Sam Ferguson

DAYS OF OLD:

OR

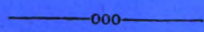
THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE

COFFEE ENTERPRISE

IN

CEYLON.

BY TWO OF THE PIONEERS.



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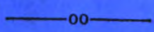

COLOMBO:

A. M. & J. FERGUSON.

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ARNOLD ARBORETUM HARVARD UNIVERSITY

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DAYS OF OLD.

(*By an Old Planter.*)

CHAPTER I.

Happy mortals who live under the blessings of civilization, and the protection of law, of authority, and, need I add, of Ratnagiri Rangers! It was not so, once on a time in Ceylon. My experience carries recollection back to the days of old, when one had to depend upon the fertility of his own resources, and the force of his individual character, to enable him to hold his own, if not to take what he could. I have a vivid recollection of the evening in Spencer's hotel in Kandy, when, just after dinner, the news fell upon us that Jonathan Rigg had been robbed and murdered at Hewaheta, and Mr. Hanna (the Police Magistrate), the Assistant Government Agent, Loku Banda and 30 peons were off at night to the spot of the (supposed) murder.

I had that day been in Raux's shop:—Kandy had two shops, Raux's (the modern) and Paddy Woolff's (the ancient). Raux had the best things, but Paddy Woolff was a capital gossip, and as he flipped his game-arm, and swung his game-leg, the gossip of the town spun from him like a refreshing spout of water on a hot day: never a planter came to Kandy, but spent half an hour in Paddy Woolf's shop, and bought. My first investment was a tin of "sage and onions" wherewith to stuff a duck. Raux had better and more expensive commodities. I had seen a case of duelling pistols exhibited for sale at ten guineas, but said that if he would make it £4 or £5 I would buy. He replied that they had been put there by an officer at the price fixed, and he had no choice, so I wended my way back to the hotel without them.

In the excitement of the news about poor Rigg (who was much respected), I slipped out at the back door and knocked up Raux. The old fellow used to go to bed at seven, and be up at four, and off walking to some ferry and back by gun-fire. They are all dead and gone, years ago! I asked for the pistols. Raux demurred, and said he feared the purpose they might be wanted for. I set his mind at ease by telling him of Rigg, and adding that I was going out to

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the estate with fourteen hundred pounds. As I turned the corner at the Pavilion Gate, I met Dr. H. Reed swinging past. "Hilloo! Reed, where are you going?" "Hilloo! never mind, I shall see you presently at the hotel." I went to my room where I locked the case of pistols into the tin box, and was back in the verandah smoking a Trichinopoly, and heard the various groups saying "I am sorry I did not take Raux's pistols, even at the price;" another said, "I shall have them at the price as soon as breakfast is over." Another "Breakfast! I shall catch old Raux as he starts for his walk and have them." In came Reed, and up to me, and shaking his fist at me, said "Ah, you villain!" and the cry of disappointment was very bitter. I believe I could have put up the pistols there and then at auction, and cleared £50 or £60 by them.

Now I was armed, but I do not wish to shoot a man. Thinking the matter over, I practised on the estate till I could hit three bottles running at 25 yards, and one egg out of 3 shots. I got a leathern belt, and pouch for balls, &c. in front, and going to Kandy with a pistol ostentatiously stuck on either side, it was a spectacle! But that was not all. Whenever I got a pariah dog between me and the bank, so that the ball might lodge, and not go off upon an erratic cruise through the village, I made him fit for coffee manure. The whole road lay through a populated country, and my object was to excite the feeling connected with my name that I had pistols, and shot dead what I fired at. The loss of dogs advertised my name, and I soon used to see old women on hearing of my approach clasp their beloved pariahs in their arms and curse me sweetly, while the dog snarled his ideas on the affair till I was past, and then being let loose, swore louder than any.

One day going to Kandy with David Watt, Bob Leach and Johnny Falconer, I performed a great feat. A buffalo on the road between Katugastota and Okorune had charged Mr. Mooyaart, the Government Agent,—who was saved only by the fleetness of his Pegu pony,—also Major Skinner and dozens of Europeans, besides hundreds of natives. The road was feared. Parties of natives crossing the ferry took up sticks and stones for mutual protection, and getting as far as Okorune laid these down at the road-sides for passengers towards Kandy, who gathered into groups and picked them up till they got to the ferry. I was once charged badly right along the road, the brute bellowing, but my horse cleared her in the race. For a month or two she disappeared. Nobody could find out the owner's name to file an information against

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him, and the authority of Government and Police was tacitly set at defiance. Riding along—Watt and Leach ahead—Watt on his famous tat—it would scarcely weigh heavier than David himself, but would take him to Kandy and back to Elkaduwa the same day, —Johnny Falconer and I following. I had two bad misses at dogs as we came along, whereat my friends chaffed considerably, saying they saw now what my shooting was. At that moment a dog growled before a bank. My horse was steady as a rock; stung by the chaff I laid the dog dead, and felt set up. Just then upon looking forward I cried to Watt and Leach, "There 's the buffalo!" and sure enough there she was on a grass slope above the road, tossing her head and wheezing (not snorting): she meant mischief, but had a calf with her which clearly kept her from the charge. There was no getting past however. Watt and Leach about-ship and formed in our rear. I said above that I was set up, and I had been stung by chaff. I knew I could hit what I fired at, and was on a thoroughly steady horse, and, forthwith, in spite of all remonstrance slowly crept forward nearer and nearer, the buffalo stamping, snorting, smelling her calf, and anon turning and tossing her head at me. I got within 30 yards when I saw the head laid back, the nose in the air, the four feet together, and the body drawn back, and knew that a minute more she would be on me like a thunder-bolt,—when with firm hand and steady eye I quickly fired at the spot where the throat is inserted into the chest—and over she came on her side, rolled over the bank, and kicked the bucket without so much as a kick of the foot! There were some fifty people behind us running, in order to shelter themselves under our protection, and for a minute or two not a word was spoken. I put up the pistol and lit a cigar, and my friends came up with every demonstration of congratulation and respect, and the poor natives then bagan a loud cry, putting their raised hands over the head, so that the elbows rested on the temples and I was saluted as "*Buddha Hamaduruwo!!*"

A week after came a letter from Mr. Smith the proctor (who is alive) instructing me to pay the value of the buffalo, and damages, and costs. My reply was that whereas I and sixteen other Europeans were only waiting till we could discover the owner's name in order to sue him, I would be glad to be put in Court. Mr. Smith, however, wrote me a capital letter, and worked so upon my feelings, I being for the nonce quite a hero, that I sent the poor villager I think a couple of pounds.

But there is more about these Pistols!

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CHAPTER II.

More of the pistols? Yes, but let me digress. Instead of Ratnaghiri Rangers, whose Inspectors now attend the Governor's Levees, and whose rank and file, made up of thieving butlers, drunken cooks, vagabond horse-keepers, muster with drawn swords, and learn the intricacies of goose step, we had "Head Moormen," "Head Vidanas," "Arachchillas,"—and the peon who carried the umbrella over good Mr. Buller, shading *himself* more than his master from the rays of the sun. What cared the outside free-booters? Purang Appu said, if there had been but two other such as he, he would have taken the Kandyan country. Sardiel held it for months. But I go much further back. *Police* there were none. Colepepper was sent out to organize *a force.* Old Loku went to call on him at the small house in Trincomalee Street, Kandy, and had a chair. "What would he take to drink?" "Only water" says Loku. Colepepper went into the bedroom and was hauling out printed forms from his portmanteau to shew to his Lieutenant, when he was startled with a loud spluttering, and returned to the sitting room to find that an ink bottle on the side-board had been furtively put to the head under the delusion that it contained brandy! This was a capital example of the days long gone bye. Such were the men! One *Kirihettena,* whose dwelling stood behind the paddy-field, in the rear of the goods station at Peradeniya—I knew it, and him, well, for I was a convalescent invalid in those days at the Nanuoya bungalow; he was a *mauvais sujet.* Cast for burglary and manslaughter, sentenced to 14 years, he was let out of jail at night by the peons, committed depredations which they shared, and was in again by cockcrow and asleep on his mat when the Inspector of Prisons came round. At last a murder case got him sentenced to be hanged. But love laughs at locksmiths. Kirihettena was out; and away. I was sitting with Colepepper chatting on detective and police matters, which have always had such a charm for me, that I cannot but think I would have done well in Scotland-yard, when early in the evening, an Inspector, two Sergeants, and half-a-dozen peons came into the verandah of Spencer's hotel and said, Kirihettena had been at the police station! He wanted to see the master who had come from England to organize the police. "Why did you not seize him," says Colepepper, but echo could only say why? There was a reward of £20 on his head. Off went Colepepper to return and say that Kirihettena had gone, but was to be at the office to see the master to-morrow at ten o'clock. At that hour there was Colepepper at the desk. In comes the Inspector, Sergeants, peons,

and Kirihettena! Colepepper asked what he wanted—and Kirihettena said he knew every thief and all their ways, and wanted to be a Sergeant, and he would soon free the country of crime. "Then," said Colepepper, come and sign the paper—giving him a pen, and pointing out a printed paper on the table, to which Kirihettena came forward to affix his mark—when, in an instant, Colepepper's strong grasp was on his neck, calling for the irons—"What 's the use, sir?" says Kirihettena. Off they bundled him to the jail, and into the condemned cell. For some days he was morose, two Malays with side arms at the door,—at last he grew restive, especially about his food—finding fault on every imaginary excuse. One day he, in a great passion, accused the peon of putting stuff into his mulligatawney and pointed to it, but the peon saw nothing, and as he looked closer into the dish, suddenly the contents were cast into his face, and the prisoner was off across the yard to a shed he knew well, and before the sentries could reach him, was up and over the wall, and down on Sena Lebbe's kitchen roof, and quietly walked through Sena Lebbe's shop into Colombo Street. I forget what became of this freebooter. My impression is that he died of smallpox.

But the romance of Ceylon police would fill volumes. At Nuwara Eliya five and twenty prisoners were sent to road-work near Baker's farm. One, a Kandyan, from a locality warmer than the plains, tired of his incarceration. The prisoners were guarded by one shivering low-country peon, and one day up he comes to the Magistrate at the Kachcheri to report that a prisoner had escaped. Off the Magistrate ran with all his clerks and office attendants—asking the peon, "Where are the other 24 prisoners?" "Sir," says he, "I sent them to catch the runaway, and hastened to report!" They had not gone a mile, when they met the 24 returning in triumph, having caught the runaway!

And the jails in those days! Don't you remember the tolerated but hopeless Owen? He used to write you, calling the Assistant Government Agent who inspected the Jail, "the boy in the black coat." He was incarcerated, and by medical advice spirituous stimulants were denied him. Yet he got drunk. He was allowed to get beefsteak from Spencer's hotel, and they found out that the hot-water plates were filled with brandy! Then depression of system, and would they not allow him soda water? Oh yes. And drunk, gloriously, he got again! Evans, Spencer's partner, put up gin in sodawater bottles and sent them wired down all correct.

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Old days were queer days. A man found he had to hold his own, and not to look to Law, Police or Government. It sharpened our wits, and taught us many a lesson The wonder is that Californian force was not resorted to. Some, however, Englishmen, would not tolerate the insolence of barbarians who molested them. One or two notable fellows got the soubriquet of "Knuckles bricks," at that time an honorable appellation, though afterwards aped and brought into contempt by a low set who assumed the term, and were simply *blackguards*. There have been, and there *are*, blackguards among the planters—and there are *gentlemen* too—and there *were* gentlemen. One, a rough card, not to be easily meddled with—a "nemo me impune lacessit," but a gentleman, having had his coolies robbed always as they passed a village, took club law and went and read them a lesson—for which he had a warrant of arrest issued against him. This he disregarded. Who cared for the wretched peons and police? But old Colepepper comes to Kandy, and the warrant is still in force. Colepepper meets at the hotel a very gentleman-like man who gives him a Havana and a brandy and soda, and sits with him very chatty. He says to the Police magnate, "I hear Mr. Blank is in town"—"I know he is," says Colepepper, "and he will not find it easy to get out, for I have just put on peons at every outlet." He was supposed to be in a complete trap. They chatted on pleasantly, had another grog and cigar, and then Mr. Blank (for it was he) went to his horse, and mounting said "Good bye Mr. Colepepper till we meet again—I am Mr. Blank ! ! !" And Colepepper looked black and blue, for the rider would have gone over a thousand Ratnagiris.

But where 's the Pistols?

CHAPTER III.

