus.) Over to the east the black rock of Sigiriya stands up in the distant rain. We do not go there. What I want to see is Polonnaruwa. The high round rock of Dambulla is also quiet, sacred. The landscape is good; miles of scrub, distant 'tanks' (artificial lakes dating back to the Middle Ages), distant mountains, abrupt, blue, heads hidden in rain clouds.

"At the cave vihara of Dambulla, an undistinguished cloisterlike porch fronts the line of caves. The caves are dark. The dirt of the cave floors under bare feet is not quite damp, not quite dry. Dark. The old man has two small candles. He holds them up. I discover that I am right up against an enormous reclining Buddha, somewhere around the knee. Curious effect of big gold Buddha lying down in the dark, I glimpse a few frescoes but those in this first cave are not so exciting. Later, some good ones, but hard to see. The guide is not interested in the frescoes, which are good, only in the rank of Buddhas which are not good. Lines of stone and sandalwood Buddhas sit and guard the frescoes. The Buddhas in the frescoes are lovely. Frescoes all over the walls and roof of the cave. Scenes. Histories. Myths. Monsters. 'Cutting, cutting', says the guide, who consents to show a scene he regards as worthwhile: now sinners being chopped up in hell, now Tamils being chopped up in war. And suddenly I recognize an intent, gold-faced, mad-eyed, black-bearded Ceylonese king I had previously met on a post card. It is a wood sculpture, painted, some nice primitive fish were swimming on the ceiling, following a line of water in the rock.

"Polonnaruwa with its vast area under trees. Fences. Few people. No beggars. A dirt road. Lost. Then we find Gal Vihara and the other monastic complex stupas. Cells. Distant mountains, like Yucatan.

"The path dips down to Gal Vihara; a wide, quiet, hollow, surrounded with trees. A low outcrop of rock, with a cave cut into it, and beside the cave a big seated Buddha on the left, a reclining Buddha on the right, and Ananda, I guess, standing by the head of the reclining Buddha. In the cave, another seated Buddha. The vicar general, shying away

from 'paganism', hangs back and sits under a tree reading the guidebook. I am able to approach the Buddhas barefoot and undisturbed, my feet in wet grass, wet sand. Then the silence of the extraordinary faces. The great smiles. Huge and yet subtle. Filled with every possibility, questioning nothing, knowing everything, rejecting nothing, the peace not of emotional resignation but of Madhyamika, of sunyata, that has seen through every question without trying to discredit anyone or anything—*without refutation*—without establishing some other argument. For the doctrinaire, the mind that needs well-established positions, such peace, such silence, can be frightening. I was knocked over with rush of relief and thankfulness at the *obvious* clarity of the figures, the clarity and fluidity of shape and line, the design of the monumental bodies composed into the rock shape and landscape, figure, rock and tree. And the sweep of bare rock sloping away on the other side of the hollow, where you can go back and see different aspects of the figures.

"Looking at these figures I was suddenly, almost forcibly, jerked clean out of the habitual, half-tied vision of things, and an inner clearness, clarity, as if exploding from the rocks themselves, became evident and obvious. The queer *evidence* of the reclining figure, the smile, the sad smile of Ananda standing with arms folded (much more 'imperative' than Da Vinci's Mona Lisa because completely simple and straightforward). The thing about all this is that there is no puzzle, no problem, and really no 'mystery'. All problems are resolved and everything is clear, simple because what matters is clear. The rock, all matter, all life, is charged with dharmakaya... everything is emptiness and everything is compassion. I don't know when in my life I have ever had such a sense of beauty and spiritual validity running together in one aesthetic illumination. Surely, with Mahabalipuram and Polonnaruwa my Asian pilgrimage has come clear and purified itself. I mean, I know and have seen what I was obscurely looking for. I don't know what else remains but I have now seen and have pierced through the surface and have got beyond the shadow and the disguise. This is Asia in its purity, not covered over with garbage, Asian or European or American, and it is clear, pure complete. It says everything; it needs nothing. And because it needs nothing it can afford to be silent, unnoticed, undiscovered. It does not need to be discovered. It is we, Asians included, who need to discover it.

"The whole thing is very much a Zen garden, a span of bareness and openness and evidence, and the great figures, motionless, yet with the lines in full movement, waves of vesture and bodily form, a beautiful and holy vision. The rest of the 'city', the old palace complex, I had no time for. We just drove around the roads and saw the ruined shapes, and started on the long drive home to Kandy."

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF AMERICAN TRAVELLERS IN CEYLON IN THE 19TH AND 20TH CENTURIES

The bibliography, a congenial appendix to this book, seeks to display a comprehensive record of published accounts of travel in the island of Sri Lanka by American visitors of all kinds, ranging from Secretaries of State, Ambassadors, Consuls-General, and millionaires to run-of-the-mill tourists and articulate beachcombers. A variety of primary sources and unpublished documents, available in private and public archives, or library depositories, have not been included, as the bibliography is confined purely and simply to the printed and published record. Unpublished missionary impressions of life and travel in Ceylon may be found in the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions Papers in the Houghton Library, Harvard University. These include original letters from the Board's missions and letter-press copies of all correspondence issuing from the headquarters in Boston, from 1810. The *Records of the Prudential Committee of the American Board* in the American Board Archives at Congregational House, Boston, should also be useful. Examination of the files of *The Panoplist and Missionary Magazine* (Boston) from 1808-1817, later *The Panoplist and Missionary Herald* (1818-1820), *The Missionary Herald* (1821-March 1934), and finally *The Missionary Herald at Home and Abroad* (from April 1934) are likely to throw up fascinating personal reminiscences, letters and memoirs of missionaries attached to the Ceylon Mission. Despatches from United States Consuls in Ceylon from 1850-1948, in the National Archives, Washington, D. C., may also contain interesting observations and reflections on the passing social, economic and cultural scene in Ceylon.

It is relevant to point out that the cultural and economic relations of America with Ceylon, and the evaluation of its growing role in the affairs of the country in the first hundred years of British rule, have been subject to attempts at specialised analysis, and interpretation by at least three Ceylonese graduate students researching in American universities. These are *American education in Ceylon, 1816-1875: an assessment of its impact;* by Chintamani H. Piyaratne (Ph.D. thesis, University of Michigan, 1968. 632p.); *Christian Missions, theosophy and trade: a history of American relations with Ceylon, 1815-1915;* by Reginald L. Rajapakse (Ph. D. thesis, University of Pennsylvania, 1973. 496p.); and "American visions on Ceylon 1814-1914"; by Palliyaguru Sarath, a 26-page paper read at a Conference on Ceylon in the University of Pennsylvania in August 1967. They remain unpublished. I have not consulted the first two, but the third, however episodic and sketchy in treatment, provided certain insights into nuances of communication in the nineteenth century.

