SOUVENIRS OF CEYLON.

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A GROUP OF CEYLON VEGETATION.

(Drawn from Nature by A. Nicholl, R.H.A.)

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SOUVENIRS OF CEYLON:

A SERIES OF

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY ILLUSTRATIONS

OF THE VARIED

Coast, River, and Mountain Scenery

OF THE BEAUTIFUL

"EDEN OF THE EASTERN WAVE."

WITH VIEWS OF ITS CHIEF TOWNS AND BUILDINGS, ITS ANCIENT RUINED CITIES AND TANKS, THE GRAND RAILWAY RECENTLY COMPLETED BETWEEN THE MARITIME AND MOUNTAIN CAPITALS. THE SUPERSTITIOUS PRACTICES, INDUSTRIAL ENTERPRISE, AND SPORT OF THE ISLAND. ALSO SPECIMEN PORTRAITS OF THE VARIOUS RACES; LAW COURT AND OTHER ODDITIES, &c. &c.

With a Descriptive Introduction

BY A. M. FERGUSON, PROPRIETOR OF THE "CEYLON OBSERVER,"
MEMBER CEYLON BRANCH ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

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THE COLOURED FRONTISPIECE IS FROM A DRAWING AFTER NATURE BY A. NICHOLL, R.H.A.

THE ENGRAVINGS ARE FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY MESSRS. SLINN & CO., OF COLOMBO; MR. J. LAWTON, OF KANDY; MR. A. W. ANDREE, OF GALLE; LIEUT. R. W. STEWART, R.E.; MR. H. HUMPHREYS; MR. R. W. MORRIS, CEYLON CIVIL SERVICE; CAPT. F. BAYLEY, P. & O. COMPANY'S AGENT, GALLE; MR. JUAN DE SILVA; MESSRS. BARTON & HERBERT; AND FROM DRAWINGS BY CAPT. J. M. HENDERSON AND M. HYPOLITE SILVAF; WHILE THE CLEVER AND FAITHFUL SKETCHES OF NATIVE AND LAW COURT ECCENTRICITIES ARE BY MR. JOHN K. L. VANDORT.

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LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

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3. View of Fort Frederick and Dutch Bay, from Judge's Hill.
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8. Deckande Embankment and Culvert, with Uttuankande Peak in the distance.
9. Rock Cuttings and Tunnels on the Incline.

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10. "Sensation Rock:" curve of one in ten over the edge of a precipice nearly 1,000 feet sheer,—Railway Incline.

11. View from the Government Engineer's Bungalow, Balany. No. 9 Tunnel in course of formation in the foreground. The Moragalla and Kadugunava Hills, and Coffee Plantations on the left; with the Gampolla and Pusilava Ranges, and (in the far distance) the Newera Ellia Mountains on the right.

12. "The Dark Arches," Kadugunava.

13. "Waiting for the Blast:" Train of Bullock "Bandies" on the Kadugunava Pass.

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15. The Railway Terminus at Kandy.

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[See also View of Sinnapittia Coffee Estate, Allagalla incline, View from Balany, View of Newera Ellia, &c.

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[The MOUNTAIN SCENERY of Ceylon is illustrated in many of these views, in those of the Railway, Kandy, Newera Ellia, Badulla, &c.]

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4. A Merchant's Mansion, Mutwal, Colombo.
5. A Colpetty Bungalow, Colombo.

[See also in Views of Towns,—Kandy, Newera Ellia, &c., with Bungalows on Coffee Estates.

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ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE NATIVE RACES.

ODDITIES.

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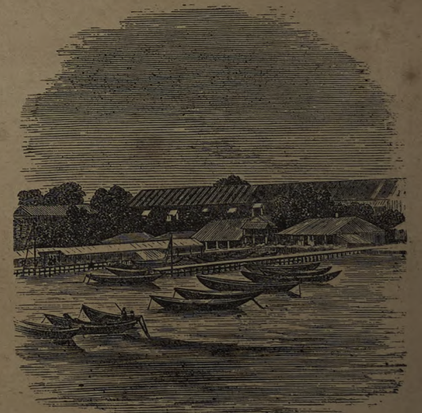
GALLE.—VIEW OF THE HARBOUR, FORT, TOWN, &c., LOOKING LANDWARDS FROM SAINTS' BAY.
[*From Photographs by A. W. Andree.*]



JETTY AND COURT HOUSE, GALLE.
[*From a Photograph by Barton.*]

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GALLE:—VIEW OF THE TOWN, FORT, HARBOUR, ONAWATTONE PORT, Etc., LOOKING SEAWARD.
[From a Photograph by A. W. Andree.]

THE IRON LIGHTHOUSE, GALLE.
[From a Photograph by J. Barton.]

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GIBBET ISLAND, GALLE HARBOUR.
[*From a Photograph by Barton.*]

REMAINS OF THE OLD TEMPLE GATEWAY, DONDRA HEAD, CEYLON.
[*From a Photograph by Barton.*]

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PART OF GALLE HARBOUR, WITH THE BAZAARS.
[*From a Photograph by Barton.*]

ENTRANCE TO THE BUDDHIST TEMPLE, DONDRA HEAD, CEYLON.
[*From a Photograph by Barton.*]

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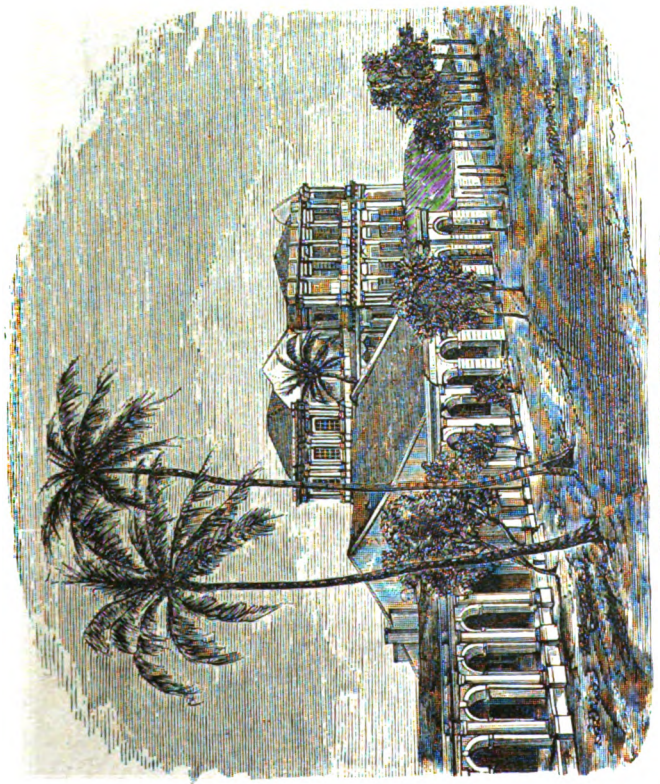

MOUNT LAVINIA, NEAR COLOMBO.
[*From a Photograph by Sinn & Co.*]

ENTRANCE TO QUEEN'S HOUSE, WITH SIR EDWARD BARNES' STATUE, COLOMBO.
[*From a Photograph by Sinn & Co.*]

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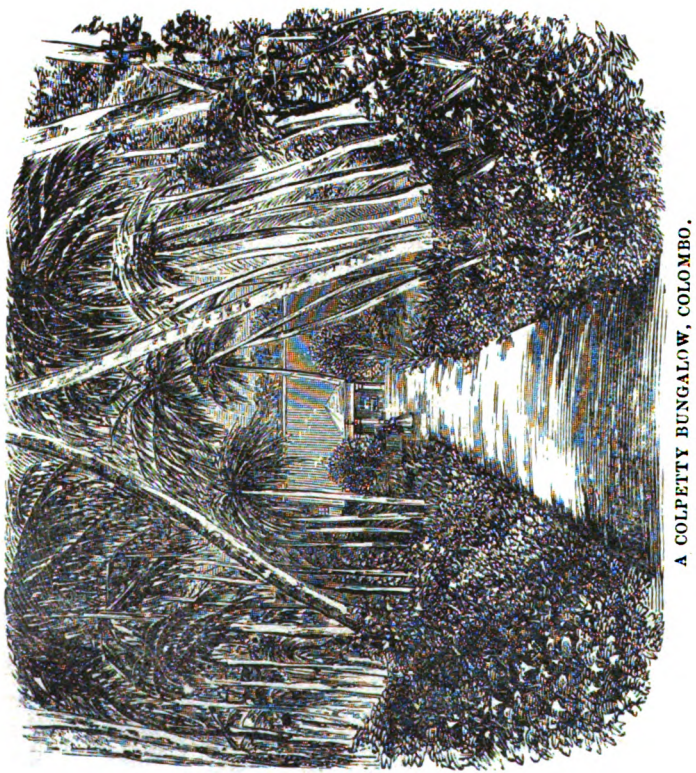

A COLPETTY BUNGALOW, COLOMBO.
[*From a Photograph by Stian & Co.*]

A MERCHANT'S SEA-SIDE MANSION, MUTWAL, COLOMBO.
[*From a Photograph by Stian & Co.*]

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COLOMBO:—PANORAMIC VIEW FROM THE RAMPARTS ABOVE THE SALLY-PORT, LOOKING EASTWARDS ACROSS THE LAKE TO THE RAILWAY TERMINUS.
[*From a Photograph by Slinn & Co.*]

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THE OLD LIGHTHOUSE AND FLAGSTAFF, COLOMBO, WITH A PORTION OF THE BATTERY.

[From a Photograph by Slinn & Co.]

COLOMBO: THE CUSTOM-HOUSE, WAREHOUSES, WHARVES, INNER HARBOUR Etc.

[From a Photograph by Slinn & Co.]

BRIDGE OF BOATS OVER THE KALANY RIVER, NEAR COLOMBO.

[From a Photograph by Slinn & Co.]

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COLOMBO :—PANORAMIC VIEW FROM THE RAMPARTS, LOOKING SOUTH: GALLE FACE, SLAVE ISLAND, ETC

[From a Photograph by Slinn & Co.]

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COLOMBO.—PANORAMIC VIEW FROM THE FORT RAMPARTS, LOOKING NORTH. SEA-FACE OF THE NATIVE TOWN, &c.
[*From Photographs by Slinn & Co.*]

THE DEAD BUCK: KADIANLENA, 1864.
[*From a Photograph by H. Humphreys.*]

THE YOUNG TUSKER PREPARING TO CHARGE.
[*From a Photograph by Slinn & Co.*]

THE DEAD ELEPHANT IN THE KRAAL.
[*From a Photograph by Slinn & Co.*]

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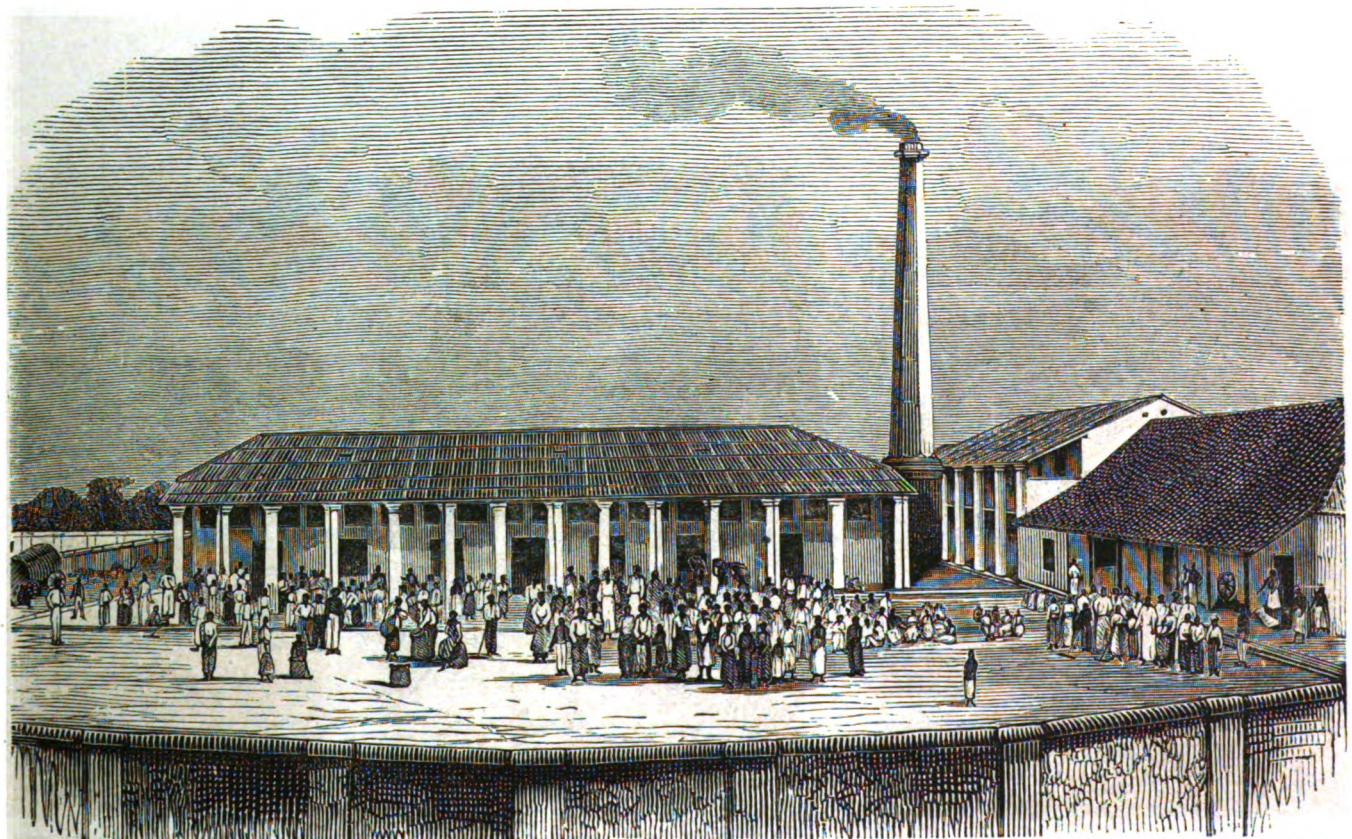

COFFEE STORES AND "BARBACUES" (DRYING GROUNDS):—THE PROPERTY OF MESSRS. ALSTON, SCOTT, & CO., CINNAMON GARDENS, COLOMBO.
[*From Photographs by Juan de Silva.*]

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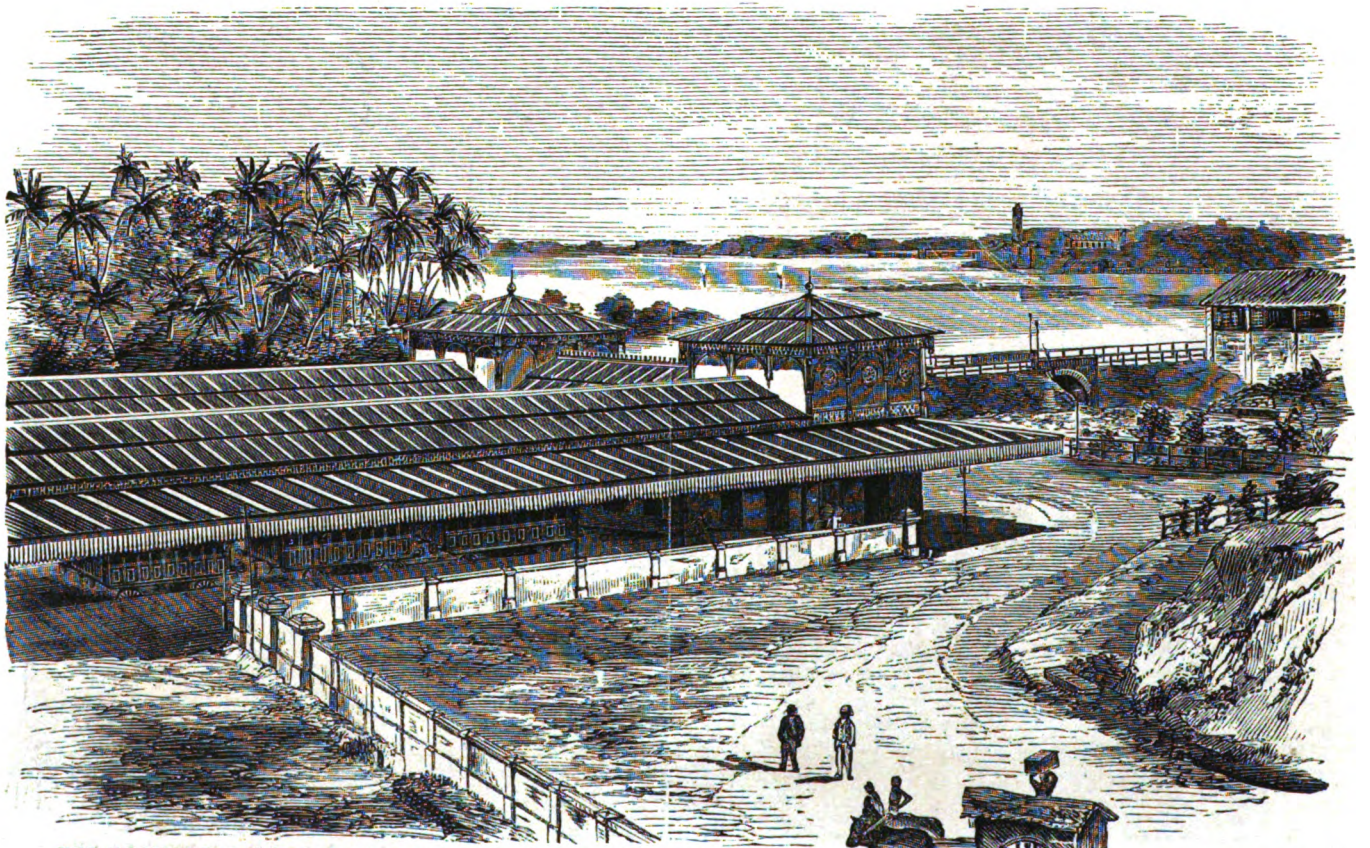

THE COLOMBO RAILWAY TERMINUS, FROM THE OFFICE BUILDINGS: LOOKING WESTWARDS ACROSS THE LAKE, WITH THE FORT IN THE DISTANCE.

[*From a Photograph by Slinn & Co.*]

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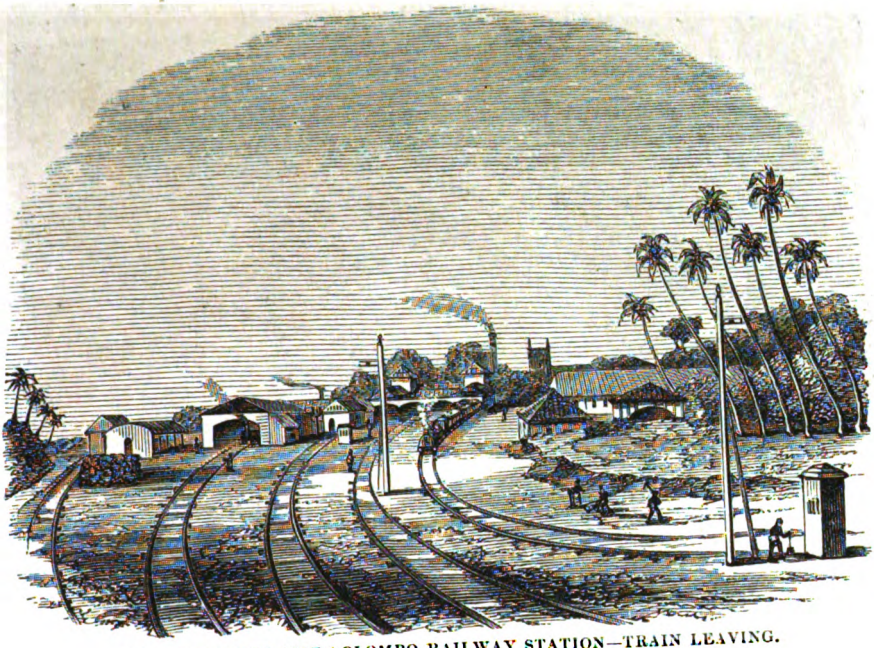
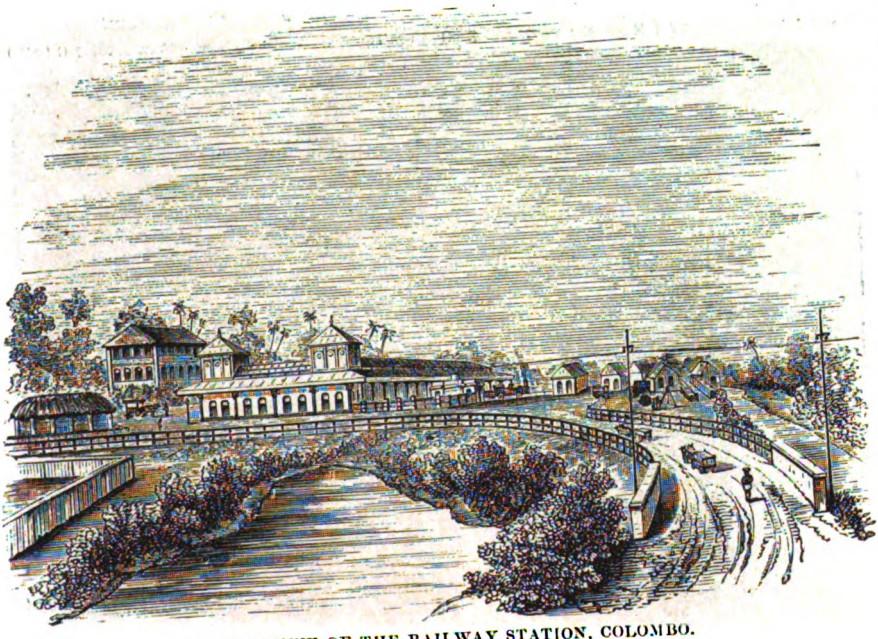


SOUTH VIEW OF THE COLOMBO RAILWAY STATION—TRAIN LEAVING.
[*From a Drawing by M. P. Hypolite Silvaf.*]



FRONT VIEW OF THE RAILWAY STATION, COLOMBO.
[*From a Drawing by M. P. Hypolite Silvaf.*]

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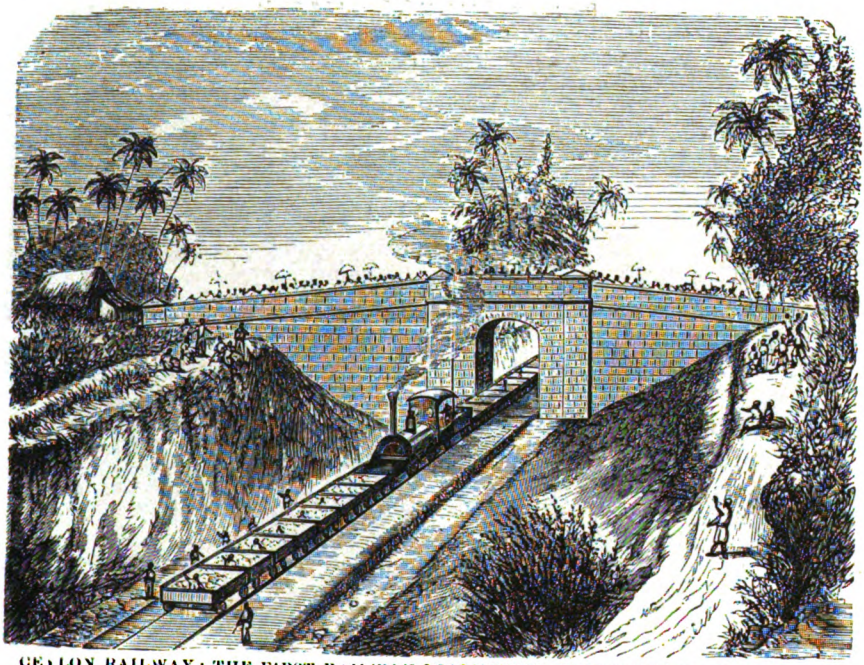
CEYLON RAILWAY: SCENERY AND RAILWAY OPERATIONS ON THE KADUGUNAVA PASS.
[*Adapted from Photographs by Messrs. Slinn & Co., and drawn by M. Hypolite Silvaf.*]



CEYLON RAILWAY: THE FIRST RAILWAY LOCOMOTIVE EVER STARTED IN CEYLON PASSING UNDER THE BRIDGE AT MARENDAHN, COLOMBO, MARCH 9TH, 1864.
[*From a Sketch by M. Hypolite Silvaf.*]

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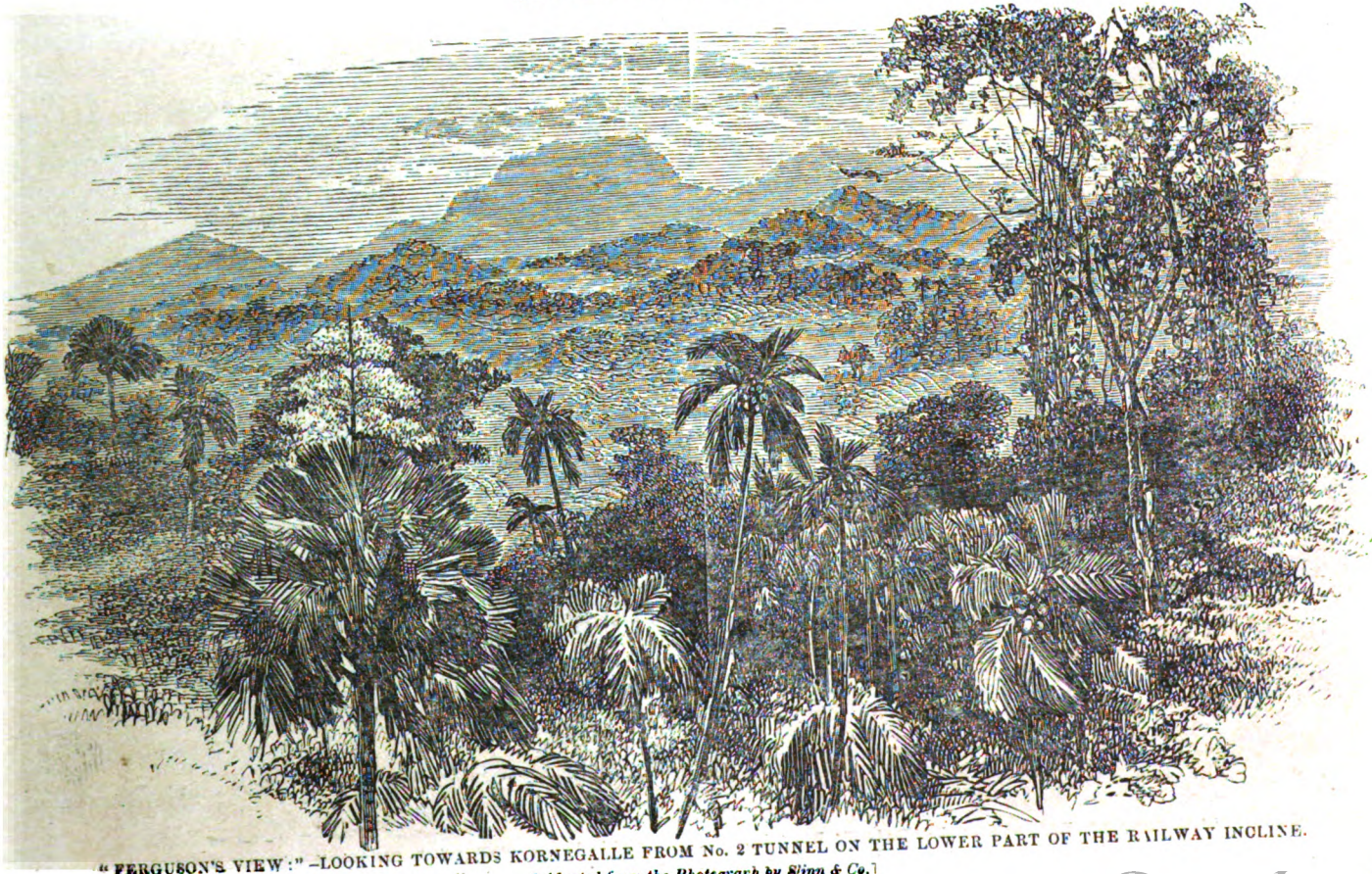

"FERGUSON'S VIEW:"—LOOKING TOWARDS KORNEGALLE FROM No. 2 TUNNEL ON THE LOWER PART OF THE RAILWAY INCLINE.

[*Adapted from the Photograph by Slinn & Co.*]

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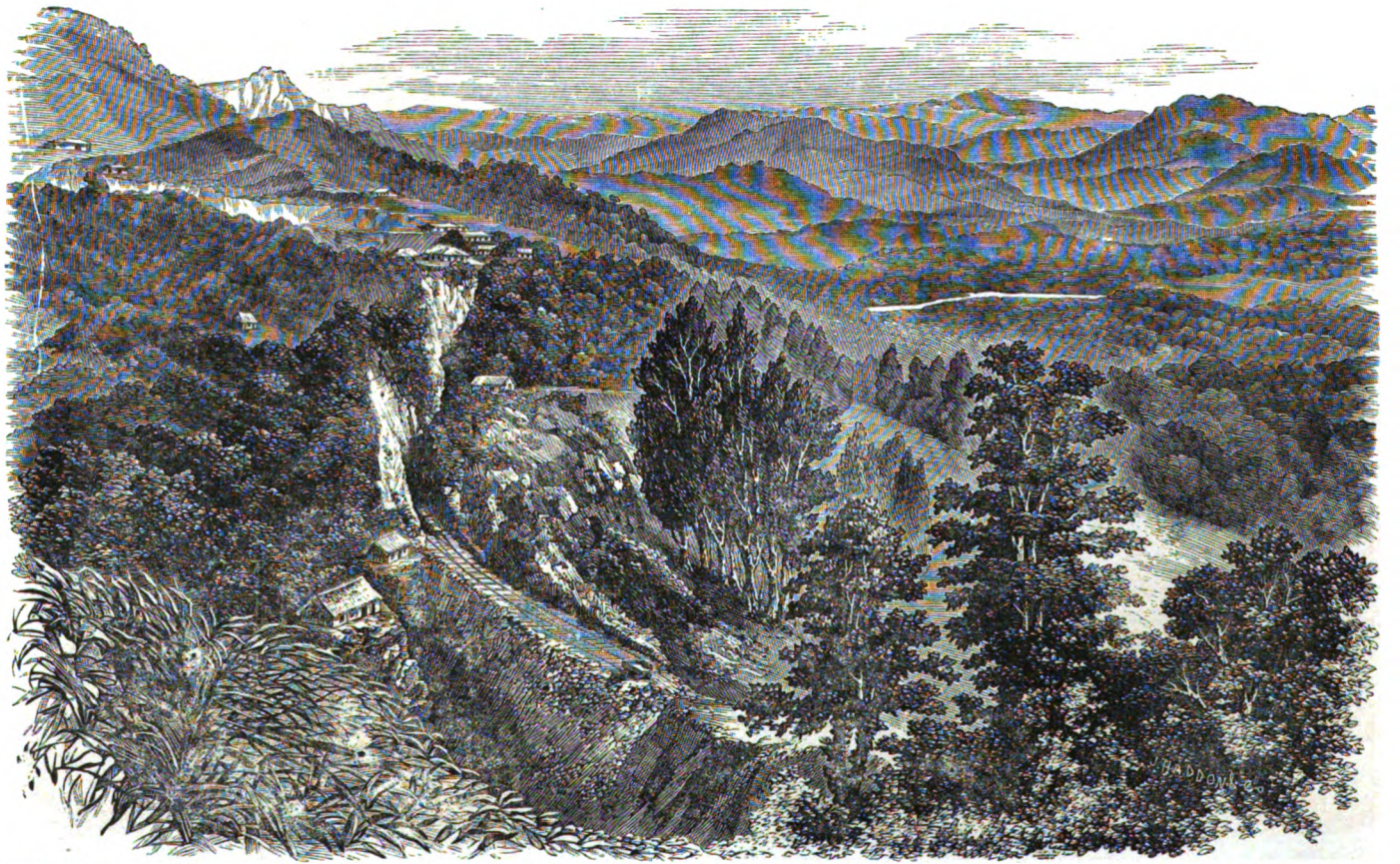

VIEW FROM THE GOVERNMENT ENGINEER'S BUNGALOW, BALANY. No. 9 TUNNEL IN COURSE OF FORMATION IN THE FOREGROUND. THE MORAGALLA AND KUDUGUNAVA HILLS AND COFFEE PLANTATIONS ON THE LEFT; WITH THE GAMPOLLA AND PUSILAVA RANGES, AND (IN THE FAR DISTANCE) THE NEWERA ELLIA MOUNTAINS ON THE RIGHT.

[*From Photographs by Lieut. R. W. Stewart, R.E.*]

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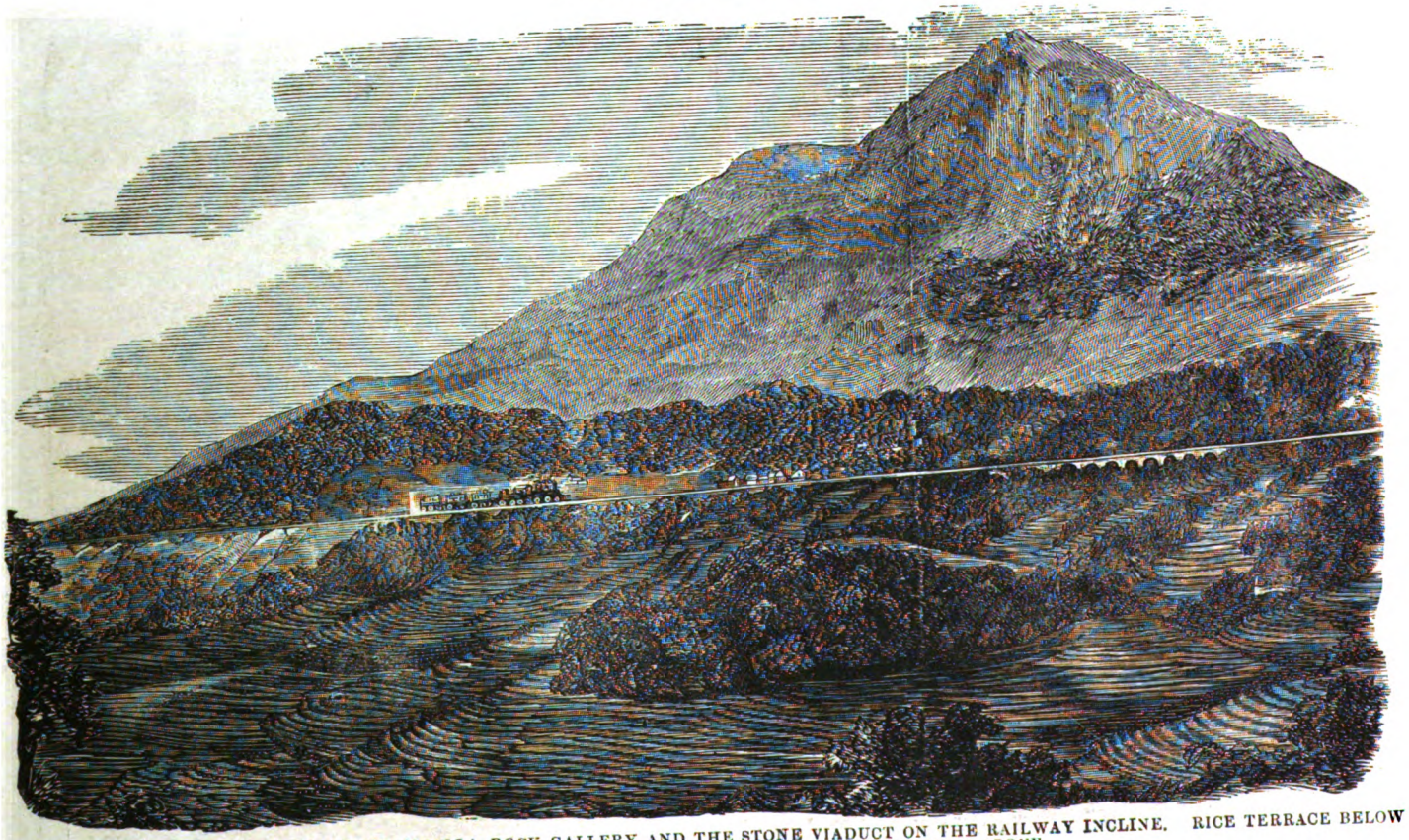

ALLAGALLA MOUNTAIN, WITH THE MEANGALLA ROCK GALLERY AND THE STONE VIADUCT ON THE RAILWAY INCLINE. RICE TERRACE BELOW THE LINE; FOREST CLEARED AWAY FOR COFFEE CULTIVATION ABOVE.

[*From a Photograph by J. Lawton.*]

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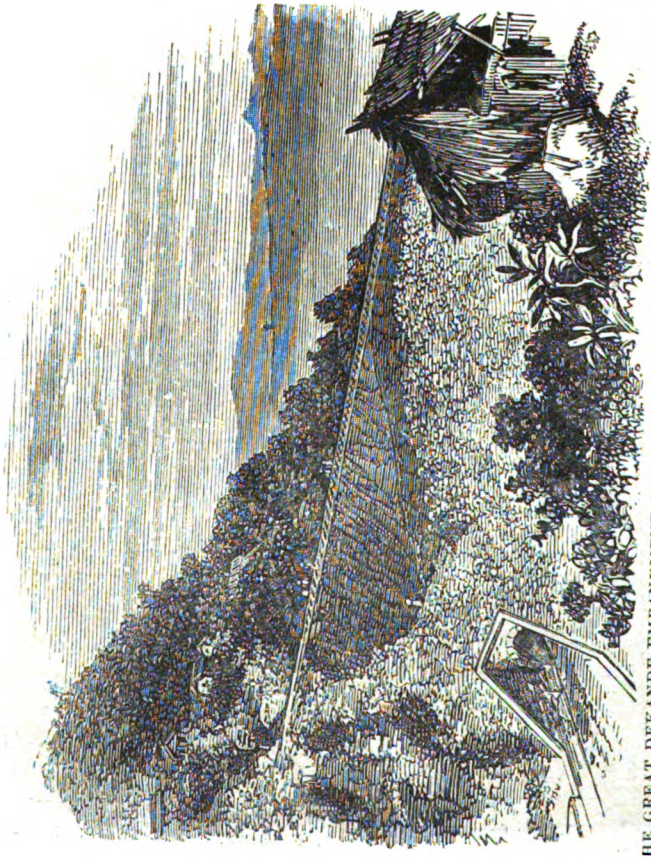

THE GREAT DEKANDE EMBANKMENT AND CULVERT, CEYLON RAILWAY INCLINE, WITH UTUAN-KANDE PEAK IN THE DISTANCE.
[*From a Photograph by J. Lawton.*]

ROCK CUTTINGS AND TUNNELS 56 AND 61 ON THE CEYLON RAILWAY INCLINE.
[*From a Photograph by Sinn & Co.*]

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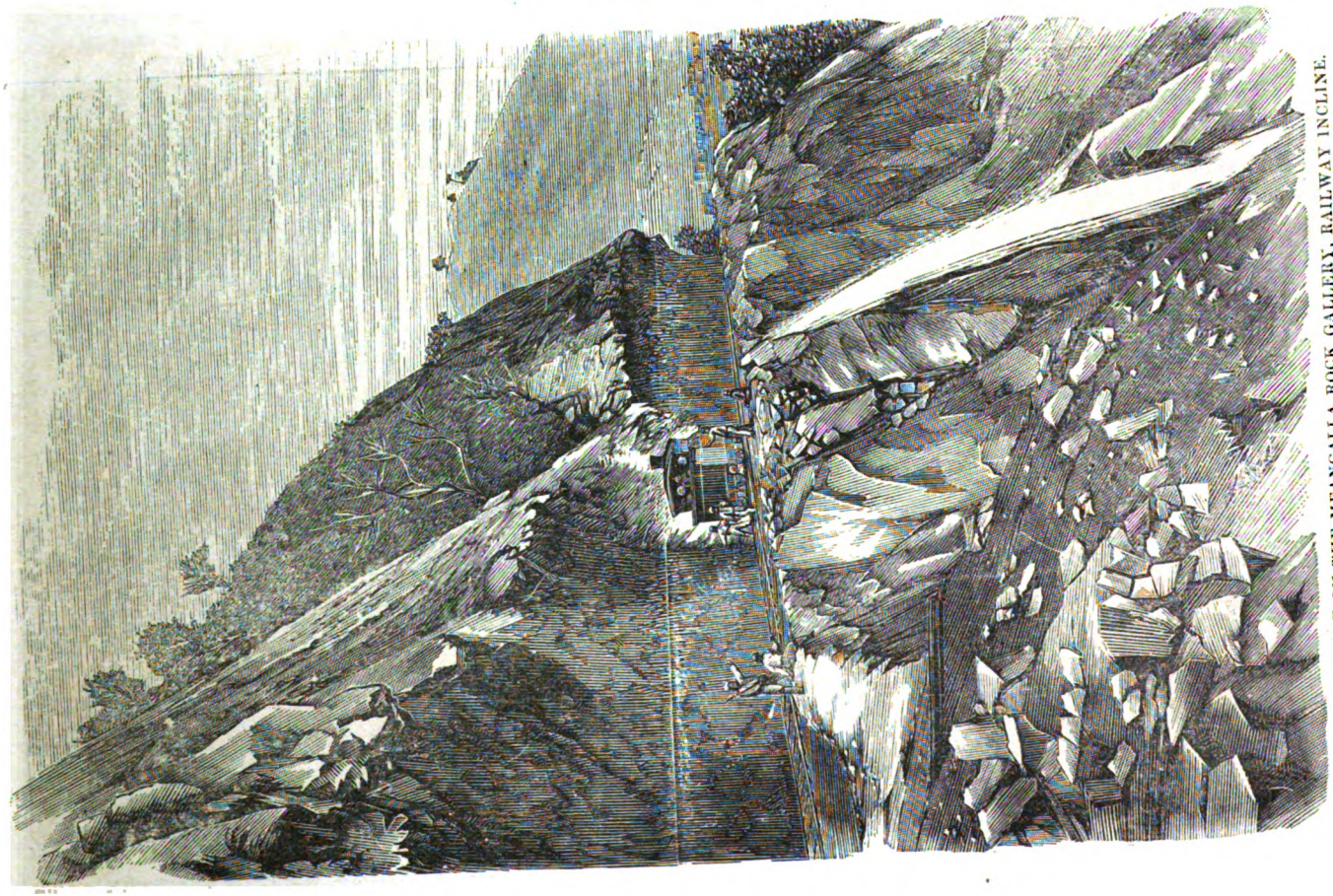

THE FIRST ENGINE ON THE MEANGALLA ROCK GALLERY, RAILWAY INCLINE.
[*From a Photograph by Skinn & Co.*]

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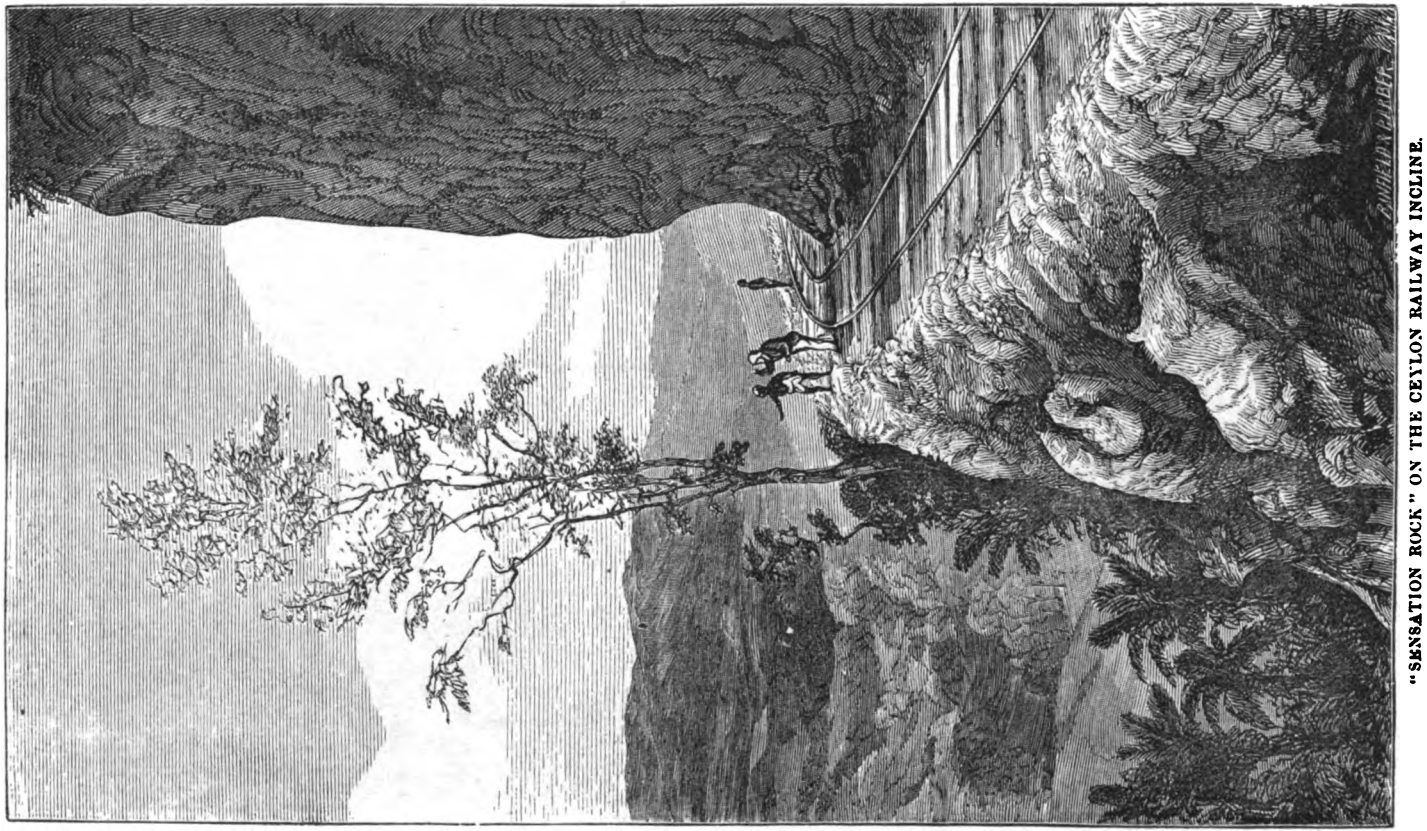

"SENSATION ROCK" ON THE CEYLON RAILWAY INCLINE.
(From a Photograph by J. Laxton.)

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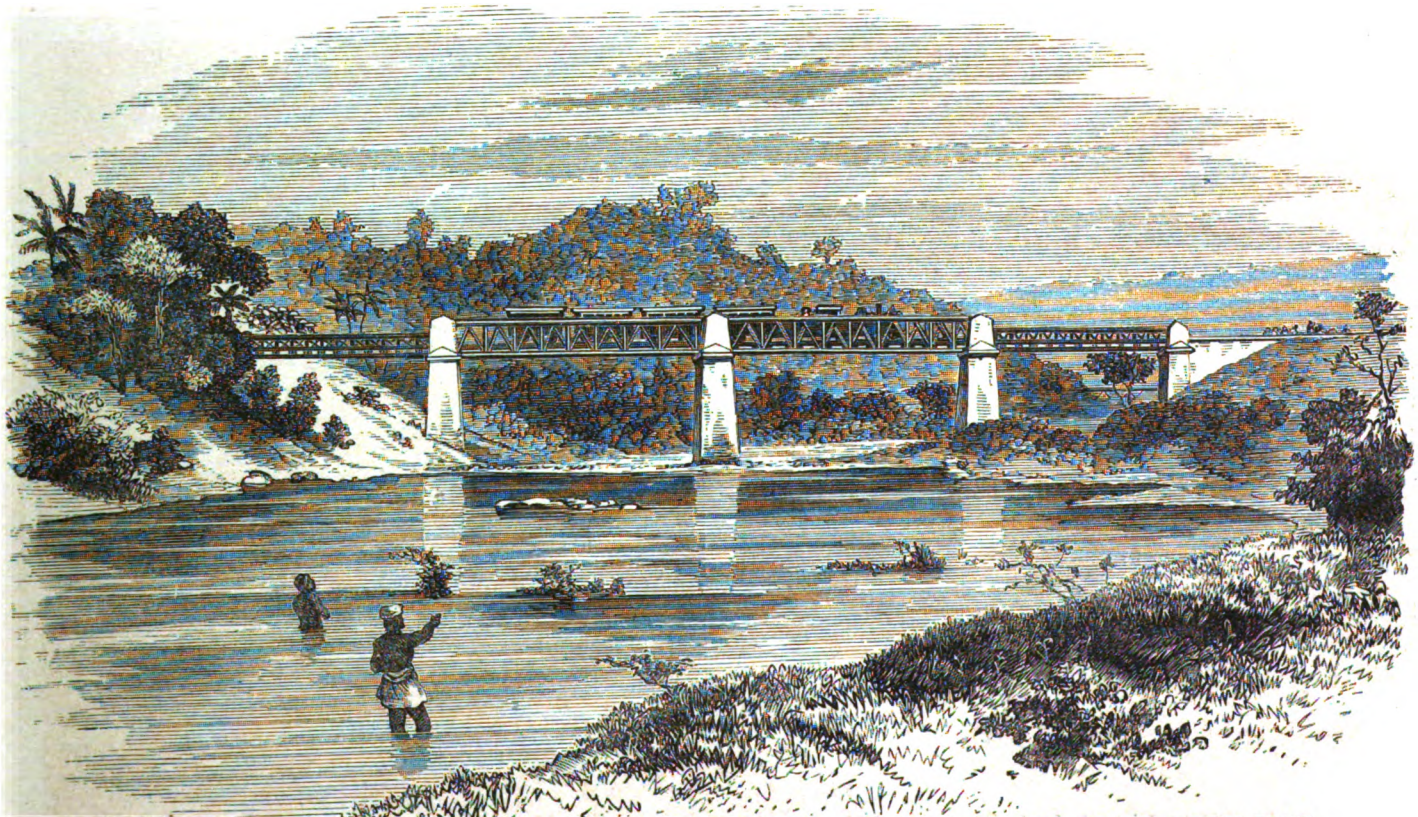

RAILWAY BRIDGE OVER THE MAHAWELLIGANGA. (GANGES OF PTOLEMY,) AT PERADENIA; WITH THE FIRST EXCURSION TRAIN (CONTRACTOR'S FETE,) CROSSING, APRIL 5TH, 1867.

[*From a Photograph by J. Lawton.*]

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GROUP OF PALMS AND ALLIED PLANTS (INDIGENOUS AND EXOTIC) IN THE ROYAL BOTANIC GARDENS, PERADENIA, NEAR KANDY.

[*From a Photograph by J. Lawton.*]

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KANDY, THE MOUNTAIN CAPITAL OF CEYLON:—PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE LAKE AND TOWN, FROM "ARTHUR'S SEAT," WITH THE DOOMBERA AND MATELLA MOUNTAINS IN THE DISTANCE.
[*From Photographs by J. Lawton.*]

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VIEW OF THE KANDY LAKE, LOOKING DOWN.
[*From a Photograph by J. Lawton.*]

VIEW ON THE MAHAWELLIGANGA, AT GANGAROOA, NEAR KANDY.
[*From a Photograph by J. Lawton.*]

THE IRON LATTICE BRIDGE OVER THE MAHAWELLIGANGA, AT KATUGASTOTTE, NEAR KANDY.
[*From a Photograph by Sinn & Co.*]

THE PAVILION, GOVERNOR'S RESIDENCE, KANDY.
[*From a Photograph by Sinn & Co.*]

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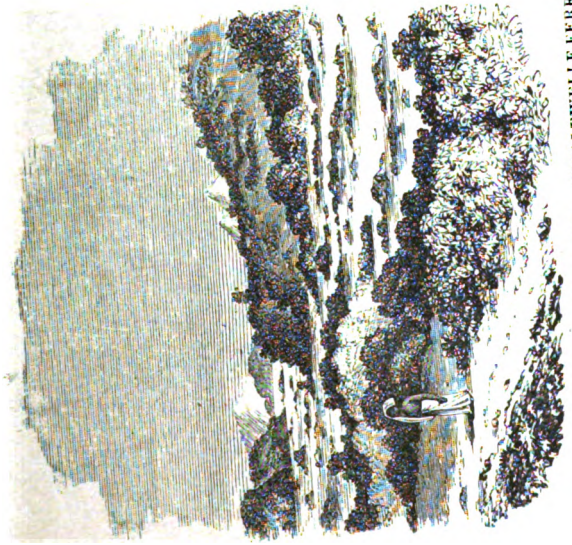

VIEW ON THE MAHAWELLIGANGA. THE LEWELLE FERRY, NEAR KANDY, CEYLON.

[*From a Photograph by Herbert.*]

VIEW ON THE MAHAWELLIGANGA, NEAR KANDY.

[*From a Photograph by Herbert.*]

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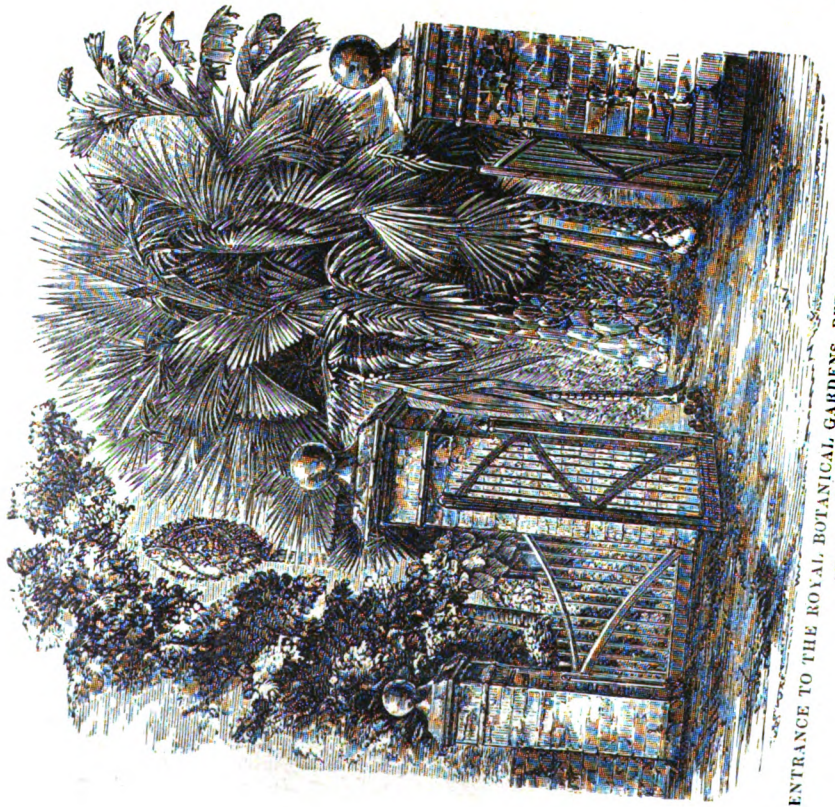
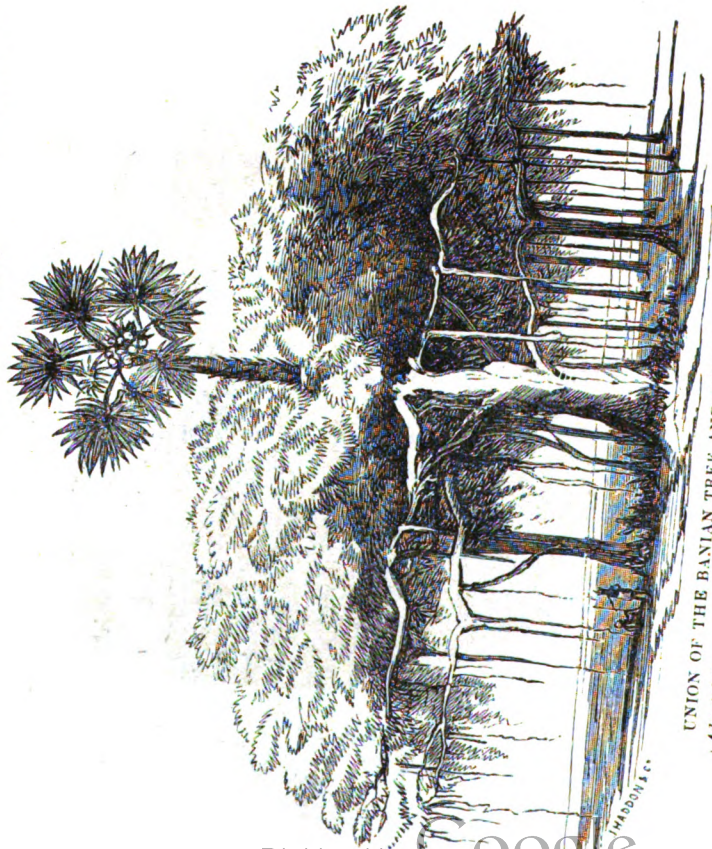


ENTRANCE TO THE ROYAL BOTANICAL GARDENS, PERADENIA, NEAR KANDY.
[*From a Photograph by Stnn & Co.*]



UNION OF THE BANIAN TREE AND THE PALMYRA PALM.
[*Adapted from Sketches in W. Ferguson's Monograph on the Palmyra Palm.*]

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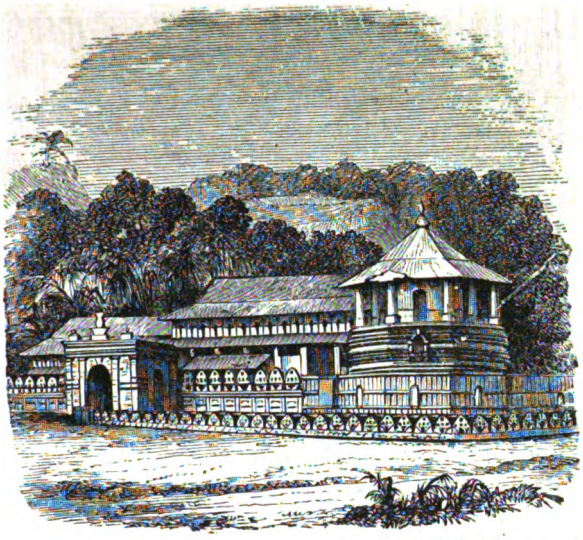
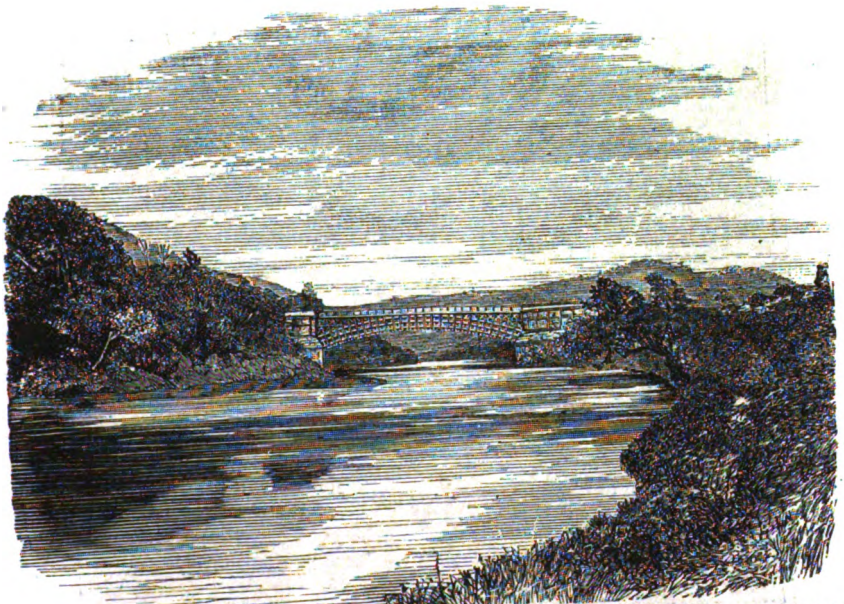


THE DALADA MALIGAWA, (TEMPLE OF THE SACRED TOOTH,) KANDY.

[*From a Photograph by Herbert.*]



GENERAL FRASER'S SATIN-WOOD BRIDGE, BY WHICH THE KANDY ROAD CROSSES THE MAHAWELLIGANGA, JUST BELOW THE RAILWAY BRIDGE, PERADENIA.

[*From a Photograph by J. Lawton.*]

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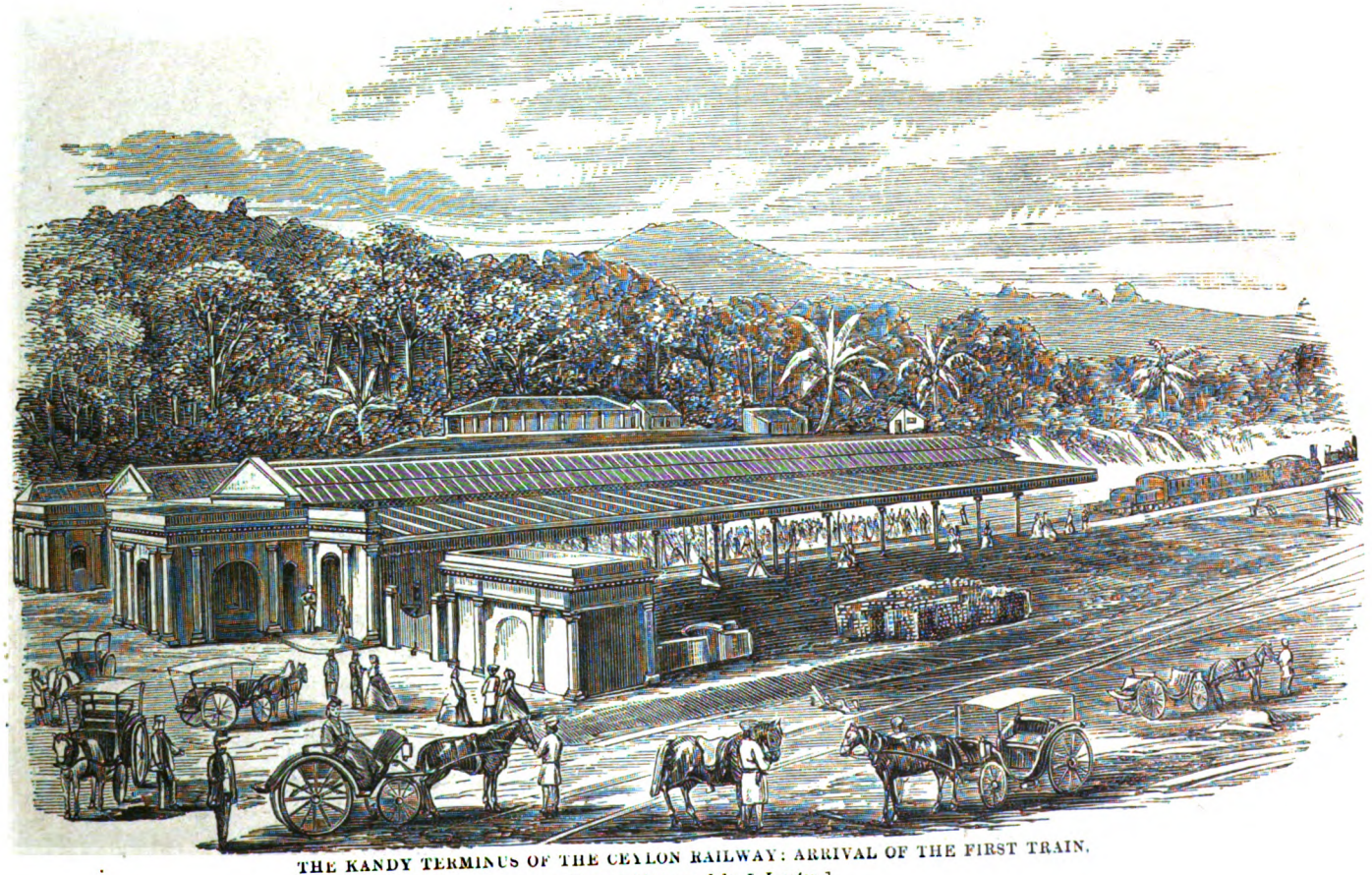
THE "DARK ARCHES," ON THE RAILWAY INCLINE AT KADUGUNAVA.
[*From a Photograph by Lieut. R. W. Stewart, R.E.*]

"WAITING FOR THE BLAST:" A TRAIN OF BULLOCK "BANDIES" ON THE KADUGUNAVA PASS, DURING THE FORMATION OF THE RAILWAY INCLINE.
[*From a Photograph by Lieut. R. W. Stewart, R.E.*]



THE KANDY TERMINUS OF THE CEYLON RAILWAY: ARRIVAL OF THE FIRST TRAIN.
[*From a Photograph by J. Lawton.*]

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THE DEVON FALLS, DIMBOOLA: A PEEP FROM THE NEW ROAD.
[From a Photograph by H. Humphreys.]

THE FALLS OF THE HOOLOOGANGA: KNUCKLES ROAD.
[From a Photograph by H. Humphreys.]

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THE SINNAPITTIA COFFEE ESTATE, NEAR GAMPOLLA.
[*From a Photograph by Herbert.*]

SCENE ON THE NILWELLEGANGA, SOUTHERN PROVINCE.
[*From a Photograph by Capt. F. Beyley.*]

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VIEW IN NEWERA ELLIA, AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE PLAIN: SUMMIT OF PEDROTALLAGALLA IN THE BACKGROUND.

[From a Photograph by Messrs. Sinn & Co.]