Aye! *The pistols.* I was in Kandy and the Doctor asked me to come to the Pauper Hospital to see poor *Ward* (I think that was the name) an old soldier who was in charge of the Galgawatte Estate of some twenty acres, which Laing of the Post Office bought of Normansell. David Watt, of Elkaduwa, when in Kandy for the money of what is now the Ceylon Estate's Company, would get ten pounds from Laing, and the old soldier would trudge down to Elkaduwa for the rupees. There were in the Matale district at that time, I think about the most hell-born demons of lawless vagabondism that could be conceived. Some were contractors for Austin at Hunasgiriya. Poor Austin! a thorough gentleman, but of a most fiery temper. He had a mule—a he mule. On mount-

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ing one day (and let me observe that Austin's hobby was to come the *militaire*). He had belonged to the mounted troup of militia when he was in Tobago, and his ambition lay in box-spurs to his boots. On mounting the mule one day, the mule wanted to go one way, but Austin was intending to go in the opposite direction. He was holing Hunasgiriya, and had coolies with him with shafted plugs like the mallets with which the pioneers ram the roads. The intention was to fit the plugs into the coffee holes, in order to see that they were the right dimensions. Austin said here—the mule said there! And then, when Greek meets Greek, there comes the tug of war, spurs went like the conflict of fighting cocks. The mule would not yield, and nobody that knew Austin believed that he could yield. They spun round and round, at last both fell into the ditch. My dear friend Austin, with the perfection of an exalted temper, told the people to get ropes, and he quietly went up to his bungalow, furnished himself with a case of surgical instruments, and there and then, upon the road, castrated the mule!!!

The vagabond Sinhalese had a dread fear of Austin. He had fifty contractors at various jobs, and ruled them with a rod of iron. They tried (as will not vagabond Sinhalese) to get him into advances, but no! Then they went to Watt. Then to me. They were scoundrel gamblers, some of them I knew were broken arrack sellers. Second to Matale was Gampaha for escaped convicts, *mauvais sujets*, men who kept in hiding. Matale was positive, that is, it held men who were men in action. Gampaha and Walapana held the men who were hiding as a sort of "life in death." Those were trying times; I know many a fellow went to grief. We had to make bricks sometimes without straw, many is the pound put out that never returned, but we had to drive our engine against a very steep incline. From Hunasgiriya to Balakaduwa, Elkaduwa, Punjab, and notably the muckle Mahatmaya's garden, all were gambling resorts. You met men in those days who sniffed their contempt of you as you rode past. The fact is that one's knuckles longed for the luxury of a good dusting, and now and then they got it.

Says the Doctor, "Come and see the poor old fellow," and a more dreadful and pitiable case I never saw. He could not see for sticking plaster, nor hear for sticking plaster. There was sticking plaster from his bowels to his knees.

Old Ward. He went down from Galgawatta to Elkaduwa to get the rupees to pay the coolies on Laing's estate. David Watt came out without them

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that time, and old Ward trudged back home through the jungle, with the empty sack under his arm. As he crossed a stream, and came on to the level, from behind a tree a shower of stones floored him. When the brutes of Sinhalese (gambling contractor villains) found he had no money, they proceeded to mutilate the old soldier. Need I say how? I saw the poor creature in the hospital, and got sick.

It was the native dodge, this, to get a lane cut in the underwood just beyond the crossing of a ravine, and five and twenty rogues, each with a 5 lb. stone stationed up the lane, let drive when the party came into line. Jonathan Rigg had to pay three estates. He had paid Gonavy, and was going to the Hope and Mooloya. Down into a ravine, and up the other side. On to the plateau, and *hooroosh!* down came the shower of stones. Rigg, and his pony, the horse-keeper and the bag of rupees, over all went! And where were the pistols? Let me tell you (in a whisper). Poor Rigg, a philosophic man, first-rate mathematician, who I believe is now about the best statist in Java,* he put his seventy pounds in rupees on the horsekeeper's head, and the pistols on the top of the rupees! Down they went, and arose with bleeding heads and aching sides to find no rupees and no pistols.

Oh, the brutes! Often have I twitched my fingers to get them on their throats. But they shyed me and feared me; well, for them, and for me. But let me now come to the pistols again.

Well—a little episode. Getting to Katugastota ferry one afternoon, I found a crowd of 200 Tamil coolies bemoaning their fate. They had come to Ceylon to seek employment, and had been fleeced on every hand. They were now milked dry, and the ferry renter would not cross them at less than six pence a head, the legal fare being a half-penny. Indignant, I ordered the boat to ferry them over. Telling me they held me answerable for the money they put them across, and then refused to let me or my horse enter the boat till I paid the £5. I had to put up with much abusive language. The renter was a miserable wretch, physically, but possessed of great influence at Katugastota, and a crowd of 50 persons came round me, vociferating; at last the renter, waxing bolder, and indeed, demoniacal, came close to me and used an expression common in abuse by Sinhalese, which it was hopeless for me to pretend

* He has been dead some years, we believe; his brother, who was also formerly in Ceylon, having, we think, succeeded to his property.—Ed. C. O.

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I did not understand, when in an instant a direct blow from the shoulder put him under the water, from which some hauled him, and others proceeded to maul me. Seeing an oar of the boat coming through the air on to my head I stepped aside, caught and averted the implement by my arm (which was black and blue and green for a month after) and calmly drew a pistol and cocked it. The Babylonian dispersion was never more complete! I was left standing on the ferry shore alone, that is, I, my horse and horsekeeper. Before five minutes elapsed, the renter and all his following were back, and on the ground at my feet. Was it fear, or awe, or what? I can only think that from over the ferry that had shouted that the alarm had gone on to Kandy. However, I was ferried over, and not a penny would the renter touch. On my way to Kandy I met Loku Banda and a band of police running (which was no slight effort for Loku) and breathless. The old Kandyan chief thanked God as he wrenched my hand, and with tears said he had been told I had been killed.

Bnt there 's more still of the Pistols.

CHAPTER IV.

Yes, *the pistols.* At the Queen's the other day, I saw five Dikoya planters, fine stalwart young men. They had come to Kandy to buy land. They will get respectable and responsible men to fell and plant, and to build bungalow and stores. But in the days of old, we lived in a room in the lines, and we had to build our own houses, and work wisely to furnish ourselves with men. The Dikoya men will get a chetti to fetch their money, cash their cheques, supply their rice, and find them in contractors and men. Because the times are changed, these young gentlemen look down on us *old salts*, and they wear gloves, and patent leather boots. They drink absin the. They play "shell out" at billiards, and look on us as old Fogies. They know nothing of the days of old. Willie Adie and David Bell took ten bushels of rice, a dozen mamoties, alavangas, and a bundle of caravadoes—and started from Pussellawa for Dimbula, by the Kotmale-ganga. The next night, they camped on a rock in the river to be free of the leeches. Daylight found them with five men. They started—the two Europeans with loads of rice—and got to the estate, a mud hut, and seven acres felled, but not burned off. Next morning the two white faces looked at each other, and had nothing else to look at but the waving trees above, and the gaping leeches below. All had made off. They cooked some rice, and went back to Kandy for another start of rice, of alavangas, and mamoties. Willie Adie came

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back to my employ, broken—good soul, and died in my arms. David Bell, as good a man as ever stepped in leather and a brave-hearted—died in harness. These were *pioneers*. The modern planter goes in for kid gloves. It is thirty years ago when I and my partner sat down with pencil and figured it out, that we could not help but go home in five years at £1,000 a year each! Poor dreamers!! I am still at it, at my coffee diggings, calling the roll, after 30 years—and when am I to retire?

But, to the Pistols. I was returning with £1,500 in bags of rupees. At the muckle Mahatmaya's bazar I found a grand illumination, and a crowd of men. I could not ride beyond Wariyapola, and had to walk up the hill. It was just midnight, and the full moon was clear over-head—all the people passed around me, but I marshalled my men (staunch Tamil coolies—I might bid them burn down your house, *and they would do it*). I put each bag of rupees on the path and set the bearer down upon it—meantime a chair had been brought out covered with cloth, and I was invited to sit. No! I preferred a paddy pounder. A bottle came. Would I drink? No! Then my coolies would? No! But they might fetch us coffee. I knew the bazar-man and his wife, and frequently had had coffee from them, so he and she went to prepare it, while the crowd came round me. Something instinctive led me to give a word of caution and aham to my eigtheen Malabars, and they gave a hearty reponse. I was not only brave and jocose, but chaffed the Sinhalese fellows illimitably. They shrank from the shafts of this sarcasm, and one of them said, "You have a good walking-stick" "Yes," said I, "good haramitiya." "But not so good as this," says he giving me a varnished ferruled cane. "Pull," says he, and out came a sword-stick.

"I have better than that," says I, and out came a pistol. "And would you like to hear it fired off," says I. "Because I have another," and out it came and was instantaneously cocked. "No," they said, rather languidly, and then shivering in the cold moonlight, they all slunk off, and about 20 minutes after we had our coffee, and went home.

The next night my neighbour, Johnny Falconer, had his iron chest and one hundred and forty pounds in it carried off to the jungle.

Walking along the chetti bazar in Kandy, I met a palanquin carriage. "Hilloo," says the occupant, and out came old Waring of Matale, the Magistrate, and said, "You had a narrow escape the other night;" it all came out in Court. Those fellows were the contractor's arrack-shop, gambling villains, and they had

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held a confabulation. I was the great caption—but I had pistols and hit what *I* fired at. And some of them were friendly to me. But I was to escort a heavy treasure, and could only shoot two—*But which two?* They resolved to meet me at the muckle Mahatmaya's bazar, and *try it on.* My free and easy chaff, and sang-froid, backed by the 18 Malabars, saved me. They slunk off, afraid. Next night they robbed Falconer. The bazar-man was of the party, but they bilked him, and they went off without giving him a share of the money—and one of them eloped with his wife—so he turned Queen's evidence, and eleven of them got fourteen years.

CHAPTER V.

John Gray wrote me that Samban Cangany had been seized on a Fiscal's warrant in the field, and taken off from among the whole of the estate force (on the complaint of Cassim Lebbe, who pointed him out to the Fiscal's peon) and was marched off to jail. It was Friday. The course was, that, seized on a Friday, he was to be marched into Kandy, a prisoner, lodged in jail, there being no Court on Saturday nor on Sunday. Therefore, he would have to pass three days in durance vile. Upon reaching Panwila, Cassim proposed to let him off on payment of five pounds. He sent back to the estate and instantly got his master's cheque, and was a free man—and Mr. Gray congratulated all concerned on getting the poor fellow off. Poor fellow, indeed! *Samban Cangany*!! Had he not for years gone to the coast and fetched me two or three hundred men for crop! Was I to let this case be disposed of in this way? Perish the thought! I got Master Cassim committed to trial by jury at the Supreme Court. Let me inform your readers that Cassim and a clique of relatives, living at Gampola, made three hundred a year by this species of instituting false cases. He would bring a case against a man at Gampola and at Matale on the same day—or at Trincomalee, or at Negombo—and the man cited failing to appear (for a man is not like Sir Boyle Roche's bird, in two places at once), he would get judgment by default at some place. Then warrant of arrest. Also he and his friends found out all the lapsed cases, personated the plaintiff, and got process in their favour, and then went and pointed out *anybody*, and had him arrested. He then proposed "Better you pay £5 or £10, and not be exposed to all the contumely of going to jail!" And he was very successful. They made £300 a year. But they caught a Tartar when they went and pounced on Samban. He had no case in Court whatever—never had. But a case was brought by one Kader Meera of Negombo,

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against one Ismael Lebbe in Kandy for £10. Cassim found the case gone flat, and took it up—says he, "I am Kader Meera, and I want process, and will point out the man." So, up came the party and boned Sambam, and finally got their £5 cheque, and off they go. But *Nemisis* was after them.

Once committed for trial it was "Pull baker, pull devil." I cared not what it cost in money, or trouble, night or day. I was going in to break the neck of the confederacy. As the trial came, I learnt through one of those channels always open to an equivalent number of rupees, that their plea would be that Cassim was the veritable Kader Meera of Negombo—and I packed off Samban and two others that night to take the Kandy Coach (for which I paid three seats down, and three up next day), with a letter to a Muhandiram whom I knew at Veyangoda, to get them relays of cattle and a *sheekram-po* thence to Negombo, and letters (private and official) to Mr. Jumeaux of Negombo, begging the most urgent despatch. Dear good Mr. Jumeaux got my letters in bed after ten o'clock, had Kader Meera up, confronted with my men, and affidavits that he had never seen them, and had no case against any of them. Armed with these, without sleep or food, they were at Veyangoda to occupy the three vacant places up in the Kandy coach next day.

