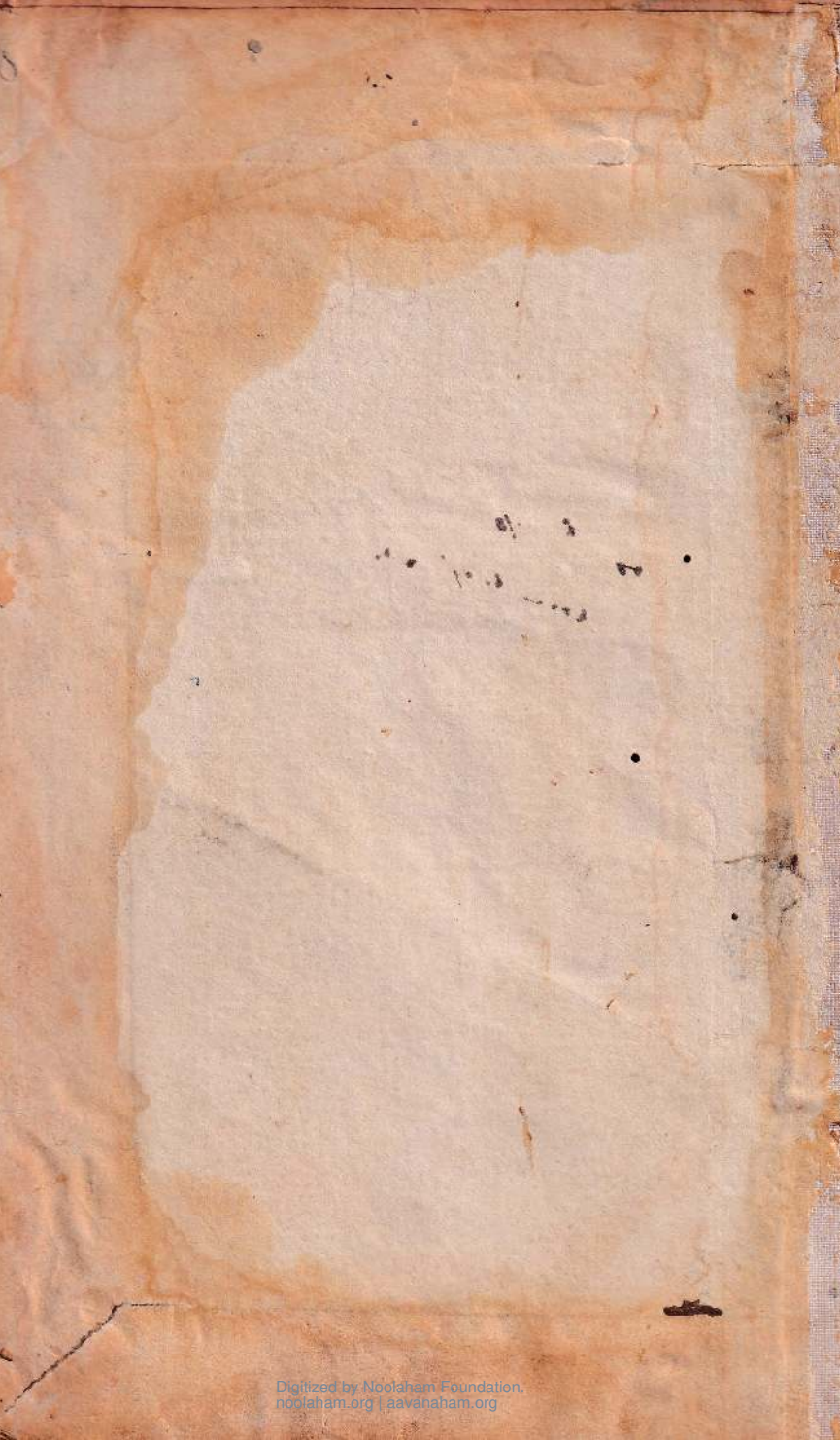
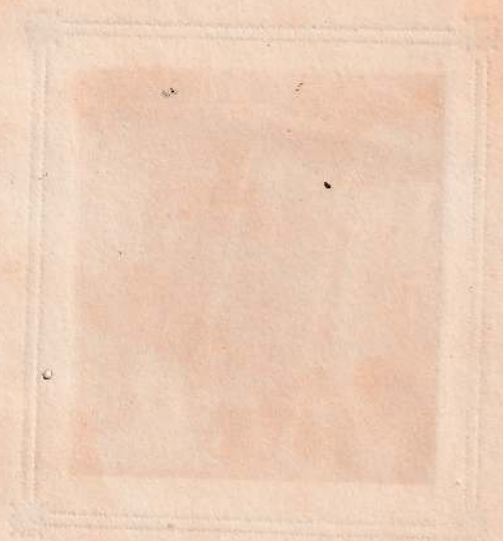


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—

M. Debarau

London

THE
CHRISTMAS DEBATES

OF

THE ISLAND OF CEYLON;

FROM THE TIME OF THE EARLIEST RECORDS EXTANT
DOWN TO THE PRESENT PERIOD;

WITH

NUMEROUS SKETCHES

OF THE

PRINCIPAL SPEAKERS, SONGSTERS

AND

SILENT MEMBERS.



Published by Authority.

COLOMBO:

JOHN MAITLAND AND CO., CHATHAM STREET.

1866.

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CHRISTMAS DEBATES

THE ISLAND OF GUYANA

NUMBERS 1-10

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P R E F A C E.



ANNO 29 ET 30. VICT. c. 1.

*An Act to amend and consolidate the Christmas Debates of
the Island of Ceylon, from the earliest period to
the present time.*

Preamble.

WHEREAS it has been very wisely suggested that the Christmas Debates of Ceylon should no longer remain buried in the obscurity of ancient files of Colonial Newspapers; and that the present is the most appropriate season for republishing them: **IT IS THEREFORE ENACTED** by the Editor of the Examiner, by and with the consent of his Executive Council, as follows:

Short Title.

1. **THIS ACT** may be cited for all purposes, as "*The Act of 1866.*"

Commence-
ment.

2. **THIS ACT** shall come into operation on Saturday, the twenty-second day of December 1866, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

Publication.

3. **THIS ACT** shall and may be published and sold by **JOHN MAITLAND & Co.** of Chatham Street, Colombo, at or for the price of Ten Shillings and Six Pence for each copy. And every person pretending or presuming to offer a smaller sum for the same, or claiming the benefit of a presentation-copy, shall be liable to a penalty of One Pound (of Tartar Emetic,—to be drunk on the premises).

Enacting
Clause.

4. THE Debates in the Schedule (A) here-
unto annexed, are, and they are hereby declared
to be, The Christmas Debates of Ceylon; any-
thing in the Roman-Dutch Laws, the Kandyan
Customs or The Mahomedan Code to the contrary
notwithstanding.

Illustrations.

5. THE Illustrations annexed to the said
several Debates shall be deemed and construed
to represent the person or persons, whom they
are intended to represent, and no other.

BY ORDER OF THE EDITOR,

FRANCIS FONSEKA,
Printer.

SCHEDULE A.

SCHEDULE A



Legislative Council.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

1860.

The *Clerk of the Council* having read the proceedings of the last meeting in a very inaudible voice,

Mr. *Ederemansingen* enquired whether it was not possible, by means of Keating's Cough Lozenges or other similar remedy, to remedy the inconvenience. (The hon'ble member read a few remarks on the subject, which we regret to say were equally inaudible.) Perhaps the Government Agent for the Central Province could be requested to read the proceedings, during Mr. Bailey's absence.

The *Governor* said that such a proceeding would be extremely irregular, independently of the very natural doubt whether the member alluded to would consent to resume an office he had long since abdicated.

The Government Agent, C. P., rose and was about to speak, but did not.

QUESTIONS AND MOTIONS.

Mr. *Nicol* wished to know whether Government intended to take any notice of certain unseemly remarks contained in a recent number of a Newspaper, reflecting on Members of Council generally and on himself in particular.

The *Colonial Secretary* begged his honorable friend to withdraw the question, as the matter was still under the cognizance of the Executive Council, and had been referred to the Major General and the Queen's Advocate, whose joint opinion would doubtless be ready to be laid on the table by next Christmas.

Mr. *Nicol* would then repeat another question, respecting which some discussion had already taken place:—"Whether there was any rule prohibiting the performance of Burial Service by a Presbyterian or other Sectarian Minister at the Galle-face Burial Ground."

The *Colonial Secretary* said he had made strict enquiries on the subject, and had found that no such rule was in existence. The oldest Clerk in his Office could not remember any. Nor could he conceive that such a rule could exist, except in the bigoted brain of the miserable and ignorant individual who prevented the burial,—he meant the Sexton. This Sexton, he understood, was an illiterate person, wholly ignorant of the Rules of a Burial-ground, and probably deficient in those manly and humane feelings which generally actuate clergymen and educated gentlemen. It was not surprising under such circumstances, that the individual in question should officiously, and under a mistaken notion of his power and importance, endeavour to exclude a Minister who was probably personally unknown to him as such. The original mistake consisted in such a man having been appointed to the office of Sexton, and placed in a position of trust and responsibility. He (the Colonial Secretary) would take care that such a disgraceful scene should not occur again—a scene which doubtless was as painful to the feelings of the Bishop of Colombo and the Chaplain of St. Peter's, as it was to honorable members around him.

Mr. *Ederemanesingen* said that these difficulties would not arise, if they followed the plan of burning the bodies.
(Laughter.)

The *Governor* wished to know whether in such a case the widow of a deceased party would be expected to jump upon the flaming pile.—(*Roars of laughter.*)

Mr. *Rust* said, he regretted to see anything that would interfere with the simple and beautiful Service of the Church of England, and this would be the result if a Scotch Clergyman were allowed to perform service over the—

Mr. *Nicol*:—over the reckless widow? (*Order, order.*)

The *Major General* said the Military would interfere in such a case.

After a few remarks from the *Government Agent, W. P.*, who was understood to refer to the remedy by Injunction (several of which had been recently served upon him,) the subject dropped.

Mr. *Lorenz* moved for a Return of the number of Speeches made by the Police Magistrate of Colombo during the year 1859-1860. He understood that a good deal of time was occupied by that official in delivering little addresses to the parties, the witnesses and the bystanders; and it would be useful to know whether by a judicious curtailment of these superfluities, some of the arrears in that court could not be cleared away.

The *Governor* suggested that it would be useful also to ascertain the comparative length of time occupied in speeches by the Practitioners as well as the Magistrate.

The *Queen's Advocate* said that now-a-days lawyers were not in the habit of making long speeches. (*Oh! Oh!*) He referred to the numerous cases decided in appeal. (*Renewed cries of Oh! Oh!*) The Judges had decided forty cases in one day. (*Roars of laughter.*)

The *Colonial Secretary* wished to know whether the honorable member was really stating a fact?