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BADULLA: THE CAPITAL OF THE ANCIENT PRINCIPALITY OF UWA. VIEW FROM THE FORT.
[*From a Photograph by Lieut. R. W. Stewart, R.E.*]

THE GREAT FALLS: AT THE FOOT OF THE RAMBODDE PASS, ON THE ROAD TO NEWERA ELLIA.
[*From a Photograph by A. W. Andree.*]

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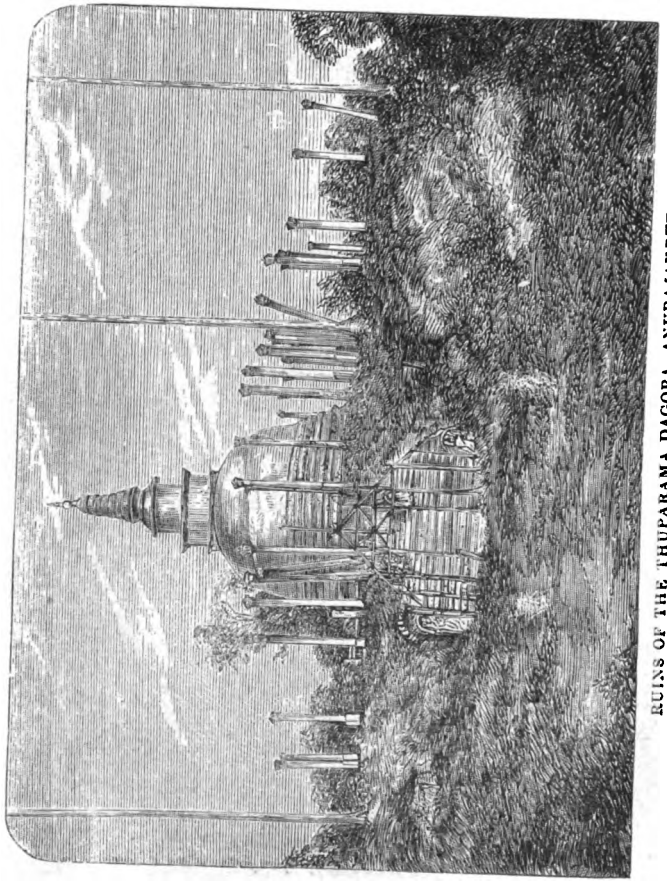
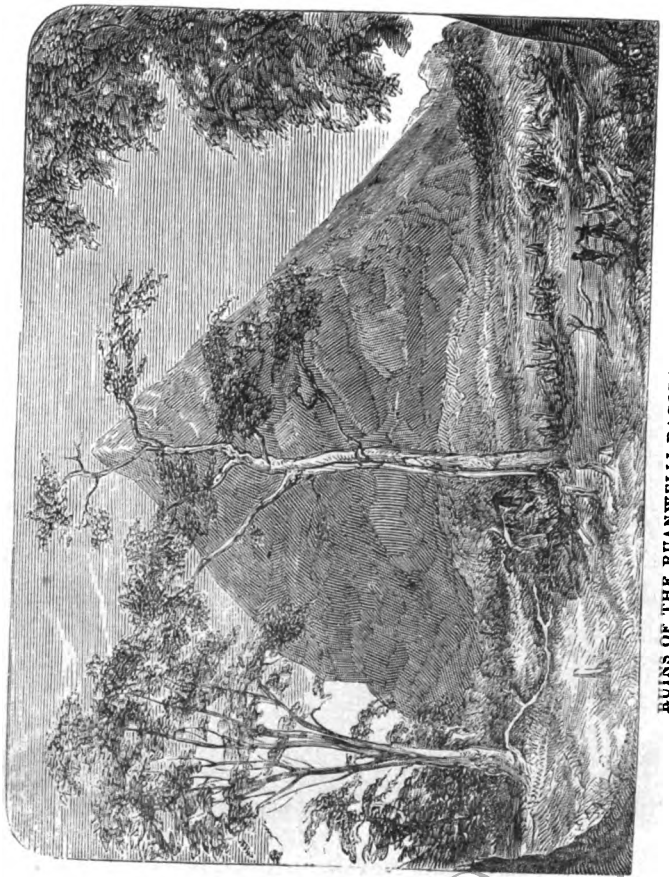


RUINS OF THE THUPARAMA DAGOBA, ANURAJAHPURA.
[*From a Photograph by R. W. T. Morris.*]



RUINS OF THE RUANWELLI DAGOBA, ANURAJAHPURA.
[*From a Photograph by R. W. T. Morris.*]

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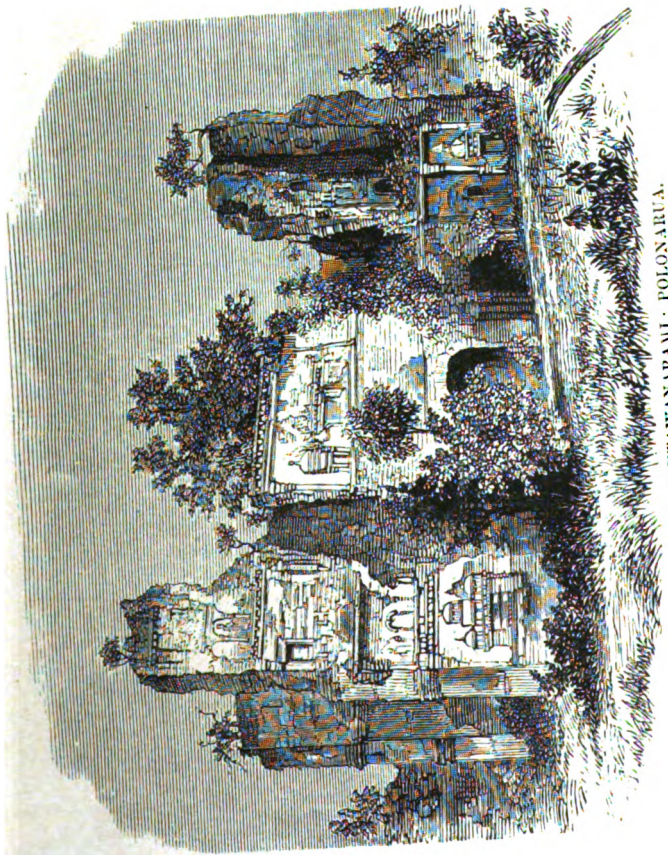
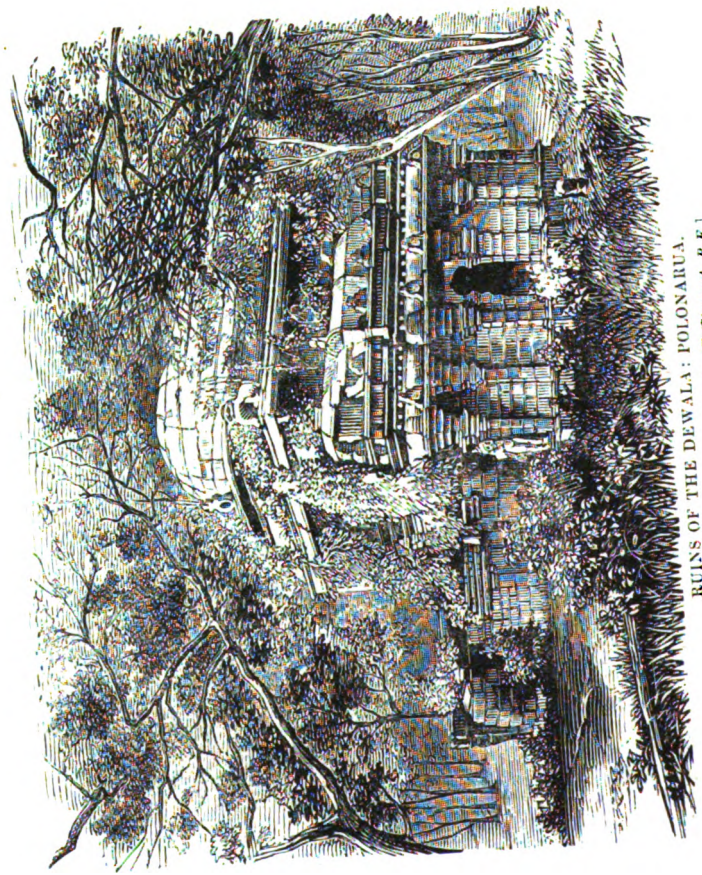


RUINS OF THE JAYTAWANARAMI: POLONARUA.
[*From a Photograph by Lieut. R. W. Stewart, R.E.*]



RUINS OF THE DEWALA: POLONARUA.
[*From a Photograph by Lieut. R. W. Stewart, R.E.*]

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TOPARÉ (TOPA-WE VA) TANK: NEAR THE RUINS OF POLONARUA.

[*From a Photograph by Lieut. R. W. Stewart, R.E.*]

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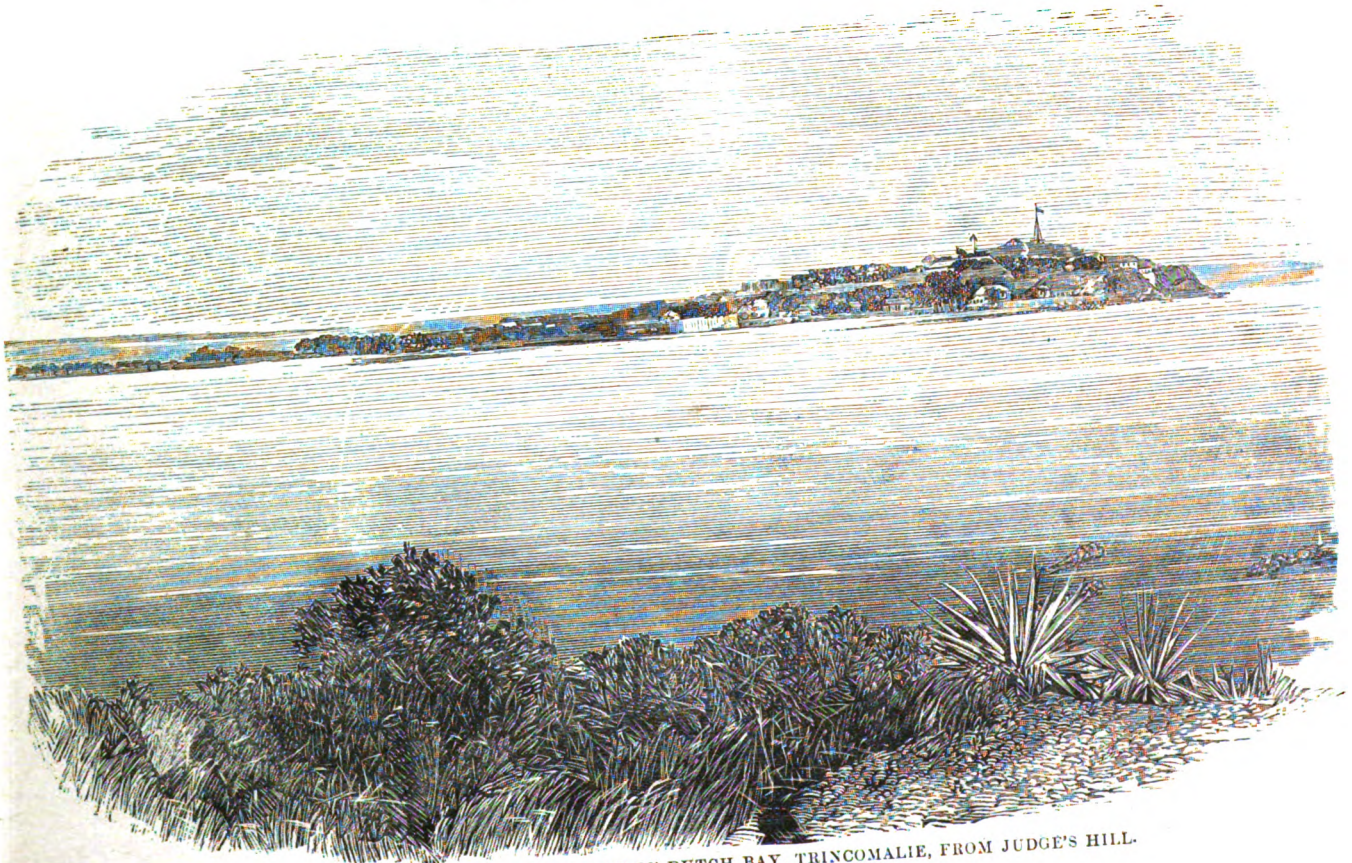

VIEW OF FORT FREDERICK AND PART OF DUTCH BAY, TRINCOMALIE, FROM JUDGE'S HILL.

[From a Photograph by Lieut. R. W. Stewart, R.E.]

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VIEW FROM FORT OSTENBURG, TRINCOMALIE; SHOWING THE DOCKYARD BUILDINGS, THE ADMIRALTY HOUSE &c., WITH FORT FREDERICK IN THE DISTANCE.

[From a Photograph by Lieut. R. W. Stewart, R.E.]

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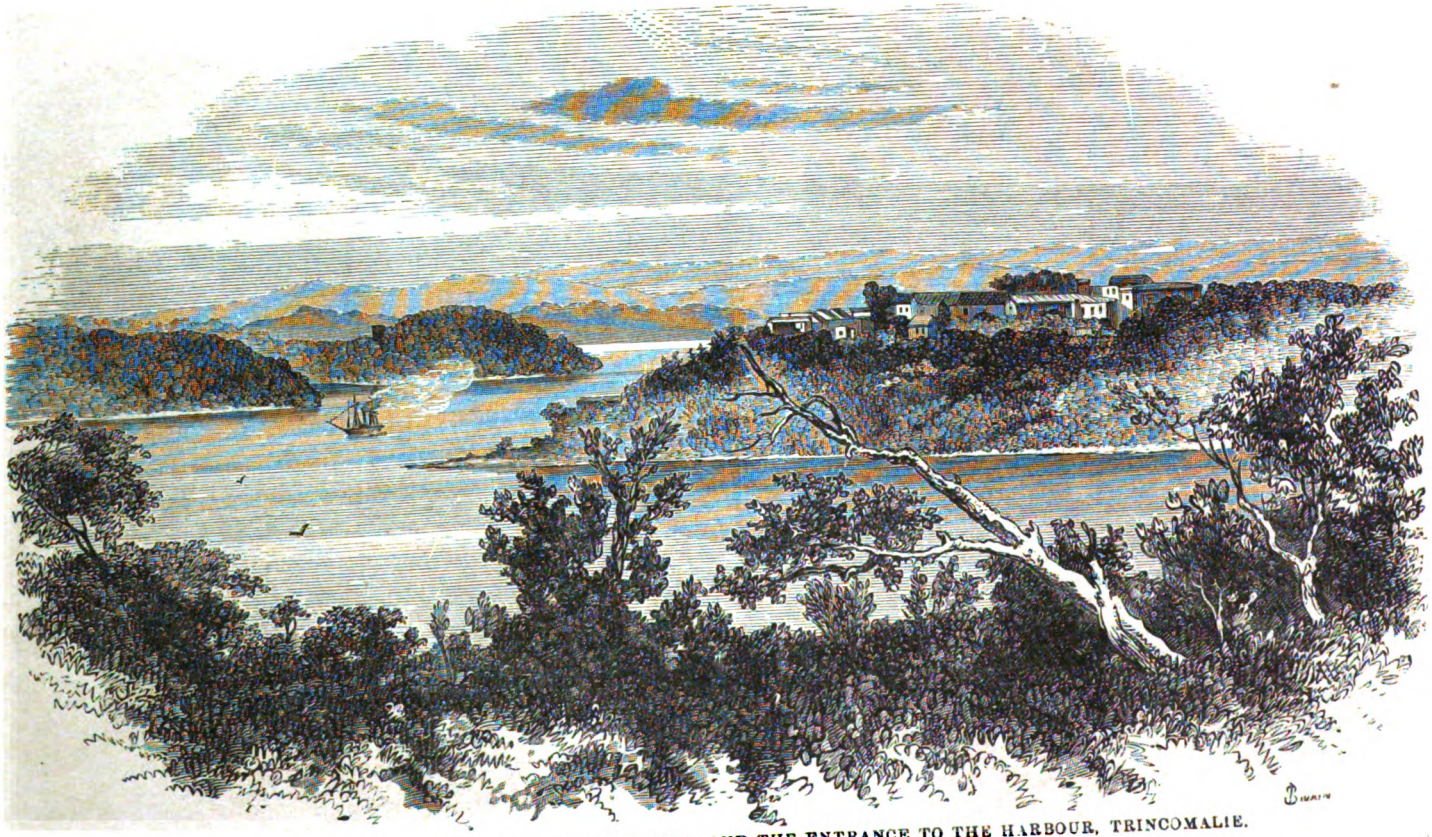

VIEW FROM ELEPHANT RIDGE, OF FORT OSTENBURG, AND THE ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOUR, TRINCOMALIE.
[*From a Photograph by Lieut. R. W. Stewart, R.E.*]

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VIEW OF ADAM'S PEAK, FROM WOODSTOCK ESTATE, AMBEGAMOA.
[*From a Sketch by Capt. Macdonald Henderson.*]

NATURAL ARCH, TRINCOMALIE; THROUGH WHICH ARE SEEN THE COAST OF KOTTIAR, THE CHAPEL ROCKS, AND THE ENTRANCE TO THE INNER HARBOUR.
[*From a Sketch by Capt. Macdonald Henderson.*]

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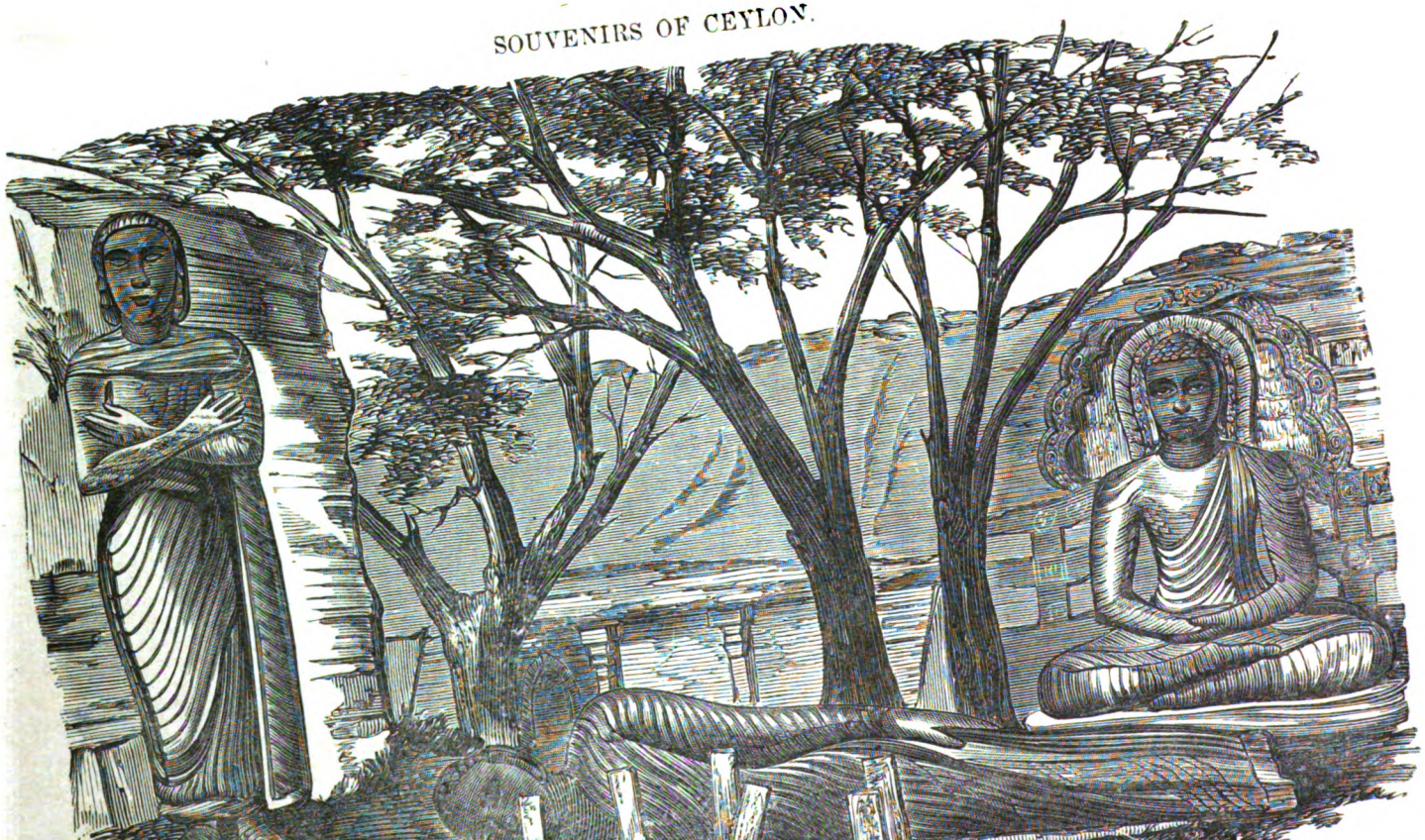

FIGURES OF BUDDHO: UPRIGHT, SEATED, AND RECUMBENT; AS SCULPTURED ON A ROCK NEAR THE RANKOT DAGOBA, RUINS OF POLONARUA. 7

[*From Photographs by Lieut. R. W. Stewart, R.E.*]

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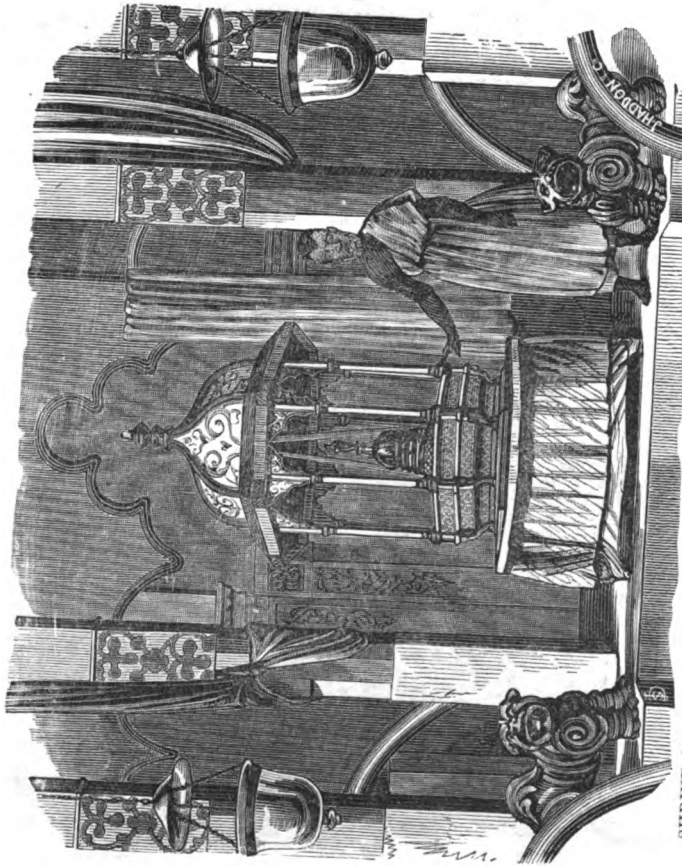
THE "BLACK PRINCELY DEVIL" AND HIS VICTIMS.
[From a Lithograph in Callaway's Translation of the "Yakkum Nattanawa." Publications of the Oriental Translation Fund.]



SHRINE OF THE SACRED TOOTH: INTERIOR OF THE DALADA MALIGAWA, KANDY.
[From a Photograph by H. Hawphrey.]

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KANDIAN ADIGAR AND FAN BEARER.
[*From a Sketch by M. Hypolite Silvaf.*]

SINGHALESE BUDDHIST PRIEST.
[*From a Sketch by M. Hypolite Silvaf.*]

SINGHALESE MODLIAR.
[*From a Sketch by M. Hypolite Silvaf.*]

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"LAMA ETENA," SINGHALESE LADY.
[*From a Sketch by M. Hypolite Silvaf.*]

A KANDIAN LADY.
[*From a Photograph by Slinn & Co., taken at the Elephant Kraal (Korral) of* 1866.]

SINGHALESE AYAH (LADY'S MAID).
[*From a Sketch by M. Hypolite Silvaf.*]

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TAMIL MAN AND HIS WIFE, ROMAN CATHOLICS.
[*From a Photograph by Slinn & Co.*]

PARSEE MAN AND HIS WIFE, FIRE WORSHIPPERS.
[*From a Photograph by Slinn & Co.*]

SINGHALESE BRIDEGROOM AND BRIDE.
[*From a Photograph by Slinn & Co.*]

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QUEEN'S HOUSE LASCOREEN (GOVERNOR'S MESSENGER).

[From a Sketch by M. Hypolite Silvaf.]

SINGHALESE "APPOO" (BUTLER) GOING TO THE BAZAAR.

[From a Sketch by M. Hypolite Silvaf.]

CEYLON CHETTY.

[From a Sketch by M. Hypolite Silvaf.]

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SOUVENIRS OF CEYLON.

CEYLON MOORMAN (MASON).
[*From a Photograph by Slinn & Co.*]

CEYLON MOORMAN (TRADER, FULL DRESS).
[*From a Sketch by M. Hypolite Silvaf.*]

CEYLON MALAY.
[*From a Photograph by Slinn & Co.*]

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SINGHALESE FISHERMAN.
[*From a Sketch by M. Hypolite Silvaf.*]

SINGHALESE "TODDY" DRAWER.
(Properly *Tarree*, the juice of the Cocoa-nut Flower Spathe.)
[*From a Sketch by M. Hypolite Silvaf.*]

SINGHALESE DHOBY (WASHERMAN).
[*From a Sketch by M. Hypolite Silvaf.*]

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SINGHALESE WOMAN GOING TO A COLOMBO STORE TO PICK COFFEE.

[*From a Sketch by M. Hypolite Silvaf.*]

TAMIL "HORSEKEEPER," OR GROOM.

[*From a Sketch by M. Hypolite Silvaf.*]

TAMIL GRASS-CUTTER.

[*From a Sketch by M. Hypolite Silvaf.*]

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A JAFFNA TAMIL MAN.
[*From a Photograph by Slinn & Co.*]

TAMIL FEMALES.
[*From a Photograph by Slinn & Co.*]

THE MINSTREL PRIEST.
(HINDOO SACERDOTAL BEGGAR.)
[*From a Sketch by John K. L. Vandort.*]

THE FAT NATUCOTYA CHETTY.
[*From a Sketch by John K. L. Vandort.*]

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THE SWORD.
[*From a Sketch by John K. L. Vandort.*]

THE JUDGE.
[*From a Sketch by John K. L. Vandort.*]

THE MACE.
[*From a Sketch by John K. L. Vandort.*]

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THE MARSHAL.
[*From a Sketch by John K. L. Vandort.*]

THE REGISTRAR.
[*From a Sketch by John K. L. Vandort.*]

THE CRIER.
[*From a Sketch by John K. L. Vandort.*]

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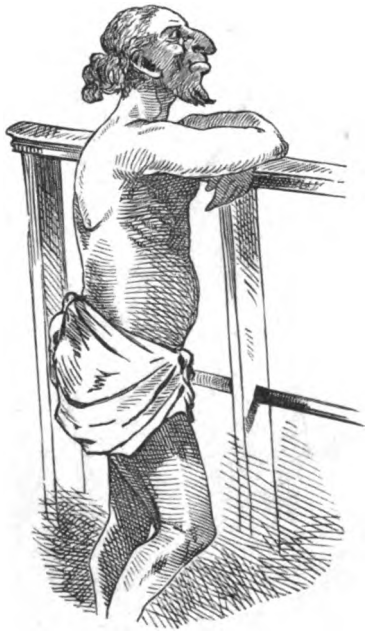
THE MILITARY.
[*From a Sketch by John K. L. Vandort.*]



THE PRISONER.
[*From a Sketch by John K. L. Vandort.*]

THE POLICE.
[*From a Sketch by John K. L. Vandort.*]

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THE JURY.
[*From a Sketch by John K. L. Vandort.*]

THE INTERPRETER.
[*From a Sketch by John K. L. Vandort.*]

THE WITNESS.
[*From a Sketch by John K. L. Vandort.*]

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THE LAW STUDENT.
[*From a Sketch by John K. L. Vandort.*]

THE Q.C.
[*From a Sketch by John K. L. Vandort.*]

THE PRISONER'S COUNSEL.
[*From a Sketch by John K. L. Vandort.*]

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THE PROCTOR.
[*From a Sketch by John K. L. Vandort.*]

THE CLIENT.
[*From a Sketch by John K. L. Vandort.*]

THE FISCAL'S PEON.
[*From a Sketch by John K. L. Vandort.*]

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THE SINGHALESE BARBER.

[*From a Sketch by John K. L. Vandort.*]

THE MUSICAL MECHANIC (PORTUGUESE), WITH HIS "BANDRINHA."

[*From a Sketch by John K. L. Vandort.*]

THE SINGHALESE WATER-CARRIER.

[*From a Sketch by John K. L. Vandort.*]

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THE MALAY PASORIG (SWEETMEAT) WOMAN.

[*From a Sketch by John K. L. Vandort.*]

THE CAFFRE BEGGAR WOMAN.

[*From a Sketch by John K. L. Vandort.*]

THE TAMIL "CADELLE" (PARCHED PULSE) WOMAN.

[*From a Sketch by John K. L. Vandort.*]

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SOUVENIRS OF CEYLON.

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SOUVENIRS OF CEYLON.

THE larger section of the engravings in this volume was prepared for the purpose of illustrating a history and description of the Ceylon Railway, for which the publisher has been for some time collecting materials, and a considerable portion of which is already written. The intention was to add to the detailed history of the railway, brief notices, with illustrations, of the districts, towns, and scenery on the road which leads from Galle to the Colombo Terminus, and of the interesting objects which the traveller by the railway to Kandy would see, and which he would find within more or less easy reach from the mountain capital. It was hoped that leisure would be found during a visit of a few months to London to complete the design above indicated. It is scarcely necessary to say, however, that the great metropolis of Britain, the centre of so much of man's intellectual activity and material enterprize, presented too many attractions to one returned from an Indian exile of thirty years' duration, to allow of the leisure which was, he now feels, rather unreasonably anticipated.

But although the *complete* design of an Illustrated Hand Book of the Ceylon Railway, and of Ceylon generally, must be deferred; the writer feels that the numerous, and, in some cases, very beautiful engravings, which are now ready for the press, will secure public favour for the volume, even if accompanied only with the brief and somewhat discursive

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introductory notice which can be penned on the eve of his return to that "utmost Indian Isle" which, famous in olden times for its cinnamon and pearls, has risen in the course of the last thirty years to be the third coffee country in the world, and which has at this moment the pre-eminence of being the sole British colony (the Empire of Hindustan excepted) which bears the entire cost of the troops stationed within its bounds.

Our object is to describe to a traveller landing at Galle, and having only a week or a fortnight to spare, the routes he should take in order to see the main objects of interest in the island. But instead of a bare description of the towns and districts through which the traveller may pass, we have not scrupled, as we travelled along, to digress into discussions of the various topics of interest suggested, such as coffee, cocoa-nut, and cinnamon culture; Buddhism, demon worship, &c., just as would happen in conversation between a stranger to the island, anxious for information, and a companion possessed of some local knowledge.

Whatever deficiency there may be in our own remarks, will, we feel, be fully compensated for by the valuable information extracted into our description, or placed in the Appendix. We need scarcely say we have been indebted, as every writer on Ceylon now and henceforward must be, to Emerson Tennent's great work. But our chief obligations are due to a publication far less accessible to the general reader, the "Jubilee Memorials of the Ceylon Wesleyan Mission," by the Rev. R. Spence Hardy. Interspersed with the history of the mission to which he belonged, are notices, in Mr. Hardy's terse and racy style, of the island, its towns, inhabitants, customs, &c., on which we have largely indented.

And it was with a sadly solemn feeling that we received, as responses of a letter in which we expressed our acknowledgments, and the pleasure we contemplated in presenting him with a copy of our "Souvenirs," the announcement, from one of his children whom, to use his own words when finally leaving Ceylon, he "loved next to his own soul," first of his serious illness and then of his death.

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The dispensation which has thus left his children fatherless has deprived the Christian Church of one of its most devoted and eloquent ministers, and oriental literature of one of its greatest masters. Mr. Hardy's works on Buddhism will remain monuments of his wide research and intellectual grasp. In Ceylon a voice of mourning will go up from many Churches which are bright centres of Christian light in the dark jungles, as the intelligence is received of the event which has deprived us and so many others of a valued and honoured friend: one whose Christianity was as genial as it was decided in conviction and earnest in action.

We cannot better commence our descriptive remarks than with a notice, by Mr. Hardy, of the various aspects in which Ceylon has been viewed and described:

The whole area of Ceylon is said to be 25,742 square miles, somewhat less than that of Ireland. In shape it has been compared to all kinds of odd things, from a swine's ham to a chrysalis; and it may be called pyriform, peariform, or pearliform. In position it stands as a watch-tower to the mightier India, to some of whose tribes it may be a retreat in the hour of their danger; and it is related to the continent of Asia as Great Britain is to Europe or Madagascar to Africa. It is a region of contrasts and contradictions. Listen to what that man says about it, and he will tell you: "It is a place to be dreaded and shunned. On its hills are detestable leeches, in numbers numberless; in its pathways lurk poisonous snakes; in its homes are repulsive insects, and every abomination; in its rivers are enormous alligators; and around its shores are voracious sharks, seeking their prey with sinister look, on murder ever ruminent. Two months in the year you see the sun, and the rest of your days are spent in an atmosphere moist as a hatter's workshop, and worse than the steam over a dyer's vat, a seething pest-house. As to its food, you have rice and curry for breakfast, and curry and rice for dinner, all the year round, when you can get them. The natives are all cheats, atheists, demon worshippers. To-day you may dine with your friend, and to-morrow you may have to weep over his grave. In the jungles fever dwells, more fatal than the wild beasts that everywhere prowl, and on the banks of its rivers there lurks an air that no man can breathe long and live." Listen to that other man, and he will tell you: "It is a Paradise upon earth. Upon its hills there are acres covered with the coffee tree, its aroma fragrant as the attar distilled from roses of Damascus, its blossoms white as the snowdrop, and its ruddy fruits more valuable than nuggets of pure gold. Over its pathways the creeper hangs in rich festoons, and to span them, and form a grateful shade, the banian throws down its thousand roots. Around its homesteads are delicate shrubs and gorgeous flowers, and as you sit upon your own threshold, you may watch the sly squirrel as he merrily leaps before you, or you may listen to the pleasant note of the native robin as he perches overhead, soothed at the same time by the cooing of

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the dove in the more distant woods. Near its rivers and tanks are seen birds of the most brilliant sheen, as their many-rayed feathers flash in the bright sunshine; in the bed of its burns gold has been found, and there are in them sapphires and rubies; and on its shores are collected the goodliest pearls of the merchantman. The days are ever bright, with a refreshing breeze coming from the sea, or stealing in coolness up the valley; and the nights are not to be surpassed in loveliness, when the moonlight falls upon house and tree, and covers all things present with a silvery radiance. The natives are gentle, almost to effeminacy, and are daily improving in material wealth and moral worth. From the constancy and rapidity of communication with other lands, almost every luxury of the world can be commanded. The climate is one of the most enjoyable under the sun. There are Europeans who have lived here twenty or thirty years, who have scarcely known ache or pain in all this time, and are looking the picture of health; and if disease should, by some possibility, overtake you, there are always ships ready to convey you to some other place, where, from change of climate or a more bracing air, you may secure another lease of life." Both replies are correct, when looking at extremes; but a picture neither all brightness nor all shade would be nearer the general experience and truth.

It is in the spirit indicated at the close of the above extract that we wish to write of an island, the climate of which has dealt gently with us during a residence, almost continuous, of thirty years; but which, in the experience of others, whose avocations exposed them to malaria, has justified Col. Anderson's denunciation—

"—— thou art fatal as thou'rt fair!"

As facilities for travel increase, there can be little doubt that this interesting island will be visited, not merely by the few who come in quest of the excitement of elephant, leopard, and elk hunting, but by the large and increasing class of persons who seek and find recreation of the highest and most humanizing nature, in visiting scenes where beauty and sublimity are combined. These conditions present themselves in an eminent degree in the mountain regions of Ceylon. If there are not blue lakes in the valleys, and perennial snow on the mountain tops, as in Switzerland, the river scenery of Ceylon is exquisitely beautiful, and the mountain views, clothed as those mountains are with a vegetation over which "eternal summer" reigns, have a softened grandeur which no European country can parallel. "No other part of Asia" might, perhaps, be added, for it was the testimony of an Indian officer, who had travelled over the most stu-

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pendous mountain ranges in creation,—the Himalayas, —that nothing amongst them could compare with the view of the forest-covered mountains, glancing streams, and rice-terraced valleys of Ceylon, seen on a clear day from the summit of One Tree Hill; an eminence which, more than 7,000 feet above the level of the sea, is easily accessible even to the most delicate ladies who may visit the Sanatarium at Newera Ellia. Over the faces of the higher mountains the rivers fall from level to level in cascades which always present much of beauty, and are in some cases of great magnitude rising to grandeur. [See the engravings of the Rambodde, Devon, and Hoolaganga Falls.] On the lower range of hills, the smaller streams are utilised by being led over series after series of terraces, in the formation of which for rice cultivation, the natives display great ingenuity and no small engineering skill: [see the engraving of Allagalla, base of the mountain;] the larger rivers "wander at their own sweet will" through valleys dotted over with the clumps of talipot, kittool, cocoa-nut, and areka palms, with orchards of broad-leaved plantains, and groves of gracefully-bending bamboos, which mark the secluded homes of the natives. [See the engraving of the exquisitely-beautiful river scene at Gangarooa, where the Mahawelliganga (the great valley river) divides the Royal Botanical Gardens at Peradenia from the coffee property which belonged to the late Sir Edward Barnes; see also the engraving of a scene on the Nilwelliganga (the blue valley river); with the engravings of the satin wood, iron lattice, boat and railway bridges.]

Over the mountains, in the zone, which lies mainly between 1,500 and 4,500 feet above the level of the sea, are scattered the abodes and the properties of above a thousand European coffee planters; men whose capital and industry, aided by the labour of Tamil immigrants from Southern India, have, in the course of a generation, raised the annual production of coffee from a value of £100,000 to that of three millions sterling: the total commerce and revenue of the island increasing in proportion—to ten millions sterling in the one case and one million in the other. The higher

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mountain ranges are still covered with forest, in the foliage of which all the most brilliant tints of spring and autumn are ever struggling for the mastery; the blood-red tints of the young leaves of the ironwood tree, and the pure white to delicate pink of the cinnamon, producing the effect of the richest blaze of blossoms; while real blossoms of the purest white, the richest pink, and the most gorgeous purple, adorn the na (ironwood), imbul (silk cotton) and murutu (*lagerstæmia regina*) in the lower forests, and the scarlet rhododendron and bright *osbeckias* and balsams contrast brilliantly with the beard-like mosses and snowy-blossomed orchids which cover the trees on the mountain summits. But much even of the more Alpine region is evidently destined to be covered with such cultivation as tea and cinchona (both of which plants grow as readily here as in their proper homes in the eastern and western extremities of the globe), while, as population and wealth increase, with facilities of access to the mountain sanataria (Newera Ellia, Horton Plains, &c.), there can be little doubt that reproductions of English farms, and fruit and flower gardens will become common at altitudes of 5,000 to 7,000 feet. But this is anticipating in more than one sense.

The voyager, approaching Point de Galle, gets only distant glimpses of the grand mountain scenery of Ceylon. But if, after painful experiences of the choking dust of the desert and the sweltering heat of the Red Sea, his last port of call has been Aden, that "bare and blasted" outpost of "Araby the blest," the traveller must possess a soul dead to the sense of contrast and of beauty if he does not experience sensations of exquisite delight as he gazes on the long line of palm-fringed shore—the cocoa-nut trees bending over as if to drink in the spray from the white-topped breakers, while tier upon tier of swelling hills undulate inland, all covered with the most luxuriant vegetation. As steamers do not enter the harbour of Galle at night, passengers always enjoy the advantage of either approaching the coast of Ceylon, or entering the harbour, by daylight. In the cloudy weather of the south-

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west monsoon, the scene presented has an aspect of tropical light and shade which would rejoice the eye of a painter; but if the clear atmosphere of the north-east monsoon reveals the far-off purple hills, the Haycock, and even the mysterious Adam's Peak towering over the ranges of Saffragam, the sight is one in which loveliness and grandeur are mingled with indescribable effect.

With the natural features of the country no traveller of taste can be disappointed, and the more he sees of the scenery around Galle,—viewing it from the Lighthouse, Buona Vista, Wakwelle, Richmond Hill, or any of the other numerous eminences in the neighbourhood,—the more he will admire and the greater will be his desire to extend his travels inland. With Galle itself, its small, narrow-streeted Dutch fort, and its town and bazaars, showing so few signs of wealth or architectural grace (although the Oriental Hotel and the Banks are fine modern buildings, and the Dutch Church a curious old one) the stranger who naturally believes himself to be in the capital of Ceylon, is often disappointed. But Galle,—although it has risen rapidly since 1844 as the great steam port of Ceylon and the East, and, since 1858, as a point of call for merchant ships seeking orders by telegraph from India,—is of very secondary importance indeed, in regard to the commerce of the island, four-fifths at least of which is concentrated at Colombo, seventy-two miles away on the west coast. Of nearly a million hundred-weights of coffee now annually exported from Ceylon, only a couple of cargoes are shipped from Galle, and a very large proportion of the fleet of coal ships which carry the "concentrated sunbeams" of the coal mines of Wales to the southern port of Ceylon, proceed, after unlading, to its western roadstead to take in cargoes of coffee. The importance of Galle as a local trading port is, however, likely to be increased by the opening up of a new coffee district within a distance of forty miles inland. A visit to this district will well repay the traveller who has a few days to spare. He could in the Morawa Korle see

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coffee plantations in every stage, from the felling and burning of the primeval forest to the carefully pruned and topped coffee-bush covered with snowy, fragrant jessamine blossoms, or laden with a wealth of fruit, shading away from the emerald green of the young berries to the rich ruby red of the ripe "cherries." "Native Coffee," the tall unpruned bushes which surround the dwellings of the people, can be seen everywhere, even at the sea level, in the south and west of the island. [Details respecting coffee planting, and the life which coffee planters lead, will be found conveyed in an interesting manner and with much accuracy in extracts from a poem by the late Capt. Jolly, which we print in the Appendix.] In the drier regions of the east and north, neither coffee nor cinnamon flourishes, the cultivated plants being mainly cocoa-nuts, palmyras, and plantains or bananas, with cereals, roots, and tobacco. Some cotton is also grown, sufficient for the employment of a few native looms, at Jaffna, Batticaloa, and other places; but attempts to produce this article on a large scale have not been successful, chiefly because of the paucity of labour. The engraving given from a photograph which we owe to the courtesy of Captain Bayley, will show the nature of the river scenery in the southern coffee district; while the ascent of the Gongalla Mountain, although the summit is only 4,450 feet above the level of the sea, will reveal a glorious view of mountain after mountain to the north, and plain succeeding plain, away to the sea line on the south. Facing the spectator to the west will be seen the prominent Peak of Samanala—the "Adam's Peak" of the Arab voyagers, who, in common with their co-religionists, believed that here was the scene of the banishment and death of the parents of the human race. To the Mahomedans, therefore, this mountain is sacred. It is equally sacred to the adherents of the Brahminical system of India (who call the peak Swargarrhanam—the ascent to heaven) and to the Buddhists of Ceylon. To the latter especially, as bearing (on the weather-worn laminæ of a mass of gneiss rock at the top) the fancied impress of the foot of Buddho, who (according to the wild tradi-

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tion), rising from Kellania near Colombo, took his flight to Siam, touching the summit of the pyramidal peak in Ceylon with one foot as he passed. Crowds of pilgrims from all parts of India and Ceylon may be seen zig-zaging up and down the rough mountain path in the months of March and April, seeking for that extraneous "merit," the desire for which seems implanted in every properly intelligent human being. Although the Buddhists alone have a temple on the summit of Adam's Peak, yet men of the most varied nationalities attach sacredness to the mountain of the so-called footstep. The Mahomedans attribute the footstep to Adam, and the early Christians shared their belief, recognising the plantain or banana which grows so luxuriantly in Ceylon, as the food, and its broad leaves as the clothing of our first parents. The Portuguese, whose credulity was not inferior to that of the pagans they came to conquer and Christianize, recognised in the footstep a record of visits to the Island either by St. Thomas or the Eunuch of Queen Candace; while the Hindoos of Southern India are confident that the mark is that of the scorching foot of Siva, "the destroyer;" and the Chinese have traditions which indicate the footstep as the impress of a visit made by their god Foe. The Chinese also believe that at its base is a temple, in which the real body of Buddho reposes on its side, and that near it are his teeth and other relics. Ibn Batutu speaks of the two ways to the summit of Adam's Peak as the ways of Papa and Mamma: Adam and Eve; the easier one from the Ambegamoa side being doubtless that chosen by Eve and appropriate for her daughters, although the merit to be derived from the pilgrimage being in proportion to the difficulties and risks, the path which from all antiquity has necessitated the aid of chains to attain the summit, is the favourite route. The leading Singhalese name of the mountain is derived from that of its guardian deity or demon, Saman, to whom is devoted a celebrated Dewala at Ratnapoora, near the foot of Adam's Peak. Of this demon and of his relations to Buddho, we quote a curious account from the Rev. R. S. Hardy's erudite Manual of Buddhism:—

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From the rock Sachabadha, Budha came to Ceylon. The first place he visited was the residence of the nágas in the river Kalyána, the water of which previously falls upon the mountain Sanantakúta, as if to clear it from all impurities. It is therefore called Kalyána, pleasing, or that which brings prosperity. [Callian, near Bombay, is simply the same word with a different orthography, and according to Hindoo belief, these are the only two places in the world which the sun in his daily course pauses to admire.—F.] The dágoba of Kalyána was subsequently erected upon the spot where Gótama sat at the residence of the nágas. After partaking of food, and delivering a discourse, he left an impression of his foot in the bed of the river, that it might be worshipped during the five thousand years his religion would continue among men. To induce the sage to comply with his request, the déwa repeated before him at length the praises of the mountain he was invited to visit. The flowers that grew upon its sides and summit, he compared to a magnificent garment and head-dress; the hum of the bees, as they sped through the air laden with honey, was like the music of lutes; the birds upon the trees were like so many bells sending forth sweet sounds; doves and other birds uttered their peculiar notes; the branches of the trees, when agitated by the wind, appeared to dance, as at the command of the master of the revels; all seemed to acknowledge the supremacy of Budha; the trees presented offerings of flowers; in the pools of water were many reptiles; fishes sported in the streams; in the branches of the trees were birds of many kinds; in the shade, with their young, were elephants, tigers, bears, deer, monkeys, hares, and other animals; there were trees that struck their branches together, so as to produce fire; and there were others that appeared, from the mass of flowers by which they were covered, like a cloud from which the lightning flashed or around which it played. When the déwa had in this manner declared the greatness and the excellencies of the mountain, Budha went to it through the air, attended by the 500 rahats. At the right hand of the sage was Samana, in beautiful garments and rich ornaments, attended by all his inferior déwas, with their queens, who made music and carried flags and banners, and scattered around gold and gems. Sekra, Maha Brahma, and Iswara, were all there with their attendant retinues; and like the rolling of the great ocean upon Maha Méru or the Yugandhara rocks, was their arrival at the mountain. The sun remained in the midst of the sky, but his rays were cold as those of the moon; there was a slight falling of rain, like the water that is sprinkled around a throne to allay the dust; and the breeze, charged with sweet perfume, came from all sides to refresh the illustrious visitant. At his approach, all the trees of the mountain were as though they danced in gladness at the anointing of a king. In the midst of the assembled déwas, Budha, looking towards the east, made the impression of his foot, in length three inches less than the cubit of the carpenter; and the impression remained as a seal to show that Lanká is the inheritance of Budha, and that his religion will here flourish.

The pilgrim seeking after the beautiful in nature will never regret passing a night on the summit of this sharp isolated mountain peak, to attain the top of which (from

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the Ratnapoora side, on which is the regular pilgrim path), the aid of chains fixed in the living rock is necessary. The scene at sunrise, once witnessed (as the writer has witnessed it) will never fade from the memory. In the east the sun rising through the haze, over the top of a neighbouring mountain, like a grand orb of opal, and rapidly bursting into full splendour amidst the shouts of the watching devotees. On the other side, the image of the peak projected over vast ranges of mountains, valleys, and ravines, with rivers rushing and winding between, all becoming gradually visible in their sublimity and beauty as the long horizontal image receded with the rise and advance of the morning light. Adam's Peak, although inferior in altitude to three mountains in the Newera Ellia range, is at its summit 7,352 feet above the level of the sea; and yet it is an undoubted fact that traces of elephant pilgrimages to the very summit have been discovered. From its detached and isolated position, Gongalla yields a view scarcely inferior to that from Adam's Peak—more varied, indeed, in taking in so much of the hot plain country which extends to the salt formations near Hambantotte, and beyond the Wellaway River to Katregam, the latter a celebrated scene of worship of the Indian Mars, and in the neighbourhood of which hunters of elephants and smaller game find good sport. The spread of coffee-planting operations has driven the herds of elephants into such remote jungles as these and those which lié to the eastward of Badulla, and northward from Kornegalle. The sportsman, therefore, who wishes to make a satisfactory "bag," must leave civilisation far behind him. What with the presence of planters almost everywhere, and the death-dealing operations of enthusiastic sportsmen (it is a fact, however it may be doubted by strangers to Ceylon, that the late Major Rogers laid fourteen hundred elephants low during his active and useful career), the difficulties of getting up a successful elephant "kraal" for the capture of elephants to be utilized for the Public Works Department, or devoted to purposes of Indian state pageantry or religious ceremony, have greatly

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increased, so that recent attempts of this kind have not only been unfavourable contrasts to the grand exhibitions which Cordiner chronicles as having taken place in the time of Governor North (the first Governor of Ceylon as a Crown colony), but even to the more modern kraals, so graphically described by Sir J. Emerson Tennent, in his elaborate and exhaustive account of the elephant, wild and captive. The humane nature of this writer revolted against what he deemed the purposeless slaughter of these "half-reasoning" animals. For descriptions of elephant shooting, therefore, other works must be consulted, notably those of Sir Samuel Baker, the celebrated African traveller, who spent many years in Ceylon, and was a mighty hunter in the land. His books on Ceylon are interesting from the animated descriptions of the wonderful—in many cases sublime mountain scenery around Newera Ellia, which are interspersed through the records of protracted and adventurous hunts, in which elephants and elks were laid low,—by the unerring rifle ball entering the forehead at full charge, in the case of the one; or, in the other, the harassed animal driven in terror of the hounds into the beds of rushing streams, or over giddy precipices. It would be well, doubtless, if the elephants could be captured and utilized instead of being slaughtered. On the other hand, there can be no question that each elephant and elk sacrificed to the gratification of the hunting instinct in man, involves a benefit conferred on the cultivator of the soil in Ceylon. This will be acknowledged by those who have seen, as the writer has seen, the young crops in a large rice valley in the interior trodden down and destroyed by the nocturnal irruption of a herd of elephants. These animals are also very destructive to young cocoa-nut trees, which they pull out of the ground in order to get at the tender and succulent heart of the tree. The cultivators of potatoes, oats for forage, and other crops at Newera Ellia, too, would feel only too grateful if every elk, and wild hog, and porcupine in the forests were exterminated. The scenes at an elephant kraal have been so well depicted

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in Sir Emerson Tennent's popular work, that no attempt is made in our collection of engravings to do more than portray two striking incidents ("the dead elephant in the kraal;" and "the young tusker preparing to charge") which occurred at the latest kraal, that of 1866, at which the writer was present, and which he attempted to describe. From a pamphlet in which this description was reprinted from the CEYLON OBSERVER, the passages printed in the Appendix are quoted.

In proceeding to or returning from Gongalla, and the most recently opened of the coffee districts of Ceylon, which lies on the sides of the mountain and around it, the traveller may pause at Matura. This place, the seat of an Assistant Government Agent and a District Judge, was, in the earlier days of British rule, an important military outpost, the officers in charge of which had to be on the alert to prevent the incursions of the hostile natives of Saffragam, and to guard the then precious cinnamon. There were two forts, one on each side of the broad mouth of the river. In one of these the civil buildings are now situated, the military force having been long ago withdrawn. Matura is interesting as the birthplace of the late Sir Henry Lawrence, and another brother of the present Viceroy of India. The mother was wont to call the two boys born here, when their father was Commandant of the Garrison, her "Matura diamonds." For some miles inland from Matura the Nilganga or Nilwelliganga is broad and deep, navigable for boats, running through a scene of richest verdure, with enchanting views of the hill country.

The mountain scenery of the Moorawa Korle, which can be readily reached from Matura, is thus noticed by the Rev. R. S. Hardy, in his own animated style:—

> This was the first mountain scenery ever trod by the feet of the writer, and an impression was made on his mind that is still as vivid as all first impressions are that are made by something we love. The korle is marked out in the old maps by an unbroken circle of mountains, as Bohemia was in our schoolboy days. There was a freshness about its vegetation, and a richness about its fruits, and an awe about its broad-breasted hills, and a grandeur about its dark masses of interminable foliage, and a cheerfulness in the sound of its rushing waters, and a vigour imparted by plunging into its clear cold streams,

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that made us resolve that if we ever became a planter, our estate should be here.

This is the classic region of the Singhalese, the language spoken in the Matura district being, it is said, the purest of any in Ceylon. There are some skilful carvers of ebony and ivory with a few silversmiths here. The drives about Matura are very beautiful.

Matura is the centre of extensive rice culture, which seems capable of a great increase by the judicious formation or repair of irrigation works, to which the island, government, and its officers have recently devoted special attention. In the neighbourhood of this place demon worship—the ancient worship of the inhabitants of Ceylon (the "Yakkhos" whom Wijayo, five centuries before the Christian era, conquered: confounded by the native historians with their objects of worship, the demons whom Buddho—after a rather fierce contest of fire and flame—either drove from the island or deprived of their malignant power)—is specially rampant. Although the invocation or worship of demons is contrary to the spirit and injunctions of the founder of the cold system of atheistical philosophy called Buddhism, yet in cases of extremity or disease, the Buddhists of Ceylon turn, not to Buddho for aid, but to the Demon Priest (the Yakkadura) to appease the malignant but unseen being which, according to the disordered imaginations of the people, is "eating the heart"—preying on the vitals of the sick. The great test of true conversion to Christianity in Ceylon is that of a sick person resisting the proposal, sure to be made by his heathen relatives, of sending for the Devil Priest, and making offerings to the particular devil (for their name is truly legion), who is supposed to have attacked the sufferer. At the distance of more than a quarter of a century, the writer has a vivid recollection of the first exhibition of the kind he witnessed. He had, in the early days of coffee planting, near Badulla, taken up his abode at the "Maddowa" of a Kandian headman. That the family were devoted Buddhists was evident from the fact that one of the sons was being educated as a Buddhist "priest." [No such

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word as "priest," and no such idea as that of sacrifice pertains to Buddhism. "Ascetic" is the proper term, though many of the modern ascetics attached to the well-endowed Kandian monasteries, and holding, contrary to all ecclesiastical rule, private property of their own, are types of the monachism of old, described in such satirical verses as

"The monks of Melrose made gude kail
On Fridays when they fasted."]

Dysentery got hold of one of the younger children of our host, and proving intractable to medicine, the decision was arrived at that the demon priest should be called in. We remonstrated with the old Kandian Buddhist on his own principles. "You know," we said, "that you are now about to do what is as much forbidden by Buddho as it is contrary to Christianity." A shrug, and the acknowledgment: "Yes; all that is very true, but when sickness comes we must try anything," constituted the response. So the offering of a cock, boiled rice, plantains, and other fruits and flowers, was got ready, most of the articles being placed on a small bamboo platform, and the demon priest proceeded, in the court-yard of the dwelling, to invoke the malignant beings whose professed minister he was. He commenced a chant and a dance, increasing in vehemence as he proceeded, until he had worked himself up into a mesmeric frenzy, such as is familiar to readers of accounts of the dancing dervishes of Egypt. Indeed many of the phenomena of mesmerism and even *clairvoyance* (so-called) have for perhaps thousands of years been developed by the ministers of idolatry and demonolatry, with terrible and disastrous effect on the popular mind in India and Ceylon. The abnormal phenomena of self-mesmerism, resulting in an exaltation of the whole nervous system, are, in these cases, patent enough. By the devotees, and, doubtless, in many cases, by the "devil priests" themselves, the idea of "possession" is firmly believed, and when, in the height of his self-induced frenzy, the devil dancer on this occasion, after waving the cock to and fro in the air, rushed away and deposited the whole offering in the jungle, it was believed that the malignant demon

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would cease to prey on the child, and proceed to enjoy the good things which had been offered to him. Of course wild animals devour the substances deposited in the jungle, if the people do not (as many of them are in the habit of doing) commit the crime of "cheating the devil" by devouring his portion. Another mode of "cheating the devil" adopted by the people shows how low they rate the intellectual faculties of the demons whose malignity they dread so much. The image of a sick person is laid on a bier, carried to the jungle, and deposited in the grave; a process which, it is supposed, will deceive the demon into the belief that his victim is really dead, and lead the malevolent being to prey on the image instead of wasting the living person. In the case under review, the eventual recovery of the child was, of course, regarded as conclusive proof of the efficacy of the demon invocation and offering; and we spoke in vain when we told them that the crisis of the disease had passed when the offering was made, and that time and nature, under the government of the God whose existence they denied, and whom they had insulted by this perverted worship, would have brought about the recovery all the same if no offering had been made. Parallel cases of recovery attributed to quacks and quackery are only too familiar to intelligent physicians, who know, and act on the belief, that, generally, time and the restorative powers of nature, are more potent than all the drugs of the pharmacopæia. A vivid idea of the hideous pictures which the Singhalese imagination conjures up, and which will be found on the walls of most Buddhist temples, may be formed from the engraving we give of the "Black Princely Devil" and his victims. He is represented as devouring a couple of babies, the mothers (they and the demon in very correct, though ungraceful Singhalese costume, by the way) standing by in helpless grief: that feeling being left rather to the imagination of the onlooker than vividly depicted by the native artist.

In their natural history of malignant supernatural beings, the Singhalese make distinctions between devils and demons, which are somewhat difficult to define or

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understand. Generally speaking, they believe in Yakkhos, who have been demons from the beginning of their existence, and in a much more malignant class of devil, human beings who have assumed the diabolical nature after death; persons who, when living, moved amongst the people themselves.

The Rev. Dr. John Macvicar, formerly a Presbyterian chaplain in Ceylon, in a very interesting account of the conversion of a demon priest, wrote as follows:—

> What can be worse than atheism? And yet, let us hear what the boatman says of that headland on the other side of the lake (the lake of Morottoo), so remarkable for its hoary trees and dense impenetrable jungle. There is a treasure hidden there, he says. Then why not go and dig it up? Ah! it is guarded by a demon, he answers; and so reminds us of a custom practised in Ceylon, I am told, at no very remote period, the very thought of which makes the blood run cold. It was this. The owner of a treasure, when he apprehended, from any cause, that it was not safe at home, having selected some lonely spot in the jungle, dug two holes there, close beside each other; the one large enough to hold his treasure, the other, much larger. He then returned to his home, and, having taken a large knife, and concealed it in his dress, called a trusty servant, showed him the bag of money, and required him to bear it along with him into the jungle. The faithful servant obeys; and when they have arrived at the secret spot, the treasure is deposited in its hole, and committed to the keeping of the servant, on which his throat is cut, and the body buried! And thereafter, he who receives this reward for his fidelity, is believed to be a demon, and the treasure is safe in the keeping of the yakkho! Such is a sample of those atrocities to which demon-worship prompts.

From the "Memorials of the Wesleyan Mission in Ceylon," by the Rev. R. S. Hardy, already referred to, in which the reader will find a vast amount of general information conveyed in terse and graphic language, we quote a few striking passages descriptive of devil and demon worship:—

> The ceremonies in which the kapuwa, or demon priest, and the yakkadura, or devil priest, engage, are endless in their names, and in the object for which they are performed; but there is some general similarity as to the manner in which they are conducted. In nearly all instances there are idols made for the occasion, of smooth clay, that are afterwards cast aside with the refuse of the dwelling; often with staring eyes, distended mouths dripping with blood, large tusks, and hideous features; the lighting of lamps; the use of charmed threads and betel leaves; the cutting of limes; the cleaving of cocoanuts; the forming of magical diagrams; the incessant chaunting of spells and invocations; putting on different dresses; dancing in various times, and with different modes of gesture;

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beating of tomtoms; blowing of horns or rude trumpets; waving of torches; trampling on fire, from which strange lights are made suddenly to flash; and movements in an apparent frenzy, sometimes rapid as the lightning. In some instances ingredients like those that seethe in the witch's cauldron are boiled in a human skull, and the demon priest professes to receive his power as he lies in an open grave.

Mr. Callaway was present at a ceremony at Matura, on account of a woman who had no children. The dancer scattered tapers about him in the shed, and let off some gunpowder, the noise of which added to the confusion. He then invoked the presence of the devil, with a loud and awful voice, and near him a fire was lighted to roast the sacrifice that had been prepared. There was an image made for the occasion, of a woman with her arms round the neck of two devils, with a monstrous one behind ready to eat her up; and about midnight these images were to be placed before the woman.

In some districts, mothers devote their children, many of them before their birth, to some devil. In cases of affliction, when the yakkadura is called in, if the patient recovers, it is said to have been because of the ceremony; and if he dies, it is because of some informality in the performance, or some counteracting power of greater potency. When a patient is pronounced incurable, or when the demon priest says that the offering will not be accepted, and that, therefore, the patient cannot be healed, in order not to have their houses polluted, the relatives carry him into the jungle, as we have seen in relation to Magam, and leave him there until he expires. In some instances the dying person is sensible, and with agonising shrieks asks to be permitted to remain near his dwelling; but heathenism is the same on the banks of the Ganges as in the forests of Ceylon, hastening death, and surrounding it with everything that is terrific.

Mr. John Murdoch, the devoted secretary of the Indian Vernacular Education Society, and of the South Ceylon Auxiliary to the Religious Tract Society, has done much to expose and counteract this frightful system of demon worship. In one of his reports he stated:—

This most degrading superstition has acquired a powerful hold over the Singhalese. It prevails in all parts of the island, but especially in the south. About Colombo, people resort to it chiefly in extreme cases, when the doctors have given up hopes of cure; but in the Moruwa Korle, and adjoining districts, devil ceremonies from first to last are employed. In some places there are scores of devil priests and not a single doctor. The people look upon medical treatment with contempt. They say that sickness is caused by devils, and what power has medicine over them? Children are often dedicated to devils before they are born, to save them from the diseases incident to childhood. The Singhalese perform devil ceremonies likewise to gratify their vindictive feelings. They hope by means of them to cause the objects of their hatred to become insane, to pine away by a lingering disease, or to die suddenly, blood streaming from the various pores of the body. These ceremonies are very frequent. About Matura may be heard nightly the roll of the drum, and the shrill chanting of persons engaged in the orgies of demon worship.

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The secretary of this Society, during a lengthened tour, collected much information on the subject, and obtained many valuable hints from the native missionaries. As the devil priests of Matura are considered the most skilful in the island, he endeavoured to show the falsity of their pretensions. He affixed notices to the most public places, and circulated others through the district, inviting the cleverest charmers to come and try their powers on him, offering a reward to any person who succeeded in doing him any injury by means of incantations. At the day appointed, a large concourse of people assembled, and in their presence, the futility of the efforts of the devil priests was fully demonstrated. At the conclusion, the people raised a shout of derision.

One or two instances of the deceptions practised by the devil priests may be mentioned. The Singhalese believe that the death of an enemy may be caused in the following manner: A small image is made, pierced with nails, to represent the individual whose destruction is sought; certain charms are repeated, after which it is buried, and should the object of their hatred chance to step over it, he is attacked by a lingering disease, and pines away till life is extinct. Occasionally when a yakkadura is called to attend a sick man, he tells him that some one, from malicious motives, has had this ceremony performed, but he offers for a large sum to find out the charm, and cause the impending evil to return upon the head of its contriver. This proposal is eagerly accepted, and great preparations are made. The devil priest, having previously concealed a small image, uses many incantations, pretends to be inspired, and while under the afflatus, orders the people to dig at a certain place. They do so, and lo! the source of all the mischief is discovered. The yakkadura is praised to the skies, and departs loaded with presents.

The yakkhos can, according to the popular idea, assume any shape they please; and although not immortal, they live to the age of nine millions of years, when they pass into other births. When about to die, they assume the appearance of chameleon lizards, serpents, scorpions, centipedes, worms, ants, or of some bird or beast. The following is an illustration of the popular belief regarding the beings with which the Singhalese have peopled every hill and dale and lake and tree. A fisherman, returning at night from his avocation, saw in his boat what he believed to be a yakkho. Seizing his opportunity, he struck at the unwelcome passenger with his oar, and the yakkho disappeared. Late in the night a voice claimed the fish which had been caught, and next morning a dead lizard was found lying in the boat.*

* This is "very preceese," as the benevolent Scotch gentleman said in a tone of remonstrance when the beggar he had relieved expressed a hope that he would go to heaven "this minute."

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Mr. Hardy states :—

The worship of the planets, and of demons, who are supposed not to be vindictive, but to require gifts if their aid is to be granted, has been introduced from India; that of the devils, who are always malicious, and ever on the alert, watching for an opportunity to do an evil turn, is said to originate from the teachings of the Atharva Veda. All the incantations are in Sanscrit, Tamil, or some other known language; but none are in Pali.

We may explain that Pali is the language in which the sacred books of the Buddhists are written. The priests of Buddho, who are believed by the people to be potent for good or evil, have no hesitation in accepting direct worship, such as is accorded to Buddho himself. A Buddhist priest is held to be not only more powerful than all devils and demons, but to be superior to the gods of the Hindoo Pantheon, who tremble when the sacred name of Buddho is invoked by him in the performance of "Pirit."

In this connection we may direct attention to the ruins of the great temple which once existed at Dondrea. The old Hindoo shrine is prostrate, but in the course of a visit which we paid to the place some years ago, we found great excitement prevailing in connection with the worship of the "Alut Dewiyo"—the new god. The object of worship was really a man of the locality recently deceased. Such gods, or rather demons, are constantly discovered by designing men, who trade on the superstitions of the ignorant; and we must not forget to mention that belief in the influence of the regents of the planets is as much a source of disquietude to the Singhalese as is the dread of malignant demons. The village astrologer, therefore, occupies a position not less important than that of the Buddhist and Demon Priests. A Singhalese will scarcely engage in any of the avocations of human life unless the nekata tells that the hour is propitious. Of a boy who, guilty of repeated murder, died on the scaffold at Matura, Mr. Hardy in his "Memorials of the Wesleyan Mission," records:—

When his horoscope was calculated by the ganitayá, the stars were said to be extremely malignant in their aspect. The ruin of the whole family was threatened, as well as the loss of their property. In consequence of this prediction, he was regarded, even by his parents, as accursed. They neglected him; and all

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the rest of his family, though he had several brothers and sisters, shunned him, and regarded him with dread. As a natural consequence, whilst still a child, he associated with the worst of characters. His sleeping place was an arrack distillery. He became a gambler. Money he wanted, and must have; and to obtain it, he resorted to practices the most vile; until arrested by the stern hand of the law, and a stop was put to his crimes by the death of the gallows. The astrologer was the real murderer in this case; or, perhaps, his black art is rather to be blamed, as he might give an honest account of the results of his calculation, according to this infamous system.

The people are the slaves of omens, too, and many a man, about to proceed on a journey, has been deterred by so trivial a cause as the chirping of a lizard.

It is from these frightful forms of superstition, the worship of malignant demons especially, which makes the lives of multitudes of the Singhalese one protracted terror, that the people of Ceylon require to be delivered as much as from the influence of the inoperative morality and deadening atheism of Buddhism. The latter is so much a system of compromise, that few of the "priests" would object to their people professing Christianity as an "outrigger to their canoe," provided they did not abandon Buddhism. As to demon worship, and the worship of the gods of the Hindoo Pantheon (who are all classed with demons by strict Buddhism) so far are the priests from objecting, that one of the commonest possible sights is to see the Wihara (Buddhist temple or convent) and the Dewala, or Demon Temple, even more closely associated than they are at Dondera Head, "the Sunium of Ceylon,"—the Dewi-newera, or city of the gods, of the Singhalese,—which can be easily reached from Matura, and which besides being the extreme south point of the island (indeed, to quote Hardy, "between it and the snow-covered regions of the South Pole there is no known land"), as Point Palmyra (near Point Pedro) is the northernmost,—is interesting as the scene of ruins and inscriptions connected with what was once a very magnificent Hindoo temple, "the temple of a thousand pillars," destroyed by the iconoclastic Portuguese. The ultra-liberal, or rather ultra-latitudinarian policy of the British, was so wide a departure from the fanaticism of the Portuguese, and the narrowness of the Dutch, that a so-called Christian

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Government was found, in accepting the cession of the ancient kingdom of Kandy, not only binding itself to "preserve inviolate" the religion, &c., of Buddho, but, up to about twenty years back, vouchers, "on Her Majesty's Service," were issued regularly by the highest representative of British power at Kandy for sums disbursed in payment of wick cotton, oil, and other articles "for the devil dancing called Wally Yakkun." The Maha Nilama and the Basnáyaka Nilamas, lay chiefs of the principal Dewalas, whose offices involved considerable emolument, received their appointments from the officers of the British Government. The Rev. R. S. Hardy, of the Wesleyan Mission, did good service in 1840, in protesting against the direct connection between the British Government and idolatry; while the awakened Christian conscience of Governor Stewart Mackenzie led him, in 1841, to protest against himself or his successors being called on to do what they had done from the time of Sir Robert Brownrigg, officially sign and seal the appointments of the chief priests of the principal Buddhist temples in the Kandian country, the instruments distinctly alleging that the appointment, in each case, was made in view of the "piety," &c., of a man who, the more he understood and inculcated the "religion" he professed, would be the more zealous in denouncing the idea of a creating, ever-living, and all-preserving God, as the mere figment of a deceived imagination.