NINETEENTH CENTURY

1. ALLAIRE, E.M. A week with the Singhalese. *Outing Magazine* (Albany, New York). Vol. 31, no. 5, Feb. 1898, pp. 465-471, 8 illus; Vol. 31, no. 6, March 1898, pp. 568-572, 7 illus.
2. AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS. *Annual Reports.* Boston, 1811-
3. _____ *Monthly Papers & Quarterly Papers.* Irregularly published.
4. AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS. CEYLON MISSION. *Brief sketch of the American Ceylon Mission, with an appendix.* Jaffna, American Mission Press, 1849. 56 [2] p.
5. AMERICAN CEYLON MISSION. JAFFNA. *Minutes of the Special Meeting of the Ceylon Mission, held April and May 1855; on occasion of the visit of a Deputation from the Prudential Committee of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.* Madras, American Mission Press, 1855. 122p., front. (map).
6. ANDERSON, Rufus. *History of the Missions of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions in India.* Boston, Congregational Publishing Society, 1875. xvi, 443p. "Ceylon Mission, 1815-1873," chs. 7-9, pp. 129-193; chs. 17-18, pp. 327-363.
7. _____ *Memorial volume of the first fifty years of the American Board of Foreign Missions.* Boston, 1861. xiv, 462p.
8. BALLOU, Maturin Murray. *The Pearl of India.*

Boston, New York, Houghton Mifflin, 1894. ix, 335p. 2nd ed. (1895).
9. _____ *Due West, or Round the World in Ten Months.* 11th ed. Boston, Houghton Mifflin & Co., 1895. xii, 387p. "Ceylon," Ch. 5, pp. 125-149.
10. BARROWS, John Henry. *A World Pilgrimage;* ed. by Mary Eleanor Barrows. Chicago, A.C. McClurg & Co., 1897 479p., front., plates. "Ceylon," Ch. 35, pp. 417-430.
11. _____ *The Christian Conquest of Asia. Studies and Personal Observations of Oriental Religions.* Being the Morse Lectures of 1898. New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1899, xvii, 258p. "Christianity and Buddhism," Ch. 6, pp. 150-181.
12. BRIGHAM, W.Y. Natural History of Ceylon. *North American Review and Miscellaneous Journal* (New York). Vol. 95, No. 196, July 1862, pp. 129-138.
13. BROOKS, Phillips. late *Bishop of Massachusetts. Letters of Travel.* New York, E. P. Dutton, 1893. [4], 386p. Ceylon (March 1883), pp. 268-272.
14. CARNEGIE, Andrew. *Round the World.* New York, Charles Scribner's Sons; London, Sampson Low & Co., [1884]. vi, 306p., last edition. Garden City, New York, Doubleday, Doran & Co., 1933. x, 324p. "Ceylon," 1884 ed. pp. 166-183; 1933 ed. pp. 145-160. (First printed privately in 1879).
15. CARPENTER, Mary Thorn. *A Girl's Winter in India.* New York, Anson D.F. Randolph & Co., [1892], xi, (3), 240p. front., plates. "The Island of Ceylon," Ch. 4, pp. 34-56; "In a Singhalese Paradise," Ch. 5, pp. 57-73.
16. CONWAY, Moncure Daniel. *My Pilgrimage to the Wise Men of the East.* London, Archibald Constable; Boston, New York, Houghton Mifflin, 1906. viii, 416p., front. (port.), 21 plates. "Ceylon." Chs. 6-8, pp.108-173, 6 plates.
17. CUTLER, Ebenezer. *Life and Letters of Samuel Fisk Green, M. D. of Green Hill.* Compiled by E. Cutler. Printed for family friends, 1891. 456p., port., plate (facsim.).
18. DE GUERVILLE, A. B. A holiday visit to Ceylon. *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.* (New York). Vol. 37, no. 2, Feb. 1894, pp. 148-158.
19. DICKSON, J. H. A hundred years of Christian work in Ceylon. A brief sketch of the Ceylon Mission, American Board. *Harvest Field* (Mysore). October 1917, pp. 365-377.
20. ECKARD, James Read. *A personal narrative of residence as a missionary in Ceylon and Southern Hindoostan, with statements respecting those countries and the operations of missionaries there.* Philadelphia, Perkins & Purves; Boston, Benjamin Perkins, 1844, iv, 9 — 254p. Spine title: "Ten Years in Ceylon."
21. FLOYD-JONES, *Col.* De Lancey. *Letters from the Far East, being impressions of a tour around the world by way of England, India, China, and Japan during 1885-86.* New York, Public Service Publishing Co., 1887. xi, 277p., front., 10 pl. "Madras to Ceylon," Ch. 16, pp. 150-158; "Ceylon to Hong Kong." Ch. 17, pp. 159-169. The author, a Colonel in the U.S. Army, spent six days in Ceylon from 20-25th February 1886; and his description of Ceylon and the "native Cyngolese" is on pp. 153-161.
22. FORBES-LINDSAY, Charles H. *India: Past and Present.* Philadelphia, Henry T. Coates & Co., 1903. 2 Vols. "Ceylon," Vol. 2, Ch. 19, pp. 280-304, 2 pl.
23. GILLIS, Charles J. *Around the World in Seven Months.* Printed for private distribution. (Press of J. J. Little & Co., Astor Place, New York) [1891]. vi, 158p., front. (port.) "Colombo," Ch. 13, pp. 62-66; "Newara Eliya," Ch. 14, pp. 67-70. The author spent a week in the island before leaving on Christmas Day, 1889 for Madras.
24. HALL, Owen. A dead city of Ceylon. *Lippincotts magazine of literature, science and education* (Philadelphia). Nov. 1895, pp. 685-689.
25. HARRIS, Townsend. *The complete journal of Townsend Harris, first American Consul General and Minister to Japan.* Introduction and notes by Mario Emilio Consenza. New York, Published for Japan Society, New York, by Doubleday, Doran & Co., 1930. xix, 616p., front., 15 pl. "Ceylon," pp. 34-45.
26. HENSOLDT, H. A naturalist's rambles in Ceylon. *American Naturalist* (Philadelphia). Vol. 23, no. 272, Aug. 1889, pp. 690-707.
27. _____ *Zwei Jahre in Ceylon.* New York,

Druck der Cherouny Printing and Publishing Co., 1890. 51p. The author was attached to the School of Mines, Columbia College, New York.