Moreover, Cassim put in the plea that he had never pointed out Samban to the Fiscal's peon. The trial came on, and was progressing, when the plea was pled. Out I rushed, into a palanquin carriage, off to Katukele, and up to the dwelling of the peon, whom I found very sick in bed. Without the least hesitation, and despite the cries of his wife, I lifted him in my arms and whispered a word which made him smile (and I have no doubt feel better), and marched him off to the palanquin, and off to the Supreme Court. The case had gone very badly, but Jeronis Appu was tendered as a witness, and accommodated with a chair while giving evidence, "Did you seize a man on a process—was the prisoner the man?" "*Yes.*" "Who pointed him out?" "*Cassim, that man, there!*" Jeronis went back to Katukele, walking bravely, with a better pill for his ailment than he had got from the other side. Cassim got seven years at Malacca, and the Gampola confederacy was broken up. [Bravo!—Ed. C. O.]

"Nallan! you take the saddle horse to Vuttakaddai for me in the morning." This place is now the flourishing town of Panwila. It is in the Sinhalese *gama* of Udagoda, and the Tamils might have corrupted Udagoda into Vuttakaddai. They call

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"Sabonadière's" estate "Shevenandi Tottam." The two brothers so well-known and respected in Ceylon are reduced into the "*Frères Sevenandi!*" But I can supply a better, because truer, rendering of Panwila. It was a swamp, simply and purely a swamp—no house near it. We walked, for no horse had ever been there, and up from the swamp, by the "flash of lightning" which still flares above it, near to Matale, and then down by "Dun's Folly" to John's Hill. Thus we had to creep along—up hill and down dale. Tavalums fetched our rice, and large ear-ringed Tamils and Moor coolies carried our rice over the shoulder. Then we got tavalams entirely (pack bullocks). The tavalam people erected a shed at the swamp. Then two Sinhalese extended a caddy, or bazar, for the sale of cooly articles—and English-bottled beer. This was an awfully gaseous fluid, in tinfoil, wired-down corks, but we were brazen of stomach as well as of face, and had a cork drawn whenever we passed. This was "the one bazar." I ask any Tamil scholar, if I be not right in rendering "Wottakaddi" into "the one bazar." Thus the name of Panwila became Wottikaddi.

"Then, go Nallan, with the horse to Wottikaddi, and be ready for my arrival in the morning."

I came there to find Nallan bleeding, from a severe assault committed upon him by villagers, into whose fields he had gone to cut grass. He said they also had robbed him of 12 rupees. But did you ever know a Tamil having a complaint against another who did not say "He, having got drunk, did me this injury—and robbed me of so many rupees?" There were no witnesses,—however Mr. Mooyaart, the Government Agent, suspended the Arachchi, who afterwards was promoted to the office of Kelly Korala, and now, whenever we meet, I am honoured with a profound salaam.

The two bazar men, with whom I was a favourite, next time I was that way, reproached me sorely for not bringing forward a case, "But," "said I, "there were no witnesses." "What!" said they, "do you think we would leave you in the lurch?" It was simply impossible that they could have seen the assault, but they were prepared to swear for me, anything!

I am giving a chapter on native testimony, and I remember the time when Sir Anthony Oliphant emphatically called the Natives of Ceylon "a nation of liars." They used to be sent out, (when Mr. Wright was "Land Commissioner," and there were no *Courts* as now), to be sworn, the Sinhalese in the Buddhist Temple—the Tamil on his swami—the Muhammadan on the Koran—and the Christian on the Bible—but a change was made, and all non-Christians were merely "affirm-

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ed," and this just because the people were such liars.

I had a curious case once. We were tormented by buffalo trespass. You must remember the days of old when this question agitated the whole land, and very bitter were the feelings on it between the native and the European. I was making bricks and tiles at that time, and required buffaloes to tread the clay. Those caught trespassing were put to this work and well fed, but the Kandyans had an intense repugnance to their cattle being driven by Malabars. However, I would not give them up, though offered a pound a head. My object was to excite native feeling, so that they would keep their cattle away. At one time I had seven buffaloes. A party of some ten headmen and a peon came on a Friday, and handed me a search warrant which empowered them to search the premises of one Punchirala for seven buffaloes, &c. Says I, "I am not Punchirala!" "No, but the warrant goes on to say that wherever the buffaloes are to be found they are to be seized, and the person in whose charge they might be found to be seized also!" It was a fact, and all at once I saw my peril. It would be no suitable thing for me to be marched off by a peon and ten village headmen to quod in Kandy, along with a herd of seven stolen buffaloes! Looking at the search warrant I saw it commanded them to bring them before the Kandy Magistrate, or any other Justice of the Peace. I had been thinking of a loophole, whereby I could creep out of the difficulty by saying that the cattle were in charge of my cattleman, and they might take him. But this was better. I referred to the peon, and said that I was a Justice of the Peace, and that they would please go and fetch the buffaloes before me, and I would then say what had to be done.

They went apart to confer. They saw they were in a hole—that into the pit they had dug for me they had themselves fallen. Back they came with great demonstrations of respect and professions of esteem, and said they really did not wish to trouble me further, and were very sorry—but I adhered to my orders, and on their demurring sent to call my constable and five and twenty Tamils, and then they brought the buffaloes when I ordered them to take them to Kandy, and I would appear before the Magistrate on the Monday. So, they, poor fools, had to pay the ferry, keep and feed themselves and buffaloes over the Sunday, instead as they thought of having me in chokey during that time. On Monday upon telling Capt. Graves the state of the case he became very peppery, and ordered them to take the buffaloes back to where they had been, and settle

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with the gentleman for the trespass. So they had to return and tie up the buffaloes at my store. I found out that one villager having a spite at another, had one night driven the buffaloes into my estate to be caught, and I let them off free.

But the best part of it was that two Dumbara men came running, out of breath, arriving just after the party had gone to Kandy, to say they had heard I was in some trouble about buffaloes, and hastened to say I could depend on them, and they would get any number more, to swear anything! I thanked them for their good wishes, gave each a rupee, and bade them be gone!

You must have heard the story, but I shall record it as an example of native practice in matters of testimony. It belongs to the days of old. A native came to a European lawyer who was sitting paring his nails and bemoaning his fate, for

"Nobody comes to marry me,
Nobody comes to woo!"

He had a very stiff pull to get a footing, and here at least was a case. He heard the story. A had summoned B for money lent. B comes to consult, and said it was altogether false, for there had never been anything of the kind. The lawyer drew out all he could, but saw that his only chance was to break down the plaintiff on cross-examination, and he spent two days in looking up authorities. The case came on. B admitted the money lent him!!! The lawyer collapsed. "Then," says the Magistrate, "why don't you pay?" "Because I have paid him!" and forthwith witnesses and receipted bonds, shewing that the loan had been repaid! The fact being that A had no case, for there had never been a transaction, but B, fearful of the lawyer's failing to pull him through, had gone and prepared documents as false as A's, and threw them at A's face—and won the case!

CHAPTER VI.

"Ehe! Jock—but it 's fine!" says Sandy as they drove into *Steenhive* to catch the London steamer from Aberdeen. They were a batch of hardy enterprising Scots from the Mearns on their way to Ceylon. At the commencement of coffee planting in this Island plots of land were bought, and the money was ready, but where were the men to plant? Soldiers who could read and write were bought out of regiments to be placed in charge as superintendents. Firms indented on friends at home for young men, especially gardeners and those accustomed to country life. In course of time all the riff-raff of the round world came here—cashiered Indian officers, or naval men,

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the scum of ne'er-do-wells. "O my dear Mrs. Jackeyson, I am so glad poor dear Mrs. Johneyson has got her son off at last—he's shipped for Ceylon!" "Oh, how glad I am to hear it"!!! And thus we came to have a floating scum of coffee planters, who as a body did not command respect merely as *coffee planters.* I was at breakfast with Urquhart Stuart, when in came Moberly, then Capt. Royal Artillery, r cently commandant of Plymouth (who was adjutant of the artillery at Woolwich in 1848, the year of the Chartist demonstration, when guns were placed on the bridges behind barricades, to open upon Ernest Jones, Coffey, &c., had they forced their way over. My wife and I had tiffin with him soon after at Woolwich, and I asked, "Would they really have fired." "The guns were shotted, the signal agreed on, and when given, *undoubtedly,*" said he!) He came in on us at breakfast in Kandy, and, as we chatted, three persons, Europeans, went past in the street. "Boy! Who's that?" says Stuart. "Two gentlemen, and one coffee planter," says the appu. Poor Stuart! with the keenest perception of the ludicrous, never forgot the appu's words "two gentlemen *and one coffee planter!*" though the poor appu meant only that he knew the one to be a planter, and the other were strangers.

Firms engaging in coffee planting sent home for young men. They engaged Tom, Dick, and Harry, and sometimes a very queer lot would arrive at Colombo, where they would find their way into the Pettah, the main street of which (now rice stores) comprised the dwellings of the old respectable Dutch residents, of whom I have not seen one for many years. They have died out—as have most of these young Scotchmen of whom I write. The imports did not disgrace their name or country by exhibitions of drunkenness —quite the contrary—but their fancy was for a huge bunch of plantains bought for ten shillings, and carried under the arm of one, while the others, surrounding, pulled at it like a litter of suckling pups. In the blazing sun, all the time!

One batch, leaving *Steenhive* arrived at the Wapping wharf, and found their own way past the Tower, up the Minories, *to the office.* Leave you a Scotchman (from far north) to find his way—in London, or *anywhere.* Would *they* pay a shilling for a cab? They invested in a Mogg's Map of London, and were secure. Arriving at the ouside of the office door, they appointed their spokesman, knocked, and marched in. "*Faur 's the heedman?*" says the spokesman to the astonished clerks, and were met with an unmitigated stare. A voice from an inner room bade "shew the persons in," and in they trooped, and were received

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most kindly. They asked naturally enough, what duties they would have to perform in Ceylon—"Oh, only to get on your ponies now and then, and ride round the boundaries to see all was right, and have an eye to the Sinhalese—and *think* over things in general!" The conference wound up by a clerk being told off to get the luggage to the ship in the Docks, and lodgings near—and would they come and see him (the prior) at his house after office hours for lunch? He gave them (and they wrote it down) his address, and the busses that ran to within a stone throw of the door, somewhere near the Swiss Cottage. But catch a canny Scott with Mogg's map in his pocket, and the day before him, with two good legs under him, and what he prizes more "a guid Scot's tongue in his heed!" paying 6d for an omnibus! Off they steered, passed through old London, though Clerkenwell, Bloomsbury, into the mazes of Soho, mastered Cavendish Square, off to the right into Camden Town, back to the left, and finally lost themselves in St. John's Wood. Out came the map for the tenth time, but there were no visible names to streets, and they wandered to and fro, *lost!* At last a damsel came tripping towards them, and the spokesman, again authorized, made bold to advance towards her and asked, "De ye ken faur master Kraa bides?" She stopped as if shot, looked at the gaunt spokesman, and from him to his backing, put her thumb to her nose and took an observation, and enquired, "Does yer mother know yer out?" "*Lord be here;*" said the spokesman, as Abigail tripped past.

As we look round us in the Kandyan county and see ranges of what was once magnificent forest fit for a hundred years of cultivation, now gone back to illook, and lantana,. need we wonder at the cause, or the result. These men became the common warp and wood of coffee planting—intergrained, as I said before, with strands of stray waifs, and old soldiers. *A sailor* makes a good planter, but a soldier not. Why? A sailor must *think.* At any hour, night or day, storm or calm, he knows the rope to handle, and the bunker to find a clue-line. Were he to say "Sir, I did not think"--his officer would retort, "Why (the dickens) did you *not* think? But if a soldier's in a mess, and says, "Sir, I thought!" the reply would be "Sir, your duty is to obey, not to think!" Well, we had all sorts. Let me give one anecdote of the spokesman. A neighbour having crop to pulp, and pulpers, had set the latter a-going, but did not like the result, and with three cisterns full of pulped coffee, for it *was pulped,* just as roasted coffee is munched by the handmill, got the spokesman

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over to advise respecting it. The store was built on the edge of a precipice overlooking, the Three Korales, and a good strong stream of water rushing past. The spokesman opened on the water sluice, opened also the cistern's sluice, and in ten minutes all was clear down to the Mahaoya, and then he set his friend's pulpers for him.