The doctrine on this subject of Buddho (a real, historical personage, a prince in Northern India, who lived about five centuries before the Christian era, and who, after going the round of sensual dissipation, settled down into a philosophical protestant against-Brahminism) was, that existence itself is a misfortune, the result of what he vaguely called "demerit." Owing to this "demerit" ("whether did sin, this man or his parents, that he was born blind?") a human being came into existence and was subjected to the unhappiness of "desire," from which only a long course of "merit" in many "births" can free any man and land him in the bliss of Nirwana, to which Buddho himself has attained—no more to be born—no more

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to experience emotions of either a joyful or a sorrowful nature, each equally undesirable according to this astonishing system. In plain terms, the *summum bonum* of Buddhism is annihilation—however much Buddhists may object to the use of that term, for which they substitute the meaningless euphuism of "Nirwana" or eternal repose. But to return to the unfortunate first human being brought into existence by "demerit." He *was*, and, demerit continuing, further human beings came into existence. The second man, seeing the first in existence, fell into the mistake of imagining a Creator and creation. He folded his hands in adoration to the pre-existent being, exclaiming, "This is the great and mighty Brahm who has created me and all things." Hence, according to the distinct teachings of Buddho, arose and so was perpetuated the error of the belief which recognized the existence of an eternal and omnipotent Creator. So that the deliberate denial of the existence of God is the very essence of the system of philosophy, the pure morality of which has been so much vaunted. And, no doubt, there is much that is good and beautiful in the precepts of Buddhism. So universal is the benevolence enjoined, that not only is the taking of human life forbidden, but the destruction of animal life in any shape. Hence the shaven heads of the priests, lest in the pursuit of ordinary cleanliness, they should take away life from a class of parasites, which are the retribution of dirt in the case of human beings. But the only motive held out by Buddhism being that, after the practice of virtue (or rather the acquiring of merit by invoking the name of Buddho, and giving alms to the shaven-headed yellow-robed "ascetics") through many stages of being, animal as well as human, there shall arrive a period in which there will be a cessation of births and a loss of identity (ego-ism) and desire,—the morality is of course inoperative. Buddhists universally eat, and few of them scruple to catch fish, the sophistical reasoning being that the fish are merely taken out of the water, and die of their own accord—they are not killed; while the Budd-

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hist who would religiously abstain from killing an insect or reptile, however noxious—who, instead of destroying a snake, carefully places it on a bamboo platform and sends it floating down a stream—will not hesitate to murder his fellow human being to gratify his cupidity or revenge. If he is punished for his crime, it is his "misfortune," the result of evil he did in a former birth, although curiously enough the transmigration of souls is no part of Buddhism; for the system does not recognise such an idea as the Christian one of soul—the spiritual part of man which survives his body. The Buddhist theory is, although few of the priests state it, and fewer of the people understand it, that when a man dies he dies finally. But, in consequence of the good or evil done by him, a new being comes into existence, connected with the previous being, as the spokes of a wheel are with each other, or as the flame of a freshly lit lamp is with the flame from which the wick has just been lighted. Absolute identity is denied, and yet Buddho, in his discourses, continually uses such inconsistent language as this:—"I was in that birth a merchant of Benares," and so on. It was this system, with its allied god and demon worship, with which the British Government of Ceylon, as succeeding to the functions of the old Kandian monarchs, was so long and so closely connected. The governor's warrant of appointment to the priesthood, and the consequent dignity and emoluments were highly prized by the leading Kandian families, and there can be no doubt that one cause of the last abortive rising of the mountaineers, in 1848, was the irritation of the priests and chiefs at the loss of influence which they foresaw would be the result of the withdrawal of the British Government from direct connection with their system. The keys of the Temple of the Tooth, which had been abandoned to the custody of the natives, were therefore for a time resumed by the Government agent, and British sentinels again stood guard over the shrine of the bit of discoloured ivory or bone which, by the Kandians believed to be a veritable relic of "the supreme Buddho," was by them and by Buddhists everywhere considered the palladium of Ceylon.

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The writer once saw the sacred tooth exhibited. Bent and discoloured, it resembled far more the small tusk of a wild boar or the tooth of an alligator than a human tooth. A priest showed it round, placed on a receptacle of golden lotus-leaves, amid the adoring gestures and shouts of "Saddhu!" from the crowds of Buddhist spectators. The tooth is generally shown on the occasion of the presence of priests, or other distinguished visitors from Siam or Burmah. The name of the latter country reminds us that George Nadoris de Silva, who, about half a century ago, founded the order of "Amarapoora Priests," went to Burmah to obtain ordination. He belonged to the Chalia or cinnamon peeler caste, was ambitious and able, and revolted against the exclusivism which, contrary to the anti-caste principles of Buddhism, confined the priesthood to the dominant Vellales, or husbandmen; the highest caste amongst the Singhalese who have no Brahmins, such as the Tamil Vellales acknowledge as their superiors. Nadoris proceeded to Burmah, obtained ordination, and founded a class of priests who are specially powerful in the neighbourhood of Saffagam, at the foot of Adam's Peak. They are outwardly distinguished from the ordinary priests by a different mode of wearing the yellow robe, which is common to all, the yellow colour being evidently symbolical of abstinence from washing. The Amarapoora priests are also said to be opposed, not only to caste, but to the polytheism and demon worship which have been allowed to corrupt pure Buddhism. As "Sectarians," the orthodox or old-school Buddhists hate these men far more than they do the demon priests or the ministers of hostile faiths. Our figure of a Buddhist priest represents him as wearing "the robes" in the orthodox fashion: with one shoulder only covered, while the Amarapoora priests draw the cloth over both shoulders, wear a peculiar roll of their robe under the armpit, and leave the eyebrows unshaven. Those who are inclined to laugh at such trivialities will remember with sorrow that there are many in enlightened Britain whose religion is largely made up of priestly robes and ritualistic mummeries.

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The figures of Buddho, in three several attitudes, as copied from the Rock Temple, in the ruins of Polonarua, [see engraving,] give a good idea of the objects of worship seen in the Buddhist temples; but we must mention that the object being not so much to give an exact representation of the sculptured rock, as to reproduce the figures of Buddho, the engraver, for the sake of symmetrical proportion, has taken a liberty with the sitting Buddho, who is placed at the right-hand side of the recumbent figure. On the rock he is to the left of the standing figure. Otherwise the figures are very correct portraits of the Polanarua sculptures. The recumbent image of the god ("perhaps he sleepeth") is always, in the Wiharas, the central and more important one, before which it is the duty of the priests daily to place offerings of flowers. An image of this kind, some thirty feet long, and massive in proportion, seen in the "dim religious light" of a generally windowless Wihara, is calculated to inspire awe in most minds; but the feeling gives place to a very different sentiment when such images are seen, as we have seen them, in course of formation—the head a shapeless mass of mortar, of which it could not even be said, "Eyes have they, but they see not," for even the rudiments of pictured eyes, thick lips, and frizzled hair (the two latter features, curiously enough, being characteristics of most images of Buddho) were still wanting: the priests of Buddho had not yet put the finishing hand to the god "their own hands had made," for their deluded disciples to worship. The priests connected with most Buddhist temples are generally tolerant even to indifferentism. They will preserve the appearance of good humour while you denounce their faith as manifestly false; in quoting, for instance, "the omniscient Buddho's" confession (recorded in their own books) that he thought a man was living, and would listen to his doctrine, who had been dead for years. So far, too, from sharing the offensive prejudice of the Brahmist Hindoos, worshippers of Sheeva, Vishnu, &c., that the feet of a European treading the courts of their temples render the buildings so unclean that bushels of cow-dung

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will be required to re-sanctify the floors—the Buddhist priests are rather flattered with the visits of strangers, will readily conduct them to the innermost sanctum, and the neophytes generally take great pleasure in describing the history of Buddho's life; or, rather, lives and transmigrations, as depicted on the walls: how, to save the life of a hungry man, he, when born a hare, gave himself to be roasted, and so forth. Indeed, we were present in the celebrated temple at Kellania, near Colombo, on one occasion when a party of Christians, standing in front of the great image of Buddho, made the building ring to the notes of Perronet's magnificent hymn, "CROWN HIM LORD OF ALL," the priest standing by with a face of wondering interest. But a different spirit has been displayed of late years, evoked mainly by a determined movement on the part of the Christian missionaries to weed their churches of that class of converts who think it possible to profess Christ and serve Buddho—the "outrigger" Christians. The Buddhists retaliated by an aggressive policy. Headed by a priest, a man of very considerable ability, and, what is not usual amongst modern Buddhist priests, possessed of considerable learning, they held meetings, and made speeches denunciatory of the Bible and the God of the Bible. They also, for the first time in their history, resorted to the printing press, finding their chief weapons in the writings of English infidels—notably in Bishop (!) Colenso's attacks on the Pentateuch. Of course all this is better than the dead apathy which once prevailed. Discussion must lead to the ultimate triumph of THE TRUTH, and as one good result of the agitation referred to, the writer may mention that, just before leaving Colombo, about the middle of 1867, he was present at the baptism of nine native converts, one of whom, when a Buddhist priest, had his attention first seriously directed to Christianity by the perusal of a coarse and blasphemous attack on the Bible. He determined to read and enquire for himself, and the result was, his casting off the yellow robe, and ranking himself openly amongst the followers of Christ. Slowly, —more slowly than could be wished, but still surely,

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this process is going on, and Ceylon will yet discard the worship of Buddho and all false gods for that of THE TRUE AND LIVING GOD. One stumblingblock has been taken out of the way by the final disconnection of the British Government from Buddhism, which was effected about twelve years ago, during the governorship of the late Sir George Anderson. The Buddhists of the Kandian country now do what their fellows in the Maritime Provinces always did, elect their own priests, and manage their own affairs, the courts of justice merely recognising the elections. This is done to prevent incessant disputes and litigation, prevalent enough already, regarding the valuable property (including some of the finest lands in the hill country) attached to the leading temples—the gifts of successive kings of Kandy, in which the English Government has quieted them by means of surveys and titles. How these lands are to be disposed of when Buddhism ceases to be the religion of the people, and what is to become of the temple tenants who hold lands on the tenure of rendering "service" to the temples (such as carrying torches in processions, &c.,) should they turn Christians, are problems which will yet require the sagacity of lawyers, the legal lore of judges, and the firmness of statesmen, to solve. The late Sir Charles MacCarthy delighted to conjure up a "Young Ceylon" of the future, receiving a liberal education from the proceeds of property now used to support in affluence a body of "ascetics," who, if they obeyed the rules of their founder, would enjoy no meal for which they had not carried round the alms' bowl to receive the gifts of those who wished to secure the special merit arising from bestowing food on the priests of Buddho. From Mr. Hardy's book, to which we have already been indebted for very graphic notices of devil and demon worship, we here quote a few passages illustrative of the form of worship which in Ceylon characterises Buddhism—a faith which, if faith it can be called where all is negative, holds captive in its folds at least a third of the human race. It owes its continuance in Ceylon, no doubt, to the insulated position of the country, for in the opposite Continent of India it was "stamped out" by a persecution so fearful that

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trustworthy authorities in Oriental literature tell us that the number of the martyrs of Buddhism in the Southern districts alone who were crushed to death in "Chek-koes" (native oil mills constructed of a hollowed tree and a revolving lever), was not short of three millions! Mr. Hardy's book supplies us with the following interesting descriptions of Buddhist worship in Ceylon:—

The temples, and the worshippers who frequent them, are thus described by Mr. W. B. Fox:—"Though many of the temples are somewhat mean in a European eye without, they are, in general, far superior buildings to the dwellings of the Ceylonese;—as far superior as the parish churches of England are to the houses of the poor; while they are far more numerous, and more frequently attended. Within, very many of them are calculated, by the variety of objects meeting the senses together, to induce in a European beholder a momentary pause. The outer court is painted with the transactions of history or fable; the people are arrayed in the Singhalese manner—the proportions are good and the colours brilliant:—but this is calmness compared with the inner chamber, which is admirably calculated to arrest the attention and fill the imagination of a Singhalese. The images are frequently gigantic, particularly the figure of Buddho—they are well proportioned—are formed in graceful attitudes, and are painted in beautiful colours. A Ceylonese, in the course of his life, beholds no such figures, and no such paintings as embellish the ceiling and wall. There lies the image of the sleeping Buddho, in some places of upwards of 30 feet long—on one side stands the sea-coloured Vishnu—on another is Buddho in a standing posture, as if delivering his laws, and in another place sitting. No window enlightens this room—some dismal lamps are always burning on a table before the principal image where the worshipper deposits his offering. He approaches the entrance with his present in his hands, held above his head, and while he takes a glance at the idols, half enveloped in darkness, the priest relieves him of his load; and bowing, he receives a benediction and retires. To these buildings mothers in particular regularly repair with their children of all ages, each, perhaps, initiated into the system by conveying a flower. There they imitate the parent in the ceremonies, and return with imaginations tinctured with terror. Frequently a whole family may be seen attending together on their village temple, or in company with a hundred more returning from a celebrated high place, having, for superstitious ends, trudged a journey of half the length of the island.

"These buildings are not supposed to answer the end of a synagogue or place of instruction. A few boys, indeed, may be often seen learning to read in a contiguous dwelling where the priests reside, but though many devotees, particularly females, may be seen together in an evening, and a great many on the full-moon, to instruct the people by way of sermon or lecture is never thought the duty of the priest. A madua (temporary building of bamboo or areka palm timber covered with plaited cocoa-nut leaves) answers some such purpose as a preaching place; and were the language intelligible, the meetings held in such places would bear some resemblance in

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celebration to a camp-meeting or a watch-night. A building, in area as large as a good chapel, say 60 feet square, is constructed by subscription—it is decorated with coloured cloth—and the avenue leading to the inclosure for the priest in the middle, is hung about with offerings. The priests enter in pomp, preceded by crackers and tong-tongs. [Tom-toms, or from the sound most usually produced, tam-a-tams, the native tambourine.—F.] They read alternately, seated in two pulpits, and sometimes one interprets. The congregation is often a crowded one, consisting of people of both sexes and of all ages, and does not break up till morning. When departing they attend to business or to visiting through the day, and reassemble in the evening. This is usually done for a week together. Though frantic enough, in some respects, without answering any religious end, these assemblies are wholly free from the sanguinary customs common on public occasions in Bengal. They seem to promote friendship and family feeling: and, we may hope, that hereafter the people may return in equal numbers from the observance of Christian festivals, with confirmed faith, mutual love, and quickening zeal."

Mr. Clough, who was present at one of these exhibitions, has recorded the following account of what he witnessed:—"When we arrived nearly at the summit of the hill, a report of our coming going before us, we were met with blazing torches to convey us to the place. It would require the pen of a very acute architect to give the exact description of the place. It covered a square of about 15 yards, open on all sides for entrance, and the two pulpits stood in the centre. It was lighted up with lamps in every direction. Crowds of people assembled from all quarters; none coming without an offering of some kind; such quantities of eatables and fruits of various kinds, I never before saw collected together: and several, both men and women, who could not bring great offerings, made it up by consenting to be placed in the aisles with lamps upon their heads, some of them engaged to stand twelve, some fourteen, some sixteen hours; during that time they were not to move a limb; the reward would be for this, that when they are born again into this world, the god Buddho will take care that they have plenty of light. The same reward they expect in all their other offerings. About nine o'clock the priests came in great pomp, and ascended the two pulpits which stood in the centre of the place. The priest read their commandments, and at the end of each all the people uttered aloud a word, which signifies *that is good*, or *Amen*. After this he began to preach, and every time he mentioned the name of Buddho, the people cried out as above, at the same time bowing themselves down. This noise was so loud that we could hear it a mile from the place."

Mr. Wijasingha, a native minister, presents a few additional particulars, in his account of a similar scene that he witnessed: "This being a Poya, or Buddhists' holy day, I went to see the Wissidagama temple with two of my friends. We saw a great number of women and men, and a few children, who were preparing their flowers and oil for offering. After our arrival, they entered the inner part of the temple, holding the flowers with both their hands raised above their heads. They then placed them on the table before the image of Buddho, repeating a gátáwa, or Pali verse, which they had learned, and then prayed in Singhalese to be regenerated as kings, queens, and the like. When this had been done, each poured a little oil

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into a lamp which was kept burning on another table before the image of Wahala Dewiyo. After they had gone through the ceremonies, they knelt and repeated the pansils, or commandments of Buddho, as dictated by the priest. When the priest had pronounced the benediction, they said with a loud voice, Sádu! Afterwards, I asked the people if they knew what they had repeated after the priest. 'How can we know such deep things as these?' was the answer."

The same writer says again: "This morning I heard an unusual noise in my neighbourhood. I was induced to go to the spot: there I found, to my grievance, that all the men and women, and the greatest part of the children of this village, were assembled to celebrate a Buddhist festival. In the first line were the tomtom-beaters and dancers, who were distinguished with every description of horrible masks. Secondly, followed the women, two and two, each one having on her head a basket of flowers. Thirdly, followed women and girls, two and two, each having on her head a basket of cakes of various kinds, and plantains. In all there were fifty-four women. The whole of them marched under a long canopy which was fixed upon sticks, and held up by twenty-four persons. After these, followed the pingo-bearers, or coolies with burdens. They were carrying rice and curry for the priests."

Mr. Hardy adds:—"These scenes are full of attraction to the native mind, and as few of those who frequent them understand anything that is said, there is little to shock the unthoughtful Christian; so that even professors of religion are sometimes carried away by the vortex of the crowd, unmindful of the sin they are committing, until warned by some more enlightened neighbour. There is a vague idea that merit is to be obtained by listening to the words of the priest; but no religious feeling is cultivated, and the people enter the banamadua much in the same manner as that in which the pleasure-seeker would enter the booth at a village fair. When the pirit is read, which is generally in times of sickness or distress, there may be more solemnity; and when the passions of the people have been roused by the priests, in consequence of some recent triumph of Christianity, there may be a temporary fervour; but the impression made on the minds of the attendants is, for the most part, without power, as there is a rite, but no worship; an appearance of teaching, but no instruction."

The remains of objects of Buddhist worship in the once royal cities of Polonarua and Anurajapura, attest the ancient grandeur of the system; while such ruins as those of the grand Dewala at Polonarua, show that the kings of the "Solar" dynasty, many of them of pure Tamil origin, and, therefore, worshippers of the gods of the Hindoo Pantheon, were not unmindful of the rites of Hindooism, which the Singhalese, as we have already remarked, were not very careful to distinguish from demon worship. The modern temples of Ceylon do not present much of architectural interest; the exterior and interior views of the Maligawa at

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Kandy [see engravings] are fair specimens, while the bell-shaped Dagobas, beneath which relics of Buddho and the bodies of kings, great men and saints are interred, will be found depicted in the view of Kandy, and specially in the engraving of the great Ruanwelli Dagoba at Anurajapura. There is a rather celebrated Buddhist temple (built for the founder of the Amerapoora sect) at Dadalla, quite close to the town of Galle, in which the stranger may see handsome specimens (most of them from Burmah) of *olah* books: manuscripts in which the writing is engraved by an iron stylus on the leaves of the talipot palm—about the earliest form of writing and book-making. A specimen of these veritable "leaves" will be found amongst the illustrations of this book.

Having brought the traveller back to Galle from his southern trip, during which we have discussed in a rapid way some of the topics in which an intelligent visitor cannot but feel interested, we would now say that if a visit to Colombo and the great Marendahn and Kaderani cinnamon gardens cannot be accomplished, the famous spice can be seen growing in the neighbourhood of Galle. In the earlier years of the British rule, indeed, the trade in this spice was of some importance to the Southern Province—to Matura particularly; but cinnamon has long ceased to be of any commercial value in the south of the island. The cocoa-nut palm, which, as yielding mercantile products, is now far before cinnamon, and only second to the great staple, coffee, in the commerce of Ceylon, can be seen in perfection fringing the sea shores near Galle, with groves extending to considerable distances inland. Unlike coffee and cinnamon, a greater proportion of the products of this tree is consumed in the island than is exported from it, a native with a "tope" of cocoa-nut trees being always sure of food ready to his hand. Of about a million hundredweights of coffee grown in Ceylon nearly the whole is exported—certainly not more than one-tenth is consumed locally. Of something like a million lbs.

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of cinnamon prepared,* the proportion locally consumed is about the same as in the case of coffee, or even less. In regard to the products of the cocoa-nut, palmyra, and areka palms, the proportions are very different indeed. The annual value of cocoa-nut oil, coir, (fibre) coperah (dried kernels) and cocoa-nuts; of palmyra jaggery (coarse sugar), and timber; and of areka nuts, exported, is above a quarter of a million sterling. Quantities to many times this value, especially of the fruits of the cocoa-nut tree, are locally consumed by the people, the saccharine milk and tender kernel of the cocoa-nuts being grateful in their natural state, while the fresh kernel grated is one of the main ingredients which makes a "Singhalese curry" (generally of a bright saffron colour, while the "Malabar Curries" are dark) so excellent. But millions of these trees, we regret to add, are devoted to the process of "toddy" drawing. Amongst our representative figures is that of a toddy-drawer, armed with the implements of his hazardous trade, prominently, a broad sharp knife and a mallet. Armed with these and with an earthern pot (all attached to his waistcloth), he rapidly ascends the tallest trees, gripping the trunks with hands and feet alternately, the feet and trunk of the tree being generally enclosed in a girdle of twisted withes, which is drawn up as the climber ascends,—feet and hands being equally bare, and, for that matter the whole body; the only rag of clothing being round the loins. Having had to correct, even in the case of generally well-informed persons, since his arrival in England, the erroneous impression that cocoa-nuts (properly coco-nuts), the fruits of the palm, yield the "cocoa" and chocolate of the breakfast-table, which are really obtained from the fruits of the *cacao theobroma*, a plant utterly unallied to the palms, the writer feels it not unnecessary here to mention that the mode in which the

* The quantity could be increased indefinitely did an enlarged market offer for this, the finest cinnamon in the world. But inferior spices, such as Cassia Lignea, can be sold so much cheaper, and to the ordinary palate the difference of flavour is so immaterial that there is not much chance of a great increase. The export has, however, doubled since the abolition of the government monoply and high duties.

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saccharine juice is obtained from the palm tree differs essentially from that by which the sap of the maple and other trees of a like nature is obtained from the trunk by incision. The blossom of the palms, and notably that of the cocoa-nut palm, is enclosed in a large spathe or sheath, into which, for the formation and nourishment of the future fruit, the rich, sweet juice is ever ascending. It is the end of this sheath which the toddy-drawer cuts with his knife in order to let the juice exude, beating the whole surface of the sheath with his mallet to excite the flow. He finally hangs his pot to the wounded and bleeding end, to receive the precious sap. This process, which is repeated from day to day, goes on for months together; the spathe, which in ordinary circumstances would burst, display its wheat like blossoms, and fructify, remaining closed, and yielding constantly a supply of juice. The natives state, and no doubt correctly, that the trees which have been subjected to this forcing process subsequently yield fruit the more abundantly. The tree, in this, follows the instinct which seems to be imparted to the whole vegetable kingdom, making an extraordinary effort, when extinction is threatened, to perpetuate the species. Where toddy-drawing on a large scale is pursued, whole ranges of trees are connected near the tops by double lines of coir rope, along which the toddy-drawer walks, standing on the lower set of lines, and holding on by the upper. As might be expected, accidents to these poor people are not unfrequent (about 140 persons annually in Ceylon are killed by falls from trees), and accidents are generally fatal, from the fearful height—60 to 70 feet above the ground,—from which the fall takes place. The ropes break, or the man loses his hold, perhaps from the effects of intoxication; for these men do not always resist the temptations to which they are specially exposed. Not that the sweet fresh juice is naturally intoxicating. On the contrary, it is a delicious, refreshing, and nutritious beverage, which medical men sometimes prescribe for European patients suffering under the obstinate and often formidable disease of the digestive functions which makes itself manifest by the painful symp-

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tom of "sore mouth." There is, however, a peculiar odour which is rather an objection with many Europeans to the use of palm wine. If this juice is inspissated and clarified, it yields a very fair sugar, and the natives make a good deal of cocoa-nut sugar or jaggery. But the "jaggery tree" *par excellence* is the palm with the singularly scolloped leaf and wonderful drupes of round seeds, the kitool (*caryota urens*), groups of which are found near the cottages of the people, especially in the Kandian country. In the Jaffna peninsula, at the north of the Island, immense quantities of coarse sugar are made from the juice of the palmyra palm (*borassus flabelliformis*), much of which is exported and refined. The saccharine juice of the cocoa-nut rapidly ferments. In this state it is a good substitute for yeast, enabling the native bakers to turn out very good light wheaten bread. But fermented toddy is as intoxicating as beer, in which state it is drunk largely at the taverns as well as in the shape of arrack, a spirit which is distilled from it. From the arrack and toddy farms and licenses, a large and increasing revenue accrues to Government, the sum considerably exceeding £100,000 per annum. The traveller from Galle to Colombo will notice too many taverns by the roadside, while if he is curious to see the native stills, in which "toddy" after fermentation is converted into "arrack," a stay at Caltura or Pantura will enable him to gratify his curiosity. He may at the same time witness the working of the simple apparatus by which the natives express oil from the dried kernels of the cocoa-nut. The singularly prolonged and mournful squeaking of the "chekko" arrests the attention of all travellers. The sound is produced by the friction of a powerful lever beam, made to revolve by means of bullock power, in a hollowed trunk of satinwood, or other hard timber. In Colombo the stranger will not fail to visit the Hulsdorf Mills, or some other establishment where he will see oil-making on a grander scale, the dried kernels after processes of cutting, pounding to the consistency of meal, and enclosing in folds of strong cloth, being subjected to such pressure as some of the most powerful hydraulic

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rams in the world can yield. Cocoa-nut oil is only second to coffee in the commerce of Ceylon; indeed, Ceylon stands first in the world in the export of this article, while large quantities are consumed in the island. The "poonac" or oilcake which remains after the expression of the oil is largely used, either alone, or mixed with other fertilizing substances, such as guano and bones, as manure mainly for the coffee estates. Indeed, if plenty of poonac and an abundant supply of crushed bones could be given to the coffee plants, they might be kept fresh and in steady bearing for an indefinite period. This was fully proved by the Messrs. Worms in the case of their magnificent property "Rothschild," Pusilawa. So striking were the results of a first experiment that they spent £10,000 in one year in putting in manure. They had their reward immediately, in enhanced crops, and finally in the highly remunerative price at which they were able to part with their property, on which trees known to be a quarter of a century of age were and are as fresh and healthy as if only five years had passed over them.

One of the greatest benefits which the railway will confer on the coffee planters will arise from the cheap carriage of such bulky manures as poonac, phospho-guano, &c. Of course poonac, with the husks of the nut and leaves of the tree, is the most valuable manure which can be applied to the cocoa-nut palm, and on some of the European plantations chekkoes are worked so as to secure the benefit of this substance and that derived from the cattle employed. As a general rule, plantations of cocoa-nuts in the hands of Europeans have not been so successful as was once anticipated. Some of the best are situated near Negombo, to the north of Colombo. Our calculation is that of the two great staple productions of Ceylon, the cultivation is as follows:—Cocoa-nuts 200,000 acres, of which 170,000 are native "topes," and 30,000 European plantations, the latter being in the neighbourhoods of Galle, Negombo, Batticaloa, and Jaffna. Coffee shows the same total extent as cocoa-nuts, but the proportions are very different, the European cultivation being 150,000 acres, against 30,000 scattered over native holdings.

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The coloured frontispiece will give a good idea of the appearance of our leading vegetable productions. Mr. Nicholl has shown the useful cocoa-nut and that most graceful of all palms—the tall and slender areka—with the wonderfully prolific banana (one acre of which, according to Humboldt, yields as much nutriment as forty acres of wheat), in an artistic framework formed by branches of coffee with ripe red cherries and emerald green leaves, and cinnamon with pink-tinged leaves and dark purple acorn-like seeds. Having already noticed coffee and cocoa-nuts, we may here state that the plantain or banana yields a most bountiful supply of food for the people of Ceylon, bunches of prodigious size, with hundreds of golden yellow luscious fruits on each, being seen in all the bazaars and at all seasons. There is a large variety of the fruits, from the great green or red ones, which are chiefly used in cooking as vegetables (curries of salt fish and plantains being common fare), to the small delicious sugar plantain, or "Kollekotto," dearly loved by children in Ceylon,—not less by those born of European parents than by the juvenile natives. No leaf in nature can rival that of the plantain in size and grace. Contrasted with it in the neighbourhood of native cottages are the thickly set, slender, tall, and straight stems of the areka palm. The small nut (closely resembling a nutmeg) of this palm (the *areka catechu*) is the chief ingredient, with the leaf of the *betel* vine, tobacco, and a little fine lime, of the masticatory which, with so disgusting an effect as regards appearance, is constantly indulged in by nearly all the natives of the east. It is a combined narcotic and stimulant, and allays the feeling of hunger. Besides being largely consumed in the island, areka nuts form an important item in the export trade of Ceylon. Cinnamon, in perfection, the visitor, with time at his disposal, will see by-and-by, when he rides or drives over the excellent roads which intersect the celebrated Marendahn Garden at Colombo. Formed just one hundred years ago, and having been regularly cut during all that time, the clumps of bushes, (a dozen or twenty in a clump,) are just as fresh looking

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as in the time of that able Dutch governor, Imhoff, who first rendered Europeans independent of the jungle spice by shewing that the plant could be regularly cultivated. The ripe-skinned "sticks," in which a brown or grey surface has taken the place of vivid green, are cut close to the ground chiefly in the month of June, when the flow of juice renders it easy to detach the bark. Up from each stump, almost immediately after it is cut, sprout multitudes of fresh young shoots, of the deepest blood or richest pink colour, turning to green as they mature, and so the process goes on from season to season, shoot succeeding shoot, and ripening into wood, fit for barking when the sticks are about half an inch in diameter. It is believed that the cinchona can be profitably cultivated and quilled, cinnamon fashion. The sticks of cinnamon, being deprived of the smaller branches and leaves, which are left on the field, and buried as manure, are carried to the store. (The whole process can be seen at Soyza's store, near the industrial school, Colpetty.) In the verandahs of the store they are peeled by the Chaliahs (men of the caste who in European times have always been cinnamon peelers, although they appear to have migrated from India as weavers of cloth of gold). These men grasp one end of the stick with their flexible and unencumbered toes, while they hold the other end with the left hand, and scrape off the rough outer bark with a crooked knife, usually made of brass, held in the right hand. The inner bark, in the cells of which alone is contained the delicate essential oil to which cinnamon owes its value, is then dexterously slit longtitudinally, and carefully loosened all round, the great art being to obtain the longest possible unbroken strips. The fewer knots in the stick, the better, of course. Short and broken bits are reserved to be distilled into cinnamon oil. We may add that a very powerful oil, with no flavour of the cinnamon, but with all the pungency and odour of clove oil, is obtained from the leaves. Applied to books and other substances, it preserves them from the attacks of mould and insects, so destructive in the hot damp climate of most parts of Ceylon. The roots of the cinnamon tree

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yield a kind of camphor; and from the acorn-like seeds, a species of wax is obtained by boiling, from which candles can be made. Such candles were formerly highly prized for use in the ceremonies of the Romanist Churches. The detached bark of the cinnamon is never exposed to the sun, as coffee "beans" and cocoa-nut kernels are. It is dried in the shade inside the store on platforms of thin coir ropes, and then quilled (one piece of bark being put inside another), and baled according to quality—the longer, smoother, and finer pieces being classed No. 1. Each bale now contains 100lb., and as the average yield per acre is less than this quantity, the cultivation at present prices is barely remunerative. The Marendahn Gardens are being gradually sold in building lots, and when they are all covered with houses and stores, and the owners have rooted up the once precious spice (the destruction of a single bush of which, up to 1832, could, by Dutch laws until then unrepealed, be punished with death), there will be still enough of cinnamon in the gardens at Kaderani, Ekelle, and Morootto, to supply any demands the world may make. The surface cultivated with cinnamon is about 15,000 acres, while the forests from the sea-level to the mountain region are full of trees which yield what is termed "Korle" spice. The quality of the finer kinds of Ceylon cinnamon never has been equalled, and cannot, probably, be surpassed. The indescribable delicacy of its flavour presents the most agreeable contrast to the hot coarseness of cassia. We need scarcely add that "the spicy breezes" of Ceylon are a poetic licence, although doubtless voyagers approaching its shores are conscious of a warm and pleasant odour from the land. The cinnamon, which looks like an interminable field of green laurels, gives forth no perfume unless it is cut or pressed, and its inconspicuous blossoms have nothing remarkable in their odour. The same may be said of the many beautiful flowers which grow amongst the cinnamon bushes. Conspicuous amongst these for its blaze of orange and red is that curious climbing, inverted lily, the rightly named *gloriosa superba;* while higher up in the tops of the bushes, gleaming white, are the singular leaves or bracts of a plant, the name of

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which we cannot at present recall. The ground is in many places carpeted with the varied pink of the *vinca rosea*, and the "sensitive plant" *mimosa*, both introductions—the one from Madagascar, the other from South America. Vieing in snow-white purity with the "cinnamon sand," which apparently indicates the bed of a former fresh water lake, are the profuse blossoms, often mistaken by strangers for those of the cinnamon, of a plant, the shears-like legumes of which form one of the curiosities of the cinnamon gardens. A still greater curiosity is the species of *nepenthes*—"pitcher plant"—which is found growing in the swampier portions of the gardens. But the time would fail us, were we to attempt to speak of the natural attractions of the Colombo Cinnamon Gardens, to which we have in our discursive way already transported the traveller, and through which he can walk or ride over excellent roads radiating in every direction. We would merely add that here, as at many points of the road from Galle, glorious views of Adam's Peak and its flanking ranges, pencilled sharply against the eastern sky, can be obtained in the clear mornings of the north-east monsoon: October to March.

But if the Singhalese grow enough and to spare of the fruits of the cocoa-nut palm (of which tree there are not less, probably, than twenty millions in Ceylon), and plenty of cinnamon for the world's consumption, they do not grow more than two-thirds of the grain consumed in the Island.* The balance, to the extent of five millions of bushels, valued at a million and a half sterling, is imported from the continent of India. It is said that Ceylon in former days, by means of the great tanks, the ruins of which are scattered over the country, grew not only enough of rice for a population, estimated by some to have reached five millions, but that grain was actually exported from the Island. Better proof than the exaggerated flatteries of Oriental

* The total rice cultivation of Ceylon does not seem at present to exceed 600,000 acres, with 250,000 acres for dry grains and pulses. Only 1,500,000 acres, or one-tenth of the surface of the island, is yet cultivated, so that allowing for the maana-covered pattenas of the hills, which can never be of much use save as pasturage, there is room for the extension of agriculture.

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court historians is wanted of such a state of things. Human labour, to an almost incredible extent, was employed by the ancient despots, who wished to make themselves a name in the construction of such bunds as that which, intercepting the Ambanganga, at the northern end of the mountain zone (a zone covering one-sixth of the area of the island), formed "the sea of Prakrama," an artificial lake with connected canals, which really seems, for some period not ascertained, to have afforded great facilities, not only for irrigation, but for inland navigation. But it appears certain that the absence of engineering skill in managing the levels, spill waters, and sluices, often rendered nugatory the time and labour bestowed on such stupendous works as the celebrated Giant's Tank, the main embankment of which, largely composed of immense blocks of stone, extended more than 15 miles, with a base 300 feet in breadth; which was calculated by Emerson Tennent to enclose an expanse of water equal to the Lake of Geneva, and in the bed of which there are now some thirty villages. And we cannot wonder if the ancient engineers of Ceylon, with their limited knowledge of scientific principles, failed in the solution of problems which try severely all the resources of modern science and skill. The difficulty experienced in restoring the Oorobokke Dam (which can be easily visited from Galle, especially if a trip to Gongalla is undertaken), and the partial failures at Batticaloa have proved that the restoration of the old tanks of Ceylon must be a work involving large expenditure of money and labour, reserved for future generations, and that at present all the resources available will be needed for the improvement of the more modest works called for in centres of population and rice culture. The districts around the great tanks (the waters of which are in many parts covered with a gleaming carpeting of red and white lotuses), are generally scenes of indescribable sylvan beauty—the haunts of elephants and other game, and of aquatic birds, from the small sand-piper and the great billed toucan to the tall, soldier-like, flame-breasted flamingo, in almost incredible number and variety. But, as far as human life is concerned, the

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very spirit of desolation broods over those lovely, but fever-infested regions. The unhealthiness and depopulation of the once densely peopled regions in the north and east of the island, which have the ancient capital of Anurajapura ("Anurogrammum Regium" of Ptolemy) for their centre, is obviously attributable to the neglect and ruin of the great irrigation works, which resulted from the wars between the Singhalese, under Dhutugaminu, and the Tamil invaders, under Elala, of which a really animated account is given in the "Mahawanso," one of the most ancient, authentic, and important historic documents extant in India. Be this as it may, the tank regions are at certain seasons of the year so unhealthy that visitors should take the advice of well-informed local residents as to the time and mode of their visits. A very interesting specimen of the old tanks—the Tissa Maha Rama—may be visited near Hambantotte (Hambantot), at which station also may be seen some of the salt formations, from a monopoly in which the Ceylon Government, like that of India, derives a not inconsiderable portion of its revenue, the salt being sold to the people at a profit of 500 to 1,000 per cent. over the cost of collecting.

Our illustration of the ancient tanks is an exceedingly interesting one, from the connection of Topaweva with the magnificent ruins of the once Royal city of Polonarua. The engraver has done justice to Lieut. Stewart's beautiful photograph, while the artist who transferred the picture to the block has added additional truthfulness and animation to the scene by the introduction, at our suggestion, of a herd of elephants and a couple of aquatic birds, which did not, of course, stand to be photographed by the scientific officer. As we are at Toparé, (which with Minery, Anurajahpura, and other objects of interest can be reached from Kandy, *via* Matella and Dambool), it may be convenient here to notice the illustrations of the ruined cities of Ceylon—ruins of much antiquarian interest, and in the case of Polonarua especially of very considerable architectural beauty. We have secured the right to engrave a series of very interesting views of Polonarua,

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photographed by Lieut. Stewart, from which, besides the pictures of the tank and that of the figures of Buddho already noticed, we have selected for the present work representations of the Jaytawana-Rami and the great Dewala. From the intense shade of the forest, and the action of the climate on the chemicals, probably, Lieut. Stewart's photographs were so excessively dark that great credit is due to the engraver for the fidelity with which he has represented the general effect of details which it required the aid of a strong magnifying glass to trace in the originals. To Mr. J. Woodford Birch, one of the ablest and most energetic members of the Ceylon Civil Service, we owe the names of the objects engraved. He had, previously to Lieut. Stewart's visit, explored the ruins of Polonarua, and was the first, we believe, to depict them by the aid of the camera—the engravings in Tennent's work (wonderfully faithful, considering the difficulties under which the artist must have laboured) being from sketches by Mr. A. Nicholl, R.H.A. The series of interesting photographs by Mr. Birch can be procured, large size and as stereoscopes, from Messrs. Slinn and Co., of Colombo, and in them, of course, the minutest details of Oriental architecture and sculpture come out with a fidelity which it is impossible for any engraving entirely to reproduce. From a paper kindly furnished to us by Mr. Birch we quote the following notices of the ancient city of Polonarua and of some of the wonderful ruins, the most perfect in Ceylon, which still mark its site:—

The city of Pollonnorruwa is situated on the sides of a large artificial tank, called Topawewá, in Tamancaduwa [see engraving], about seven miles west of the River Mahawelli-ganga, and 70 miles south of the debouchement of that river into the Indian Ocean at Trincomalie. This tank was built by the King Upatissa II.—A.D. 370.

A palace was erected here in A.D. 651 by Sri Sangabo II., during the short time that he was dethroned. It was thereafter the residence, from time to time, of various Sovereigns, till it became eventually the capital of the Island.

Agrabodhi III. permanently took up his residence there in A.D. 729, and it was afterwards the chief resi-

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dence of the Court till the Sollean Conquest in A.D. 1023, when the then king was taken prisoner, and the Government was not properly re-established till A.D. 1071.

Wijaya Bahu, in A.D. 1235, fled to Dambadeniya, and that place remained the Royal residence till A.D. 1301, when Bosab Wijaya Bahu returned to Pollonnorruwa.

This beautiful city was, however, finally abandoned in 1319, when Bhuwaneka Bahu moved to Kurunegala, and all the magnificent structures which then remained entire were suffered to fall into decay.

The remnants of the departed grandeur of Pollonnorruwa are now surrounded by huge forests, and for several miles around in the dense jungle, granite pillars, hewn stones, piles of bricks, and other works of masonry, recall to the traveller's mind that here man *once* reigned triumphant, where *now* none but the beasts of the forest seek shelter.

The city must have attained the height of its grandeur in the reign of Prakrama Bahu, who occupied the throne from A.D. 1153 to 1186, and was undoubtedly the wisest, and most enterprising monarch that ever sat upon the Singhalese throne.

Judging from the accounts in the Maha wansé, Pollonnorruwa was a city of great extent and magnificence, as in Prakrama Bahu's reign it was surrounded by a rampart, while the greater streets extended 28, and the lesser ones 16 miles. The same book states that he built a palace seven stories high, with two residences for the priests of three stories high, and numerous colleges, hospitals, and temples.

The most remarkable building is the temple of Jaita wana Rami [see engraving], into which you enter between two large walls, forming polygonal pillars on each side of the entrance. At the opposite end was a large figure of Buddha, about 50 ft. high, of brick plastered over with white chunam. The height of the walls is now about 70 feet, but as the roof has fallen in, it is impossible to say what the original height of the building was. This temple was said to be an exact resemblance of the temple of Gautama Buddha, at Sewatnuwara, in Bengal.

On a mound opposite are a number of carved stone pillars, forming the remains of the Gansabe Mandapa, or Hall of Assembly.

Adjoining is a Dagoba called the Kiri Vehera Wahanse, probably from its white colour (kiri meaning milk). It is a huge circular mound, built of brick and mortar, perfectly solid, plastered over with white chunam (mortar).

But the largest building here remaining is another Dagoba, much larger than the Kiri Vehera, called the

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Rankot Dagoba. The whole is now covered with brushwood, but the spire can be seen miles off towering above the jungle. The books state the height of this Dagoba to have been 120 cubits, or 180 feet, from the platform to the top of the spire, on which was placed a golden umbrella (hence its name), by the Queen of Prakrama. It was repaired and beautified by a subsequent King Kirti Nissangha, who then changed the name to that of Tuparami. Eight small chapels are built round its base, and between each is an ornamental projection. The same style of chapels, only smaller, exists round the base of the Kiri Vihera.

From the face of a long rock near, are carved stone figures of Buddha, in the sitting, standing, and recumbent postures. [See engraving.] Between the sitting and standing figures is a small temple hollowed out of the solid rock, with an altar piece, and figure of Buddha inside.

On a part of the rock, which is flattened like a plane, are cut several lines of an inscription, apparently in the Nagari character. It is a very beautiful work, and is generally called the Kalugala Vihara, though it is referred to occasionally in the books as Isura Muni Vihara. It is said to have been executed by the orders of Prakrama Bahu.

The Dalada Malagawa, or Palace of the Tooth, or sacred relic, was also built by Prakrama, and is a beautiful piece of masonry. Its style is simple, but unique and uniform. It is small, and composed entirely of cut stone, remarkably well jointed. Tradition states the granite roof to have been added by Kirti Nissangha, and to have been joined together between sunrise and sunset.

The Satmahal Prasada is a curious building, formed of seven square stories, each one smaller than the one below. A staircase, now full of bats' nests, winds round the interior of the building to the summit; but the natives are afraid to venture in, as not long before we were there, a man was attacked and wounded by a bear, which had taken up its abode on the temporary stairs.

Near the Dalada Malagawa is a remarkable circular brick building, with four entrances up beautiful flights of steps, to which no name is now given, nor from its appearance is one able to glean from the ancient books its proper designation. There appears to have been an enclosed balustrade round the brick building of carved stones, covered with figures of the open lotus flower. The base of the whole building was of hewn stone, representing small grotesque figures of men called "kibisi." Outside of this was a paved circular terrace, and all surrounded by a cut stone wall. At

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the four points of the compass were four entrances up flights of steps, beautifully carved, with a balustrade on each side, representing the "Makara torna," and at the foot of this figure was an upright stone with semicircular top, showing a canopy of cobras' heads over a figure which holds in one hand a chatty (earthen vasiform vessel) of flowers, and in the other the "Charmara."

Close to this is another building, the name of which is also unknown, though it is believed to be the Abayaghiri Vihara, very much in the style of the Jaytawana Rami, though on a smaller scale. It is divided into two compartments, and the roof (an arched one) of the inner compartment remains, though the floor is now covered deep with bats' dung or dust, and several figures of Buddha, carved in white limestone, are lying broken in all directions round the walls. By a staircase in one of the side walls, you can ascend (with difficulty, however) to the roof.

The king's palace was built on the dam of the tank, overlooking the water, and the sluices which led that water to several bathing-places, as well as these baths themselves, can be easily traced. Numberless inscriptions are to be found engraven upon pillars and tablets, but the most remarkable is a celebrated stone, 26ft. by 4ft. 6in. by 2ft., which is covered with a long inscription. It is called the Gal Pota (rock book), from having been in the shape of the ancient Talipot Books. It is a detached stone, and is said to have been brought by men from Mihintalai, about 80 miles distant.

For the photographs from which our engravings are taken of the Ruanwelli and Thuparama Dagobas, in the still more ancient, and in some respects more interesting ruins of Anurajapura (a great city believed with good reason to have been founded twenty-five centuries ago), we are indebted to another member of the Ceylon Civil Service, Mr. R. W. T. Morris. The dimensions of some of the ruins at Anurajapura, as recently taken by officers of the Surveyor General's Department, are such as to justify a comparison with the pyramids of Egypt. For instance, the Jayatawana Rami is even now nearly 246 feet above the surface of the ground; the diameter at the base is 396 feet, while the side of the square in inches is 778.8. The diameter at its base of Abayaghiri is 401 feet. Of the two objects represented in our engravings, the dimensions are as follows:—

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	Feet above Surface of Ground.	Diameter at base.	Side of Square in inches.
THUPARAMA	63.01	59.4	165.0
RUANWELLI	182.247	379.5	660.0

A full and very interesting account of Anurajapura, with its sacred Bo-tree (*ficus religiosa*), which is supposed to be more than 2,000 years old, and, therefore, the oldest historical tree in the world, will be found in Sir Emerson Tennent's great and justly popular work on Ceylon. From this account we quote the following notice of the Ruanwelli Dagoba, which is portrayed in our engraving.

Returning by the Brazen Palace, and passing along the great northern street, the Ruanwellé, the Dagoba of the "Golden Dust," by far the most celebrated in Ceylon, is descried above the trees to the left. This enormous pile, the descriptions of which occupy so large a space in the *Mahawanso*, was begun by Dutugaimunu one hundred and sixty years before the Christian era, and completed by his successor, after having occupied almost twenty years in its erection. Its original outline was destroyed by the Malabars A.D. 1214, but it is still a little mountain of masonry, upwards of 150 feet high [over 182, F.], overgrown with jungle and trees. The terrace which sustains it is comparatively perfect, and from its sides protrude the heads of elephants, whose concealed bodies appear to be supporting the structure. Around it the pious care of the Buddhists has preserved numerous memorials of its founder; an octagonal inscribed column, which the legends say once stood in the centre of the space now occupied by the great Dagoba; a slab which marks the spot where Dutugaimunu died, and a stone with carved pilasters which covers his tomb. On the south side of the terrace is the statue of King Batiya Tissa, who reigned at the dawning of the Christian era; and in front is the entrance to the subterranean passage by which it is pretended that the priest conducted him privately to view the interior of the Dagoba.

From the same authority we quote a notice of the Thuparama, built 2,000 years ago, and which Fergusson, in his "Handbook of Architecture" pronounces to be older than any monument now existing on the continent of India:—

Near the intersection of the two great streets of the city stands the Thuparama, the most venerated of all the Dagobas in Ceylon, having been constructed by King Devenipiatissa to

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enshrine the collar-bone of Buddha, three centuries before the Christian era. So sacred was this Dagoba held to be, that Upatissa, A.D 400, caused a case to be made for it of "metal ornamented with gold;" and within the last twenty years a pious priest at Anarajapoora collected funds from the devout for clearing it of the plants by which it had been previously overrun and covering it with a coating of chunam. Its outline is peculiar, being flattened at the top and so hollowed at the sides as to give it the configuration of a bell. Its height is about seventy feet from the ground, and the terrace on which it is placed is surrounded by rows of monolithic pillars, each twenty-six feet high, with richly decorated capitals.

When the *dalada* was brought from India, in the fourth century, it was placed for security in a building at the foot of the Thuparama Dagoba, and here it was shortly afterwards seen by Fa Hian. The ruins of this edifice still remain, and in front of them is a semicircular stone similar in design to that at the entrance to the great Wihara, but inferior in execution. Another remarkable object in the same vicinity is a block of granite, upwards of ten feet in length, hollowed into a cistern, which tradition has described as the trough of Dutugaimunu's elephant.

Noticing the enormous ruins of the Jaytawana Rami Dagoba, Sir Emerson Tennent thus concludes his description of the Dagobas of Anurajapura, and of this ancient and once extensive and populous city:—

The solid mass of masonry in this vast mound is prodigious. Its *diameter* is three hundred and sixty [390, F.] feet, and its present height (including the pedestal and spire) two hundred and forty-nine feet; so that the contents of the semicircular dome of brickwork and the platform of stone, seven hundred and twenty feet square and fifteen feet high, exceed *twenty millions of cubical feet.*

Even with the facilities which modern invention supplies for economising labour, the building of such a mass would at present occupy five hundred bricklayers from six to seven years, and would involve an expenditure of at least a million sterling. The materials are sufficient to raise eight thousand houses each with twenty feet frontage, and these would form thirty streets half-a-mile in length. They would construct a town the size of Ipswich or Coventry; they would line an ordinary railway tunnel twenty miles long, or form a wall one foot in thickness and ten feet in height, reaching from London to Edinburgh.

Such are the Dagobas of Anarajapoora, structures whose stupendous dimensions and the waste and misapplication of

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labour lavished on them are hardly outdone even in the instance of the Pyramids of Egypt. In the infancy of art, the origin of these "high places" may possibly have been the ambition to expand the earthen mound which covered the ashes of the dead into the dimensions of the eternal hills, the earliest altars for adoration and sacrifice. And in their present condition, alike defiant of decay and triumphant over time, they are invested with singular interest as monuments of an age before the people of the East had learned to hollow caves in rocks, or elevate temples on the solid earth.

For miles around Anarajapoora the surface of the country is covered with remnants and fragments of the ancient city; in some places the soil is red with the dust of crumbling bricks; broken statues of bulls and elephants, stone sarcophagi and pedestals, ornamented with grotesque human figures, lie hidden in the jungle; but the most surprising of all is the multitude of columns, "the world of hewn stone pillars," which excited the astonishment of Knox when effecting his escape from captivity.

The number of wild animals in the surrounding district is quite extraordinary. Elephants are seen close to the ruins, buffaloes luxuriate in the damp sedge, crocodiles abound in the tanks, herds of deer browse in the glades, bears and jackals skulk amongst fallen columns, and innumerable birds, especially pea-fowl, jungle-cocks, and paroquets break the still solitude by their incessant calls.

In any excursion eastward from Galle, the attention of the traveller will be directed, near the beautiful bay of Belligam to the rock on which is sculptured in low relief the monument of the Kusta Rajah. The tradition connected with this remarkable figure indicates that an inland king, afflicted with leprosy as retribution for having despised the sacred bo-tree, was warned in a vision to seek the sea-shore, where he would find strange trees bearing fruits full of water, of which water he was to drink until he was cured. This story seems to point to a time when the cocoa-nut was unknown to the mountaineers of Ceylon. No doubt the first nuts were carried by the tides to the shores of the island, for the cocoa-nut is not indigenous to Ceylon—indeed, some authorities hold that even the cinnamon is a foreign plant, and, historically, a recent introduction. It is certainly curious that the ancient native annals take no notice of the plant, but Mr. Thwaites and the best botanists are agreed that cinnamon is really indi-

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genous to Ceylon. It is found everywhere, as a small shrub near the sea, or as a forest tree in the hill regions. The cocoa-nut, the pine-apple, and many other rich and useful products, Ceylon, in common with Continental India, owes to South America. We do not suppose that modern practitioners would trust much to the milk of the cocoa-nut as a cure for what seems the incurable disease called leprosy. The form leprosy takes in Ceylon, however, is not that of the affection mentioned in the Bible. The Indian form of the disease is mainly the retribution, more or less distant, of a certain form of vice. One of the Government institutions which has come down from the British to the Dutch is the Leper Hospital at Hendella, near the mouth of the Kalany river at Colombo. The scene in which this hospital lies is exceedingly beautiful, and a visit to the place possesses a painful interest to those who feel it their duty to face the sight of human suffering, with the view of enabling them to prevent or alleviate such suffering, or at least to sympathize with the sufferers.

A trip from Galle by road or river to Baddegamme, an interesting station of the Church Mission, will well repay the visitor; and if the trip can be extended up the Gindurah to the foot of the "Haycock," the lover of beautiful natural scenery will be more than rewarded for his trouble. In the neighbourhood of Baddegamme are some extensive plantations of the finer species of lemon grass and citronella, from which essential oil is distilled, and exported in considerable quantities. Allied to these grasses is a coarser one, the maana, which covers ranges of hills too poor to bear forest, or off which the original forest has been burnt, as the maana itself is periodically, in order that the cattle may feed on the young shoots. Some sugar, too, is still made at Baddegamme, although the culture of this plant on a large scale has failed here and elsewhere to be the remunerative pursuit which it was once hoped it would turn out. The soil of Ceylon is too poor; or, rather, its climate is too moist for sugar. The heavy rains, and the paucity of labour, operate also against the spread of cotton cultivation on an extensive scale, although sugar-canes and cotton are grown in small

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patches by the natives. Fine specimens of the nutmeg plant, introduced from the Eastern Archipelago, can be seen at Baddegamme, and nearer Galle.

Before leaving Galle, the traveller should take a look at the corals and allied zoophytes, and at the brilliant coloured fishes which may be seen swimming amongst them on any clear day from the base of the Light-house. He ought not to fail also to notice the government building termed the "Queen's House," built about 1680, and to look into the old Dutch Church, where there are some characteristic monuments of the dignified Mynheers who ruled before us in Ceylon. Of the Portuguese, who preceded them, few monuments remain, save the debased descendants of the once famous Lusitanian race of which the "Musical Mechanic" (improvising songs full of local and personal allusions, which he accompanies with the music of his curious three-stringed guitar) in our collection of Oddities is a fair specimen. *Fair* is scarcely the word to use, for these descendants of the first European conquerors of Lanka are generally darker than the natives themselves. The Portuguese language is, however, spoken in the form of a wretched patois by many of the lower orders of the burghers; while Portuguese names, such as Pereira, Leveira, Fernando, &c., are common amongst the Christian natives, being added to their original native names. Mr. James de Alwis, for instance, is a pure Singhalese; but, naturally enough, savans abroad are puzzled by the Portuguese name, and led to give credit to the Portuguese descendants for erudition, such as Mr. de Alwis possesses. The form of Christianity, too, introduced by the first conquerors of Ceylon, so readily engrafted itself on the superstitions of the natives, and has remained so popular with them, notwithstanding a good deal of persecution in the period of Dutch rule, that, as far as statistics can be obtained, the proportion of Roman Catholics would seem to be 140,000 to 40,000 Protestants of all denominations, out of a total population of two-and-a-third millions. The rest are Buddhists and Demon worshippers, 1,350,000; Brahmists, 680,000; and Mahomedans, 134,000. A walk round

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the Galle Fort ramparts in the early morning or the cool of the afternoon is enjoyable, and the stranger may view those ramparts themselves with deeper interest if we quote for him from old Ribeyro's account of the wresting from the Portuguese of their Ceylon conquests by the Dutch, the following tale of female courage and daring, equal to anything told in the olden tales of chivalry :—

Captain Lorenço de Brito, who commanded in the fort of Galle when besieged by the Dutch, was present on all sides, and animated everyone by his example, but all his exertions only served to keep the natives within the fort. The enemy's fire did not lessen for eighteen days, at the end of which time all our bastions were thrown down, and there were breaches on every side. The Dutch then assaulted the fort at break of day, and though we were not wanting in resistance, they effected their entrance, and killed many of the garrison. Those of the Portuguese who could escape withdrew within the church, and an incident happened on this occasion which I am not willing to leave unrelated.

Captain Lorenço Farreira de Brito was a married man, and his wife was with him in the fort; their union was one of the happiest possible; his wife would never leave him, but accompanied him whenever he visited the different posts; sometimes of his own free will he took her with him, and it chanced that she was present on the night when the assault took place, which we have just described. The commandant did his duty on that occasion as on every other; he received five wounds, one of which broke his thigh, and threw him to the ground; some Dutch soldiers were on the point of killing him, when his wife threw herself upon his body, and entreated them to spare him or to kill her first. Amid the din of arms and the cries of the dying and wounded, her voice was not unheard, and a Dutch officer drove away the soldiers, raised her up, and promised her security and her husband his life, if his wounds were not already mortal. The news of this was carried to the Dutch general, who put an end to the slaughter and gave a promise of safety to all who had taken refuge in the church.

He sent his own surgeon to Lorenço de Brito, with everything requisite for his wounds; and when, some days after, the surgeon pronounced him out of danger, and that he could safely be removed, he ordered the captain of one of the best frigates in the flotilla to give up his own cabin to our wounded chief, and to treat him and his wife with the same consideration on board his vessel as he would his own general; he took care also that nothing necessary for his comfort was wanting.

Looking across the bay (from Galle) to Buona Vista Hill, it will be seen that the harbour is protected to some extent by the long wooded point which stretches out into the sea, and from the winds of the north-east Monsoon the place is sheltered. The south-west Monsoon, however, sometimes creates a severe swell, which

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rolling into even the inner harbour, has destroyed vessels at anchor: the case of the steamer Malabar, from which Lord Elgin and Baron Gros so narrowly escaped, having excited much attention. Projects for carrying out a breakwater from the point, made of materials simply blasted out of the rock and tumbled into the sea, have been, therefore, frequently discussed, as well as designs for batteries, which would convert Galle into the "Gibraltar of the East," rendering it safe from a possible surprise by the French, whose troops, in large numbers, are constantly passing between Suez and Cochin China. It has been forcibly pointed out, too, by the military authorities, that a reserve of Imperial troops stationed at Galle, would be at the readiest point for service in India, China, or Australia. But, unfortunately, money to the extent of at least a million sterling would be required for the realization of those grand designs, a sum which the colony ought not to be called on to pay for purposes mainly Imperial, while the Imperial Government is not likely, in the present temper of the British tax-payers, to incur the expenditure: the failure of the costly attempt to erect a lighthouse on the Basses is too recent. Meantime the local government is effecting improvements in the entrance to the harbour and the anchorage, by devoting moderate annual grants to the blasting and clearing away of submarine rocks. Steamers do not at present enter Galle Harbour at night, although they can easily enough go out after dark by lighting-up the channel.

The view of Galle from Saint's Bay, which forms our first illustration, is (minus the distant and receding ranges of hills) that which the voyager sees on entering the harbour. The lens was not large or powerful enough to bring out all the details so clearly as could be wished. Still the picture (taken expressly for us) very fairly represents the general effect. The view had never, we believe, been photographed, until on the eve of his departure from Ceylon, the writer, through the courtesy of Mr. Blyth, the Master Attendant, was enabled to get Mr. Andree and his apparatus boated over to Saint's Bay—a visit to which spot will well repay strangers.

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A refreshing bath can be enjoyed in the creek which forms the watering place. The view of Galle, rom the landward side, was also expressly photographed for us. These two large engravings, with the several smaller ones, give a fair idea of the general appearance of the great steam port of the East and its neighbourhood, although no picture devoid of vivid colouring can faithfully represent the natural beauties of the scene.

Noticing Galle Fort and its sanitary characteristics, the military sanitary reports thus speak:—

Galle occupies the extremity of a point of land running nearly north and south, projecting into the Indian Ocean. The fortified position is of an oval shape, rather more than a mile in circuit, and is entirely surrounded by the sea, except where a narrow isthmus connects it with the land. The station itself is not much elevated above the sea level, apparently from 25 to 30 feet. The fort is freely exposed to the south-west monsoon, but the land-wind at night is considered to be unhealthy. Indeed, the chief vehicle of malaria in the island appears to be the land-wind. The surrounding country is in parts cultivated, and the preparation of cocoa-nut fibre, which requires steeping in water, is carried on about a mile and a half away. It occasions a nuisance. [Col. Freeth subsequently reported:—"The preparation of cocoa-nut fibre, as at present carried on, does not occasion any nuisance or annoyance in the fort."] The surface and subsoils consist of red earth, sand, gravel and clay, resting on granite. [At Galle, as at Colombo, there are beds and ridges of Cabook, a species of laterite formed from decomposed gneiss.—F.] The temperature is remarkably equable, and ranges throughout the year from 79 deg. to 82 deg. Fahrenheit. The highest monthly mean is 85½ deg. in October, and the lowest monthly mean is 77 deg. in November. It is, however, very damp, like all tropical seaboard climates.

The traveller from Galle to Colombo will have evidence from more senses than that of vision of the practice above alluded to, of steeping the cocoa-nut husks in water to rid the coir of vegetable matter. The water, or rather mud, of the coir pits becomes inky black, and the effluvium evolved is so detestable that one noted scene of coir preparation a few miles out from Galle has been, with a grim humour, named "Lavender Bridge." It has long been a moot question whether this horrid odour is as injurious to health as its power seems to indicate. That some think it not injurious to human health is not surprising to those who know that there have been men who considered the corruption of the bivalves at the great pearl fishery of Ceylon appetizing. Generally in the tropics, however, fever malaria can be traced more readily to de-

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composing vegetation than to corrupt animal matter. In any case, the question in regard to the coir pits is not clear enough to justify interference with a native industry which affords a ready and remunerative employment to women and children in the vicinity of their own abodes. Steeping in a tropical climate, however, is very different in its effects on texture to what the same process (in regard to flax, for instance) is found to be in temperate countries. The result in Ceylon is more or less to discolour and rot the fibre. Europeans have not failed to introduce machinery which supersedes the necessity of the steeping process, and cleans the coir from the soft stuff in which it is embedded, while the husks are in their fresh state. Sulphur, too, and other chemical agents have been applied, and coir of a very superior description, and commanding a much higher price than the native fibre, has been the result. The expense is so heavy, however, and the competition of hemp and other materials is so severe, that the £40,000 to £50,000 worth of coir annually exported from Ceylon does not constitute a very valuable trade. Indeed, it only pays because its use as dunnage induces ship masters to carry it at a very low rate of freight. The Custom House and jetties, the coal sheds of the great steam companies, the civil town and the government offices are outside the fort of Galle; the "Cutcherry," in which the Government Agent, the highest civil officer in the province, attends to business, being fully a mile distant, while the residences of well-to-do Europeans and burghers are scattered over a considerable area, amongst the neighbouring groves and eminences or along the seashore. The fort and town of Galle, open as they are to the sea breezes, are undoubtedly healthy, and yet cases of the hideous disease called elephantiasis are not uncommon amongst the natives.

Galle has recently been erected into a municipality, the population included within the boundaries for this purpose being probably about 10,000. There is much room for sanitary improvement.

Sir Emerson Tennent has imparted additional interest to the port of Galle by his attempt to identify it with

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the Eastern Tarshish of the ancients. It is in any case one of the oldest emporiums of trade in the world, and it is curious that Aden, which shared with Galle its former importance, before the Cape route was discovered, should now be assuming a still greater position than it held even when the whole trade of India went by way of the Red Sea.

The chief items in the modern trade of Galle are coal for the steamers, and specie imported, as silver from Bombay, and gold from Australia. The contrasts to be seen in the harbour are curious; passengers (generally in the beautifully slender outrigged canoes of the Singhalese) are landing from or embarking in the great steamers (those modern triumphs of navigation), while the primitive dhoneys from the Maldives (formed sometimes entirely of the products of the cocoa-nut tree) are sending on shore their lading of salt fish, mats, cowries, and tortoiseshell. Side by side, too, we may see a vessel with coals from Cardiff, and one with ice from Wenham Lake: the contrasted crystals, dark and bright, glancing in the sun; blocks of solidified heat from the repositories of the geologic ages in the old world, and masses of intensified cold from the waters of the new.

Galle is famous for its carved furniture in ebony, calamander, satin, and other cabinet woods. Dressing-cases and work-boxes, ornamented with porcupine quills; models of elephants cut in ebony and ivory; paper weights and knife handles made of elephants' grinders (never to be confounded with the tusks, though the latter are in commerce denominated "teeth"); with tortoiseshell bracelets, chains, paper knives, and other articles more or less useful and ornamental will be pressed on the attention of visitors. And when the Moorman lapidary or pedlar approaches with the famous gems of Ceylon, visions of Arabian Nights' splendour are conjured up, and the stranger will feel as Miss Jewsberry (Mrs. Fletcher) felt when she touched at Ceylon, *en route* to India:—

> And when engirdled figures crave
> Heed to thy bosom's glittering store;
> I see Aladdin in his cave—
> I follow Sinbad on the shore.

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Purchases should be made under the advice of experienced residents, if possible, for the native traders will ask for their commodities just what they think they can get. In buying precious stones the risk is great of becoming the possessor of "precious humbugs," the manufacture of glass shops in Birmingham. One simple test may be of use. A true gem, touched by the tongue, will be found considerably cooler than the atmosphere. A really good blue sapphire is valuable, though a specimen without faults is rare. Red rubies, good and of any size are rare. Those who prefer the curious to the beautiful may get a cat's eye; but such as wish at slight cost to carry away mementoes of the "glittering wealth" of Ceylon should confine themselves to the form of zircon called locally "Matura diamond," to the beautiful form of adularia called "moonstone," and the still cheaper "cinnamon stone." The fruit which probably the visitor will be most anxious to indulge in will be pineapples. In the season, May to July, these fruits ought to be obtained at a cost not exceeding 3d. each (in Colombo they sometimes sell for a halfpenny), while they should never cost more than a shilling. Plantains can always be obtained at a moderate rate. The common orange of Ceylon, which ripens without that yellowing of the skin which marks the fruit in Europe, is very refreshing without being high flavoured; while the *jamanara* (king or mandarin orange) is amongst the most delicate flavoured of fruits. Bread fruits are very fine at Galle, and whole groves of this beautiful and valuable tree may be seen on the road to Colombo. The jak tree (the mahogany of Ceylon, from which most articles of furniture are made) is to be seen everywhere near human abodes, its enormous fruits growing out of the bark on the trunk and larger branches exciting the special attention of strangers. These jak fruits are largely eaten by the natives, ripe or in the form of curry; and even Europeans do not despise curries containing the mealy kernels, any more than they do those in which the almond-like seed of the *cadju*, or the long pods of the drumstick or horse-radish tree, are ingredients. The markets of Galle are not

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so well supplied as they ought to be; but a meal of good fish ought generally to be got at the hotels. The seir fish is little if at all inferior to the salmon, and good mullet and pomfret can be obtained. Frequent proposals have been made to remove the coaling station of the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamers from Galle to Trincomalie; and it has even been suggested that the latter should supersede Colombo as the commercial port of the island. But, geographically, Trincomalie is out of the direct route from Bombay, England, and Australia; while as regards population and supplies, the place is not to be compared with Galle, far less with Colombo. Indeed, for much of what is consumed by the inhabitants of Trincomalie, and by the fleet when present, the station is dependent on the fertile peninsula of Jaffna, whence dhoneys are continually running, except in the fierceness of the north-east monsoon. Sir Emerson Tennent has given Trincomalie the benefit of his powerful advocacy, but this generation at least cannot alter the actual state of things. Trincomalie is sparsely populated, and the neighbourhood is unhealthy, while Galle and Colombo are about the most healthy towns in the tropics, and their neighbourhoods—especially the vicinity of Colombo—densely populated. A railway once made from the foot of the hills, no doubt it would be easy and safe at all times to ship coffee in Trincomalie Bay. But coffee must be first dried, picked, and garbled, and for these operations the labour of large numbers of men, women, and children is absolutely necessary. Those who wish to obtain information respecting the progress of pure Christianity in the island, or to aid its progress, will enjoy a visit to the Wesleyan Mission House at "Richmond Hill" or the Church Mission station at Baddegamme. At Colombo and Kandy the Christian visitor can, in addition, learn what the Baptists have been doing since 1812; while in the Jaffna Peninsula may be found the excellent missionaries of the American Board, chiefly Congregationalists.