28. HEUSKEN, Henry. *Japan Journal, 1855-1861;* tr. and ed. by Jeannette C. Van der Corput and Robert A. Wilson. New Brunswick, N. J., Rutgers University press, 1964. xviii, 247p., 8 illus. Ceylon (Galle) pp. 38-43; Notes, p. 233 (March 6-11, 1856).
29. HORNADAY, William Temple. *Two Years in the Jungle: the experiences of a hunter and naturalist in India, Ceylon, the Malay peninsula and Borneo.* New York, Charles Scribner, 1885. xxii, 512p., maps, illus. Ceylon, Pt. 2, Chs. 21-24, pp. 235-290, illus.
30. HURST, John Fletcher *Rev. Indika. The Country and the People of India and Ceylon.* New York, Harper, 1891. xix, 794p., front., plates, map (fold.), 5 tables. Ceylon. Chs. 24-26, pp. 244-272, 12 illus.
31. HOWLAND, *Rev.* S. W. *A Sketch of Jaffna.* Jaffna, American Mission Press, 1880.
32. JACKSON, E. Ceylon. *Overland Monthly.* (San Francisco) Vol. 3, no. 5, Nov. 1869, pp. 447-454.
33. LEITCH, Mary & LEITCH, Margaret W. *Seven Years in Ceylon: stories of mission life.* London, S. W. Partridge and Co. [1890]. viii, 170p., front. (port.), illus.
34. McMAHON, Rev. William. *A Journey with the Sun Around the World.* [Cleveland, The Catholic Universe Publishing Co., 1900]. 676p., front. (port), illus. "Ceylon," Ch. 14, pp. 142-152 (March 1898).
35. "Mission in Ceylon. Extracts from the Missionary Journal of Messrs. Warren, Richards, Meigs, Poor and Bardwell, commenced at Colombo, March 26, 1816." *The Panoplist and Missionary Magazine* (Boston). vol. 13, 1817, pp. 380-384; 421-425; 477-481.
36. MORTIMER, Favell Lee (Bevan) *Mrs. Far Off; or Asia and Australia described, with anecdotes and illustrations;* by the author of "The Peep of Day," etc., etc., etc., New York, Robert Carter & Bros., 1877, xv (2), 18-327p., front., illus. "Ceylon," pp. 261-272, 1 illus.
37. NEWELL, Samuel. "Mr. Newell's Journal." *The Panoplist and Missionary Magazine* (Boston). vol. xi, 1815, pp. 185-193, 234.
38. NORDHOFF, Charles. *Stories of the Island World.* New York, Harper Bros., 1857, vii, [8] — 315p., front., 2 plates, illus. Ceylon, pp. 151-239.
39. OLCOTT, Colonel Henry Steel. *Old Diary Leaves: the true history of the Theosophical Society.* Series 1-4. (1st series, 1875-78 (1895); 2nd series, 1878-83 (1900); 3rd series, 1883-87 (1904); 4th series, 1887-92 (1910). New York, London, Putnam, 1895-1910. The four volumes along with the later 5th and 6th series, were issued in a new edition by the Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras under the title *Old Diary Leaves: the only authentic history of The Theosophical Society* between 1928 and 1941 (1st series 1941); 2nd series (1928, 3rd ed 1954); 3rd series (1929); 4th series (1931) 5th series (1932); 6th series (1935).
40. PEEBLES, James Martin. *Three journeys around the world, or travels in the Pacific Islands, New Zealand, Australia, Ceylon, India, Egypt and other Oriental countries.* Boston, Banner of Light Publishing Co., 1898, 454p., illus. "Ceylon and its Buddhists," Ch. 32, pp. 388-406.
41. PHILLIPS, Clifton Jackson. *Protestant America and the Pagan World: the first half century of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, 1810-1860.* Cambridge, Mass., East Asian Research Center, Harvard University 1969. viii, 370p., front. (map), (Harvard East Asian Monographs — No. 32). "The First Venture, India and Ceylon," Ch. 2, pp. 32-56.
42. PRATT, Mara Louisse (formerly Mara Louisse Chadwick). *People and Places Here and There.* Boston, Educational Publishing Co., 1892. 2 Vols., illus., maps. "Ceylon," Vol. 2, pp. 103-133.
43. RICALTON, James. City of the sacred bo-tree, Anuradhapura. *Scribner's Magazine.* (New York). Vol. 10. Sept. 1891. pp. 319-336, illus.
44. ROOT, Helen I. *A Century in Ceylon. A brief history of the work of the American Board in Ceylon (1816-1916).* Jaffna, The American Ceylon Mission, 1916. 87p., illus.
45. RUSCHENBERGER, William S. W. *A Voyage Round the World; including an embassy to Muscat and Siam in 1835, 1836 and 1837.* Philadelphia, Carey, Lea and Blanchard, 1838, 559p. Sketches in Ceylon, Chs. 16-17, pp. 153-186; Ch. 19, pp. 201-210.

46. SEWARD, William Henry. *William H. Seward's Travels Around the World;* ed. by Oliver Risley Seward. New York, D. Appleton & Co., 1873. xii, 730p., illus. "Ceylon," pp. 319-322.
47. SHOEMAKER, Michael Meyers. *Eastward to the Land of the Morning.* Cincinnati, Robert Clarke & Co., 1893. vi, 241p., front., illus. "Ceylon, the Devil Dance, and the Upas Tree," Ch. 35, pp. 182-188.
48. _____ *Quaint Corners of Ancient Empires: Southern India, Burma and Manila.* New York, London, G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1899. xix, 212p., front., plates. "Ceylon," p. 9-13.
49. STARBUCH, Charles C. A general view of missions, III Ceylon. *Andover Review* (Boston). Vol. 6, no. 34, Oct. 1886, pp. 431-444.
50. TAYLOR, Fitch W. *The Flagship, or a Voyage Around the World, in the United States Frigate "Columbia"; attended by her consort the sloop of war John Adams, and bearing the broad pennant of Commodore George C. Read.* New York, D. Appleton, 1840. 2 Vols., front., text illus. Colombo, Vol. 1, Sect. 10, pp. 295-319.
51. [TUTTLE, Sarah]. *Letters and Conversations on the Ceylon Mission.* Boston, Printed by T. R. Marvin for the Massachusetts Sabbath School Union, 1830.
52. TWAIN, Mark pseud. (i.e. Samuel Langhorne Clemens). *Following the Equator: A Journey Around the World.* London, Chatto & Windus, 1900, 2 vols. Ceylon, Vol. 2, Ch. 1, pp. 11-22, 310.
53. WILDER, *Rev.* R. G. *Mission Schools in India of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.* New York, A. D. F. Randolph, 1861. x, 432p. "Schools of the Ceylon Mission," Ch. 7, pp. 283-339.
54. WILSON, Mrs. A. W. *Letters from the Orient to her daughters at home.* Nashville, Tennessee, Publishing House of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, 1890. 253p., front., illus. "Ceylon," pp. 176-187.
55. WINSLOW, Miron *Rev.* Notices of the people and district of Jaffna. *Colombo Journal.* No. 105, Jan. 12, 1833, p. 18; No. 106, Jan. 16, 1833, p. 22; No. 108, Jan. 23, 1833, p. 35; No. 109, Jan. 26, 1833, p. 40; No. 112, Feb. 6, 1833, p. 60.
56. _____ Remarks upon the Tamul religion. *Colombo Journal.* No. 82, Oct. 20, 1832, pp. 490-491; No. 85, Oct. 31, 1832, p. 509; No. 87, Nov. 7, 1832, p. 52.
57. _____ *A memoir of Mrs. Harriet Wadsworth Winslow, combining a sketch of the Ceylon Mission.* New York, Leavitt, Lord & Co.,; Boston, Crocker & Brewster, 1835. 408p., front. (port.)
58. _____ *Hints on Missions to India: with notices of some proceedings of a deputation from the American Board.* New York, 1856.
59. WOOD, William Maxwell. *Fankwei; or the San Jacinto in the seas of India, China and Japan.* New York, Harper & Bros., 1859. viii (3), 12-545p. "Ceylon," Ch. XI, pp. 104-122 (March 6-11, 1856).