This spokesman on being visited by his Agent was always found in the house, and never out where things were not going on well, and was remonstrated with. He retorted. The Agent told him flatly that his duty was to be out directing the work—"Na, na," says he—"I was tauld in London that my business would be to sit in the bungalow and think!"

Jack Dowdall, jolly rollicking Dowdall. His gallant brother fell bravely at Alma. Ackland and Boyd got out batches of young men. A batch arrived in Ceylon, and among them one with a prominent front tooth—Says Dowdall "Ackland and Boyd have had another kraal, and this time caught a tusker?" I need not hesitate to use names. They are all dead and gone—years ago. Dowdall and "*Mr. Blank*" (who is not dead, and may his shadow never be less!) were the prime originals of Knuckles Bricks. *Dowdall*, the son of an officer, his progenitors (time out of mind) officers of Her Majesty's army, was superintendent of Gomeratena, and had one of Ackland Boyd's kraal sent to him as assistant, from a Northern town, by trade a tailor. Arriving at dusk (we had then mud or thatch huts to put up in, filled with rice bags. You sat on one rice bag and ate off another, and slept on two others) in the morning Dowdall bade the fresh arrival go up and see the felling of the jungle while he went to look at the men at the nursery. On his return he pitied the poor youth, covered with blood from leeches, and asked why he had no leechgaiters. "Leechgaiters, says he, "what are they?" "Look here," says Dowdall, and he *looked* to some purpose, for on Dowdall's going out with his cigar after breakfast, on his return, he saw with dismay his friend on a rice bag, skein of thread over his neck, legs *à la Turque*, and the needle plying *secundem artem*. Dowdall took one look—and off to Madulkelle, and wrote a most indignant letter to A. B. & Co. accusing them of insulting him by sending *a tailor*, and resigning his situation. Up went Butler, did his utmost to smoothen Dowdall's ruffled feathers, removed the tailor, and—he left Ceylon with a fortune, happy man, and honestly got.

How? By larking? By aping Knuckles bricks? By fast living? By doing all and sundry that "the regulation" planter imposes on all who pretend to come under the cognomen of *gentlemen?*—no—no, *gentlemen!*

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Sherriff accused the Messrs. ——— of crimping his men to work on Sunday. They left Sherriff on Sunday to work for Messrs. ———, who, being Jews, did not regard the Lord's day, and on Monday and Tuesday were not on Heelbody but drinking, ready money, instead of gathering their own master's crop. —And let me honestly observe, that I believe there is a curse on Ceylon for her Sunday picking. God gave us crops. We disregarded His day, and desecrated it by work, and God in vindication of His Sabbath has given us cleanness of teeth and no crops to pick. Be that as it may, let thoughtful men consider. Sherriff accused ——— of taking his "men," and said, "Then, sirs, you are no gentlemen!" "No," said they, "thank God, we are no gentlemen, we are coffee planters!" This disposes of the miserable claptrap, current among a set of flimsy characters, who have no conception of what constitutes the being who is a *gentleman*.

The tailor may or may not have been a gentleman. One thing, though I do not know an act of generosity he ever performed (though he may have done many), I am bound to say I never knew an act which wasnot honest. He took, and held, his own, and I wish I could say every other planter could stand on the same platform.

There was Jemmy ——, of Hantane,—I knew him well, at home—*a loon!* Ask Jemmy, and he will tell you I licked him black and blue, when boys; we come from the same quarter. Jemmy came to Ceylon. He was not the sort for champagne tiffins. He had a cooly allowed for kitchen, whom he made serve as appu, and Jemmy had vegetable curry, with a red herring cut up into six pieces, one piece for each working day as a relish for his curry, and on Sunday a chicken for a treat as mulligatawny. The *gentleman* fellows laughed at Jemmy and cut him! "Fat care I?" says Jemmy. Every rupee was a prisoner, to be put out at interest, as was the case with the tailor.

The champagne drinkers—the billiard and the card players, had their day. Jemmy went on his quiet way, married, and went home—"Let them laugh who likes," says Jemmy. "I have my *aucht thousan!*" and for a fact I know he bought a farm, an excellent farm, for £4,000, spent £1,000 in various expenses, left £3,000 at 10 per cent on good security in Ceylon, which is £300 a year, and is now, frugally, making money hand over hand. Oh ye fast men take a lesson! See how *common* men skim the cream, and spend their days at last at home, in clover. And where are the billiard and card players, and the S. and B's—when are these to get home? Mind your money! *Save!* Here's Jemmy, and the tailor—and where are ye? Perhaps the great majority under the sod!

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CHAPTER VII.

Here's my *Sunday's* chapter—no harm! *Under the sod!* Yes, all that was mortal! There's no harm in being reminded in our too prone forgetfulness that *the tenant* of the clay-house himself goes not under the sod when his frail tabernacle crumbles away. How many have I known, however, who shutting their eyes to that fact have gone on sowing the wind only to reap the whirlwind. The grace of God is freely offered, and to be had by *any* who *will*—but men put off seeking it, till, as I have seen, the faculties of nature have become so impaired by disease that it was impossible for the mind to grasp the great truth in a way to give peace. I have known some who, to escape the misery of soul and body they suffered, laid violent hands on the life, which, most probably, the minute after, they would have given worlds (if they had them) to recall, and been willing rather to pass eternity itself in the misery they had fled from on the earth.

It is no use attempting to flee from misery when it overtakes a man. You cannot escape from it. Turn round, look the whole thing in the face! You may have (most likely) brought it upon yourself. Loss of fortune, health, position, even self-respect, never mind. *Turn*—face it. *Don't* take to drink! Carefully scrutinize and analyze misery. If you run from it, it will hound you on perhaps to self-destruction. I once knew a man in a back-room in Segar's hotel who had fallen from a good position through drink. He once had Tweeds (then seldom seen) which were the envy of us jungle wallahs! He fell till he had hardly a clout to cover him, and being of a sensitive nature, he shrank from any notice. I forced myself on him, got him to read his Bible, and eventually saw him started upon a line of rails which led to prosperity and influence. When misery is looked in the face, and manfully traced to the root, especially when God's blessing goes with the effort (sought for, and readily got), then we find that much of it is *phantom.* The apprehension in our own minds being three-fourths of it—and what there is left is not capable of remedy. Should these lines reach the eye of any fellow-creature suffering under concealed misery (for every heart knows its own bitterness), then let me bid him take good heart. Go to THE BURDEN-BEARER who says "Come unto *me* ye weary and heavy laden." I have known a good few who have come round the corner, and having been at the lowest depths have risen to comfort and respectability.

I have known some emerge from spiritual darkness (for there *is* spiritual darkness of soul), and come

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into the abiding light (for there *is* abiding light) of peace with God through a Saviour. You are printing a series of pamphlets called "Counsels and Cautions for the Jungle." I presume written by padres *—why may I not, a layman, have a word on the subject, especially with my experience? And I am encouraged by the thought that I know there are lots of fellows in the jungle; some, doubtless, who laugh at revealed religion; but many who in their silent moments would give all they have got to get in exchange peace with God. Well. it is to be had, by *seeking*, but only by *sincere* seeking, for God is the searcher of hearts, and won't have one who comes with a divided mind. Don't for one moment think you can be one-hand with God, and one-hand with the world. I got first to see justification through Jesu's blood; at Pitakanda, one Sunday, I lay among the brambles on the earthslip, and I resolved that *come what might* I would be for God—and my own precious soul! Three fellows came next day—and it is utterly impossible for me to attempt to explain my feelings when, the evening over, I asked them to join me in reading and prayer. And shortly after Sir Herbert Maddock, the Governor of Bengal, was spending the night with me. I remember well, I had a splendid hump and an equally fine fowl for dinner. I had no ornament for my table. The butler had an electro-plate coffee-pot, which was the crown of all my possessions. He rigged up a shelf by the aid of coir yarn, and stuck it on the wall, and spent days in burnishing it, and he and I (for I won't deny it) were proud of the coffee pot, in our wattle-and-daub hut. Dinner went off well—good sherry, and a Havanna pleased the old gentleman—and time came to turn in. I had established a rule of reading the Bible and prayer, but this surely was an exceptional case? Had I gone to Rome I might have got a *dispensation*—for, the fact was, I thought *I could not* go on with the reading. I knew I must stick! It occurred to me to send the old man to bed, and then have my reading. But no! I never feared the face of man, and I perspired with shame of myself. I concluded that God could carry the thing over if I cast myself on Him, and I said, "Sir Herbert, for some months I have had Bible-reading and prayer before going to bed—will you join, or turn in first?" "By all means—by all means," says he, "I honour the man who is not ashamed of his religious convictions!"

Good honest fellows—lots of them; but they will, before reading thus far, have cast this paper away,

* Not all.—Ed. C. O.

with the exclamation that they, at least, are no hypocrites? But bide a wee! Of all stumbling-blocks I ever met, that word *hypocrite* has been my most terrible bogle. I am *not* a hypocrite, and never was. But at a stage of my experience this device of Satan was a terrible hindrance to profession. I hated the thought, and with shame let me say I went into sin, honestly, saying to myself, "Old fellow, at least, you are no hypocrite." But, came the reflection, where is it to end? Are you to go the whole length of the letter, and become a castaway? No—I mean to mend *some* day. Then what are you? Why—"a devil's hypocrite?" You mean to cheat the devil! you mean to take your fling of sin, and then turn round and *cheat the devil* at last! He is a clever fellow who cheats the devil! The devil is a great power. He gives an inch, and takes an ell. He leads one into one sin, and then it seems so easy to get out of it by another sin, whereas *to stop*, and look the situation in the face, seems so terrible that the poor soul is driven on. Take my advice, Stand! Turn! "Resist the devil and he will flee from you."

But why this homily? Just because of what I have seen. There was X. Y. (for I must not name names), lying on a pallet in a miserable room of the Royal at Colombo, on his back, gasping, and drawing near to the gates of death. Baba-appu was holding the Bible resting on his labouring chest, as his feeble and glazing eyes tried to scan its pages. I had written to a Colombo chaplain to see him, for I had been called on to go to Brownrigg Street, to an empty coffee store to see him, and found him far advanced in what was supposed dysentry, but Dr. Elliott found it was hopeless liver. He was sent down to Colombo in charge of a medical man, and I wrote a most urgent letter to a chaplain, who saw him once, and then excused himself by saying "What 's the use!"—and Elliott brought Padre Allen, the Baptist Missionary, to the dying man, and the poor soul went away from the body crying for mercy. He was once a scoffer: I mean in his health, and in the pride of life. The time, previously, when I had seen him, was at tiffin in his splendid house, with a dozen officers and friends. There were plated dish-covers and tureen, Madrassee butlers with swell turbans—and he told me he had just ordered a silver bar from home for his pair in curricle harness. Yet he died a pauper, and his name is now never heard.

Then poor young Z———, son of a country laird, came out with money to invest. He went in for betting books for the races I remember well when in my simplicity he shewed me how to "*hedge*," but

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I could never see it. He went in for *Loo*, unlimited, and drank deeply. It was a steady soaking, like the negro who having been beaten for being drunk, said "Why. massa, you beat me *again*? I not drunk 'again'! Same old drunk!" I could tell you how he and his confreres would begin of a Saturday night, all night through, till the servants came on the Sunday to open the shutters and remove the lights, and place broiled bones and fresh grog—all next day—and all the night after—and then a cheque on the bankers! "*No effects*" came concurrent with softening of the brain, and he died in my house, and I buried him. As he lay, half conscious, he could never spare me from his bed-side. He wept when I was compelled to be absent, and on my return, pleaded that I would pray for him. "But," says I, "all very well—I shall, as I have, pray for you, but you must pray for yourself"; when the poor soul would put his hands together, and say, "*This night when I lay down to sleep*," &c. He could only think of these lines he had learnt at his mother's knee when he was a child! When he was in health he had joined with others who vilified me, calling me saint and hypocrite—none of them came to see him on his death-bed. *That* was no suitable place for *them*, nor did they attend the funeral of a fellow who was "pumped out." Yet I felt that they might have come and sat one night to let a poor fellow get some rest, but they did not. That's the way of the world! I was afterwards at some of *their* death-beds.