The cause of Christian education can be furthered in the case of the girls' school at Buona Vista,

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with which the name of the late Mrs. Gibson will ever be honourably associated; while for the relief of temporal poverty and disease the Friend in Need Society and its hospital plead for generous support.

When, as frequently happens, steamers with passengers from every portion of the western and eastern hemispheres, and from the wonderful golden lands of Australasia, meet at Galle, and such passengers are poured out to swell the representatives of varied races which already reside in the place, the scene presented is calculated to remind one of the confusion of tongues which led to the scattering of the human race eastwards and westwards, southwards and northwards. Mixed with the predominant English, Scotch, and Irish passengers, are representatives of every European nationality, from the voluble Frenchman bound for Cambodia, to the grave Spaniard whose destiny is the Philippines; Germans whose accents are redolent of the "Deutscher's Faderland," not being absent. Descendants of the Portuguese and Hollanders walk the streets. Of Orientals nearly every race and every religion is represented on the wharves and streets. Chinese and Japanese may be there, *en route* for Europe, in which they take so deep, though only newly awakened interest. It was only the other day, too, that a Malay Prince, from the Eastern Archipelago, passed this way, receiving military honours from his fellow-countrymen of the Ceylon Rifles, as he returned with the new title—that of Maharajah of Johore, which had been conferred on him by the Queen of England. Australian shepherds and diggers are there, looking probably with wonder at the feminine dress and still more feminine comb of the Singhalese, the voluminous turbans of the Tamils and other Hindoos, and the funnel-like caps which crown the closely cropped skulls of the "Tambies," or Moormen. Parsees too, from Bombay, are sure to attract attention. Indeed, now more even than in the olden days, when the ships of Tarshish traded with Western India and South Ceylon, Galle presents to the student of ethnology almost every variety of colour, dress, language, and religious

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rite which distinguish nations and individuals of the human race.

As we are discussing the ports of Ceylon we must now (supposing a steamer going "south about" to be at Galle on a trip round the island) transport the reader from the south to the east of the island, and give him a sight of the grand bay of Trincomalie, which forms the safest and most important harbour in the East. The place is "beautiful exceedingly," bearing a strong resemblance, with its wealth of wooded isles reflected in its placid waters, to the lake districts of more temperate climes. Casual visitors to the bay write in raptures of the scenery, as if some new discovery had been made. And, in truth, but for the existence at the place of the military garrison, and the imperial dockyard with the occasional visits of ships of the British Navy, the station would be but little known, the population of the district being sparse and the commerce insignificant, for a long feverish waste lies between the great naval port of the east and the thickly inhabited parts of Ceylon. Indeed, as regards Ceylon, Trincomalie, though geographically connected with the island, and garrisoned by the forces of the colony, may be said to sit apart in her solitary grandeur—in her adornments of marine and sylvan beauty—

> Like lady of the mere,
> Lone sitting by the shores of old romance.

We can never forget our sensations during the winding course of the little steamer "Pearl" round the points and through the islands of this magnificent bay in the rapidly opening dawn of a clear June morning some years ago: the perfect beauty of the scene was so utterly unexpected. Pleasant, too, were all the surroundings ere the tropic sun had risen to bathe water, land, and trees, in glancing splendour; or, after his strength had moderated, and the softness and coolness of evening had fallen on sea and land and islet. But neither can we forget the reflected heat from the reddish-coloured quartz as we ascended to pay a noontide visit to Fort Ostenburg. We could not help recalling Sir Hardinge Giffard's uncomplimentary description of the locality:

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"What, ho!" cried the devil, "go rig out my bark,
Built of the cypress-tree;
O'er the foam-tipt waves of the ocean dark,
Tho' we leave in our track a stormy sea,
We'll sail right merrily.
The vessel that crosses our gloomy way
Right strong and stout may be;
But never again shall the light of day
Behold her dash far, far away
From her plunging bow the feathery spray!—
A shattered mast alone shall tell
Of the goodly ship that sailed so well;
The greedy shark and the slimy sea-eel
Will thank me, I ween, for a plenteous meal."
* * * * *
So on he sailed from zone to zone,
Till he came to the Garden of Eden, Ceylon;
And the devil chuckled with might and main,
As he thought how his mischief he there began,
When he first declared war 'gainst the race of man!
Now it chanced to be "upon a day
In the merry, merry month of May:"
He found it so hot he began to roar,
And, what's strange for the devil, he cursed and swore,
And he fled to his boat with hurried pace,
In haste to quit such a roasting place;
And, going, he shriek'd with doleful cry,
"It's high time for me back to —— to fly:
If I've any refractory spirits there,
I'll send them to Trinkomalee;
'T will be pretty warm work for them to bear,
Since it 's even too hot for me!"

The place *is* hot—the hottest station at which troops are stationed in Ceylon, and in former times the sanitary reputation of the eastern garrison was very unfavourable. Of later years the opinion has changed, and old residents, like worthy Mr. Crabbe of the dockyard, can produce themselves as living proofs of the fact that great heat is perfectly compatible with good health and longevity. At intervals, however, the fever which keeps down the population in the neighbouring districts finds its way, with fatal effect, amongst the inhabitants of the town and forts—for the forts are separated by a distance of two miles, to suit the exigencies of guarding the noble harbour. Trincomalie, like other stations on the east of the island and those in the north, is but slightly affected by the south-west monsoon which strikes with such violence on the western and southern shores of the island. In the month of October to December the winds and heavy rains of the north-east monsoon make themselves felt. The mean maximum temperature is 90° F. for seven months in the year, with variations of from 12 to 16°. There are traces of what some believe to be volcanic action at Trincomalie, and the precipitous "Saamy" and "Chapel" rocks are associated with interesting

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Tamil and Dutch traditions, on which we regret that our space will not permit us to dwell. A few miles out in the splendid forest are the remarkable hot wells of Kannia. Here the visitor can vary his bath from cold to tepid water, and even to fluid so hot that the hand suddenly plunged into it is instinctively and very rapidly withdrawn. Some interesting ruins, not yet described, have been discovered in the forest not far from Trincomalie. The "Lake of Kandelay" (one of the finest of the old tanks) is also within easy visiting distance. Shooting and hunting excursions into the jungles which stretch away to Dambool and beyond are often organized at Trincomalie. The nature of the country to be traversed, and of the sport which may be expected, are vividly described in papers lately contributed to the *Sporting Magazine* by Col. W. W. Turner, C.B., 97th Regt. From Col. Turner's descriptions we quote some graphic passages in our Appendix. We may say here that the engraving of the Kadienlena Buck will give our readers an idea of what the great deer of Ceylon (the great *axis* of Cuvier) is like; immense in size, but with antlers not to be compared to those of the red deer of Europe. Kotmalie and its neighbourhood, Dimboola, Ambegamoa, and Dickoya have been always famous for elk hunts. A letter from one of the mighty hunters of Kotmalie, written soon after his removal to Dickoya, to a friend, was by the latter placed at our disposal, and we quote from it the racy and exciting details of a case in which, elk being sought for, very different game was found and disposed of:—

You will be sorry to hear that I have lost my poor old dog Oscar. He died two days ago from wounds received in a fight with a chetah. There is one consolation—I have got said chetah's hide. It happened in this wise: I went up to the patinas on Saturday last to look after my work, and brought the dogs with me. Three of the Dickoya youngsters also came with me, and they tempted me to take the dogs out. We started three elk all at once, but as my little pack is not enough for three at a time, we lost them all. We then put in on the other side, and we were not in the jungle two minutes when one of the dogs gave a tremendous *stand up* bark, and all the rest followed suite. There was a short run, and then another bay. "This must be a pig," said I; and ran like blazes. When I came up to them, I found them all standing round a tree, barking furiously. "O hang it!" said I; "it is only a little cat, after all, and he has gone into the tree;" and I was walking up to whip the dogs

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away, when my little dog-boy pulled me by the back of the jacket, and sung out in my ear: "Peelie! Dorelie! Peelie!" pointing up the tree. I looked up, and there was the brute, as large as life, stretched out on a branch about 30 feet up, glaring down on us, and wagging his tail as you see a cat do when he is looking at a mouse, or something else he wants to get. We made tracks in the opposite direction; not altogether from funk, mind you, but partly from funk, and partly to get a better view of the animal. I had hardly turned my head (my tail, I mean), when I heard a whiz in the air, and then a thud on the ground, about ten yards from me, and the dogs off again in full tongue. I went after them as fast as I could, straining every nerve, not to "Hooroosh!" them on, but to get them off; but that was impossible. The brute only went about a hundred yards, when they ran into him and pulled him down. When I came up, Oscar, Boosdoo, and Banshee had him in front, and the other dogs behind. He was partly on his side, but not quite. He had Oscar round the neck with one paw, and was hitting at the pups with another. That was all I could see, as in another instant my knife was half-a-dozen times through his heart. I made a hole in his heart into which you could *row* a head of cabbage. We examined the dogs, and were surprised and delighted to find only three of them hurt. Boosdoo had a bad wound on the foreleg and shoulder, Banshee, a very bad one on the neck and chest; Oscar, several small wounds on the head and neck, but none of them appeared very bad; but it seems the poor fellow had some internal injuries that I could not see, as he died two days after. I think the two pups will recover. Excuse me for bothering you with this yarn, but I am so proud of my dogs that I could not help telling you of it. As far as I know, there has only been one other chetah killed by dogs in Ceylon,—the one Edward Palliser killed. Do you know of any more? My dogs went off to the jungle to-day on their own hook, and killed an elk; not a very big one. This makes—14 elk, 2 pigs, 1 chetah, and several monkeys since I came here.

From this digression germane to Col. Turner's animated descriptions of Ceylon sport, we return to Trincomalie. Pleasant boating excursions can be extended from Trincomalie as far as Tamblegam Bay, once (before the Kandelay Tank fell into ruin) an expanse of rich rice cultivation, and now occasionally the scene of a pearl fishery, which is, however, but of slight importance compared with those which, from a distant antiquity, have rendered famous the Bay of Condatchy, or Aripo on the opposite side of the island. The Tamblegam oysters are of a different and inferior species (the *placuna placenta*), with thin, transparent shells, which are occasionally used as substitutes for window glass, and are exported to India to be burnt into lime for the beetel masticatory. For this latter purpose the very wealthy natives of India obtain the small "seed pearls" found in such multitudes at the Aripo Fisheries. Although, for the present, the great pearl fisheries of Ceylon have ceased, as they seem to have done at intervals from all antiquity, yet our readers may be interested in the following description of the mode in which the fish-

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eries at Aripo are usually conducted; fisheries which, in the period of British rule in Ceylon, have yielded a million sterling. We quote from a description by the Hon. George Vane, now Treasurer of the island, who, when Collector of Customs, superintended several very successful fisheries (occurring after a blank of twenty years) during the rule of that fortunate as well as able Governor, Sir H. G. Ward:—

When a bed of oysters is of an age to be fished [at the age of five to seven years.—F.], a sample of 10,000 or 12,000 is taken up, landed at once, and being most carefully counted, all placed in a large ballam or boat. The place of deposit is then secured and guarded: after ten or twelve days, when the oyster flesh has become a mass of putrid matter, the washing takes place; sea water is then put into the ballam, and a number of coolies, divested of all clothing that would allow of concealment, are ranged on each side of the ballam, watched by the peons to see that they keep their hands under water, when separating and washing the oyster shell, and do not take and conceal any of the pearls they may see or feel. The shells are well rubbed together, those having pearls adhering thereto are set apart for the pearls to be cut away, and the other shells are placed in heaps alongside each man, and when all is completed are counted, to see that none have been taken, and to ensure the correctness of the quantity upon which the estimated value of the fishery is thus based. After all the shells are removed, the water is baled out and passed through sieves and cloth to arrest any pearls that might be so taken up, and then a disgusting mass of filthy putrid matter and mud remains, amongst which you see the pearls glistening, and the excitement of looking for and collecting the large ones begins. The superintendent's eyes must be everywhere, to prevent any hands but his own picking them out, for the natives are most quick-sighted, and equally quick-fingered. The mass of mud and shells and putrid flesh is then collected in a heap at one end of the ballam, and after being cleansed by repeated washings, is laid upon cloths exposed to the sun to dry; when thoroughly dry, the large pearls are picked out by hand, and the smaller ones sifted by women. During this process every precaution is taken that no pearls are lost; every article used is washed, and the water passed through sieves of the smallest size, and a vigilant watch kept over all the people employed, as they are adepts at seeing and concealing pearls. When all the pearls are collected, three or four intelligent, respectable pearl dealers, who are mostly of the Moorman class, are called in to estimate their value, which is done by sizing, classing, and weighing; and according to these results the valuation is assigned to each class of pearls by the market rates then ruling.

The fishery usually takes place in the month of March, when the sea is calm and the currents least perceptible. The process is as follows:—The whole of the boats assembled are numbered and divided into two squadrons, the red and the blue, each consisting generally of 60 or 70 boats. The squadrons fish alternately. Each boat has its cangany, five diving stones, and two divers to each stone. All the men are numbered, as well as the boat, and, in the Kottoo, there are divisions, with corresponding numbers, so that each boat knows the precise spot where its oysters are to be deposited. The squadron starts usually between 11 and 12 P.M., so as to reach the fishing-ground by sunrise. The banks are about twelve miles from the shore. As soon as the boats have arrived, the signal is given, and the diving-stones go over the sides of the boats, with a low, rumbling noise. One diver goes down with each; the other holds the signal rope, watches the motion of his comrade—draws up first the stone, then the net, in which the oysters are lodged as torn from the bank,

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and then the diver himself. Each pair of divers keep their oysters separate from the rest, in large nets or baskets, so that luck and labour determine the remuneration of the pair. When one man is tired, the other takes his place, but they do not dive alternately, as too much time would be lost by changing. The man who has been down, after remaining a minute or so upon the surface, during which he either floats, without apparent exertion, or holds on by a rope, descends again, and repeats the process, until he requires rest, when he takes his turn on board. This continues almost without interruption for six hours. Indeed, the stimulus of self-interest brought to bear upon all is so great that, as the time approaches for striking work, the efforts of the men increase, and there is never so much activity as when the heat is most intense, the sky without a cloud, the sun glaring frightfully, and the sea like molten lead. At last the second gun is fired—every stone goes down simultaneously for one more haul, and then every hand is employed in making sail, and every boat has her head to the shore. The Adigar (a native headman, stationed at Manaar), who is allowed a boat with five stones as his share of the fishery, acts as commodore. As the boats reach the beach, they let go their anchors opposite the Government "kottoo," the first arrivals getting the best places. Each boat swings upon her anchor, with her stern to the shore, and, in an instant, the divers are in the water, and each pair carries the results of its day's work to the Kottoo. Then they divide the oysters into four heaps. In two hours the whole of the 75 boats are unloaded, unless delayed by contrary winds, the divers' share removed, and three-fourths belonging to Government left in the Kottoo, divided into heaps of 1,000 each—the doors are locked, guards stationed, and everything is in readiness for the Cutcherry sale. This system appears peculiarly well suited to the country and to the objects in view, by bringing to bear upon the daily results of the fishery the largest amount of private interests, and the smallest amount of Government control. No man could be forced into doing what the divers do voluntarily. No fixed payment would induce them to dive as often in the day, or to unload their boats with equal dispatch.

We may add that the depth of water on the banks at Aripo or Condatchy Bay is from four to seven fathoms, and that the divers never remain under water more than two minutes; seldom more than one. At the sales, the oysters being put up at so much per thousand, there is sometimes great competition; at other times a combination amongst the buyers, which it requires a threat of stopping the fishery to break. Prices have varied from below £1 to little short of £20 per thousand, the average for 1857, when thirty-two and a half millions of shells were taken up, having been 16s. 8½d.; while in 1860, when only 3,645,000 were fished, it was £12 17s. 10d. The contrast between Aripo, on ordinary occasions silent and deserted, and the scene of bustle and excitement it exhibits during a pearl fishery is very remarkable. Ever prominent, however, are the immense heaps of shells on the shore, the accumulations of ages of fisheries.

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A naturalist has been employed by the Ceylon Government to ascertain, if possible, the causes of the periodical disappearance of the bivalves from the banks, and to ascertain what means there may be of cultivating the oysters and converting what is a very uncertain source of revenue into a certainty. As yet, however, the prospects are not very encouraging, and all that we know on satisfactory evidence is that visits from shoals of skate-like fish, with tremendous teeth and capacious stomachs, have had much to do with the clearing of the banks. Mr. Holdsworth's researches may ultimately, let us hope, lead to more positive results.

Trincomalie, to which we return, has a timber trade of some importance, but in this respect, as well as in population, and grain and cocoa-nut production, Batticaloa, the other great station on the eastern coast of the island, is far superior to Trincomalie. Unfortunately Batticaloa has no good port. Its series of backwaters, however, (in which the curious "musical shell" abounds,) is extensive and beautiful, and illustrations of these we hope to include in the volume, which may be the result of fully carrying out the design to which we alluded at the commencement of these remarks. But for the truly magnificent harbour of Trincomalie—which is only of importance to Ceylon in proportion to the interest which she, as a detached part of the British empire, must feel in the imperial navy—Batticaloa, and not Trincomalie, would be the capital of the eastern province, the seat of the government agency, and principal court, which Trincomalie now is. Our three engravings from Lieut. Stewart's beautiful photographs, and that from the sketch for which we are indebted to Captain Henderson, fairly illustrate the exquisite scenery of Trincomalie. The approach to the great harbour is rendered safe by two lighthouses,—one at Foul Point, and the second on Round Island. Trincomalie is situated on an irregular, rocky peninsula, about three miles in length, and varying in breadth from half a mile to two miles, which juts out from the coast in a south-eastern direction. The coast itself runs nearly south and north. The peninsula and the

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opposite coast are indented by bays and creeks, enclosing a large area of water of an irregular circular form, about three miles across, which forms the harbour. The islands which dot the water, besides the beauty they impart, are, during the presence of vessels of war, the varying scenes of gun-practice and peaceful festivities. Fort Ostenburg, at an elevation of 180 feet above the sea, stands on the rocky extremity of a ridge which projects across the opening of the bay. It thus guards the entrance to the harbour, and protects the dock-yard stores, to the very walls of which the water is so deep that the great Himalaya transport steamer was able to ride with her side to the shore. Fort Frederick guards the harbour in another direction, being situated at an elevation of 130 feet on a promontory which projects into the open sea, and the civil town lies stretched below on the land side of the fort, and along the shores of the bay.

We now return from our voyage to the east coast, and leaving Galle by a two-horse coach, the traveller, who has time at his disposal, proceeds to Colombo by a very good road made along the coast, the sea being almost constantly seen on the left, while one almost ceaseless grove of cocoa-nut palms, with bread fruit, jak, and other trees, affords a grateful shade from the heat of a tropical sun. The noonday halt for breakfast half way at Bentotte (Bentot) forms a pleasant break in the journey. The traveller will luxuriate in the cool sea breezes which sweep over the elevated mound on which the rest-house is situated, and may enjoy the refreshment of a bath in one of the coves below.

Good fish is generally part of the meal at this station, and Bentotte is famous for its oysters. Strangers, however, should deal cautiously with these "natives," which are, in the first place, not equal in quality to their European congeners, and which, as may be imagined, are rapidly acted on by the hot climate. As he is carried along the road the traveller cannot fail to admire the indented and rocky coast, and the striking islets covered with cocoa-nuts which lie not far from Bentotte. The singular conformation of the screw pine will attract attention, standing, as it does, on a multi-

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tude of root branches, some of which are straight as stilts, and others contorted like snakes. If one of these trees happens to be in blossom, the evidence of the olfactory nerves soon justifies the designation *odoratissimus*, while the appearance of the fruit may well deceive a stranger into the belief that he sees a real ripe luscious pine-apple on a gigantic plant. A single tasting of this acrid fruit will for ever dispel the illusion. The true pine-apple grows in great abundance and most luxuriantly, generally in hedgerows and under the shade of trees in Ceylon. Grown in this way it is a very fair fruit, but ordinary and exotic varieties cultivated and exposed to the sun are delicious. Even the native "rock pine-apples," grown actually on rocks and in such mould as decayed cryptogams have produced, are high flavoured and good. If pine-apples are ripe, but not too ripe, and thoroughly cleared from rind and seeds, they are wholesome. In the season, May to July, the natives use them largely as food. Cart-drivers, as they go along the roads, may be seen now eating a pine-apple or plantain, now a cucumber, and anon chewing a piece of sugar-cane. They may not know anything scientifically of the nutritious properties of saccharine juices; but their instincts guide them as rightly here as they do in inducing them to season with hot spices their vegetable curries. The ground amongst the cocoa-nuts is often carpeted with the goat-foot, *ipomea*, the curiously-shaped emerald green leaves of which are overpowered when the plant is in blossom, with a blaze of pink and purple tints. Emerson Tennent dwells on the striking appearance presented by the Galle Face esplanade when covered, in his time, with patches of this plant in full bloom; and Mr. Nicholl, the artist to whom we owe the coloured picture of Ceylon vegetation, painted a striking picture of "Christmas in Ceylon," which, after exhibition, was purchased by the Queen,—in which the scene described by Emerson Tennent made a striking foreground to a view of Colombo Fort. But since Emerson Tennent and Nicholl have left Ceylon equestrians on the Galle Face have so increased in number that it was found necessary

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to clear away this beautiful convolvulus. Along the sea-shore of the Galle Face it ought to be cultivated as a border to Sir H. Ward's footpath, but the leaves form such a favourite food for rabbits, that we have found it rather difficult to preserve a carpeting of this plant on our own little portion of sea-side at Colpetty. Mixed with the bells of this convolvulus is a leguminous plant, with still more beautiful blossoms, resembling large sweet peas in colour and odour, the *canavalia obtusifolia*. There is a pretty yellow variety (*dolichos luteus*), which, however, is not conspicuous. The purple bells of the goat-foot convolvulus lying along the ground, and the pink-blossomed spikes of what we may call the sea-pea, produce an effect of great brilliance, compensating us in Ceylon for the absence of the sea-pink and the daisy of more temperate climes.

Passing what is known as Barberyn, on the old maps, but which the authority of a Government minute has recently restored to its proper form of Beruwala (!), through an almost interminable avenue of palms, bread and jak fruit trees, mangoes, and oranges; lovi-lovis, with their cherry-like fruits, and bilembis, with their wall-flower like blossoms, forming with coffee bushes the undergrowth,—the coach reaches the beautiful station of Caltura, "the Richmond of Ceylon." This place is at the mouth of the Kaluganga (Black river), which here widens out to the dimensions of a considerable lake, with a pretty little island in its bosom. This river, like most of the streams in Ceylon, finds it difficult to pour its waters into the sea—the monsoon waves indeed driving them back, and so giving rise to the back-waters, or "gobbs," which form such remarkable features on the western and eastern shores of the island. They have all the effect of lakes, and while their brackish waters swarm with fish, the reeds and grasses (some of enormous dimensions) and mangroves which grow on their shores and out of their bosoms are alive with aquatic fowl by day, and darkened by clouds of harpy-like bats (the immense flying-foxes) going out on fruit-foraging expeditions as night closes in. One of the most curious objects to be seen on the banks of these

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lakes is the so-called "Water cocoa-nut" (*nipa fruticans*). The leaves, which exactly resemble those of the beautiful dwarf ("Maldive") cocoa-nuts of Ceylon, grow right out of the water, and but for their longer and more slender make, might pass for branches of the true cocoa-nut. The fruit, however, which is a very curious, indented conglomeration of seeds, differs essentially in appearance from a cocoa-nut: resembling the fruit of screw pines with which botanists class the plant. The sportsman on "the Bolgodde lake," which the traveller will leave to his right at Pantura as he proceeds from Caltura to Colombo, may vary the enjoyment of snipe, teal, and coot shooting, by trying conclusions between a bullet and the head of an "alligator"—the true crocodile, which, as the natives know to their cost, is too common in the backwaters and rivers of Ceylon. There is a spot up the river from Caltura connected with the sad fate of a young bride snatched away while bathing on the morning of her marriage day, by one of those hideous brutes. Their extermination ought to be an object with Government and sportsmen. In 1862 the deaths reported as caused by attacks of alligators were three, and probably six may be taken as the annual average. In the moat, or near the walls of the old fort (long disused) at Caltura, may frequently be seen an ugly lizard, the cobra-goya, half alligator, half snake in appearance, at the sight of which strangers may well be excused if they experience some sensations of terror, as well as disgust. Adults run no risk from these animals, but they have been known to attack and even devour little children, while they are very destructive to poultry. We "assisted" at the death of one which was caught in the act at a mission station near Galle,—a Buddhist lad the while interceding for the life of the animal, because, as was shrewdly suspected, he believed the creature to be the succeeding birth of his grandfather, recently deceased. Large rat snakes often cross the road between Galle and Colombo. They look formidable enough, and the unpractised eye would find it difficult to distinguish them from the formidable cobra de capello, with hood unex-

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panded. But happily this, the commonest of snakes, is perfectly innocuous, as are all but three out of about thirty species in Ceylon. Indeed the rat-snake, as the name implies, performs about houses and barns in Ceylon the functions of a cat. There is a beautiful green snake in Ceylon called by some the whip snake, by others the eye snake, from the unfounded prejudice that it darts with evil aim at the human eye. We put up our hand one day to pluck some "beads" from a plant of *abrus procatorious*, which had spread its green divided leaves, purple blossoms, and scarlet-and-black seeded pods, all over a blue-blossomed and yellow-seeded *duranta*. We drew back instinctively, as we found that we had touched a green snake which lay coiled amongst the leaves, so as scarcely to be distinguished from them in colour. Grasped in its mouth we noticed a "blood-sucker" a lizard, of chameleon-like colours, the lizard, in his turn, having been preying on a green grasshopper, or cicada. Satisfied that no danger was present, we proceeded to prove that man also possesses the destructive instinct, by plunging into a bottle of spirits the beautiful green snake and his irridescent victim. One of our very earliest recollections of Ceylon refers to the bottling of a snake under very different circumstances. The late Dr. Kinnis was in the habit of amusing his friends by turning out a cobra in a wide verandah, irritating the reptile so as to force it to erect its head and expand its speckled hood—a sight of terrible beauty. The finale was for the Doctor to bring his ebony ruler down suddenly over the snake's head, press it to the ground, seize the animal by the neck, and bottle it. Tried in a wide open space, the experiment had been often successful; but a very large and lively cobra, taken from a raft found floating down the Kalany, being let loose in a room full of furniture, the result was different. The snake coiled the lower portion of its body round a chair, struck suddenly and vehemently out as Dr. Kinnis advanced his hand with the ruler, and inflicted a deep wound on the fleshy inside portion of his thumb. He had a firm grasp of the snake, which he did not relax until the reptile was writhing in the

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bottle of spirits, into which we had aided him in plunging it. But, aware of his danger, the wounded thumb was instantly in his mouth, and the flesh gnawed and sucked with all the energy possible. Accompanying him to the surgery of the Military Medical Store, we saw him deliberately cut out the piece with a scoop, rejecting the proferred aid of his friend, Dr. Stewart. This prompt and active treatment was successful in saving a useful life; but Dr. Kinnis resolved never again to trifle with snakes, a resolution on which it would be well for all to act, though the danger to Europeans (with the protection of shoes and clothes, and the dread their unusual appearance excites in all animals, from the elephant in his abnormal condition to the snake) is so slight that, during a residence of thirty years in Ceylon, we have not heard of the death of one European from snake bite. We have found a snake under our pillow, and we have seen one coiled round a door-handle. But both were apparently harmless. Twice only were we in real danger. Once while sitting reading, at Point Pedro, by lamplight, a fierce and excited snake rushed in across our chair, coiled itself round the legs of a couch, erected its hood, and hissed. But "the snake it was that died." To adopt Cowper's description of a similar feat,

> "We killed him just behind the door,
> And taught him never to come there no more."

On another occasion, while we were, with gun in hand, intent on the pursuit of jungle fowl and peacocks, in the Patchellepalle jungles, at the northern extremity of the island, our attention was arrested by the waving to and fro of some object on the path before us. It turned out to be the crest of a tremendous cobra, on which we had come suddenly, or which had its nest close by. We retreated rapidly enough, but before we could fire, the reptile had glided away into the thick bushes. We experienced the feeling which Dogberry advised the watch to cherish when they were "well rid of a knave." The snake, probably, felt equally glad to get out of our way, for these creatures rarely attack voluntarily. A European lady certainly once told us that she was attacked and pur-

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sued by a "carpet snake" (tic polonga, probably, the most vicious and deadly snake of all), in her bathing-room, at Batticaloa. But it must be remembered that in this case the lady had come in at the only door through which the snake could escape. When trodden upon, of course the snake *bites* (it is only the scorpion which stings, and in Ceylon its sting is considered by no means so formidable as the bite of the centipede—it is not generally so painful, indeed, as that of the wasp, which inhabits the long pendent nests that may be occasionally seen on branches of cocoa-nut trees), and it is no marvel that out of a population of two and one-third millions semi-nude natives, from forty to fifty should perish annually from snake bites. If they tread on snakes on the paths or in the jungles, there is nothing to defend their feet or legs. Then a large majority of the natives sleep practically in the open air,—in open verandahs at least. Snakes, in the course of their nocturnal excursions, nestle near a sleeper for the sake of the warmth. The man unconsciously turns over on the snake, which instinctively bites; and before the poor victim attains consciousness, the poison has got into his circulation, and if the dose was large, death is certain. Much depends on the empty or full state of the poison ducts. If the snake has recently emptied these by biting some animal, a bitten man may suffer little; and the nonsense of charms and incantations, of placing a chatty of fire on the head, attaching a bit of carbonized bone (snake stone) to the wound, or any other ceremony or application equally absurd and inoperative, will get the credit of the cure. There is no cure save instant excision and copious bleeding from the wound, with a ligature *above* the wound (liquor ammonia, or any other stimulant being simultaneously given to the patient); and our friend, the late Dr. C. Elliott, was of opinion, that in no case could prompt excision fail, even when resorted to some time after the infliction of the bite. Dr. Dickman, of the Colonial Medical Service, however, gave us the details of a case, occuring in his experience, where the most prompt and wise measures which he and another surgeon could adopt were un-

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availing in saving the life of a poor servant-boy, who was bitten by a snake, in coming along the passage of a room in the barracks at Trincomalie. His screams called the two surgeons to his aid, and they at once did all which science and skill indicated; but in vain. The poor boy, evidently innoculated with a dose of poison of intense virulence, and suffering from terror as well as pain, sunk rapidly. Of course it is desirable that even the forty to fifty deaths from snakes, and the twenty to thirty from all other wild animals (mainly alligators, bears, and chetahs) which occur in Ceylon should be reduced by the destruction of the destroyers; but Ceylon, lionless, tigerless, and wolfless, is a perfect asylum from danger, compared with Singapore, where it is computed that one man for each day in the year is eaten by tigers; or some parts of India, for instance Nagpore, where 1,200 persons perished in one year from the onslaught of wild animals.

The Ceylon "chetah" (leopard) very rarely attacks human beings. The bear is a much more awkward customer to meet, and a good story is told of a European gentleman saving his life by the free use of a brandy-bottle on the nose of a bear whose attentions were more close than pleasant. While on this subject, we would remark that danger from sharks renders sea-bathing dangerous in Ceylon, except in sheltered coves.

But to return to Caltura and the Kaluganga. Hence the traveller wishing to visit Adam's Peak could boat up the river to Ratnapoora (the city of rubies), but the more usual course is to go to Ratnapoora, from Colombo up the side of the Kalany by Hangwella, Avisavilla, and Seeta-waka (so named, it is believed, after Seeta the consort of Rama), and on the return journey to float down the Kaluganga to Caltura. The scenery of palms, bamboos, plantains, large lilies, forest trees, and festooned creepers along the banks of this really noble river, is beautiful, and there is a good deal of excitement at the shooting of a couple of rather formidable rapids. These it has been proposed to improve by blasting away the rocks which shut in the stream, or to avoid by cutting a channel up the side of the river, but the expense is beyond the

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present means of the Colony. Even as it is, the river affords considerable facilities for the conveyance of coffee from Ratnapoora and Happotella. Great quantities of bamboos and of forest timber are cut on the banks of the Kaluganga, and floated down in rafts, to be used by the builders' of Colombo and the carpenters of Morottoo. Near Caltura a canal connects the river with the backwaters of Pantura and Morottoo, and thence there are, as already stated, lines of inland navigation, *via* Colombo, up the Kalany to Yatteantotte, and away by Negombo to Chilaw, Pultam, and Calpentyn. The attention of the traveller is sure to be directed to the exceedingly lengthy wooden bridge by which the estuary of the Kaluganga is crossed. This was until recently the only bridge on the stream whose waters, to use Mr. Hardy's poetical fancy, "have a most decided objection to be lost in the sea, after coming from the clouds that rest upon one of the highest peaks in the Island, and rolling over rubies and sapphires, and passing places where Adam, if we may believe tradition, in the far-away time mingled his tears with their young rills." But a large iron bridge now spans the river near its source, at Ratnapoora. While at Ratnapoora *en route* to Adam's Peak, or on the return journey, the traveller will probably be tempted to try his fortune in "gemming" (digging pits in the alluvium, and washing for crystals), a pursuit which is followed to a greater extent in this neighbourhood, perhaps, than in any other place in Ceylon. But the bed of almost every stream sparkles with minute splinters of rubies and garnets, bright but of little value.

Near Caltura are the principal plumbago mines of Ceylon. Plumbago is the only mineral which, apart from the precious gems, is as yet of any importance in the commerce of the island. For although iron of an excellent quality is plentiful in certain parts, yet circumstances are not favourable for working it. Government charge a royalty of fourteen shillings per ton on plumbago, and like other exports, at present, it pays a duty of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Like coir, this heavy article is taken to England at a freight excep-

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tionally low. The mineral differs much in quality, some being fine enough for pencils. The vast proportion exported, however, is used for crucible making, chiefly at the Battersea Works, near London; where the preference is given to the Ceylon graphite over that from Siberia and other countries, in consequence of the small admixture of iron in the former.

Caltura was once the site of a Botanical Garden, traces of which remain in the shape of some fine exotic trees, including those which bear that king of all oriental fruits, the mangosteen. Beyond the similarity of name, this fruit has no connection with the mango, which in Ceylon (especially in the dry climate of Jaffna) is a fruit of very fair quality, although not to be compared to the carefully-cultivated mangoes of Bombay. These and mangosteens from the Eastern Archipelago sometimes come to Galle in the steamers of the P. and O. Company; while ice ships from America, more rarely introduce apples, and grapes come from Australia. In Jaffna, where the drought of eight or nine months' duration acts as a wintering to the plants, grapes of fair quality are grown; but although the grape vine grows in other parts of Ceylon the fruit seldom matures in consequence of the damp climate.

About 16 miles from Colombo, the traveller passes Pantura, or Pana-dura, a name said to indicate the breaking by the demons in one night of a thousand lamps, which had been placed there in honour of Buddha by King Wijaya Bahu. The village is situated opposite the commencement of a sandbank formed by the opposing influences of the lake-waters and the sea-waves. To this sandbank, which is covered with houses and cocoa-nuts, there was formerly a ferry over which the coach was boated, but the road has been diverted, and crosses a narrower part of the "gobb" towards Morottoo. Pantura is a favourite resort of coffee planters from the interior, for purposes of sea-bathing and sport. A more complete change can scarcely be imagined than from the cloudy, damp atmosphere of the hills to this place of dancing waves and saline air, and in making changes like this change and the opposite ones from the sea-side to the hills facile, the

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railway will be a great blessing in preserving to European residents cheerful minds and healthy bodies. Planters who do not go so far south as Pantura, find a pleasant change at Mount Lavinia, or in the Galle Face Boarding House at Colombo.

Inland from Pantura, and near the shores of the Bolgodde Lake, sugar cultivation on a large scale was tried with as bad success as in other parts of Ceylon, Caltura included, where, we believe, the first experiments were made. Cocoa-nuts have been more successful. Crossing the Pantura Bridge, the traveller is almost at once in the thriving cluster of villages known as Morottoo, the fisher-caste carpenters of which place are incessantly at work on furniture which is transported to all parts of Ceylon, and on casks and barrels in which coffee and cocoa-nut oil are transported from the island. Morottoo carpenters may be found working occasionally at good wages on nearly every coffee estate in Ceylon. Every external sign shows that the people are well-to-do, especially the substantial and in many cases handsome houses of the natives. Amongst these the stranger will have pointed out to him the residence of the de Zoyzas, the millionaires of Ceylon. Besides being fortunate in the purchase at a mere nominal sum of the royal forest of Hanguranketty, which they found full of well-grown coffee, the Zoyzas (pure natives, notwithstanding the Portuguese name) have made large profits as arrack renters (purchasing the right to supply arrack to the tavern keepers) and otherwise. They have erected vast stores at Colombo, with steam machinery and other appliances for the preparation of coffee and cocoa-nut oil, and they act as bankers and money-lenders. They own much house property in and around Colombo and Kandy. One of the finest—certainly the largest Episcopal church in Ceylon—has been built by this family at Morottoo (at a cost of £7,000), and in it may be seen a noble monument to the deceased head of the family, in full Modliar's costume. Only in comparison with this ambitious building does the Wesleyan chapel look modest. It is a large and roomy building, erected mainly by the free-will offerings of the people, who

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have largely and zealously adopted Christianity. As far as human instrumentality is concerned, this result is greatly due to the piety and talent of a native minister, now, we regret to say, laid aside by disease from active work. If men like the Rev. Peter de Zylva, adding to talent and tact, and perfect knowledge of his country's language, and the habits and modes of thought of his country's people, warm-hearted and devoted piety, were more common, the natives might be safely left by the foreign missionaries (who feel better than friends or foes can tell them how insufficient they are for the work) to take care of their own Christianity, and of the evangelizing of the still dark places of their land.

The following quotations from Mr. Hardy's book, to which we have been so frequently indebted, shows the mode of work and the style of preaching which succeeded at Morottoo, and would probably succeed anywhere, if only the men thus to practise and thus to preach could be found :—

> The first cause of a change for the better, the first thing that gained the attention and confidence of the people, was house to house visitation. This was carried on at all times, and in all states of the weather; meal-times were unheeded, and the fare of the poorest was readily accepted when offered, even to a washerwoman's rice-milk; an interest was taken in all their family concerns; and the minister began to be regarded as a friend. No assumption was attempted, and language the most familiar was used in illustrating the truths of the Gospel. There was no connivance at sin, and all acts of heathenism were sharply rebuked; but a spirit of gentleness and kindness was always the most prominent feature in all Mr. de Zylva's intercourse with the families that received him. In the pulpit he is an attractive preacher; but it is rather from his earnestness, the homeliness of his style, and the striking character of his allusions, than from what a critical hearer would call words of eloquence. He loves to tell tales that have about them point and raciness. He uses the Saxon of his native language; and the half smile that continually plays upon the countenance of those who listen to him is an evidence that he has gained their attention, and is well understood. A woman who had gone to another service was disappointed, as the minister did not come; so, after sitting some time on a gravestone, she was induced to go to the Wesleyan chapel, and the word came with power to her heart. She said: "This is just like the talk in our house; I can understand it all." From that time she cast in her lot with her despised neighbours, and is now walking in the fear of God.

Prosperous and populous as Morottoo now is, with its 16,000 inhabitants, there is a tradition that in 1534 there were only twenty houses here of persons connected with the king's palace as purveyors. The king in question was Buwanékabahu, who reigned at Cotta. Cotta is very pleasantly situated, about seven miles

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from Colombo, on the terminating point of a high cabook ridge, which rises over a large expanse of lake and swampy country lying around it and towards Colombo. The drive from Colombo to this place, through the cinnamon gardens and native orchards, is very pleasant, and at Cotta are to be found the scene of the preaching and seminary operations of the Church Mission, with a rather celebrated Buddhist temple, containing an immense image, and other objects of interest. Still nearer Colombo than Morottoo (at a distance of seven miles from Queen's House) is Galkisse; and about a mile away on the seashore, is Mount Lavinia, built by order of Sir Edward Barnes by a company of the late Staff Corps brought to Ceylon for the purpose of instructing native youths in various trades. Mount Lavinia was selected as the training school. About 150 Tamil and Burgher lads were attached to the company under Captain Du Vernet's direction. On the completion of the Mount Lavinia House, the company of Europeans was re-embarked for England, and the young native apprentices formed into a Pioneer Artificer Division, marched to Kandy, where they built the Governor's residence, the "Pavilion." On the pioneer force being transferred from the military to the civil engineers in 1835, the artificer division was disbanded, but the knowledge they had acquired was diffused by the men, to the great benefit of the country. The company of the Staff Corps having formed part of the garrison of the colony was paid for by the Imperial Treasury. The cost of the building to the colony did not exceed £2,000, so that the loss, when the building was finally sold, by order of the Home Government, and realized but a small sum, was not so considerable as has been sometimes represented. Near Mount Lavinias a fine specimen of the banyan, which will be found figured in Sir J. Emerson Tennent's "Christianity in Ceylon." Here for some time resided the Rev. Dr. J. Macvicar, of the Scotch Church, a man of a scholarly and active mind, who devoted much attention to a subject which the dearness of fish (as of all other necessaries of life) renders especially interesting to dwellers in Colombo,

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—viz., whether restrictions should not be imposed as to time of fishing, size of nets, &c., so as to preserve the young of the various sea fishes. [River fishes in Ceylon are few and seldom of good quality.] A partial step in legislation such as Dr. Macvicar's researches pointed to has been taken lately by the Ceylon Legislature to prevent the wanton destruction of small fish in the salt lakes of the North-West Province. The sea-fishery is a pursuit of much importance to the people of Ceylon, who are almost universally fish eaters, and on fine calm days the sight of an unbroken cloud of canoes (of which there are at least 10,000 used on the sea coasts, and in the backwaters and rivers) with intermingled catamarams (rafts of three or four pointed logs tied together) stretching from Mutwal round by the Fort to Colpetty, and from Colpetty right on to Mount Lavinia and beyond, is exceedingly enlivening. Nothing can be more graceful than the Singhalese canoe cutting through the water with the rapidity of steam—sailing as it can do within a few points of the wind. It is curious that the use of the safe outrigger, for canoes and dhoneys is confined to the Singhalese. The Tamils of the north of the Island have never adopted it. Mount Lavinia, "half palace, half patch-work," is now used as a boarding-house, where fresh air and sea-bathing, with a beautiful view of Colombo, can be enjoyed in perfection. A few military officers and men are generally present for musketry practice, being regularly relieved by parties from Colombo. Inland a little are the cinnamon and cocoa-nut estates of Ratmelané, with some nutmeg cultivation. Mount Attidiya was once a favourite place of resort, but it has been of late neglected. To the Morotto Cinnamon Gardens which are passed before reaching Galkisse, we have already adverted.

From Galkisse there is an almost unbroken line of houses and huts to Colombo, but the limits of the municipality are not entered until within four miles of Queen's House. Thence they extend again four miles to Mutwal on the north, so that the distance between the extreme points of the city of Colombo (believed, notwithstanding the present form of the word, which

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it owes to the Portuguese, to be derived from Kolan, a harbour), or rather the series of detached towns and villages enclosed within the area of ten square miles, over which the municipality extends, is eight miles. The number of houses scattered over this area (of 10 square miles) is, as nearly as possible, 10,000, with a settled population of about 50,000. But what with coffee-pickers, coolies employed at the wharves and in the stores, cart drivers, boatmen, &c., there are seldom fewer than 60,000 human beings within the limits of Colombo during the daytime. The Fort is to the rest of the town very much what "the City" proper, now is to London. All the Colombo merchants congregate in the Fort, and in it are situated the offices of the Central Government, although the Government Agents, Cutcherry, and the Law Courts stand outside. But whole streets in the Fort are closed at night, the European merchants having retired to their sea-side villas, and the burgher and native clerks to their more humble abodes in and around "the Pettah" (the term applied in India to a town attached to a fort). That Colombo, with an average temperature of 82°, should be about the most healthy town in the tropics, and this notwithstanding the absence of many sanitary appliances which are only now being supplied by the recently constituted municipality, must be greatly owing to the wide open spaces of land and water which intervene between centres of population. Between the Fort and Colpetty, on the south, there is the grand military esplanade of "the Galle Face," not less than a square mile in extent. This is the favourite evening resort of the "society" of Colombo, who drive or ride out after the heat of the day has moderated to "eat the air," which comes fresh from the sea, to hear the music of the military band, or otherwise to amuse themselves. For pedestrians there is a broad footpath between the carriage road and the sea, stretching for nearly a mile, grateful, not only to ladies and children, in whose interest Sir H. Ward recommended the path to the care of his successors, but to wearied planters

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from the hills seeking "a sea change." Nothing can be more widely different than the appearance of the Galle Face in dry weather and wet. After prolonged drought, it is dry and dusty as a desert; but in an incredibly short time after rain falls the emerald grass coats the ground, and the desert is converted into an oasis. The almost constant labour of a gang of coolies is required to stop crab and rat holes on the Esplanade, and so keep it safe for equestrians. Occasionally, as evening closes in, a fringe of silvery phosphorescence lightens up the sea along the Galle Face, showing the presence of infusoria. The waves dash with much violence against the rocks which lie outside the fort of Colombo, and clouds of spray rise high into the air. To the right of the Galle Face, dividing it and part of Colpetty from Slave Island, and Slave Island from St. Sebastian and Marendahn, while it washes the walls of the Fort, and skirts the Pettah, is the beautiful "lake" of nearly 500 acres in extent. The views across this lake, especially at sunrise, are very beautiful. Besides the Galle Face promenade and the lake, the boundaries of Colombo include the Marendahn cinnamon gardens, which are only gradually being sold for building purposes, while a large space in their centre, "the circular walk," has been reserved for public recreation, handsome trees and flowering plants being laid down in the grounds. Then in proceeding from Queen's House to the Bridge of Boats, although there are almost unbroken lines of houses for the whole distance of three miles, yet on each side, beyond the houses, there are great, open spaces, swamps in which grasses are cultivated. In taking the road through St. Sebastian and Marendahn to Borella, or in proceeding *via* Slave Island and the cinnamon gardens towards Cotta, the same characteristics prevail of open spaces alternating with clusters of buildings. Of course in this, as in all other large towns, there are certain places where houses and human beings are overcrowded, and sanitary conditions violated, and which require and are receiving the attention of the municipal authorities; but generally the character of Colombo is what we

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have described it: exceedingly healthy for the tropics. If residents suffer occasionally from disorders of the digestive functions and intermittent fevers, they are not liable to "get their death of cold," and the moist warmth is generally favourable in mitigating lung disease, and prolonging the lives of the consumptive. The great deficiency of Colombo in the matter of picturesque effect, is the absence of commanding eminences from which views of the whole or any large portion of the town could be obtained. The views we have had engraved for this work were taken mainly from the walls of the Fort—and as these walls, though strong and useful in their day, having been built by the Dutch after a design by Cohorn—are doomed to early destruction, to be superseded by sea-shore batteries armed with the tremendous artillery of modern warfare—we trust the idea will not be lost sight of which we venture to throw out, that from the materials of the old walls a mound should be formed, of height sufficient to afford an extensive view, and up which should wind, to the summit, a wide and well-formed road. No doubt good views can even now be obtained from such commanding points as the top of the clock-tower and lighthouse in the fort, or the spire of the Singhalese Church, which stands on an eminence about fifty feet higher than the sea level, but it is only the few who can attain these positions, and with much trouble. What we should like to see would be a mound up which even ladies and children could gently walk, and from the broad summit of which, while the sea breezes played around, the eye could wander over the broad expanse of buildings, esplanades, lake, and rich vegetation combined in this extraordinarily scattered city. As the traveller enters it at Colpetty, he will not now see what was once the triumphant arch of entrance to the town. The noble banyan which spanned the road, and was one of the wonders of the place, is gone all save a couple of stalks; but the stranger will be struck, at Colpetty and everywhere, with the richness of the vegetation and the brilliancy of the flowers. Conspicuous are the cream-coloured leaves of the *pisonia oleracea*, which contrast finely with the brilliant tints of

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the oleander and the "shoe flower." The latter is a form of hibiscus, of which there is an immense variety, indigenous or cultivated. Amongst them is the so-called "tulip-tree" (*Thespis populnea*), which lines the streets here and in other towns. It grows readily from cuttings, and the trimmings find a ready sale to be worked into spokes of wheels, &c. Its large yellow blossom, with dark red centre, is a beautiful object. Fine specimens of the scarlet blossomed *erythrina indica* are seen at Colombo and near the other principal towns. As in the case of the great cotton tree, a blaze of brilliant blossoms precedes the appearance of the leaves. Still more splendid, when in blossom, is "the flambeau tree" of Madagascar, which is now common in the neighbourhood of the better class of houses. We have already described the Cinnamon Gardens, in anticipation, but the traveller should visit one of the coffee preparing establishments which are scattered over its surface, and around the lake, their tall chimneys, with the spires of the churches, relieving the mass of cocoa-nut palms and other trees, in which Colombo is so much enveloped. Messrs. Alston, Scott and Co.'s stores, of which we give an engraving, is a very good type of these buildings, but the visitor who wishes to see coffee curing and oil making combined should visit the great Hulsdorf Mills or, for oil making alone, those of Messrs. Armitage, at Matacooly, near the mouth of the Kalany river. The drying ground shown in front of Messrs. Alston, Scott and Co.'s stores will give a good idea of the "barbecues" which are necessary on all coffee estates for the partial drying of the "parchment beans" before they are despatched to Colombo; only the drying grounds on estates can compare neither in size nor finish with the carefully smoothed and nicely sloped grounds of the Colombo stores. The processes of cultivating and preparing coffee will be found fully described in our Appendix. But we may here say that the missionaries of various denominations have not failed to take advantage as occasion offered, and as the employers of labour permitted, to proclaim their message to the hundreds assembled in these works.

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Apart from the stores which represent the industrial enterprise on which the prosperity of Ceylon mainly depends, the stranger will be struck with the peculiarity of the buildings in Colombo. The Governor's residence, though extensive and roomy, is not architecturally striking. But it is very much improved since we remember it thirty years ago. Still greater is the improvement in the Government offices, banks, and merchants' "godowns" in the Fort. Handsome two and three storied buildings are common where we remember low squat bungalows, such as most of the dwelling houses still are, even in the Colombo "West End," Colpetty. (See engraving of a Colpetty bungalow.) There is much to be said for the style of dwelling, which, spacious and lofty-roomed within, presents little to the eye save an expanse of tiled roof shaded by cocoa-nut palms, which act as the best possible lightning conductors. These bungalows are generally simply a parallelogram, with the roof projecting over low verandah posts on every side. There is thus an open air promenade, sheltered from sun and rain, where adults can walk or sit, and children play. "Tats" of the small bamboo, painted green, are generally hung round this verandah, while the doors and windows (the latter "venetians"—seldom or never glass) are generally open. So that practically life in Colombo in fine weather is life in the open air, but in the shade. In front of most bungalows is a neat porch for carriages to stand under, the kitchen, as well as the stables, being detached. Going up and down stairs is very fatiguing in a tropical climate, and it is very convenient for the mistress (or master) of a house to have her whole establishment under her eye on the ground floor. Journeys upstairs the servants shirk as much as possible. Still, as wealth and taste advance, the old Indian bungalow will be gradually superseded by such handsome houses as that figured as a merchant's mansion at Mutwal, which is scarcely inferior in size and appearance to the pavilion at Kandy, and almost rivals the palatial building at Mount Lavinia. Polished floors and pillars of houses were formerly produced by mixing jaggery (coarse palm sugar) and eggs with lime. But

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this expensive application is now superseded by the use of imported cements, Roman and Portland, while large quantities of asphalte are employed for flooring stores at Colombo and on the coffee estates, which are roofed with galvanized and corrugated iron.

There are some good houses, round the borders of the lake, which enjoy fine views and cool breezes. But at night they suffer much from a plague of flies—clouds of a kind of stingless mosquito, gathering so thickly as to dim or even extinguish lights. These have often to be removed from the dinner table to the sideboards, to preserve the viands from being covered with the insects. Houses by the sea-shore are exempt from this plague, as they are from that greater plague of the tropics, worse and existing over a wider area than the land leeches,—the true mosquitoes of the malignant buzz and the envenomed stiletto. It is a curious and rather a reassuring fact, however, that the longer Europeans reside in hot climates, and the more destitute their blood becomes of the red particles which give bloom to the cheeks in colder climates, the less liable they are to the attacks of such pests as mosquitoes, and the less likely to suffer when attacked. On first arrival, a single "sting" from a mosquito's proboscis, or the bite of black or red ant, such as infest trees and bushes, brings on painful inflammation. As years roll on, one is not cognizant of a mosquito fixing on his hand, unless he goes to a strange place, when, curiously enough, he is attacked with avidity, and suffers temporarily.

In the Dutch Church at Colombo are some very interesting monuments, the remains of the Dutch governors and other great people of that nation having been moved thither from the Fort, with every mark of respect, in the early days of British rule. Of more modern monuments, including one to the memory of Bishop Heber, there are some interesting specimens in St. Peter's Church; while a visit to the Galle Face Graveyard will be attended with a melancholy interest. Except in the case of the military and a few others, whose vested interests are respected, this place as a burial ground has been superseded in favour of a general ceme-

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tery, which has been provided in the Cinnamon Gardens, near the great Wellicadde Gaol, the Lunatic Asylum, and the Government Civil Hospital, which are all objects of interest. The lunatics are employed in growing and making arrowroot, in weaving coir, &c. In the gaol also a good many of the prisoners are employed in weaving coir fabrics. Of the leper asylum, beautifully situated across the river at the north end of Colombo, we have already spoken. The government factory and elephant shed, and the workshops at the railway station, will well repay visits. Beyond the limits of Colombo a trip can be taken to the curious peat and sandstone formations of Mootoorajawella (where fish exist in mud, to which clear water is fatal), and if time permits, the trip can be extended to Negombo, now merely a civil station, but once the scene of desperate and bloody conflicts between the Portuguese and the Dutch. The landing of the British, and their march to Colombo on the other hand, was unopposed by the Dutch in 1797. There is a famous banian at Negombo, and all around are expanses of cocoa-nut and cinnamon cultivation. The coasts here and round to Calpentyn swarm with fishing boats. Much of the fish caught was formerly either sent fresh to Colombo for sale, or salted. With the completion of the railway to Kandy, however, all the markets of the interior are open to the Negombo fishermen, who will benefit, while the Colombo market will probably suffer in proportion. There are two routes to Negombo—one by canal and lake, taking a boat at Mutwal Ferry; the other by a road which is famous for running through rich soil, and beneath luxuriant foliage: river, lake, and sea to the left, expanses of rice field, topes of cocoa-nut, areka and plantain, with gardens of cinnamon on the right. Northwards from Negombo along the sea-coast are Chilaw; Putlam with its great salt formations; Calpentyn, famous for cocoa-nuts and fish; St. Anne's Church, a noted place of pilgrimages and so-called miracles, and classic ground whence Ceylon derived its name of Taprobane, with the Hiporos of the Greeks close to the scene of the Pearl Fishery.

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Returning to Colombo, we would remark, having already noticed the great temple at Kalany that a visit to this spot is not likely to be omitted, if but for the associations of the place. An eddy in the river opposite the temple is held to indicate the spot where a relic of Buddho "the incomprehensible" was deposited ages ago; while traditions of a monarch's sin, and the retribution which followed, point obviously to a geologic catastrophe which greatly circumscribed the western boundary of Ceylon. The tradition, as quoted by Forbes, states that before the waves ceased to encroach on the land, 640 villages (470 of which were principally inhabited by divers for pearls) had been overwhelmed, and the distance between Kellania and the sea-coast had been reduced from 25 to 24 miles. At present it is believed that a slow upheaval of the coasts of Ceylon goes on, compensating for the disintegration of the mountain tops. The Scotch Kirk in the Fort, the pretty Church Mission building where Galle Face ends and Colpetty commences, Trinity Church at St. Sebastian and the Colombo Academy, the Episcopalian Cathedral and St. Thomas's College at Mutwal, the Singhalese Episcopal Church at Hulsdorf, and the numerous churches of the Roman Catholics, with the mosques of the Mahommedans (a notable one at Marendahn), the temples of the Hindoos in Sea-street, and a solitary Buddhist temple at Cottanchina, are amongst the public buildings of Colombo. Should the Legislature be in session, as it always is in the concluding months of the year, a visit to the Council-room (which is open to the public) may gratify curiosity.

We may here state that the form of Government adopted in Ceylon is that of a Governor, aided by Executive and Legislative Councils; the power of making laws being vested in the latter concurrently (as in the case with Crown colonies generally) with the legislative power of the Crown, which exercises that power by Orders in Council. The Executive Council consists of five of the principal officers of the Government, presided over by the Governor. The Legislative Council is composed of the members of the Executive, four other principal officers of the Government, and six

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unofficial members selected by the Governor with reference to as fair a representation as possible of the various classes and interests; six in all, however, forming a quorum, and a recent Order of the Queen in Council declares the proceedings of the Legislature valid, though all the unofficial seats should be vacant. The Governor presides with a casting vote in cases of equal divisions, and the ultimate power of veto. The six Provinces into which the island is divided are administered by Government agents and their assistants (with native revenue and police headmen, such as Ratemahatmeyas, Modliars, Monhandirams, Koralles, Vidhans, &c.), all under strict supervision of Government; centralization being the ruling principle, perhaps, to an injurious extent.

Amusement, blended with instruction, may be derived from a peep into the law courts. The Chief Justice, while we write, is Sir Edward S. Creasy, author of works on "The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World," "The British Constitution," &c.

In the height of the coffee season, December to March, a busy scene will be witnessed at the wharves and Custom House; while the open, but safe roadstead (not more than half a dozen ships have been lost in thirty years) will be found crowded with noble vessels. We can remember the time when the arrival of the "Persia," the "Symmetry," or the "Iris," with "Europe goods" and letters, was an event in local history. Colombo owes its immunity from maritime disaster doubtless to the fact that it is touched only by the spent force of the cyclones which so frequently desolate the coasts of Bengal and Madras. At the setting-in of the monsoons, heavy rains and violent thunder storms occur, but the wind seldom rises to storm velocity. Sir Emerson Tennent identifies the rocky headland near Colombo as the "Jovis extremum" of Ptolemy. Strong currents sweep round the coasts of Ceylon, but the tides are almost imperceptible, seldom exceeding two feet in rise, so that much swampy land in the neighbourhood of Colombo remains undrained from the difficulty of finding a fall. Colpetty and the Galle Face lie evi-

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dently on a sand bank thrown up between the sea and what was an ancient outlet of the Kalany river.

"Slave Island" owes its name to the fact that the Dutch kept their slaves here. The name "Kew," applied to a little peninsula jutting out into the lake, on which the quarters of the married sergeants of the Ceylon Rifles are situated, is due to the fact of a botanic garden having once existed here, traces of which still remain in the shape of large and handsome trees. Indeed Prince Soltykoff, the Russian traveller, described Colombo as one vast botanic garden; and the idea is not an unnatural one to men from cold northern regions who see the blazing "flambeau tree" of Madagascar, the "cabbage tree" of Java, the graceful casuarina of Australia, and such convolvuli as the "morning glories" and the "moon flowers of night intermingled. The *cassia fistula* and red blossomed acacias are found in gardens at Colombo; but to see them in their full glory the drier regions of the east must be visited. The *cassia fistula* is especially brilliant at Batticaloa.

The visitor who has means to spare should not forget the Colombo (we may add, in anticipation, the Kandy) Friend-in-Need Society, for in Ceylon there is no legal assessment for the support of the poor. Subscriptions for founding a Sailors' Home at Colombo have been raised, and it is to be hoped that such an institution, will be soon in operation.

Since the establishment of a municipality at Colombo, the markets have been greatly improved, and gas and water works are projected. Both will be costly; but the introduction of street lamps ought to effect a saving in police. Gas in this way will, at any rate, give additional security to life and property.

The average annual rainfall at Colombo amounts to 80 inches; but this gives little idea of the almost incessant damp of the climate, which is destructive to books and other articles, but evidently not unfavourable to steady health, though not to robustness. The sustained warmth produces constant action of the skin, and hepatic diseases are far less prevalent here than in the more chilly climate of the hills.

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In the Military Sanitary Reports the Fort of Colombo is described as—

Situated on a point of land jutting into the sea. The site appears to have been chosen mainly for defensive and commercial purposes. The surrounding country is flat and under valuable cultivation. It is intersected by watercourses, and there is some irrigated land about three miles distant, which is said to affect the healthiness of the troops. The ground occupied by the Fort is bounded by the sea on two sides, and on the third or land side it is cut off from the land by a fresh water lake of an irregular shape, in which is situated "Slave Island," where the native troops are quartered. The part of the lake immediately to landward of the Fort is about a mile long, by $\frac{3}{4}$ths of a mile broad. The lake communicates with the Kalany river, four miles north of the Fort, by a canal with a lock; and another canal from the lake passes through the Fort to the sea. The low land along the river and about the lake is flooded during the rainy season.

The native town extends to the east and north of the Fort, on a neck of land between the lake and the sea, and is exposed to the same local conditions as to climate, malaria, &c., which influence the sanitary state of the Fort.

The prevailing diseases among the natives are: rheumatism, fever, and bowel complaints, leprosy, and elephantiasis.

The Fort is nearly oval in form, and is inclosed by curtains with projecting bastions at regular intervals. Besides the fresh water lake, it is separated from the land by a broad wet ditch, divided by a dam into two parts: one of which communicates with the sea, the other with the fresh water lake and also with the sea by a sluice. From the ditch a canal is carried through the Fort near one side of it, and it is bent so as to run along another side.

The ground within the Fort is from 12 to 18 feet above the adjacent sea level. Its area, exclusive of the bastions, is about 650 yards long, by 500 yards wide, or about 67 acres.

It is laid out into streets crossing each other at right angles, which are chiefly occupied as merchants' offices, stores, shops, and dwelling houses. This class of accommodation may be estimated to cover about 12 acres. The Civil establishments cover about $9\frac{1}{2}$ acres, and the Military establishments, exclusive of the parade-ground, which is inclosed between the curtains and *the civil buildings*, cover an area of about 13 acres.

Lieut. Woodward, R.E., suggested, and the late Gen. O'Brien cordially approved, the following alterations in the defences of Colombo:—

I beg to propose that the Cavalier of the Middleburg Bastion, usually termed the upper Middleburg, be removed. This work is of great height, and takes away much sea breeze and ventilation from the Fort, besides occupying a great deal of space. Its value in a regular siege would of course be great, but such a siege would never be brought against the place, nor do I think Colombo would ever be put into a state to resist one.

I would propose to throw down the present ramparts from the Leyden Bastion to the Rotterdam, and to construct a new line of defence further out towards the Pettah, as shown in the plan. The extension of the town is very much desired by the Colony, as the space within it is entirely filled up, and new warehouses, &c., are urgently needed near the Custom House. This extension would furnish 25 acres of land of great value, viz., the parade and site of barracks about 7 acres, ramparts 7 acres, space outside 11 acres. I have been informed by some leading firms that, judiciously sold in small blocks, this would fetch from £3,000 to £4,000 an acre, or a total of at the least £80,000. The present barracks, too, sold as store-houses, would fetch more than £20,000. These sums would repay the temporary outlay caused by the new buildings, and the removal and reconstruction of the works.

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NEW LINE OF DEFENCE.—The present *enceinte* of the Fortress, as I have before said, is much stronger than is at all necessary. The works themselves, when in good order, are calculated to resist a regular siege, such as would never be brought against them, and they are works which require a garrison of 6,000 men, and an armament of 300 pieces. Such a garrison will never be stationed in the place as long as it belongs to the British Crown, nor is there accommodation for them, nor for any of the provisions and munition required for a siege. The only attack (on the land side) to be feared at Colombo would be a sudden surprise from a few boats' crews, or possibly from a rising of the native classes, though such an event seems at present problematical. A simple line of works capable of preventing a surprise, requiring a small garrison, and few guns, and which should be capable of holding out (even if seriously attacked) ten or twelve days, would not really diminish the strength of the place, though it might seem to do so on paper. Such a line I have shown on the plan.

This would not cost £12,000, and would resist artillery, being itself also capable of mounting guns. I am of opinion, the Colony would gladly be at the expense of pulling down the old walls and filling up the ditches, though it is probable that this expense also would be completely covered by the proceeds of the sale of the land and barracks. The materials from the walls would go far to construct the new line.

I may mention that the carrying out of this proposal will fill up the swampy portion of the lake stated in the Appendix to the Report to be "near the Fort." The lake will have to be deepened just outside the proposed works.

The scenes we have selected for engraving give a fair idea of Colombo in its varied aspects. Having glanced at these, the visitor will do what the Governor and the leaders of society do in the hot season—resort to the hills. By means of the railway (of which, and the scenery along its course, a full notice will be found in the Appendix,) the journey is now performed in a few hours, which in the old Kandy coach days occupied very nearly all the hours of daylight, or, if the night was chosen, "the whole night long;" the travellers by coach, at the termination, being wearied and worn instead of fresh and buoyant, as he who goes gliding along by the railway, in a roomy carriage, cannot but be. But all honour to the Kandy coach which has passed away! Established in 1832, it is believed to have been the first regular mail coach established in Asia, and for a period not far short of forty years it did good service to the colony, especially in carrying up the grand Pass of Kaduganava the shoals of planters and loads of specie which have converted the once deadly and dangerous Kandian forests—in which British soldiers perished like rotten sheep—into healthy and fruitful gardens. Apart, however, from other considerations, feelings of humane consideration for that noble animal the horse, made many a traveller long for

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the day when steam would supersede animal power in the toil of ascending the Kandian mountains. An amusing writer on Ceylon, Lieut. de Butts, does not exaggerate in his description of scenes which were often witnessed by travellers on the Kandy road:—

When the Kandy coach was first established, the funds of the proprietors did not admit of the purchase of good or even tolerable cattle. The discarded hack, the cast trooper, and, in short, all four-footed animals, however vile or vicious, that could be picked up at a cheap rate, found favour in the eyes of the coach proprietors, and were accordingly enlisted in their service. Grand equestrian exhibitions were frequently enjoyed by the passengers of those days. Some of the steeds *would* go, while others, on the contrary, adopted a different policy, and stood fast. In the latter case, the most approved mode was to attach a long rope to one of the fore legs of the refractory charger, and, having beat up for volunteers amongst the natives, to haul away upon the same; while one party thus engaged the enemy in front, another detachment vexed his rear with such missiles and weapons as happened to be at hand. The grand object of getting him under weigh was in this manner generally attained. Finding "the pressure from without" altogether insupportable, the unhappy beast usually exchanged his passive resistance for an active attempt to upset the coach. Luckily, there are no elections in Ceylon, or party purposes, as in the case of the voters famed in Pickwickian annals, might have converted the Kandy coaches into deadly engines of destruction against political opponents. But, as it happens that the absence of electioneering in the land of the East prevents such wholesale butchery, history does not record any loss of life as the *finale* of any of the scenes above described. Philanthropists will rejoice to hear that, in Ceylon, no young and interesting widow has ever from these causes, been "left lamenting," and that these dangers may now be said to belong to other days.