The *Queen's Advocate* would refer to his learned friends opposite.

After a pause, the *Collector of Customs* coughed.

The *Queen's Advocate* then rose to proceed with the Order of the Day.

THE RAILWAY BILLS.

The *Colonial Secretary* begged to lay on the table a Letter from Mr. *Molesworth*, stating that on further inspection of the trace alluded to in a previous letter of his, he found the Railway could be completed for about three pence farthing a mile, exclusive of rolling-stock and anchovy-sauce, for which a separate estimate would be necessary.

Mr. *Robertson* hereupon enquired whether the best thing under the circumstances would not be to give Mr. *Molesworth* and his Staff notice of the immediate termination of his engagement.

The *Collector of Customs* hoped the Council would do nothing of the sort.

The *Auditor General* said he did not see why the notice should not be given. They had heard enough of Side-saddles and Milch Cows, to render such a proceeding desirable. He was free to confess that some sympathy existed (probably in view of the old Nursery Rhyme) for *Cows* generally; and, for aught he knew, there might likewise be a pair of "crumpled Horns;" but that was no reason why the whole box and dice of them (*laughter*) should not be sent to "eat their malt" elsewhere.

The Ceylon Railway Dissolution Bill was then read a third time. On coming to the *fourth* clause, a debate took place among the legal members as to the antecedent to which the relative pronoun "*which*" was referable.—Mr. *Lorenz* contending that it referred to "*lands*," and Mr. *Rust* and the *Queen's Advocate* insisting that it referred to "immoveable property."

The *Governor* thought it made no difference, as lands were (as he believed) immoveable property.





The *Queen's Advocate* said that *immoveable property* did not always mean lands. In England *feræ natura* on an estate were held to savour of realty.

The *Acting Surveyer General* thought it savoured more of venison.

Mr. *Rust* said *fixtures* were also immoveable property.

Mr. *Nicol* wished to know whether growing crops, such as a crop of potatoes or onions, savoured of realty.

Mr. *Lorenz* said he must divide the Council on the pronoun.

The *Governor* said, he understand each of the honorable and learned members insisted on his own construction of the pronoun *which*. There were in fact three *which's* to be disposed of. He was forcibly reminded of a scene in a favourite play, wherein one of the speakers exclaims,—

—“ Say from whence are ye; or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way?

and looking also to the tenacity with which each of the honorable members held by his own, and the eloquence with which the position in each case was supported, he was almost tempted to continue the quotation by exclaiming—

“ You should be *women*,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.”

(*Rosers of laughter.*)

Mr. *Lorenz* hereupon withdrew his amendment.

RAILWAY DEBENTURES.

The Council then proceeded to the consideration of the *Debentures Bill*.

Mr. *Ederemansingen* wished to know the meaning of one of the terms used in the Ordinance. He alluded to the word “*coupon*.”

The *Governor* would refer the honorable member to the *Queen's Advocate*.

The *Queen's Advocate* said he was not a walking Dictionary; but if the hon'ble member would apply to him after Council, for an opinion, in the regular manner, he would attend to it.

The *Treasurer* said that while other Ordinances commenced with the words "*And it is therefore enacted,*" the present commenced with "*Be it therefore enacted.*" Was there any hidden meaning in the alteration?

The *Colonial Secretary* said he was going to ask the same question.

(The alteration was agreed to.)

The Bill then passed the third reading.

SUPPLIES.

A very desultory debate arose out of the various items proposed to be struck out. The Peradenia vote was, after a few good-humoured remarks, finally agreed to.

The *Major General* then rose and said that unaccustomed as he was to public speaking, he felt it his duty to say a few words on behalf of the gallant officers, whose allowances were proposed to be reduced. He was not one of those visionary theorists, who, like Sir Charles Napier, believed that a soldier could exist on a slice of bread, a pair of spurs and a cake of soap. (*Hear, hear,* from Mr. *Caulfeild.*) He thought that a soldier, and by the term soldier he meant also an officer, ought to be well fed, comfortably housed, cleanly drest, and furnished with sufficient pocket-money to enable him to face society with ease, grace and also a small amount of perfumery. He did not wish to dwell upon this subject at any great length. The thing was self-evident. He would therefore move to insert the items.

The *Treasurer* had great pleasure in seconding the motion.

Mr. *Nicol* said he had no objection to allow a few shillings for the soap, which was sometimes necessary; but he cer-

tainly objected to the house-rent and the perfumery. The Island allowances were intended to cover house-rent and candles, (and a pound of tallow-candles would supply pomatum for several years;) and we are now asked to pay the house-rent and pomatum—he begged pardon, he meant the house-rent and candles,—in addition to the Island-allowances. By and bye, we might be called upon to pay for milch-cows and anchovy-paste as well. Where was this to end?

Mr. *Rust* said that he fully agreed with Sir Charles Napier. He thought a few suits of clothes, a piece of soap, a pound of candles and a little manual of useful receipts, in the style of "Enquire within upon Everything," were all that was sufficient to be provided for—

The *Major General* here interrupted the honorable member, and said he spoke "bosh."

Mr. *Rust* said he did not speak *bosh*.

The *Surveyor General* reminded hon'ble members that it was Christmas-Eve.

The *Collector of Customs* wished the Council many happy returns of the day.

The *Governor* was charmed with the idea, and said he would shake hands all round for the present, and discuss the question on some other day. [*Motion agreed to.*]

CHRISTMAS EVE,

1861.

A special meeting of the Council was summoned for this day at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 10 p. m. All the Members were present. We (of the public Press) were rather pleasingly surprised at finding on our respective tables, a small hamper, containing a plate of Sandwiches and a pint of Small Beer, with a card attached, containing in a neat but bold handwriting the words "With Mr. Gibson's kind regards." We experienced some delicacy in meddling with the contents of the hamper, especially as we observed that our contemporary of the Observer having sniffed at the bottle allotted to him, immediately put it under his chair with a look of intense disgust. But following the example set by our brother of the Times, whom we found audibly smacking his lips and wiping his tears of joy and satisfaction with a coloured pocket handkerchief, we applied our lips to the bottle (no glasses being provided), and looking with affection *towards* the donor, and bowing likewise, we absorbed a quantity of the contents. It was our misfortune more than our fault, that we immediately afterwards involuntarily exclaimed "Hooray for Gibson!", and received as our reward a most withering glance from the Clerk of Council, which we then and there returned with a combination of looks and gestures expressive of the feeling—"that we didn't care a brass-farthing for *him*; who the d---v---l was he? and what right had he to interfere between us and the Council:—psh!"

Having pointed our pencil, and arranged our slips, ready for action, we said "Now then!". The Governor thereupon proceeded to explain the object of the present meeting.

His Excellency remarked that he had done himself the honour of summoning the present meeting, at an unusual time indeed, but not (he hoped) without an object which would commend itself to honorable members. There were several questions which had arisen during the past session of Council, which he regretted to say were inconvenient at the time, and had accordingly been slurred over or allowed to subside. Some necessity however existed for a decision on each of these questions; for though himself willing to tide over the difficulty and to be at peace with all men, so that (in the words of a well-known Irish Poet,)

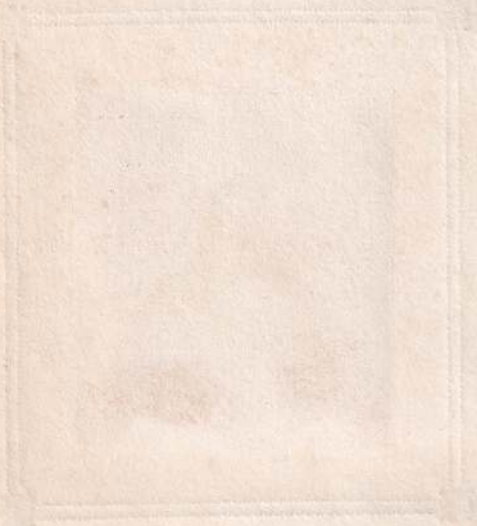
" The current of our lives may be
Like these sweet flowers on thee; "

yet as the well-being of the Council was to a certain extent affected by the doubt existing, and the action of members somewhat hampered, it was as well that he should take advantage of a cheerful moment of time to secure a correct understanding of the various differences, and if possible a determination of the disputes. The Colonial Secretary would propose several questions for discussion; and he trusted that members would approach the consideration of them in the same happy spirit in which they had discussed other questions during the Session. As for himself, he would reserve his opinions till the members had stated their several opinions, and then endeavour to sum up the case before putting the question to the vote. He was himself inclined to commence proceedings at once, but in order to anticipate all difficulties, he thought a slight departure from the rules of procedure would not be objected to. He would therefore call upon the Auditor General for a song.

The *Auditor General* begged to be excused. He was suffering from a severe cold.

Mr. *Rust* rose to order. He thought the *Governor's* ruling was final. He (Mr. *Rust*) insisted upon the Song.





The *Treasurer* here rose and offered to play an accompaniment on the pewter inkstand before him (*Hear, Hear,* from Mr. *Coomara Swamy.*)

Mr. *Lorenz* said—"Surely, my dear Sir, surely."

The *Auditor* hereupon consented, and in a fine mellow tone commenced—

THE AUDITOR'S SONG.

AIR:—*Canadian Boat-Song.*

1

Loudly as booms the evening gun,
Our Bills are complete and our work is done;
Soon as we hear the cock's shrill crow,
We'll take up our hats, and away we'll go!
Go! Brothers, Go! with a hip, hip, Hooray!
We'll all meet again next April or May.

2

Why should the Council be longer delayed,
There's not a motion remains to be made?
But when the President's pleased to dismiss us,
Oh! gaily will each of us rush to his Missus!
Crow, Brothers, Crow! with a Ram-tittle-ti!
If we dont meet in June, we shall meet in July.

After the applause which followed this excellent performance, and in which all the three Editors joined most lustily (in spite of the Clerk of the Council, who wanted to have it all to himself, but we would'nt let him,) the *Colonial Secretary* observed that his honorable friend had rather anticipated the proceedings, but they were obliged to him all the same. He would now suggest that the Council should go into Committee for the purpose of discussing the first question on the paper, viz: What were the prerogatives of the President and the several Members of Council? But before putting the question, he would, with His Excellency's permission, give them a song. (*Loud cheers from all the members.*)

THE COLONIAL SECRETARY'S SONG.

AIR:—*Drink to me only.*

Verse 1

(Addressed to the Official Members only.)

Look to me only, with thine *eyes*,
 And I will lead the way,
 Or if you choose to turn up your *noes*,
 You had better keep away.
 The Queen's Instructions rule it so,
 And these you are bound to follow,
 Or by Jove! I'll settle your hash for you,
 With a whack! and a right fol-de-rol, oh!

Verse 2

(Addressed to the Un-Official Members.)