TWENTIETH CENTURY

60. ABBOT, John M. The Buried City of Ceylon. *National Geographic Magazine* (Washington). Vol. 17, No. 11, Nov. 1906, pp. 613-622, 8 illus.
61. ALDEN, Jane *pseud.* Gift of Ceylon: Buddhist wisdom of the East perceived beyond a colour-barrier set by the West. *Asia. Journal of the American Asiatic Association* (New York) Vol. 25, Aug. 1925, pp. 656-664 illus.
62. ANDERSON, *Mrs.* Isabel. *In Eastern seas, with a visit to Insulinde and the Golden Chersonese.* Boston, Bruce Humphries, Inc., 1934. 351p., front., plates. "Ceylon: Forty Miles from Heaven," Ch. 7, pp. 126-153, 3 plates (6 illus).
63. ARVEY, Verna. Ancient music and dance in modern Ceylon. *Etude Music Magazine* (Philadelphia). Vo. 60, no. 10. Oct.-Nov. 1942, pp. 656-708, illus.
64. _____ Dance music on India's largest island. *Etude* Vol. 61, No. 1, Jan. 1943, pp. 54-65, illus.
65. AULT, J. P. Sailing the seven seas in the interest of science; adventures through 157,000 miles of storm and calm, from Arctic to Antarctic and around the world, in the non-magnetic yacht *'Carnegie'. National Geographic Magazine* (Washington) Vol. 42, No. 6, Dec. 1922, pp. 631-690, 47 illus., chart.
66. AYRES, George. Ceylon through American eyes. *Ceylon Commerce. Journal of the Ceylon National Chamber of Commerce* (Colombo). Vol. 4, No. 6, 1957, pp. 13-21.

67. BAGGERLY, Jean. Reminiscences of two expeditions in Ceylon. *U.S. Alumni Newsletter* (U.S. E. F. Ceylon). Sept.-Oct. 1958, pp. 7-10.
68. BECK, L. Adams. Mihintale: a pilgrimage. *Atlantic Monthly* (Boston) Vol. 127, Jan. 1921, pp. 89-105.
69. BECKMANN, Frank Harrison. *Dust of India.* Boston (Mass.), Stratford Co., [1937] x, 300-., front. (port.), plates.
70. BEEBE, Charles William. Gates of the East. *Atlantic Monthly* (Boston) Vol. 117, March 1916, pp. 332-343.
71. _____ *Pheasant Jungles.* New York, London, G. P. Putnam's Sons (The Knickerbocker press), [1927]. xiii, 248p., front., plates. Ch. 1. 'The Gates of the East', pp. 3-40, 8 illus. Mainly a description of the author's stay at Hambantota and his visits to the jungle to observe jungle fowl. Beebe was director of Tropical Research of the New York Zoological Society.
72. BELL, Laura. Ceylon. *Geographical Club of Philadelphia. Bulletin.* Vol. 4, Oct. 1906, pp. 36-45.
73. BEMIS, Albert Farwell. *A Journey to India 1921-1922: casual comment.* Boston, Privately printed (D. B. Updike, The Merrymount Press, Boston), 1923, xiii, 98p., front., illus. "Ceylon," Ch. 7, pp. 64-66, 11 illus.
74. BERNSTEIN, Jeremy. Profiles. Out of the ego chamber. *New Yorker.* Vol. 45, Aug. 9, 1969, pp. 40-42, 50-65.
75. BIDDLE, George. *Indian Impressions.* New York, The Orion Press, 1960. [12], 202p., illus. Ceylon (24 Nov-3 Dec. 1958), pp. 18-28.
76. BOLTIN, Lee. *Ceylon.* (prepared with the cooperation of the American Geographical Society). New York, Doubleday [1956]. 56p., illus.; 2nd ed. 1961. 64p., maps., illus.
77. _____ Ceylon, isle of gems. *Natural history.* (New York). Vol. 65, Feb. 1956, pp. 84-87, illus.
78. BORLAND, Beatrice. *Passports for Asia.* Photographs and maps by Harriet Borland. New York, Ray Long and Richard R. Smith, Inc., 1933. xv, [6], 318p., illus., 9 maps. "The Expedition Sweeps on through Ceylon and Burma," Ch. 10, pp. 155-181 (Ceylon, pp. 155-161.)
79. BOWLES, Paul. How to live on a part-time island. *Holiday: the magazine of leisure for richer living.* (Philadelphia). Vol. 21, No. 3, March 1957. pp. 41, 43, 45-6, 49, 143 & 145, illus.
80. _____ Letter from Ceylon. *Nation* (New York. Vol. 184, No. 15, April 13, 1957, pp. 330-331.)
81. _____ *Their heads are Green.* London, Owen, 1963. 170 p., front., 4 plates. "Fish Traps and Private Business," pp. 9-22.
82. _____ *Their Heads are Green and their Hands are Blue.* New York, Random House, [1963], ix, 206, (1) p., 16 illus. "Fish Traps and Private Business',, pp. 3-19. The two illustrations are of boats on the Weligama shore seen from the balcony of "Taprobane" (the author's winter home for a few years), and a Sinhalese villager dressed in a loin cloth with his hair hanging down his back. These pictures were omitted from the London edition the same year.
83. _____ *Without Stopping: an autobiography.* New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1972. 379p., 24 illus. Ceylon, pp. 294-335.
84. BREWSTER, Achsah Barlow. Ceylon the luxuriant. *Asia. Journal of the American Asiatic Association* (New York). Vol. 34, Feb. 1934, pp. 88-95, illus.
85. _____ & BREWSTER, Earl Henry. *D. H. Lawrence: reminiscences and correspondence.* London, Martin Secker, 1934, 31p. Ceylon, Bk.1, Pt. 2, 1922, pp. 46-51; Bk. 2, Pt. 2, 1922, Kandy, pp. 249-261.
86. BROWN, Meredith Mason. Sigiriya: palace of a God-king. *Saturday Review of Literature* (New York). Nov. 26, 1966, pp. 48, 53-54, 2 illus (1 col.)
87. BUNKER, Sydney K. *Rev.* Some reflections on the Jaffna family. *New Lanka: A Quarterly Review* (Colombo) Vol. 1, No. 4, July 1950, pp. 29-33.
88. _____ The Church and its missionary task in Ceylon. *World Dominion: an International Review of Christian Progress* (London) Nov.-Dec. 1952, pp. 325-329.
89. _____ Birds of Ceylon. *New Lanka. A Quarterly Review* (Colombo). Vol. 7, No. 2, Jan. 1956, pp. 77-80.
90. CALDWELL, John Cope. *Let's Visit Ceylon.* New York, John Day. [1960]. 96p., illus.; reprinted: London,