Writing in 1838, Lieut. de Butts naturally made comparisons favourable to coach travelling as against the then prevalent mode of journeying in those "locomotive coffins," palanquins. Of course the substitution of horses for men as beasts of burden was a great advance, but he would have been a bold man who ventured to predict in 1838 that before a generation had passed away, animal power should in its turn be superseded, as it has been to so great an extent in India and Ceylon, by the grand modern agent of locomotion, steam. For men and animals the change has been alike beneficial—especially in Ceylon, which derives from abroad nearly all its horses and a very large proportion of the cattle used for draught and food. A Government stud, superintended by a civil servant, once existed on the Island of Delft, off the north of the island, and a few lanky beasts are still bred here and in other parts of Ceylon. But the climate is not calculated to produce animals at all to be compared to

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the graceful "Persian Arabs" which reach us from North Western India, or the Persian Gulf, or the more powerful animals which are imported from Australia. For purposes of ordinary riding and moderate driving, imported horses are most useful. So were (and still are) imported bullocks in the heavy work of carrying rice up, and coffee down, the great mountain highway which, ascending from Colombo to an elevation of 7,000 feet near Newera Ellia, sinks again to 2,000 in the neighbourhood of Badulla. The native bullock of Ceylon, black in colour, small in size, wiry and patient, did good service in the early days of the coffee enterprise; but as the traffic advanced until the licensed carts in the colony exceeded 13,000, of which about 10,000 were employed in going to and returning from coffee plantations and their neighbourhoods, the cart-drivers found it to their advantage to employ the large and powerful, though expensive cattle of the best breeds of Southern India. A pair of such bullocks was equal to a load of three-fourths of a ton. As railways supersede the use of cattle in India and Ceylon, one of the incidental advantages will be that Europeans and other beef-eaters will get more plentiful supplies, and of a better quality, of that food which, after all, in Hindostan as in England, has much to do with physical and mental vigour. The natives who, contrary to all expectation, have at once availed themselves so largely of the facilities of railway travelling, will in due time adopt other habits now confined to the "beef-eaters" who rule the land. In Ceylon the land leeches are great obstacles to systematic cattle-feeding, and especially fatal to attempts to graze sheep on the hill pastures. If any one thinks the picture of a shoal of these pests, which occurs in Emerson Tennent's book, and the connected description exaggerated, we can only say that his feelings at least will be convinced if he travels, say number three, of an Indian-file party, in a hill forest, on a rainy day, or after rain. The first traveller rouses the india-rubber-like leeches, they rush by a succession of springs at the second, and in incredible numbers they intercept and fix on the third. Woe to the hapless

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wight if he has failed to clothe his lower limbs in "leech gaiters"—strong linen stockings which are tied over the trousers above the knee, and the feet of which are put into the strong shoes which alone are fit for such travelling. The gorged leeches will be found clinging to the legs of the gaiterless like clusters of elongated black grapes. Here is an emergency where "sublime tobacco" is really useful: the tip of a cigar moistened and applied to the mouths of the leeches, sends them off in convulsions. The juice of a squeezed lime or a little salt will cause the creatures to let go their hold. If pulled away violently, evil consequences sometimes ensue in the shape of festering sores. They get into the nostrils of horses, cattle, sheep, and occasionally into those of children. It has been said, we know not with how much truth, that where leeches abound snakes are rare. Of course the tendency of advancing and thorough cultivation is to extirpate all noxious creatures. Meantime, horses are fed on grain, with Guinea and Mauritius grasses; draught cattle on such grasses (Mauritius grass being cultivated extensively in damp ravines on coffee estates), and gingelly oil-cake, imported from Southern India; while "gram-fed mutton" is a real delicacy. As nearly all the sheep consumed in Ceylon are imported—the Jaffna sheep being largely retained to manure the tobacco fields—mutton is very expensive (not less than 1s. a pound at Colombo), but the small joints are tasty, resembling Highland or Welsh mutton. Occasionally a party are invited to eat Australian mutton as a treat, but most persons who have been any time in Ceylon find such mutton too fat for their taste.

From this digression we return to the grand road which, formed in 1820, rendered a mail coach possible in 1832.

The splendid Colombo and Kandy road up the Kaduganava Pass, the formation of which wrought the most important, though peaceful revolution, in the relations between the maritime and mountain regions of Ceylon, and but for the effects of which a railway would never have been required, the colony owes to the genius and energy of Sir Edward

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Barnes, a gallant soldier, whose warlike triumphs in the peninsula of Europe and at Waterloo, were gracefully crowned by triumphs not less glorious in overcoming natural obstacles and consolidating the power of a beneficent Government in Ceylon. A monument to Sir Edward Barnes stands conspicuously opposite the Queen's house at Colombo, facing his great achievement, the Kandy-road; and "Dawson's monument" crowns the Kaduganava Pass, the works on which were directed by that officer's engineering skill. Sir Edward Barnes, with most of those who aided him in his noble work of pacifying and opening up for European enterprise the ancient Kandian kingdom, has passed from the scene. But one of the most energetic of the great governor's lieutenants survives. As a lad of scarce fifteen Major Skinner aided in completing the great Kandy Road, and for nearly fifty years subsequently he laboured with indomitable energy and the most gratifying success in mapping out the mountain zone, and in covering the hills and valleys of the island with excellent roads and spanning dangerous rivers with bridges. To him specially Ceylon owes the introduction of those excellent iron lattice bridges, of which that over the Mahawelliganga at Katugastotte is a type. These bridges are now of such strength that whenever the time comes for superseding a road by a railway, the existing bridges can be easily and safely adapted to the new species of highway. Major Skinner's monument is to be found in the works which he completed, and those which, having planned, he left to his successors to finish. As the traveller passes from Colombo to Kandy by the railway, he will see the windings of the road with which Major Skinner's name is specially and imperishably associated. Travelling anywhere else in Ceylon—from Colombo in the west to Batticaloa in the east, across the mountains of Ratnapoora, Happotella, and Badulla, or in any direction along the hill sides, valleys, and plains of Ceylon—the visitor or resident will have reason gratefully to recall the name of Major Skinner. It was the pleasing duty of the writer recently to dedicate a revised Map of Ceylon to this great benefactor of the island, the terms of which, with the portrait of the officer referred to, he here reproduces :—

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MAJOR THOMAS B. SKINNER,
Who, at the period of his retirement from the office of Commissioner of Public Works, in June, 1867, had laboured with equal industry and success for nearly half a century, in covering the island with a network of roads, which, for excellency of construction and extent, in proportion to area (one mile to every ten square miles of area), is unequalled in any other colony of the British empire.

The area of Ceylon is about 24,700 miles, and the means of communication are thus summed up :—

Roads completed	Metalled ... 660		
	Gravelled ... 520	2,470 Miles	
	Ungravelled 1,290		
Railway ,,	75 miles ; Canals 150	= 225 ,,	
Total means of communication		2,695 ,,	

Major Skinner has been worthily succeeded by Mr. Molesworth, the Director-General of Railways, who is now at the head of the combined and greatly extended Public Works Department of Ceylon. Portraits and notices of Mr. Molesworth and Mr. Faviell, the engineer and contractor respectively of the Colombo and Kandy Railway, will be found in the paper on that great work which we have placed in the Appendix.

It is little more than half a century ago since the state of Ceylon was the very opposite of what it now is in regard to means of communication, and map-makers were compelled to indicate as "unknown" whole regions now reticulated with roads. Lord Valentia's account of his palanquin journey through a

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jungle path, and with long detentions in fording rivers, while making his way from Galle to visit Governor North at Colombo, reads like an old world story. It seems now incredible that in 1807 (only sixty-one years ago) there were no made roads beyond the limits of the principal towns in the maritime provinces; while in the Kandian mountain regions (of which scarce a hill or valley is now unroaded) there were no roads at all until 1820, or forty-eight years ago.

The traveller is now, after a delightful railway journey of three hours (for 12½ miles of which he ascends an incline of 1 in 45, rising to an altitude of 1,700 feet at Kadugunava), in the mountain capital of Ceylon, and he will notice, especially at night and in the early morning, the cooler temperature, as compared with Colombo. The great advantage which residents in the hill city have over their brethren in the maritime capital is, that up in the cooler atmosphere they do not suffer from what is sometimes a trial in the sultry weather at Colombo, sleeplessness at night. During the day the sun is often quite as hot in Kandy as at Colombo, and being reflected from a whitish soil, the effect of the glare is trying. But even at the altitude of Kandy the coolness of the nights and mornings is most grateful, while by ascending the eminences around (say Hantanne Peak, which is more than 4,000 feet above the sea), a cool climate, with the most glorious views, can be enjoyed at mid-day. Much of the scenery around Kandy will be found described in our notices of the railway in the Appendix; but language fails to describe the beauty of the lake and town as seen from any of the amphitheatre of hills around, and of the neighbouring country; for instance, the vale of Doombera with the mountains of Hunasgeria, the Knuckles, Medamahanewera, and the Hewahette ranges, as viewed from various points on Lady Horton's Walk. A visit to the beautiful gardens of the Pavilion, with its wealth of roses and other rare flowers of many lands and various hues, will prove an incentive to a railway trip back to Peradenia, in the extensive grounds of which, bounded on two sides by the glorious Mahawelliganga, may be seen most of the plants indigenous to Ceylon, with exotics, more or less

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naturalised, from every quarter and country of the world The group of palms at the entrance gate will at once arrest attention; but striking as this group is, it is excelled by one in the interior of the gardens,—that which Mr. Lawton has so beautifully photographed, and the effect of which our engraver has so well reproduced. How well adapted Ceylon is to become the home of all the palms of the tropical regions of the world and of the allied plants, the following list, by Mr. Thwaites, of the individuals here grouped together will show:—

NAMES OF PALMS, &c., IN GROUP.

1. *Corypha umbraculifera*—(Talipot)—highest plant, in the centre.
2. *Phytelephas macrocarpa*—(Ivory-nut Palm)—in front of foregoing and behind native servant.
3. *Cycas circinalis*—(called erroneously "Sago Palm")—immediately to the left of preceding, in front.
4. *Areca Catechu*—directly behind the *Cycas*, and with its head of leaves amongst those of the Talipot.
5. *Yucca gloriosa*—a cluster of shoots of this in front; to the left of the *Cycas*.
6. *Cocos nucifera*—(Cocoa-nut)—immediately behind the *Yucca*.
7. *Oncosperma fasciculata*—"Kattoo Kittool"—behind, between the Talipot and Cocoa-nut.
8. *Acrocomia sclerocarpa*—behind the *Yucca*, and with its trunk a little to the left of that of the Cocoa-nut.
9. *Livistona sp.*—at the extreme left of the group.
10. *Livistona Chinensis*—("Mauritius Palm")—behind and directly to the right of the Talipot.
11. *Livistona sp.*—immediately to the right of the cooly, in front.
12. *Oreodoxa regia*—(Cabbage Palm)—directly behind No. 11—trunk large, smooth, bulged above the middle.
13. *Sabal Palmetto*—("Palmetto" of the Southern States of America)—to the right of the group, in front.
14. *Elœis Guineensis*—("Palm Oil Palm" of Africa)—with numerous long spreading leaves; behind and overtopping No. 13, and to the extreme right of the group.

The Talipot palm of Ceylon is a noble object, with its wealth of leaves, each with a surface of 100 to 200 square feet; but when, to perpetuate the species before the tree dies, it sends up its grand spike, which, bursting, permits the expansion of an immense mass of primrose-coloured blossoms, to be followed by the first and last crop of fruit; the spectacle is, perhaps, the most glorious which the range of the vegetable kingdom can present. The trunk rises like a massive column, to a height sometimes of 90 feet, and the capital of rich green leaves is worthy of such a shaft. But as the tree attains maturity at the end of its fortieth or fiftieth year, shaft and capital are crowned by a pyramid of

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rich blossom 30 feet high, to the light beauty of which, compared with the dark green of the foliage out of which it springs, the finest aloes must yield the prize. We had once twenty specimens of the *Fourcroya gigantea* (the green aloe) simultaneously in flower, in the avenue of our bungalow at Colpetty, and graceful and fairy-like they looked; but not to be spoken of in comparison with the group of a dozen talipots which we were fortunate enough to see in flower in a valley at the foot of the Railway Incline, on New Year's-day of 1866. An attempt has been made to introduce one of these into the engraving of "Ferguson's View;" but no picture can convey an idea of the reality. The talipot leaf is most useful to the Kandians for covering houses, carts, &c.; and the slip on which a section of the palm group is printed for this book is a specimen of the leaves as the natives prepare them for writing on with the iron stylus. Next to the palm groups, in attractiveness, is the fernery, teeming in all the wealth which Ceylon boasts of ferns, from the small plant scarcely discernible on the face of a rock, to the tree ferns of Rambodde and Newera Ellia, which attain a height of 20 feet, and rich also in exotic specimens. But instead of any further attempt to describe the botanical riches spread over the grassy lawns, or lining the walks and drives of these beautiful grounds, where the gigantic bamboo of Burmah, the grass cloth plant of China, the gum trees of Australia, and the Calabash tree of the West Indies meet and mingle their branches with forms peculiar to Ceylon, we must commend the traveller to the intelligent guidance of the Director, Mr. Thwaites, one of the foremost botanists of the day, from whose graceful pen we hope soon to see a popular work on the vegetation of the island. How rich that vegetation is, may be imagined from the statement that the indigenous species mentioned by Mr. Thwaites in his scientific "Enumeratio" include, Dicotyledons, 1,959; Monocotyledons, 648; Filices, Lycopodiaceæ and Marsileaceæ, 225;—total, 2,832, or double the flora of Britain, and one-thirtieth of all the species in the world yet described. Returning to Kandy, we may mention that this name,

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given to the latest seat of Ceylon royalty by Europeans, is just as significant as if, talking of Stoney-Stratford, we abbreviated the name into Stoney. The natives may have called the city Kande-newera (the Hilly City), but the name by which it was and is generally known by them is Maha-newera (the Great City), a title which it is far better entitled to now than it was in the palmiest days of the Kandian monarchy, when a palace and temple of some architectural pretensions were surrounded merely by a collection of mud huts. In what remains of the King's Palace, the Government Agent of the Province resides, while the noble Pavilion, built for the occasional residence of the British Governor, excels in beauty the grandest palace in which any Kandian monarch ever reigned. Should the visit of the traveller to Kandy take place in August, he will see the great Buddhist procession of the Perahera, in which elephants with their trappings play a distinguished part. But the glory of this, as of all other Buddhist ceremonies, has greatly diminished since the British authorities ceased to exercise the functions which had descended to them from the Kandian monarchs, of compelling the Buddhists (we speak advisedly) to be better Buddhists than they wished to be. Within a short distance of the Temple of the Tooth are now Christian churches, devoted to the Christian worship of the Episcopalians, the Presbyterians, the Methodists, and the Baptists, while European science and enterprise, so antagonistic to the genius of Buddhism, are symbolised by the factories and the railway station which lie at the bottom of the valley. A Romanist church and a Moorish mosque are conspicuous in the view of Kandy. The "tombs of the kings" are secluded in groves of ancient trees.

A run out to the vale of Doombera, on by Kondesale to Rajawella will reward the traveller, especially if the weather is dry, and he sees, under Mr. Tytler's auspices, the great irrigation machinery, including a turbine and pumps amongst the most powerful in the world, at work, sending the waters of the Mahawelliganga, by means of force supplied by themselves, up to refresh the coffee bushes growing on hills more

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than 400 feet above. From Doombera the visitor can easily extend his travels to the mountain ranges, on which lie the coffee estates of Hunasgeria, Kallebokka, and the Knuckles, with Rangalle, Medamahanewera, and Hewahette.

From Kandy northwards, the route lies by the Katugastotte Bridge and the Ballacadua Pass, to Matella, no longer a military station, though prominent in the earlier military annals of Ceylon in British times as Fort Macdowall. It was so named after the general who commanded the forces in Ceylon when the terrible disaster to Major Davy's detachment occurred, and who had previously conducted an embassy to the King of Kandy, the details of which sound strangely now that we know how few the resources and insignificant the powers of the Kandian monarchy really were. General Macdowall's name—apart from his career in Ceylon (to the botany of which he made some valuable contributions)—is connected with two painful events —first, the occurrence of something like a mutiny amongst the officers of the Madras Army, which he temporarily commanded; and next, the awful calamity of the "Culloden Hurricane," in which his life and the lives of so many other brave soldiers, with several ships of the British Navy, were lost from ignorance of the now well-known law that storms revolve, and that to run before the wind in cyclones is to run into the vortex of the storm, and into almost certain destruction. Matella is the centre of very extensive coffee districts and very grand mountain scenery, to the latter of which the graceful pen of Forbes has done justice, while the equally graceful pen of Mr. Abercrombie Swan (in fugitive pieces which we hope he will collect and publish) has photographed the coffee estates after nature, and painted the European planters and their Tamil coolies to the life. A visit to "Vicarton" or "The Borders" on the sides and under the cliffs of Ettapolla, will afford a vivid idea of what coffee planting and estate management at their best, are; while the views of natural scenery all around are scarcely to be surpassed. Near Matella is a small Buddhist rock temple, the Alu Wihara, famous in

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Singhalese tradition as the spot where, it is alleged, the doctrines and discourses of Buddha were first reduced to writing about four centuries after the death of Gotama, and nearly a century B.C. From Matella the traveller can proceed, if so inclined, to visit the scene of the once famous "Sea of Prakrama;" Dambool, with its celebrated rock temple; Toparé, Polanarua and Minery; Mehintillai, "the sacred mountain without fear;" the ruins of Anurajapura; the Giant's Tank; the scenes of the pearl and chank fisheries; the islet of Manaar, with "Adam's Bridge;" the great Hindoo Temple of Ramisseram, and the Pambenn Passage between Ceylon and India. From Dambool, an almost straight line of road strikes off to the right to Trincomalie, while an almost equally straight line, the great central road, leads through the low jungles and grassy glades of "the Wanny," rich in little save game, though the soil looks fertile enough—on to the wonderful little peninsula of Jaffna—densely peopled (entirely by Tamils, who, in past ages, drove the Singhalese to the south and west of the island); Jaffna is covered with good roads, its coralline soil is pierced with thousands of wells, and its surface is cultivated like a garden with tobacco, which forms a large item in the export trade of Ceylon, onions, chillies, egg-plants, plantains, and the various kinds of millet. Here the stiff palmyra is the prominent palm, although the cocoa-nut flourishes near native dwellings, and attempts to cultivate it on a large scale have been made, not with the great success which was at one time anticipated, by European planters, at the unoccupied and least fertile and healthy end of the peninsula. On this low flat peninsula, but recently (geologically speaking) redeemed from the sea by the labours of the coral insects (which are still at work on the southern and northern extremities of Ceylon), the population is unnaturally crowded. As the retribution for this, and for neglect of other sanitary laws, Jaffna is subject to visitations of epidemic cholera, from which, happily, most other parts of Ceylon are exempt. There is much that is interesting in these northern, and, as yet,

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remote regions, but we must defer illustrations and fuller notices until public favour calls for a second and enlarged edition of this work.

We cannot turn back from the northern peninsula and islands, however, without saying that here unions of the banyan and palmyra, such as is represented in our engraving (and which the Hindoos regard as sacred), are common.

In the bases of the leaves of the palmyra palm, birds continually drop the seeds of the various species of fig, and these seeds germinating and the roots instinctively finding their way down the trunk to the earth, the result is often the overwhelming of the palm, which originally nourished its own destroyer.

"There is especially one remarkable specimen of a banyan having two or three palmyra trees growing in it, at a place called Kaythady, four or five miles from Jaffna, on the right hand side of the road to Charagacherry. It covers one-twelfth acre of ground, and doubtless began its existence in the leaves of one of those palmyra trees whose coronets now surmount its green foliage and thousand light and graceful stems. This is perhaps the largest banyan tree in Ceylon, and naturally forms a favourite resort for pleasure parties from Jaffna. On one occasion I cut a rootlet from this tree, which, having descended from one of the topmost boughs and fixed itself in the earth below, was rapidly thickening into a stem. It was just half an inch in diameter throughout, and nearly fifty feet long. When cut it proved so elastic as to admit of being easily coiled up into a very small compass."—*Ferguson's Palmyra Palm.*

Most of the "Oriental Illustrations of the Scriptures" in the valuable work of the Rev. Mr. Roberts, were collected while the author resided as a missionary to the Tamils, at Jaffna and Point Pedro. One of these, bearing on the palms which are such important fruit-bearers to the people of Ceylon, we here quote:—

Deut. xx. 19. "Thou shalt not destroy the trees thereof by forcing an axe against them: for thou mayest eat of them, and thou shalt not cut them down (for the tree of the field is man's life)," &c.

Can it be a matter of surprise that the Orientals have a great aversion to cut down any tree which bears fruit, when it is known that they principally live upon vegetable productions? Ask a man to cut down

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a cocoa-nut or a palmirah tree, and he will say (except when in want or to oblige some great person), "What! destroy that which gives me food? from which I have thatch for my house to defend me from the sun and the rain? which gives me oil for my lamp, a ladle for my kitchen, and charcoal for my fire? from which I have sugar for my board, baskets for my fruits, a bucket for my well, a mat for my bed, a pouch for my betel-leaf, leaves for my books, a fence for my yard, and a broom for my house? Destroy such a tree! Go to some needy wretch who has pledged his last jewel, and who is anxious to eat his last meal."

The *Salvadora Persica*, which is now identified as the mustard tree of Scripture, is common in the Jaffna peninsula and islets.

The bounds of the municipality into which Kandy has been recently erected take in the valley nearly as far as Peradenia, and include a population of about 10,000, which is often doubled on Saturdays and Sundays, when coolies from the neighbouring estates come in for supplies, many of them with bundles of firewood for sale, that article being now scarce in a place which, until the advent of the planters, was so densely wooded that within the memory of man chetahs were killed in the streets of the royal city. The windings of the Mahawelliganga envelope Kandy like the folds of a great python, but safe bridges have now in nearly every case superseded dangerous ferries, one of which is associated with a most melancholy and disgraceful chapter in the history of British connection with Ceylon. We refer to that which records the cowardly surrender of Major Davy's detachment to the Kandians, followed by a massacre which was only cast into the shade by the extermination of a British army in the Khyber Pass and the events of the Indian mutiny of 1857. On the details of this sad episode in Ceylon history, De Quincy founded his rather exaggerated estimate of the Kandian character, and "Davy's tree" still stands a sad memento of what happily is so rare, the cowardly submission to savages of a British force. But while the events which occurred at the ferry near which this tree stands are sadly pondered, Britons can raise up their heads when the name of Major Johnson, and the history of his wonderful march, including the capture of Kandy by his small detachment are mentioned. Like all the rivers of Ceylon, the Mahawelliganga is subject

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to sudden floods, and a rise of 30 feet above the ordinary level has been known in recent times at Peradenia. Of course the roadmakers and railway engineers had to provide for such contingencies, and calculations founded on them add much to the estimates for extending the railway along the bank of the river to Gampolla and beyond. We are rejoiced, however, to hear as we write that the extension of the railway from Peradenia to Gampolla has been sanctioned. We trust yet to travel by rail to the very foot of the great mountain mass on which the Newera Ellia sanitarium is situated. The climate of Kandy is considerably damper than that of Colombo, the rain fall being about 90 inches annually against 80 in Colombo, while the mean temperature is about 76° against 80°, and the effect is seen in the rich luxuriance in and around Kandy of such plants as the trumpet-flowered datura, and a species of *solanum*, which bears a profusion of "potato blossoms" of the most lively hues, from white to richest blue and purple. Creeping over the jungle by the sides of Lady Horton's Walk, the large snowy blossomed moon-flower is conspicuous, contrasted with masses of pink and rose-coloured convolvuli.

Dr. Dickman, who is well qualified to speak with authority, from his long residence in Kandy, thus notices the sanitary character of the place and its neighbourhood:—

Upon the whole, then, *Kandy Town* may be said to be unfavourably situated in respect of health, in consequence of local peculiarities.

But this remark does not apply to the surrounding hills. And notwithstanding all the disadvantages of "Kandy Climate"—(sudden changes giving rise to internal congestions, and the damp of dews and fogs to colds and coughs), its general superiority over that of the Low Country, asserts itself in the appearance of Europeans up-country. Except among the very old residents, we seldom meet here with "parchment faces." The anæmic look of the Low Country is an exceptional phenomenon on the hills, where one is less exposed to unceasing heat and—from altitude—to malaria; where the nights are more favourable to sleep, and where exercise in the open air may be taken freely and without great fatigue.

From the combined operation of these several circumstances, a fair amount of health is enjoyed by those perched on the hill sides around Kandy; and I would venture to add that a tolerable immunity from the so-called endemic diseases would be secured, were people more abstemious in the use of highly stimulating materials to be found in *meet breakfasts, meat tiffins*, and *meat dinners, and Allsopp's Pale Ale.* A recent Indian writer observes that the natives of India have a homely proverb that "the proper *Devil* of mankind is man." Health in India, Mr. Moore observes, "depends much on the control which each maintains over the enemy within. Temperance both in quantity and quality

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of food and drink—as much physical exercise taken in the cool of the day as the season will admit; occupation of the mind by a judicious mixture of pleasure and business (monotony and the utter want of all engagement are felt greatly in the interior of Ceylon)—avoiding as much as possible exposure to the sun and night air—guarding against depressing passions, among which anger may be considered a chief—the use of suitable flannel clothing, particularly a belt over the bowels in the wet season (necessary in Kandy at all seasons)—and the application of proper remedies at the very first onset of disease, will enable the European to sojourn in India with the greatest amount of happiness and security."

As a change from Colombo, the Hills about Kandy (Hantanne, Oudoville, &c.) are found very agreeable, and the climate most salubrious in its effects on constitutions suffering from diseases functional and from the debility (*cachexia-loci*) produced by a prolonged residence in the Low Country. Accordingly, convalescents from fever—those suffering from ulcers difficult to heal, and from constitutional debility—derive great benefit from a run up to Kandy. Those suffering from pulmonary affections, rheumatism, liver and bowel complaints (dysentery and diarrhœa) cannot expect any benefit from the change.

The Military Sanitary Report on Kandy is as follows:—

The town of Kandy is situated in the interior of the Island of Ceylon, at an elevation of 1,678 feet above the level of the sea. It stands in an upland valley, surrounded by hills of heights varying from 300 to 1,500 feet above its level. [Hantanne, close at hand, is more than 4,000 feet above the sea level.—F.] There is an artificial lake, the water in which is regulated by a sluice close to the town, and the whole vicinity is more or less covered with jungle. As all the ground about the station is above its level, much of its drainage passes into the subsoil on which the station is built. There is little movement of the air, and although the temperature is lower than at the other stations, the place is very hot and close in summer.

The topographical peculiarities are very unfavourable, and to a considerable extent they account for the very high death rate which has prevailed, and which to all appearance could be at once reduced by moving the troops to the surrounding heights.

The mortality at Kandy has always been excessive. In the years 1820–36 it averaged no less than 60·7 per 1,000 per annum. Of this immense death rate, 25·6 was due to fever, chiefly remittent; 18·7 arose from bowel disease (including ·8 from cholera); 3·1 were due to liver diseases. Some of the fever cases occurred among men on detachment duty. But in 1824 a third of the garrison died, chiefly from indigenous remittent fever. The mortality varies remarkably in different years, and recently Kandy has been more healthy; but the scourge of the garrison is miasmatic disease.

Climate.—From observations taken four miles from Kandy, the temperature appears to be very variable. The difference between the mean monthly maxima and minima is 25° F. for December and above 30° in January. The hottest months are February, March, and April, when the maxima are as high as from 87° to 89°. The rainfall is about 90 inches a year.

As to sickness and mortality amongst the troops, while doubtless the variableness of the climate is unfavourable, and miasmatic influences told terribly in times when sanitary laws were little understood and less attended to, yet it is plain that if the troops, treated as they now are, give up the intemperate use

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of spirits, they might enjoy good health at Kandy. For Dr. Roe recently reported—

> The mortality amongst the European troops stationed at Kandy *since July*, 1861, *has been nil*, during which time the average daily strength amounted to upwards of 120.
>
> The total number of admissions into hospital during the year 1863, with an average strength of 120, has been 199; of these, 9 were cases of fever.
>
> These admissions, and the unhealthiness of previous years, may with justice be more attributed to the facts that the men were, and in some respects are, not provided with clothing suited to the climate, and to excessive indulgence in ardent spirits, which the British soldier is only too apt to drink to excess when it is within his means (as it is here) to procure it, and also to the fact that the men are not provided with sufficient means of amusement or recreation, than to miasmatic influences.
>
> The great advantage the climate of Kandy has over that of Colombo, Galle, or Trincomalie, consists in the lowness of the temperature at night, thus allowing a luxury which the heated atmosphere of the above-mentioned three stations too often denies.
>
> The vast improvement that has of late taken place in the health of the troops at this station may, to a great extent, be attributed to the adoption of clothing suited to the climate, for at no other station in Ceylon is the climate so variable or the sudden alterations of temperature so marked; hence light woollen clothing, and particularly a sun-proof helmet, are indispensable.

Here, and at all military stations in Ceylon, the local police have recently relieved the military of much harassing duty in guarding civil establishments, &c.

We could linger long in the scenes which Kandy and its neighbourhood present, but our motto must be "Excelsior;" and so, after one more tortuous drive "round the lake," we pursue our upward journey by rail to Peradenia, and thence by coach up the valley of the Mahawelliganga to Gampolla—a spot memorable in the annals of Ceylon as the scene of the defeat and capture of a Singhalese monarch by the Chinese at the commencement of the fifteenth century, and still more memorable as the site of the first regular coffee plantation formed in Ceylon by a British planter. Here, at the foot of Ambalawa, Mr. George Bird commenced, in 1824, the pursuit with which members of his family have ever since been associated, and in which the larger proportion of Europeans in Ceylon are directly interested—all indirectly.

The following information, supplied by Col. Byrde to our Directory for 1859, regarding the first coffee plantation proper opened in Ceylon, and the career of his uncle, Mr. George Bird, the pioneer of the coffee planting enterprise, will be found interesting:—

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The first coffee estate in Ceylon was opened in this district so far back as the year 1824, by Mr. George Bird, who accompanied his brother (Col. Bird of the 16th Regt.) to Ceylon in 1823, for the purpose of engaging in such agricultural undertaking as inducements in the island should appear to offer; and the attention of the brothers (Col. Bird being at that time Commandant of Kandy), was directed to the cultivation of *coffee;* and the valley of Gampola was selected as an eligible locality wherein to carry out their intended speculations.

Sir James Campbell, then Lieut.-Governor, gave encouragement to the proposed undertaking by promising a grant of land for the purpose, which was afterwards confirmed by Sir E. Barnes, and thus commenced that cultivation on the site of two ancient Kandian Palaces, Royal lands (Singapetia and Weyangwatte), which has been of such importance to the subsequent history of our island.

The mode of cultivation adopted, and the enormous protective duties then in favour of the British West India Colonies, rendered this, and two other coffee estates at Ganga Orowa and Matelle that soon followed the one at Gampola, equally unprofitable; and Col. Bird's death of cholera in 1829 so paralysed the operations at Gampola that Mr. George Bird was induced to abandon the property in 1833 and remove to Kondasally, and subsequently to Imboolpitia, in Oudabulatgamma. After having been engaged in the production of coffee for 33 years, with singular want of success, he died in Kandy on the 1st March, 1857, having been the means of conferring signal advantages on others by the energy of his character, while to himself, the pioneer of coffee cultivation, his best efforts served only to prolong his disappointment. Although a good practical man, and possessed of great experience, accumulated through many years of toil, his experience did not avail him until failing health had destroyed that energy which repeated disappointments could not impair.

The Gampola estate being beautifully situated in the valley of Gampola, was in 1846 sold to Messrs. Hudson Chandler and Co., for the purpose of farming it on the English principle, and combining this with the cultivation of sugar, and a farmer and his family were brought from England to carry out the intention of converting the already fine pasture lands into a grazing farm, when the decaying stumps of the old coffee trees gave place to guinea grass to maintain a stock of horses and cattle, with the hope of eventually securing breeds of superior quality; but, on the failure of Messrs. Hudson Chandler and Co. during the crisis of 1848, this establishment was again broken up, and the estate reverted to the Bird family. Within the last two or three years it has been again formed by Major Bird into a coffee estate of 300 or 400 acres, which gives promise at length of great success, now that the culture and preparation of coffee are better known, and the equalization of duties gives the agriculturist in the east a fair chance of competition with other parts of the world.

The Gampolla of to-day, with its streets and bazaars, is a very different place to the Rest House, and the few houses we remember seeing in 1840 on our way to what was considered the promising district of Ambegamoa. What was then a mere path is now a fine road leading past the districts of Dolosbogie and Yacdessa to Ambegamoa, Kotmalie, and Dimboola, while from the Ginigathena Gap, more than 2,000 feet above the level of the sea, the traveller can by a good road descend to Yatteantotte, and thence either by road, or by boat on the Kalany, make his way back to Colombo. But our present destination is the great sanatarium of Ceylon, Newera Ellia—

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"Where Europe amid Asia smiles."

So, returning to Gampolla and crossing the Mahawelliganga by the graceful suspension bridge which spans it, on we go, climbing through rich scenery of bright and musical streams, clumps of forest and maana-covered hills to lovely Pusilava. Here the once dense "Black Forest" has gone down, and on left hand and right are some of the most extensive coffee estates in Ceylon. Delta, Rothschild (where the Brothers Worms so long dispensed their princely hospitality), and Moneragalla, with coffee up to the "Peacock's" crest, some 5,000 feet above the level of the sea. On Rothschild may be seen a flourishing field of tea bushes, introduced by the Messrs. Worms some twenty years back, and more than 10,000 cinchona plants, planted out and flourishing amidst the coffee.

To Col. Byrde we were indebted, when preparing a Planting Gazetteer in 1859, for the following history of the rise and progress of coffee planting in this splendid district :—

This district is invested with peculiar interest, from the fact of its being the *first* in which the "*experiment*," as it was thought, of planting coffee at a comparatively high elevation, and by clearing the mountain forests, was tried, the only estates commenced before "Black Forest," the property of Major Bird, having been the Gampola estates, Gangarooa, Wariagalla, Kondasally, and Rajawalle, these estates being at elevations from 1,500 to 1,700 feet above the level of the sea, while Pussilawa is upwards of 3,000.

The "Black Forest" estate was commenced on a very small scale in 1836, and it is remarkable that about the largest crop per acre ever collected in this district was from the first eight acres planted by Second Lieutenant Bird, this extent having yielded 167 cwts. in 1839. This result was attributed to the fact that the land was grubbed up, and all the roots and stumps of the smaller trees burnt, and the ashes spread over the surface as would be done in reclaiming land in Europe, but which was found too expensive to be pursued in the future cultivation of coffee.

The whole forest at Pussilawa was peculiarly heavy, and of dark foliage, so as to have procured for it the name of the "Black Forest" from which the first estate took its name. The commencement of this property gave rise soon afterwards to purchases of land by the late Archdeacon Glenie, Captain Murray [who resold his purchase to the Messrs. Worms.—F.], Mr. Brook, and the late Col. Macpherson, now represented by the Glenlock, Delta, Rothschild, Melfort, and Helbodde estates, *two* of these alone comprising an extent of about 2,400 acres, viz, Delta 1,300 and Rothschild 1,100, though in each case under distinctive names.

All the forest surrounding the Peacock Mountain to the westward of Pussilawa was subsequently bought, and has been converted into coffee estates, and cultivation has extended eastward to the ridge of mountains separating Oudapalate from Hewahette.

We may add that the familiar name of Worms is no

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longer associated with the Rothschild Plantation. This and their other properties in Ceylon, the brothers, retiring after a residence of a quarter of a century, sold to the Ceylon Company (Limited). The brother (Maurice) who had the management of the estate died from the effects of disease contracted in Ceylon soon after his return to England. Mr. Gabriel Worms survives, still cherishing a warm regard for the country in which he accumulated the wealth of which he makes so benevolent a use—acting on the principle that he is but a steward in the service of the Giver of all good.

Of the climate of Pusilava, Dr. Dickman writes:—

> The most striking peculiarities of the Pusilava climate, are its rarefied air and mild temperature: the drawback is its humidity. But upon the whole the climate is favourable to health, and by a short stay on the hills about Pusilava, salutary changes are observed: the complexion assumes a ruddy hue, and the appetite improves to such an extent that tough jungle fare is keenly relished, by those coming up from the Low Country, accustomed to the delicacies of Colombo. It would be well, if all who rush up to Newera Ellia during the season, were to make a short stay at Pusilava. An intelligent planter at Pusilava assured me that the station is most healthy during the rains. This remark, I think, is applicable to the interior generally. During the period of the heavy rains the public health is not materially affected, and both Europeans and natives, while they grumble at the weather, suffer little or nothing from any other morbid affection than ill-humour.

From Pusilava a singularly winding road, overlooking the Kotmalie valley and river, and facing the Poondoloya mountain range and coffee district, carries us to the series of beautiful waterfalls at the foot of the Rambodde Pass. [See engraving.] Hence we ascend from 2,500 feet elevation to 7,000, and again descend to 6,200 in reaching the health-restoring plain. Out of Switzerland there is nothing like this zig-zag road, and the glorious views it commands. Here, while there are several fine plantations at the foot of the Pass, including that formed by the late General John Fraser, the limit of successful coffee cultivation is rather exceeded on the Condegalla estate, which is nearly 6,000 feet above the level of the sea. As the increasing cold indicates higher altitude, the vegetation changes its character, the brilliant balsams and *klugias*, for which Ceylon is so celebrated becoming common, with lovely varieties of *nilu* forming the undergrowth of the forests, and splendid tree ferns, with

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young fronds, resembling deer-horns in the "velvet" stage, rising gracefully in the ravines. As the plain is neared the scarlet rhododendron, which covers so much of it, becomes common, with the yellow blossomed barberry, and St. John's wort, the Guelder rose, blackberries, buttercups, anemones, ladies' mantle, and other European forms. A small grass-like species of bamboo will attract the attention of the traveller, forming the greatest possible contrast to the great golden yellow stalks of the maritime and low country species, which the fireflies light up at night with successive flashes of their living lamps, and to the nearer green variety in Dimboola, which rises so tall and slender in the forests, or bends so gracefully over the streams. On entering the "plain" the cultivated productions of Europe will be seen in the cottage gardens and the farms, such as green-peas and strawberries in the former, with potatoes, oats (chiefly for forage), carrots, and turnips in the latter. Cherry trees grow to a large size and blossom, but there is no continued wintering to enable the fruit to mature, although the thermometer has been known to go down to 20° F., and hoar frost is common, while ice can be obtained by exposing thin surfaces of water, at night, or in the early morning. The effect of the blue smoke curling over the unaccustomed chimneys is very striking to one who has dwelt long in the plains, where the only chimneys known are the tall shafts of the coffee factories. If such visitors are suffering merely from the debility which follows fever, or the exhaustion which arises from long residence in the tropics, the effect of the cold and bracing climate here is wonderful. Appetite becomes keen (the difficulty is to get enough to eat), strength is restored, and ladies and children after residing here from December to April (the hot months at Colombo, and the clear months on the hills), return to the seaside with a true English bloom on their cheeks. The beneficial effects of occasional visits to Newera Ellia in preventing disease can scarcely be exaggerated, and one of the great boons conferred by the railway will be the increased facilities it will afford

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for visits thither. It is now possible in less than twelve hours to exchange the temperature of Colombo, between 80° and 90°, for that of Newera Ellia, which is never too hot for healthy exercise, and which at night and in the mornings is so keenly cold as to render thick woollen blankets and European clothing welcome, while the visitor is impelled to seek warmth in walks, which may here be taken without danger, if a great coat and strong boots are used, even when the rain falls pretty heavily. The coolness and purity of the winds, which sweep down the gullies, is wonderful. Besides the road round the plain, which with the windings of the river has a most striking effect viewed from the eminences above, there are paths through the jungles to waterfalls, and bathing pools, and glades where the sport of elk hunting may be seen, even by ladies, and picnics enjoyed. All around are the wild and romantic scenes, so graphically described by Baker in his "Wanderings" and "Rifle and Hound," the rifted ravines and sheer precipices down which the waters find their way to the lower hill ranges and valleys being especially striking. The plain, with its peaty soil, bears every evidence of having been once the bed of a lake, and an artificial lake could now be easily formed by damming up the waters of the crystal stream which, rising on Pedrotallagalla, meanders through the level expanse that divides the groups of cottages scattered over the grassy knolls or on the bases of the framework of mountains. Visitors to the plain amuse themselves occasionally by digging pits and washing for gems. They are sure to be rewarded with bits of tourmaline at least. Visits will be paid to "Baker's Farm," where Sir Samuel and his brother with their wives resided—farming and beer-brewing having been combined with intense devotedness to sport. After a large expenditure (which the brothers were rich enough not to miss) the industrial experiments were abandoned, and the site of the once elegant mansion is now only marked by the luxuriant fuschias, wild roses, broom and furze which grow around. A time will come, however, when the large tract of land still owned by Sir Samuel Baker will be turned to good ac-

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count. Only a few invalid troops are now stationed at Newera Ellia; but it would seem the part of wisdom on the part of the British Government to have some of its reserve force here and on the still higher Horton's Plains, the soldiers being encouraged to engage in healthful and productive cultivation. We have already spoken of "One Tree Hill," and the view from it. We may add that the path up to the summit of Pedrotallagalla, the highest point in Ceylon, is gentle enough, and kept sufficiently clear of jungle to enable ladies and children to ride almost all the way. The view from this, the highest point in Ceylon, 8,295 feet above the sea, is, in clear weather, magnificent, including (by the aid of a good glass) the clock tower at Colombo, which is only about 60 miles off, in a straight line; while near at hand, and all around, are the districts of Dimboola, Maturatta, Udapusilava, Ambewelle, and Uwa, to which pleasant excursions may be taken from Newera Ellia as from a centre. Our engraving of cottages near the bazaar, with the rounded dome of Pedrotallagalla, as a background, will give a fair idea of the semi-European characteristics of this health-restoring mountain plain.

Of the climate of Newera Ellia, Dr. Dickman writes:—

It is said that although a good deal of rain falls at Newera Ellia during the south-west monsoon, its rain-fall is less than either at Rambodde, the Knuckles, or even at Dolosbage. Sir Emerson Tennent has stated as his belief that the rain-fall at Newera Ellia is not much in excess of that on the western coast; whilst, in the Directory for 1865, Mr. Ferguson states it to be fully 50 inches less than on the outer sides of the mountains that surround the station. The thermometer at noon is therein put down at 62°.

It may be fairly stated that the climate of Nuwera Ellia is the best in Ceylon in many respects, and equal to many of the hilly stations in India enjoying the same, or even a higher altitude,—as from our insular position and other causes, the temperature of the air at Nuwera Ellia is, I believe, lower than at many hill stations in India of greater altitude. For instance:

At Ootacamund ..... 7,300 feet above the sea, the average mean of the thermometer at	At Newera Ellia, more than 1,000 feet lower, the average is
Sunrise is 58 1-12th	Morning 53½
Noon 63 9-12ths	Noon 63½
Sunset 58 6-12ths	Evening ..... 60 5-12ths.
Rainfall 60 inches.	Rainfall not correctly ascertained. [Observations taken by Assistant-Surgeon Dr. Massey in 1865 show 71·87 inches rain, falling on 227 days.—F.]

So that in point of temperature, at least, Newera Ellia is equal to Ootacamund, although situated about 1,050 feet lower, whilst its easy access from the Low Country must always form an additional recom-

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mendation; health seekers being able to drive up from Colombo to the Plains over a railway and a well-constructed carriage road, surrounded on all sides by beautiful waterfalls and grand mountain scenery.

Like all hill climates, that of Newera Ellia is valuable, more as a *conservative* than as a curative agent: or as Dr. Morehead observes, "Hill climate materially assists in *maintaining* at a high standard the general health of Europeans and their families." It is unsuited to the endemic diseases of the country to which Europeans are liable, and those suffering from bowel complaints and from liver disease had better get "stewed" in Colombo, breathing marine air, than resort to the cold, damp, and variable climate of Newera Ellia.* Nor is the climate adapted to inflammatory diseases in general, and its humid atmosphere is unfavourable to rheumatism.

To European ladies who suffer from a train of nervous disorders, the climate is admirably adapted, particularly during the latter part of the north-east monsoon, when the air is very dry†, and all those diseases of children dependent on "irritation" are benefited by the cold of Newera Ellia; convalescents from fever derive great benefit from a trip thither.

With the extension of the railway to Kandy, and perhaps to Rambodde, and the attention that the "military question" has excited, Newera Ellia will be more largely availed of by the Europeans in the island than it is at present. The station will, however, require considerable improvements before it is fitted for all the purposes of a Sanatarium. The native bazaars and boutiques will require a different arrangement, and one of the most desirable improvements would be the conversion of the present swampy plain (through which runs the Nanoo Oya, a branch of the Mahawelliganga, which is here very shallow) into a large artificial lake. Drives and walks round this sheet of water would add considerably to the health and beauty of the place.

Prominent from the plain of Newera Ellia, looking south-east, and more striking in effect than the dome-shaped Pedrotallagalla, is the mountain of Hakgalla, the name (jaw-rock) being derived from the singular shape of the summit. Some 1,500 feet below that summit, on a spur of the mountain which is still 5,000 feet above the sea, is the scene of the exceedingly successful experiment for the introduction and cultivation of the cinchona plant. Like so many other products of South America, the plant which yields the great antidote to fever has found a congenial home in Ceylon, and it is now scattered and flourishing all over the hills where coffee grows. Not only have hundreds of thousands of plants been propagated by cuttings, but seeds from the parent plants can now be gathered and distributed in any quantity required. In Continental India the experiment has been equally successful, and it is evident that the bark, especially from the trees which have been subjected to the process of mossing (as suggested by Mr. MacIvor, of Ootacamund), will yield the valu-

* The variations exceed 100 degrees in 24 hours in the sun.

† In March last, the difference between the wet bulb and dry thermometer was observed to be 20 degs.

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able sulphate in excess even of that from Peruvian trees. To Europeans in general in India, to the soldiers especially and the whole mass of the native inhabitants the blessing involved in the success of an experiment, which will place the most potent of febrifuges within the reach of all, can scarcely be estimated. The rapidity and luxuriance with which some of the species grow is remarkable. At Ambewelle, a beautifully-sheltered valley covered with coffee estates, which lies below Hakgalla, we gathered, from a tall plant only thirteen months old, a leaf which measured 14 inches by 12. Tea is also cultivated at Hakgalla; and growing as readily as in their southern habitats may here be seen a number of the *eucalypti casuarinas* and other plants of Australasia. About 600 plants, of all varieties and from every clime, have been introduced into the gardens here. English and China roses vie with each other in colour and odour amongst the rows and borders of flowering plants, which include the honeysuckle, violet, and mignionette; while no one who has seen here, in full blossom, as we have done, that most gorgeous of all the pea family, Sturt's *Clianthus Dampierii*, will easily forget the splendour of its wealth of blossoms. Hakgalla is, with good reason, the resort of pleasure parties from Newera Ellia. It is but a moderate distance from the plain by the Badulla Road; and the views obtained from the gardens and at various points of the road, of the Ouvah (Uwa) country are grand, beautiful, and varied; being framed, as it were, in the mountain ranges of Badulla, Happotella, and Saffragam. All around are wonderful specimens of the irrigation channels, for which the natives are so famous, and which to the eye really look as if they led the water up hill. Every hill and stream, too, in this beautiful region, is associated with traditions of Seeta, the Helen of the great Indian epic, the Ramayana. Down by the side of a rushing river the road zig-zags and winds past Wilson's Bungalow, Attempettia, and the old Fort of Himbliatewelle, until Badulla, the capital of Ouvah and the centre of extensive coffee and rice culture, is reached [see engraving], the descent from Newera Ellia being nearly 5,000 feet, and Badulla

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being still considerably more than 2,000 feet above the level of the sea. Access from this station, the ancient capital of Ouvah, is daily becoming more easy to the beautiful mountain ranges, and important coffee districts of Namenakoole Kande (highest summit 6,664 feet), Hewa Elliya, Hapotella, and Saffragam, while the new road, in progress as we write, will afford facilities for access to and traffic with Batticaloa on the eastern coast, a place rich in rice, cocoa-nuts, and fish. When this road is finished, there will be an easy drive through every variety of scenery in Ceylon, from Colombo in the west to Batticaloa in the east, across the hill country of Saffragam and Ouvah. From Badulla too, sportsmen can visit "the Park" which was the scene of most of the late Captain Rogers's triumphs in elephant shooting. It is situated in the Bintenne country, once famous for a grand and extensive city, but now chiefly distinguished as the home of a wild tribe of huntsmen, the Veddahs, some of whose skulls have been found, inferior in capacity even to those of Australian savages. They were long supposed to be a remnant of the aborigines whom Wijayo conquered, but it is more probable that they, like the Rhodiyahs, who are also rather numerous in the neighbourhood of Badulla, have sunk through ages of nomadic life and gipsy habits. Wijayo and his followers seem to have been more completely absorbed by the aborigines than were the Normans by the Saxons whom they conquered in England. Applying the test of the names of mountains, rivers, and other prominent objects, the aborigines of Ceylon undoubtedly spoke Singhalese, a branch of the family of languages spoken by the Aryan race, while Tamil, the next great language in Ceylon, is the principal branch of the Dravidian languages. Away, through the plains of Bintenne, after traversing the larger portion of the mountain zone, flows the grand old Mahawelliganga; but it unfortunately divides into several channels before it reaches the sea. Had it debouched as one unbroken stream into the harbour of Trincomalie, inland navigation in Ceylon might have assumed far more importance than it now occupies. Proposals for

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rendering the Great River navigable have been often made, and doubtless this task will be accomplished by posterity. At present the Kalany, though secondary as a river, is superior to the Mahawelliganga as a navigable stream, as is also the Kaluganga. Omitting portions of rivers on which boats are used, inland navigation at present extends from Calpentyn on the western coast through Chilaw, Negombo, Colombo to Kaltura; thence by the Kaluganga to Ratnapoora; and, by the Kalanyganga, from Colombo to Yatteantotte. Also from Galle, by the Gindura River, to the foot of the Haycock.

Badulla is a district of which the writer ought to know something, seeing that he was one of the pioneers of planting in Ouvah. Our predecessors there in the planting line (and they were only just commencing) were Major Rogers, Dr. Galland, Sir W. Reid, and Dr. Sortain. That was in December, 1840. The three first have been long dead. One fell by the lightning stroke in the midst of his active and useful career. Another, wasting from consumption, sought in vain to prolong life in the climate of Texas. "The sea, the blue lone sea," is the resting place of the third. The fourth is living (and long may he live), although we believe he has ceased to have any interest in Ouvah or its coffee. Our individual task was to report upon, cut the boundaries of and plant nurseries in an immense tract of forest, extending from Weywelhena, and Gowrakella at the foot of Namanakoole Kande, on through Cannavarella and Nahavilla to the extreme end of the range where Hindugalla looks down on the hillock-dotted plains of Wellasse. There were 3,700 acres in this one block, and, including another piece of land near the Fort of Himbliatawella, up on the way towards Newera Ellia, we have the satisfaction of believing that we pioneered into planting existence some 4,000 acres of as fine coffee land as can be found in Ceylon. We left in June, 1841, just as the nursery plants were peeping above ground, and we have not seen Badulla since then, excepting as a feature in the grand and varied view from the top of the Newera Ellia Pass. We quote as follows from Sir H. Ward's narrative of

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his tour of 1858. Approaching Badulla, by the opposite route, through Saffragam and Happootella, he wrote:—

The distance from Ballangodde to Kaluphana is 19 or 20 miles. I looked with regret, I confess, as I ascended the pass, probably for the last time, at the magnificent wall of vegetation, towering up the side of the mountain, and about to disappear [the greater part has since disappeared.—F.] under the axe of the planter, while below it the view embraces the whole of the Magam Pattoo, with the Kattregam Hills in the distance, the Leeways at Boondell, and the white line of surf beyond, at Kirinde.

Having thus, discursively, noticed some of the most interesting scenery, cities, and industries of Ceylon, and the subjects, antiquarian, intellectual, and religious, suggested by them, we now add a few words respecting the inhabitants, referring to the representative figures amongst our engravings.

THE KANDIAN ADIGAR ("the supreme one") represents a dignity now extinct, the last person holding the rank, Mullegame, third Adigar, having died in 1840 or '41. Next in rank to the Kandian Sovereign were the first, second and third Adigars, conjoint Prime Ministers, Commanders in Chief, and Judges of the Appellate Court. All acquainted with the history of Ceylon in British times are familiar with the names of the wily Pilime Talawe, who nearly outwitted Governor North, and the unfortunate Eheylapola, both Kandian Adigars, and both the victims, in their persons or their families, of royal caprice and cruelty. Under the Adigars, were Dessaves, or Governors of Provinces, one and one only of whom survives, in extreme, but active, old age, Ehelleagodde of the three and four Korles, who resides near Gettehettæ, on the road to Ratnapoora. He was present as a Koralle, or head of a Korle, at the Convention of 1815, when the Kandian kingdom was made over to the British Crown. He is, we believe, the sole survivor of the Kandian Chiefs present on that occasion. The British Government have determined that he is to be the last who shall hold the rank of Dessave, the highest rank henceforward in the Kandian provinces being that of Ratemahatmeya, meaning Lord or Master of a district, and about equivalent to Modliar of a Korle in the maritime districts. The folds of stiff muslin worn by

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the Kandian Headmen give them an odd appearance, and led a late facetious Judge of the Kandy District Court to place to their credit the invention of crinoline. At Pavilion levees and on other state occasions the Kandian Chiefs still appear in full dress, and their coronet-like caps relieve the effeminate effect of "all this muslin," and show to advantage when compared with the comb-adorned heads of

THE MARITIME SINGHALESE MODLIARS.—The figure represents one of these, the highest Native Chiefs in the low country; for the rank of Maha Modliar (Great Modliar) is the very highest in the Maritime Districts. Modliar, or Mudianse, is a military term about equivalent to the rank of Captain of a district, and in the olden days, even in the Dutch times, each Modliar had his guard of Lascoreens or native soldiers. Originally there was a Koralle, the highest civil authority, and a Modliar, the highest military power, in each Korle or county. But collisions of authority led to the suppression of the civil rank in the Dutch time, and the concentration of all power, civil and military, in the Modliar—whose sword, worn conspicuously at levees and on other full-dress occasions attests the origin of the rank. The effect is not more ludicrous than the sword which forms an essential part of the court-dress of England, though here, in Ceylon, every interpreter of the Supreme Court or of a Government Agent's Cutcherry (office), and of a District Court, with all Secretaries of District Courts who are natives, are *ex officio* Modliars. The Modliars of Korles are the Government Agents' right hands in matters of revenue, title to lands, &c.; and the Government can reward meritorious servants of Government or natives in private life who distinguish themselves by acts of public spirit with the much-coveted distinction of Modliar of the Governor's Gate. For instance, Modliar of the Gate de Soyza of Morottoo, received his high rank for opening a road in Hewahette. In former days the different castes had each its headman, but these are now abolished and officers for the different districts only are appointed, irrespective of caste, the offices being

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open indeed to all competent natives, as is the use of velvet, a fabric which was once restricted to Maha Modliars by a sumptuary law. This law regulated the most minute particulars of the dress of headmen, and rendered it penal for private individuals to ape their betters in such matters. All such laws have now been swept from our Statute Book. The representative of the Sovereign can still make a belted Modliar, but the meanest in Ceylon may dress like the highest, if he chooses. In our Ceylon Directory for 1863, we wrote respecting the female comb and European coat of the Singhalese, in noticing the figures of the bridegroom and bride, that "the singular adoption by the rougher sex of an article elsewhere peculiar to females, is by some traced to the influence of the wife of a Portuguese Governor." [As a cure to the untidiness of long and loose tresses, she made presents of combs, the use of which soon spread.] The full dress coat which covers the Singhalese "Comboy" is, undoubtedly, of Portuguese origin. But different in appearance as the men of the broad-cloth and comb, and those of the muslin and the cornered cap are, they are merely representatives of sections of the same Singhalese race, the Highlander differing in his bearing from the Lowlander, as all Highlanders do, and differing, moreover, in having longer retained his independence of foreign domination. The figure of a Llama Etena, or Singhalese lady of rank, is somewhat too European to be characteristic, and the reproduction of a photograph of a Kandy lady does but scant justice to the original. What the Kandian notions of beauty are, may be gathered from the following description supplied to the late Dr. Davy by a Kandian chief:—

Her hair should be voluminous, like the tail of the peacock, long, reaching to the knees, and terminating in graceful curls; her eyebrows should resemble the rainbow; her eyes the blue sapphire and the petals of the Manilla flower. Her nose should be like the bill of the hawk. Her lips should be bright and red, like coral on the young leaf of the iron-tree. Her teeth should be small, regular, and closely set, and like jasmine buds. Her neck should be large and round, resembling the benigodea. Her chest should be capacious; her breasts firm and conical, like the yellow cocoa-nut; and her waist small, almost small enough to be clasped by the hand. Her hips should be

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wide; her limbs tapering; the soles of her feet without any hollow; and the surface of her body in general soft, delicate, smooth, and rounded, without the asperities of projecting bones and sinews.

The full dress costume of a Singhalese lady is well represented in the figure of the bride; the ordinary female dress is shown on the coffee-picker and ayah, and in the two figures, especially that to the left in the illustration of Demonolatry.

Whether the Singhalese were "always here," as some think, or whether they came over with Wijayo five centuries or so before the Christian era, certain it is that they are the people of the country, speaking a language spoken nowhere else, except in the roots which are common to all the Indo-Germanic tongues.

Very different are the cases of the two races represented by other figures. "The Chetty," who is kin to the great Tamil family of Southern India, and the so-called "Moorman" [see engravings of Trader and Mason], who traces his origin, however remotely, to Arabia, are each a sojourner in the land, and were, in historic times, strangers to it. The Tamils [see engravings of Jaffna Tamil, Tamil Females, and Roman Catholic Tamil and his wife, with that of the Natucotya Chetty]; offshoots from the great Scythian race of Southern India, made themselves a footing by war; the "Moors" are said to have sought an asylum from persecution; but both have distinguished themselves in the walks of (oriental) enterprise and commerce. Indeed the word "Chetty" signifies merchant, and much of the native and intermediate trade of Ceylon is carried on by the "Nattucotya Chetties." But these are men from the coast of Coromandel, turban-wearers and bearers of the insignia of heathenism, while the figure with the Portuguese cap and huge jewelled rings distending his ear lobes, is a representative of the "Christian Chetties of Colombo"—a class largely employed as brokers, shroffs, bill collectors, and clerks. More strictly native are the Tamil man and his wife, but these also being Christians (as the emblem worn by the male figure shows), there is a good deal of European modification in the man's dress. An unsophisticated Tamil would content himself with three pieces of cloth: one bound round the loins; one thrown over

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the shoulders, like the Highlander's plaid; and the third worn on the head. [See engraving of Jaffna Tamil.] The Moormen equally with the Chetties speak Tamil, which would seem to show that, directly, they came to Ceylon from Southern India. The tradition is, that seven wiveless Arabs fleeing from their enemies, settled and married in Algootam and so spread. The Mahomedans of Ceylon are bigoted but not aggressive. They are the Jews of Ceylon, and are found everywhere, as pedlars, lapidaries, jewellers, masons, and shopkeepers. In the Kandian country they have devoted themselves with much success to the pursuits of agriculture. A Pettah shopkeeper, such as we have represented in full dress, may often be seen driving as fine a horse and waggon as can be sported on the Galle Face —the "air-eating" resort of Colombo society. There is no mistaking our old friend "Tamby," the Master Mason, in the corner. The dress in this case, including the absurd funnel-shaped calico cap, is most truthful and characteristic. In the Kandian country the Moormen are industrious agriculturists, and in former times much of the inland traffic was conducted by them, by means of *tavelam* or pack bullocks.

"Papa! don't the Moormen marry?" was the question put by a rather sharp child, when he first saw the page of engravings, and his eye rested on the solitary Tamby. The fact is that these Mussulmans have a great repugnance to allowing their women to be seen; and an artist whom we asked to represent a Moor lady, said he could only draw a female figure completely draped, with no part of the body visible save the ring-adorned ancles. For the present, therefore, we cannot gratify the curiosity of those who would wish to see what a Moor woman looks like; but we trust to add a Ceylon Mussulmanee on a future occasion.

Time was, when with British merchants the word of a Moorman, but especially that of a Chetty, was deemed as good as his bond. There was a species of "socialism" which prevailed amongst the Chetties especially, which gave the European merchant additional security. But with the wild speculation of the cotton crisis and the extension of commerce, things have altered rather for

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the worse. The native who contracts to deliver cotton or coffee insists on heavy money advances, while he gives a promissory note at a long date for the Manchester goods he buys—a note not invariably honoured.

Akin to the Moormen in religious profession, though widely different in race, are the Malays, who have found their way to Ceylon, from the Straits of Malacca, mainly as soldiers of the Ceylon Rifle Regiment. Our male figure is a good specimen of these modified Mongolians. Let us hope that the female sweetmeat-seller is anything but a representative of Malay beauty. The Malays have been highly prized for their soldierly qualities, and it becomes now more than ever a matter of anxiety to recruit the Ceylon Rifles, as a wing of the corps is to form a portion of the Garrison of the Straits. There were formerly several Ceylon regiments, one of which was made up of Caffres from the Mozambique Coast. After the regiment had been abolished, the remnant of the Caffres was attached to the Ceylon Rifles, and Mr. Vandort's figure representing "The Military" is scarcely a caricature of what a Caffre soldier looks. These people were formerly useful as Road "Pioneers," and De Butts in his amusing book thus notices scenes and characteristics, the truth of which will be acknowledged by those best acquainted with Ceylon, and the Caffre soldiers of the Ceylon Rifles:—

> These Caffres are found to make better labourers than soldiers. There is something in their character repugnant to the etiquette and strictness of military discipline. They have been gradually exchanged for Malays, who, almost exclusively, compose the present Ceylon Rifle Regiment. Nature appears to have designed the Caffre to be the counterpart of the Malay. The former is social, cheerful, and amiable; the latter cold, stern, and vindictive. The one awakens our sympathies and affections; the other commands our respect, but makes no effort to secure our regard, for which he apparently entertains a sovereign contempt. Nor are their corporeal characteristics less at variance than their moral attributes. The Malay is active, of a slight yet muscular form, and his every movement bespeaks energy, while in his restless eye and firm lip may be read that daring and enterprising spirit that has ever belonged to the rovers of the Eastern Archipelago. The Caffre, on the contrary, possesses all the characteristics of the Negro. The woolly hair—the blubber lip—the long heel—all these appear in your true Caffre. His eye, though shrewd, is heavy, and its glances evince none of that cold, sardonic spirit that is born with a Malay, "grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength." The few Caffre soldiers still in Ceylon are solely employed in repairing old, or in making new, roads. The detachment on the Rambodde pass consists of sixty or seventy men. Nearly all of these being married, and generally speaking, the

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fathers of a numerous progeny, their encampment presents an animated spectacle amid the loneliness of the surrounding jungle. A favourable opportunity of studying another, and, to the Anglo-Cingalese, a novel impress of the "human face divine," is thus afforded to the visitor of Rambodde, who, if a disciple of Lavater, or a phrenologist, has here a new field for his philosophical researches.

Without entering into any dissertation touching the charms of Caffre women, it may, perhaps, be permitted to me to record my conviction that, on the surface of the habitable world, more frightful specimens of *le beau sexe* do not exist. It would be an insult to humanity to believe that any creatures yet uglier could "live and have their being." The head of the Gorgon could hardly have united more horrors than are combined in the physiognomy of a Caffre belle. [Mr. Vandort's sketch of a Caffre dame will enable our readers to judge for themselves. F.]

Although the party that accompanied me were quite unanimous on this point, these interesting animals were evidently unconscious of their utter want of loveliness; for, on being bribed by copious libations of brandy, for which they shewed an inordinate affection, they readily undertook to favour their visitors with a Caffre dance. The dance somewhat resembled the fandango of Spain; but the resemblance, it must be confessed, was that of a caricature. Two individuals of opposite sexes gradually approach each other with an air of coquetry, making indescribable contortions and grimaces. The female slowly retires from the ardent advances of her lover, who, suiting the action to the word, endeavours to capture the fair fugitive, while he pours forth his tale of love in the most moving tropes that his eloquence can command. "The lady of his love" at length abates somewhat of the air of scorn with which she at first affects to regard her impassioned swain, who, emboldened by this evidence of a favourable impression, and again alarmed at his own audacity, alternately advances towards and retreats from the object of his adoration. The movements of the lover and the *loves*, during this scene of courtship, much resemble those of two ill-trained bears, to which animals they, in truth, bear a striking similitude. The lady at length intimates to her adorer that his is not an hopeless love. This *dénouement* is followed by sundry embraces, of rather too vehement a character; after which "the happy pair" vanish from the stage which has witnessed the rise, progress, and termination of this amatory scene, during which, it should be observed, the spectators are in duty bound to keep up a continued howl or yell, by way of encouraging the performers.

The sins that do most easily beset the Caffres are drunkenness and drowsiness—two failings which most effectually prevent them from shining as soldiers.

When they are not drunk they are asleep. In the one case they are sufficiently troublesome; in the other, the most innocuous creatures on the face of the earth; but it need not be added that in both they are equally *hors de combat* and non-effective. In their own country, the Caffres have a reputation for activity and energy; be this as it may, expatriation seems to deprive them of whatever portion of those qualities nature may have originally endowed them with.

A ludicrous defence made by a Caffre before a court-martial, held at Kandy in 1838, may serve to illustrate Jack's * opinion of the undue severity of military discipline. Being charged with divers offences and misdemeanours, all of which were fully established, the prisoner was, *selon les règles*, called on for his defence, which, if it failed to carry conviction, had probably some effect in mollifying the judicial sternness of the court then and there assembled. In this memorable rejoinder, the prisoner, who, no doubt, possessed forensic talents of a high order, endeavoured to palliate rather than to deny the crimes with which he stood charged. He complained that those who held dominion over him had but one receipt for all the moral infirmities that ever and anon "overcame him like a summer cloud." That receipt will best be explained in the words with which he con-

* In Ceylon, Caffres are always denominated Jacks.

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cluded his eloquent and energetic oration: "If I ask for my pay, they say, 'Put him in the guard-room.' If I take a little 'rack, 'Send him to the guard-room.' If I get sleepy, 'To the guard-room.' When I get a little *drunkay*, 'Take him to the guard-house.'"

The late Col. Anderson, in a descriptive poem on Ceylon, written so far back as 1812, thus notices Slave Island and the Caffres:—

Hence, let the eye a circuit take,
Where gently sloping to the lake,
A smiling, lively scene appears,
A verdant isle, its bosom rears,
With many a lovely villa grac'd,
Amid embow'ring cocoas plac'd!
Here once, to all but int'rest blind,
The Colonists their slaves confin'd;
But now the name alone remains,
Gone are the scourges, racks, and chains!
When Britain sought the eastern world,
And her victorious flag unfurl'd,
She came to heal, and not to bruise,
The captive's fetters to unloose;
And 'tis her brightest boast and fame,
That nought is left, beyond the name!
Yet here the African remains,
Though broken are his slavish chains,
Prepar'd to conquer or to die
For her who made his fetters fly.
As soldier of a free-born state,
He feels his dignity, and weight;
And with alacrity and zeal,
The sable warrior learns to wheel!
But view him at the set of sun,
His military duties done,
His native glee will then be seen
In antic frolics on the green;
See him with sparkling eyes advance
To tread his own Mandingo dance,
And view his smiling jetty bride,
In cadence moving by his side;
Then own no joys the soul can move,
Like those of liberty and love!

This is rather a different picture to that drawn in Rembrandt-like hues by De Butts. But neither picture can long be verified in Ceylon, for these poor creatures are rapidly becoming extinct, from chest diseases, and, we fear, addiction to strong drink.

The Parsees—descendants of the ancient Persian race, and still fire worshippers—are mere sojourners in Ceylon, their head-quarters being Bombay and Surat in Western India. The few residents here are, without exception, engaged in commerce. In physique and fairness of skin, they can scarcely be distinguished from Europeans proper.