I lately spoke a gentle speech,
 Not so much honouring you,
 As giving a hint for future times,
 As to what you *may not* do;
 But you thereon got mighty brave,
 And refused the rule to follow;
 But as Christmas is nigh, let it all pass by,
 With a whack! and a right fol-de-rol, oh!

(Hear, Hear, from Mr. Lorenz, and general cheering from all the other members.)

The Council then went into Committee upon the

PREROGATIVE QUESTION.

Mr. *Dias* moved that the question of the President's Prerogative be adjourned for this day six months.

The *Queen's Advocate* suggested "this day *twelve*-months."

The *Colonial Secretary* said that was the very question they had met together this day to decide.

The *Queen's Advocate* begged the honorable member's pardon. There were a great many other prerogatives to be decided. It was impossible to raise the one question without at the same time raising the others. For instance his hono-

rable friend opposite (the Government Agent, C. P.) was prepared to discuss the right of members to vote according to their own convictions. (*Hear, hear.*)

The Member thus alluded to wished to say a few words; and as the members, who had already spoken, had done so in verse, and (he was bound to say) very good verse, he would follow their example. (*Loud cheers.*)

MR. BRAYBROOKE'S SONG.

AIR:—*Smart Young Bachelors.*

1

Here we are, a jolly lot,
Queer Legislators!
All required to give their vote,
Whether they like to give it or not,
Plumpudding cold or plumpudding hot,
Queer Legislators!

2

When our Chief suggests a measure,
Queer Legislators!
We discuss it at our leisure.
We amend it at our pleasure,
Then we yield to higher pressure,—
Queer Legislators!

3

We, supposed to vote supplies!
Queer Legislators!
When the Bill before us lies,
Should a Member chance to rise,
And *suggest*—why, bless my eyes!
Where's your Legislators?

4

What a life 't would be to us,
Queer Legislators!
If without this needless fuss,
Gibson only minds the purse,
Leaving others to discuss
Chops and Potatoes!

The *Major General* while warmly applauding the song, deprecated the personalities involved in the last verse. Having got through the Military question satisfactorily, and he was bound to add that it was a fair fight, (*loud cheers*) he saw no necessity for prolonging discussions which had better be left alone at the present season of the year. He was himself inclined to postpone the discussion indefinitely. It was an amateur question,—a species of volunteer-drill, unprofitable to the country and hurtful to the digestion of the parties concerned. In the meantime would any of the unofficial gentlemen sing them a song? Any little thing, a catch or a short glee, or even a piece of recitation, would be acceptable.

Mr. *Rust* begged to assure the honorable and gallant member that he had never travelled beyond the Old Hundredth. (*Laughter.*)

The *Surveyor General* said—"Let's have it then, by all means." (*Renewed Laughter.*)

The *Major General* suggested that Mr. Coomara Swamy should commence.

Mr. *Coomara Swamy* put it to his honorable friends around him whether they thought he had a singing face.

Mr. *Lorenz* thought he had; and offered to make a sketch of it then and there; whereupon Mr. Coomara Swamy was observed to cover his face with a white pocket-handkerchief.

Mr. *Nicol* hereupon volunteered a song, and was met with prolonged cheering.

MR. NICOL'S SONG.

AIR.—*The fine old English Gentlemen.*

1

I'll sing you a fine new song, made by a fine young pate,
 Of a fine young Coffee Planter, who had a fine Estate;
 And who paid his gang of coolies at a bountiful old rate,
 And produced an average crop of sixteen hundred-weight,
 Like a fine young Coffee-planter, all of the modern time.

2.

His land was free from weeds and bug, his trees were stout and green;
 His appetite was very good, his tongue was always clean;
 He treated all his coolies well, and seldom kicked or beat 'em,
 And though he never crimped a man, he never failed to get 'em,
 Like a fine young Coffee Planter, all of the modern time.

3

But crops, when large, are heavy too, and difficult to carry,
 And roads and bridges are preferred to jungle-path and ferry;
 And while he pays his taxes, on food and crop and bandy,
 He cannot see why Government should refuse him a road to Kandy,
 Says this fine young Coffee Planter, all of the modern time.

4

Now surely it were better far, in lieu of Priest and Judges,
 To vote a good round sum, to make a few more roads and bridges;
 And much more economical; for the Planter rules and preaches
 Where neither Judge nor Priest can go for fear of Thorns & Leeches;
 Then Hurrah for the Coffee Planter, all of the modern time.

The *Colonial Secretary* after expressing his profound admiration of the song so ably sung by his honorable friend opposite, said it nevertheless contained sentiments of a most dangerous tendency, and which he thought were opposed not only to the policy of the Government, but to the Civil Service Minute of 1798 published in the Ceylon Almanac of that year. He thought they were happy enough as they were, and ought not to give way to any innovations, whether proposed by Planters or Superintendents. In fact he thought it was a great pity, now that the Council were in the singing vein, some honourable member did not feel disposed to sing "All's Well." Perhaps his honourable friend the Collector of Customs would do them the pleasure.

The *Collector of Customs* had no hesitation in saying that All was *not* well with him. He would point to an honorable member opposite.

The *Surveyor General*, being thus unceremoniously pointed at, said that he couldn't think what he had done to be

made the butt of any body's jokes. He had always been a meek, genial and harmless person, and ought to be the last person to be suspected of any violence. It was true that he was large in his physical proportions; but was there anything in his appearance to indicate anything like mental agility or excessive hilarity?

Mr. *Dias* hereupon said that if the honorable and gallant member would favour them with a song, he (Mr. *Dias*) would follow. (*Hear, hear.*)

The *Surveyor General* then sang as follows:—

CAPTAIN SIM'S SONG.

AIR:—*All's Well.*

I

Distracted by MacCarthy's frown,
When Gibson cuts the Schedules down;
On maps and plans and blank field-books,
The Captain casts his mournful looks;
And should some Member haply stray,
Where Winzer keeps the guarded way;
"Who goes there? Stranger quickly tell!
"Lorenz?—My friend! Good night; All's well."

2

Or sailing up the stairs so steep,
Where often peons are found asleep,
The Captain quietly takes his chair,
And gallantly adjusts his hair;
Then while he ponders on Supplies,
A well-known figure meets his eyes;
"Who goes there? Stranger, quickly tell!
"Neil Keith?—By jove! Good night; All's well."

(*Loud sobs from the Un-official Members.*)

Mr. *Dias* here rose and said that his nerves were so completely unstrung by the last performance, that he must ask his honorable friend Mr. *Coomara Swamy* to say something or do something, or even to get up and sit down again, until he (Mr. *Dias*) could recover his spirits.





Mr. *Coomaraswamy* begged to say he would do no such thing.

The *Queen's Advocate* suggested that the honorable member might at least propose a sentiment.

Mr. *Coomaraswamy* said he was not given to sentiment; but had come there to legislate.

Mr. *Lorenz* rose to explain. A sentiment was a sentiment, and was by no means synonymous with sentimentality.

Mr. *Coomaraswamy* quite understood the distinction now, and would therefore propose as follows: (*hear, hear.*) "I propose Paddy O'Blarney's toast:—'Arrah! may we live all the days of our lives!' (*Loud cheers.*) May we keep our eyes shut and our mouths open! (*Laughter.*) May we always part with regret, but meet again with pleasure! (*Hear, hear.*) May the turnpike road to happiness be free from toll, like the road to *Nawelle* via *Kinde*! (*Loud dissent from the Government Agent W. P.*) May our path through Council be as free from prerogatives, as the path of the Governor from protests! (*Hisses from the official benches.*) May we always look forward for better things, and never be contented with the present! (*Mingled cheers and hisses.*) May the devil take the hindmost! (*Loud cheers.*) May those that are single find wives to their minds, (*hear, hear, from Mr. Braybrooke,*) and those that are married live happy! (*cheers from all the other members.*)

Mr. *Dias* rose, and looking hard at Mr. *Braybrooke*, and thinking also of one or two other Provinces, sang as follows:

MR. DIAS'S SONG.

AIR:—*The Pope he leads a kappy life.*

1

The Agent leads a happy life,
 No care has he, nor wedded strife;
 He gets of the best wherever he goes,
 Oh! I wish I were in the Agent's shoes!
 Yet all's not pleasure in this life,
 He has no child or wife—

The *Surveyor General* here rose to order. He really thought that the joke had been carried far enough. No man was safe under these circumstances. The honorable member would probably look next towards this end of the table.

Mr. *Dias* would have no objection to change the burden. (*Hear, Hear.*)

MR. DIAS' SONG.

(Second Edition.)

AIR:—*Simon the Cellarer.*

1

Old Saunders the Treasurer keeps rare store
 Of money, in silver and gold,
 Of Bank-notes and Copper and Government Drafts,
 And heaps of treasure untold;
 Of Blank Stamps and Bill Stamps he never doth lack,
 And his penny-stamps never want glue on the back;
 Yet it does not appear to have struck old Sandy,
 That a few perforations would make them more handy;
 But ho! ho! ho! old Saunders doth know
 That these slight perforations are not the go!

2

For Gibson, he sits in his own still room,
 Just round by the left hand door;
 And he tots up the figures, and finds that the work
 Will cost a few thousands more!
 Now there's a small voice always dinning his ear,
 "It is only a few thousand pounds, my dear!"
 But Gibson says No! the sum is not small,
 And we *must* pay the Railway-debt, interest and all.
 But ho! ho! ho! old Gibson should know,
 That small perforations are always the go.

3

So Saunders remains on the Treasury chair,
 And cuts out the stamps with a knife,
 And Gibson is often heard to declare
 These Radicals bother his life.

But Saunders will alter some day his intention,
 And Gibson will soon get his knighthood and Pension;
 And while thankful to both, for their thirty years labours,
 And sorry to part from such trusty old neighbours;
 Yet ho! ho! ho! their successors will show
 What small perforations in th' service will do.

The *Treasurer* here rose and said that 'pon his honour, this was too bad. He really must appeal to the Chair whether it was *his* fault that postage-stamps had not been perforated? He thought that the Chairman ought to rule the member as out of order.

Mr. *Lorenz* rose to speak on the question of ruling.

The *Major General* said that the Governor alone ought to rule; and he (the Major General) would accordingly sing something to the point (*Hear, hear.*)

THE MAJOR GENERAL'S SONG.

AIR:—*Rule Britannia.*

When Justin first to Lanka's shore,
 His Royal Warrant bore,
 He did such good to all the land,
 They wish'd he'd do some more.
 And now secure on Lanka's throne,
 With Peace and Plenty round him;
 May he remain as happy now,
 As Lanka's shores first found him.

• Rule, MacCarthy! MacCarthy rules the plain,
 Members never, never, never should complain.

The honorable and gallant member here interposed a few remarks as to the last two lines, which the exigencies of Rhyming might have rendered rather unintelligible; but he trusted the sense was clear enough. (*Hear, hear.*)

Just as he was about to begin the second verse, the Clock struck twelve.