W. W. died on the cabin deck of the *Africa*, afterwards lost on the east coast of Ceylon. Old Captain Sk—— was commander. *Bogis* was mate, and in after-life I met Bogis in my wanderings and learnt particulars of that voyage. Out would come the old Captain, blustering. "I 'll soon quiet him,' says the steward (a broken coffee-planter, working his way home in capacity of steward). He put half-a-tumbler of brandy and filled up with gin, and presented the grog—"Grog! Who called for it? "Beg pardon, sir, thought you did." "Well, let 's see—ha! too strong, steward, too strong!" "No, sir, the usual strength!" "Very well"—and over the old man would fall, and Bogis would call two sailors to carry him to his berth. W. W. was passenger, and died in horrors, calling on God to have mercy on his soul. I was once friendly with W. W., but he, having in 1842 bespoken me, months before, to his Christmas dinner, I, finding out, as the date drew on, that it would fall upon a Sunday, *declined*, and was, thereafter *cut* by the whole set. They spent a fine Sunday on the Ambagamuwa patanas, and N. (with one of

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the finest phrenological heads I ever saw) was only one of four who died from the effects of that party.

Another name, which we all knew once—but I shall not name it. He was fellow-passenger with me in the *Symmetry* in 1837, and a poor enough wretch he was—diseased, and second-class. There are none now of that shipment but myself alive. He was called "The Artful Dodger," and many is the time I have remonstrated with him against the course he was following—for shipmates are as brothers, and can use freedoms, but I was rebuked into silence, and finally sent to Coventry. He amassed immense property—*both by hook and by crook*, so that when I went home in 1855 he was fellow-passenger, and quite the millionaire. He had 20,000 cwts. of crop from his own estates, so that a shilling up or down in the price of coffee was £1,000 in to his pocket. And yet, the gambler spirit having carried him to his ruin, he was, three years after, an outlawed fugitive from England, and a broken-down paralytic, who used to crawl up to spend an hour at my house of an evening, refusing a lift in the carriole, saying "Old fellow, nobody speaks to me as you do." I could fill pages of reminiscences of him, and his career—but "*requiescat in pace.*" His appu knocked up Viscardi, the manager of the Royal at Colombo, one morning,—"Sar ! sar ! my master won't speak." He was dead—and though very many had enjoyed his hospitality in his prosperity there were very few followed his remains to the grave. It was a charity funeral.

The subject is too sad, else I could go on for no end giving instances of "wasted lives."

I feel sad and depressed when I think of them. I do wonder that the very many examples which occur have so little effect upon men. Fellows go up like a rocket, and come down like a stick, being what they call "*indebted to the estate*"! The Lord Mayor would call it by another name, and give change of air to Portland! A district has a preponderance of riff-raff; so as to be unendurable to the respectable minority. *Patience*! A year or two goes by, and you go there, and find as fine a set of fellows as your heart can desire. It don't take long to weed out a bad lot. They go to the dogs, hand over hand. Is there any inclined to listen to good advice? Stop! Turn round! Cut your bad companions, and let them cut you! Better *that* than ruin of soul and body!

And now, to end my Sunday chapter, let me assure you there is that which is called "*peace with God, through the Lord Jesus Christ.*" It is worth seeking after. And you may have it: read Jeremiah xxix. 13th, "And ye shall seek me, *and find me*, when ye shall search for me with all your heart."

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DAYS OF OLD:—A NEW SERIES.

KANDYAN IDEAS OF THE FATE WHICH WOULD BEFALL COFFEE PLANTERS IF THEY INVADED THE HAPUTALE FOREST SACRED TO THE DEVIYOS.

A correspondent, who has much to tell about Ceylon and its history for a generation past, and who can throw living interest into his narrative, writes: —"A passage in the account of the journey from Galle to Badulla, which was published in the *Ceylon Observer* of 9th May,—I allude to that part where the writer says, "A few years ago, scarcely a native hut stood where the rising town of Haldummulla is now fast spreading over a most picturesque domain,"—recalls to my mind an incident which marked a visit I was obliged to make to Haldummulla in 1857, and which may interest your readers of the present day when they compare the Haldummulla of 1872, with that of fifteen years ago. At this time I need hardly remark, the magnificent tract of forest stretching from Kaloopahane to the top of the Pass, and swelling and rolling over to Iddalgashena, and up to Maha Eliya, had not been touched by the axe of the planter —the Haputale road was a narrow, steep, rough bridle road, walled on one side by rock, and on the other by jungle, which so completely masked the danger of the precipice bounding the road, that it was only through an occasional rift in the leafy wall that a traveller could get a view of the low country, and realise to some extent, what a dangerous road he was traversing.

The jungle, as the name of one of the estates indicates (Vihara Galla) was said to pertain to the Kattragam Temple, and was said to be full of gods, or devils, and in consequence to be sacred.

The original Rest-house at Haputale, where poor Rogers met his death by lightning in 1845 (was it?) had been burned down long before 1857, but the Kahagalla estate* as well as the Haputale estate,

*[The wonderful vicissitudes of this splendid estate form one of the most curious episodes in the history of coffee-planting in Ceylon. Opened only to the extent of fifty acres, we believe, by Major Rogers, it was sold after his death, when the coffee had been almost abandoned for £200 to a couple of gentlemen, one of whom almost immediately parted with his share to the other for the money it had cost him. Shortly afterwards the latter bought back the whole place, when perhaps 200 acres of coffee had been planted, for £10,000, and after receiving for many years an average return of over 8 cwts. of crop per acre, the property on being again sold fetched considerably over £20,000.—ED. C. O.]

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planted by that wonderful man, were kept up—in a way—and from the latter of these coffee estates down to Kaloopahane, the very foot of the Pass, there was literally no sign of human life, and the stillness and gloom of the forest path were commonly remarked upon.

But to my story. I was sitting, on the date in question, in a little frail hut run up for a special occasion, discussing my breakfast, when my attention was attracted to a conversation, conducted in the ordinary high key used among the Kandyans, between one of my followers and an old man who had come up from Lemastota, through the jungle. Having first inquired who we were, and where we had come from, the old mountaineer remarked, "And so, I hear, these restless Europeans are thinking of opening coffee plantations in this Viharagalla Forest." On receiving a grunt of assent from my cooly, he said, "neither they nor their fathers can do *that*, for all this forest, (pointing up the Pass) is sacred, and is full of Devios (minor gods); it has been sacred for hundreds of years, and if a European or one of those cursed Dhemillos (Tamils) were to attempt to cut a tree in this forest, his axe would fly out of his hand, or his arm would wither up," and, warming to his theme, the old man continued, "Plant coffee indeed, in the Viharagalla Forest! Why, let me see any one, European or Native, who would be suffered, with impunity, to shoot a bird, or a monkey in this forest, and then I *will* believe that the Devios are no longer powerful. Why did the great Rogers die? He *was* a man if you like, but he feared neither god, nor devil, and the Kattragam Devio slew him by lightning, as you know, up there at the top of the Pass," pointing to Haputale. "Rogers Dorai could do anything, he shot more elephants than any other European; he was noble, just, generous, but he opened an estate in Haputale, in this forest sacred to the gods, and 'Kattragam Devio' (the god of Kattragam) killed him!" "Yes" added the old man, "White men can do a great many things, but I defy them to convert Viharagalla into coffee gardens,"—with which remark my aged friend walked off.

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CHAPTER I.

(*Another Version by another Narrator.*)

My First Trip to the Jungle.

It is somewhat over a quarter of a century ago (I shall not say how much, for like the young ladies, it is not always convenient to tell one's age,) when the old Colombo and Kandy coach, (the first coach that ever travelled in Asia) dropped me as a passenger to Kandy at the corner of what is now that splendid building known as the Queen's Hotel. It was not so then; not only was there no building of its pretensions—the O. B. C. was not in existence then. nor d'Esterre's shop, nor the English Church, nor that of the Scots. In fact in all Kandy there was only one two-storey dwelling-house—that now used as the Telegraph Office. And to it I was bound. Inhabited it then was by the Kandy Agent of a leading planting firm, W. C. Gibson, Read, Davidson & Co., Colombo. There were three Hotels then in Kandy—yet strange to say so full were they that at neither could I procure a bed. There is now at least five times the Planting population of that day, yet one hotel appears to suffice for them.* Well, it was on a Saturday evening in the dreary month of November when, rejected at the Hotel, I found my way to the Agent's quarters, where I was hospitably entertained till morning. It began raining the afternoon of my arrival, commencing as usual at the top of the Kadugannawa Pass. It continued raining all Sunday and seemed likely to go on all Monday, when in the morning my host asked me if I could swim. I replied I could, but did not suppose I would have that to do this journey. He however told me he thought I would, and to be prepared. I had to ride 20 miles. I had frequently done that distance at home in three hours. And what I had done there I thought I surely could do here—for, judging by the road from Colombo to Kandy it was as good as those at home, and I doubted not all the others were equal. Reasoning thus, I concluded that if I started at noon (which would afford time for the rain to clear up, if it would) I could easily reach my destination by 4, or allowing an hour's grace, by 5 o'clock, and enter the estate which was to be my future home in daylight. Sad delusion! as the sequel will

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* There are many reasons to account for the difference. In those early days, a large proportion of the estates opened were within easy reach of Kandy, and until bungalows could be erected, those who worked them probably came to sleep at Kandy.—Ed. C. O.

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shew. I got a horse from the Arabs to which *rat* would have been a more appropriate name. It was a tat, small, slow, and weak. The horsekeeper who was to be my guide could not speak two words of English, nor I one word of Tamil, so as may be supposed our conversation was of the briefest. We crossed the Lewelle Ferry all right. To that point the road was good and the journey was plain sailing. Arrived at the other side, however, we got bewildered. There was no road nor mark of one, and the course we had to take was as unknown to my horsekeeper-guide as it was to myself. But we conversed with each other by signs. He would point in this direction over an unploughed Paddy Field and we took a board that way. Then I, recollecting something of the instructions I had got before starting, was sure he was wrong and took a tack the other way. And so we zig-zagged about—sometimes on a track sometimes off one, till nearly dark. Hardly had we seen anybody to ask the way out, but at length, now nearly dark, we came in sight of a hut, which I was glad to see, and gladder still to find a European Planter there, when the following dialogue ensued:—Planter: "Where are you going?" Wanderer: To M—— in the Knuckles." Pl.—"You can't go there to-night." Wan.—"I must go there to-night." Pl.—"Why, do you know how far it is?" Wan.—"No, but I must be very close to it now, as I have been travelling since one o'clock." Pl.—"You are not half way; and what is more, you cannot cross the rivers." Wan.—"How many rivers are there to cross?" Pl.—"Three rivers." Wan.—"Well I don't care, I have promised to be there to-night, and I must go—So good-bye." Pl.—"I tell you, you cannot go, be you ever so willing. No coolies have been over for three days. If the rivers were passable they would have been over. You are, I see, a stranger, and can have no idea how high these rivers rise after rain, and if you attempt it the chances are that you and your little steed there will be carried down the first, or Madulkele river. Moreover it will presently be dark: and you would not be able to find the ford, even if practicable. I advise you to turn in with me and take a share of my floor, and what grub I have, I'll gladly share with you." These were cogent arguments, and I decided to accept the kind invitation of of a stranger to a stranger. Now let us take a view of the inside of this domicile. It consisted of two rooms, one of which was occupied by the native family who owned it, the other by mine host. This was at a place now the site of a considerable village and called Panwila, then occupied by this solitary building, and styled the Buffalo swamp. The old woman who inha-

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bited it supplied hoppers and coffee to the Knuckles Planters on their way to Kandy and returning, and for which they generously gave her one rupee, so that although not many passed in a month, those rupees formed the poor woman's livelihood. At this time a slice of luck was in her way. An eminent planting firm A. B. & Co. of Colombo, who owned lands in the then inaccessible regions of the Knuckles, had determined to make travelling and transport more easy, and joined by other land-owners, they detached one of their Superintendents, young G. A., to make that portion of the road from Panwila to the Lewelle Ferry. Alas for the uncertainty of human hopes! Before this road was more than half finished the crisis of 1847-48 had overtaken Ceylon and that firm, and many more of the pioneers of coffee cultivation, were engulphed by it in one common ruin. But to our story: mine host received me most cordially and made me welcome to what he had—rough fare it was at best. Rough days were these, but they were the days of the "Bricks!" And while frequently their exuberance of spirit manifested itself in practical jokes upon each other, even sometimes on others not of their fraternity, nothing pleased one of that class better than to be ordered off at a moment's notice to do a rough job in a rough part of the country, without provisions or comforts of any kind; and where in a talipot hut of his own erection, or such a hut as that I have described when procurable he could vegetate until better times; such was the position of my friend at the time alluded to. He had certainly curry and rice, but nothing else. His grub cooly had been storm-stayed at Kandy for three days. But we managed nicely. Hunger is a capital sauce. And whoever with a sharpened appetite from a day's ride in the open air gets a good dish of rice and curry is not badly off. Then as regards the comforts of the bed chamber, these were not yet to hand. My friend had borrowed a mat from his neighbour, the landlady; and spreading it on the earthen floor he and I enjoyed "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," better than I had often before done on bed of down. With the Aurora of morn we arose refreshed, my friend volunteering, as the weather was so bad that his coolies would not turn out, to shew me over the district or as much of it as we could compass before the intervening rivers stopped our way. Well, we visited that morning *Hatale* (still a Prince among Coffee Estates) Madulkele and Oonoonagala, all then young and full of promise; laden they were at the time with the blood-red fruit, a beautiful sight. But at neither had the labourers turned out, nor had any yet crossed from the Knuckles side the Madulkele