The "appoo," or head Singhalese servant, in full dress of snowy white, is going to market, and he is not

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likely to neglect the sacred duty of the brotherhood, that of charging a per-centage on the purchases made for "master." The Ceylon servants differ from those of India in that the majority of them speak English very well indeed, far better than most Europeans can speak any native language. Their masters, especially young men who may have an old servant, generally shout "boy!" (properly Bhaee, the Hindostanee for brother) when they want attendance, there being no bells hung in the Ceylon houses; but the servants greatly prefer to be called "appoo," which signifies gentleman. The Ceylon servants are not faultless, but there are worse in the world. The Singhalese seem to have as little aptitude for equestrianism as they shew for navigation, and a Singhalese groom is as rare as a white crow or a perfectly straight cocoa-nut tree. The "horsekeepers" employed by Europeans are universally Tamils, from Southern India, and so are the grass-cutters, who are usually the wives or female relatives of the horsekeepers. The grass-cutters forage for natural grasses, which they take from the ground, roots as well as leaves, and, after washing the grass, bring a bundle twice a day to their employers. Of course those who have Guinea grass plots, can dispense with grass-cutters, but Guinea grass, while luxuriant in wet weather, is apt to fail in seasons of drought. As the best grass grows on the roadsides, and as the road officers wish to preserve this sward, while the grass-cutters seize every occasion to pare it off, the relations between the two classes is that of chronic warfare. It would be unjust not to acknowledge the natural talent of eloquence possessed by this class of people, eminently by the females. Their vocabulary may be limited; but for emphasis of tone and energy of gesture they can bear comparison with the orator who

"Shook the Senate and fulmined all Greece."

As their discussions are usually carried on in the open air, they can never put in the plea, "Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking."

The cheapness of arrack in Ceylon does not improve the character of the horsekeeper class in Ceylon, and

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a drunken horsekeeper is a spectacle as common as that of a drunken Singhalese house servant is rare.

The immigrant labourers who work on the coffee estate (see group in the engraving of Sinnapittia coffee estate) are of the same race with the horsekeepers, but they rarely take spirits to excess; and the large majority of them succeed in the object for which they come to Ceylon,—that of saving rupees to enable them to return to their "country:" that country being amongst the rice lands of Tanjore, Trichinopoly, and Madura; the palmyra groves of Tinnevelly, or the cocoa-nut "topes" of Travancore, rich enough to clear away encumbrances on their patrimonial fields, to add to those fields, or to become for the first time landholders on their own account. Immigration carefully regulated as it is in the interests of the weaker and less intelligent class, is an equal blessing to sparsely peopled Ceylon and the overcrowded population of Southern India. Happily no plantation in Ceylon has ever been opened by means of slave labour (the mild prædial slavery which existed amongst the natives was finally abolished in 1844), and consequently the relations between the European planters and their Tamil labourers are generally of a happy character. The Tamils are not strong (many of the poor creatures come to Ceylon resembling locomotive skeletons) but they are docile and good tempered, and soon learn to perform very fairly all the details of estate work,—their small, lithe hands giving them eminent facilities for the important operations of pruning and handling the coffee bushes. Large numbers of these people are settling in Ceylon, acquiring competence as cart drivers, landowners, small traders, &c.

To return to the Singhalese. The dhoby, or washerman (there are no native washerwomen), is as invariably Singhalese (except in the purely Tamil districts of the north and east of the island), as the attendants on horses are Tamils. These dhobies wash clothes beautifully white, but they require careful looking after, or they will lend out articles of clothing, or exchange bad for good. They

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must be warned, also, not to "Europe" the clothing too much, or they will beat them on flat stones in waterpools until cotton clothing is better fitted for the use of the papermaker than that of the owner. "Fast colours" very often yield to the bleaching of these dhobies. The barber is a welcome daily visitor to young gentlemen, who, though they may not boast of much beard, delight in receiving, and by means of the barber retailing, such gossip as that "the Dutch have taken Holland," that "Smith is going to get married to Brown's wife," &c. The services of the waterman will be required in a large portion of Colombo to boat over and distribute the drinking water from the wells in "Captain's Garden" (a peninsula jutting out into the lake opposite the Pettah), until the projected works for bringing the waters of the Kalany into Colombo are in operation. The Queen's House Lascoreen, clad in scarlet jacket and plumed hat, is one of the half-dozen attendants provided for the Governor, to receive visitors, go messages, accompany the vice-regal carriage, &c. The lascoreen survives as a reminder of the abortive attempts made to convert the Singhalese into soldiers. A former Colonial Secretary said that you never could be certain that they would not fire the ramrod at you. Whatever they may have been in the time of the great Raja Singha, the Singhalese are not now distinguished for military instincts or aspirations. Of the Buddhist priest and the toddy-drawer we have already spoken, but we must not overlook the useful and industrious fisherman, remarkable for his broad-brimmed straw hat and thick military coat, contrasting so strangely with his nude lower limbs. He represents a class composed very largely of Roman Catholic Christians, Xavier and other early missionaries having found ready converts amongst the fisher caste all over India. In a MS. note attached by Mr. Vandort to *his* sketch of the fisherman, he writes:—"Being a devout Catholic, the fisherman dedicates a portion of his earnings to his patron saint, St. Anthony. He also gives up, according to old usage, an unlimited quantity of fish to the members of the barbers' community, who thus levy a tax on the fishermen for assisting them at weddings, funerals, &c.

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Like all sailors, the fisherman is very superstitious; a certain public Government functionary in the employ of the Fiscal of Colombo [the executioner] derives a handsome profit (whenever he has assisted in turning off any unfortunate gallows bird) in selling pieces of the cord used on such occasions, the lucky possessors of which attach them to their nets to ensure miraculous draughts of fishes." The liberality with which these people support the faith they profess, is calculated to put to shame more enlightened and richer Christians. Besides extraordinary contributions, the fishermen have almost universally agreed to bestow the tenth of the produce of their labours, which Government relinquished about a score of years ago, on the churches of their persuasion. Anderson thus describes the light canoe in which the fisherman plies his vocation:—

Yon fisherman now seeks the strand,
To launch his light canoe from land,
Whose simple structure seems to be
Adapted to a summer sea:
Scarce lighter in the limpid spring,
The passing swallow dips her wing,
Than o'er the gently-moving tide
His slender bark appears to glide,
The sleeping billows scarcely feel
The pressure of the flexile keel!

The cry of "Kaddela! kaddela! kaddelay!" which the Tamil pulse-selling woman sends forth is dear even to European children in Ceylon, who, however, listen with still greater delight to the cry of the sweetmeat-seller, "Sinee-sakeree-metai!"

We leave the connoisseur in female beauty to award the palm to the "three graces" who are grouped together as representatives of Tamil, Malay, and Caffre loveliness. Of the Malay "PASONG WOMAN" Mr. Vandort writes:—"Chiefly met with on Thursdays (the day before the Mahommedan sabbath), 'Pasong' is a sort of sweet pudding made with rice-flour and jaggery, with a frothy head of cocoa-nut milk, and rolled up in conical envelopes of plaintain leaf, very difficult to be procured on any except Thursdays. Malay women wear a dress similar to that worn by Moorish women, the only difference is that the wrapper or overall is worn much more open by the Malays, and the material

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is not muslin, but a thick checked Comboy or Sarong. The nose rings, necklaces, anklets, and the rest of the dress is the same as those worn by the Moorish women. Having already noticed the musical mechanic, we would simply say in regard to the "minstrel priest," so called, that Hindoo sacerdotal beggars are, by the laws of Ceylon, exempt from the penalties with which those laws visit other able-bodied vagrants; just as those professional (but well-to-do) mendicants, the Buddhist priests are put in the same category with the Governor, the military, and immigrant labourers as exempt from the six days' labour on the roads, or their money equivalent exacted from the adult males of all other classes in the colony.

The truth as well as the cleverness of the Law Court oddities will be recognised by those who know what law and litigation are in Ceylon. The whole population, men, women, and even children by their representatives, would seem to be engaged in endless law suits. The law of inheritance, as it exists amongst the natives, has a good deal to do with this. The people dearly prize land and fruit-bearing trees, and most of the litigation refers to such matters as the title to "undivided shares" of land and the right in an almost infinitessimally fractional part of a cocoa-nut tree. The following statement, by a party to a land case, will show what is the nature of the questions which bewildered English magistrates have to hear and decide:—

By inheritance through my father I am entitled to one-fourth of one-third of one-eighth; through my mother also to one-fourth of one-third of one-eighth. By purchase from one set of co-heirs I am entitled to one-ninety-sixth; from another set, to one-ninety-sixth more; from another set, to one-ninety-sixth more; and from a fourth set of co-heirs to one one-hundred-and-forty-fourth.

Caste and class distinctions are not now recognised by the laws of Ceylon. In the period of Dutch rule the case was very different, and even in the early years of the British Government, caste distinctions were not only upheld but enforced. One of those worthy Dutch magistrates whom the British continued in office after the capitulation, was in the habit of mixing up legislative and judicial functions after the fashion illustrated by the following decisions, in which Mynheer's English must not be too severely criticised:—

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Pantura, Magistrates' Court, 15th March, 1815.

Sentenced Dinetti Carolis Silva Cangan to pay a fine of Rds. 10, that he, being a Chalia, allowed a married fisherwoman to remain in his garden without the foreknowledge of her husband, nor of the police vidan of the village. And his son Dinetti Siman Silva do bail himself in Rds. 25, and two surities for Rds. 25, that he shall not go to the house of complainer's wife, neither talk with her.

Saturday, 25th Feb., 1815, appeared Paniloewege Nicholas, of Labugama, 28 years old, heaᵭen [heathen, F.]; and requested to marry with Punchy Hamy. Appeared Punchy Hamy, of Labugama, old 18 years, heaᵭen, and complains that she cannot remain at the Police Vidan, Ritiellege Don Juan; because he beats her she went out of his house to the above Paniloewege Nicholas, as she is acquainted with him from a long time; and requested to marry with him. Ritiellege Don Juan, Police Vidan, admitted that he had bated Poentjee Hamy. Ordered that Paniloewegey Nicholas, of Labugama, do marry according to their law, with Punchy Hamy of Labugama.

The laws of Ceylon are now administered after a different fashion.

The Roman Dutch Law is the common law of the land, and applicable in all cases not otherwise specially provided for by local enactments. It obtains in all cases of marriage, inheritance, succession, contracts, &c. The Law of England, however, is of force (by virtue of the ordinance No. 5 of 1852) in all maritime matters and in respect of bills of exchange, promissory notes, and cheques; and property can be willed away, but intestate estates are divided according to the principles of the Dutch law. Local ordinances are subject to the approval of the Sovereign, but may be brought into force at once. They cease to be operative, however, if not confirmed within three years. The Kandians are subject to their own laws, and when these are silent, the Roman Dutch law governs them. In 1859 their marriage laws were greatly altered, and Polyandry and Polygamy, formerly sanctioned, are now expressly prohibited. Europeans and European descendants are now also exempted from the operation of the Kandian law as respects inheritance, and made subject to the Dutch law, by which the widow gets a just moiety of her husband's estate (excepting when a different provision is made by antenuptial contract or by joint will), and the children the other moiety in equal shares. The Mahomedans have a code of their own in matters of marriage and inheritance. The Tamils of the north and east have their code also—the Thesawalamy. The Roman Dutch law obtains professedly in criminal matters; but Russell, Archbold,

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and Roscoe—not Matthæus and Damhouder—form the *vade mecum* of lawyers, as well judges as advocates. The English law of evidence prevails in all the courts; and a special ordinance provides that substantial justice shall not fail through want of adherence to legal technicalities.

The ordinary Courts are the Supreme Court (Chief Justice and two Puisne Judges), District Courts, Courts of Requests, and Police Courts. The last have jurisdiction in all minor cases not punishable with more than £5 fine, three months' imprisonment, and twenty lashes. Courts of Requests have jurisdiction in all civil suits where the matter in dispute—land or money—does not exceed £10 in value. District Courts have unlimited civil jurisdiction in civil, matrimonial, testamentary, and insolvent cases, and criminal jurisdiction in all cases not punishable with more than £20 fine, a year's imprisonment, and fifty lashes. The Supreme Court has only an appellate jurisdiction in civil cases and over the criminal decisions of the District and Police Courts, and an unlimited jurisdiction in criminal cases. The latter is exercised by a Judge and thirteen jurymen, the verdict of a majority prevailing. The Supreme Court and the District Courts of Colombo and Kandy are intended to be filled by professional men. All the other judicial offices are open to members of the Civil Service, or others appointed by the Governor or Secretary of State. There is no Grand Jury, its powers being exercised by the Queen's advocate, who has a seat in the Executive Council, and is a member of the Government. All local ordinances are prepared by him—he advises the Government in all legal matters, and has the charge of all Crown suits throughout the island, being assisted in his work by the Deputy Queen's Advocate for the island, and local Deputies for each circuit. An appeal lies of right to the Privy Council from all decisions of the Supreme Court in cases above £500—it may be allowed by grace in other cases. Besides the regular tribunals there are Justices of the Peace who act as magistrates, taking preliminary depositions in criminal cases, and commiting them for trial, and Coroners who

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conduct inquests. There are only two classes of lawyers in Ceylon, Advocates and Proctors, admitted on examination. English and Irish Barristers and Scotch Advocates are entitled to plead as Advocates. Notaries who draw deeds, but do not practise in the Courts, are numerous, being appointed by the Governor with reference to the wants of districts. Many Proctors hold warrants and act as Notaries.

In a population of two and one-third millions, there are about 150 lawyers (advocates and proctors), and more than 400 notaries, many of the latter indescribably clever at forging deeds, with all the signs of antiquity about them. The bar affords an attractive field for the educated burgher and native youth, and the profession would be over-crowded, but for the inveterate litigation mania of the people. The Honourable Mr. Morgan, the able Queen's Advocate of Ceylon, tells, with great glee, a story of a native client of his, whom he had not seen for some time, and who apologised for neglecting to visit him by saying, "Oh, Sir, I was ashamed to see your face, as I had no case to bring to you!" The figures, as freely limned by Mr. Vandort, tell their own tale. There is—

> "——— the Justice,
> In fair round belly with good capon lined,
> With eyes severe ———
> Full of wise saws and modern instances."

His dignified position (flanked by "sword" and "mace," with registrar, marshal, and crier in attendance), the envy and the hope of the contemplative student, who sits listening to the opposite counsel, as they quote Archbold's Reports, Taylor on Evidence, the principles of the Roman Dutch Code, as laid down by Voet (pronounced Foot), or Van Leuwen, or the Mysteries of Kandian and "Country" Laws. The absorbed native jurymen (who keenly appreciate the deference with which they are appealed to as "gentlemen," and who, on the whole, give fair verdicts), remind one of the question to which Thurlow's personal appearance gave rise, "I wonder if ever human being was as wise as Thurlow looks;" while the terrified expression with which the bewildered witness regards the

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stately interpreter (who never—no never—receives visitors and gifts, and never settles cases at his private residence), is a striking contrast to the impudent air of the well-conditioned criminal, with whom prison fare and gentle exercise have evidently agreed. If the prisoner's garments are somewhat scanty, the same cannot be said of the dark policeman, tortured and made hideous by the incongruous uniform, introduced by a former superintendent, who brought with him to the island implicit faith in the effect even of the dress of the Irish constabulary. While we are writing, Mr. Campbell, the present superintendent, is superseding this stiff and inappropriate dress by one better suited for Asiatics and a tropical climate. The relations of a proctor in full practice to a client destitute of a full purse are significantly indicated in the figures of the two characters; while all the penalties of the law of libel staring us in the face, prevent our even hinting at the possibility of an argentine argument having influenced the *non est inventus* of the fiscal's peon or messenger. It is a curious fact, however, that some of the best known men of the community are, by some mysterious process, "not to be found," when sought for, at the instance of disconsolate creditors, although they placidly dwell in their usual abodes and pursue their ordinary avocations visible enough to the eyes of their neighbours. But the crier, in stentorian tones, adjourns the Court in the name of "My Lord, the Queen's Justice!" and we shut up—our book.

But we must not so conclude a work in which we wish the readers to find useful information as well as amusement. In the thirty years of our residence we have seen many changes in Ceylon and its inhabitants. Mr. Hardy, reviewing a period more extended by a score of years, thus indicates the difference between the Ceylon of the early years of the nineteenth century, and the same country after Protestant missionaries had been at work in it for fifty years, and British planters for more than thirty:—

Were some Singhalese appohámy to arise, who had gone down to the grave fifty years ago, and from that time remained unconscious, he would not know his own land or people, and when told where he was,

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he would scarcely believe his eyes, and would have some difficulty with his ears; for though there would be the old language, even that would be mixed with many words that to him would be utterly unintelligible. Looking at his own countrymen, he would say that in his time both the head and the feet were uncovered, but that now they cover both; or perhaps he would think that the youths whom he saw with stockings, and shoes, and cap, were of some other nation. What he would say to his countrywomen, with their awkward crinoline, we must leave to conjecture. He would be shocked at the heedlessness with which appós and naidés, and everybody else, roll along in their bullock bandies, passing even the carriage of the white man whenever they are able, by dint of tail-pulling or hard blows; and when he saw the horse-keepers riding by the side of their masters and sitting on the same seat, there would be some expression of strong indignation. He would listen in vain for the ho-he-voh! of the palanquin bearers, and their loud shouts; and would look in vain for the tonjohns and doolies, and for the old lascoreens, with their talipots and formal dress. He would be surprised at seeing so many women walking in the road, laughing and talking together like men, but with no burdens on their heads, and nothing in their hands, and their clothes not clean enough for them to be going to the temple. He would, perhaps, complain of the hard roads, as we have heard a native gentleman from Calpentyn, and say that the soft sand was much better. He would wonder where all the tiles come from to cover so many houses, and would think that the high-caste families must have multiplied amazingly for them to require so many stately mansions; and the porticos, and the round white pillars, and the trees growing in the compound bearing nothing but long thin thorns, or with pale yellow leaves instead of green ones, would be objects of great attraction. He would fancy that the Moormen must have increased at a great rate, as he would take the tall chimnies of the coffee stores to be the minarets of mosques, until he saw the smoke proceeding from them, and then he would be puzzled to know what they could be. In the bazaar he would stare at the policemen, and the potatoes, and the loaves of bread, and a hundred things that no bazaar ever saw in his day, and would wonder what they all meant. And the talk about planters, and barbecues, and cooly immigration, and the overland, and penny postage, and bishops, and agents of government, and the legislative council, and banks, and newspapers, and mail coaches, would confuse him by the strangeness of the terms. He would listen incredulously when told that there is no rájakáriya, or forced labour, and no fish tax; and that there are no slaves, and that you can cut down a cinnamon tree in your own garden without having to pay a heavy fine. Remembering that when Governor North made the tour of the island, he was accompanied by 160 palanquin bearers, 400 coolies, 2 elephants, and 50 lascoreens, and that at Matura burning incense was carried before him in silver vessels; and knowing that when the adigar Ælhælapola visited Colombo he had with him a retinue of a thousand retainers, and several elephants, he would think it impossible that the governor could go on a tour of inspection, or a judge on circuit, without white olas lining the road side, and triumphal arches, and javelin men, and tomtoms, and a vast array of attendants. Of course he would know nothing about steamboats, or railways, or telegrams, or photographs, as these would be wonders anywhere, in the same circumstances. He would ask, perhaps, what king now reigns in Kandy, and whether he had mutilated any more of the subjects of Britain; and whether there was any recent news about Napoleon Buonaparte; and whether old king George had recovered his sight or his reason?

From these supposed surprises we may learn something in relation to the changes that have taken place in the island since the commencement of the mission; but we cannot tell a tithe of the whole.

After quoting the details of material, intellectual, and spiritual progress during the fifty years' existence of

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the mission of which he was so distinguished a member, Mr. Hardy thus winds up:—

Nearly all the social and political privileges that Englishmen possess at home, the Ceylonese enjoy in this island. In Britain, lives without number have been sacrificed, on the scaffold and elsewhere, by its patriots; tortures of the most appalling character have been endured; and battles many have been fought; to secure to its people the freedom they now enjoy; and yet nearly every advantage connected with the birthright of the Briton, thus dearly purchased, is now possessed by the natives of this and other colonies, though neither they nor their forefathers ever paid for them a fraction of their property, or endured for them a single privation, or lost one life. The nations who can live on the produce of the cocoa-nut tree, and need no more clothing than a rag, to wrap round their loins, for decency rather than dress, would remain slaves as long as the race lasts, all classes exposed to the tyranny of every grade above them, without an effort to better their state, if men who have breathed the rime and braved the snow-storm did not break their fetters, and teach them to be free. In all that regards character and comfort, in all things that raise man in the scale of being, in all that takes the rubble from within him and puts soul-ore in its place; the people of Ceylon are favoured with greater helps than have previously been known to any rice-eating nation in the world.

We close with the expression of our confident hope that ultimately the inhabitants of Ceylon will prove that the blessings of pure Christianity and matured civilization have not been brought to them in vain; but that the island will yet be in truth what it has been styled in the narratives of tradition and the language of poetry:

"The Eden of the East."

A land not only of natural beauty but of spiritual purity, manliness and love.

[We add, from a previous publication of our own, a "Summary of Information regarding Ceylon," a few extracts embracing some useful notes and facts not specially adverted to in the foregoing text.]

CEYLON.

[Part, as many believe, of the region known to the Hebrews as Ophir and Tarshish;] Taprobane of the Greeks and Romans; (from Taporowan, *Sanscrit*, and Tambapan, *Pali;*) Serendib of the Arab voyagers (from Seilan-diva, whence also Ceylon); Lanka of the Continental Hindus and of the Singhalese; Elangey of the Tamils; Lankapoora of the Malays; Tewalanka of the Siamese; Seho or Teho of the Burmese; Seilan of the Portuguese, &c. Pearliform Island ("Pearl-drop on the brow of India,") bounded by Indian Ocean, Bay of Bengal, and Gulf of Manaar; greatest length and breadth 270 by 140 miles; circumference 760 miles. Lat.: 5° 53′ to 9° 51″ N., Long.: 79° 41′ 40″ to 81° 54′ 50″ E. Sun rises 5½ hours before he shines on Britain. Light from 6 to 6 nearly all the year round; about half an hour longer in June than in December.

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DISTANCES.—(Approximate,) from nearest point of Southern India, *vid* "Adam's Bridge" and Rammisseram, 60 miles; from Madras 250; Calcutta 1,000; Bombay 900; Cape 5,000. England by Cape 15,000, —by Egypt 6,000. From Mauritius, *vid* Aden, 4,500; direct about 2,500; Singapore 1,600; Hong Kong 3,000; Melbourne 5,000.

HISTORICAL NOTES.—From conquest by Wijayo, Prince from Northern India, about B.C. 543, to deposition of Wickrama Raja Singha, last King of Kandy in 1815, Singhalese annals reckon one hundred and sixty Sovereigns. Portuguese first visited Ceylon 1505; erected Fort at Colombo 1518. Dutch first visited Ceylon 1602, landed forces in 1640, and ousted the Portuguese in 1658. So that Portuguese occupation lasted 140 years. Dating from their landing in 1640, to the capitulation of Colombo in 1796, the Dutch occupation lasted 156 years; or 138, if the 18 years of warfare with the Portuguese are excluded. Acquired by England:—Maritime Provinces, 1796. [Separated from Madras Presidency and made British Colony, 1798.] Kandian Kingdom, 1815. Torture, Compulsory Labour, and Slavery successively abolished: 1803, 1834, and 1844. Trial by Jury introduced, 1811. Kandian polyandry and polygamy prohibited, 1856.

POLITICAL DIVISIONS.—Six Provinces, viz.: Western, 3,820 miles; 974,000 pop.; 256 to square mile. N. Western 3,362;—194,000; —58 nearly. Southern 2,417;—318,000;—148. Eastern 4,758;—90,000;—19 nearly. Northern 5,427;—422,000;—78 nearly. Central 5,191;—341,000;—66 nearly. Subdivided into korles or counties, and minor divisions such as pattoos, &c. [There are also Judicial Divisions and Circuits, liable to change, the enumeration of which would convey little definite information.]

EDUCATION.—Through the Agency of a Government School Commission and the various Missionary Societies, 20,000 children or 1 in 117 of the population are receiving instruction in English and vernaculars. Private schools are poor and ill supported. A knowledge of vernacular reading and writing, generally very imperfect, is communicated in the Buddhist Temples and Native Schools. A large proportion of the population can sign their names who can do little more. Education in Missionary Schools is, of course, strictly Christian. In Government Schools, the rule is that the Bible shall be read for the first hour. Attendance during that hour not compulsory, but pupils seldom or never absent themselves. Cost of Government Educational Department (educating about 6,000 pupils) about £14,000 per annum, of which £2,200 is returned in the shape of fees, sales of books, &c.

[A scheme for enlarging and improving the educational department is about to be brought into operation.]

CURRENCY.—English, Indian, and Australian coins, with some English and old Dutch copper coins; and Paper money averaging nearly £30,000 issued by two Chartered Banks. Three Banks operating in the Colony, besides Government Savings Bank and Loan Board. Money in Ceylon nearly twice as dear as in England.

WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.—British Standard, to which local Candies, Leagers, &c., are reduced.

CUSTOMS, DUTIES.—Port Dues, Pilotage, &c., moderate, the leading principle being 5 per cent. on the value of Imports (the 2½ Export Duty being levied only for a special purpose,—that of paying off the railway debt), with the most moderate possible charges on tonnage.

POSTAGE.—Ceylon enjoys the boon of "Penny Postage" for letters, with *halfpenny* postage for Newspapers; Book-postage high in proportion.

TELEGRAPH RATES.—The minimum is 2s. for a message of twenty words. The lowest charge for a message to England exceeds £5.

WRITERS ON CEYLON, AND AUTHORITIES TO BE CONSULTED FOR MORE DETAILED INFORMATION.—De Barros, De Couto, Rebeiro (Lee's Translation, with valuable Appendices), Valentine, Baldœus Knox (edited by Philalethes), Percival, Cordiner, Lord Valentia, Bertolacci, Marshall, Davy, Forbes, Bennett, Knighton, Pridham, Emerson Tennett. Casie Chitty's Gazetteer, Parliamentary Papers; Ceylon Blue Books, Sir H. Ward's collected Minutes and Speeches, Ceylon Almanack's, Directories, &c. For *Natural History*:—Moon, Gardner,

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Thwaites, Kelaart, Hooker and Thomson, Templeton, Nietner, E. A. Layard, W. Ferguson, Boake, Steuart (monograph on pearl-oyster, &c. On *Oriental and Buddhistical Literature*:—Turnour, Casie Chitty, Gogerly, Hardy, Roberts ("Oriental Illustrations of the Scriptures"), Alwis, Fox, Callaway, Tolfrey, Upham; with transactions of Asiatic Societies of Britain, Bengal, Bombay, and Ceylon. On *Elephant and Elk Shooting*:—Baker. For *Laws and Principles of Justice*, see Collected Volumes of Proclamations, Ordinances, &c., with Index, and reports of cases by Marshall, Murray, Lorensz, Morgan, Beling and Vanderstraaten, Bevan and Mills, &c. On *Kandian Law*:—Sawers, Armour, &c. On *Tamil* and *Mahomedan Law*:—Muttukistna. On *Coffee Planting*:—R. E. Lewis; Aliquis (description of Coffee Planting in Rhyme, by the late Capt. Jolly.) Pamphlets by Dr. Elliott, Wall, P. Moir, &c., with Mr. W. Sabonadiere's very complete work, "The Coffee Planter of Ceylon. *Poetry*:—Capt. Anderson's Ceylon and other Poems; with fugitive pieces by Mr. Grenville, Sir Hardinge Gifford, Sir Wm. Rough, &c. On *Missionary Operations*:—Harvard, Selkirk, Emerson Tennent's Christianity in Ceylon; Hardy's Jubilee Memorials of Wesleyan Mission; Memoir of Mrs. Winslow, and other American Works, with reports of Baptist, American, Wesleyan, Church, and Romish Missions. On *Singhalese Language*:—Clough, Lambrick, Chater, Carter, Jones, Nicholson, &c. On *Tamil Language*:—Winslow, Percival, Pope, Rhenius, &c.

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APPENDIX.

THE CEYLON RAILWAY.

A TRIP FROM COLOMBO TO PERADENIA AND BACK, AND THE "LOOK-OUT" FROM THE LINE.

(From a Joint Description in the "Ceylon Observer," by A. M. Ferguson and John Ferguson.)

FRIDAY, April 5th, 1867, will be long remembered, not only as a red-letter day in the Annals of Ceylon, but as a bright spot in the existence of each of the large party who then made the trip by rail from Colombo to Peradenia and back. Although the opening of the Colombo and Kandy Railway has yet to be inaugurated, and although great care was taken by the contractor that nothing in the proceedings connected with the trip, *improvised* for his friends, should be construed into a forestalment of the festive occasion to come—yet to the public of Ceylon, and particularly to the many representatives of its varied classes and interests, who travelled up and down the line, the trip of Friday over the Incline and to the very verge of our Central Capital, indicates the complete and successful accomplishment of the great work so long meditated, opposed, disbelieved in, and finally engaged in by one who, we always felt sure, would thoroughly finish what he had heartily begun. The work constitutes one more triumph of mind over matter, is another monument of the wonderful skill and indomitable energy and perseverance of the present generation of British Railway Engineers and Contractors,—it forms the great achievement with which the name of Molesworth will henceforth be honourably connected—and it adds another gem to the mural coronet of the contractor, Mr. Faviell, who previously constructed the first section of Railway opened in Continental India;*—while it is a work with which all who have taken any part in it may be proud to have their names associated. The day on which the first run is made over the Incline of the Ceylon Railway, by an individual, is one long to be

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Contractor Ceylon Railway.

GUILFORD L. MOLESWORTH, Esq.
Chief Government Engineer, Ceylon Railway.

remembered in his experience; and it is then only that the labour of the men connected with the work can be fully understood.

* The section from Bombay to Tanna opened on 16th Nov., 1853.

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It is nearly a quarter of a century since the idea of a railway was started in Ceylon; twenty-one years since Mr. Drane made the survey which has been the basis to a considerable extent of all that followed; nine years since, in August, 1858, Sir Henry Ward cut the first sod of the line, under the Company's régime; six years since, in view of Mr. Molesworth's careful and successful survey of the Deckande route up the side of Allagalla, and the deviation on the northern side of the Maha Oya, Government determined to call for contracts for the completion of the work; and four years since, in March, 1863, Mr. Faviell and the first portion of his staff arrived to carry out by contract this improved line, as finally decided on.*

On March 5th, 1863, Mr. Faviell and the first portion of his staff arrived at Galle by the *Nubia*—on the 23rd, Mr. Molesworth [returning to Ceylon] and the Government engineering staff arrived by the *Orissa*. Writing to the editor of the *Observer* from Guildford, Surrey, on the 25th January previous, the contractor mentions that he was to "start for Ceylon by the mail of 4th February, with about twenty engineers, agents, and superintendents for the immediate commencement of active operations. * * * You can make known the fact that, at last, the Ceylon Railway will be commenced in good earnest"—and well has the promise been fulfilled, and the energetic prosecution of the work continued, as our experience, and the experience of every man in the colony, who has watched Mr. Faviell's proceedings during the last four years can testify.

* It is a curious coincidence that the headings in the great Moragalla Tunnel met on March 22nd, 1866, the first train with materials attaining the top of the Incline on the corresponding date in 1867. Plate-laying was commenced at the foot of the Incline on 1st January, 1867, and the rails were closed in on 21st March following. [We may now add that the first engine reached Kandy on 26th April, and that the line was finally opened for traffic in August, 1867.]

We now proceed to give some account of

FRIDAY'S TRIP,

Which was in every respect a perfect success, not the slightest *contretemps* having occurred to mar the enjoyment of a day most delightful to Mr. Faviell's guests; most gratifying, we feel certain, to himself, and most important in its issues to Ceylon.

The names of the gentlemen who assembled on Friday morning at the station by Mr. Faviell's invitation, will be found in the list which we give of those present at the tiffin at Peradenia. They formed a numerous and merry company, intent on, and prepared for, a day o pleasure, with here and there a grave countenance meditating the dangers by the way. Cordial were the greetings and congratulations extended to the contractor on making his appearance, as well as to Mr. Molesworth and the different engineers and agents. A train of three light third-class carriages (provided specially with a view to the out-look afforded through their open sides), break-van, engine and tender, was in readiness to convey the party. The carriages were provided with cushions and other comforts for the occasion; the engine was gaily decorated with flags, evergreens, and flowers, contrasting very prettily with the green, red, and black sides of the smoking monster, which, under the energetic management of Engine-driver Fisher, was being got ready for the start. The train had been placed by the contractor under the supervision of his agent, Mr. J. A. Kendrew, who, along with the Locomotive Engineer, Mr. Strong, accompanied the engine.

Colombo Station is familiar to all, and there is neither space nor time for reflection on the marvellous change effected within the four years around the quiet waters of the Marandahn inlet of the lake, between the tree-embowered Hindoo temple on the one side, Trinity Church on the other, and the imposing Moorish Mosque with its scattered grounds to the eastward, through which the line was at one

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time proposed to be run. The traveller arriving from Kandy has here one of the prettiest views obtained in or around Colombo. The lake, the fort nearly embowered in foliage, the glimpses of the Pettah Cathedral and Racket Court, viewed especially in the moderated light of the setting sun, form a most charming *coup d'œil*.

Of the terminus buildings at Colombo, Messrs. Slinn have taken a series of large size views of first-rate character, especially of the handsome exterior and the light and airy interior of the passenger station, the material and architecture of which are so well suited to the country and climate. Without being imposing, the twin booking offices which constitute the front are really striking, and the great traceried verandahs which extend backwards from them, affording perfect shelter to the passenger platforms and the lines by which trains enter and depart, show how much beauty can be combined with utility in structures composed of iron and wood. Even the great square two-storied building on the top of the adjacent cabook (laterite) mound is redeemed in the picture by being brought into focus with the station buildings. As a picture, however, the palm must be given to the view from the hill above [see engraving], in which the lake, the little islet opposite the Government factory, the Pettah, and the Fort of Colombo form the really beautiful background; a massive group of palms to the left of the foreground fulfilling the exigency of all truly oriental scenes. By way of violent contrast, we suppose, and to commemorate the primitive modes of conveyance which the railway was framed to supersede, a bullock bandy and a cooly, with a load on his head, are prominent in the foreground of this picture.—A very striking view, too, is that in which an engine and train are photographed in the foreground, with contrasted masses of cocoa-nut and other foliage rising over and beyond these triumphs of man's art.

To the Kalany River.—But we must move on with the train under the neat Marendahn bridge [see engraving of first engine passing under it], in the erection of which the contractor first learned to his surprise that the Ceylon "tambies," or moormen, are as good masons as can be found in the East. Running along we pass by the spot, in a portion of the cinnamon gardens, where the great banquet of August, 1858, in commemoration of cutting the first sod of the railway, took place; a day surrounded by the brightest hopes, doomed, alas, never to be realised in the experience of the chief men present:—Sir Henry Ward, Sir Carpenter Rowe, Sir Charles Macarthy, whose speeches on the occasion were of such a stamp as we are seldom favoured with in the Colonies. Passing out from Colombo behind the range of the mills and manufactories extending round towards Mutwall, we can get an idea of the direction in which Capt. Moorsom proposed to run his line, crossing the Kalany below the bridge of boats, and passing back through Matakooly and Mutwall to its terminus near St. Thomas's Church. Mr. Doyne's line as here adopted, there can be no doubt, is far more convenient, Marendahn being on the lake round which the coffee stores cluster, and affording ample room for station buildings. The new road leading from the station round to Mutwall is also seen. Iron screw pile bridges crossing several of the Cotta canals along the line here are scarcely noticed now, but we well remember the worry they and several embankments in these almost bottomless paddy-fields gave the contractor in 1863. Thousands of cubic feet of earth were thrown in time after time, but a night was sufficient to dispel all trace of their existence; brushwood, we believe, was added at last to the earth, and had some effect in settling it. Further on we pass over the new Ooroogoddewatte Road, from Grandpass to the Hewagam Corle (which serves the double purpose of avoiding the flood on the Hangwella Road, and opening up one of the most fertile parts of the country round Colombo), and the Hangwella and Ratnapoora Road, just before we get on

The Kalany Bridge, a most substantial, but, as the engineers

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say, a very ugly iron structure, of a total length of 800 feet, viz.,—8 spans of 62½ feet each, on screw piles, and 12 of 25 feet each on brick piers, and which is 20 feet above the ordinary level of the Kalany, next to the Mahavelleganga the largest river in Ceylon. The cost was about £16,000, The glory of Sir Edward Barnes's famous Bridge of Boats [see engraving], which has done such good service in its day, has almost departed, although it will have an increasing local traffic rolled over it.

KALANY STATION, 3 miles on our way, is convenient for pilgrims to the Buddhist Temple close by, and will no doubt be largely resorted to at festival times; while it is always extensively used by the surrounding villagers and the inhabitants of Grand Pass.

THE KANDY ROAD is crossed farther on by its great successor, the latter viewed with no friendly eye by the monopolising cartmen. Some heavy cuttings are encountered, and we pass on to

GONGETOTTE (7 miles from Colombo) where we come to the scene of the dreadful accident (the first, and may it be the last, on the Ceylon Railway) on 14th January, 1865, when, from the carelessness of a native clerk (who has never been heard of since), a trolly was left on the line, leading to a collision and the death of one European employé and thirty-six native labourers. Here are several sharp curves and heavy embankments; but the road is in capital order; indeed, up to Ambepusse we hear it is now equal to the condition of the easiest English lines. We next reach

MAHARA STATION (9 miles from Colombo, 10 feet above the sea, or 3 feet lower than the Marendahn Station, which is 13). Minor roads are springing up around here, converging on the railway line. Lengthened vistas of paddy-fields may be seen all along, in some places reminding us of English park scenery; the growing paddy especially, surrounded by the orchard-like trees.

HENERATGODDE STATION (16½ miles, 33 feet above sea level) comes next, and in the neighbourhood are several nice bungalows, some of them suburban retreats of members of the Ceylon bar, where they retire to rest their jaded brains during the Supreme Court recess. Some more of these villas are still farther on at Veangodde, and, doubtless, this quarter will become a favourite resort, by-and-by, of Colomboites who cannot get away to the hills.

The first stoppage on Friday, however, was at 9.3 a.m., at VEANGODDE (22¼ miles), where we were still only 59 feet above the sea-wave which washes Colombo; while the Kandy Road (at 25 miles) had attained an altitude of 104 feet. The road from Negombo, by which large supplies of fish, cocoa-nuts, plantains, &c., may be expected to arrive for despatch to the hill country, joins in here. The country around is pleasingly diversified by hillocks surmounted by cocoa-nut palms, some nice bungalows, including a new structure belonging to the Queen's advocate, and one belonging to Bandarnaike Modliar, with the retired houses of the natives, each under its group of trees, so different from the custom in India (Western India, at least), where the natives always choose open ground for their dwellings.

In this neighbourhood, at 28½ miles, is a spring, said by the natives to be connected with the sea at Negombo.

MEEREGAMME TUNNEL, No. 1 on the line, about 32 miles from Colombo, claims attention next. Its length is 137 yards, and here we first approach the gneiss rock in mass; but before entering it, we pass through a cutting in which is seen the disintegrated gneiss, cabook (laterite), passing into kaolin, kiremitti, or pipe-clay. Low ranges of hills, the advanced guards of the "Mountain Zone," are now first seen as we run up to

AMBEPUSSE (34½ miles, 180 feet above the sea), behind which the mountain of Engodde rises to a height of 1,006 feet. Quite a village of stores and houses has sprung up around the station. We lose sight of the Ambegamoa and Adam's Peak range in turning toward the

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MAHA OYA RIVER, 1¼ mile off, before reaching which we pass through a rock cutting, at first intended for a tunnel. The river had scarcely any water, looking a most insignificant streamlet, although its wide bed indicated a different character during the wet season, when it rises 22 feet above summer level. The bridge over this river, one of the most trying works on the line, consisting of 5 spans of 60 feet, and 2 of 20 feet each, is 352½ feet long altogether, about 25 feet above water, and cost £10,000. The girders are supported on stone piers, the construction of which involved formidable difficulties and considerable danger, the deadliness of the climate adding to the risks run by Europeans and natives. This golden Maha Oya (old Australian diggers on the line feel certain of gold existing in considerable quantity at several points along this river's banks, particularly at the junction with the Rambukan, beyond Polgahawella), flowing through the richest soil in Ceylon, and overtopped by the finest vegetation, proved truly a "valley of death" to labourers, overseers, agents, and engineers from this point to the foot of the incline. The dire story is not likely to be told in its dreadful details, but all honour to the men who have faced the difficulties successfully. The names of Hime, McBean, and Foot (Government staff), Reynolds, Maxfield, and Forrest (contractor's agents), have to be mentioned in conjunction with this point; but their superiors came in for their own share of suffering, and here the Contractor, we believe, got his first attack of fever, after fifteen years' exposure in the East. In crossing the Maha Oya, we leave Mr. Doyne's trace, which runs parallel on the opposite side of the river until we approach Polgahawella, when Doyne's diverges away with the Maha Oya, and on to Gordon's bridge, whence it was to climb the hills by three lifts; while Captain Moorsom's line ran still farther south into the Gampola range, and turned back by a reversing station through Kaduganava. Happily these routes have been avoided by Mr. Molesworth's fortunate survey of the adopted route on the north side of the Maha Oya. The road to Kornegalle, the river, and the railway run parallel through the richest possible vegetation (on this occasion alive with myriads of small white butterflies) for several miles after leaving Allowe, until at length we detour and reach (at 9.50 a.m.),

POLGAHAWELLA (the Cocoa-nut tree plain)—54½ miles, 241 feet, while near Kaigalle at the 45th mile the Kandy road is 513 feet above the sea—where the mountain barrier is plainly visible with Allagalla's summit in the distance, but the Gap at which an entrance is to be effected is still hid from ken. Allagalla's gloomy beetling brow attracted the attention of the passengers, towering as it did 3,000 feet higher, and a grave look came over the company as we remembered we had to pass along its side. This is the point where the coffee of Kornegalle and Matalle West will pour in, and also that from Dolosbagie and Kaigalle, about twelve miles off by a minor road, according to the Government programme, although the planters want a road to the foot of the incline.

Hence also it has been proposed to start a prolongation of the railway to Kornegalle—for a description of which see the account of the elephant kraal—which in the far future may, possibly, be extended to Trincomalie.

At the 49th mile we are opposite to Marokwatura, the "Englishman's Grave," so called from the number of superintendents who fell victims on an estate here. We pass through Yattegamme district, with its rich soil but deadly climate, to the junction at right angles of the Rambukan and Maha Oya, crossing the former by an iron girder bridge on stone piers.

A little beyond Yattegamme, on the right hand side of the line, is a truly magnificent bo-tree (ficus religiosa), one of the grandest specimens, we should say, in Ceylon. It doubtless marks the site of a very ancient Buddhist temple, founded, perhaps, at a period when the climate on the banks of the Maha Oya permitted the protracted and healthy residence of human beings. This ancient giant of the

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forest has a trunk 75 feet in circumference, while the overshadowing branches cover an immense area of minor forest. Messrs. Slinn's large-sized photograph of this glorious tree is a great success, and will be highly prized by botanists as well as all interested in the railway. The bursts of light through the dense foliage have a striking effect; and the human figures, stalwart Europeans and lithe Natives, are so placed as fully to exhibit the vast proportions of the tree. The close contiguity of a section of the railway—the great agent of modern progress—to this emblem of the most widely prevalent faith of the human race, a faith which, with its "Nirwana" of torpid bliss, the railway, the work of those who find their bliss in useful activity, is sure to destroy, is calculated to awaken deeply interesting reflections. Amongst the guests at Peradenia was Bottawantodawe, the ablest and most active advocate of Buddhism versus Christianity. We told him what we anticipated as the effect of railways on the faith he championed. He was too polite an Oriental to contradict us, but he had a characteristic theory of his own. Out of regard, he said, to the feelings of the lower animals, Buddho forbade his priests to ride in carriages drawn by horses or cattle. The "ascetics" have drolly interpreted this limited prohibition as sanctioning the use of human beings as beasts of burden, and so Buddhist priests may often be seen in carriages pulled by men. But Bottawantodawe's opinion is that Buddho was so far-seeing as to anticipate the era of railways, and now his yellow-robed followers can all sit in carriages, drawn not by sentient beings, but by the agency of steam!

On to the foot of the incline we dash, which is reached between the 52nd and 53rd mile; but before this we come to Allagalla, now called Rambukan Station (52 miles, 313 feet above the sea; on the Kandy road, at the 53rd mile, the height is 397 feet above sea-level), where traffic will be sure to abound if a proper road is made to Kaigalle.

Shortly after Rambukan station is passed (about 10.33 a.m.), the cry is raised, "The Incline!" "Not yet," a calm, steady voice replies, and again, "Now we are on the Incline!" There is a hush, and the greater pull on the engine is clearly indicated by the heavier panting, and the seemingly closer hold of the rails, as we are drawn steadily and slowly up towards the mountains. We begin to climb the great incline of 1 in 45 (an average gradient only excelled on the Giovi Incline, where it is 1 in 36—the average on the Bhore Ghaut and Semmering lines being 1 in 48 and 1 in 47, although there are parts as steep as 1 in 37 on the former). The sensation is delightfully exhilarating of running up the hill sides after the long journey of 50 miles almost on the level. The country begins to open out to the left, for the road here clings to that side of a detached ridge at the foot of Allagalla mountain. The Kornegalle hills are in the distance, with fine glimpses of Kandian homesteads and paddy fields below. At 53½ miles we pass over a big bank of 50,000 cubic yards of earth, and almost grazing an enormous gneiss boulder (probably not under 100,000 cubic yards of stone), we enter No. 1 tunnel on the incline, 100 yards long, almost all lined.

Heavy embankments—No. 2 tunnel (40 yards)—rock cuttings 40 feet deep; No. 3 tunnel, 137 yards (same size as Meeregamme tunnel) follow, and we reach Kadigomowa, the head-quarters of Mr. Stewart, the contractor's agent (almost the only one left of the original staff), and of Mr. Gallott, Government Engineer, who also has been connected with the work from the beginning. Here (whence a cart road runs up the Dekande Valley to Gordon's Bridge, and a path crosses the hills on the northward to Kornegalle), we are beyond the 55th mile*, and we cross from the left to the right side of the hills by a bank containing 40,000 cubic yards of earth. We are now in close proximity to coffee, on a young estate named Illookgalla, the property of Mr. H. S. Saunders, in which the prominency of rock boulders will amaze the newcomer and uninitiated, being immediately above the line. This is a spot where one would like to stroll about for some

* At the 55th mile there is a piece of horizontal road for 20 yards.

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time; the adjoining forest hides many magnificent talipot palms, and the vegetation is very rich. The line is here about 700 feet above the sea-level (exactly the height of the Kandy road at the 55th mile from Colombo), and the Allagalla range, along which we have to run, rises frowning before us. There was very little chattering throughout our carriages now; eager expectation marked every countenance as we passed through cuttings and tunnels, and along embankment after embankment, gradually but steadily rising, and already sniffing the pure breeze off the hills. A tunnel and other heavy works were avoided beyond this by keeping the roadway farther back towards the mountain, and passing through heavy cuttings instead—one of them (the largest on the line) "Deviation cutting," involving the removal of 36,000 yards of rock sand, and giving considerable trouble. Out of this, we emerged to catch the first glimpse of the amphitheatrical Deckande Valley, which at an airy height we had to skirt, until the bold face of "Sensation Rock" (seen in the front distance) was passed. A low murmur marked the surprise of the company at the first great view of the Hill country extending along to the Kaduganava, Gampola, Dolosbagie, and Kaigalle ranges, with all the quiet lovely green valleys, rugged ravines, and bubbling streams between. The route and the view were relatively new to most of those present, for the outlook on the old coach road bears not the slightest comparison to that from the railway line.

Whilst the railway is on the right-hand ridge of hills at Kodigamoa, and before crossing on to the tail of Allagalla, there is a lovely view to the northwards of mingled rice fields and forests, shut in by a back-ground of the Handrokande hills, which look down on Kornegalle. While spending a couple of pleasant days here, the Editor of the *Observer* so frequently gazed upon, and so warmly expressed his admiration of, the scene, that Mr. Allan Stewart named it, "Ferguson's View" [see engraving], a name which, at the risk of any possible imputation of egotism, we have no hesitation in saying we hope it will retain. There are grander scenes, but no more beautiful view on the incline. Messrs. Slinn and Co. have very successfully reproduced it, the effect of the range of detached hills shown in dim outline beyond the rich rice valleys and the glorious vegetation (amidst which, on one of the closing days of 1866, we counted a full dozen of talipot trees in blossom) being exceedingly fine. Messrs. Slinn's views of the tunnels on this the lower section of the incline, taken from above and below, are very faithful and very effective No. 1, showing the face of the scarped rock above, and the handsome masonry lining of the entrance, with the engine just curving in, forms a very pretty picture. The huge boulder which is passed under immediately before reaching this tunnel in ascending is also seen in this view. No. 2, in its ruggedness, is still more striking, a magnifying glass bringing out the features of the rock in wonderful minuteness, while what seems to be a mass of rock projecting into the tunnel turns out to be the reflection of light from the opposite end. No. 3, with the railway curving in the foreground, and losing itself in what is really a formidable mass of densely wooded hill, is a capital picture.

Before entering MEEANGALLA division, from the 56th to the 59¾th mile, on which Mr. Smith is the contractor's agent, we pass the spot where the railway pioneers found a rock temple, and, buried under its stone floor, some 50 small gold coins, preserved as curiosities by the contractor, we believe. Beyond the 57th mile we come on No. 5 Tunnel (the second largest on the line), 242 lineal yards, which goes in with a 10-chain curve; a short length of straight line in the centre, and goes out on the Kandy side with a 12-chain curve; but before entering it, we pass over an embankment of over 26,000 cubic yards, formed largely of the rock blasted out of the tunnel. A curious perforated rock is next dashed through before we reach the agent's head-quarters, where the line is now over 1,000 feet above sea-level, at about the 58th mile. All along this drive, under the shadow of the Allagalla range, we still have the grand effect of rising gradually one foot in every 45, with new aspects of the most exquisite hill scenery

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in the world opening out at every curve and every ravine. In the far distance opposite, the Dolosbagie peaks blend in harmonious blue with the sky above. Prominent in the landscape from its strange, quadrangular shape, as if formed by nature for a fortress, is (what by some has been confounded with Fort King), "the Bible Rock" of the English, the Battegalla (Sweet Potato Rock) of the Singhalese, with the ridge of Orakande (Hog-rock), stretching away from it; while closer by, the eye will be arrested by the singularly pyramidal and apparently castellated peak of Utuankande (1,392 feet above the sea), the whilome home of the bandit Sardiel and his gang, one of whose resorts, a rock cave on the face of Allagalla, has been converted into a useful blacksmith's shop on the Meeangalla division.

THE MEEANGALLA GALLERY, or Half Tunnel [see engraving], a truly grand work, comes next on the line, nearly 300 yards long, by 18 feet broad, blasted out of the very face of the solid rock, a work which the Canarese labourers became most expert at, though it cost trouble and even life to teach them, and inspire confidence. No English sailors were employed, however, if we except a lad of 22, (who had made a couple of voyages at sea before being engaged here). This brave young fellow, when one day suspended over the face of the rock by a rope round his waist, held by coolies above, sustained an injury to his spine (owing to six feet of the rope being let go with a jerk) from which he never recovered, dying a few months ago in Scotland. Mr. Alexander Smith, the agent in charge, had a very narrow escape on another occasion, when suspended much in the same way. After the day's work was over, Mr. Smith went alone to examine the progress made. He hauled himself up a blasted portion of the rock by a rope attached to a steel drill, but the rope swaying suddenly, he was in a moment swung over a precipice of forty feet sheer, being turned round and round against the jagged edges of the rock, so that his clothing was all torn to pieces. Life now depended not only on his own endurance in holding on, but on the strength of the strands of rope exposed to so severe a trial. But the rope stood the strain, Mr. Smith was able to haul himself up again, and his useful life was saved to see a smooth path and steadfast passing round the face of that great and terrible rock over which when he hung there was "but a step between him and death." Still narrower was the escape of a native labourer near the same spot. While a Canarese driller was working up the face of the rock on his ladder, a loosened boulder struck the ladder, and knocked it and him right over the precipice. He was picked up with scarcely a whole piece of flesh of the size of a crown about him, with his clothes in rags, and the ladder dashed to atoms, but yet with life intact, recovering in three months, and still surviving as one of the best workmen on the spot. The explanation of his escape seems to be that the ladder went down perpendicularly, he holding by the top. The shattering of the ladder under him on a ledge forty feet below, so far broke his fall, and he then rolled down some 150 feet of not quite perpendicular descent. We may safely conclude that a European, with his higher nervous temperament could never have survived the shock. It was on Mr. Smith's section, too, that six coolies were killed by an explosion of gunpowder, which they were carrying along for blasting purposes. One of the poor wretches, to hide his carelessness in spilling some of the powder, set fire to it; the train communicated with the powder casks, and all the coolies were instantly killed.

Other portions of the line have, doubtless, witnessed "hair-breadth 'scapes," and fatal accidents, but we can only notice those of which we have received details. It is not on the rugged incline, however, but in the quiet and beautiful "Valley of Death" at its base that he

> Who with a coffin for a boat
> Rows daily o'er the Stygian moat,

found his most numerous victims.

The first shot was fired at Meeangalla in May, 1863,—400 shots per day formed the average during work; and a ton of powder usually lasted but a week. Visitors here and elsewhere along the line were

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received with reverberating salutes which rather astonished them; and we believe the artillery which greeted Sir Hercules Robinson's visit to "the Battery Rock" at Kaduganava, was the loudest and most prolonged welcome his Excellency ever received. There is a great waterway cut in the Meeangalla rock, 60 feet deep, 12 by 12 of water area, down which, from the sides of Allagalla mountain, a bright and copious stream is precipitated to the inside of the line passing under the roadway.

The photographic view by Messrs. Slinn & Co., of the Meeangalla Rock, with the first engine on the gallery, is a great success, doing equal justice to the precipice below the line, and the mountain mass above: proportion being well preserved by the introduction of human figures—four in front of the engine, and two seated on the verge of the giddy precipice. To persons at a distance, this picture will speak more eloquently and describe more graphically than any form of words which could be used. The nature of the country through which the railway incline had to be formed, and the tremendous difficulties encountered by those engaged in the work, will be apprehended at once by persons looking on this representation of a solid railway line quarried into the very face of the almost perpendicular rock. The overshadowing mountain; the rifted precipice; the massive engine on the well defined line, and the heaps of blasted debris far down are all most faithfully portrayed. The puzzle to those who see only the picture of this wonderful scene will be how the engine is ever to round the rock, or make its escape from what seems an impenetrable *cul de sac*. But nothing is impossible to science and skill, when combined with industry and perseverance.

A second and smaller picture gives a capital idea of the effects of the blasting out of the rock gallery in the masses of broken and jagged rock "confusedly hurled" in the valley below. The rapid growth of vegetation will soon hide these masses, and so will exceedingly modify the spectator's idea of the difficulties here faced and surmounted. A tropical sun and tropical rains, if they create physical asperities when they act on some species of rock, are wonderfully potent in most cases in smoothing roughnesses by producing dense robes of vegetation.

Travellers a few years hence, therefore, must not characterise our descriptions as exaggerated, when instead of jagged masses and splintered rocks, they see climbers and vines forcing their way upwards, and rich festoons of exuberant foliage hanging down in graceful profusion, causing the terrible and the sublime to shade away into the merely beautiful.

This very exuberance of vegetation was the great difficulty in the survey by Mr. Molesworth and his assistants on the incline, twelve miles occupying them ten months. Not only was the view impeded, but progress was sometimes almost altogether arrested by the difficulties the coolies experienced in cutting through tangled masses of an acacia-leaved creeper, with fearful thorns, termed popularly "wait-a-bit:" botanically, we believe, *Acacia concinna*.

Amongst Messrs. Slinn's photographs is a characteristic view of the bungalow occupied by the contractor's agent, whose name will ever be associated with the Meeangalla Gallery,—Mr. Alexander Smith. The picture gives but a faint idea of the vast mountain [see engraving from Mr. Lawton's photograph of Allagalla], which towers more than 2,000 feet above; and photography has not attempted what only the landscape painter could adequately picture, the magnificent view in front of rich terraced valleys and far receding ranges of mountains and hills, over which the rising sun is seen shining in silver, and beyond which he sets in glories of purple and gold. We endeavoured early one morning, while gazing in admiration on a scene of hill-tops, resembling islets rising out of a sea-like expanse of fleecy fog, to persuade our railway friend that he ought to calculate the enjoyment of such views as a substantial addition to his emoluments. But he had witnessed the scene too frequently to admit the force of our argument, and he sighed, "Oh! for a sight of the sea." The completed railway will satisfy such longings, and double the enjoyment of a residence in Ceylon: hill and sea scenery being rapidly and easily exchanged.

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We may here notice the view from the top of Allagalla. The ascent of this mountain is attended with some difficulty, especially when the steep rocky summit is reached and the explorers have to creep through a chimney-like orifice to gain the highest point. But this attained in clear weather, the views on all sides are such as to atone for any sense of fatigue, or even apprehension of danger which may have been experienced. On one side the spectator looks down on the grand Deckande Valley, and all the mountain scenery beyond it which we have already described as in sight from the railway. But in addition to this, the view from the top of Allagalla includes all which its mass shuts in from the traveller who is carried along its southern side. To the north the eye ranges over the whole magnificent expanse of the Kandian portion of the North-Western Province; the coffee of the Handrokande and Madawelletenne hills, and of the Ettapolla and Amboka mountains shading away into the apparently interminable rice valleys which lie around and beyond Kornegalle, once a royal Kandian city. Where rice culture ends the dense jungle commences, in which the elephant kraals have for years back been held, the latest in 1866, having taken place within a few miles of the ruins of Yapahoo, also a royal city in its day. From its isolated position, more than from its altitude, Allagalla commands a view which is only exceeded perhaps by that from the top of Adam's Peak, Gongalla, or "One Tree Hill," at Newera Ellia. Kaduganava, and if not Kandy, certainly Hantanne and the other mountains which encompass that mountain-city; Ettapolla and Matella, Hunasgiria Peak and the Knuckles are all distinctly visible. We are not aware that Allagalla was ever the scene of pilgrimages in Kandian times, but we feel certain that when traffic along the railway is once established, pilgrimages by those who find happiness in viewing the glories of Nature will be common, to this and other points of vantage amongst some of the finest hill and mountain scenery of the world. We have no doubt that in time zig-zag paths will be cut, by which even the gentler sex will be enabled to join the rougher in the elevated and refining pleasures to be derived from the ascent of this and other mountains along the line, and from the outlook on Nature's glories which they afford.

As the train moved slowly and majestically on under the Mecangalla gallery of rock, varied were the emotions expressed by the countenances and positions of the spectators who for the first time were being carried along rails placed amidst such wonderful works of nature and art. On the one side and close to the carriage windows, the wall of rock with all the ruggedness of blasting and splintering rose boldly up far overhead, except at one point where a deep channel carried the waterfall down under the railway. On the other side, and towards it all whose nerves permitted them were leaning, the precipitous sides of the rock lay below for hundreds of feet, succeeded by ravines and gullies, until the cultivated ground was reached far beneath. What added to the "sensation" at this point, was the incline of the carriages to the outside precipice in consequence of the nature of the curve, so that the whole train seemed leaning over the abyss at a considerable angle for about 80 yards. Confidence in our guardians, and in the steady guidance of Fisher, however, we suppose, suppressed any utterance of the dread inspired, and in a few seconds we were past the seeming (though only seeming) danger.

But we must hurry on to the ALLAGALLA VIADUCT [see engraving] at 59½ miles, and about 1,120 feet above sea-level—the Viaduct, almost the only work of the kind on the line, being about 300 feet long, and consisting of five arches, each 40 feet span by 45 in height. It is a well-finished picturesque piece of work, with its incline and 10 chain curve. Here we are almost at the head of the Deckande valley; the expanse of rice cultivation running away for miles from our feet, terrace after terrace, and going still higher behind the railway line up towards Allagalla, all carefully kept and irrigated—a beautiful specimen of Kandian industry—the terraces rising 800 to 1,000 feet from the bottom of the valley. Old Allagalla stands 3,389 feet above the sea, so that its summit is 2,267 feet higher than the handsome viaduct of solid granite which spans the stream below. A beautiful,

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and, in wet weather, a grand waterfall, comes rushing down from almost the top of the mountain here. Before reaching the viaduct, we come on a sliding—(with a rise of 1 in 93 at 59¼ miles)—where the engine will stop to take in water.

Messrs. Slinn's view of Allagalla* is faithful as a representation of the mass, but as a picture we feel that it somewhat wants a relieving foreground. It is all mountain except a tree in the near foreground, the effect of which is beautiful; branches and leaves—the very stamens of the flowers apparently coming out in exquisite relief against the mountain-side and the break of sky above. We hope yet to see a really perfect picture of Allagalla, as viewed from the lovely valley it overlooks, and which its streams fertilise. But for this, an instrument of very large focus will be necessary, or the brush of the regular painter. True portraits of the near, with equally true details of the far, can scarcely be combined in a photograph; but to the eye the grandest view of the incline and of the iron road which curves along its contour is to be obtained from the bridge which crosses the Deckande river less than half way from Kodigamoa to Gordon's Bridge.

The name "Allagalla" signifies "Yam Rock." It is rather a celebrated mountain in Kandian history, as from its summit state prisoners condemned to death were thrown over its precipitous side to be dashed to pieces ere reaching the valley far below.

The DECKANDE BANK [see engraving] next claims attention—the largest piece of earthwork on the line, containing over 90,000 cubic yards of earth, thrown in almost entirely by baskets-full. It is over 90 feet in height, and 180 yards long. Mr. Harrison, of the Government Staff, had the oversight here, his residence crowning the adjoining Ballany Hill.†

The enormous Deckande Bank covers a large masonry culvert (20 feet to the top of the arch), which diverts the Deckande stream and carries it under the line.

Shortly beyond the Deckande embankment, and while curving to the right, round "the Conical Hill," the extremity of which forms "Sensation Rock," the tourist will pass through Tunnels No. 6 and No. 6*a* of 40 yards each. [See engraving.] They are shown by Messrs. Slinn & Co. in one wonderfully rugged view, the reflected light bringing into equal prominence the sleepers and rails of the iron way, and the facets of the blasted and perpendicular rocks which rise on each side. While approaching them (almost at right angles to the line already passed up the profile of Allagalla), the view backwards of the great Deckande Valley, and the mountain looking down on it, was very grand. As the half circle of ten chain curves, by which "Sensation Rock" is rounded, was approached, the conviction seemed inevitable that the engine *must* leap into space a thousand feet down, further progress on *terra firma* seeming impossible. For some time, the company had been anxiously looking out and preparing themselves for the great sight, and they were not disappointed in the result. Meeangalla Gallery has its peculiar features, but the "giddy height" is not to be compared with that now attained. Down almost beyond the discernment of the eye, lay the flat fields, with the cattle grazing, but looking like so many toys.

It is no disparagement to Messrs. Slinn & Co. to say that their picture of "Sensation Rock," conveys but an inadequate idea of the terrors of the spot and scene.* The scarped face of hard gneiss rock above is well shown, but we are left with a vague conception of the depth beneath—the fall of nearly a thousand feet into the fields of the Deckande Valley, in which human figures appear like those of the tiniest pigmies. The river, which is a stream of some consequence, looks like a silver thread. The height and sheerness of the precipice,

* Our engraving is from a photograph by Lawton.

† See the very beautiful engraving from Lieut. Stewart's photographs of the glorious view from Ballany, a place famous in the history of Ceylon as the scene of the destruction of two Portuguese armies by the Kandian whose then secluded country they attempted to enter by this the leading Pass.

* Our engraving is from a photograph by Lawton.

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and the sharpness of the curve round "Sensation Rock," will always render it difficult to get a successful photograph of the scene, such as we have in the case of the really greater work at Meeangalla. The singular complaint of one of our fellow passengers on Friday was that his terrors did not come up to his expectations. The explanation, probably, is to be found in the excitement of the company and the short period of time occupied in the transit. For ourselves we confess that after having rounded this precipice at every stage, in the formation of the railway, from that of creeping by a narrow ledge of rock to gliding over apparently empty space in the airy railway carriage, we have never got rid of that element of terror which so largely enters into the sublime.

We are now about 1,300 feet above sea level.* The view from the rock itself must be felt—it cannot be described. At no point on the Bore Ghaut line, we believe, is there so great a precipice in sheer depth, but our luxuriant vegetation detracts from the fearful appearance. A ten chain curve over this, the greatest precipice on the line, is, of course, no more dangerous than in less formidable looking portions of the route; but he must have strong nerves, indeed, who passes the steep projecting point without a creeping sensation of dread as to what might happen were the engine really to go forward, instead of round. If, instead of looking at the gulf below, the traveller can divert his attention to the precipice above, he will see that the hard and beautifully veined and stratified gneiss has been scarped down fully 50 feet. The length of the rock cutting here is 400 yards, with the usual width of 18 feet. By rounding this precipice, an immense tunnel through the hill was saved, and so by a succeeding sweep to the left from the Balany or Ballawatte hill into the Moragalla mountains, the construction of a viaduct is obviated, which, to connect the heights across the wide and deep valley, must have been one of the largest in the world. In taking this sweep we pass through No. 7 Tunnel, which is about 100 yards long. Passing through a series of heavy cuttings, from which slip after slip has been cleared away, as the rains of successive monsoons loosened superincumbent masses of earth and boulders, we come to the Wyrley Grove Bank, which has swallowed up some 75,000 yards of stone and earth. The views in front of the Kaduganava Mountains, and to the right of the great Coach road, with Paddy fields and villages lining it and creeping up the sides of the ranges which form the background, will be found most beautiful and interesting.*

Suddenly hills, valleys, villages, streams, forests, and fields, the very railway itself, all disappear as the train enters the heart of Moragalla (about 1,500 feet above sea level), and goes roaring and screaming through the great tunnel of 350 yards long, with its incline and double curve—so well conceived and so beautifully finished.

On this great tunnel, which runs through rock approaching trap in hardness, three shifts of men, working night and day, were kept employed while the work was in course of construction. The progress varied from 6 to 8 yards from each end per month, and the result was that the work was completed in a much shorter period than was originally anticipated by any person.†

We may here quote a record of the impressions we received when visiting the Kadugunava end of the tunnel before the headings had met:—

* Between the 61st and 62nd mile the Kandy road rises from 1277 feet to 1656 feet above sea-level, while the railway line goes on at the uniform rate of 1 in 45, or 116 feet per mile.

* At 63½ miles (a mile from the top of the incline) there is a piece of 100 yards of the railway line nearly level.

† Since the above was written, we have received the dates as follows:—Heading commenced—Colombo end, last week in September, 1863; Kandy end, first week in June, 1863. Headings met—22nd March, 1866. Bottoming commenced—Colombo end, first week in May, 1864; Kandy end, first week in March, 1865. Bottoming completed—in second week of July, 1866. Quantity of rock taken out—10,325 cubic yards.

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"It was hot outside when we visited the great tunnel; but what shall we say to the interior? 'Dark as Erebus,' and as for the heat, where the as nearly as possible nude drillers were at work—the streams of perspiration pouring down their bodies, and our own sensations indicated at least 130° Fahrenheit. The Bombay drillers were described to us as equal to any European workmen, and they were superintended at Moragalla by an English miner of the first class of intelligence, Mr. Symonds. It was something awful, when thus shut up in the bowels of the earth, to hear crashes, as of reverberated blastings, when masses of detached stone were thrown on the lorry, to be conveyed to the regions of pure air and bright sunlight; while the dimly burning lamps shining faintly through the dense steam, gave the whole scene a weird aspect, as if we had entered the cave of some mountain elf or troll, whose element is darkness. This tunnel is difficult to work, not merely because the stone is hard (an ultimate advantage, as water cannot percolate through, and no lining will be wanted), but also because a steep gradient and a double curve, and 'super-elevation' for that curve has to be provided for."