The *Governor* was about to rise.

The *Colonial Secretary* interposed. He said the question of Prerogative had not been decided as yet,

The *Governor* said "Oh, bother the Prerogative! I want to shake hands with my honorable friends, and wish them a merry Christmas."

So they all shook hands, with each other and with the Editors of the Papers as well, and we came home quite happy.

CHRISTMAS EVE,

1863.

Present all the Members, except Mr. *M. Coomaraswamy*.

The President took his seat at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 10 precisely, and at once proceeded to call upon the Clerk to read the Minutes. The Clerk of Council was however not forthcoming. Some one said he had gone to hear the Christmas Carol. Mr. Stephen was about to make a speech, suggesting that one of the Editors present should take up his duties, when Mr. *Swan* appeared; and Mr. *Stephen's* speech was lost to the world and to all eternity.

The Clerk then read the Minutes with much emphasis, and was loudly cheered.

Mr. *Capper* rose pursuant to notice, to ask a few questions. He had intended, he said, to read them out, but as he had mislaid his spectacles, he would state the questions extempore, and hoped the Council would excuse him. (*Hear, hear.*) He begged to ask, *What had become of Mr. Muttoo Coomaraswamy?* The question, continued the honorable member, was an important one. The Council had (according to some statistics he had prepared,) met no less than twenty seven times; and eight Sub-Committees had met, on an average, four times each. [At this juncture the honorable member succeeded in finding his spectacles, which Mr. *Dias* had unwittingly covered over with his hat.] "I find," continued Mr. *Capper*, "that my spectacles are forthcoming, and I will therefore read the question as prepared by me. Would the Council object to my singing it" (*Loud cheers.*) In which case, continued he, he would request permission to clear his throat. (*Hear, hear.*)

The honorable member having performed that introductory operation, proceeded to put his question in the following form:—

MR. CAPPER'S SONG.

Air:—*Highland Laddie.*

1

Oh! where, and oh! where is our Tamil Member gone?
He's gone to see the world, and to dine with Palmer-ston;
And 'tis there, and tis there that our Tamil Member shone.

2

Oh, when, and oh! when is he coming back from thence?
I really cannot tell, 'tis a question of expense:
But still, and oh! still, we should know what he intends?

The *Colonial Secretary*, in rising to reply to the question so ably and musically put by the honorable member opposite, felt no little pleasure in being able to answer it in the same strain. (*Hear, hear.*) He had by last mail received a communication from the absent member, who, in expressing his apprehensions that somebody was sure to make game of him on Christmas eve, (*Hear, hear*, from Mr. *Lorenz*,) begged him (the *Colonial Secretary*), if such should be the case, to sing out the following reply. But as he was not in the enjoyment of good health, would honorable members object to his calling upon the Clerk of Council to sing it out? (*Cries of No.*)

Mr. *Swan* rose in a state of great alarm and indignation. He said it would be the death of him.

The *Queen's Advocate* said he would be sorry to see *Swan* dying, but if he was to die at all, he had better sing before he died. It was the correct thing, according to the Poets.

The *Auditor-General* said the Council would take no excuse from his honorable friend the *Colonial Secretary*, and reminded him of his own great maxim, *Que s'excuse, s'accuse.*

The *Colonial Secretary* succumbed under the maxim, and sang in a mellow tone of voice, as follows:—

MR. MUTTOE COOMARASWAMY'S SONG.

(As sung by Mr. Gibson.)

1

AIR.—*Do they miss me at home?*

Do they hiss me at home, do they hiss me,

For playing the truant so long?

I know that my place is still vacant,

And my conduct has been very wrong.

But when I remember those dinners,

With which old Lord Palmerston tips me,

I feel if I quit him too quickly,

Muttukistna is sure to eclipse me.

2

AIR.—*Kiss me quick and go.*

The other night while I was larking,

Down Regent Street,

The long-lost Muttukistna

I happened for to meet.

The Bobbies in their blue-coats

I knew were fast in bed,

I sided up to where he stood,

And—what d'ye think I said?

“Oh! kiss me quick and go, my darling,

Kiss me quick and go,

Old London Streets can't hold us both,

Then, kiss me quick and go.”

(*Loud applause*, in which even the Clerks in the office joined most vigorously.)

Mr. *Thompson* rose and said that really, Sir, in the present hilarious temper of the Council, he felt particularly averse to obtrude a question upon the honorable member opposite, the *Collector of Customs*; but he would do his best to suit himself to present circumstances, and while propounding a question, he would answer it himself, and do both by

way of a glee. (*Hooray.*) Would his honorable friends around him have any objection to join him? (*Cries of no; and loud cheers.*)

MR. THOMPSON'S QUESTION.

AIR.—*A Boat, A Boat unto the Ferry.*

1. I rise, I rise, with this suggestion,
2. Which may disturb my own digestion:—
3. Pray, what's become of the Customs-question?

“The verses,” continued the honorable member, “don't hang well together; but I rather think the answer will be found extremely satisfactory. As it is a glee for three voices, I would respectfully suggest that the three most interested parties should sing it. I take the liberty of calling on the Honorable the *Auditor* and the Honorable the *Treasurer*, to take up the verses in their turn:

MR. THOMPSON'S GLEE.

First Voice:—Mr. *Thompson*,

Second Voice:—The *Auditor*,

Third Voice:—The *Treasurer*.

AIR.—*Three Blind Mice.*

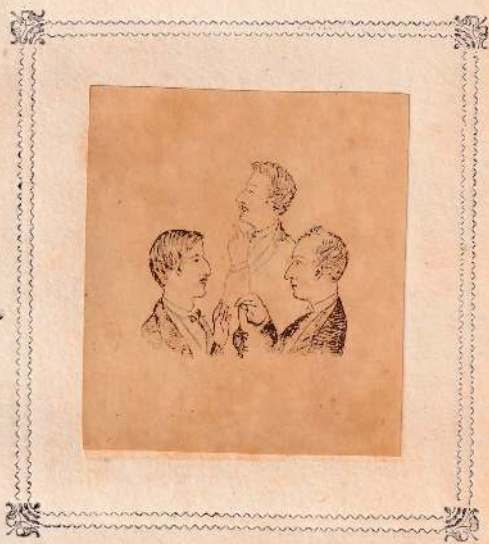
1. Three Big Men;
2. Three Big Men;
3. Three Big Men;
1. All up a tree;
2. All up a tree;
3. All up a tree;
1. They thought they would murder the Merchant's case;
2. The Merchants gave 'em a slap in the face,
3. So they all ran away at double-quick pace.

(*A pause*)

Mr. *Thompson* here gave the time,—*Hi!*

Omnes: Three Big men, &c.

The thorough good-humour with which the three honorable members went through the performance, brought down a





scream of applause from all the others; and one member in particular (Mr. *Lorenz*) went up and shook hands with each of the Performers, congratulating them on the excellence of their voices, and begging them to favour him with a copy of this charming song, to be hereafter published with illustrations.

On the motion of the *Surveyor General*, the song was ordered to be printed, with an ornamental border, and a heading in German text.

Mr. *Thompson* said he thought he had the right of challenge.

The *Colonial Secretary* must beg his honorable friend's pardon. It was a point of order, and the President had the call, and he hoped the President would exercise it.

The *President* said he would do nothing of the kind. He hoped honorable members would, on this occasion at least, exercise their discretion, which he felt convinced would be wisely exercised.

Mr. *Thompson* begged to thank the honorable the President for his exceedingly handsome conduct. He would call upon his neighbour on the left—"not you, Mr. Wall," (exclaimed the honorable member, when he perceived that that the last-named member was getting fidgetty)—I don't mean you at all,—never entertained such an idea for a moment; but, I mean my other honorable and learned friend a little further on,—in fact, round the corner of the table.

Mr. *Lorenz* said that doubtless the *Surveyor General* was meant.

"Nothing of the kind," said Mr. *Thompson*. "I mean," continued he, "the honorable member, who sits between the two. Do I make myself clearly understood?"

Mr. *Lorenz* said that he had had but one idea in his poor head for some months. (Cries of "out with it!")

The *Colonial Secretary* would caution the honorable member in time; that if that idea was the one idea which he

suspected it was, he had better not. In the meanwhile Mr. Wall had commenced, and all opposition proved fruitless.

MR. WALL'S SONG.

AIR,—*Billy Taylor.*

1

Tommy Skinner was a rum old fellow,
Full of *Dhol* and full of *Ghee*,
And his love he did diskiver
To a high-caste Punjaabee.

Tommy, ommy, Dhol, dhol, dhol, dhol, ido
Tommy, ommy, dhol, dhol, dhol, dhol, dee;
Tommy, ommy, dhol, dhol, Tommy, ommy, ido
Tommy, ommy, Dhol and Cocoanut Ghee.

2

Four and twenty brisk young fellows,
Dressed they were in uniform,
And they came demanding muskets,
And they took us all by storm.

Tommy, ommy, dhol, dhol, &c.

3

Now, behold, in the first engagement,
Sticks and stocks were all the go,
Till they all turned round and bolted,
Followed close by Captain O.

Tommy, ommy, dhol, dhol, &c.

4

When J. F. Dickson came for to see them,
"What wind has blown you here?" says he;
"Sir, we 're come for to shew our rations,
The dhol is bad, and so is the Ghee."

Tommy, ommy, dhol, dhol, &c.

5

With that the Captain called for his pistol,
And Purcell called for his walking-stick,
And Van der Wall came tumbling after,
For to protect the Starving Sikhs.

Tommy, ommy, dhol, dhol, &c.

6

When the Government came for to hear it,
 They very much praised the Captain's notion,
 They let the Sikhs go where they chose,
 And gave the Captain high promotion.
 Tommy, ommy, dhol, dhol, &c.

The *Colonial Secretary* said he was much disgusted.

The *Surveyor General* said his own feelings were exactly the reverse. He was supremely delighted. But dropping the dhol, he would remind them all, that his friend Mr. Wall, was entitled to the call, to keep rolling the ball, and not let it fall, or there's sure to be a squall, with a right tol-de-rol.

Mr. *Wall* without any personal feeling in matter, would indicate the *Colonial Secretary*. (*Great applause.*)

The *Colonial Secretary* said the honorable member was out of order. He had already sung a song, though only as a deputy. But, in deference to the hilarious inclinations of those around him, he would not fight the point. (*Cheers.*)

THE COLONIAL SECRETARY'S OWN SONG.

AIR.—*Wait for the Waggon.*

1

Will you come to me, my darlings,
 And share with me my splendour,
 Where the loaves are very plentiful,
 And the fishes very tender;
 You may fear no harm, my darlings,
 While I am by your side,
 For we'll jump into the Bandy,
 And All take a ride.

Chorus:—Wait for the Bandy,
 The roomy Family Bandy,
 Wait for the Bandy,
 And we'll all take a ride.