Burke Publishing Co., Ltd., [1967]. 96p. illus.
91. ———— *South Asia: Travel Guide.* New York, John Day Co., 1960. 252p., maps "Ceylon," Ch. 5, pp. 119-145.
92. CAMPBELL, Alex. *Unbind Your Sons; The Captivity of America in Asia.* New York, Liveright,[1970]. 366p. "Buddha's Island," pp. 108-112.
93. CARTER, Sandra. Getting Ready for a Stay in Ceylon. *United States Educational Foundation Ceylon. Newsletter.* April-July 1972, pp. 9-10.
94. Ceylon, Pink Pearl of the Orient. *Senior Scholastic* (New York). Vol. 68, May 3, 1956, pp. 10-13, illus, maps.
95. CLANCY, Carl Stearns. Ancient Capitals of Lanka. *Scientific American Supplement* (New York). Vol. 83, March 10, 1917, pp. 152-153, illus.
96. CONNELY, Marc. Letter from Ceylon. *Holiday.* (Philadelphia) Vol. 42. No. 6, Dec. 1967, pp. 51-54.
97. CORLETT, Dudley Stuart. Sacred Cities of Ceylon. *Art and Archaeology* (Washington). Vol. 13, April 1922, pp. 151-168, illus.
98. COTLER, Gordon. Ceylon: A Larger-than-Life Travel Poster. *Holiday* (Philadelphia) Vol. 47, No. 4, April 1970, pp. 40-43, 95, 6 illus. (col.).
99. COX, E.H.M. Polonnaruwa. *Asia. Journal of the American Asiatic Association.* (New York). Vol. 35, No. 10, Oct. 1935, pp. 596-597, 4 illus.
100. CRANSTON, Claudia. *I've been around: seen and heard circling the globe in six months from New York to New York, via Hawaii, Japan, China, the Philippines, the Dutch East Indies, Singapore, Ceylon, Bombay, Cairo, Naples, Genoa, Marseilles, Gibraltar.* Philadelphia, J.B. Lippincott & Co., 1937. 336p., front., 34 illus. "Ceylon," pp. 324-327, 3 illus.
101. CROWE, Philip Kingsland. *Diversions of a Diplomat in Ceylon.* Foreword by Viscount Soulbury, Illustrated by P.E.P. Deraniyagala. Princeton, N. J., Van Nostrand, [1956?]; London, Macmillan, 1957. xii. 318p., map, 16 illus.
102. ———— Down the Mahaveli Ganga. *Loris. A Journal of Ceylon Wild Life* (Colombo). Vol. 7, No. 1, June 1955, pp. 12-22.
103. ———— Trincomalee. *New Lanka: A Quarterly Review* (Colombo) Vol. 6, No. 4, July 1955, pp. 32-38.
104. ———— *Sporting Journeys in Asia and Africa.* Barre (Mass.) Barre Publishers, 1966. xii, 183p., 16 plates.
105. ———— Elephants of Ceylon. *World Wildlife: The Last Stand.* New York, Charles Scribner, 1970. pp. 15-22.
106. DANNHORN, Robin. Ceylon's Real Name is Sri Lanka. *Travel.* (New York). Vol. 141, Jan. 1974, pp. 36-41, 66, 68, 11 illus. (8 col.).
107. DAUGHARTY, Angela. Ceylon Fauna. *Times of Ceylon Annual 1966.* (unpaged). 7p., 13 illus. (col.).
108. ———— Three Tuskers and a Herd. *Tourists' Ceylon* (Colombo) Vol. 1, No. 1, Aug. 1967, pp. 37-40, 2 illus.
109. ———— The Veddhas of Dambana. *Times of Ceylon Annual 1963.* (unpaged). 11p., 17 illus. (7 col.). Mrs. Daugharty, a sociologist, lived with the Veddhas for nearly ten years from 1958, taking photographs and collecting information for a documentary film, besides observing the natural beauties and fauna of the island.
110. DE FOLO, Keith. In Batticaloa a Man Can Forget. *Times of Ceylon Annual 1967.* (unpaged). 5p., 11 illus.
111. ———— Wesak — a Night of Glory. *Times of Ceylon Annual 1964* (unpaged) 4p., illus.
112. DEWICK, E. C. Kataragama of the Jungle. *Asia. Journal of the American Asiatic Association* (New York). Vol. 29, 1929, pp. 371-377, 420-422.
113. DIX, Dorothy *pseud. My Trip Around the World.* Philadelphia, Penn Publishing Co., 1924. 311p., front. (col.), illus. Ceylon, pp. 306-311, 3 plates.
114. DOWN, Jack. Island Idyll. *Travel* (New York). Vol. 101, Jan. 1954, pp. 33-35; April 1954, pp. 17-20, illus.
115. DUNNING, Mary Parker. *Mrs. Marco Polo Remembers.* Boston, Houghton Mifflin, 1968, xi, 203p., front. "Ceylon, 1909," p. 78.
116. EGAN, E. W. *Ceylon in Pictures.* New York, Sterling Publishing Co., Inc.; London, Melbourne, The Oak Tree Press, [1967]. 64p., illus., map.
117. ELLINGTON, Edward Kennedy (Duke). *Music is my Mistress.* New York, Doubleday, 1973. 522p., front., illus. Ceylon, pp. 320-322, illus.

118. FEINBERG, Leopold. Firewalking in Ceylon, *Atlantic Monthly*. (Boston). Vol. 203, May 1959, pp. 73-76.
119. FISHER, Barbara E. Scott. Notes of a Cosmopolitan. *North American Review* (New York). Vol. 238, Sept. 1934, Supplement, pp. 6-9.
120. FLASH, Estelle. Easter in Ceylon. *Travel* (New York). Vol. 14, April 1909, pp. 310-311, illus.
121. FRALICK, Draper E. Ceylon: The Scented Isle. *Anglo-American Magazine*. Vol. 5, No. 2, Feb. 1901, pp. 129-132.
122. FRANK, Harry A. *A Vagabond Journey Around the World: a narrative of personal experience*. London, T. Fisher Unwin, 1910, xv, 502p., front. (port.), illus (photos) Ch. 12, "The Realms of Gautama," pp. 251-271; Ch. 13 "Sawdust and Tinsel in the Orient," pp. 278-288, 14 illus.
123. _____ Clown in a Ceylon Circus. *Harper's Weekly* (New York). Vol. 53. May 1, 1909, pp. 7-8.
124. _____ On the Road in Ceylon. *Outing*. (New York) Vol. 55, March 1910, pp. 724-735, illus.
125. _____ Passing Through in Ceylon. *Travel* (New York) Vol. 64., Jan. 1935, pp. 39-40. 44, illus.
126. Game Preserves, Beach Resorts, Temples, Jungle: Ceylon is a Discovery. *Sunset*. (Central edition). (Menlo Park, California). Vol. 144, Feb. 1970, pp. 58, 60, 62, 64, illus.
127. GARDNER, Mona. *Menacing Sun*. London, John Murray, [1939]. xx, 303p., plates, maps. Ch. 16, pp. 243-259. (A Tour of the Ancient Cities, pp. 247-259). In the American edition by Harcourt, Brace & Company, New York, the same year, this chapter came on pp. 271-289.
128. GASKILL, Gordon. Ceylon: Isle of Delight. *Reader's Digest* (New York). Vol. 71, July 1957, pp. 147-152.
129. GAY, Jennie Coker. Sigiriya, the Lion's Rock of Ceylon. *Century Illustrated Monthly Magazine* (New York), Vol. 86, June 1913, pp. 265-272, illus.
130. GILHOOLY, Peggy. Paying Homage to Buddha's Tooth. *Travel* (New York). Vol. 37, Sept. 1921, pp. 3-7, illus.
131. GILLES, Helen Trybulowski. Ceylon, Island of the Lion People. *National Geographic Magazine*. (Washington) Vol. 94. No. 1, July 1948, pp. 121-136, 12 illus., map.
132. _____ All the Fun of the Fair: Dondra's Famous Festival. *Times of Ceylon*. Christmas Number 1931 (unpaged). 4p.
133. _____ Pageant of Buddha's Sacred Tooth: Watching the Perahera Ceremonials at Kandy. *Travel* (New York) Vol. 58, Jan. 1932, pp. 25-28, 56, illus.
134. GOSTLING, D. The Bo-Tree of Ceylon and its Indian Congeners. *Metaphysical Magazine* (New York). Vol. 17, No. 2, Oct.-Dec. 1902, pp. 91-98.
135. GRAY, Fred L. *Zigzagging in the Orient*, 1921-22 [Minneapolis, Byron and Learned, c. 1922], 149p., map. "Captivating Ceylon, March 1922," pp. 118-127.
136. GREENBIE, Margarie Barstow. *In the Eyes of the East*. New York, Dodd, Meads & Co., 1921. xxxv, 420p., front., illus. Ceylon, pp. 390-394.
137. GROSVENOR, Gilbert M. & GROSVENOR, Donna. Ceylon, the Resplendent Land. *National Geographic Magazine*. (Washington) Vol. 129, No. 4, April 1966, pp. 447-497, illus. (col. photos.), map.
138. GRUNFELD, Frederick V. Paradise Island, Entire unto Itself. *The Reporter* (New York), Vol. 35, Aug. 11, 1966, pp. 36-38.
139. HADLEY, Leila. *Give Me the World*. New York, Simon and Schuster; London, Victor Gollancz, 1958. viii, 343p., front. Ch. 11, pp. 167-180.
140. HAHN, Emily. A Reporter at Large. Days at the Zoo. II—Elephants and Monkeys. *New Yorker*. Vol. 43, Sept. 23, 1967. pp. 96-109.
141. HALLOCK, Constance Magee. *This is India, Pakistan and Ceylon*. New York, Friendship Press, [1954], 24p., illus.
142. HANEMANN, Yvonne. A Stranger at a *Bali* Ceremony. *Times of Ceylon Annual 1964*. (unpaged) 4p., 10 illus (2 col.)
143. HART, Albert Bushnell. *The Obvious Orient*. New York, D. Appleton & Co., 1911, x, 369p. "The Paradise of Ceylon," Ch. 28, pp. 297-307.
144. HAY, Woodhull. Ceylon, a Summer Isle. *Asia. Journal of the American Asiatic Association* Vol. 25, March 1925, pp. 225-232, illus.
145. HECHT, George Joseph & HECHT, Freda Epstein.