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river. We breakfasted with mine host's brother H. A., and during the forenoon three or four more of the Bricks *en route* to their respective estates reached that same goal. They had been to Kandy for money to pay their monthly wages. But though well mounted, and although their homes were only six or eight miles distant they would not that day face the rivers that lay between. Our new host was aghast at such heavy arrivals, for in the absence of his grub cooly he had but scant provender, while all his beds and couches were far from sufficient for so many. However he consoled himself with the reflection that when the flowing bowl went freely round the difficulty would be overcome, as some of the guests would be sure to find themselves beds under the table! My original host and myself too relieved him of our presence and put up for the night at the hospitable Bungalow of C.M., Oonoounagala; this was the second day. In the morning we parted: my friend to his work, and I to find out the estate of Mr. W. to which I was bound. The first river, though rather broad, I crossed without difficulty. The second ditto. The third, however I had but half crossed, when I found myself in deep water. I jumped off in the middle on a rock, and left the pony to swim across to the other side, I going higher up and crossing upon rocks. But there was a fourth river large, broad, rocky, deep and rapid. I should not have crossed; not knowing this, however, I tried it; plunged in where there seemed a ford. It was full of rocks and stones, and ere I was half accross the pony was on the crown of his head and I on the broad of my back, my guide in the meantime gallantly retreating from the struggle. I hung on to the bridle however, and turned and swam to shore dragging the pony after me. I then discovered it was not, as at the time I thought, an empty piece of chaff when the Agent asked before starting if I could swim. In the somersault I performed in the river I lost a shoe, and as I had to pass through a long lines of coolies on my way to the hospitable bungalow of D., all busy reaping the red ripe harvest, I have often since thought I must have caused them mirth as I rode up the estate with a white stocking on one foot and a black shoe on the other. Arrived at the bungalow I asked if this was the bungalow of B. W. "Oh no," mine host replied, "You should have turned up before crossing the river. However I advise you not to try to recross it to-night, for I have only just arrived, and my horse which is twice the size of yours had difficulty in crossing. Stay here for the night and in the morning the river will likely be down when you can cross in safety." I took his advice, remained the night, recrossed the

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river in the morning, and shortly arrived at the bungalow of B. W. Not him who long carolled in your paper from the top of the Matale rock under that nom de plume, but one as well known in the country then and now. This was on the fourth day of my departure from Kandy. You may therefore readily infer that we had not then the nice driving roads with permanent bridges over the rivers that abound in the new districts of Dimbula and Dikoya, or even the good bridle paths that they have long had in Doloshage and Ambagamuwa. But we had to take what we found and be thankful.

CHAPTER II.

Coffee planting was but in its infancy then, and the demand for land was easily met at a price too of about one-tenth the value of average sales of the present day. Five shillings per acre was then the upset price, and a man possessed of £500 could easily have become the happy purchaser of a block of 2000 acres. Although land was plentiful enough, however, it was not so with superintendents. Ceylon had not begun to be looked to as a field for emigration of the class who have since found ample occupation there,—well educated young men, ready and willing to rough it as occasion required in a hot and feverish district, or in a healthy mountain region, wherever their lot might be cast. Consequently those in want of superintendents, and who could not wait to indent for them from the old country, had to put up with the materials that came readiest to their hands. Hence runaway sailors and bought off soldiers found ample occupation. They did not generally at first get very high wages—£4 and £5 per month—but that to them was a higher wage than they had ever known, while those who deserved and got promotion soon found themselves in a very good position. Fowls, rice, beef, fish, &c., and other necessaries of life were then exceedingly cheap, while the age for luxuries had not arrived—at all events in the interior. As a rule, however, that class of men was not found to answer, and those in want of such employes soon learned to indent upon friends at home for their required supply. Since then too from time to time there have been rushes of such young men come out on spec—many have found employment, while some have had to move on elsewhere, when they found this market too well supplied. The soldiers as a class have turned out worst. Accustomed to be treated as mere machines, they have never learned to think, and it takes a long time before they can get rid of the feeling that they are always subject to the word of command. But say to such an one "Attention," and

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he stands bolt upright; "Right foot forward" off he marches. Require him to think, however little, and he feels he is out of his element, asked to do a thing he has never been accustomed to. But let one instance suffice. I have had many of this class under me from time to time, and found the same failing in all. I was standing at a spot where two roads join. I observed at the junction, where they met as a cross road that there was no outlet for the water, and I said, make a cross drain. "Cut here," pointing to the level where the road met. I was, however, standing above that level about two feet. When I returned, I found he had cut *exactly where I had stood when telling him to cut*, and when I pointed out that he must have expected the stream from one of the roads to run up hill, he merely replied, "You told me to cut *here*." Of course he never gave a thought to the object of the cutting. In the same way have I frequently pointed out things that ought to have been done, and the absolute necessity of which would be obvious to the meanest capacity, the general reply was, "You did not tell me." No, the soldier is not a thinking animal. The *sailor* is so to a much greater extent. He has to think of the course he is steering, the winds suitable and the reverse, the ropes he has to handle, and many other things; and on the whole he has turned out a better and more suitable superintendent than the soldier. A great many of his class, however, have learned so much to be of a wrong disposition, that they have not remained at the work, while many more have shewn a too great addiction to the bottle. There are, however, a few sterling instances still in the country, while some have left it well off. Of this class, masters and mates of vessels have generally turned out best.

As I before stated, there were three hotels at that time in Kandy. The principal was kept where Keir Dundas and Co.'s office now is, by two men of the soldier class, Spencer and Evans. They were well supported, and I believe made money by the business. But they also patronised their own tap to a pretty considerable extent, and would frequently get quarrelsome on the head of it. One day after some words, S, came up to E. and said, "I will fight you Evans." "That's all very well of you," said Evans, "you are sober, and I am drunk, that's not fair." "Oh, well," said S., duly perceiving the inequality of the contest, "if that's it, I'll get drunk too," which he at once set about. This accomplished, he returned to the combat with "Now Evans, I'm drunk too, let us fight," and so they set too and pawed each other about to the great amusement of a few bricks who were there, and who encouraged them in their mimic war. After each had satis-

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faction in a few falls, both the combatants were removed to bed. Shortly after they gave up the hotel. One turned again to coffee planting, the other took to making shoes; both have long since gone the way of all flesh. The town was then dirty and badly kept; the houses were mostly one-storey buildings, and not a few of them were thatched, while large drains yawned on each side of the streets, into which one might have driven, and horse, bandy and all disappeared. This was especially the case in Trincomalie street; to approach the shops after dinner, in the dark, or by one feeling in the least top-heavy was in reality a service of danger. A plank was thrown across the open cesspool, and a false step made it *walking the plank* indeed. It may also be readily conceived how the cholera was a constant resident. *The Bricks* of that day chiefly held out at the Knuckles; but there were also members of the fraternity, scattered here and there all over the country, and woe betide the quite young man, fresh out from the mother-country, whose lot happened to be cast among them, especially if he wished to shape a course for himself and to keep himself clear of their carousals. "Drink it is you want, youngster. You refuse. Very well there's no compulsion, but if you won't drink, you must sit up and look at us doing it; we would rather you would join us, however. "The youngster faintly and modestly replies something about his mother's parting advice, which of course they highly appreciate. By-and-bye he slips away to a couch—"to sleep, to sleep, but not to rest," for he is no sooner fairly asleep, than one of his friends gets hold of him by one leg and has him instantly measuring his length on the floor. Protest is useless. They tell him this is the custom which every youngster must learn before he can become a full-fledged coffee planter. So he pockets his indignation, and hopes soon for a change, and meantime consoles himself with the reflection that "what can't be cured must be endured." The Knuckles bricks of that day were D. and C., and B. and D., and N. and W., and T. and A., and A. and M., and W. and T. C., (commonly called Long Tom Coffin) a man about 6½ feet high, and as good-natured as he was long, who left afterwards for Australia, and no one has learned since what became of him. That was 25 years ago. The others have long since all left the country and some of them are dead.

The races at Peradeniya were then more regularly held and much more numerously attended than they are now. On one of these occasions, Rajah Reid, as he was then called, from his having been on the celebrated Rajawella estate had a very fine, fast, and powerful Pegue pony, which he was prepared to back against anything and anybody. His friends encouraged him in this idea,

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and got up a scurry race to come off between him and another planter named Dick who had a big horse. Rajah's friends, while the other races were going on, kept plying him with liquor. So at starting him, and after he was in the saddle, they gave him what they called the stirrup cup. This was half a tumbler of gin which they professed to fill up with water from a jug, but which was also gin. He drank off the liquor and threw down the tumbler, exclaiming as he started "Gad—that's very strong gin and water!"

Meantime his friends (?) calculating that ere he reached the winning post, the Rajah could not see an object very distinctly erected before the terminus a hurdle, about 3 or 4 feet high. Presently in he came the winner, but not knowing of the hurdle, was unprepared for it till too late to check the pace of his horse; the pony took the leap, and cleared it at a bound, but at the same time cleared himself of the weight of his master who went spinning out over the front and alighted on the crown of his head. This for a man of about 18 stone weight was no easy fall; and he was instantly stunned thereby. His friends now fearing they had made a worse mess than they intended, for he lay like one dead, gathered around him, and tried to get him to sit up. Chief among these was a well known planter of that day named Stumps, also a very powerful man. Stumps sat down besides him, and took the Rajah's head between his hands, and soothingly tried to coax him to sit up. "Oh! my poor Reid, do sit up man!"—but immediately he let go, down went the head with a bump to one side. Stumps raised it again—"Oh Reid, man, get up and speak," down went the head on the other side with a grunt—and they began to fear he was dead—when some one suggested offering him a glass of brandy and water. "The ruling passion strong in death" at this moment came to his rescue, and the sick and nearly dead man exclaimed, "Aye, by George that's it," and drank off his liquor like a man. Except a little stiffness from the fall, no other trace of it remained after a day or two. But his friends had got such a fright, that not for many a day afterwards would they have tried such another dangerous practical joke on one of their fellows. Speaking of the Peradeniya races reminds me of a curious adventure that occurred once at one of them. Old Young, formerly a hotel keeper in Kandy, but then in Gampola, a man of 20 stone or upwards, seeing the races flag, volunteered to carry another on his back and run with his load for 20 yards, beating any one without a load, provided he got a start of five yards before his rival. And he came in the winner to the intense amusement of the bystanders.

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CHAPTER III.

Among the planters of the day none were more brickish or more bold, more boisterous, frolicsome, or strong, than *Big MacGregor* and well-known and good-natured *Stumps*. Both were men of some inches over six feet high, and stout in proportion—giants among their fellows. One day in Gampola for want of something better to do, a few planters, including the above couple, were larking and practising gymnastics in the verandah of the old Gampola Resthouse. MacGregor laying hold of the wall-plate with both hands raised himself till his chin was on a level with his hands, when Stumps, anxious for fun, seized MacGregor's two feet and ran back with them till he held his friend in a horizontal position like a hand-barrow. MacGregor roared out, and begged him to desist. But the demon of mischief had got possession of Stumps, so he held and hauled on till he saw that his friend clung to the wall only by the points of his fingers. Then when Macgregor could hold no longer and was about to let go, Stumps dropped him, and he came down squash on the brick floor of the verandah. For a man of his inches, and probably weighing 18 stone, it was no light fall: and well it was for Stumps that for the moment MacGregor was stunned. It then only dawned upon Stumps what a foolish and dangerous thing he had done. But he dare not face the roused lion to explain or apologise, but bolted as hard as he could, mounted his horse outside the town and rode off to his estate as fast as his pony could carry him. Nor was he seen in Gampola for many a day thereafter. [Poor Lewis Macgregor went to California where he died of small-pox: it was for him that a hole had to be cut in the deck of the ship in which he came to Ceylon in order that he might be able to stand upright! His brother Roderick was also well known in Ceylon, where he did well, retiring to a home in the Highlands of Scotland.—Ed. C. O.]