2

Do you believe, my darlings,
 That individual Virtue
 Can make you rich or happy,
 Can help you or can hurt you?

If you'll help to save the money,
 And love me then as now,
 You may follow, follow, quietly,
 While I do guide the plough.

Chorus:—Wait for the Bandy, &c.

3

You'll be happy all together,
 As from place to place you hop;
 And if you keep your spirits,
 Like me, you'll reach the top.
 Then come to me, my darlings,
 We'll travel side by side,
 And we'll jump into the Bandy,
 And All take a ride,

Chorus:—Wait for the Bandy, &c.

Mr. *Lorenz* said it was absolutely charming. But in providing a roomy bandy, the honorable Member had only done part of the work. Education was equally necessary. It was not enough that people should drive about in carriages and fine clothes, but they should possess education, and learn and cultivate liberal feelings and principles. The honorable member opposite may shake his head,—but would he permit him the liberty of singing a stave? (*Hear, hear.*)

MR. LORENZ' SONG.

AIR.—*Will you come to Bower.*

1

Will you come to the School we've prepared for you,
 The classes are many, though the Masters are few;
 The Building is a cow-shed, and there's poison in the air,
 But it costs as much as Fifteen thousand Pounds every year.

Will you, will you, will you, will you come to our school?
 If you do,—you'll be acting like a very great fool.

The *Queen's Advocate* said it was not in his nature to interrupt any honorable member; but as it was a question of Finance, the honorable and learned gentleman must be aware that he was out of order. He would beg of him to try any



other subject. "Simon the Cellarer" for instance, or a "Dutch song."

"Very good," said Mr. Lorenz. "You shall have a Dutch song." (*Loud cheers.*)

MR. LORENZ' DUTCH SONG.

AIR.—(*The same.*)

Wilt u homen aan de school ik heb al gemaakt voor u,

De classen zyn menig, maar de Meesters niet genoeg;

De Kuis is een hoe huis, en daar's pyzen in den aar,

Maar het cost is vyftien hondert ryxdaalers by de jaar.—

Vilt u—vilt u—

The *Queen's Advocate* rose in a state of great indignation, and said the honorable member was evidently making game of him, and was an arrant humbug.—(*Loud cries of Order.*) "Why, if any of you have followed him," said the learned gentleman, "you would have found he was only repeating the treason in Dutch." (*Order, order.*)

The *Queen's Advocate* said in continuation that if the honorable member persisted in this irregular course, he would be obliged to sing a song himself. (*cheers*) He said the Academy was clearly out of order, (*ironical cheers,*) but suppose he took the Racket Court? (*Hear, hear,* from the President.) He had understood that His Honor had seen it. (*Hear, hear.*)

MR. MORGAN'S SONG.

AIR.—*Come into the Garden, Maud.*

1

Come into the garden, Sir,

Now all the Cows are gone,

Layard asketh your pardon, Sir,

For spoiling such a lawn.

And the Rifle Band will—

The *Colonial Secretary* was astonished! An honorable member of the Executive reproves a learned friend for an

encroachment on the prerogative of Government, and immediately commits a graver offence himself. The Racket Court is outside the Fort, and if the soldiers went out to play there, there would be grounds for establishing a claim for travelling expences.

"Talking of travelling expences," said the Auditor General "the subject is one that seems capable of being improved upon." (*Hear, hear.*) As he happened to be in a minority on that question, he hoped honorable members would deal with him leniently.

MR. AUDITOR'S SONG.

AIR.—*Lord Lovel and Lady Nancy.*

1

A subaltern stood at his Quarters' gate,
A-waiting for his steed,
When up there came the Adjutant,
A walking at the top of his spee-ee-ee.

2

"Oh, where do you come from old fellow?" he said,
"Oh where do you come from," says he,
"Old chap," he says, "here's a letter for you,
"You are ordered to Trincomalic-ic-ic."

3

Then he ordered his things to be all packed up,
And put in a Bullock Bandie,
When coming along and singing a song,
He happened John Capper to see-ee-ee.

4

"Oh where are you come from, John Capper," he says,
"Oh where do you come from," says he,
"From the Council chamber," John Capper replies,
As he rubs his hands with glee-ee-ee.

5

"Oh what have you been at?" the subaltern says,
"For you seem so very jollie?"
"We've taken your rent and travelling pay,
For taxed we no longer will be-e-e."

6

"Oh! what's to be done?" the subaltern says,

"Oh what's to become of me?"

His horse to Venn's he immediately sends,

And he *walks* to Trincomalie-ie-ie.

7

Then he ordered the things to be taken down,

From the top of his Bullock bandie;

And away he must start with his kit on his back,

As wretched as well he may be-e-e.

8

From Fever and sun he loses his life,

And many more besides he,

For the Service must suffer and men must die

By this petty economic-ie-ie.

The song was applauded, doubtless more from respect to the singer than from sympathy for his sentiments. The President added that he thought it was a very handsome thing, and complimented the member on the total absence of all personality, which he said he regretted he could not say of some others. (*Hear, hear*, from the top of the table.)

The *Treasurer* here rose and begged leave to present a Petition from the Proprietors of the Kandy Coach, and said he regretted that he could not perhaps put it so feelingly to the Council as the honorable member whose place he temporarily occupied, and whose interests he so freely represented. Would the Council wish it read by himself or by the Clerk of Council?

Permission being accorded to the member to read it himself, he rose and placing his hand on his waistcoat, warbled as follows:—

MR. VANE'S PETITION.

AIR.—*Sally, come up.*

We've carried you up, we've carried you down,

We've carried you gaily from town to town,

But now you're going to do us brown,
And shut up the Coach to Kandy.

(*Chorus of disconsolate Proprietors*)

Oh! what a sell,
For it paid us so well,
When you open the rail,
We sure must fail,
Or shut up the Coach to Kandy.

2

We've carried you slow, we've carried you fast,
In rain and in sunshine, for many years past;
But your Railway is going to destroy us at last,
And to shut up the Coach to Kandy.

Chorus.—Oh! what a sell, &c.

At this moment the clock indicated approaching Christmas.
It was five minutes to twelve.

The President rose, and was greeted with loud and continued applause.

THE PRESIDENT'S SONG.

AIR.—*The low-backed Car.*

1

When first I saw Ceylon, Sir,
As General in Command,
MacCarthy was the Governor,
And Gibson his right hand;
But three short years have past away,
And I am Number One,
And yet I've nothing harsh to say,
So long as the work is done.

Chorus.—For we all of us meet on a par,

And though we wrangle and spar,
Yet in friendly debate,
Let us all take our *sate*,
And Peace be our guiding star.

2

I've lots of work before me,
And I know tis hard to please,
But a frank old soldier knows his drill,
And hates to "stand at ease."

And I shall look about me now,
 And hope you'll do the same,
 And we shall see who merits praise,
 And who deserves the blame.

Chorus.—For every one in his sphere,
 If he acts without favour or fear,
 Will on Christmas-day
 Be able to say
 I am in for a happy New Year.

Thereupon all the members joined hands, placing the Clerk of Council in the middle, and looking *towards* the President, and *bowing likewise*, sang as follows:—

GENERAL CHORUS OF MEMBERS.

For he's a jolly good fellow,
 And he's a jolly good fellow,
 And he is a jolly good fellow,
 Which nobody can deny.

(Here the clock struck twelve, and—)

CHRISTMAS EVE,

1864.

The Clerk of Council being called upon to read the Minutes, flatly refused to do so. This singular proceeding on his part, very naturally surprised all the members. A good deal of conversation passed between the *Colonial Secretary* and the *Queen's Advocate*, during which the words "Give him a licking" were distinctly heard. The *President* enquired whether the business could proceed till the Minutes had been read. The *Clerk of Council* said he would not read a single line until the Council was properly constituted. Six members, he said, had recently resigned; and it was preposterous to call this a Council.

The *President* said if that were all, the defect could be remedied at once. He had invited the six gentlemen to be present, and they had promised to come, though under protest, and on condition that the Colony should pay for the champagne, and that the songs should be printed at the public expense.

About this time a loud noise was heard downstairs, a great rattling of steps, and loud laughter. Several voices seemed to be in altercation;—"You go in first,"—"Not I,"—"I'm blow'd if I enter first,"—"Shove him from behind," &c. The voices ceased, and the loud ring of a rupee falling on the ground was heard. Evidently the gentlemen below were tossing up, and the lot fell on Mr. *Wall*.

Mr. *Wall* was heard to say to the others,—“Now then, my boys, if you should see me hesitate, or likely to turn round and run away, hold me tight, and don't let me.”

Just then, and as their footsteps were heard coming upstairs, the *Surveyor General* rose, and sang as follows:

COLONEL SIM'S SONG.

AIR.—*The Campbells are coming.*

1

The Rebels are coming, hooray, hooray!
 The Rebels are coming, hooray, hooray!
 The Rebels are coming to vote supplies;
 The Rebels are coming, hooray, hooray!

George Wall and Capper, they go before,
 And Thompson, he's following after,
 And Eaton and Alvis; and one man more,
 Who is shaking his sides with laughter;

CHORUS:—The Rebels are coming, hooray

2

I saw them coming from left and right,
 Apparently ready for action;
 I set up a five-inch theodolite,
 And noted the point of attraction;

CHORUS:—The Rebels are coming, hooray!

3

For on the big table, I saw, I saw,
 Champagne and Tiffin for all sixteen;
 The wine may be sour, and the meat may be raw,
 But it wont be the Fox and Grapes, I ween.

CHORUS:—The Rebels are coming, hooray, hooray!
 Let us rise from our seats, and give them a cheer;
 The Rebels are coming, hooray, hooray!
 And I hope they will always remain with us here.

The officials all rose as the six members entered. Mr. *Thompson* said he wished them all good evening, and hoped they were pretty middling. The *Colonial Secretary*, speaking on behalf of the Government, said they were all pretty well, considering. Mr. *Thompson* said he was very glad indeed to hear it. The *Clerk of Council* here said that he was ready to read the Minutes. All the Un-officials voted against the Minutes being read. The *President* then enquired whether any body had any thing to say?

Mr. *Capper* said he had fallen into arrear with his questions, and had therefore about a hundred and twenty questions to ask. (*Laughter.*) But as he was aware that none of them would be fairly answered, (*Order!*) he would content himself with asking only one.

MR. CAPPER'S QUESTION.

Mr. *Capper* begged to ask the honorable the *Treasurer* whether he had any objection to take a glass of wine with him.

The *Treasurer* said he had received no notice of the question. (*Hear, hear from the official members.*) It was impossible to do business in this manner, where a man is to be taken so much by surprise.

The *Government Agent, C. P.*, said perhaps his honorable friend would waive the notice; in which case he (the speaker) would issue an order directing the Bottle to be opened.