Sightseeing Ceylon. *Travel* (New York). Vol. 111, Jan. 1959, pp. 21-23, illus.
146. HEISER, Victory. *An American Doctor's Odyssey. Adventures in Forty-Five Countries.* New York, W. W. Norton & Co., 1936. viii, 544p., front. (port.) text illus. "Snakes in Eden," Ch. 19, pp. 327-343.
147. HICHAR, Joseph K. The Sounds of Ceylon. *U.S.E.F. (Ceylon). Newsletter.* December 1963, pp. 5-7.
148. HOLMES, Burton. Over the Indian Ocean to Ceylon. *Ladies Home Journal* (Philadelphia). Vol. 26, March 1909, pp. 13-14.
149. HOLMES, W. Robert. *A Guide to the Islands.* Manipay (Ceylon), American Ceylon Mission Press, 1958. 14p., 12 illus., fold. map.
150. _____ *Jaffna, Ceylon.* Manipay (Ceylon), American Ceylon Mission Press, 1960, 21p.
151. _____ A Foreigner's View of Jaffna. *Ceylon Today* (Colombo). Vol. 9, No. 1, Jan. 1960, pp. 14-24, illus.
152. HOPKINS, Prynce. *A Westerner Looks East.* Los Angeles, Warren F. Lewis [1951], ix. 331p., 8 illus. Ceylon, pp. 50-54, 105-110, 160-163, 263-279.
153. HULL, William. On a Sojourn in the Island of Ceylon. *Times of Ceylon Annual 1956,* (unpaged), 2p.
154. ISEMAN, Peter A. Sri Lanka. *The Atlantic Monthly* (Boston) Vol. 233, No. 4, April 1974, pp. 18-20, 24, 26, 30, 32, 33.
155. JOHNSON, Eno Ham *(later Mrs.* Ely Eliot Palmer). *From Mexico to India.* [Madrid, V. Rico, 1918]. 153p., illus. Ceylon, pp. 151-153 (May 1-5, 1909).
156. KAUFMAN, Ernest D. English: The Language Adventures of an American in Ceylon. *U.S.E.F. (Ceylon) Newsletter.* Sept. 1967, pp. 6-8.
157. KELLER, T. M. R. von. Motoring in Ceylon. *Travel* (New York). Vol. 19, Sept. 1912, pp. 12-15, 50-52, illus., map.
158. KEYES, Frances Parkinson. Coral Strands. *Good Housekeeping* (New York) Vol. 83, Oct. 1926, pp. 32-33, 138, 141-142, 144, 146-147, 150, 153-154, 156, illus.
159. KINSCOTT, Jesaya & HEDGES, F. H. Strange Beds. Pt. IV: The Enchanted Ceylon City of Kandy; The Spell of Nuwara Eliya. *Japan: An Illustrated Magazine of Oriental Travel and Trade Development.* (San Francisco). Vol. 17, No. 2, Feb. 1928, pp. 7-9; Vol. 17, No. 11, Nov. 1928, pp. 13-15.
160. KIRTLAND, Lucian Swift. *Finding the Worth While in the Orient.* New York, Robert M. McBride & Co., 1926. xii, 462p., front., illus.; New & rev. ed. (1934). "Ceylon—the Fragrant Isle," Ch. 15, pp. 427-443 (in both editions).
161. KONOWITZ, Mordecai. Buddha's Footprint. *Appalachia* (Appalachian Mountain Club, Boston, Mass.). new series Vol. 30, No. 7, June 1964, pp. 33-43.
162. LAMBUTH, Walter R. *Sidelights on the Orient.* Nashville, Tennessee; Dallas, Texas, Publishing House of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, Smith and Lamar, Agents, 1908. 169p., front., 16 illus. "Jugglers and Snake Charmers," Ch. 22, pp. 148-153; "Buddha's Tooth," Ch. 23, pp. 154-158, 2 illus.
163. LA SHA, Peter. A Non-Buddhist Ceremony of the Sinhalese. *University Buddhist. Annual Magazine of the University Buddhist Brotherhood* (Peradeniya). 1958, pp. 39-44.
164. *Letters from Ceylon and India 1933;* [by "S"]. (New York, 1933) [67] leaves. (Mimeographed and bound in stiff blue covers, with title alone on the front). Copy in New York Public Library. Letters IV-VI (Jan. 1933), pp. (11-19).
165. LOCKWOOD, Edson C. & LOCKWOOD, Dorothy. *Glimpses. The Lockwoods* (1929-1968). [Madras, Thompson & Co. Private Ltd., (Minerva Press)., 1968]. 400p. Dr. Lockwood worked at Jaffna College, Vaddukoddai from 1936-1968. The diary is largely his wife's work.
166. LONGYEAR, M. Beecher. *Far Countries as Seen by a Boy.* San Francisco, Paul Elder & Co., 1916, viii, 168p., front., illus. "Touring in Ceylon," Ch. 7, pp. 74-90, 8 illus.
167. LORENZ, D. E. *The Round the World Traveller: a complete summary of practical information.* New York, Chicago, Fleming H. Revell, 1924. "Ceylon," Ch. 12, pp. 421-434.
168. LUBAR, Robert. Contented Ceylon *Life* (Chicago) Vol. 16, May 2, 1949, pp. 27-28 et seq., illus.
169. LUNDY, V. Journey to the East: sketches and comments. *Progressive Architecture* (New York) Vol. 45,