Fighting Cameron was a bold and terrible man in those days. He was a great bruiser—ever ready to pick a quarrel and to offer satisfaction *vi et armis.* His prowess was well known, and he traded upon it, few venturing to provoke him. He was a considerable bully withal, and knew when he met his match. His quarrelsome disposition kept him often out of a situation. But he was a good planter. Out of regard for his last qualification, he was employed by Mr. Fairholme—one of the planters of old Dimbula, and with whom he remained for some years. Most people wondered how. The reason was obvious. Fairholme was also a bruiser. He was besides a noted walker. He could walk him, or talk him, or box him, or beat him at anything.

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Hence our bully was under him as quiet as a mouse, and a capital worker. Fairholme however left the country; our friend was again out, and Fighting Cameron embarked with a lot more of the then unemployed for Australia, at the commencement of the Gold diggings, and the last that was heard of him was that the Captain had threatened to throw him overboard or put him in irons on account of his quarrelsome disposition. What became of him in Australia no one knows.

[Fairholme was M.L.C. and gave his name to a suspension bridge in Dimbula. His brother, Lieut. Fairholme, R.N., perished with Sir John Franklin.—Ed. C. O.]

During the Rebellion of 1848 some queer scenes were enacted. A previous writer on the old days has told you how a European and his daughter were tied up in the store of an estate and threatend by the rebels to be roasted, being released only by Major Lillie and his Rifles after they had dispersed the rebel gatherings at Matale; how 24 Riflemen chased and scattered at Kurunegala an armed rebel gathering of 4,000 men, how a head kangani in his master's absence seeing the rebels approaching his estate called up the coolies and dressed in his master's clothes as many of them as he could fit with coats, trousers, leggings, &c., gave them pipes and tobacco, with a tumbler of grog or supposed grog before each,* and set them down on seats in the verandah of the bungalow—to represent their master and his guests—how the man succeeded so well that the rebels after entering the estate with banners and pipes and tom-toms, and much noise and dancing when they saw as they supposed this lot of jolly planters awaiting them, beat a hasty retreat and left the estate unmolested; how a number of planters in the neighbourhood of Kandy were enrolled as special police, and had to mount guard by turns for a succession of nights around the Kandy Kachcheri, and how Jack A. and Jan H. volunteered to ride down the North Road to Trincomalee, and inform the troops expected from Madras (sent for the occasion to put down the rebellion) where they might expect opposition, when along the whole line all they saw of animal life was one wild peacock; how old W. deserted his post and rushed into Kandy for fear of the mob, and many other matters of a like kind, but you have not been told of an adventure equal to any in originality if not in daring which occurred on the North road and which I shall now relate. On the Sellagama Estate, close to the

* The version given in the *Observer* at the time indicated that each European-dressed cooly was supplied with a newspaper.—Ed. C. O.

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line of road along which the rebels were coming from Dambool, resided a Superintendent and his Assistant —an old sailor of the name of Kennedy. F. the Superintendent had gone to Matale to seek assistance from the military in the event of attack, and when he wished to return he found the road so crowded with the rebel mob, that he could not proceed and was obliged to return. Kennedy got in a great state of fright, filled his sea-chest with clothes and provisions to last him for some time, and retired to a hiding-place in the jungle, leaving a letter on the bungalow table, addressed to the Post-master General, saying, "If I'm kilt (sic), my address is so and so."

Dennis P. was not a planter but a man of law, once well-known in the vicinity of the Central Capital where he was considered rather a character. Meeting him one day at a Resthouse in the neighbourhood of a Court not 20 miles from Kandy, a friend thus accosted him: "Well Dennis—what's brought you here?" Dennis: "Oh I've come to defend some rascals in a case of forgery. But I don't mean to go to the Court—the fact is I was up rather late last night, and what I want now is a good breakfast and a good sleep." Friend: "Why, it is now nearly 10 o'clock—you can't have a sleep after this as I suppose the Court meets at 11."—Dennis: "Never mind, I'll have my breakfast and my sleep, you see I know that the principal witness on the other side is not here, and without him the case can't go on." So Dennis had his breakfast—then locked himself into a dark room and went off to sleep. He had not slept long when a noisy crowd of his clients came down to call him saying "The case is called." "All right," said his Clerk, "I'll call him," but did not. They went away. Presently they returned in a very excited manner saying "The first witness is called—where's the gentleman?" "He is in there sleeping," said the imperturbable Clerk. "But you must waken him," said the clients.—"Yes," said the Clerk, who went in and called his master saying the first witness was called. Dennis said "Indeed," turned over, gave a grunt, settled down on the other side, and was presently heard snoring like a young elephant trumpeting. By and by they came down again at the double quick, anxious, excited, and noisy, saying—"The second witness is called where is the gentleman?" The Clerk said "He will come presently, go away back." But they said "he must come now as the case can't wait; you must rouse him." The Clerk, thinking he had found a hitch, asked "Had they paid his master?" "Yes £8" said they. That's all right," replied the Clerk,

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"I'll tell him and he'll come presently." He had slept by this time nearly three hours. The crowd got more noisy, as they rushed backwards and forwards between the Court and resthouse to the great annoyance of the friend, who had had a long hot ride that morning and who had stretched himself on a couch vainly hoping to snatch a half hour's sleep. But that was out of the question. He therefore addressed the Clerk: "This is really very unfair, your master has taken these men's money. He ought at least to attend the Court for them, go and rouse him." "I tried before," said the Clerk, "and he would not get up: but I will try again." This time he succeeded: and as Dennis came out at the door rubbing his eyes, the leader of his clients came down and making a profound salaam, thanked him for *getting the case postponed*, (postponement being all they wanted)! Dennis not at all put out accepted the compliment remarking: "The dead Douglas won the field. If it was not the dead Douglas, it was the sleeping, its all the same. Here's this good man thinks I managed to get the case postponed, and *thanks* me for it, while I was never near the Court at all. But I knew it would all come off as I wished. So now I'll go up and pay my respects to the magistrate and hie away home," all of which the friend thought was a very free and easy style of business and of getting money.

A Planter revisiting, in pretty easy circumstances the country of his birth, found at a Railway station in the North of Scotland, a Porter rolling a wheelbarrow, the same probably as he had been doing for the previous 30 years. *Seeing* by the address that the planter was from Ceylon, the Porter took the opportunity of asking about an old friend of his who had gone there many years before, when the following dialogue took place:—

PORTER: "I believe Sir ye are frae Ceylon."

PLANTER: "Yes."

PORTER: "D'e ye ken Mr. M—— there Sir."

PLANTER: " h, yes, I ken Mr. M."

PORTER: "Hoo is he gettin on, man?"

PLANTER: "Oh, he is getting on, very well. He is a great man now, and has charge of several estates."

PORTER: "Fat pay will he be gettin, sir?"

PLANTER: "He draws in all I should think about eight hundred pounds a year."

This was a climax. The old man was quite overcome, and holding up both his hands he exclaimed "Good Lord! He an'I ploowed the-gither."

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CHAPTER IV.

It is a notable as well as a deplorable fact how many planters—fine fellows generally, often among the best in their profession, have fallen off from their allegiance, all to their hurt and many to their ruin—by yielding to strong drink. Curious also would it be to trace their early history. Many of them before coming to Ceylon knew nothing of the vice, many had not the means of tasting it in a mild way, even as a luxury; yet they have yielded to the tempter. Partly perhaps this arises from the solitary life planters lead, partly from the habits of hospitality they acquire in the jungle, and party from an unwillingness on the part of youngsters to be thought singular by differing from their fellows, or refusing to join in their convivialities. Many even think it *necessary* for their support in this country that they indulge in ardent spirits or malt liquors. And perhaps indulging only to the extent they *believe* necessary would not do them very much harm. But the difficulty is to confine themselves to this. The practice gains upon one and the habit of indulging in either grows. Malt liquors are, perhaps, the least harmful, and to many used in moderation, they are innocuous. But with many they do not agree, and such, believing some stimulant necessary, are driven to brandy, gin, whisky and water. Each of these taken in that shape is very insinuating, and leads frequently to the imbibing of a great deal more than even the most moderate think necessary, and in that way gradually leads on to excesses which do incalculable harm. I shall not follow the subject farther, nor quote many instances. Numerous cases are doubtless familiar to every reader of this paper, and if I were to quote my own recollections in Ceylon their histories would fill a volume. Suffice it that I give one instance and this not the worst of what the habit leads to.

D——— was a planter in the Matale district well-known and highly respected. As industrious a man when he came to the country as lived, knew not then what brandy and water meant; strong, active, sober, and steady, he soon attained a good position, where he was much respected by his employer. No man was more scrupulously exact in his accounts with his employer, or more carefully exacting in requiring from his coolies the quantity of labour for which he paid. But he had drinking neighbours whom he used to visit, and which gradually led to his becoming like them in one respect, that he kept and used strong drinks—but unlike them in this that he did not know where to stop when he began. He would take a fit of drinking which lasted for days together. Then he would settle down and be all right for months—again

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he would break out. In this way he took situation after situation, and was reduced to very low ones. At last he took to building churches, and during the time he was so employed, he kept exemplarily correct; seeing this his former employer of several years engaged him again. For a time he was steady. Again broke out —sometimes for days, at times for weeks on end. Human forbearance could stand it no longer: and his employer, finding he had been absent from the estate and in Matale for a week, in the middle of crop, dismissed him; though not till after he had by his neglect of duty through his now unconquerable love of strong drinks, lost a third of his proprietor's crop, worth about £2,000. This was all the proprietor gained by the too great indulgence of his Superintendent while there was a hope of his reform. During this last escapade in Matale, a friendly planter seeing the state D——— was in, advised him to go home to his estate and volunteered, although several miles out of his way, to accompany him. No, he would have some more drink. It was late in the evening and the shops were shut. His friend by way of inducement told him, he would get him some at a bungalow on the way if he would only start along with him. That would not do. He must have it now. The native shopkeeper by whom he had been previously supplied, *Mirando*, declined to open his door at that late hour. D——— was a strong powerful man. His foot applied to the door was its "*open sesame*," and up it flew. He entered, had what he wanted, and was about retiring satisfied: when he was met by a possè of police, who on the application of the affrighted shopkeeper had been sent to take him in charge. The friend interfered by telling the police that he would come up and explain matters to the Magistrate and all would be arranged. With this assurance, and pleased at the prospect of being relieved of a difficulty the police retired and reported to their master. The friend now thought this a fine opportunity to get D——— away, and urged him to mount his horse and come along with him. But, no, the spirit of madness was upon him, and regardless of consequences he *would* have more liquor, and went into the shop and took what he wanted. Let no one suppose here that he meant to *take* this liquor without paying for it. He was able and willing to pay, and was honest as the day. He had besides an account with the shopkeeper in question, who was sure to charge him for, at least, all he had. It was for taking the law in his own hand and breaking open the door that the police were after him. As he emerged from the shop for the second time the police re-appeared, in double force, about a dozen strong. His friend used the same argument as

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before, but it was powerless this time. The men were sent to *take* D——, and they meant to do it. The friend advised them not to venture. But they were bold, and armed with the force of the law, they were resolved to do their duty, so two of them came up and laid hold of him. D—— with one hand seized the first by the cuff of the neck and flung him out into the middle of the street—whereupon their valour deserted the others, who bolted as hard as they could, to tell their master of their non-success. In the meantime, the friend induced D—— to mount his horse and ride out of town and up-hill to his estate. Thus ended this escapade. His late conduct, however, soon became so generally known that no one would employ him again. He left the country for Australia with £250 in his pocket, and what became of him afterwards no one in Ceylon was ever apprised. It may seem surprising that he was able to take away even this sum with him: seeing the way he had been carrying on for some time, not only his habit of drinking, but to use the language of diplomacy in the *Alabama* treaty—"the acts growing out of it"—tending to extravagance and loss. One time he was robbed of £40 in his own bungalow, where he returned one evening the worse of liquor, threw down the bag and went to bed. In the morning it was *non est*; and there may have been many other losses and thefts to which his own inebriate carelessness too often exposed him, besides losses by paying and omissions in his accounts of which no one would have heard. But for that he ought to have been worth £2,000 instead of £250; for, while sober, he was a very careful and economical man—not spending, I should say, half his salary on his own living; and he had for ten years, at least, drawn a very fair salary. Let this instance be a warning to young men inclined to be fast, or to follow the lead of those who cannot live without a large liquor bill, who cannot give or enjoy hospitality without a considerable consumption of ardent spirits, and who are inclined to believe that to be planters they must also be drinkers. For my own part, while not advocating entire abstinence, I believe that neither ardent spirits, beer, nor wine, are necessary to health. We take them *not* because we *require*, *but* because we get used to, and *like* them—while I am persuaded that their frequent use retards rather than assists work, reduces rather than increases strength, inconveniently affects the nervous system, and impairs the constitution. Let young men keep this in mind when exposure or inclination tempts them to depart from habits strict sobriety.