Being anxious to ascertain if any special appliances of science and skill had been here put in requisition, we were characteristically told, that the incline had been conquered mainly just by "hard work and keeping at it." A rigid system of task work was enforced, which drove numbers of the lazy dissatisfied off the line; but the drillers soon became so skilful, and made such excellent wages (in many cases almost up to the English mark), that the difficulty ultimately was to obtain not skilled labour but unskilled. Drillers, who were making their two or three shillings a day by rock work, were naturally dissatisfied when turned to cooly work. Wheelbarrows, &c., were occasionally used on the railway works, but the vast proportion of the earth-work was removed and deposited by the primitive native mode of little baskets filled and hoisted on the heads of men, women, boys and girls. Deposited with a thud, such earth-work got settled almost as soon as formed. The comparison as to work and wages between English workmen and natives on the Ceylon railway, we are told, was this:—The coolies move 2 cubic yards per day at 7½d., while an English navvy will move 13 at 3d.; 4 yards for 1s. 3d. in the one case, 13 yards for 3s. 3d. in the other.

Emerging again into daylight, we see before us "The Battery Rock," on the side of the Kaduganava mountain, up which we have still to go, while around us there is quite a settlement of bungalows, and stores connected with the contractor's operations. Perched on one eminence is Mr. Faviell's own bungalow, and on a hill opposite that of Mr. Thompson, his hospitable and genial chief manager for the incline.

Of Moragalla and its neighbourhood, Messrs. Slinn have taken a profusion of views from various and widely-distant points. [When this account was written, we had not seen Mr. Lawton's photographs of the Incline, many of which are large-sized and excellent. Indeed the photographs of Ceylon scenery generally excite much admiration in England.]

Of the great tunnel, at least of all that is grand and striking in its extent and profundity, no photograph can, unfortunately, be taken. The sun is a great limner, but he cannot portray what his light cannot reach. Of the tunnel's surroundings, however, we get most interesting details. We have, combined in one picture, a great sweep of the line with the stores and bungalows on the neighbouring knolls. There is a very striking "view of Moragalla, from the Kandy Road," with the three "dark arches" (arches built against the face of a rock) up the mountain side.* Not so successful in detail, in consequence of overpowering vegetation in the foreground, is a view of the Kandy Road from Moragalla bridge. It is singularly difficult to distinguish bits of road from glimpses of river in photographs, unless objects are reflected vividly in the water in the latter case. "The lion's mouth"

* Our engraving of the "Dark Arches" is from a photograph by Lieut. Stewart.

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at Moragalla, as we begin the final ascent of the Kaduganava mountain, is a very striking object, appearing as if the great open jaw would swallow up the train; and the picture by Messrs. Slinn is exceedingly good and characteristic. It is a portrait as well as a scene.

Passengers along the ordinary road, up the Kaduganava pass, on which road and railway converge, have been long familiar with the tremendous blasting operations which went on in this place, while tons of gunpowder were incessantly displacing tons of rock, the *débris* of which will be seen scattered far down amongst the coffee bushes. Passing "Battery rock," and rising up the side of the Kaduganava mountain, while the road zig-zags on the opposite side of the defile up the side of the twin guardian of the pass, Bellongalla (summit, 2,543 feet above the level of the sea), we come to a point (just before passing through the small tunnel, No. 9, thirty yards) from which the view, though not so dreadful as that from "Sensation rock," is unsurpassed in grandeur and beauty,—the windings of the bright roads through the green rice fields and up the darker foliaged hills, being prominent and pleasing features in the scene. No regret will be felt that speedily the occupation will be gone of the bullock bandies which may be seen in long strings toiling up the zig-zags of the Pass with rice and cloth,* and downwards with the precious coffee, some of which will probably be "appropriated" by the honest cartmen before it reaches the merchants' stores in Colombo.

The photogragh of tunnel No. 9 is not only striking as a picture of rock scenery, but for the wonderfully accurate portraiture of the open mouth, head, and forepart of a black bear, represented in shade on the face of the overhanging precipice.

As we rush up through the Bellongalla coffee, the cry is raised, "There are the zig-zag of the Kaduganava Pass, and the perforated rock," and we look down with admiration on the familiar trace; but a few seconds more and we are at the top of the incline (at 11.45 p.m.), and with hearty and continued cheers we run into Kaduganava station.

The sight of Dawson's monument (should not one be erected opposite to the memory of Newton and Horn, and in commemoration of the completion of the railway?) where the road and railway unite at the top of the Pass (64½ miles from Colombo, and 1,700 feet above the sea level) will remind the travellers of the gratitude due to those who in ante-railway days planned and executed the great Mountain Road, but for which, and the results it produced, a railway could never have been called for in Ceylon. Hence roads diverge to Gadadessa Valley on the one side, and to the estates at the back of Allagalla on the other.

We are before our time considerably, and so go slowly along the rest of our way (downwards now) watched by the astonished natives, many of whom run for great distances along the Kandy road, keeping us in view. Crossing the road at the level, the line runs through a heavy cutting to the Gampola side, and we are carried down to the Peradenia station, which suddenly bursts on our view, at 12.10 (so that our journey of 71 miles was performed in 3¾ hours, including the numerous stoppages, and the intentionally slow running up the incline and down to Peradenia). Here a large crowd of all classes is gathered, with numerous carriages and waggons from Kandy and Gampola, and a brass band which welcomes the arrival of our train and party.

We pass on, however, to the BRIDGE over the MAHAWELLIGANGA at PERADENIA, a fine structure, but not more beautiful than the celebrated Satinwood Bridge, which stands farther down the stream, and from which a glimpse can be got of the lovely Botanic Gardens, which well deserve the title of "The Royal," and which will doubtless become a favourite place of resort when excursion trains begin to run. Gangarooa, the coffee estate opened in 1825 by Sir Edward

* See the engraving of bullock bandies on the Kaduganava Pass from a photograph by Lieut. Stewart.

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Barnes, is close by, the windings of the river dividing it from the gardens.*

The Hantanne and Nilambe mountains, covered with coffee, are now in full view with the Pusilava "Peacock" in the distance, seen through the valley of the Mahawelliganga up beyond Gampolla; but we cannot get a sight of the great Hunasgeria Peak, over and through the valley in which Kandy is situated until the rails are laid *all* the way. Before or after tiffin, we can possibly have a look at a portion of the proposed railway route to Gampolla *and beyond*. For, short of the base of the Newera Ellia range, it is not likely that the line on which we have come so far and so pleasantly, is likely to stop. At the stopping point, on this occasion, Peradenia, we are 71 miles, and on the Deltotte road, the limit of our trip, we are 71¼ miles by rail from Colombo, and 2¾ from Kandy, with the height above sea-level of 1,562 feet. The fine iron bridge railway spanning the Mahawelliganga is 347 feet long, with three solid stone piers, the height above water about 40 feet, having two spans each 109 feet, and two of 60 feet each, and the cost approximating to £12,000.

Messrs. Slinn's photogragh of the Peradenia Bridge is faithful, and the effect of the reflected piers in the waters of the great river very striking. But of all the exquisitely artistic pictures we ever scanned, one of the finest is the landscape (for such it is in the highest sense) in which the fine proportions of the Satinwood Bridge are seen [see engraving], between ranges of hills and masses of foliage, with the waters of the river passing from deepest shade to gleaming light in the foreground.

Mr. Lawton, of Kandy, has executed a photograph, exhibiting in good proportion the Peradenia Railway Bridge, with the first train on it; [see engraving] a large-sized picture, and giving a very excellent idea of the work, the river it spans, and the scenery around.

* See engravings of the entrance to and group of palms in the gardens, and the exquisite view on the river at Gangarooa.

There was no time to visit the Botanic Gardens, even if the period of the day had been favourable; but we were glad to see the Director at the entertainment receiving the greetings of his numerous friends. One of the glories of the gardens—a group of palms with the magnificent talipot as the central object, has just been excellently photographed by Lawton. [See engraving.] If "a thing of beauty is a joy for ever," then this picture will carry joy to all who have a keen sense of the beautiful.

The photographs of Parting, Slinn & Co., Herbert, Davidson, Taylor, Lawton, and others, with the water-colour drawings of Nicholl, and the double-tinted lithographs of O'Brien, have made the beauties of Kandy so familiar to our readers, that we need not again attempt to describe what is really indescribable. Once in the town, there are scores of points on the amphitheatre of hills around, from which grand, beautiful, and varied views can be obtained, not only of the town itself, but of mountains stretching in long succession from Ettapolla and Asigiria to Hunasgeria Peak; thence by Doombera, Kalibokka and "the Knuckles" to Medemahanuwera Peak; and nearer still, Ooragalla, Mattana Patana and Hantane. [See panoramic view.] But we must reserve more extended notices of Kandy until the swift approaching day, when we hope to join a larger and still more enthusiastic company in celebrating the final completion and opening for traffic of THE COLOMBO AND KANDY RAILWAY. [The actual opening of the railway for traffic was unaccompanied by any government or public ceremonial!]

From the account of the return journey, we add a few passages.

At 3.5 p.m. the return journey was commenced, amidst the cheers of those who remained and the answering cheers of those who occupied the train returning. The scenery from Peradenia up the side of the Nanoo Oya, a stream which the railway thrice crosses, is very pretty, and the whole route to Kaduganava animated and interesting. The return train reached Kaduganava Station at 3.30, and started again at 3.42. To the top of the Pass the course had been upwards;

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but now, passing between the sentinel rocks of Kaduganava and Bellongalla, the really hazardous portion of the journey commenced down the incline of 1 in 45, and as we swept through high hills, across the faces of precipitous rocks, and over the very edges of yawning chasms and deep valleys, it is no reflection on the courage of any present, if we say that,

"The boldest held his breath,—
For a time!"

The speed, carefully checked as it was by the mango wood breaks (soft wood is the best for the purpose), was much greater than we had anticipated, and there was a short interval of nervousness. But soon we came to feel that besides the careful driver, Fisher, and Mr. Kendrew, Mr. Molesworth himself was on the engine. All felt more than re-assured, and raptured attention was absorbed in the magnificent panorama before and around us. The pleasure of the downward journey was intensified from the fast-diminishing fervour of the sun, and the cooling effect of the mountain breezes. To quote ourselves on a previous occasion:—

"The evening sun, rich and glowing, was setting in the direction of Colombo, as we emerged from the mysterious cave of Moragalla, and beautiful was the view spread out before us, of mountains receding into hills, and hills sinking into plains, with rivers wandering between; while farther off still, spread out in almost limitless expanse, lay the sea of verdure-clad hills and knolls which surround Kaigalle and Ambepusse, Engodde, and Attampittia; shading down to where the ocean line is fringed with cocoa-nut topes and cinnamon groves."

Rambukan Station, at the foot of the incline, we reached at 4.35, when there was still plenty of daylight. After looking back with admiration and regret at the grand mountains down whose sides we had so safely and so enjoyably glided, and with a parting glance at the rich vegetation around, where talipot palms and pink-blossomed imbool trees towered over rich rice fields, with silver-leaved kakunas and purple-bloomed murutus interspersed through the valleys and beside the streams, we started for Polgahawella at 4.40, and reached this, the utmost limit to which the railway is as yet open for traffic, at 5.05. We started at 5.20, the clouds gathering on old Allagalla, giving promise of rain, which fell heavily for some minutes on the lower portion of our journey, but not so as to cause any real inconvenience to the occupants of the carriages. Now that we were on the finished portion of the line the speed was heightened, and, at times, the rapidity with which the fencing and banks of the line seemed to fly backwards, enabled the passengers to judge of the express speed at which they were urged forward. Reaching Ambepusse (properly Keenadenia) at 5.38, and starting again at 5.48, we had still daylight, which, indeed, did not entirely desert us till close on Colombo. We reached Veangodde at 6.5, and finally started for Colombo at 6.10. At 6.50 we entered Colombo Station (which we had left at 8.30 a.m.), the steam-whistle having previously warned the horse-keepers to have the carriages ready, and so we were back all safe and well from one of the most enjoyable, well-managed, and remarkable expeditions ever undertaken in Ceylon. When excursion trains are common, not merely to Peradenia and Kandy, but to Dimboola and Newera Ellia, and, perhaps, to Kornegalle, Matella, and Trincomalie (!) this first one may seem a small matter; but the record of it can never fail to be interesting as marking the beginning of greater, brighter, and, we feel confident, more prosperous times for Ceylon. Three hearty cheers were given for Mr. Faviell before the party separated.

To the above we add a notice of the arrival of the first engine at Kandy, when the maritime and mountain capitals of Ceylon were connected by railway; quoting from the *Observer* of 29th April, 1867:—

The last rail to join Colombo and Kandy was laid down on April 25th, and between 7 and 8 a.m. on the 26th, the first engine, with a train of materials, was taken into the Kandy station from Kadugunava, by the contractor, and a few of the Government engineers. The

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engine, after a short stay, and performing the evolutions so graphically described by our Kandy correspondent, started for the foot of the incline. This morning, we believe, the contractor's engine went the whole journey from Colombo to Kandy.

We look on it as a coincidence of no mean import that the position of the Kandy terminus [see engraving] should be close to the small tank at Bogambra, invested with so terrible an interest from the sufferings and death of the family of Eheylapola. Here, little more than half a century ago, the unhappy wife of the obnoxious chief was drowned, after she had been compelled at the instance of the tyrant who then swayed the destinies of the mountain kingdom, to lift and let fall the pestle in the mortar which contained the bloody remains of her murdered child. Between that era and this, when such cruelty and crime are simply impossible, how great the difference. But it is as nothing we believe to the changes which half a century of railway communication and all which that symbolises, will bring about. Our correspondent, in his animated description of the first train awakening the echoes of Bogambra, has alluded to the belief of the natives in demoniac agency; and we fear that ordinary travellers, while admiring the lovely scenery amongst which the Kandian homesteads nestle, entertain but a faint idea of the extent to which the lives of the people are rendered wicked and miserable by their belief in malignant beings haunting every rock, and river, and tree, to whose malevolent agency is traced sickness, death, and most of the woes of humanity, and who are regarded as ever ready to be invoked and do the revengeful bidding of the man who wishes to injure his enemy. Any one who doubts the almost universal prevalence of this belief and its intensity of operation in producing unhappiness and inducing crime, ought to read De Silva Gooneratne's elaborate article (an intelligent native describing a state of things of which he has personal knowledge), in the latest number of the Ceylon Asiatic Society's Transactions. Now we cannot conceive of this state of things co-existing with the operations of the railway. "Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased;" and while the Europeans are covering every hill with smiling and profitable plantations of coffee, tea, and cinchona, the natives will be throwing off the thraldom of ancient belief, and adopting that which teaches that all Nature is ruled by a BEING

"Whose nature and whose name is *love*,—"

which inculcates the reassuring doctrine that the efforts of evil spirits and wicked men are alike powerless to hurt those who trust in the ONE TRUE AND LIVING GOD as revealed in and by HIM, who died on a far-off hill of Palestine. All who adopt that faith must recognise the duty and the dignity of work. And, by-and-by, the sight will be seen of the Christian natives competing with the Christian foreigners in converting the valleys as well as the hills of Ceylon into fruitful gardens.

(*From our Correspondent.*)

KANDY:—ARRIVAL OF THE FIRST TRAIN.

FRIDAY, April 26th, 1867.

Where is the train? When is it coming? were the anxious inquiries for the last few days of every second person we met with in Kandy; and sure enough the iron horse came up at last, for it made its *debût* close to the terminus, at ten minutes to eight this morning, with a great flourish of trumpets. It came rushing and panting, and puffing and screaming, with a sort of consciousness and pride that it was entering the mountain capital, and penetrating into the very heart of Sengeddegalle Mahanuwara! Somehow the news had got abroad that the train was expected this morning, and a motley crowd had collected near about the terminus and all along the line from a very early hour, so that when the locomotive appeared there was tremendous excitement; and the mob, be it said to their honour, cheered most lustily and vociferously, trying with might and main to drown the shrill screams

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of the iron horse, whose wild and unearthly snortings were echoed and re-echoed by the surrounding hills—such strange sounds never before wakened the echoes of old Bahiru Kande or Hantane, or even Mutton Button.* Katukelle (the thorny jungle of Kandian times, but the suburbs of modern Kandy) was in a state of great excitement and uproar. Numbers of people were rushing hither and thither, and running down the hill-side to have a look at the locomotive and the train. Cattle that had been quietly grazing in the neighbouring paddy fields and hillocks, evidently frightened by the strange noises, were seen running about in all directions, and little children, pale and affrighted, clung to their mammas' aprons, as if some horrid demon was pursuing them to devour them bodily. When the uproar had subsided, and the smoke had cleared away, we had an opportunity of seeing the engines and carriages, and the large number of trucks forming the train, containing materials of a heavy description, principally sleepers and rails. Shortly after we observed some ladies emerge from one of the carriages, and, as a matter of course, this was the signal for the spectators to cheer again, and the engine returned the compliment by screaming once more, to the infinite amusement of the assembled multitude. "Hurrah," said a hundred voices, "Hurrah for the railway!" Then there was a pause; but the cheering was renewed as soon as the locomotive, detaching itself from the train, went through a series of evolutions, such as dragging a truck on this rail, and pushing away a truck on the other; and then going backwards and forwards, as if it patiently obeyed the bidding of some invisible power. The Kandians in particular (who are a superstitious set) indulged in all sorts of strange speculations, and they could not, for all the world, understand how the wheels of the engine glided from one set of rails to the other without the locomotive itself being lifted or made to take a jump, which they imagined was the most natural thing for it to do. One old man—a village philosopher no doubt—shrugged his shoulders and made some sage remarks in the hearing of his countrymen. He had always a shrewd suspicion, he said, that the *Soodoo Mahe thoroo* (the white gentlemen) knew one or two little things connected with the black art, but he was now convinced that there were great magicians amongst them who were in league with the Devil himself; for such horrible screams, said he, could proceed from, and such wonderful feats be performed by, only his Satanic majesty and his mischievous imps."

* The euphonious English rendering of MATTENA PATTENA, the name of a mountain close to Kandy.

THE RAILWAY AND THE LOOK-OUT FROM PERADENIA TO KANDY.

(To complete the description of the railway in our account of the trip to Peradenia, in April last, we give the following communication from "*our Kandy Correspondent,*" received to-day, 31st July.—ED. *C. O.*)

On leaving the Peradenia Station, the train shoots at once from the Gampola side to the Kandy bank, across the beautiful iron bridge which spans the Mahawelliganga. It then sweeps along, cutting the Deltotte road at right angles ($2\frac{3}{4}$ miles from the terminus), and goes rushing past the Peradenia sugar estate and racecourse; past the foot of the hills which skirt Kande-Peradenia (on the top of one of which stands the bungalow of Mr. W. Jayetilleke), and beyond it Mr. Brown's well-known property, Bellevue; and beyond it still, the Hantanne range of hills; past the fine three-arched substantial masonry bridge, spanning the Nagas-angey Oya; past the little hamlet of Welatte, with the Walanwey of Yattenuwara Ratamahatmeya in front, and Ellegalla and other coffee estates in the background; past Gattembey, where the followers of Mahomet have quite a little town of their own on the high road; past the village Mulgampola, or Hudu-

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hum-pola, where Buddhist temples and priests abound; past Deyanneweley (literally, the field of the gods); and now the Kandy station is in sight, and the line is straight as an arrow; past Katukelle. Hurrah! we are now at the terminus, right in the heart of old Bogambra, in Sengede-gala Mahanuwara.

The Kandy terminus is in all respects like the Colombo one—everything being of course got up on a somewhat less expensive and less showy scale. You have the beautiful airy-like iron structure with its zinc roof, supported on elegant iron pillars, to which are attached the prettiest moon-lamps imaginable.

We know of no spot from which a better view can be obtained of the entire line from the Peradenia Station to the Kandy Terminus than from one of the hills at the back of Mr. Jayetilleke's bungalow at Kande Peradenia. From this stand-point, which is over 2,000 feet above the level of the sea, you look down on the landscape spread like a map beneath your feet, and the scenery around you is magnificent. You can clearly see the Peradenia station, on the Gampola side, with the railway line descending with a kind of sweep to the iron bridge, and thence you see it running in almost a straight line, with occasional rises and falls, until it reaches the low levels below Kande (or Hilly) Peradenia, and here the line is hid from view by a projecting hillock; but a little beyond it you see it sweeping on again with a slight rise, in almost a straight line as far as the terminus, which is distinctly seen from the spot referred to. From this point, the scenery that opens before you beggars all description. The far-off hills of Gampola and Pusilawa are clearly visible on the one side; and the Hunasgeria Peak and the Dumbera Hills on the other. Then there is the Mahawelliganga to look at, with the two bridges (the iron and the wooden) spanning it within a few hundred yards of each other. Before you quit this spot, take one more look in a westerly direction, quite lost in admiration of the grand scenery which surrounds you, and one object in particular arrests your attention, it is the famous Allagalla Peak! There it stands right before you, bold and clear against the blue sky, overtopping the surrounding hills, and reminding you of those well-known lines:—

Monarch of mountains
They crowned him long ago.

THE ELEPHANT KRAAL ["CORRAL"] OF 1866.

(*Extracts from a series of Letters written for the "Ceylon Observer," by A. M. Ferguson.*)

KORNEGALLE, 28th Feb., 1866.

That fully two thousand able-bodied men should, in the very height of the finest rice harvest which the proverbially fertile Seven Korles ever witnessed, abandon their homesteads and allow much of their most valuable grain to perish (the "dry grain" is already reaped), shows how strong and tenacious the "hunting" instinct is in the Singhalese. No doubt the traditions of "Rajekaria," and the influence of the Headmen and Chiefs, account for much of the readiness of the people to undergo such great exposure, privation, and expense for returns so apparently inadequate. Bungalows have been erected, stockades set up, roads made or opened up, and jungles cleared at an expenditure of several hundreds of pounds. The cost of the labour lost to the country, from the lengthened absence of the people from their ordinary avocations it would be difficult to calculate, and we

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may save ourselves mental trouble about what the Singhalese seem to take so easily. The return to the Headmen for all their labour and expense seems, negatively, to include the getting rid of some forty creatures which are occasionally very destructive to growing crops, not entirely from what they eat as from what their huge flat feet tread down; and, positively, in the sale of the animals captured. Government, which has some sort of property in the elephants even when wild, reserves to itself the first choice; and on this occasion the selection is to be restricted to twelve, for which payment will be made at the rate of £15 a head. Then there is an Arab merchant whom I heard uttering his gutturals in the bazaar this morning, and who has had £300 deposited in the Oriental Bank for some months. He will doubtless become the purchaser of the major portion of the herd which remains after the Government animals have been put aside; and in a few months the animals which browsed so lately on the verdant glades, or roamed through the dense forests of Ceylon, will be units in the pageants of Indian Rajahs, or the "processions" of Hindoo temples. There will be other purchasers, no doubt; but counting rents [of temporary bungalows] from visitors, and all possible sources of income, I suppose £1,000 will be the utmost money return for the labour and exposure, for months, of some two thousand men, —labour continued while the golden grain on which they usually set such store is, in some cases, dropping on their ancestral fields.

The scene of the kraal (properly "corral"), about seventeen miles from Kornegalle, by a pretty fair road, is only seven miles from the site of the ruined city of Yapahoo, to which Mr. John Bailey has recently attracted attention by an elaborate article, with engravings, in "Once a Week." I was inclined to believe that the beautifully sculptured and traceried window, figured in Mr. Bailey's description, owed much to the additions of the limner and engraver; but the courtesy of Mr. Atherton enabled me this morning to dispel any such impression. I know of no more beautiful or perfect work of art in Ceylon than this ancient window, which, with sculptured columns and other remains of what was the royal city of Ceylon, nearly six centuries ago, adorns the grounds of the "Maligawe." I regret I have not Mr. Bailey's article to refer to, but I believe the sculptures (the material, hard gneiss) are at least five centuries old (the intelligent Cutcherry Modliar assigns to them an antiquity of twelve centuries). Their preservation is wonderful: every detail of lion and lotus leaf, of god and monarch, being almost as sharp as the day it was executed; while of the earth-built houses of Yapahoo and so many other ancient cities of Ceylon scarcely a trace remains. The residence of the Government Agent at Kornegalle is one of the most beautiful and interesting spots in Ceylon. It occupies the site of the old Kandian "Maligawe," or Palace, the wall of which Mr. Atherton has just uncovered; over it towers one of those rocks which in ancient Singhalese title-deeds were associated with the sun and the moon as emblems of perpetuity,—lands being granted "so long as the sun and moon and Ætagalla and Andagalla shall endure,"—while all around are combinations of park, field, and tank scenery, with the leafiness and shade of the most magnificent trees one can see in all Ceylon. We did not fail to visit the "Queen's Well," whence her Kandian Majesty—or their Kandian Majesties, from A.D. 1319 to 1347—had water brought for drink and ablutions. We had a look at the old tank which in Sir Henry Ward's time excited so much attention. It is again, in many places, overgrown; but as the railway advances and Kornegalle increases in importance and wealth, there can be no doubt it will be fully cleared and reconverted into what it once was, and now ought to be, a pellucid lake, shadowing back the everlasting rocks and the richer though more evanescent forms of the vegetation around. On the rock above the Maligawe is a temple much resorted to for the sake of *a copy* of the pretended impression of Buddho's foot on Adam's Peak. This is certainly "the shadow of a shade." Never having visited Kornegalle before, I was much and pleasingly struck with the beauty of its situation and its extent as a town; although in this latter respect I ought to have remembered that it bears the traces

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of having been, in the earlier period of the British rule in the Kandian country, the site of an important military cantonment. The bazaar seems well stocked, and here, as at Kandy, I found fresh fish from the shores in the neighbourhood of Negombo amongst the articles for sale.

Striking off from the railway and joining the road to Kornegalle at Polgahawelle, we rode along that beautiful highway in the calm of a moonlight evening, the coolness of which contrasted gratefully with the extreme heat of the previous part of the day; heat which appeared to be ever getting hotter, and which really seemed as if it would never end. The weather is hot, and no mistake; and there can be no denying the fact that visitors to the kraal must be careful lest they contract that very obstinate and formidable species of fever for which Kornegalle is notorious. Pity it should be so, for all around is rich and beautiful; coffee, cocoa-nuts, and whole orchards of plantains fringing the expanses of paddy land, for which the seven korles have ever been famous. And great liveliness is imparted to the scenery by the voice of birds being heard in the land. Besides the twittering, low but sweet, of the dayal bird and the flute-like notes of the oriole, there are the deeper sounds of the various species of Indian cuckoo.

BANKS OF THE KIMBULAWANA OYA, 1st March, 1866.

It was only after I had enjoyed a glorious swim last evening in a deep pool of the beautiful river near which the kraal encampment has been pitched, that I learned the ominous name of the stream—"the river of alligators." At present, however, the stream is too low to afford shelter for the man-eating crocodiles, and were it otherwise, they would be driven away to their deepest jungle haunts by the combination of noises which breaks the ancient solitude of the stream and the forest glades around. Before the morning dawned there was "the noise of crowing cocks"—domestic and jungle fowl—the intermingled notes of wild birds, the shouts of impatient Europeans, and the echoing cries of bewildered natives; while high over all rose the trumpet notes of the picketed elephants, one of them a grand tusker.

* * * * * *

After a long and hot journey, there can be no question that a glass of wholesome beer is a good restorative of wasted tissue and flagging energy; but when a man is really thirsty—and intense thirst is one of the incidents of long journeys under a sun which would raise a thermometer on the grass to at least 180°—to quench such thirst, beer is inoperative. Water, therefore, being neither plentiful nor good, this is the exigency in which to appreciate Ceylon's greatest of luxuries to the heated and wayworn traveller, a coorumba or young cocoa-nut. I shall ever preserve a pleasant remembrance of the refreshment afforded by a couple of them yesterday on the journey from Kornegalle, the grateful and slightly saccharine juice imbibed under the shade of one of those beautiful cocoa-nut topes which so frequently diversify the scenery of forest-clothed mountains, bare rock and craggy hill, with long expanses of paddy-field prevalent for the first half of the way. The juice of the cocoa-nut, protected from the influence of the sun by its porous clothing of fibre, its hard shell and soft oleaginous kernel, gave the sensation of coolness at least ten degrees below the air in the shade. Some people talk of danger in cool drinks when one is hot, but I should think the idea is not more true or philosophical than that now exploded error, that one should postpone his bath till his body has cooled down to debility. Instinct is a wonderful guide in such matters, and the tendency of modern medical research is to show how generally correct instinct is, even in the reasoning animal man. But this is a digression from a description of the preparations made to capture "half-reasoning animals," as the elephants have been called.

The scene of the present Kraal is doubly interesting, as being the very locality in which took place the drive so charmingly described by that master of word-painting, Sir J. E. Tennent. Anything more lovely can scarcely be imagined than the scene of river and forest

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(grand Kombook trees, festooned with jungle vines and creepers, overhanging the stream) in which the encampment is situated. The Kimbulawana Oya in its high banks and long reaches of sand, shows that when the rain falls heavily in the upper mountain ranges, it can present a different aspect to its present peaceful one. Indeed, it is scarcely a month since the roaring waters came rushing down, so suddenly and so impetuously as to carry away not only the temporary bridge of felled trees, but a whole range of ola sheds with their contents, one unfortunate man being swept away by the flood. Such heavy and unseasonable rains have been disastrous to the kraal in the matter of attendance, many having come and gone away disappointed who will not now return, so that a large portion of the long rows of talipot and cadjan sheds remain unoccupied. These erections do well enough in dry weather, although the midday sunbeams do intrude a little more than is agreeable, but woe be to all of us if rain falls heavily. Of this, however, there is no prospect. No chance of seeing a shower; but a few miles off at Toomodera, any of the visitors may witness a veritable "meeting of the waters," where the Kimbulawana, the Hakwattena and the Magroo Oya all unite and pour their waters into the Dedro Oya, a stream which visitors to the kraal cross half-way between this and Kornegalle, and which ultimately, a river of very respectable proportions, joins the sea near Chilaw, after having traversed the whole breadth of the North Western Province, from grand old Ettapolla to the sea limit.

In the journey hither, leaving Kornegalle on our ponies at 1 p.m., we first proceeded along the Dambool road for a mile and a quarter. At that point a sign-board directed us "To the kraal," and we turned into one of the minor roads to Anurajapura—a very good road in such weather as this, and able to stand the unusual traffic of elephant carts, American waggons, gigs, bullock hackeries, and carts of every description. In rainy weather the case would be different. About four miles of entirely new road had been formed, through dense scrubby jungle—including a good mixture of thorny mimosa—into which again the traveller turns sharp to his left from the Anurajapura road, the whole distance being about seventeen miles. The scenery for the first half of the route is beautiful and varied, and some of the detached spurs of the mountain series present most singular aspects. The name of one, "Yacdessigalla," indicates the belief of the Singhalese in the tradition that Kuwini, the Yakhini wife of the conqueror Wijayo, committed suicide by precipitating herself from its summit; while they may, in view of their amount of light, be excused for believing that Demoniac agency alone could have placed an immense boulder where it prominently stands, on the top of a tall and precipitous rock, called Oononagalla. There is a good deal of forest, which in higher regions, with a moister climate, could be cleared and planted with coffee. As we descend into the region of almost perpetual drought, the scenery ceases to be interesting in the ordinary sense, although, indeed, it has an interest of its own in the grassy glades which diversify the scrubby jungle, and on which numbers of fine cattle feed. At intervals too—pretty frequent—there are fine Corakan chenas, and, at more distant intervals, tanks surrounded by rice fields. It seems scarcely conceivable that so large a portion of Ceylon as stretches away to the north and east of us, is always to be waste and unpeopled—even the elephants disappearing from the scene. I have much faith in the reclaiming energies of the being who was told to go up into the earth and possess it.

The Maha Modliar is here to select the elephants for the Public Works Department, and in answer to the remark that £15 was a very low sum to give, he informed me that out of the twelve selected, he expects only four will live through the training process, and so as to become useful. The animals are exceedingly liable to sudden disease, and they suffer much from sores. The Modliar will, of course, choose those which are neither too young nor too old, and which give proofs of aptitude for training. It was very interesting this morning to see one of the elephants, the "Tusker," raising logs into their places, and adjusting them as directed, so as to form a

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bridge across the river fit for the governor and his party to pass along.

The delay of one or two days has not been by any means lost to those who wished to study the structure, nature, and habits of the *educated* elephant. We have had Government elephants, Temple elephants, and elephants belonging to chiefs competing in feats of dexterity, skill, and docility. To stand on three legs, on two legs, on one leg, with a hind leg stretched horizontally backwards, and a fore leg pointed forwards, and even to stand on the head, or use the trunk instead of a leg, are amongst a few of the "tricks" played by those wonderful bulks of matter and intelligence. Having sat on the tusks of the great Government elephant, walked up the legs of Wyra Rama (the diamond of the god Rama), and rode him up and down in the bed of the Kimbulawana, and having seen and felt him kneel or rise at the word of command, I can bear personal testimony to the intelligent care as well as the gentle docility of these sagacious creatures. Wyra, while I am writing, has uttered a shrill and alarming trumpet note, but it is to say, "Thank you for more, which I expect," to gentlemen who have been treating him to a whole basketful of loaves and buns. The river scenes with the great elephants browsing, laying logs, fetching leaves and grass, or carrying twos and threes of the visitors, are especially fine. I spent an hour this morning in watching an elephant separating bunches of Kittul fibre with his toes, and then dashing them against his legs, before conveying them to the laboratory formed by his great jaws and square teeth. One of the most striking peculiarities of the elephant is the smallness of the eye in contrast with his huge proportions (exaggerated by the unaccustomed eye of the spectator), and the colour of the organ is generally so dull, that several of the animals were pronounced blind by those who had no previous opportunity of closely examining them. * * * * * * *

Report upon report now comes from the nearly approaching drive, and I have just had an interesting description from Captain Naper, the General's A.D.C., of the appearance of the herd, apparently about thirty in number, in their native jungles,—the branches waving to and fro to their vast bodies. Then the alternations of shouting and firing guns with dead silence, at the command of the leaders of the battue, are described as exceeding romantic. The cordon is greatly strengthened now that the drive draws near, and I have been told that there are 800 men pushing on the elephants from behind, while each of the flanks numbers 1,000. Latterly the drive has been somewhat delayed by a cause which I fear will be deemed ludicrous. Two "domestic occurrences" have taken place amongst the elephantine family (prematurely I fear), and all who have read about these animals know that they will be reduced to the utmost extremity before they abandon their calves. The efforts of the drivers, therefore, have been directed to detaching mammas and babies from the general herd. I had the pleasure of bathing with four elephants today—(I was a little *up* stream)—and to see them submerge their bodies at command, and dash sand and water over themselves by means of those strange worm-like trunks, was interesting and amusing. The elephants have a keen sense of fun, too, for they spurt water at each other as well as to disperse groups of natives.

But now for a sight of a herd of *untrained* elephants advancing to their inevitable doom—to the greater disciplined intelligence, but perhaps not the greater happiness of civilisation. * * *

AT THE DRIVE, 4th March.

Two hours of almost incessant shouting, yelling, and firing of shots failed to induce the elephants to quit the almost impenetrable thicket in which they had taken refuge. "Move on" they would not, although urged vehemently from behind, and although before them was the inducement of the tank in which they were accustomed to drink. The fact is, they instinctively knew and wisely avoided the danger of appearing in the open space by daylight; and I cannot help feeling that the platform for the Governor and his party in front,

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another right overhead, and the presence of so many visitors in all directions, little inclined to keep the recumbent position or to retain silence, must have added to the difficulties of the battues. Of course, immense efforts were made to induce the elephants to cross the open, while the Governor and his party, including Mr. W. Frere and others, were on their platform, in a fine grove on the bund of an ancient tank; but the only result of the fierce spasmodic fits of uproar was that four elephants, including, I am sorry to say, two tuskers, broke through the line and escaped. One of these broke the line in close proximity to our party. The Governor saw the flying elephants, and, having been present from early morn to dewy eve, was able to appreciate the almost unsurmountable difficulties which occasionally beset the elephant beaters.

The path from the banks of the Kimbulawana, on which Kraal Town is situated,—and a cheerful town it looked to us last night, at half-past ten, with its rows of residences and glaring lights, all telling of humanity and human civilisation,—is mainly through deep jungle, with occasional bare patches of gneiss, surrounded by enormous euphorbias, their stems about a foot in diameter. But all is not barren. Chenas were pretty frequent on this side of the Hackwatenne, and within a "hoo!" of the dense thicket in which the elephants were enclosed was a splendid expanse of paddy land, with Kandian hamlets buried in cocoanut topes. The Madegam Tank, on which the paddy cultivation depends, intercepts the waters from a rather prominent outlying mountain ridge close by, which is densely wooded, and up which the escaped elephants of last evening fled for refuge. I have just seen the oldest chief engaged in the kraal, Kambuluttewene Ratemahatmeya, senior, a fine old Kandian gentleman, who was a youth of seventeen in the Court of the last King of Kandy, Raja Singha, at the period of my birth; and fifty summers, most of them tropical, have now passed over my head. He has taken part in twenty-one kraals under the British Government—twenty successful and one blank. The Kandian monarchs (greater than Mahomet, who went to the mountain, because the mountain would not come to him) did not take the trouble of "going to the kraal" as the English Rajahroos do. The elephants were actually driven on the esplanade at Kandy, and captured under the eye of the monarch, as he sat surrounded by his Court in the Octagon; and mine ancient friend (who insisted on pledging me in a glass of London bottled stout!) states, that the same custom was pursued in the time of Bishop Heber's school-fellow, the semi-Buddhistical Sir John D'Oyley. The old Ratemahatmeya quite agreed with me, that the presence of the Governor and his friends, however pleasant and interesting to them, was an impediment to the kraaling of the elephants; and he added that Lord Torrington's kraal (the one described by Sir J. E. Tennent) did not succeed until his lordship's platform was removed. [Indeed, it will be seen from Tennent's account, that the drive on that occasion did not succeed until the silence and darkness of night had succeeded to the noise and glare of the day. Then the elephants rushed into the enclosure, the exterior of which next moment became a parallelogram of fire—lines of blazing torches and flaming watch-fires effectually scaring the bewildered captives in their attempts to break through and escape.] * * * * *

To-day was devoted to the very necessary work of testing the hide ropes prepared by Rhodiyas, specially for the purpose of noosing the wild elephants. In former days, these ropes were made of elk skin, described as exceedingly strong; but the elk has been almost exterminated in these regions, and so bullock hide is now the material. Considering that each rope has only to bear the strain of an elephant's leg, the test of the full strength of a well-trained elephant (an elephant being reckoned equivalent to twenty-five horses) is equal to any possible contingency. The hide ropes having been brought by the Rhodiyas, were tested in this way. One end was looped round the root-stem of a tree; the other end was tied to some six or eight folds of coir rope coiled round an elephant's neck, just above the shoulders. The elephant then, at the word of command, made one, two, or three

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rushes, as was deemed necessary. After a rope had borne this test, a Rhodiyah, the maker of the rope, prostrated himself before Jayetilleke Modliar, and complained that there was a design to injure him, by applying the test of repeated and violent strains to his rope. Of course, no rope which could be made would stand repeated rushes and incessant strain; so this poor man was re-assured. But in proving the next rope there were three terrible rushes made by the elephant, the determination of the native officials evidently being to gratify the visitors with the sight of a snapped rope; and give way the tenacious rope did, with a rebound, of which the elephant's hide bears the contorted marks. Had the snapped rope struck any of the spectators, I suspect this would have been the last kraal they would have any chance of witnessing. Mr. Skeen took views of the operation of testing the ropes, and of groups going to and returning from the kraal. Those going are distinguished by their bold and buoyant bearing, their elastic tread, and their mat bags plump with cocoa-nuts, rice, and curry stuffs. Those returning from the kraal are characterized by an air of exhaustion, which extends even to their empty sacks. It is something like "going to the wars," all enthusiasm and joyousness, to the tune of "Cheer, boys! Cheer!" at the start; with the different aspect of the return of the "few, few who part where many meet." Apart from actual loss of life (and I suppose this element is not always absent), the incidents of an elephant kraal bear no slight resemblance to those of a campaign, in which the warfare is one of jungle skirmishing. We could not help conjuring up all the dread realities of war, as last night we passed by the long lines of watch-fires, and saw the guards in every attitude, from deep repose to intense wakefulness,—some cooking their food, some bringing materials for food, some heaping up firewood to supply the flame, some gun in hand, intently watching,—with scouts going hither and thither, bearing reports, as little reliable (as we found yesterday, to our cost) as those which a general usually obtains in an enemy's country. Some attribute the great delay in the kraal to the fact that out of five Ratemahatmeyas engaged in it, there are two of one family who pull on one side, and two brothers of another family who pull on the other, like General Thompson's black and grey horses drawing in opposite directions. There is another curious cause, which shows that all the bad qualities which distinguish man have their counterparts in the lower animals. Much of the embarrassment of the beaters yesterday arose from the fact that portions of three separate herds had been enclosed, and even in their terror and despair the individuals of these separate herds will no more unite than the vellale dwarf at the kraal (a queer little mannikin, who sprung into the air whenever he salaamed) would consent to play leapfrog with the dwarf of lower caste. It will be evident that elephants charging at three different points must have added greatly to the difficulty of preserving the cordon unbroken.

In my last I spoke of the gentleness and tractability of the trained elephant in its normal state. I was not, of course, ignorant of the fact that these animals under certain circumstances, when their brute passions are excited, become violent to insanity and exceedingly dangerous. We have just had a sad illustration of the ferocity of a *must* elephant, and the fatal results which may arise from the folly of man. An elephant belonging to a temple at Kornegalle was brought to a place within a mile of the kraal and there picketed in case his services should be required. A running below the ears with other symptoms, gave indication of danger, and Jayetilleke Modliar ordered the animal to be chained up. His keeper, in a fit of drunkenness, approached him, was seized in the animal's trunk, and although the unfortunate man used his dagger freely, he was tossed up, trampled on, and so injured that he died. Mr. Saunders is just holding an inquest on his remains. A companion driver who came to the assistance of his fellow and stabbed the mad elephant repeatedly, was also injured; but he survives, and is likely to recover.

THE KRAAL, 5th March.

The entrance of the kraal has been shifted from North to South,

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but there is no time to shift the wings, which will be dispensed with. I have just had a good look at the doorway (situated in the dry bed of what in the wet season must be a considerable jungle stream,) into which it is hoped the elephants will rush. The appearance of stanchions, buttresses, and cross bars, is cunningly hidden by means of green boughs, so as to excite as little suspicion and alarm as possible on the part of the driven animals.

The kraal proper is an exact parallelogram, 240 feet on each side, instead of 500 by 250, as in the case of the kraal described by Sir J. E. Tennent. The architectural principles of the kraal are perfect:—strong upright posts with cross beams well secured by "jungle rope," the whole supported from the outside by forked sticks planted as buttresses. The main dependence, however, is placed in the numbers and noise of the beaters, the reports of guns and tom-toms, and the show of spears and peeled wands.

THE FIRST CAPTURE.

THE KRAAL, 11 P.M., 5th March.

My letter despatched at 2 o'clock, left us all "preparing to receive cavalry," in the shape of a rush of wild elephants into the kraal. About 3, a herd was driven close up to the entrance of the enclosure, but they then rushed back through the first line of beaters. Some shots fired by over-nervous beaters seemed to have had much to do with producing this unfortunate result, and a couple of guns were, by the orders of the Government Agent, snatched from the owners and smashed on the spot. I cannot help thinking, however, that the appearance of "the Grand Stand," and the Governor's advanced Stand, with the presence of so many Europeans with fair faces and light dresses—all unaccustomed objects to the elephants, had a strong deterring influence. To secure a perfectly successful kraaling of elephants, all unusual objects and noises ought to be absent; but of course this condition is incompatible with the presence of numbers of excited Europeans, including ladies and children. Besides the happy parties on the Stands, one German gentleman was conspicuous, seated on the bough of a tall tree, and calmly reading "Joe Miller on the Rhine," in the intervals of the rushes. Seeing this first attempt to secure the elephants unsuccessful, I joined two gentlemen in going round the line of watchers and watchfires, and a deeply interesting sight it was, more and more impressing one with the resemblance to the realities of warfare. Some of the more distant beaters we found engaged in the peaceful occupation of preparing twine from the inner bark of the Caluwel. But, as we neared the herds, scouts were posted in the trees giving notice of every movement of the elephants. One Singhalese gentleman gave us, in most excellent English, a full account of a herd of eleven which he had just counted, and one of my companions mounted a tree to endeavour to see for himself. But where the practised eye of the Kandian could see the swaying bodies of elephants, our friend saw nothing but "the appearance of smoke." Indeed it is a beautiful provision with reference to these animals that the dark colour of the vast majority of the elephants so assimilates with the dense shade of the forest, that it is most difficult—almost impossible to distinguish them, unless when they are forced to quit the thickets they so much love. One can be within six feet of a wild elephant and have not the slightest idea of his proximity. We had full proof of this to-day, for while walking down the bed of the nullah which formed the entrance to the kraal, we all at once found ourselves in the midst of a herd of ten elephants which, led by quite a small fellow, first rushed into the kraal, and then with almost equal rapidity rushed out. How we escaped being trodden to death by the retreating elephants was a perfect marvel, and certainly I have personally enjoyed fully the excitement of real danger in connection with this kraal. Escaped from the wild elephants, we had to encounter a new danger in the now wildly excited tame animals, which, according to Mr. Massie, had turned tail at the critical moment

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when the barrier gate ought, under their protection, to have been closed and the herd secured. But the Maha Modliar would hear nothing against his elephants; the real reason of the escape, according to this gentleman, was that Proctor Jayetilleke had given directions that the barrier gate should not be closed until the other herds were driven in. If *anybody* gave such an order it was excessively ill-advised, but it is amazing the difficulty one experiences in getting at the truth in regard to such exciting matters, where a good many different interests are in competition. This second drive having been unsuccessful, the Governor got down from his stand, went along the line of beaters, did not succeed in seeing the elephants, and was only just back on his platform, when the final drive of the day took place. This drive, if it really secured, as is believed, a herd of from six to eight elephants, was the most astonishing disappointment in matter of effect of any on record. I chose what I deemed an excellent position from which to see all that occurred, and I strained my eye towards the entrance and the nullah as the uproar concentrated and the barrier was closed; but I heard neither the crash of trees nor did I witness the rush of maddened animals. After a few minutes, however, I was thoroughly startled by the appearance within a few feet of me of a grand tusker, which I could not help mentally recognising as the counterpart of Mootoo Rama, the Government tusker. And Mootoo Rama broke loose it turned out to be, and the noble-looking but now wildly-excited brute made as if he would bring down the stand of the Governor and party. Driven from that part of the kraal by cries, spears, and wands, he sought the opposite corner, and, gaining the top of an ant hill, fairly leaped the barrier of some eleven feet high, only carrying away the top cross beam with a great crash. He then made for the jungle, and has not yet been captured. He will, therefore, give little aid to Sirebeddi and her fellows to-morrow in the operation of noosing. * * * The forest is alive with watch-lights; and the gleams of flame fitfully glancing on the deep shadows of the trees, which the moon is gradually tinging with silver, with the hallooing watchers, make up a weird and romantic combination of scene and sound which is no bad recompense for a visit to the kraal.

THE KRAAL, 9 p.m., 6th March.

At two p.m. of this very exciting and interesting day I wrote a couple of lines to catch the post, announcing the result of what, I trust, is but the first kraaling of Elephants in this long-continued and in some respects disheartening pursuit of the monarchs of the forest. Viewed numerically, the result looks but poor in comparison with the time, labour, and expense incurred. I am certain, however, that I fairly represent the general feeling of the European visitors to this most sublime of all sports, when I say that to us the scenes of to-day amply compensated for all previous disappointment and delay. A smaller gang of elephants was probably never enclosed as the first result of any kraal, but the area in which the noosing took place being limited in proportion, and the animals full of life and with a "power of fight in them," we enjoyed all the excitement of a larger kraal, and were, perhaps, the better able to observe the characteristics of the huge but intelligent captives. Modliar Jayetilleke, who has been present at six kraals, declares that he never witnessed better sport than the elephants on this occasion exhibited. It was not that the crashings of the wild elephants through the jungle came up to the expectations of some who had read Tennent's description of the great kraal of 1847; nor that in their struggles they were always trumpeting and roaring; although some of their charges were terrible, and their notes of terror, rage, despair, and grief, took every form of sound from the deepest bass to the shrillest treble. The really exciting and astonishing portion of the scene was to witness the almost incredible variety of contortions—the almost eel-like writhings into which these apparently unwieldy animals threw their every limb and joint in their tremendous efforts to release themselves from their bonds. They often wrought long and painfully in perfect silence, stretching the ropes and their own limbs to the utmost tension, in their efforts to

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regain their lost liberty; only giving vent to a roar of rage, a shriek of despair, or hysterical sobs of grief, as they finally attained the conviction that all efforts of strength and ingenuity were equally unavailing to give them that freedom of limb and locomotion which they had enjoyed till yesterday. Hard indeed must have been the heart which did not feel sympathy for the gallant young tusker when, after even super-elephantine strainings, twistings, pushings, and rushings, with rollings first on this side and then on that, now his fore-legs and now his hind-legs in the air, he at last stood up, looked round, and fairly sobbed—uttered sounds which did not need, to those familiar with the grief of children, the interpretation of the Maha Modliar;—"Now he's crying." Laughter enough there was, however, at the repeated utterances of a singularly incongruous dog-like yelp by a bigger brother of the tusker. We were at first inclined to believe that a dog had really found his way into the kraal, or that the feeble yelpings must proceed from the little calf of less than a year old which never left the side of its dam, the large leader of the herd. But, curiously enough, the little creature was in voice as in everything else, a veritable miniature elephant—as those who provoked it to "trumpet" and charge after the capture of its mamma, had aural demonstration. But the experienced Maha Modliar told us that even amongst trained elephants this dog-like yelp is heard, with an immense variety of other notes. Indeed our trebled-voiced friend gave speedy proof that he could fully take his part in the grand forest diapason, vieing with the old leader of the herd in the two most terrifying notes which proceed from the elephant,—the low rumbling, angry sound, formed deep in the throat, and resembling distant thunder, uttered when he finds an unwelcome visitor in near proximity to him; and the loud, fierce, awful shriek which precedes a charge. As I write, the forest-covered banks of the Kimbulawana resound to the angry notes of the captive elephants, as party after party of curious visitors excite their alarm or rage. They have already "eaten the salt" of their captors, but it will take some time yet to reconcile them to their fate and render them in their turn the captors of others of their brethren—friends, probably, with whom they roamed the same forests, and drank from the same pools.

But perhaps the grandest and most exciting sight of the day was presented at its commencement, when six trained elephants calmly and majestically entered the enclosure, ranged themselves in front of the grand stand, and, at the word of command, commenced clearing a space of the forest. Tennent, in counteracting the popular idea that elephants can uproot large forest trees, an operation which they have no occasion to perform, had rather led me to underrate the real powers of the animal. The leverage force of its great skull is tremendous, and on this occasion tall trees of about eight inches diameter,—generally taken against the bend, when there was any,—went down with astonishing rapidity and apparent ease. The moment the crashing and clearing operation began, the wild elephants emerged from their leafy refuge, and advanced to reconnoitre. They were easily distinguished from the tame elephants by their grey coats of dried mud, their erected trunks and stiffened tails, the occasional nervous tremour which shook their vast frames, and their staring look of bewilderment. As they came close up, it seemed to me that some such thought as this must have passed through their sagacious though somewhat confused heads:—"Here is another herd of elephants entrapped in this strange enclosure. Is not each of us an elephant and a brother in misfortune—let us fraternise, or at least be friends. But what on earth has possessed these nice, clean-looking animals, fresh from recent and copious baths. False to all the traditions and instincts of our kind, they are not contented with browsing on the wealth of succulent leaves; but here they are, depriving themselves and us of the forest shade we so deeply love and exposing us to the glare and heat of the sunlight which we so fervently hate. They must be labouring under some new species of hallucination." Whatever may have been their thoughts, certain it is that the wild elephants advanced close up to the tame ones, and that their advances were apparently intended to be of a friendly nature. But

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they soon found themselves the victims of misplaced confidence. Scarcely one of the tame elephants—the recreant Mootoo Rama not having been present—paid the least attention to their wild congeners, until, at the word of command, they left off their task of felling the forest and pulling down the interlaced masses of vines and creepers, to *butt* back individuals of the wild tribe. Then, indeed, the latter looked bewildered and terrified, rushing to the sides of the kraal, especially that at which they had entered, only to be the more bewildered and terrified by the reception of unusual shouts and yells (chee-chee! haaree-haaree! ho-ho, who-oop!), with the display of pointed spears and white wands, which met them on every hand. It was then really pitiable to see the despairing terror exhibited by these powerful creatures, as the whole herd huddled together, as if for mutual sympathy. Tennent has mentioned the apparently inexplicable fact, that, although one blow of a wild elephant's trunk could easily send his human enemy off the back of the tame elephant and out of life, that blow is never given. And not merely so, but I noticed that it was only in the last extremity that a wild elephant ever attacked one of its tame captors. The leader of the herd did, however, twice, when fronted and manifestly intercepted, make a trial of strength, elephant fashion, with Mr. Proctor Jayetilleke's animal. The fight was not a fight with trunks, but of vicious determined *biting*, jaw to jaw, each worm-like trunk thrown back, and each stiffened tail stretched out and waving to the sympathy of passion. "Wyla," Mr. Jayetilleke's elephant, evidently was ready too, at any moment, for a game of that kind, but it would be dangerous to let such a game go on, and the Mahout soon settled it by running his goad into the wild elephant's trunk, when prodding at his forehead till the tough skin was ensanguined, did not suffice. Even then the wild elephant never thought of attacking the driver, although she repeatedly charged, and drove to ignominious flight, an ancient and experienced nooser when he attempted to approach her to take liberties with her leg. Indeed the noosers seemed particularly careful not to expose themselves to danger. They ever operated behind or near the protection of a tame elephant, and the hind foot of a wild elephant was invariably the first up which a noose was slipped. I ought, before passing on, to say that it did not seem to me that the tame elephants ever voluntarily attacked a wild one, or that they seemed to take any *special* pleasure in their treacherous work. They merely seemed to be, with intelligence partially blind, obeying their master, Man, in this matter as they would in others—pushing, butting, and raising up a prostrate elephant, just as readily and not more readily than they would a prostrate log. Nor could I see evidences of any peculiar zest with which they performed the work of decoying and capturing. They ranged themselves on right and left, to front and rear of the wild elephant, while the latter was being noosed, because they were commanded so to do, and urged by voice and goad. It seemed to me that their feelings, if confidentially communicated,—say by Sirrebeddi,—to the lady elephant caught to-day might be thus expressed:—"Submit patiently, and don't be an idiot. Man, if he makes you his servant, will never let you want what you often want in the jungle, plenty of good forage, and abundance of water to drink and bathe in. Nor will you henceforward be liable to be hunted up and shot. I have no malice in the world against you. I should rather share this bundle of bo tree leaves with you than punch your head or compress your sides,—although, if occasion calls, and I am ordered, I shall punish you, push you, pound you, butt you, and even crush your ribs without remorse. You do not know either the pleasures or the duties of civilisation, but you must be taught. Stand still, can't you." The first elephant noosed, was, of course, the tusker, and great were the rejoicings on the occasion. Only too short-lived, however, for with a terrible strain the rope of hide gave way with a sudden snap, and the tusker walked off trailing most of its length behind him. At this juncture the Maha Modliar excited the ire of one of the noosers, by saying, "It has broken." The nooser bitterly complained that the form of words used by the Modliar was calculated to break the charm which it had cost

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them so much to effect. In testing the hide ropes, we noticed that the tame elephants were made to "worship them," and it was stated to us that the leading Rattemahatmeya had spent £15 in propitiating the deities of a certain temple to ensure success. The elephant charmers stood near the kraal, and uttered loudly their mantras and incantations; but elephants at kraals, like sharks at pearl fisheries, are occasionally like the deaf adder—they will not listen to the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely.

COLOMBO, 14th March.

I finished my last, descriptive of the commencement of noosing operations at the kraal, on the 6th, at midnight of that day, just as the shouts and yells and shots, bursting on the still night air, announced that a second herd of nine elephants had been driven into the Kraal. I need scarcely say that had I anticipated this midnight drive, I should not have been in my bungalow writing. We were all told that the drive would take place next day. But the movements of the elephants cannot be calculated on; or, rather, it is evident that these animals are nocturnal in their habits, and that even when hard pressed, they prefer to move rather in the night than in the day-time.

A specimen of the hide rope employed in the noosing of wild elephants can be seen in the *Observer* office, and the appearance of the fractured part will show the real reason why the young tusker first noosed succeeded in breaking loose. The rope is of more than three dozen plies of hide, and, when perfectly fresh, would, I imagine, resist any strain an elephant could bring to bear upon it. But the rope had become dry and brittle. Hence the reason of its failure, and not the "breaking of the charm," of which the nooser so loudly and so bitterly complained. The young tusker was not, however, allowed long to triumph in his recovered liberty. We noticed that Mr. Proctor Jayetilleke mounted his own elephant, and aided the noosing operations after the tusker had broken his rope.*

The decoy elephants and the noosers were speedily again on the tusker's track, dogging his every footstep, the elephants under the direction of their drivers, interposing between their victim and the rest of the herd, and forcing him out into the open space in front of the stands, so that all present might watch the process of noosing; of dragging or impelling him, when noosed, close to one of the large trees left standing; getting either the wild or the tame elephant to encircle the tree with the hide rope, and then that the noosers might, under cover of two—sometimes four of the decoy elephants—secure the hind and forelegs of the wild one with numerous folds of strong coir rope brought from Colombo for the purpose.†

The hide rope is used merely for the noosing, its great strength rendering it sufficient, in most cases, to resist all the strain that can

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* Hairs from the tail of the first elephant caught, were, of course, handed to Lady Robinson, and subsequently hairs from other elephants captured were handed to several of the lady and gentlemen visitors. Many of these hairs will of course be made into bracelets. More richly-gifted than any present, our trophy as "chronicler of the kraal," was the tail of the dead elephant.

† Attempts by the wild elephants to get the ropes into their mouths and bite them, were at once and energetically suppressed by the noosers and tame elephants. We suppose no rope which could be made would resist the grinding of the elephants' jaws. One wild elephant would, not unfrequently, put its foot on the rope which bound another, and press it down. From the first tusker up to the last elephant noosed, the animals never failed using their trunks to feel, and, if possible, loosen the nooses and knots. But with all their alleged sagacity, the elephantine herds can boast of no Davenport Brothers amongst them. As the Gordian knot was cut, not loosened, so the only knots from which the elephants ever freed themselves were those they broke.

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be brought to bear upon it until the limbs of the struggling animal are at length encircled by fold upon fold of coir rope, reminding the spectator of some portion of the effect of that most magnificent of sculptured groups—the Laocoön family. One of the hind legs was generally made especially fast: coil after coil of rope being drawn round it while little length of purchase was left. Not unfrequently some of the large elephants succeeded even in breaking several coils of the coir rope, before the operation of "hauling them up taut" could be completed; and of the second batch secured, one savage and apparently untameable brute broke loose three several times. It was in this breaking loose inside the enclosure, that the real danger lay, and the European visitors fully shared it, when, after the noosing was completed, they entered the kraal, to examine more closely the still excited and struggling captives. Sometimes the animals would stand quiescent, and so encourage rather close advances, only to lead to shouts of mingled alarm and laughter, as, after a sudden rush and a roar from an elephant, a gentleman (minus his lost cap) would be seen flying or tumbling over the felled jungle. Nor was a wild, unreasoning *panic* absent from the incidents which befell those who had invaded the domain of the deity who, according to mythological fables, presided over the forest solitudes. Some thirty of us, including a few ladies, were in the kraal, watching the varied attitudes of the captured elephants, when all of a sudden we became a "rabble rout," fleeing in all directions, while none pursued. The false alarm speedily subsided, and then as the incongruity of the scene became apparent, cries of fear were exchanged for shouts of laughter, each one being tickled at the absurd figure made by his neighbour, as is the manner of humanity.

The Singhalese attach a degree of superstitious reverence to a tusked elephant; to such an extent, indeed, that they are very reluctant to shoot such an animal even when he is trespassing on their fields. To this cause, or more probably to the fact that he was known as a Government elephant, having gone off with some coils of coir rope on his neck, did the runaway Mootoo Rama owe his safety.* He was found and captured (with a disreputable coating of mud on his skin), in the rice fields of a village some five miles from the kraal, on the second day after his escape, and he took his part usefully enough in leading away to the neighbouring river, the elephants of the second herd captured. His conduct, however, unless the result of the enervating influence of civilisation, is difficult to reconcile with the popular belief that a tusker is specially and always distinguished for courage. There can be no question of the high estimation in which the natives hold a tusker, and certainly the two wild tuskers captured on this occasion gave undoubted proofs of superior courage. The fine, small fellow with two perfect tusks, captured first of the first group, was evidently too young to be recognised as the leader. That post was assumed by the large female with the calf, and probably because she had the calf with her. But there could be no question as to the pre-eminence conceded by elephants nearly twice his size to the one-tusked elephant (blind of one eye, curiously enough) captured first of the second group. He not only led all the charges, but the mode in which he ever covered the retreat was the subject of universal admiration. While the rest of the herd receded in the ordinary manner, he kept his front steadily to the foe, occasionally charging back at the advancing phalanx of tame elephants. In one of these charges he gave indubitable proof of the fact which Tennent seems to doubt, that wild elephants do use their tusks as instruments of offence. In a fight with one of the tame elephants he ran his one tusk deep into the haunch of his opponent, causing her to wince and avoid his near neighbourhood for some time. Mr. Palisser, the great hunter, used to relate the case of a fight which he witnessed be-

* There was scarcely an elephant captured, not excepting the calf of a year old, which did not present evidence in round protuberances on haunches and sides of bullets and slugs, lodged, doubtless in the majority of cases, by native cultivators in driving trespassing herds from their fields and gardens.

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tween two wild tuskers where the one *gored* the other to death. When the young tusker was at last separated from his fellows and secured,—and it was not until after long-continued efforts on the part of his captors, and many severe and noble struggles on his part, that this was accomplished; his courage by no means forsook him. An untusked wild elephant, nearly twice his size, was noosed within reach of him. As misfortune sometimes drives men mad, it can be no matter for wonder if, under the irritation of sudden captivity, even elephants lose their equanimity and better judgment. The untusked elephant probably associating the tusker with her misery, and forgetting all her former reverence for him, actually attacked him. He speedily retaliated in a manner which brought his opponent to reason, or at least to a sense of proper respect. As a double compliment to the Governor and the tusker, it is proposed to call this fine young fellow *Hercules*.*

But evidences of sympathy and affection were far more prevalent than outbursts of rage or irritation amongst the wild animals. The trunk of one elephant was continually drawn gently over the neck of another, and on one occasion, an exhibition took place which, to the vast majority of the visitors, conveyed the idea that "two elephants were kissing." Lips were pressed against lips, and cheek laid against cheek. Both elephants being at this time un-noosed, these actions seemed to have no motive beyond affection. [A facetious gentleman insisted that the one elephant was whispering to the other, "We'll meet next on the Roads."] Indeed, although I heard the proposition disputed, I cannot help clinging to the belief that the first herd captured were members of one family—five generations—five sizes and ages at least being represented. But be this as it may, certain it is that the members of no human family could display more anxious, systematic, and successful care, than did these huge brutes in all their rushes of terror, rage, and despair, never to injure, never to touch, except in the way of affectionate caress, the poor little calf elephant of but a year old, which ever followed, or, rather, *preceded*, its huge dam—for the almost invariable station of the young elephant seems to be just in front of its parent's forelegs, with the maternal trunk so poised in front of the calf as to shelter it from harm. When we remember all the incidents of this wild scene of excitement, the rushings hither and thither, the crashing down of forest trees, bringing with them overwhelming masses of vines and creepers, the strife between man and elephant, and, finally, of elephant with elephant,—the perfect immunity enjoyed by "Punchy" from even a scratch of harm, seems the most incredible incident of all. But He who in His creative acts stamped beneficence on His work, implants a principle (instinct, if you like) which shields like a buttress of rock the young of all animals. Even a calf elephant, with all his preternatural gravity of demeanour (this one fiercely resented the indignity of pulling his tail), is a pretty object; and those who know what paternal or maternal feelings are, will understand how the fathers and mothers present felt in regard to the "wee" elephant when his mamma was noosed and tied up, and when, in consequence of her prolonged refusal to feed, the supply of nutriment on which the poor little thing's life depended began to fail; and when, at length, even the mother, irritated by repeated buttings at her empty teats, pushed away her screaming and astonished offspring. All honour to a lady, present at the kraal with her children, who in this emergency exerted herself to secure supplies of milk or rice water for the baby elephant. The mammæ of the female elephant with one teat to each, are situated just behind the forelegs, and are developed much like those of the human being. But here all structural resemblance ceases.

I trust to hear that the little elephant I have been noticing sur-

* On one occasion a wild and tame elephant met in full charge, head to head. The wild one retreated, and the tame, as if in contempt, threw a branch after her. Incongruous as the comparison may seem, the resemblance of an elephant charging, with trunk stiffened and erect, to a runaway funnelled locomotive, is striking enough to be easily verified.

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vives, although when I left the kraal I feared the worst. The mamma did not seem to take at all kindly to her captivity, and the united cries of herself and her calf made one of our nights at the kraal a mournful one. But even still more pitiable appeared the case of another calf, attached to the second herd, and large enough to require noosing (the first little fellow none ever thought of touching: he followed implicitly wherever his mother went or was driven). This second calf followed a very large and powerful female, whose determined efforts to escape proved fatal to her. On the morning after the midnight on which she had been kraaled, she made so desperate an effort to break through the stockade, that a koralle (an inferior headman) who guarded the point, became so greatly alarmed, that he snatched a gun from a watcher close by and fired it point-blank at the animal's chest. He afterwards vehemently protested that he did not know the gun was loaded, and it was impossible to test the truth of his statement. A certain number of guns are kept loaded at the kraals, with the understanding that they are to be used only in the last extremity. But all testimony agreed that they were, during this kraal, used far too frequently for the safety of the watchmen and visitors; and Captain Bourke is understood to have stated that if calmly sitting under fire entitled a man to the Victoria Cross, the Governor had fairly earned that distinction during the day he and his friends spent in their forest platform. I am willing to concede many good qualities to the Kandians: of their patient endurance of exposure and fatigue I have no shade of doubt; but in their possession (except in rare individual instances) of that cool, calm, collected courage which would enable them steadily to stand, reserve their fire, and deliver it only at the last supreme moment of exigency, I have no belief whatever. In any case this gun was loaded, and it was fired with but too fatal effect. The ball entered the body of the huge elephant under the shoulder, and although externally it left scarcely an appreciable mark, it must have penetrated the chest and ruptured some of the larger vessels of the lungs or heart, leading to internal hæmorrhage. With a fearful cry the great bulk arrested its progress, staggered back to the opposite side of the kraal, fell with the momentum of a huge boulder crashing down a forest side, and with groans most awful to listen to, breathed out its life in the presence of its young, which had never left its side, and never did until it was forced away. Hours after the death of the mother elephant, I saw the calf standing by the dead body, evidently waiting till this long sleep should terminate. I have no hesitation in saying that the sight affected me deeply. Having previously watched elephants asleep on their side, I noticed that the attitude in death of the shot animal was precisely that of repose.—[See engraving.]

Twelve hours after the fatal bullet had been fired, there were no external signs to show that the sleep of this animal was "the sleep that knows no waking." The limbs had not stiffened—there was no offensive effluvium,—and not a single fly seemed as yet to have discovered that the recumbent mass was carrion to be put away. Tennent notices that an elephant which lay down and died—broken-hearted—in the Kraal of 1847, was, even before death, covered with flies. Here, the Maha Modliar assured us no flies would appear until thirty hours after death; the period at which, no doubt, the putridity of decomposition would make itself manifest to the scavengers of nature. Cases of this kind ought to induce caution in doubting the truthfulness of narratives, in which incidents different from our particular experiences occur. Tennent's elephant was probably sickly—a mass of death in life before it finally lay down in its grave of churned mud. Ours was struck down in the intensity of vigorous life. Most deeply did we regret that no surgeon remained, skilled in comparative anatomy, who would seize so favourable an opportunity of endeavouring to settle the moot question respecting the camel-like receptacle for water with which elephants are supposed by Tennent, supported by the great authority of Owen, to be furnished. Drs. Markey and Gould had been present at the kraal, but both had gone, so that there was no hope of a *post-mortem* examination.