Dec. 1964. pp. 134-145.
170. MALONEY, John. Monkey Gossip from Ceylon's Jungles. *Travel* (New York). Vol. 87, Oct. 1946, pp. 16-18, 34, illus.
171. MATTHEWS, Franklin. *Back to Hampton Roads. Cruise of the U.S. Atlantic Fleet from San Francisco to Hampton Roads, July 7, 1908—February 22, 1909. Supplementary to "With the Battle Fleet."* New York, B. W. Huebsch, 1909, xiv, 292p., front., illus. "Ceylon, Where All Ships Stop," Ch. 13, pp. 255-277.
172. MERTON, Thomas. *The Asian Journal of Thomas Merton;* ed from his original notebooks by Naomi Burton, Brother Patrick Hart and James Laughlin. Consulting editor: Amiya Chakravarty. New York, New Directions, 1973. xx viii, 445p., front. (port.), illus. "Ceylon," pp. 211-245, 5 illus (29 Nov.—4 Dec. 1968). Also London, Sheldon Press, 1975.
173. MILLER, Clare Huston. *A Scent of Eastern Sandalwood: Travels in Ceylon.* Lancaster (Pennsylvania), Wickersham Press, 1909, 354p.
174. MOORE, Nancy. If it's Christmas, You Must be Santa Claus. *Holiday* (New York) Vol. 50, Dec. 1971, pp. 8-11 et seq., illus.
175. MORDECAI, Margaret. *Indian Dreamlands.* London, New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons Ltd., [1925]. [6], 401p. "Colombo", Ch. 3, pp. 17-26; "Tropical Sunshine and Rain", Ch. 4, pp. 27-36; "The Most Beautiful Spot in the British Empire," Ch. 35, pp. 387-401.
176. MORTON, Rosalie Slaughter. A Buried Civilization of Ceylon; Polonnaruva and Dambulla. *Scribner's Magazine* (New York) Vol. 41, Jan. 1907, pp. 24-36, 13 illus.
177. ———— City of the Sacred Bo-tree (Anuradhapura). *Century Illustrated Monthly Magazine* (New York). Vol. 73, April 1907, pp. 946-954.
178. MURDOCH, Helen Messinger. India and Ceylon. *National Geographic Magazine* (Washington) Vol. 39, March 1921, pp. 281-288, 8 illus (col.)
179. NORTON, Wilson K. Sigiriya, "A Fortress in the Sky." *National Geographic Magazine* (Washington) Vol. 90, No. 5, 1946, pp. 665-680, 14 illus., map.
180. Palm-Fringed Ceylon. *Christian Science Monitor Magazine* (Boston). Aug. 6, 1946, pp. 8-9, illus.
181. PANTER-DOWNES, Mollie (i.e. Mrs. Clare Robinson). Letter from Ceylon. *New Yorker* (New York). Vol. 34, No. 5, March 22, 1958, pp. 90, 92, 95-6, 98-100, 105-109.
182. Paradise of Paradox. Ceylon Rich in Nature and Legend is also Rich in Contradictions. Photographs by Dmitri Kessel. *Life International* Vol. 24, No. 10, May 26, 1958, pp. 39-52, 18 illus. (16 col.).
183. PARSONS, Jack R. Notes of a Fulbright Tourist in Ceylon: Weekend in Bandarawela. *U.S.E.F. (Ceylon) Newsletter.* Sept. 1968, pp. 5-6.
184. PEARSON, Henry C. *What I Saw in the Tropics. A Record of Visits to Ceylon, the Federated Malay States, Mexico, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, Republic of Panama, Columbia, Jamaica, Hawaii.* New York, The India Rubber Publishing Co., 1906 (8), 288p., illus. Ceylon (Letters 1-4) pp. 1-64, illus. The author's main interest was the rubber plantations, but observations on the people, scenery and customs are interspersed.
185. PECK, Ellen M. H. (Mrs. James Sidney Peck). *Travels in the Far East.* New York, Thomas Y. Crowell, 1909. xxi, 349p., front., illus. Ceylon, pp. 124-143p, 10 illus. (25 Jan.-8 Feb. 1908).
186. PENFIELD, Frederick Courtland. *Wanderings East of Suez in Ceylon, India, China, and Japan.* New York, Century Co.; London, George Bell, 1907. xvii, 439p., front., 54 plates. Ch. 2 "Colombo, Ceylon's Cosmopolitan Seaport" pp. 30-50; Ch. 3 "The Lure of the Pearl," pp. 50-91; Ch. 4 "Upward to the Shrine of Buddha," pp. 92-107; Ch. 5 "In Ceylon's Hill Country," pp. 108-125, 17 plates (incl. front.)
187. PERKINS, Charlton Bristow. *From Occident to Orient and Around the World, or from Grandeurs of the West to Mysteries of the East; descriptive of United States, Honolulu, Japan, China, Philippine Islands, Cochin China, Siam, Straits Settlements, Island of Java, Burmah, India, Ceylon, Egypt, Europe.* New York, Charlton B. Perkins, [1907] 264p., col. front., illus., fold. maps. Ceylon, pp. 222-228.
188. PICKENS, Vinton Liddel. *Serendipity.* New York, Vantage Press, 1964, 184p.
189. ———— Paint an Elephant. *Atlantic Monthly* (Boston). Vol. 202, July 1958, pp. 55-58, illus.

190. RAMALEY, Francis. Botanical Gardens of Ceylon. *Popular Science Monthly* (New York). Vol. 73, Sept. 1908, pp. 193-206.
191. REED, Milton. *The Golden Window of the East. Oriental Impressions.* Boston, Sherman, French & Co., 1912 [6] 222p. "Ceylon, the Beautiful," Ch. 18, pp. 211-216.
192. REESE, William Emmet. *Around-the-World Stories. Letters to Mickey.* New York, Exposition Press, 1952. xvii, 199p., front., illus. "City of Gems," Letter 56, pp. 173-175.
193. REITER, Rebecca. An American's Impressions of Ceylon. *U.S. Alumni Newsletter* (U.S.E.F. Ceylon) Jan.-Feb.-March 1961, pp. 23.
194. ROGERS, Clara Kathleen. *Journal-Letters from the Orient:* ed. with introductory letters and supplementary notes by Henry Munroe Rogers. Privately printed at the Plimpton Press, Norwood, Mass., 1934. xii, 420 p., front., plates. Ceylon, pp. 121-133, 5 plates. (6-12 Dec. 1903).
195. RYAN, Bryce F. Ceylon: Pearl of Southeast Asia. *The Nations of Asia;* ed by Donald Newton Wilber. New York, Hart Publishing Co., 1966. pp. 128-145, 9 illus., map.
196. ST. JOHN, Robert. *Once Around Lightly.* New York, Doubleday 1969, viii, 297p. "Ceylon: A Lovely Cup of Tea," Ch. 16, pp. 138-147; "Kandy: Luxury for 50 Cents," Ch. 17, pp. 148-154.
197. SCIDMORE, Eliza Ruhamah. Adam's Second Eden. *National Geographic Magazine* (Washington). Vol. 23, No. 2, Feb. 1912, pp. 105-173, 60 illus.
198. _____ Archaeology in the Air. (Sigiriya). *National Geographic Magazine* (Washington), Vol. 18, No. 3, March 1907, pp. 150-163, 11 illus.
199. SETON, Grace Thompson. *"Yes, Lady Saheeb." A Woman's Adventurings with Mysterious India.* New York, London Harper & Bros., 1925. xviii, 370p., front., plates. "Looping the Loop in Ceylon," Ch. 8, pp. 130-144, 3 illus.; "Where Buddha Sleeps," Ch. 18, pp. 292-310, 3 illus.
200. SMITH, Ethel Sabin. Ceylon Sidetrip. *Travel* (New York) Vol. 128, Sept. 1967, pp. 30-35.
201. SPEIGELMAN, Judith M. *Dayapala of Ceylon.* New York, Julian Messner, [1970]. 62 [2]p., illus. (photos).