Mr. *Lorenz* said that if he would do so, he would certainly be a Templer to Friendship. (*Hear, hear.*) But the *Clerk of Council* had better open the bottle, first taking care to read the Label.

[The Label was then read a first time; but before the wires were cut, the *President* suggested that Mr. *Capper* should sing an appropriate melody to the toast. The honorable member assented to the perfect propriety of the suggestion; and the Label was then read a second time, and the Bottle was referred to a Committee of Peons, who very soon brought it up again,—the pop of the cork being accepted as a *Report.*]

Mr. *Capper*, rising majestically, sang as follows:—

MR. CAPPER'S SONG.

AIR.—*Gaily the Troubadour.*

1

Proudly the Treasurer sipp'd his champagne,
When he was asked for to join in a drain;
Singing, "To Downing Street we must succumb,
Cardwell commandeth, and Saunders is mum,

2

I for the Treasurer felt some regard,
Went to his residence, and sent up my Card,
Singing. "There's ten of you, blow the other nine!
Treasurer, Treasurer, you should resign."

3

Hark! how the Treasurer took my advice;
Poking at my ribs, he called it "very nice;"
Singing.—"Good gracious me, has it come to that?
Editor, Editor, you're a jolly flat!"

Mr. *Eaton* begged to observe that the allusion was grossly personal.

Mr. *Thompson* said, would some honorable friend sing a better?

The *President* gave an approving smile to Mr. *Lorenz*, and the member, thus encouraged, looked all round the table and sang:—

MR. LORENZ'S SONG.

AIR.—*We have lived and loved together.*

1

We have lived and worked together,
With much deserved applause;
We have put no end of Questions,
We have passed no end of Laws,
I have never known an Ordinance,
Which was not improved by *We*;
For our heads were always with you,
Where'er our hearts might be.

2

Like the cloud that darkens o'er us
And hides the light of day,
Came a long Despatch from England,
Which swept all peace away;
And though many such we've known, boys,
Replete with veriest rot,
Yet the one we last received, boys,
Was the shabbiest of the lot.

We have lived and loved together,
 Like good and friendly boys;
 We should gladly share your sorrows,
 You keeping all the joys;
 But while we feel the Future
 As the Past has been, may be;
 You may keep your joys and sorrows,
 And we shall wait and see.

Towards the conclusion of the song, all the Official members were found to be in tears. The singer himself gave evident tokens of regret; but soon recovering himself, he looked towards the *Auditor*.

The *Auditor General* was bound to confess that he was not altogether unprepared for this call, and he had therefore put by in his waist-coat pocket, a few lines which formed portion of a little *Idyll* he had been composing. It was only a first proof, and as such—

Mr. *Capper*.—As such, a *proof* of his excellent heart.

The *Auditor General* here got very angry, not only at the interruption, but at the pun. He said that such *capricious* speeches—(*Oh! Oh!* and *Hear, Hear!*)—However, he would lay the Poem on the Table.

NOT ENOUGH HARDENED;

A FRAGMENT,

BY TENNY-FATHER.

Mr. *Capper* said there was evidently a misprint in the name. In order to make sense, either the T should be changed to a P, or *father* into *son*. Who was Tenny-father? He (Mr. *Capper*) did not know him. He had heard of Tenny-son, and had read his *Enoch Arden*; but Tenny-father he did not know. Evidently the name should be Pen—
 (Loud cries of *Order! Order!*)

The *General* said the honorable ex-member was clearly out of order in mentioning names.

Mr. *Capper* here wished to put a question.

The *Colonial Secretary* pointed out that he had received no notice of the question. The honorable ex-member's conduct was extremely extraordinary.

So the extract from the Poem was read by the Clerk of Council.

—When I exclaimed

“Lorenz, of all men, *you* resign the Council!”

He, shaking his large head pathetically,

Repeated muttering—“Council, council, council”——

Again in dreamy whispers—“Council, council, council.”

But Lorenz yearned to see us all again;

“If I might look on their dear forms again,

And make a few more sketches!” So the thought

Haunted and bothered him, and drove him forth,

At half past one o'clock one Wednesday,

Round by the Civil Medical Officer's Office,

Beneath the stairs, where we sit legislating.

Thence he looked up, hiding behind a pillar,

His dizzy head against its polished surface.

There did a thousand memories roll upon him,

Unspeaking for sadness——

(Loud cries of *No, no*, from Mr. *Lorenz*; and the *Collector of Customs*, who was fast asleep, suddenly jumped up. The Clerk however proceeded.)

—By and bye,

The ruddy sheet of unused blotting-paper,

Laid flat upon the semi-circular table,

Allured him, as some half-seen rock

Allures the Steamer *Pearl*, until she madly strikes

Against it, and destroys a couple of passengers.

The Council-chamber fronted on the street,

The tallest house in King Street; and behind,

By one steep passage leading gently onward

Into a garden near the Printing Office;

And in it throve a sickly *Casuarina*,

A *Poinsiana Regia*, and a Jack,

And underneath the trees were rows of pots,

Which held a few decaying *Heliotropes*,

A recent gift of William Ferguson's.
 But Lorenz shunned the pots, and boldly climb'd
 Up by the wall, behind the Jack-tree. Thence
 That which he might have shunned, if love of Art
 Had not compelled him, Lorenz saw.

For pen and ink and paper lay o' the table,
 And Rules and Regulations; Instructions too,
 And several sets of Ordinances.
 And on the left hand of the Chairman sat
 Gibson, the "honorable friend" of times gone-by,
 Stout, hearty, with huge rolls of double-chin;
 And next to him his Chief Crown-Law Adviser,
 A shorter but a more developed Corporation;
 And from his hand dangled a length of ribbon
 Rosy-red, wherewith they bound the Colony.
 Further, on either side the Chair, he saw
 The ancient Treasurer and the Auditor
 Also the Agent of the Central Province,
 And then the Agent of the Western Province,
 Likewise the Customs and Surveyor-General.

Now when th' ex-member, slyly peeping, saw
 His chair his chair no more, but horribly empty,
 And all the other unofficial chairs deserted,—
 And saw with bodily eyes the frightful coolness
 Of nine officials legislating in their absence,
 And him, the General, sitting in the Chair,
 Sereely putting questions to the vote;
 Then he, though he had read the local papers,—
 Because a comedy seen affects us more
 Than comedies read in books or manuscript,—
 Felt staggered; and, holding by the railing, feared
 To send abroad a terrible shout of laughter,
 Which, in one moment, like the blast of doom,
 Would send the Clerk of Council up a gum-tree.
 He therefore turning softly, like a thief,
 Lest the harsh pen should grate upon the paper,
 And taking a piece of foolscap from his pocket,
 Designed a sketch, and drew and shaded it,
 And sent it to the Chief Crown-Law Adviser.
 But some maintain the sketch was Vandort's.

Mr. Lorenz begged to repudiate the sketch. He was

grieved that any one should suppose him capable of making sketches of honorable members (*Oh! Oh!*) Indeed he was. (*Oh! oh! and loud laughter.*)

The *Collector of Customs*, though unaccustomed to public speaking, begged to enquire whether the honorable member had not once made a sketch of a Constitution for Ceylon.

Mr. *Lorenz* said he had not; but that if he had, he would take particular care to put the Collector of Customs very much in the back ground, where he might not obstruct the seaside views of the colony.

The *Auditor General* here rose and said that he felt, from the manner in which Mr. *Wall* was fidgetting in his chair, the honorable member was going to say something.

Mr. *Wall* said it wasn't he, but Mr. *Alvis*.

Mr. *Alvis* would any day put it to a jury of thirteen men, whether he ever did anything of the kind. While on the subject of Juries, he might mention that in Sir Edward Creasy's History of the Ottoman Empire—

Mr. *Thompson* rose to order. He said really, now really upon his word and honour, this was getting to be a doosid bad business. Any discussion about juries must be monstrously injurious to the interests of the Supreme Court; though there could not be the slightest doubt about the matter that the Jury-system was almost, if not equally, as bad as the Civil Engineer's Department. If honorable members would permit him, seeing that both Mr. *Wall* and Mr. *Alvis* were probably not just then in tune, he (Mr. *Thompson*) would sing a song.—(*Cheers.*)

MR. THOMPSON'S SONG.

AIR.—*Sing a song of Sixpence.*

1

Sing a song of nine-pence;

What a jolly trip!

Fifteen hundred Coolies

Sailing in a ship.

When the Coolies landed,
 They all ran away,
 So Skinner wrings his hands, and says,
 "What will Cardwell say?"

2

Cardwell was in Downing-Street,
 Mixing gall and honey;
 Gibson was at Government-house,
 Counting up his money;
 So Skinner went to Baillie-Street,
 His grievance for to mention,
 When down came the Public Voice
 And cried—"Retire on Pension."

Mr. *Thompson*, having been loudly cheered by both the officials and unofficials, begged to call on his neighbour of the Western Province.

Mr. *Layard* was rather put out by the last proceeding, excellent as it was. He had curiously enough selected the same subject, and he wished to enquire whether he would be in order in originating (if he might so say) a second debate on the same question.

The *General* would leave it to the *Queen's Advocate* to decide. The *Queen's Advocate* was not prepared to say; but he would suggest that Mr. *Layard* should first sing the song, and the Council would then be in a better position to decide whether or not it should be recorded in the Minutes. At present no one knew what the song was about.

So Mr. *Layard* proceeded, mentioning by the way to his immediate neighbours that he didn't care a fig about the Minutes, only if he could sing loud enough for the Major to hear him downstairs.

MR. LAYARD'S SONG.

AIR—*The British Grenadiers.*
 (With Tom-Tom Accompaniment.)

1

Some talk of Lawrence Oliphant,
 And some of Hercules;

And others of Lemarchant,
 And such great names as these:
 But of all Ceylon's great heroes,
 There's none that can compare,
 In point of Bridges, Streets and Roads,
 To our Civil Engineer.

Chorus.—With a tow, row, row, and a tom, tom, tom,
 To the Civil Engineer.

2

The hero whom I've mentioned,
 Ne'er felt a cannon's shocks,
 Nor smelt the smell of powder,
 Except in blasting rocks;
 But yet he leaves a surplus-fund
 At the end of every year,
 Then let us all give grateful thanks
 To our Civil Engineer.

Chorus.—With a tow, row, row, and a tom, tom, tom,
 To our Civil Engineer.

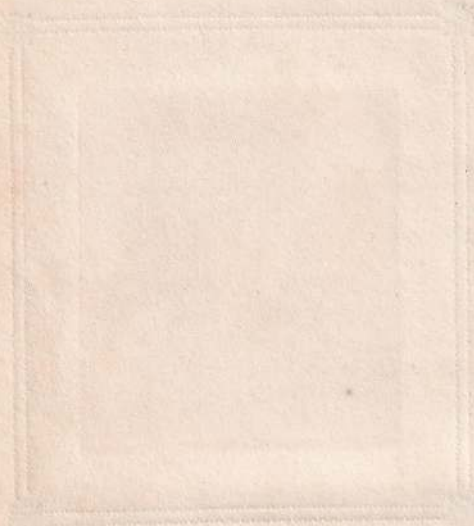
3

'Tis true, that grave old party
 Has oft obstructed me,
 He ne'er would sign my vouchers
 In the District Committee;
 But when our daily work is o'er,
 Our discords disappear;
 And I tips the wink, with a "Tom-Tom-Tom,"
 To our Civil Engineer.