That elephants retract water from somewhere is beyond all dispute.

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Even the youngest calf did this when in the kraal. The proboscis is curled inwards until it doubles. The extremity is then inserted in the mouth and pushed down the throat. When the trunk (so called) is withdrawn, a shower of liquid is sprinkled against the chafed leg, or over the back of the wearied animal. This was done very frequently by the noosed elephants, only a small quantity of moisture being used at a time, but always sufficient to be seen, as of the consistency of rain or spray, when ejected from the proboscis.

I was glad to aid Mr. Skeen in taking a most beautiful and characteristic *post mortem* portraiture of the elephant, with its native forests for the back-ground. So close is the resemblance of elephantine sleep and death, that the picture might with equal propriety be called "The Dead Elephant," or "The Elephant Reposing." Here in the scene of motionless stillness, sun-painting had its full triumph. Every feature, from the hugest to the most minute, of the elephant and his jungle-bed are faithfully portrayed; while in the photograph of the captive tusker, the noosed elephants in shadowy tableaux can be seen dimly in the back-ground. But the very truthfulness of the art was against photography in any efforts to catch the more exciting scenes of the kraal. Of all the animals in creation, the elephant is perhaps the most restless. Even in the case of the tame elephant the body is incessantly swayed to and fro, the trunk is ever curved and uncurved, as it feels about; and if all else could be kept still no human art could stay the waving and flapping of the fan-like ears, or rather leaf-like; for if anyone examines the back of an elephant's ear, he will find it marked with the most beautiful leaf-like reticulations of veins and sinews. A more interesting object for close examination I know not, except it be, what it also reminded me of, the grand dorsal fin of the sword-fish. With ears, tail, trunk, body, ever in unrest, it is almost impossible to take a photograph of a tame elephant. To take, in jungle-shadowed light, the charges and contortions of the wild elephants, would be therefore hopeless. So that for representations of the elephant in active motion, we must refer to sketches so truthful as those by which the artist Nicholls has illustrated Tennent's book. But short of actual motion, Mr. Skeen's pictures embody the main characteristics of the kraal. What we believe will be deemed his master-piece (if the "Dead Elephant" scene is not accorded the pre-eminence) is one which we suppose he will call, "The Captured Tusker Preparing to Charge." The portrait, the attitude, and the surroundings (as seen through the stereoscope), are all that could possibly be desired. After the instrument had been placed so as to bring the animal into focus, Mr. Skeen mentioned one difficulty. The trunk was curled round the tusk. To remedy this, we approached in front of the elephant, and gently tapped with our umbrella the rope by which the forefoot was noosed. The effect of this trivial incident was magnificent. The trunk, like every other portion and nerve of his frame, took the attitude of attention—the noosed forefoot was raised so as fully to display the rope and its convolutions—the ears were thrown back and kept steadily immoveable, while his whole regards, the reverse of benevolent, we fear, were fixed on us. Before another quiver could take place (and it was curious to observe how, occasionally, the skin of the elephants got *puckered*, as a symptom of rage), all this was transferred to the collodion plate, and those who possess themselves of copies of the resulting picture of "The Wild Tusker Preparing to Charge," will see one of the most striking and characteristic of the many kraal scenes which Mr. Skeen secured.—[See Engraving.]

Amongst others may be mentioned:—Groups of elephants in the River Kimbulawana (including a first-rate portrait of the large tusker kneeling); Watchers Going to and Returning from the Drive; Defending a Weak Point of the Kraal; Groups of Government Officials and Native Headmen (including one venerable man whose first appointment was signed by Sir John D'Oyley nearly fifty years ago); The Grand Stand, with Visitors Watching the Noosing, &c. To Mr. Skeen's pictures we refer those who desire to clothe with life and reality the outlines we are attempting to sketch of the grand forest

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scenes of the Elephant Kraal of 1866. Those pictures were taken with considerable jeopardy of health and even some risk of life (when the picture of the "Dead Elephant" was taken, at which we assisted, to show the proportion to the human figure, a fierce wild elephant, noosed only by one rope, was within reach, if he chose to make a rush) and he who runs such risks, deserves the reward of success. At any rate, it squares not with our notions of justice to withhold our tribute from courageous enterprise.

Before passing away from the scenes in the kraal, where the captured elephants must remain all night, to be conveyed to the water and a more permanent place of picketing, on the following morning, I would revert to the case of the shot elephant, as illustrative of the native character—of the semi-feudal system which still prevails among the Kandians, and as explanatory of some of the causes which rendered the Elephant Kraal of 1866 only a partial success as far as the number of animals captured is concerned. When the elephant was shot, an old Ratemahatmeya raged like a lioness deprived of her whelps. He stormed against the Koralle, and insisted that the Government Agent should instantly dismiss him. "Otherwise," exclaimed the aged and influential chief, "I and my two hundred men will depart!" Mr. Atherton, who speaks the language perfectly, soothed him, and pointed out that this was neither the time nor place to decide on the merits of the case. Nevertheless, it is pretty certain that this incident and the old chief's avowal of feeling and intention influenced his following (be it remembered that his brother was also a Chief Headman with a following,) and proved fatal to the further success of the kraal. The watchers melted away—the lines were weakened—and the elephants which had been followed so long and so perseveringly, escaped to the jungles or to the rice fields of their persecutors.

On this occasion a powerful section was from the first in favour of having the kraal at Ebblewattee, the scene of the successful capture of 1863, less than a score of miles distant. As matters stand, all parties are losers. Government obtain at the utmost but half the number of elephants they calculated on. The Maha Modliar had chosen five when we left, indicating that Government would take also the younger tusker, if Mr. Atherton persisted in his avowed determination to refuse him at the hands of the chiefs, his refusal being meant as a punishment to them for their disastrous bickerings; although, his kind-heartedness prevailing, he gave a fine rifle amongst the chiefs, leaving themselves to decide which of their number should have it. A striking contrast it was to some of the strange-looking Kandian guns we saw on this occasion.* Some of the native guns were, however, very handsomely decorated. Even if the projectors of the kraal get the seven elephants which remain, they will be largely losers; as for the Arab trader who waited so long and so patiently, his case is perhaps the hardest of all. He appealed to us as a "Nawsapaaper Reporator," evidently giving us credit for greater influence and information than we could pretend to. We should think he is not likely to leave the country without some elephants, for, apart from the chances of the private kraal, there are those noosed singly and in succession by the snarers of the north and east of the island to fall back upon. Indeed we should think that Government will, for the future replenishment of their working stock, look rather to the steady supplies which these "Panickeas" can secure, than to the results of the grand battues called "kraals." In the one case, a few men follow their regular vocation; in the other, large numbers of inhabitants are called away from theirs. In any case, we trust, care will be taken never again to commence kraal operations in the midst of crop time. August, September, and October are the proper months for kraals.

We have yet to record the incidents of conveying the elephants from the kraal to the river.

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* The native watchers bring their own guns, but the ammunition used is provided at the expense of Government, we believe.

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In order to remove the wild elephants two tame animals were ranged one on each side of a wild one, while the noosers proceeded to place coil after coil of coir rope round the neck of the latter. When a collar had been thus formed, ends of the rope were connected with similar collars on the necks of the flanking decoys. This process was accomplished in the face of more or less resistance from the captive, in accordance with his natural disposition or in proportion to the exhaustion he had undergone. Sometimes an elephant would lie down and obstinately refuse to rise, until the tame ones fairly forced him, by pushing, rolling, and raising him with their great heads; generally, however, the captives stood still enough while the collars were being put round their necks and the noosing ropes removed from their legs. Indeed, I noticed that, as a general rule, a wild elephant soon got, not only reconciled to the presence of the tame ones, but seemed pleased with their companionship, and it was only when they again left him, on his being securely re-noosed, that his rage and despair revived, displayed in bellowings and contortions. Each wild elephant being secured between two tame ones (all except the *poonchy lamea* [little child] which followed its mamma), the whole moved off in grand procession, and ranged themselves majestically in front of the Governor's residence, as if to yield homage to the representative of British Royalty—a royalty far milder and more beneficent than that to which many of their elephantine ancestors had yielded involuntary salaams. * * * * The Governor's grand forest levee over, the procession moved down into the bed of the Kimbulawana, and once in the fresh waters of a pool the delight of the wild elephants was boisterously exhibited. They drank copiously—I thought the little calf would really burst from the draughts it imbibed, and next I feared it would be drowned from the floods taken up by its lady mamma and discharged over its little body. All the elephants deluged themselves with the grateful water; but, of course, they were not allowed to lie down in the stream and bathe in regular fashion. That privilege must be reserved until they succumb to their lot and are amenable to the voice of their drivers. When the captives had thoroughly washed and cooled themselves, they were marched up beside the enormous kombook, halmalille, and other trees which overshadow the banks of the river (to pass down the bed of a river is the true mode of appreciating the really magnificent and varied vegetation of Ceylon), where they were again noosed by the legs and secured to the trees. The decoy elephants then moved off, and the captives, once more feeling their bonds, and finding themselves, while forsaken by the elephants, surrounded by numbers of curious spectators:—

> Gentlemen to the right of them,—
> Ladies to the left of them,—
> Children in front of them:—
> All filled with wonder;—

became excited, and commenced anew their roarings, contortions, pushings and scrapings of the soil with their fore-feet, and beating the ground with their trunks. The food with which they were now plentifully supplied was, at first, and for a considerable period by some of the more violent, intractable, or sulky, tossed or kicked aside with contempt. The offer of a cocoa-nut even, was often but the signal for a savage charge at the donor, and a roar expressive of anything but gratitude. Some refused food for the whole night, and bellowed incessantly, loosening the dust with their fore-feet, and then with their trunks throwing it over their heads and bodies:—"Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, slavery, thou art a bitter draught." With most, however, the claims of hunger soon became supreme, and first a few bo leaves, then a bit of kittul stalk, and ultimately any food available was carried by the elongated upper lip and nostril into the great chopper of the jaws, crunched and swallowed.

Some of the animals very speedily became amenable to a degree of training. For instance, my friend the young tusker. I visited him at an early hour of the morning after his captivity, and found two of

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the drivers seated on tame elephants, teaching him to "salaam." Accompanying the word, loudly uttered, with prickings from their goads, so as to force the animal first to erect his trunk and then lower it, of course he soon learned to salaam, by much the same species of associations which induce a bear to dance. Returning from the kraal, a few hours subsequently, I thought I should like to test the permanency of the lesson. Standing in front of him, with my umbrella upraised, I authoritatively ordered him to "Salaam!" He looked dubiously at me for a while, but at the repeated utterance of the command, he slowly obeyed, raised his trunk and lowered it in good style, to the intense delight of the native spectators. On the evening of the same day, however, he was not so amenable to authority. When I again tried the experiment, the result was an unnecessarily rapid advance towards me, an attempt to get possession of my umbrella, and a roar, which plainly said in elephantine tones, "I'll salaam you! if I can only catch you!" To real danger, however, did one of the ponnekellas (drivers) shortly afterwards expose himself. Under the evident influence of arrack he sprang on a wild elephant's back in bravado. He escaped, but narrowly. During the beat in the jungle, however, scouts placed in trees to watch the motions of the elephants have been known to drop on the back of one, urge him with a goad, and spring back into their bough. Considering the liberties thus taken and the risks run, it is only amazing that so few fatal accidents occur. But in truth, the very hugeness of the elephant, which makes the crush of his foot, or the dash with his trunk so deadly, is often the security of those who insult this monarch of the Ceylon forests.

The twelve elephants captured were ultimately picketed under the sylvan shades of the river's banks, and one of the last scenes I witnessed before my departure was the sale of a couple of them by auction. Some question arose, it was understood, as to the possession of the large calf elephant, the one which had lost its dam. It was, therefore, put up to competition, and fell, I believe, to the lot of Jayetilleke Modliar for £7. The creature was young, it must be remembered, and there would be risk and expense in rearing it. Another full-grown female was purchased by the Arabs for £7 10s.; but she seemed irreclaimably vicious and sulky, and the Maha Modliar expressed great doubts of her surviving. But, curiously enough, I hear of the successful commencement of the education of this obstreperous female while I am writing. My correspondent states:—

"You will be surprised to hear that the huge old she elephant, purchased by the Arabs, is now so tame that it could be led to the water by two men. The Arabs have not had tame elephants to help them in taming. I hear four of them used to go every morning with quantities of jaggery (coarse palm sugar) and begin throwing pieces at the elephant, and sometimes handing it from a distance to the animal's trunk. On the least manifestation of any turbulence or hostility, all the four, who are armed with stout sticks, begin hitting the elephant all about the body, when it quietly lies down, then they wait till it rises from the ground, and begin feeding it with delicacies and repeat the blows, if obstreperous, and so on."

These are exactly the principles of combined kindness and chastisement on which Rarey and other horse-tamers act. They are doubtless of almost universal application to the larger quadrupeds: lions and even tigers being amenable to a combination of firmness and gentleness in those who feed and tend them.

Influenced, doubtless, by the graphic descriptions which Cordiner gives of the grant kraals he witnessed at the beginning of this century, near Tangalle and Negombo, where scores of elephants* were enclosed in parks of labyrinthine passages, many of them being drowned in "the water snare," or crushed in the narrow funnels in which the unfortunate animals were barricaded from above as well as on every side, we had formed the idea of an enormous enclosure, with wings

* Percival notices a kraal at which four hundred elephants are said to have been captured.

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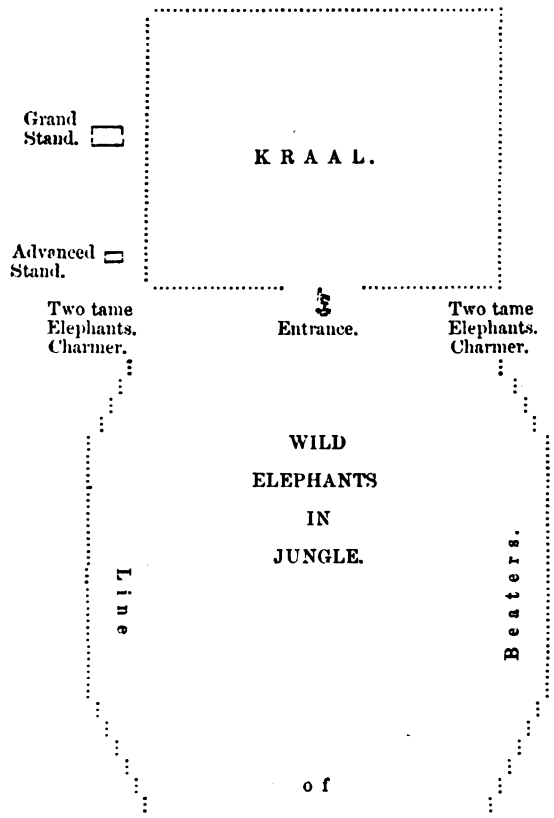
inclining outwards for miles into the forest. We have already notice, that the parallelogram on this occasion was but 240 feet on each side so that the area was only 6,400 square yards. The wings were exceedingly limited, certainly not more than 200 feet in length, and ultimately the side on which they were situated was abandoned, and an entrance into the kraal opened on the opposite side. The engraving in Tennent's work (page 349, vol. ii., 5th edition) gives an excellent idea of a Kandian elephant kraal, its form, and the principles on which it is constructed. In the case of this late one, however, the wings did not spring continuously from the kraal. Vacant spaces were left for two elephants to stand at each corner, and it was understood they would rush forward towards the entrance, the moment the wild elephants entered the enclosure, and cover with their protection the men employed in putting up the barricades. But the drive on the winged sides being abandoned, *our* kraal was simply a square palisade with an opening on one side. (See diagram).

Cross rear lines were ever drawn through the jungle, when the beaters were satisfied that the elephants were in front; and, of course, as the drive neared the kraal the cordon of beaters was drawn closer and closer, until at last it closed in on the elephants, and they had no choice but to break through the line or enter the kraal. Break through the line many of them did; one, as I have already related, burst through the kraal, fairly raising up a portion of the palisades, cross beams, jungle vines, and all with its tusks, and scattering the watchers to right and left. Mr. Proctor Jayetilleke was present at the point, and did all that a man could do to stop the fierce animal, but in vain. Another elephant made a desperate though unsuccessful effort of the same nature. He rushed up to the palisade, seized a peeled wand pointed at him by a Koralle, and broke it over the man's arm and head, inflicting severe bruises. But this animal was manfully resisted and turned back. The danger to the men who guarded the kraal was, on this occasion, increased by the fact that much of the old timber of the kraal of 1847 was used in its construc-



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tion. The buttress posts, if fresh, would be rather pushed deeper into the earth than broken by the shock of an elephant charging outwards; but the mass of them on this occasion were anything but fresh. The real guard was the cordon of shouting beaters, aided at night by the lines of blazing watch fires.

But the elephants are all kraaled, noosed, and picketed. Kraal Town, yesterday so alive with inhabitants, and yesternight so brilliant with river-reflected lights, is fast assuming the aspect of a "banquet-hall deserted." The temporary bungalows are being dismantled, the sign of the restaurant has been taken down, the boutiques and their miscellaneous wares are disappearing, and all are packing up and going away, in carriages and hackeries, bullock carts and elephant carts, on horseback and on foot. So, having waited to see almost the closing scenes of the kraal, we also start homewards to city life and civilization. Not an hour too soon do we reach the Dedro Oya. We had passed it a series of shallow pools and sand reaches. Now we found it a deep and turbid stream, fed by rains from the Matella mountains, of which but a few pattering drops had reached us at the kraal, but which, after our arrival at Kornegalle, culminated in a grand thunderstorm, with copious downpours of rain refreshing the whole face of nature. We must not now dwell on the scenes of our journey, nor describe how our party spent the midnight hours at a Kandian house, after eating a Kandian dinner of curries *al fresco;* knives, forks, and spoons being at a discount, and well-washed fingers at a premium. Nor can we wait to detail the moonlight entrance of our worn and wearied cavalcade to Kornegalle, in the early hours of the moon-lit morning. For the present, too, we must restrain our admiration of the beautifully-wooded and vine-festooned banks of the Maha Oya, the lovely scenes at the Allowe Ferry, and, finally, the grateful contrast to our previous mode of travelling in the swift and luxurious railway journey to Colombo.

Suffice it, in conclusion, to say, that once more amongst the comforts of our sea-side home, safe, after all the discomforts and occasional perils of our visit to the Elephant Jungles and the Elephant Kraall our prominent recollections of the incidents and scenes of our trip are largely pleasurable. If by jotting down in this hasty fashion our recollections and impressions, we interest our readers, and afford them more vivid ideas than they previously entertained of the habits and character of the Ceylon elephant, and the scenery in which he dwells,—not forgetting the interesting race of men who engaged in the grand *battue*, and the exciting capture,—our labour will not have been in vain.

We may just add, that up to 1833, when Rajecaria, or compulsory labour, was abolished, the natives were not only not permitted to shoot the elephants, so destructive to their crops, but they were compelled, periodically, to engage in the work of snaring them for Government. On the abolition of the old system, not only were the natives permitted, but encouraged by rewards to kill the elephants. So many tens of thousands of the animals have fallen to the guns of the natives, and to the rifles of European sportsmen, so many thousands more have been snared and exported, and the clearing operations of European agriculturists have so effectually driven the animals from the higher ranges of hills, that it can be no wonder if, ere long, few can be found to admit of a successful kraal within ordinary reach of the peopled parts of the island. But, unhappily, there are thousands of square miles of Ceylon, in the north and east, a mere jungly waste, where, for generations yet, the European sportsman can pursue his huge game, and the native snarer ply his cunning and daring avocation.

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SPORT IN THE JUNGLES AND BESIDE THE TANKS OF CEYLON.

(*From Papers contributed to the "Sporting Magazine," by Col. W. W. Turner, C.B.*)

At this period Minery lake was not only one of the most beautiful, but one of the best, spots for game in the island. Far from any large thoroughfare, it possessed every requisite for a wild beast's happiness—perfect quiet, excellent water, shady forests, and large extensive plains covered with the richest grass. Here they roamed undisturbed; the populous city, that once flourished near, had crumbled into ruin, and few but the tiny beddah [Veddah] broke in upon their solitude.

Passing through a strip of jungle that grew down to the water's edge, we came out upon a large open plain, through which a herd of buffaloes were moving towards the lake. There were several old bulls among them, and coveting a pair of their horns, I tried hard to stalk them. The ground was so open, and they fled so quickly onwards, that when within two hundred yards I found it better to get up and run at them. At first they either did not perceive or did not regard me; but suddenly all started off with their heavy lumbering gallop, and then wheeled about with loud snorts to have a look at me. Seeing that I rapidly approached, they again turned, and lumbered off towards a small wooded promontory that ran out into the lake. With small hopes of ever seeing them again, and considerably blown, I pulled up and took it quietly. Entering the belt of jungle, we found they had passed through, and crossing some narrow glades, had sought refuge in the forest. We now debated whether to follow them or not; but as the tracks led in the direction of the village, we decided on doing so. Passing along the edge of a small swampy pool, full of high reeds, a single bull buffalo sprang up and galloped off. Firing right and left as quickly as I could, the last shot brought him on his nose, and running up with a second gun, as he gained his legs, I killed him with a shot in the forehead. We now resumed the track of the herd, and had followed it for about a mile,

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when the Aratchy suddenly whispered "Ghona," and pointed to the left. Sure enough there was a fine doe elk about fifty yards off, standing against the trunk of a large tree. I aimed at her shoulder and fired; but greatly to my astonishment she bounded off, apparently untouched. The Aratchy, however, rushed forward, and I followed, when we found her quite dead about twenty yards from the tree. By the time we had cut her up and loaded the gun carriers, it was getting dark, and we returned to the village.

While at dinner a native of a distant village came in, and declared he had seen a tusker with two other elephants about six miles off, in the direction of Segiri. I therefore arranged to go in search, engaging him as a guide and gun-carrier. Leaving the servants and coolies in the village, with orders to await my return, I started soon after daylight with the Aratchy, guide, and four other trackers, two of whom carried a couple of bottles of beer, frying-pan, cold fowl, &c. Skirting the edge of the lake for about three miles, we struck into a jungle-path leading towards the Matalè hills, and at four p.m. entered a fine plain dotted with clumps of thorny bushes, at the far side of which the guide said he had seen the tusker. It was splendid ground for stalking, and herds of deer were in every direction; but being in no want of meat, I refrained from firing for fear of disturbing the elephants. We chose a clump of trees on the banks of a small stream, lighted a fire, cooked our dinner, and lay down for the night. The mosquitoes, as usual, were most persevering in their attacks; but the thoughts of the tusker and the long march made me care little for such annoyances, and in a short time I was sound asleep.

The first streaks of dawn were appearing, when I awoke cold and shivering. The fire was quite out, and the trackers sound asleep; rousing them up, and relighting the fire, we fried some deer's flesh for breakfast. Meanwhile one of them, going out into the plain, found that the three elephants had passed close to us during the night. Taking up the track, it led us directly across the plain towards some low jungly hills about four miles off, and passed between these into dense thorny jungle. Here we made sure of finding them; but no, they had gone right through, and into the forest beyond. It was evident they had winded us the night before, on passing our bivouac, and, taking the alarm, gone straight away. We followed the track till past mid-day, and then gave it up. By the time we had regained our last night's resting-place it was pitch dark.

Crossing the plain on our return to Minery, the deer were, if possible, more numerous than ever, and presented many tempting shots; but I was determined to take back a good pair of antlers, and therefore bided my time. In half-an-hour more I had knocked over a fine buck, and while the natives were

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breaking him up, I seated myself on a large ant-hill close by, and had scarcely done so when I heard a loud hissing, with a shout from one of the trackers, and looking round saw a large ticpolonga (the most venomous snake in Ceylon) coming towards me at a great pace. As a matter of course, I lost no time in vacating my seat, and making off towards a small tree, against which the guns were placed, snatched up the nearest, and sent a ball through my hissing friend that almost cut him in half. A stick finished the matter, and we stretched him out to his full length, which was more than five feet. The natives declared that young ones must be somewhere near, or the snake would never have attacked as he did; but be that as it may, we could find none, and I was glad to get away from the spot. Close to the lake we fell in with some buffaloes and bagged two, one a fine old bull, the other only three-parts grown.

It may be as well to state here, that on being ordered to Trincomalee I had been advised to go by sea, on account of the danger and sickness attending the land route during the rainy season; but declining this, they allowed me fourteen days for the land journey. My leave was therefore fast drawing to a close, and it became necessary to push on, particularly as I was desirous of visiting Toparè and Doolanda, and thence, if practicable, passing down the left bank of the Mahawelliganga. The next morning, therefore, was passed in deer-stalking, when I killed four fine bucks and a buffalo; the afternoon in travelling to Toparè, twelve miles, which I entered at night-fall. The headman reported plenty of elephants, and promised to have trackers ready at day-light. He was better than his word, for we were a mile from the village before it was light. As we skirted the edge of a large tank, the leading tracker came to a dead stop, and pointing to a dark mass whispered "Alio, alio." They were moving directly across us, away from the tank. It was much too dark to shoot; we therefore sat down to wait for day; one of the trackers, the headman's brother, who had only one eye, the other having been destroyed by a bear, creeping quietly after them. Our patience was not taxed long: the stars grew smaller and smaller; a dim undefinable sort of light stole up from the east; the bats and flying foxes betook themselves to their holes in the rocks; the great owl ceased to hoot; the peacocks from the tops of the highest trees greeted the coming day with their shrill wild screams; the jungle cocks strutted forth in their bright yellow plumage, uttering their crow of defiance; and the jackals stole lightly past with their quick prying gait. Pricking and priming the nipples, and putting on fresh caps, we struck across to overtake our one-eyed friend. Far before us stretched a most beautiful park-like country, slightly undulating, and heavily timbered with clumps of large shady trees. Through this the elephants led us for

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more than two hours, when we came up to them in one of the large clumps before mentioned; but they had either smelled or seen us, and made off as fast as they could. A most exciting chase ensued across the open, with turf as level as a lawn. They had about one hundred yards' start, and seemed determined to keep it; but putting on extra steam, I gradually drew upon them, and as they entered another large clump, with more underwood than the last, was barely thirty yards behind. On they crashed, and we followed, shouting at the top of our voices, in the hope they would turn and charge, when we suddenly found ourselves in the midst of old ruins and close to two temples. Here the two elephants separated, and the nearest having had enough of our badgering, wheeled short round on some rising ground close to the temple, and rushed at us. I fired at once, and he fell dead within ten yards of its walls. The other had meanwhile made the best of his way, and got so far ahead that I gave him up.

Being so near the village, I returned for breakfast, intending to pass the afternoon in general shooting; that is, anything from a hare to an elephant. Unfortunately, just before starting the rain again made its appearance, destroying all hope of sport; but as my time was limited, I thought it better to go out on the chance of stumbling on an elephant feeding than lounging in a native hut. Chance stood my friend, for I did stumble on an elephant, and, as bad luck would have it, tailored the business sadly, from having allowed the wet to get at the guns. The elephant was in a small open spot, surrounded by jungle, and I got close up without his being aware of my presence; if I had chosen my shot I could not have had a better, for I was directly opposite his ear, about twelve yards off. As he turned his head slowly round I pulled the trigger; but the gun missed fire. He was off in a moment, and though the second barrel went all right, I was so flurried by the miss fire, that I hit him too far back. To snatch another gun and dash after, was the work of a moment; but he got into thorny jungle, and completely distanced us. It was well for me perhaps that he did so, for on reaching the open again we came upon a large herd of wild pig, and both barrels missed fire: it is almost impossible, when chasing an elephant through jungle dripping with wet, to keep your guns dry. The next day was equally wet and rainy, and I had a narrow escape from being caught. We had heard elephants roaring in the tank all night long, and started early to look after them. It was a dull misty morning, very close and muggy, without a breath of wind; but having cleaned the guns and loaded them afresh, we proceeded to the opposite side of the lake, and struck the morning track almost immediately, and from its freshness had great hopes of coming up with them in the open. The fates were, however, against us; the track led

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direct for the forest, and we entered. It was so wet that the lame headman advised leaving them alone; but to this I would not listen, and pushed on. An hour's tracking brought us up with our game, and feeling sure of the guns, which I had taken every precaution to keep dry, I walked up to the nearest elephant, and pulled the trigger. He was not more than twelve yards off, and both barrels snapped in his face. I put back my hand for a second gun; but the natives had hung back, and were now running in all directions, while the elephants, finding the matter in their own hands, came steadily at me, with deep low growling like distant thunder. Dodging from tree to tree, and followed by the elephant whose life I had attempted, I was soon running at top speed with the brute screaming after me. Twice I doubled, like a hunted hare, and the second time got out of his line of sight, so that he was obliged to pull up and use his trunk to discover my whereabouts. As I said before, there was no wind, and when I last saw him he was pointing his trunk like a great funnel in every direction. As may be well imagined, I did not stop to watch; but moving as silently as possible, came up with a tracker waiting behind a tree, who led the way out at a slapping pace. Though it was no laughing matter, yet the way in which this fellow ran, with long upraised striding steps, his body bent low, his long hair unloosed and streaming down his back, and casting every now and again the most terrified looks behind, was so exceedingly ridiculous that I could hardly run for laughing.

The morning of the 21st broke heavily, with the rain still falling. We moved, therefore, to Doolanda, nine miles, the first part of the distance through as fine a park as the world can produce, but the latter part very flat, and, being not far from the Mahawelliganga, was completely flooded—the water in many places was above the coolies' waists. It was a strange scene. Foremost waded the guide; feeling his way with a long pole; I followed on horseback, hog-spear in hand; then came the coolies in a long straggling line, loads on head; while my horsekeeper, and the hounds swimming after him, brought up the rear. As might be expected, the guide got bewildered in the deep water, and lost the way; we therefore made for two or three huts in the distance, to procure another, and, after some delay, succeeded in finding one, who took us into Doolanda about eight at night.

The inhabitants are chiefly Moormen, and celebrated trackers—in fact, elephant-catchers by profession, the most noted among them being six brothers. Of these men I had heard much from Mr. Sam Baker [now Sir Samuel Baker], and they did not belie their character. The weather was sadly against us, for the rain still continued; but having come thus far on purpose to prove the mettle of the "rogues" that infest

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this part of the country, I sallied out at daylight with six Moormen. I have never seen such active, wiry fellows, such regular sporting trackers. They entered into the sport as if they really enjoyed it, not as if they were going to be hung, and with minds made up to bolt at the first sight of an elephant. It was a real pleasure working with such dashing, go-ahead fellows, and I made sure of sport.

We soon struck the track of a single elephant; but following was quite out of the question, on account of the water; we persevered till past eleven o'clock, reluctantly gave it up, and returned to the village. At two the rain ceased, when the Moormen proposed trying the opposite side of the lake. That there were elephants enough we had ocular proof, for we counted seven in the water feeding on the lotus leaves, while one that we had not at first seen was on our side, but more than one hundred yards from the shore, and we debated how to attack him.

Fastened to the bushes which grew near the water's edge was a small canoe, fashioned out of the trunk of a tree, and used by the villagers to get at the long rushes. In this I proposed attacking the elephant. The trackers did not much relish the idea, but, having nothing better to suggest, agreed to try it. A new difficulty now arose—there were no paddles; but we made substitutes out of the stems of the cocoa-nut leaves, and pushed off, four paddling and two holding the spare guns. Thick bushes grew out into the lake for some distance, and one of these was not more than forty yards from the elephant. Under cover of this we made our approach; but I candidly confess that the nearer we got the less I liked it: the brute was such a size, and looked such a downright vicious one, with those large, flesh-coloured spots about his head; while our boat was so small and frail, and so crank, that the slightest movement made her wobble about so as to render any man's aim uncertain, that I had considerable doubts whether it would not be better to put back and let the brute alone. One look at the boatmen decided me; they had little or no fear, and were evidently watching me. By this time we had reached the bush, and were almost directly behind the elephant. I therefore stood up to get a firm footing, while the natives giving a few noiseless strokes of the paddles shot her out in the direction of his quarter. Nothing could have been better done; the canoe glided up to within fifteen yards, and he swung his head slowly round to look at us. I watched the moment, and he sank dead to my first barrel. For a minute or two the natives hardly believed him dead, and kept the canoe back; but gaining confidence we pushed up, and getting his tail from under water, cut off the usual trophy.

We now paddled rapidly across to the opposite shore, but

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found that all the elephants, except two feeding close together, had left the lake. Making the canoe fast in a large creek, we moved along the edge until opposite our two hardy friends; and sending one of the men some distance up the lake to a small promontory, with directions to go to the end and fire at the elephants, we concealed ourselves close to the tracks they had made on entering the water. We had not watched long before we saw the puff and heard the report of the gun; but the elephants took little notice, and went on feeding as before. We now decided on wading out towards them as near as we could, and trying the effects of the big rifle. It was nervous work, for the lake swarmed with alligators of large size; but keeping close together, we pushed on till the water reached the armpits of the natives. The elephants were directly facing us, and, taking a steady aim at the nearest one's forehead, I fired. This awoke him with a vengeance; he roared, screamed, and, tossing up his trunk, came at us with long and rapid strides. At first we turned and made towards the shore, but by the time the water was no higher than our hips, he was getting a great deal too close; I therefore took another shot at his forehead with the left barrel, and, getting a fresh gun, gave him sharp right and left into the same spot. This turned him, and he made off with drooping trunk towards the forest. Silently vowing never to wade into deep water again after a royal elephant, I turned to see what had become of the other, but he also was gone.

Wiping and reloading the guns, we ran rapidly after the wounded one, but he led us through such distressing ground that I was soon brought to a stand. It was literally mud, thick clayey mud, half way up to our knees; out of this grew large clumps of trees, with creepers turning and twisting round their trunks till they formed almost impenetrable fastnesses. We arrived at last on firm ground, and close to thick jungle, but lost the elephant.

Near to us was one of those impenetrable screens of jungle. One of the trackers went close up to it, looking for the track. The next minute, with the jungle flying before him, out crashed a rogue-elephant in full charge, his head high and trunk up. I knew there was no chance of killing him; but his attack was so sudden and unexpected that I fired right and left without having time to consider what I was about. The shots did not even check him, but they handed me a second gun as quick as light, and I ran out at right angles for the nearest tree, the elephant after me, screaming most tremendously. Again I faced round, and gave him right and left, but with no more effect than the first time, and again I took to my heels, throwing the unloaded gun away. The elephant was now fast gaining on me, and almost seemed as if he could reach me with his trunk, when I

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wheeled round and ran towards him, and got away from him at an acute angle, thus doubling back towards the spare guns; he overshot the spot, and for a moment lost sight of me. This saved my life, for a tracker ran up without a moment's hesitation, and put a loaded gun into my hand. The elephant now turned about, and singled me out; but his head was down, and I killed him the first shot.

It will thus be seen that sport at the old tanks and in the park-like jungles of Ceylon has much of the excitement of danger to recommend it. Of what may take place even in the immediate neighbourhood of such a station as Trincomalie, Col. Turner furnishes some curious instances:—

The following morning, leaving servants and coolies to follow, I galloped into Trincomalee; and, as often happens when you have left your gun behind, a magnificent black chetah, or, more properly speaking, leopard, crossed the road about fifty yards before me, stopping for a moment to turn and look. This occurred about a mile on the "Trinco" side of Pullampoota rest-house. A similar chance offered about seven months afterwards in the same place, and I firmly believe the same chetah, but I was again unarmed.

These chetahs or leopards do much damage, destroying dogs, goats, bullocks, deer, &c., in great numbers, but like all the rest of the feline tribe, are sneaking, cowardly creatures, seldom appearing except at night, when they spring with tremendous bounds upon their prey, fastening on his throat, and easily pulling him to the ground, where they quietly suck his blood. They seldom do more the first night; but having drained his veins, retire to their lair for the day, returning the next night to feast upon the carcass. They are thus easily killed, if the moon is at all full; for when a native finds a bullock lying with a hole in his throat, he fastens the body to the ground with a piece of jungle-rope, builds a "*chauss*," or watching-place, in a tree close by, if there happens to be one, or, if not, makes a hole in the ground to the leeward of the dead bullock, and takes his station in it at sunset with his gun. About nine or ten o'clock, the chetah sneaks towards the spot with a deep purring noise, but keeping under cover of the bushes, when, should he scent no danger, he springs upon the bullock and begins to feast. He is then easily shot. At times they are more daring, and spring upon their prey in broad daylight, and close to a village.

When quartered at Trincomalee, there was a large black chetah that was the scourge of the neighbourhood. He had taken up his quarters on the jungly hill close to Fort Osten-

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burg, whence he used to sally forth and destroy numbers of goats, bullocks, and pariah dogs belonging to the natives of the pettah. His depredations at last became so numerous, that the natives begged us to try and shoot him; but he invariably proved too cunning, though in my afternoon rides, when unarmed, I saw him three different times. On the last of these occasions two or three hounds were with me, and they immediately gave chase, while I followed, shouting as loud as I could, and in mortal fear that he would turn and kill some of them. I succeeded in calling them off, and for some months we heard no more of him; he had not, however, forgotten his old haunt, as the following will prove.

I was out walking before breakfast with one of the officers of the garrison, and we took the lower jungle road near Fort Ostenburg. He had his walking-stick, I a double-barrelled gun loaded with small shot, which I wanted to discharge, but without any spare ammunition. A favourite Scotch lurcher, called Whiskey, was with us. I soon fired off the gun, and was walking quietly along, when a moose-deer sprang out of some bushes, and crossed the road in front of us. The bitch saw it, and immediately gave tongue in chase, but had hardly run a hundred yards when her cry was changed to a sharp yelp as if in pain or fright. For a moment we stood still, at a loss to imagine what had occasioned the sudden change, when I recollected the chetah. Laying down the gun, and snatching my friend's stick, I rushed into the jungle, calling and whistling as loud as I could, but all to no purpose, when I again heard a short, stifled yelp not far from me. On reaching the spot, there stood the chetah with his paw upon the bitch, curling up his lips with deep, low growls. I felt that I was no match for him with a stick, but was determined that he should not have her without a fight, and leaping over the intervening bushes, struck at her with a stick. With one bound he was off, leaving the bitch lying on the ground. I carried her out down to the tank that was near, and washed her wounds. Although she quite recovered, it was long before I could get her to leave my heels and again take to the jungle. Poor Whiskey! she was taken some months after by an alligator.

Even those of our readers who belong not to the tribe of Nimrods will thank us for quoting so much from Col. Turner's graphic descriptions of the sport by which the tedium of garrison life at the isolated post of Trincomalie and other stations in Ceylon is relieved.

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COFFEE-PLANTING IN CEYLON.

We cannot give the stranger to Ceylon, in a moderate space, a more vivid idea of what coffee-planting is, from the felling of the forest to the gathering of the fruit and its preparation for shipment, than by quoting from a clever and sometimes really poetical little brochure (now out of print), from the pen of the late Captain John Keith Jolly, who, after serving in the commercial navy of the East India Company, was long prominent amongst the leading planters of Ceylon. The poetical introduction is as follows:

The Briton has cross'd the ocean's foam,
In Lanka's island to make his home;
To the stately ship he has bidden adieu,
And he speeds, in the frail and quaint canoe,
Through the silvery surf, to the verdant strand
Where plume-like palms o'ershadow the land,
And white walls gleam through quivering green,
And an armed fort o'erlooks the scene,
Where commerce plies the busy oar;—
A joyful man, he leaps on shore.

He has quitted the town with its dusty glare,
Has cross'd the hot lowlands, and breathes cool air
Amid forest-clad mountains and "pattenas" bare;
Delighted he gazes, as one in a dream,
On mountain and forest and rushing stream;
And flinging his arm aloft he cries,
"This wild I will change to a paradise!"

Through the tangled wood he threads his way—
It is dusk as twilight at mid noonday;
The serpent-like woodbine from tree to tree
Hangs twisted in coils so gloomily;
But a path through the jungle, cloven by force,
Marks the elephant's track to the watercourse;
And up, still up, by diminishing rills,
To their birth-place amid the highest hills,
Where the shelter'd valleys wind and spread
Round the misty crown of the mountain's head,
He searches the forest both up and down;—
The soil is black, and the trees are brown
With the moss of ages:—"'T is good, 't is good!
Whirl the axe and fell the wood!"

The axe resounds on the gum-trees tall,
They stoop, rend, crackle, and, crashing, fall.
See that monarch of ages, o'erlooking the glen,
As a chieftain predominates over his men;—

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Around and beneath him, on either hand,
Great trees, though half sever'd, still motionless stand.—
Now watch for the blow which shall lay him low—
A forest goes down in his overthrow!
Roaring and thundering, down they swing,
Their mightiest branches splinter and ring;
With an earthquake's dint they smite the ground,
And drown, in their fall's far-echoing sound,
The cheer of the wood-cutters crouching around.

We may explain that felling is facilitated by cutting the larger trees, sometimes one hundred feet high and three feet indiameter, half through. This is done on the lower face of each tree as the wood-cutters proceed up a hill-side, and then a large tree at the top of the eminence is cut quite through. In its downward crash it gives a momentum to the larger trees below, which sends them down in succession, the tangled jungle vines helping to drag the smaller trees to the common destruction.—We now come to prosaic but necessary directions about "lopping" and waiting for dry weather to have "a good burn." Seedling nurseries and others more permanent are to be formed; zig-zag paths (never steeper than one in sixteen) are to be traced, and the planter is advised to

Build his houses,
And huts, too, for the coolies and their spouses.

Water is to be conducted from the neighbouring hill to fertilise gardens for the planter and the coolies, in which plantains, yams, and other products are to be grown. Then follows a poetical description of one of the most wonderful spectacles which can well be conceived—the felled forest over a whole range of hills blazing and crackling, while the heat-expanded moisture bursts asunder the laminated gneiss rocks with thunder-like explosions. Those who have been present at an extensive "burn," witnessing its sights and hearing its sounds, will not deem the following description exaggerated:

I now suppose you settled, housed, and knowing
That all your buildings are secure from fire;
With February's sun the land is glowing,
The dry breeze blows; just as you would desire,
The timber dry as tinder; all things showing
The very state your purposes require.
Round to the lower edge ten coolies run
With flambeaus—puff! ten "kindlings" are begun.

Smoking at first in desultory patches,
Then lighting up, they gather and they glow,

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Crackling and roaring, until he who watches
Can see them meet and mingle; on they flow,
A line of billowy fire, which swiftly catches
Leaf, branch and trunk, and hails their overthrow
By spouting flames, up-whirling to the sky;
The dun smoke spreads its cloudy canopy.

Down shower the sparks; the lurid air is glowing,
As o'er the hills advance the fiery surges,
Like desolation fiercely onward flowing;
The dry wood feeds the flame, the strong wind urges,
Rocks burst like thunder, till its farther going
Is stopp'd at last by the green forest's verges;
And smouldering logs, black stumps, and heaps of ashes
Mark where it was, illumed by fitful flashes.

The author informs us that

Whether from the heat or the exertion,
The next day I was taken very ill,
And have of weakness had a long reversion;
So, in the intervals of draught and pill,

He proceeds to "meddle with politics," which are not to our present purpose. We cannot, however, resist quoting the pleasant rhymes in which the operations of "lining, holing, and planting" a coffee estate are described:

Now stretch your line along the scorch'd-up ground—
A deep-sea lead-line is the thing exactly;—
Your planting-pegs are ready, piled around,
And all in cooly-loads tied up compactly.

For marking off the line, five feet is found
To be about the distance; but, in fact, I
Must say, 't is matter for consideration,
With reference to soil and elevation.

The lining done, the holing now commences.
Dig large deep pits, full two feet wide and deep.
Insist on this, regardless of expenses;
The benefit you in the end will reap.
All planters know (who have not lost their senses)
That many heretofore had cause to weep
That e'er they follow'd those who recommended
Small holes—a fault which cannot be defended.

Draw drains diagonal across the hills,
To save your surface soil from wash of rain;
Lead them to run into the natural rills
Or dry ravines;—the *slope* of every drain,
One in sixteen to twenty;—less steep *fills*,
And steeper ruts the soil. I must explain,
In hard ground we allow a steeper play
Than in loose earth, which would be washed away.

And as the time comes on for April showers,
See everything in readiness for planting.
Fill up the holes soon as the welkin lowers.
Plenty of healthy plants are not a-wanting;
Pack them in sheaves: and mind, the evening hours
Are best to plant in, when the sun is slanting
Towards the west; for then the cool fresh night
Will nurse the plants and set them up all right.

In planting, you disturb again the ground
Enough to hold the root; and plant it *deeply*;

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Replace the soil, and, ere you press it down,
Draw the plant upwards.—I'm not planting cheaply,
But carefully; and it can well be shown
That thus the tap-root will keep straight, and steeply
Will find its downward way, without a twist.
This care will to your mill bring ample *grist*.

Then press the earth around the stems quite hard;
Replace the planting peg to mark the station;
So, should some fail, which all your care can't ward,
Still of their pits you'll have the indication.
I know not any way the plants to guard
From nibbling deer, which have a strong vocation
For eating the young shoots; but ask your neighbours,
And have a hunt to lighten up your labours.

Then comes the following graphic description of sport such as visitors to the planters of Kotmalie and Dimboola may still witness in all its exciting interest:

'Tis pleasant sport, that hunt in the wild-wood!
Five leash of hounds, and half-a-dozen guns;
Each marksman posted as it seemeth good,
In pass or gully, to command the runs;
A whimper first, then the loud bay for blood,
When open all the deep-mouth'd dogs at once;
A crash and rush, as bounds the mighty buck
Past the "*first gun*:" but he is not in luck;

For, right and left he fires, without avail.
The eager dogs chide on, the elk breaks cover;
Along the grassy slopes they run his trail,
And gain upon him ere he can cross over
Beneath the waterfall; he does not quail,
But turning in the pool, he pinks old Rover
The foremost hound, and boldly stands at bay,
With hoof and antler ready for the fray.

With glaring eye and wild erected mane,
The stately quarry battles for his life.
The baffled dogs, half swimming, yell in vain;
And bounding on, to mingle in the strife,
The foremost hunter gains, with desperate strain,
The deep stream's margin,—there unsheathes his knife,
And warily descends the slippery rock,
Which seems to vibrate to the torrent's shock.

But having now regain'd his strength and wind,
The buck clears at a bound the torrent's bed,
And leaving hound and hunter far behind,
Goes off again "*full split*"—his nostrils spread,
His antlers laid along his back.—You'll find
Wild creatures look on man with special dread;
Though arm'd but with a knife nine inches long,
Our friend has scared this beast so large and strong.

And down the glen he sweeps, through bush and brake
The streaming hounds pursue, all mute with speed;
But just before he can the jungle make,
Whose thorns would check the dogs and help his need,
A rifle's crack has made the echoes wake.
This time the will is follow'd by the deed;
The buck bounds high in air, then stumbles—stops;
One scrambling struggle more, and down he drops.

Whoo-whoop! the scatter'd hunters straggle in,
Dabbled, and dank, and splash'd with many a stain;

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Some tatter'd too; for who the race would win
Must heed nor thorn nor thicket, but must strain
Through rough and smooth, wet, dry, and thick and thin.
None otherwise the foremost place can gain!
Cheroots are lighted while the deer is broke—
Your planter 's always ready for a smoke.

Other elk "succumb to knife or rifle, and small red deer, which are "a nibbling vermin," are got rid of to the benefit of the plantations. But the huntsman-poet does not, of course, mention such "small deer" as the forest rats, the more formidable pests of young coffee fields.

But the Planter, having had his spell of play, returns to work again, exclaiming,

Enough of idle sport:—our plants are growing;
So we must set to work and build a store,
And make a "barbecue," the former showing
Its long front north or south, that so the more
Of sunshine, when from east or westward glowing,
May reach the drying-ground: let every floor
Within your store be of well-season'd wood;
Chunam or asphalt is not half so good.

He would eschew brick and mortar, as three times more costly than timber, which is ready at hand. Then as to the construction of the store:

Your store should be all open or all close,
As from the weather you deem most judicious.
By endless doors and windows I suppose
A climate of mean drought, and that your wish is
To let the dry winds in, excluding those
So damp, they're only suitable for fishes.
In places where the weather 's wet all through,
Perhaps you 'd better have a "*Clerihew*."

The allusion in the last line is to a useful apparatus patented by Mr. W. Clerihew for the application of currents of fresh or heated air to stores, in which coffee, more or less damp, is kept, before being sent to the preparing stores at Colombo.

The writer then turns to field operations. The coffee-plant, in its natural state, is a tall and bushy shrub, and so it grows around the native huts. But on estates it is rigidly pruned, so as to force its horizontal branches to bear at every pore.

The plants are growing; you must "stake and tie"
In windy places ere it's time to top them,
Which should be done at about three feet high,
Or something less where you're obliged to prop them
Against the strong wind's sway.—Don't trust the eye,
But give a measure to the men who lop them:
The central and two upper shoots you crop,
A cross thus forming at each bush's top.

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He shows the reasons for "this topping cruciform," and adds the judicious advice—

> All weeds, shoots, cuttings, bury near the trees;
> For no manure is of more use than these.

We may remark, however, that weeds, especially if they have seeded, ought, if possible, to be subjected to the action of fire before being buried.

Our author proceeds to tell us that

> Pruning is a most important thing,
> And the prime rule is to begin in time;
> 'Tis easier to keep right at first than bring
> Order from out disorder: in this clime,
> Soon after topping, shoots and branches spring
> In wild luxuriance; trim them, like my rhyme!
> It's just as well that you should bear in mind,
> That "as the twig is bent, the tree 's inclined."

Any one who has seen a well-kept gooseberry bush has a fair idea of a properly-pruned coffee bush: the knife is freely but judiciously used, and by frequent "handling" the heart of the bush is kept open, while the horizontal primaries and their wealth of healthy secondaries spread out and cover the ground from the wasting sun. In an incredibly short interval after the plants are transferred from the nursery to the estate, the jasmine-like blossoms appear, and at the end of two and a half years the "maiden crop" is gathered, to be followed by "full bearing" from the fourth to the eighth or tenth year, and indefinitely if the soil is good and its waste supplied by fertilizing substances. To quote again:

> Store, pulping-house, and cisterns are completed;—
> The month of March arrives—has it been snowing?
> A stranger's eye might really well be cheated;
> But yours is gladden'd!—every branch is showing
> As if with new-fallen snow it had been sheeted:
> With gratitude and hope your heart is glowing;—
> 'Tis the first *blossom*—harbinger of crop,
> To give an income and your outlay stop.
>
> The jasmine odour scents the morning air,
> The busy bees are ransacking the flowers;—
> This is the first reward of all our care.
> May Heaven protect us now from thunder-showers
> To dash the blossom, leaving branches bare—
> Marring our hopes; may better luck be ours,
> And weather neither over-dry nor wet,
> But softly moist, to make the blossom *set*.
>
> Small pin-head clusters we can now discover;
> The fruit has set; these are the nascent berries.
> The intervening stages pass we over;
> First like green peas, then olives, then ripe cherries.
>
> * * * * *

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Arrange your gangs the several fields to suit;
Pick row by row, and only the ripe fruit;
"Set on the water!"—the big wheel revolves,
The pulpers jingle, and the cherries sink
Through that Creswellian crusher, which dissolves
Union of pulp and parchment; and as shrink
The ruby heaps, and the squeezed pulp evolves
On one side, the deep cistern to the brink
Is fill'd with viscous "parchment";—let it lie
One day, then wash it white as ivory.

Pass we the drying, housing, bagging;—you,
If wise, won't bother to dry over much.
When the chipp'd parchment shows the bean *pale* blue,
Pack and despatch:—when in your agent's clutch,
The thorough drying it is his to do,
Like a good curer; let him act as such,
And cure it carefully; and ship it *early*,
Ere the monsoon sets in so wet and surly.—

The partial drying on the "barbecues" of estates is here referred to, such as the climate will allow, and to the extent necessary to prevent fermentation. The thorough drying is reserved for the stores in Colombo with their extensive grounds and perfect appliances. The following prose description from the pen of a shrewd Scotchman, who has had experience as planter and curer, will make the processes of pulping and preparing clearer to the uninitiated:

The fruit grows in the form and colour of a cherry, that name being given it when ripe; the coolies (men, women, and children) pick them as they ripen, carrying them in bags on their heads, to the pulping house, where the cherry or outer skin is taken off by means of a machine termed a pulper, viz., a cylinder about one foot diameter, covered with copper or brass sheet, punctured all over like a nutmeg grater; or, another form, the copper sheet is fluted. This cylinder revolves against a fixed chop of metal, and the coffee floats on to it with water, getting a gentle squeeze between. The two beans (there are two in every cherry, unless there has been a malformation; when only one, it is called Peaberry) now separated from the cherry skin are called parchment coffee. The parchment is then washed in water cisterns repeatedly, so as to clear off all the mucilaginous and saccharine matter, preparatory to its being dried either by heated air, or on coir matting exposed to the sun; it is then measured into two bushel bags, and loaded in bullock carts, by which it is conveyed 100 miles or more to stores near the port of shipment. [The larger portion of the crop now goes from Kandy to Colombo by the railway.—F.] I have now come to that part of the manipulation with which for some time I have been more closely connected. On the arrival of the carts and coffee at the sea port, it is again measured (the cart-drivers not being over-honest), and then put out on barbecues (bricks paved and tarred over) in the sun, where it is generally exposed some two and a half days at a thickness of two inches, till it be as dry as to crack on biting with the teeth; it is thence taken to the mill to get the parchment, and silver skins taken off. The mill used for this operation is composed of a large circular cast-metal trough, of about thirteen feet diameter, fluted or ribbed on both sides and bottom; two wheels also ribbed on their edges, weighing fourteen cwt. each, revolve inside this trough at a high speed amongst the coffee, which soon bruises off the skins; it is then taken to a winnower, of a form similar to a corn fan, which separates the coffee-bean from the parchment chaff. This chaff is sufficient to

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keep the steam engine agoing without having recourse to any other fuel. After being fanned, the coffee is passed through cylindrical machines three feet in diameter, covered with three different sizes of perforated sheet iron plates lying at a slight angle; as they revolve the dust falls through the first plate; the third size, or inferior coffer, falls through the second plate; the medium, or second size, goes through the third plate; and, lastly, the first size, or best quality, drops out at the end of the cylinder. Next it is taken to the pea berrying machine, which separates the round from the flat berries. This machine is composed of a series of small cast-metal cylinders, all revolving in one direction and inclined; the flat bean drops through between the cylinders, while the round, being *slightly* larger in diameter, rolls down to the end and drops into a bag, or other receptacle. (This latter sort of coffee frequently sells at £5 5s. per cwt. in the London markets.) Thence it is given to pickers to garble, viz., separate the black and inferior from it; in this operation at one single curing establishment as many as 1000 men, women, and children may be employed. Finally, it is packed in casks and bags, and shipped to England. [Chiefly in casks, charred inside. Only inferior "Plantation" and Native are sent in bags.—F.]

We come back to our poet. After a digression into the mysteries of "drawing against crop" or selling on the spot, the writer proceeds:

As to weeds, there can be *no mistake*—
These should be kept down from the very first—
Never allow'd to flower—or else they shake
Their seeds all round:—since first the earth was cursed,
This task has been upon us; we must take
Time by the forelock to avoid the worst,
Most fatal injury; and, to succeed,
Must gather out and bury every weed.

He then insists on what has been too much neglected, but for which the completion of the railway affords great facilities:

Without manuring there can be no culture—
None, I repeat, that's worthy of the name.
You should not treat your land as does the vulture
His bare-picked carrion; no—but, on the same
First well-selected land, you should consult your
True interest, and let your steady aim
Be the improvement of this first plantation,—
Not to exhaust, relying on migration.

For, if you only have the means and taste,
Your tropic dwelling may be render'd charming
By planting trees and grass;—this is no waste,
But true economy and proper farming.
Your lawns will feed your cattle, and be graced
By groves the noontide sultriness disarming;
So plant,—in mind Sir Walter's adage keeping,
"They will be growing, Jock, when ye are sleeping."

The absence of groups of ornamental trees on coffee estates has been much noticed as detracting from their picturesque effect. The introduction and great success of the cinchona plants, let us hope, may soon wipe away this reproach. The balance of testimony is certainly against shade trees for coffee, except in very hot localities. But around dwellings and along the

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sides of streams and roads, trees useful as well as ornamental might be scattered.

Passing over a wonderfully incongruous attack on Yankee agriculture and politics, we meet Capt. Jolly again on his own ground :

But *Cultivation* is our present theme,
Let North or South outbully or outwit;
And so I will propound my simple scheme
To gather and to husband all things fit
For nourishment of plants; and first I deem
Essential to our purpose a huge pit
For sweepings, weeds, twigs, leaves, and pulp and juice—
All things, in fact, that can be turn'd to use;

And near, the stable and the cattle-shed,
With drainage into this capacious bin.
No fear that any sickness should be bred,
If only you from time to time sift in
Well-pounded charcoal, which, being duly spread
Over the mass, forms an absorbent skin;—
Not only thus the noxious vapours fixing,
But husbanding the goodness of your *mixen*.

Foreign or extraneous manures, such as bones, lime, salts of ammonia, &c., the planter will use as his means and facilities admit. Then

As for the way
To apply manure, encompassing with rings
The several trees is that which I should say
Is the most perfect; but for cheapness' sake
An easier method you had better take.

In first manuring, *trench* it in the row
Across the hill, midway between the trees.
Be sure too near the stems you do not hoe,
Cutting large roots; no, have a care of these—
Their loss is fatal;

I advocate, that every tree
Should have its portion, with whole roots to glean it
To the last morsel with facility.
The second time that you manure, you still
Take the same plan, but *up and down* the hill.

There's one more subject I have yet to mention—
The stirring up or digging of the soil;
This is not certainly a new invention,
But old as is man's destiny to toil.
The question is, how best to do this trenching,
Yet neither roots nor spreading branches spoil
By pickaxe-handle nor wide-cutting spade;
And so a fitting implement is made—

A long, sharp-pointed, heavy iron bar,
Which, driven with force into the harden'd ground,
Is then wrench'd down, and from a bursting star
Upheaves, in loosen'd clods, the earth all round.
This, on the whole, is the best way by far,
From long experience, that I have found
To break and mix the stores of rotten wood
And ashes, and supply the plants with food.

And then the broken, up-turn'd clods of earth
Absorb and sip in every head of dew;
And creeping mists, which would be little worth

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To baked-up soil, now yield their tribute too;
And when of moisture there has been a dearth,
There's nothing that will help your bushes through
So well as this, save frequent irrigation—
Which can't be done on any hill-plantation.

This last remark is generally correct, although irrigation has been extensively and to a great extent successfully applied to one large estate at least in the Island. As a rule, the success of coffee in Ceylon depends on the moisture as well as the heat of the climate; and yet such is the effect of altitude and careful preparation that the mountain coffee of Ceylon is by no means inferior to the best Arabian Mocha, grown chiefly by means of careful irrigation in a climate comparatively dry. Captain Jolly, who has recently closed his useful and honoured career in Ceylon, dying amidst the scenes he so graphically described, thus bade farewell to his readers:

And now I say farewell; my simple rhyme
May help those inexperienced in planting.
For twenty years, in CEYLON'S fervid clime,
I toil'd and sweated; if success was wanting
To any thing I tried, at any time,
The cause, I'll say, although it may seem vaunting,
Was that I knew not then what's here set down
As needful to secure the Planter's crown.

COCOA-NUT PLANTING IN CEYLON.

Having, in the above extracts, given our readers a fair idea of what coffee planting in Ceylon is, we think it well to add a few words on the other great culture of the island, cocoa-nuts. We accordingly quote from the *Ceylon Overland Observer*, which reaches us as we are writing, a letter, in which briefly, but clearly, the main principles and operations of cocoa-nut planting are detailed. It is only necessary for us to explain that the land on which cocoa-nut estates are formed presents the greatest possible contrast to the majority of the coffee estates. The latter lie on steep hill sides, with crags and boulders scattered over them in wild con-

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fusion, the plants flourishing in the damp hill mists, but never kissed by the sea breeze in which the cocoa-nut delights to wave its plumes. The clearings for cocoa-nut estates are made in flat alluvials on the banks of rivers or on sand ridges near the sea. The jungle is, therefore, cleared after a different fashion to that adopted on the mountain sides, and the timber is seldom so heavy as in the mountain forests. Assuming that the ground is already cleared, the writer in the *Observer* proceeds :—

The trees from which cocoa-nuts are taken for the nursery should be middle-aged and healthy, and the nuts thoroughly ripe: not too large, but smooth skinned, and globular, rather than elongated. Elongated, rough skinned, monster nuts are objectionable. The ripeness of a nut in the husk is tested by its comparative lightness and the sharp crisp sound it gives forth when shaken.

Another writer adds the following test of ripeness :—

[Cut a small piece from the husk; if ripe, the fibre will be of a brown colour and dry: if, on the other hand, they are unripe, the colour will be whitish and the fibre moist.]

It is better to lower the nuts down by means of a rope than allow them to fall to the ground, which is liable to injure the kernel. Two nurseries are required. The first is formed by levelling off a piece of land of the required size, and digging it up to the depth of a couple of feet; and the second, by forming drills similar to those made for potatoes. Swampy land is the best for both, as it obviates the necessity of watering, and insures both nut and plant from the ravages of those horrible pests, white ants. The side of a ravine is admirably adapted for cocoa-nut nurseries, as by turning off the water of the ravine, not into them, but into a rather deep cut made round them, the above advantages would be insured. Both nurseries should be protected by a good thorny fence.

The way to stick in the nuts is to cut a drain about three-quarters of a foot deep and any approved breadth; fill this in with nuts, which cover over with earth, and again widen it, and fill in as before, until a convenient size bed be formed, around which make a footpath. Beat down top of the bed with a spade, and thatch it thick enough to protect it from the hot sun. Anything will do for this purpose; but straw or grass if used need not be removed when the nut germinates, which will be necessary with a heavier substance. It must be borne in mind that the nuts are stuck in in an upright position, and not on their sides, *à la* native; the end to be kept uppermost, it is scarcely necessary to say, is that by which the nut was suspended to the tree. Nothing further is required until the nuts germinate, when, should the weather be hot and dry, water liberally for a few weeks twice or thrice a week, and shade the plants during the heat of the day. The latter process alone is necessary when swampy land or the side of a ravine be chosen. The nuts usually take about four months to spring. The following will be found a very simple, cheap, and effective method of shading :—Drive in posts about six feet long on either side of the beds, across which lash sticks strong enough for the purpose, and again athwart these wattles, on which lay cadjans, or branches, or mats, or, in fact, anything that is handy to shift about. When the plants have attained *four* leaves, which will be about six weeks after germination, they are fit for transplanting into the second and last nursery, where, for a time at least, partial shade ought to be employed too. Plant them in the middle of the ridges,

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about three feet apart and to the depth of the nut, or rather nurse and press the earth immediately round them. In this nursery they may remain say twelve months, during which period, however, it will be necessary to occasionally throw up a little earth out of the drains, and you may also give them the benefit of cooks' and coolies' ashes.

The pits [80 to the acre is the rule with Europeans, 100 or more with natives.—F.] may be made from five to six feet in diameter according to steepness and by three deep; to be again enlarged three by three feet twelve months after planting, that is half round the hole after six months, and the other half at the end of another six months. Leave the first trench open and make it the depository for weeds, &c., until time to dig the second, when fill it loosely with good earth. Treat the second one the same as the first. The pits, which should be dug as soon as convenient, should also be left open until required, when loosely fill them two-thirds with good surface soil, leaving a hole in the centre large enough to admit the plant, the roots and about three inches of the stem of which ought to be buried, and the top of the earth round it trodden down sufficiently to steady the plant. Be careful that you take up the plants with the soil round their roots, and convey them in boxes or baskets. Need I add here that the putting out of plants should not be done in dry weather.

The other correspondent already quoted writes :—

"In certain parts of the low country where the soil is clayey, the earth taken from the hole should not be put in again, as such land abounds in white ants, the great enemy of young cocoa-nut plants. Another enemy is drought. This last can be obviated by watering when possible, twice a week in very dry weather. To guard against the former is a more difficult matter. The greater the quantity of clay in the soil, the more harm is committed by white ants; I would therefore recommend that in such localities a mixture of one part of the earth from the hole, two parts of pure sand, and one part of wood-ashes be well mixed and put into the hole, before putting in the young plant; and in dry weather, if there be any signs of the white ant attacking the plants, water once a week with a gallon of water to each plant, in which an eighth of a seer of salt has been dissolved."

Manuring.—You cannot adopt a better method than the home one for fields, except where the land is very steep; in such situations manure should be applied in a deep trench cut athwartwise and about eight feet above the plant. After the fourth year, all descriptions of manure will be most acceptable to the tree; but in the interior salt, ashes and lime will suffice. Sea sand or its substitute, salt, may be, at all stages of the plant and ages of the tree, advantageously applied; but its occasional application during the plant's tender days is really essential, as it drives away or kills both insects and grubs, whose attacks the tree is unable to resist. Lime has a similar effect, besides being useful as a solvent, &c. Ashes will always do good too. Bone dust may also be employed. Fresh dung I think is better than rotten, and pig-dung is better than all other kinds, on account of its saline properties. On this head it is only necessary to add that it is rather hard to kill a cocoa-nut tree with kindness.

The subsequent management of the plant consists in keeping it free of weeds, and digging up the earth round about it three or four times in a year; and on each occasion destroying all grubs, &c., that are found. The manure pits, or rather trenches, should be similarly treated, as there, too, the pests are to be found.

I have already shown how some of the principal enemies of the plant are combated; I have therefore merely to name the rest, and show how they may be so too.

Wild and domestic pigs are partial to nuts and plants. Cattle are troublesome until the branches are above their reach. Porcupines destroy nuts and plants, and even trees, until their trunks get too hard for them. These pests can be kept off by encircling thorny briers round the lower part of the tree: when their noses come in contact with these, they give a "don't-like-it shake," and go a

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seeking elsewhere. The beetle attacks rather old as well as young plants. It, together with its grub, is caught and killed by means of an iron rod about three feet long, barbed at one end, harpoon fashion, and the other formed into a ring handle. This spear, by being forcibly plunged into the perforation made by the insect, either extracts it and its grub, or kills them in the tree; in either case the plant is saved. To ascertain whether all have been destroyed, again apply it after an interval of a few days. As the tree has never been known to die from the effects of spearing, you need not fear to use the spear freely. There is another grub, the big brother of the one referred to, I take it, that works its way up from the roots, and eats up all before it!

I have got another enemy to name, and a very troublesome one it is, too, to nuts and plants, especially on coffee watties. It is the two-footed one. Moottoosamy is rather partial to good things, obtained at master's expense; cocoa-nuts, and the soft kernel of young plants not excepted.

Another correspondent writes:—

When the plant has attained to four years, it becomes subject to the attack of the "cocoa-nut beetle;" but as it is needless to describe the precautions taken on large plantations, I will just say that as soon as you see a tree droop and the centre leaves die, cut it down at once and burn it, else it will become a regular hot-bed to send forth beetles to destroy every tree in the vicinity. Coolies will dig up the young plant for the sake of a light spongy puzz-ball contained in the nut, when the plant is from six months to a year old; when caught they should be severely punished, as it is a wanton destruction of property.

We may add that cocoa-nut culture differs essentially from coffee in the period (longer by fourfold) which the palm takes to come to maturity and yield returns. Some plants will yield a few nuts at eight years old, and be in full bearing at twelve. But for general bearing no period short of sixteen years should be calculated on. Once in full bearing, however, the weeding, upkeep, and watching of a cocoa-nut property entail but slight expense, while moderate returns (thirty nuts per tree per annum as an average) are certain for sixty years or so. For families making the island their home, a good cocoa-nut estate is a valuable inheritance.

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