202 TAPER, Bernard. Serene Satisfactions of a Visit to Ceylon. Travel and Camera (Des Moines, Iowa). Vol. 33, Nov. 1970, pp. 34-36 at seq., illus.
203. TAYLOR, Edmond. *Richer by Asia.* 2nd ed. Boston, Mass., Houghton Mifflin, 1964. xvi, 420p. (First published in 1947).
204. TRACY, Jane Allyn. *In India with Me.* Boston, Mass., The Stratford Co., 1928. [10], 238p., 6 plates, fold. map. "Ceylon," Ch. 27, pp. 228-238.
205. TREGO, Charles T. Ceylon's Kingdom of the Sky (Sigiriya). *Asia. Journal of the American Asiatic Association* (New York) Vol. 29, Sept. 1929, pp. 700-703, illus.
206. TRESIDDER, Argus John. *Ceylon: An Introduction to the "Resplendent Land."* Princeton, N. J., Van Nostrand, 1960. ix. 237p., front. (map) Asia library).
207. _____ Ceylon Snapshot: "An Up-and-Coming Little Country." *Ceylon Today* (Colombo) Vol. 1, No. 2, Oct. 1952, pp. 13-20, 13 illus., reprinted: *Ceylon Fortnightly Review* (Colombo) Vol. 6, No. 18, 29 Jan. 1954, pp. 15, 17; Vol. 6, No. 19, 12 Feb. 1954, pp. 17, 23.
208. _____ Seven Degrees North but a Mile in the Clouds. *Ceylon Observer Annual* 1951, pp. 43-47, 2 illus.
209. UKERS, William Harrison. *A Trip to Ceylon.* New York, The Tea and Coffee Trade Journal, 1925. 44p., front., illus., 2 maps. (Little holiday series). 1. "A Holiday Trip to Ceylon," pp. 3-15; 2. "Touring Ceylon's Tea-Estates," pp. 17-38.
210. Utmost India Isle. *Asia. Journal of the America Asiatic Association.* Vol. 20. Dec. 1920, pp. 1069-1076, illus.
211. VANDERHOEF, Francis Bailey. *India al Fresco.* New York, Davin-Andair, 1938. 170p., map.
212. VICKERY, Raymond E. An American in Peradeniya. *U.S.E.F. (Ceylon). Newsletter.* March 1965, pp. 6-7.
213. WALDO, Myro. *Travel Guide to the Orient and the Pacific.* New York, Macmillan; London, Collier-Macmillan, [1965] xxii, 711p., front. (fold. map), maps. Ceylon, pp. 424-438, map.
214. WALSH, William B. *"Hope" in the East. The Mission to Ceylon.* New York E. P. Dutton, 1970, 224p., 63 illus. (photos.)
215. WARFIELD, William. Anuradhapura, an Ancient

Eastern Capital. *Travel* (New York). Vol. 23, May 1914, pp. 12-15 et seq., illus.

216. WARNER, Mrs. Worcester Reed. *(earlier* Cornelia Blakemore). *Letters from Afar* [Tarrytown New York, 1916]. 181p, front. (port.), illus. "Colombo," pp. 91-94 (Jan 12-17, 1916).
217. WESTON, Christine. *Ceylon.* New York, Scribner, 1960, xiv, 162p., illus (World background book)
218. WHEELER, William Webb. *The Other Side of the Earth.* [St. Joseph, Missouri, Coombe Printing Co.], 1913. 208p., front (port.) illus. Ceylon, pp. 35-65, illus. (3-22 March, 1913).
219. WIEDEL, S. Gems and Wildlife in Ceylon. *Travel and Camera* (Des Moines, Iowa). Vol. 33, Nov. 1970, p.60.
220. WILBER, Donald Newton. *The Land and People of Ceylon.* Philadelphia, New York, J. B. Lippincott, [1963]. 157p. 41 illus., map. (Portraits of the nations series); revised edition [1972]. 156p., illus.
221. WILCOX, Ella Wheeler. Women of Ceylon. *National Magazine.* (Boston) Vol. 37, No. 5, Feb. 1913, pp. 906-909, 3 illus.
222. WILDER, Marshall P. *Smiling Round the World.* New York, London, Funk and Wagnalls, 1908, 330p., illus. "Ceylon: The Door-Sill of India." Ch. 19, pp. 262-281.
223. WILLEY, Harriet D. *editor. Welcome to Colombo.* Ratmalana, The American Womens Association, 1968. 54p.
224. WIMSATT, Genevieve. While the Ship Coals at Colombo. *World Traveller* Vol. 18, No. 9, Sept. 1926, pp. 36-37, 47, 54.
225. WING, J. Thurber. *Taliput Leaves. In the Path of the Sunrise.* New York, Mitchell Kennerley, 1921. xiv, 191p., illus. "Ceylon Fragrance of Temple Flowers," Ch. 5, pp. 73-81.
226. WOOD, Florence. Reader's Choice. (Kandy). *Holiday: The Magazine of Leisure for Richer Living* (Philadelphia), Jan. 1957, p. 28.
227. WRIGHT, Eugene. *The Great Horn Spoon.* With an introduction by Rosita Forbes. London, Jonathan Cape, [1929] 328p. "Compensations," Ch. 5, pp. 64-75. The American edition was published by Bobbs Merril Company, Indianapolis a year earlier. It was illustrated by Bob Fink, but did not contain the introduction by Rosita Forbes.

THE AUTHOR

H.A.I. Goonetileke joined the University of Sri Lanka (Ceylon), at Peradeniya as an Assistant Librarian in 1953, and was Librarian from 1971 to 1979. He holds postgraduate degrees in Library Studies from the Universities of London and Madras, and obtained the Fellowship of the Library Association of Great Britain and Ireland by thesis in 1966. At University College London he won the Cowley Prize. Mr. Goonetileke has been a participant at various international and regional conferences in cataloguing and documentation, and has contributed many articles to professional and learned journals. He is best known for *A Bibliography of Ceylon*, a major exercise in the exploration of the literature on his country, five volumes of which have been published so far. In 1973-74 he was a Senior Specialist Fellow of the John D. Rockefeller III Fund (New York). He is currently pursuing the theme of the changing image of Sri Lanka through foreign eyes, and the present book is one attractive facet of this research. He is presently an independent bibliographic consultant, and is fully engaged in bibliographical studies.