Chorus.—With a tow, row, row, and a tom, tom, tom,
 To our Civil Engineer.

The *Queen's Advocate* said he felt thoroughly demoralised by the novel and unusual turn given to the proceedings. It was of course all owing to the unofficial element; and he could not say he was surprised at it. (*Hear, hear*, from the *Treasurer*.) They had gone on in a very quiet and orderly way hitherto, without inconvenient questions to answer, (*Hear, hear*, from Mr. *Capper*.) and, he may add, looking at the member who last said something, without any interruptions. Not that he desired them to be always absent, thus





raising doubts as to the constitution of the Council, and the legality of their acts; (*Loud cheers* from the Unofficial Members;) but he did not object to an occasional interregnum which gave them a little breathing time. Indeed he was so sincere in what he said, that he need only sing a song to convince them of it. (*Loud cheers.*)

THE QUEEN'S ADVOCATE'S SONG.

AIR.—*Juanita.*

1

Cool as a cucumber,
 Fing'ring still his grizzled chin,
 Lo! the Tamil Member,
 He, whom I brought in.
 Could I seize a pebble,
 And with sudden, dexterous throw,
 Send that graceless rebel
 Slick to Jericho!

Eaton, Johnny Eaton,
 Ask thy soul, hast thou done well!
 Eaton, Johnny Eaton,
 Do not say farewell.

2

When, in thy dreaming,
 Thoughts like these shall haunt thy hea
 And, wildly screaming,
 Leap from off thy bed;
 Wilt thou, then, contented,
 For thy J. P.-Warrant sigh
 See thy speeches printed,
 As in days gone by?

Eaton, Johnny Eaton,
 Wilt thou linger by my side?
 Eaton, Johnny Eaton,
 Wilt thou here abide?

Mr. *Eaton* said he was truly shocked. He could not feel more thoroughly cut up, had the entrance to the Galle Fort been blocked up by files of the *Jaffna Freeman*. (*Hear, hear.*) An insinuation like the one made by the honorable

and learned Member opposite, could be met only in one way, namely, by an additional stanza. He then sang as follows, the rest of the unofficial members keeping time with their hands:

MR. EATON'S SONG.

(*In Continuation.*)

3

No! Mister Advocate,
 Do not trifle with my heart;
 My seat I did vacate,—
 You and I must part,
 Try Coomare-samy there,
 After dining with His Grace,
 He would hardly, hardly dare
 To refuse the place;
 Samy, Coomaresamy,
 He don't care what harm is done;
 Samy, Coomaresamy,
 He's a friend of Palmerston.

Then suddenly recollecting that he was the *Tamil* member the honorable gentleman proceeded at once to conclude his song in the following appropriate terms.

AIR.—*Mootamma.*

When Moottoo comes, with *tan-nan-nah*,
 He'll doubtless ride in a very big coachee,
 Reaching home, with a *nan-nan-nah*,
 He'll find the Council *seytoo-poachie*;
 He's sure to run with *tan-nan-nah*,
 To make his bow at the *Peria-totem*,
 And swear, if Gibson wants supplies,
 He'll come with a *nan-nan-nah*, and vote 'em.

CHORUS.—*Tan-nan-nah, nay, tan-nan-nah;*
Nan-nan-nah, nay, nan-nan-nah.

(*Loud laughter*, in which even the Government Agent, C. P., joined vociferously. He laughed so loud and so continuously as to attract the attention of the whole Council.)

The *Treasurer* said the *eyes* of the Council were unmistakably on the C. P. The C. P. said he felt very sleepy, but did not care to have a pop at some of the unofficials. Suppose he looked at Mr. *Thompson*? (*Hear, hear.*)

MR. TEMPLER'S SONG.

AIR.—*Oh! Willie, we have missed you.*

1

Oh! Willie, is that you dear,
Sitting there so glum?
They did not tell me true, dear;
They said you would not come.
But now you're in your place,
It makes my heart rejoice,
For I missed your honest face,
And your dear familiar voice;
Making music where there's none,
Cracking jokes from day to day;
Oh! Willie we have missed you!
Too-ral, roo-ral, lay.

2

We've longed to see you daily,
But this night of all,
We knew you'd sing so gaily,
In harmony with Wall;
We waited in our seats,
Till 'twas *ten o'clock* and more;
Then our breasts went pit-a-patting
When we heard you at the door;
What *could* we do in Council,
Had *you* not come in to-day!
Oh! Willie, we'd have missed you!
Too-ral, roo-ral, lay.

3

Debates were slow without you,
Committees, dull and dear;
We always talked about you,
Oh! welcome, Willie dear

One day we all proposed
 To meet you on the sly,
 But Gibson got so angry
 That I put the question by;
 But I looks towards you, now,
 And I bows my head likewise,
 For, Willie, I respects you,
 And I'll do so till I dies.

Mr. *Wall* observed that the song was rather in bad taste, though very well sung, and he was about to propose,—when the President interrupted him. It was three minutes to twelve, and he hoped the honorable members, having had so much to say for themselves, would let him make just a few remarks. (*Hear, hear.*) He had not seen a more pleasant, a more orderly, meeting since the unofficials had sent in their resignation. (*Loud cheers.*) Would they allow him now to—to—(*Loud cheers.*) Yes, he would—(*Renewed cheers.*) So the General sang as follows:—

THE GENERAL'S SONG.

AIR.—*Smile again, my Bonnie Lassie.*

Come again, thou rebel member: member, come again,
 Pri'thee don't be sulky, member; for there's good champagne:
 If to pass that Bill of Cardwell's be a fault in me,
 Thus to fling your Warrants at me, was not kind in thee.

CHORUS.—(*in which the Executive Members after some hesitation ultimately joined:*)

Oh! come again, Lorenz, and Capper;
 Thompson, come again,
 Come again, George Wall and Alvis
 Eaton, come again.

Mr. *Wall* rose and said they couldn't think of doing so.
 Mr. *Lorenz* seconded the sentiment.

“Then,” continued the *General*—“then—

Fare thee well, departing member; member, fare thee well,
 Time will show (*so Gibson tells me*); more than tongue can tell;





Time may shew you've acted right; I feel you've done your duty,
But still I'd vote, as I have done, for England, Home and Beauty.

GENERAL CHORUS.—(The unofficals seeing no harm in the
words as conveying a mere general pro-
position)

For England, Home and Beauty,
For England, Home and Beauty;

(Unofficals)—*Cardwell* may storm till doom's day morn,
(Officals)—Planters

But we will do our duty,
We will do our duty.

The *General* then shook hands all round, and every body shook hands with every body else. (Some shed tears). But they all wished each other a merry Christmas. Some swore they wouldn't go home till morning; others said (which came to the same thing) that they wouldn't go till daylight did appear. Some one said that some one else was a jelly good fellow; others observed that so said all of them; and then the President put the question:—"That this meeting be adjourned till Christmas-eve next year;" and it was carried unanimously.

CHRISTMAS EVE,

1865.

All the members were present, dressed in the *Windsor Uniform*, including the Queen's Advocate. Many of them wore a rose-bud on the left breast of the coat, to please the Governor. Mr. *Coomaresamy* wore *his* on the right side, to spite the *Queen's Advocate*. There was cake and wine on the table. The Newspaper Reporters drove to Council together, and the Editor of the *Examiner* brought in his two colleagues arm in arm.

The *Governor* having taken his seat, called upon the Clerk of Council to open the proceedings by reading the Minutes. Mr. *Swan* blushed, but instead of reading the minutes, began cutting the cake. This seemed very mysterious; but before Mr. *Gibson* could call for an explanation, the Editor of the *Observer* rose and begged to be allowed to lay on the table a Paper read by him at a recent tea-meeting, containing an account of the progress of his journal, and a Financial Statement of his Profits and Losses, including Colonial taxes. His circulation (continued the speaker) was, at the lowest estimate, more than—

Mr. *Gibson* here interrupted the speaker, and told him that his personal history was of no interest whatever either to the Council or to the Colony.

The *Editor* insisted that it was. The history of the *Observer*, he said, was the history of Ceylon, especially where there was a glass of wine to finish off. Mr. *Capper* hereupon laughed so loud as to attract the attention of Mr. *Harrison*, who moved that all the Editors should be turned out, and the proceedings conducted with closed doors.

The *Governor* said he'd do nothing of the kind; whereupon all the three Editors cheered him.

Mr. *Harrison* said he knew how utterly hopeless it was, after such an expression of opinion, to expect a fair division in Council.

Mr. *Coomaresamy* entirely concurred with Mr. *Harrison*.

Mr. *Martensz*, looking towards him, said "See the concurring Hero comes."

The *Surveyor General* said nothing, but inwardly doubted the correctness of the quotation and made a note of it.

The *Governor* then rose and, in a few words and a happy style, proposed the health of the present Company.

Mr. *Smith* wished to know *which* Company was meant,—the Ceylon Limited or the Wharfinger Company.

Mr. *Duff*, speaking in a low tone, suggested K. D. and Company.

Mr. *Harrison* felt flattered, but persisted that it was the Wharfinger Company. (It was evident that the pertinacity of the honorable member was attributable to his having prepared a song on the subject, which having been revised and corrected by the Editor of the *Observer*, with an entirely new chorus invented by his colleague of the *Examiner*, would have been lost to the world but for the accident of a "Company" having been mentioned.)

The *General* said he never was present at a more absurd meeting in his life; but if there was a song forthcoming, let it be sung by all means, and he (the *General*) would not mind helping out the chorus. Thereupon Mr. *Harrison*, blushing, sang as follows:

MR. HARRISON'S SONG.

AIR.—*Billy Taylor*.

1

Billi Thompson was a queer old fellow,
Full of thought and dignitie,

And his mind he did discover
To a Warehouse-Companie,

Chorus:—Billy, billy, billy, billy, ol tol i do,
Billy, billy, billy, billy, ol tol i do;
Billy, billy, ol tol; billy, billy, i do;
Billy, billy ol tol; i do day.

2

Four and twenty months he laboured,
Working out this scheme so grand,
And he drew a long prospectus,
Written in a bold round hand.

Chorus:—Billy, billy, &c,

3

But Duff and Smith and G. D. Harrison
Could not in their terms agree;
And they tried to smash old Thompson
Or to send him up a tree.

Chorus—Billy, billy, &c.

4

Now behold! in the first engagement,
Bold he fought against them all,
Till he found they had bagged his papers,
And conskively, he had a wery bad fall.

Chorus:—Billy, billy, &c.

5

When the Governor came for to hear it,
He wery much applauded what they'd done,
And immediately he passed an Ordinance,
Which I think it was very good fun.

Chorus:—Billy, billy, &c.

Mr. *Coomaresamy* wished to know whether, with a view to saving time, the members might not be requested to read out only the number of each stanza, instead of singing out the whole verse? (*Laughter.*) He had known the practice adopted on other similar occasions: and as he himself was not a great singer, he intended to follow it at the present meeting.

The *Queen's Advocate* wished to know whether the honorable member intended to make a motion?

Mr. *Coomaresamy* said he meant it only as a suggestion.

The *Queen's Advocate* said that he quite expected this kind of thing, and was not by any means disappointed; but he was determined to put it down. There was no use mincing matters. The honorable member had (like others, whom he did not wish to name,) disappointed the Government; for, instead of shewing some gratitude to them for having raised him from the obscurity of Pall Mall and the oblivion of Piccadilly, to a post of dignity in the Legislative Council of Ceylon, he had simply placed himself in antagonism to his benefactors, and had become troublesome to the Government. (*Hear, hear!* from Mr. Layard.) Downing Street might be a pleasant locality; and Maxwelton braes were known to be Bonnie; but Mr. Cardwell was Mr. Cardwell, and among the secret Despatches received by the last mail, there was one specially devoted to the short-comings of the honorable member. The Despatch was written in official prose; but he (the *Queen's Advocate*) had asked his friend Mr. Duff to turn it into verse, which he had done with great success. (Hereupon the honorable and learned gentleman sang as follows,—Mr. *Coomaresamy* muttering to himself that “two could play at that game.”)

MR. CARDWELL'S SONG.

(*As sung by the Queen's Advocate*)

AIR.—*Annie Laurie*.

1

Westminster brays are balmy,
 Where early prowls the Jew,
 And 'tis there Coomaresamy
 Gave me his promise true,
 To back the British army,
 Which others had defied;
 And for M. Coomaresamy
 I'd have laid me down and died.



2

His coat was like the snow drift,
 His pants of similar hue;
 His turban shone with diamonds,
 And his girdle,—it was blue.
 And I fondly hoped he'd sarve me
 With constancy and pride,
 And for M. Coomaresamy,
 I'd have lain me down and died.

3

But the deuce of a help he gave us,
 When we most required his aid,
 And our work was thus impeded,
 And the session thus delayed.
 And his speeches so alarm me,
 I can hardly sleep or feed,
 And I wish Coomaresamy
 Most particukularly d'd.

Mr. *Coomaresamy* immediately called for a cup of cold poison, vowing that after that he could hardly be expected to continue in this wale of tears. Mr. *Swan* said that the only beverage provided for the meeting, under His Excellency's order, was *wine*; with a special proviso that in case the Unofficial gentlemen preferred it, they should have champagne. The estimates for the evening did not provide any Laudanum or Arsenic.

Mr. *Smith* begged to point out that in the estimates for the Galle Cutcherry, there was a vote for six bottles of Vinegar. Vinegar wasn't a bad thing.

The *Colonial Secretary* objected to the Government vinegar being used for private purposes.

The Government Agent, W. P., proposed to pass the inkstand round.

Mr. *Coomaresamy* said he saw plainly enough that he could hardly secure the votes of the Officials, after what the Colonial Secretary had said; and rather than be out-voted on the poison question, he'd hang himself. The honorable mem-

ber thereupon snatched up a piece of red-tape from the Clerk's Despatch-Box, and winding it round his neck, sang as follows:

MR. COOMARESAMY'S SONG.

AIR.—*I'll hang my harp on a willow-tree.*

1

I'll hang myself on the Mango tree,
Which grows near Darley's Store;
My Eastern home has no charms for me,
Since Cardwell loves me no more:
The man whom I walked with, side by side,
As we sauntered down Pall-mall,
Has ceased to flatter my youthful pride,
And has turned out a bloated old swell.

Here Mr. *Harrison* caught hold of the end of the red-tape, and suddenly tightened the noose round the songster's neck. Mr. *Coomaresamy* hallo'ed out in pain, and exclaimed "What are you at?" Mr. *Harrison* apologised, and the song proceeded.

2

I'll make my Will, and I'll leave my lands
To the use of the Ceylon League;
And lest they may say I'd forgotten my friends,
I'll leave Mr. Cardwell—a fig.
And I'll laugh and I'll sing, though the rope may be tight,
And I'll shout, though it give me pain;
And if I survive it, I'll charter a ship,
And I'll off to England again.

3

One copy alone of my book I'll bear
In my great-coat's left-hand pocket,
And then on the pavement of Westmins-ter
I'll quietly kick the bucket;
And Lords, and Commons, and Bishops as well,
Including John William Natal,
Will weep o'er the corpse of the Ceylonese swell,
And bury him in Westminster Hall.

Mr. *Stephen* was so much affected by the last stanza that he begged the *Governor's* permission to go round the corner and blow his nose. The *Governor* would give him that permission on one condition only, namely, that he would stand up in defence of the much-abused Minister. Mr. *Stephen* said he would rather see himself blowed than blow his nose under such circumstances.

The *Colonial Secretary* observed that his honorable friend was entirely out of order; and more than that,—he was disrespectful. Would the honorable member sing or not? The question was a plump, straightforward question. Would he sing or not?

Mr. *Stephen* said "No!" in a very loud voice. The *Surveyor General*, supposing himself to have been called by name, protested against such familiarity. He (Mr. *Noad*) added in a loud voice that if such things were to be permitted, all discipline would be in Vane. The *Treasurer* hereupon woke from his slumbers, and looking round, wished to know very meekly whether he was wanted.

The *President* opportunely rose, and addressing the meeting, said that there were one or two members, whose voices he had failed to hear during the past session. He was not himself partial to much speaking, and would have been happier had there been less talk during the debates. He had succeeded indeed in shortening the debates by reading out only the numbers of the clauses; but there was much to be done in this respect hereafter. He begged particularly to congratulate Mr. *Duff* on having reserved all his eloquence for the present occasion; and as he had observed the honorable member more than once fidgetting in his chair, he had reason to suppose that he had something of a peculiarly pungent nature to present to the Meeting.

During the delivery of this long speech, Mr. *Duff* was more than once heard to moan; and when it was over, and

the *President*, with a graceful bow towards him, took his seat, *Mr. Duff* audibly uttered the words, "Oh! Lord!"

Mr. Smith hereupon offered to bet a rupee with *Mr. Martensz* that the song would be about the Bank whereon the wild thyme blows. *Mr. Martensz* accepted the bet, and offered another rupee on the Banks and Braes of Bonnie Doon. It was accepted.

But *Mr. Duff* disappointed them both. And his song was as follows, his voice faltering often and his eyes being averted from *Mr. Harrison* throughout the whole of the song.

MR. DUFF'S SONG.

AIR.—*The Monks of Old.*

1

You all must know, Kay, Dee and Co.,
 What business-men they were;
 And 'tis most true that a busier crew
 Could scarce be met elsewhere:
 For they bought and sold, and made heaps of gold,
 At a moderate ten per cent;
 And the one said *haw!* and the t'other said *haw!*
 But the devil knows what they meant.

2

In Politics too, they were staunch and true,
 And one of them, bolder than all,
 Took his seat at the Board which the League ignored,
 And snapped his fingers at Wall:
 But he, though he laughed, was frightfully chaffed,
 And stared at wherever he went,
 And he muttered—"Haw! What a horrible *haw!*"
 But the devil knows what he meant.

3

And then they would jest at those who invest
 Their money in Coffee-estates;
 And what hopes and fears they breathed in the ears
 Of those who demurred to their rates.
 For they sat in their shop and tottled it up,
 With discount and charges and rent;
 And the one said *haw!* and the t'other said *haw!*
 But the devil knows what they meant.

4

For what do they care, how the country may fare,
 So long as their profits are high;
 When they've bought and sold, and gathered the gold,
 They will soon bid us all good-bye.
 And though Gibson may sigh, with a watery eye,
 And Robinson utter a groan;
 They will sing *haw! haw!* they will laugh *haw! haw!*
 "And Good-bye to the whole of Ceylon!"

Before the honorable member had quite concluded, a mighty noise was heard below-stairs. The members all turned very pale. Immediately after, several steps were heard coming up the stairs. Major *Skinner* seized hold of a pen, and was preparing to defend himself, when a Peon handed a card to the *Colonial Secretary*, containing the words—

THE CEYLON LEAGUE.

He immediately and instinctively exclaimed "*Not at home,*" whereupon the *President*, who had also seen the card, said "What are you afraid of?" "What am I afraid of?" exclaimed the *Colonial Secretary*—"afraid of a pack of Rebels, I should say!" The *President* said "Bosh!" and rising, he bowed to the members of the League, who had already walked in and taken their seats opposite the Table.

The *President* counted their numbers, and having made a note of it, for some mysterious purpose which we could not divine, he cleared his throat in a very business-like manner, and addressed them as follows:—

THE PRESIDENT'S SONG.

AIR.—"*Believe me if all those endearing young charms.*"

Believe me, if all those remarkable men,
 Who deserted us two years ago,
 Were to come back tomorrow, and labour again,
 Forgetting that Cardwell's their foe;
 I will treat them most kindly, I'll give them a ball,
 I'll ask Walker to lend me his band;
 And give Thompson and Capper and Lorenz and Wall,
 And Alwis and Eaton, my hand,

Mr. *White* immediately rose, and apologising for the absence of Mr. *Wall*, who (he said) was busy in England, forming the London Committee, replied as follows, (Mr. *Lorenz* singing seconds.)

MR. WHITE'S SONG.

AIR.—*The same.*

It is not with Influence and Grandeur alone
 You can hope to succeed for an hour;
 But the love of the *people* can only be known
 When you share with the *people* your power;
 Oh! the heart that knows England can never forget
 That old England will always be fair,
 And you all must agree in expressing regret
 That such Donkeys like Cardwell are there.

The *Colonial Secretary* stood aghast. The *Queen's Advocate* attempted to speak, but was choked with passion. The *General* banged the table most furiously. The *Governor* alone was unmoved. He said he would consider of it, and probably address himself direct to Her Majesty, beseeching her to dismiss her present Secretary to the Colonies. Whereupon Mr. *Gibson* fainted.

The meeting ended in great confusion. Mr. *Layard*, in quitting it, tipped a wicked wink at Mr. *Vane*, and said these things used to be managed much better when the former Unofficials were present. ["No doubt," added Mr. *Lorenz*, coming from behind him and tapping him on the back—"you feel our loss, old boy, dont you!"]

Handwritten signature or scribble in blue ink, possibly containing the number 157.