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CHAPTER V.

The Complete Story of A. C. W. and the Swamper.

In one of your earlier Chapters under this heading the above story, of one of the Bricks, in "the days of the Bricks," was briefly alluded to. But as I think the story too good to be passed over with so slight a notice, I take leave here, to give it in extenso: and as the facts mentioned were communicated to me by the gentleman himself their authenticity may be relied on. In the early days of the planting period, dwellers in the jungle had not yet acquired the present more civilized mode of dealing with their shopkeeper, by keeping a passbook and making periodical settlements. Their custom was to give a cooly a few rupees or shillings as the case might be, start him to Kandy, and bid him buy certain articles, telling him as nearly as they could their price In this way a good deal of money changed hands. A number of new estates were then being opened in the Knuckles, two of them owned by A. C. W. A number of low-country Singhalese had at that time squatted in a house they had built at Pangwella, then designated the Buffalo Swamp. These men chiefly lived by plunder. Coolies from the Estates going to Kandy, having to pass that way were frequently robbed in whole or in part of the money they carried. And the planters could get no redress. There was no Police station there, and the Kandy Magistrate would not issue warrants. Under these circumstances our hero applied to his brother Planters to join him in some mode of putting a stop to this lawless system. But they were afraid to take any responsibility, and declined to join him. Nothing daunted he determined to make a move to that end himself. So selecting out of his labour force of Tamils 20 picked men, he armed them with sticks each about two feet long, instructing them to conceal these below their cumblies till required. Then dividing them into two bands he told them the business they were going upon. The men were quite elated at the opportunity they were to have of having a brush with the Singhalese, whom they had such good reason for hating. And instead of 20 about 100 volunteered to go. But W. adhered to his original number, to each of whom he gave a few shillings in coin, with instructions to jingle their money as they passed the den of thieves: but with particular orders not to go forward all at once—one band of ten was to go first—the other remaining behind, with himself as a reserve force, was to bring up the rear, and come on when required. The first party went on as directed, jingling

their money. When opposite the den, out rushed a number of the thieves to collar them, when each Tamil, as attacked, threw off his cumbly and knocked down his assailant. Out rushed an additional force, when in spite of A. C. W., his rear guard bounded forward to join their friends, when ensued a mixed battle. Helter skelter rushed the antagonists, pell-mell into each other with such weapons as they possessed. A. C. W., ran forward to see how the battle moved, and was just in time to seize by the back of the neck and push forward a tall Singhalese who had a paddy-pounder over his head, ready to knock down W.'s conductor. The Singhalese man got up and ran, W. after him, through paddy field after paddy field, till at length W. grappled him, when both fell together in the mud. By this time the Tamils had vanquished the remaining Singhalese, who had bolted carrying off their wounded from the field, and it was all A. C. W. could do to keep his people from tearing to pieces the man he had grappled, whom, however, he liberated, thinking he had enough. Having done his business W. retired with his troops to his Estate. After he had gone and seeing no one in charge, the neighbouring Kandyans who disliked their low country neighbours quite as cordially as did the Tamils or their masters the Planters, set fire to their houses, so that even a vestige of them did not remain. With this A. C. W., had nothing to do. He however got the credit of the whole affair, riot, assault, and arson; the thieves, believing he would sue them, and determined to be first in hand, having charged him before the magistrate with those crimes. A summons was duly issued, to which A. C. W. did not attend. A warrant followed, and one day when quietly smoking his cheroot in his Bungalow in the morning, our hero saw about a dozen policemen winding their way in single file up the foot-path leading to his Estate. Suspecting their business he betook himself to the jungle, and passing through about a mile of it, came out on the neighbouring estate of G. The police finding out where he had gone, went some miles round by the road to that Estate; seeing them filing up our friend repeated his short trip back to his own estate. Not finding this pleasant work, the police returned to their superintendent (old Colepepper, who was then head of the police) reporting that they could not catch him. At this their chief was very wroth, and sent another force doubly strong. Two or three times did they visit the estate, without finding our hero, who having got notice of their approach had always made himself scarce. At length however they surprised him in his Bungalow at breakfast. He went out to the verandah and had a parley with their

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leader, whom he asked to go back and tell his master that he would come in and see him, and it would be all right. But the leader told him they were sent to bring him, and shewed signs of putting his orders in execution. Fearing some such denoument might some day be the result, our hero had told his Conductor that if ever apart from work calls he heard his horn blow, he was to come down at once with all the coolies. So A. C. W., seizing the horn which hung in the verandah blew a blast: and in five minutes down the hill rushed about 150 coolies, each armed with a stout stick, when off went the police at their quickest (the coolies following yelling like demons) and the doughty vindicators of the law never looked over their shoulders till far from the scene of their valorous achievement. Of course they reported this breakdown to their chief, and the treatment they had received—no doubt enlarged and improved upon by their fertile and frightened imaginations. The chief was highly indignant. Resolved he was to catch the culprit. He, an old Bow street runner was he to be outwitted by a common coffee planter? Not he! "Dead or alive he would have him," so he was reported to have said. And full of this bold determination he applied to the commandant of the Garrison to lend him a party of soldiers to secure this recreant planter. The commandant only laughed at him, and refused. He grew furious. Here was he—the head of the Police, armed with all the force of the law, kept at bay by a common man! "The law was defied and the Governor would not assist him. But he would be up sides with him —he would have him yet." So he set particular watch for W. when he should come into Kandy—sure that he would not be long out of it. One day his officers traced our culprit to a house in Trincomalie street, and immediately guarded the front of it. W. who was equal to the occasion, escaped by a back window, and was out of town sharp. Another day calling at the hotel he met Colepepper, who not knowing him asked if he had come far—reply "From the Knuckles." "Did he know a Mr. W. there"—"W? A. C. W?" "Yes." "He knew him very well." "Where could I see him? I want to meet him" said C. "Oh I believe, he is in Kandy now, I saw him this morning." Having said which, and seeing one of Colepepper's peons eyeing him steadily from the outside, thinking doubtless that he was settling the matter with his master,—W. pretending business, left, mounted his horse at the door and rode off. Hardly had he done so when the trusty policeman called out to his chief, "That's him sir, that's him, that's him, that's him!!!" But A. C. W. was speedily out of reach and out of town. All but

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caught at last he was—however! One day he had come into town, duly watched by Colepepper's satellites, of which their chief was made aware. He accordingly set a guard over every approach to the town with strict orders that W. should not escape. By this time W. was getting tired of the constant state of irritation and excitement he was kept in consequent upon this continual state of siege, and he met and tried to make it up with the authorities. He sent his friend J. R. O. to talk to Colepepper, asking him to withdraw the writs and W. would answer to the summons, and attend Court. "No," said Colepepper, "there can be no compromise, he must surrender or be taken." "Oh! take him then," said J. R. O. "if you think that so easy." "He is my prisoner now" said Colepepper. I know the moment he came into Kandy. Every pass to it is guarded. He cannot escape. He is my prisoner now!" This intimation alarmed J. R. O. considerably, and while walking alongside W. who was quietly riding up towards the Library he communicated to him what C. had said, advising W. as the only course open for him, to surrender. By this time they were within a few paces of the Library Gate; along both sides of which the keen eye of W. had discovered a force of police ranged. Of this he took no notice but kept engaged in earnest conversation till within about half a dozen yards, when suddenly in to the hilt he pressed both spurs: his horse rearing, plunging and kicking passed through between the double tier of policemen like the wind, leaving them in their fear and confusion tumbling about in all directions. About this time A. C. W. had occasion to visit Europe, where he was absent for several years, during which time the matter was quietly allowed to wear itself out.

CHAPTER VI.

Resthouses are studded rather more thickly over the country than they once were, though even now their state could be improved upon—especially in new and extending districts. For instance between Haputale and Badulla there should be one (Bandarawelle is not worth the name); and at Craigie Lea, in Dimbula. The late laird of that ilk has had to do duty (to him always pleasant, but why forced?) to many a hungry traveller, which a resthouse at that now important station would prevent. At Bibille, where the last went off in a blaze some years ago, on our late Governor's visit, this want is still unsupplied, and why should a Ratemahatmaya or a Road Officer be obliged (perhaps unprovided, at such a distance from a source of supply) to entertain the passing stranger? It is not many years since there

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was not one where food for man and beast could be had on all the line between Colombo and Haputale by the Ratnapura road. On another less frequented road from Badulla—the Lower Badulla road —I was once foolish enough to believe the Government Almanac which indicated two Resthouses along that line—one at Teldeniya, and the other at the Mahawiliganga, at which I naturally concluded refreshment would be available, and believing this I took not a morsel of supplies with me to eat and drink on the journey. The consequence was I was nearly starved, not being able to procure anything about the line, and had nothing to eat for 30 hours: for the first Resthouse I saw, was but the shell, and was inhabited by a herd of cattle—the second was merely a ferryman's shed—I had not only nothing to eat but had to sleep in the jungle. I admit that this was on a rather unfrequented road. But there are roads freely traversed now, not much better off—for instance the present road by Medamahanuwara and Bintenne to Madulsima, and the same continued to Batticaloa. Planters, proverbially hospitable as they are, are always ready to entertain a passing traveller (when he passes their way) but frequently there are none on the road, and when there are, I object to this duty being *forced* upon them. I shall mention an instance where this habit had become common, of every traveller known or unknown to the host, making a point of calling at a certain planter's bungalow, not far from the high road, frequently to the host's great inconvenience; where the custom became a law great enough to induce him to try to check it. One day two travellers called after breakfast was finished. It was Beef-day, but the provision man had not arrived, and the supplies were exhausted. The planter says, "Boy, get breakfast for these gentlemen." Boy whispers—"There's nothing in the house, Sir," "I don't care," says Planter, "Get breakfast and quickly." Breakfast came—the guests enjoyed it, made a hearty meal and left. As they took their leave, Planter casually asked the boy whether it was the white kitten or the black that he had killed for breakfast. The boy replied "The black Sir." I need not add that the travellers did not carry their breakfast far—neither did they return to enjoy a repetition of such dainty fare. Albeit it was chicken they had eaten, but the ruse had the desired effect.

J. R. was not a Brick, but a Planter of the quiet school—still he was up to a mild bit of sport. Speaking of Pedestrianism, one day he told his friend B. that he could go eight miles in an hour. B pooh poohed him—saying it was work for a horse. "I'll bet you

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£5 I'll do it" says R.—"Done with you," says B (who at the moment would háve taken him up for £50 as soon as £5 so absurd did he deem the offer. R asked time to tráin. B would throw no difficulties in his way, and allowed him a month. D backed him in the bet, sure he could do it. The destined day came off, and a start was made at 5 a. m., R lightly clad in pants and shirt—B in a dog-cart driving D who gave his friend the time. It was a running race, and B. declares that he had considerable difficulty in keeping his horse up to the even pace at which R was going. R lost the race by about a minute, and B who refused to accept R's share of the lost bet, thinking he had worked hard for it, felt that he had got off cheap, and retired, determined not again to make another such foolish bet for from what he had seen he was quite sure R would accomplish it if allowed another trial.

In drawing these sketches to a close for the present it may not be out of place to quote an instance or two of *native* character, showing how closely natives in office imitate the forms of expressions and orders current in their departments of officialdom. Many years ago while I was employed on an estate in the Central Province, I had a servant named John—an old Sepoy soldier. I was about to be moved to Colombo, but was not sure how soon I would be required there. So I gave John notice that I was leaving, and asked if he would like to accompany me to Colombo, in which case I would take him, or othewise try to get him employment in the interior John manifested great regret at my intended departure, but declined coming to Colombo or accept other employment in the interior, and replied, "No, Sir, I shall not serve any masters in Ceylon. At present I shall remain with you, and *when you get the order to march,* I shall return to my country."

Taking another instance of the force of official example, an old retired public servant (a Mudaliyar) in the receipt of a very good pension, but from various causes poor, applied to me for a house I had vacant—offering only a nominal rent for it, and pleading poverty as his excuse. I gave him the house, but curiosity prompted me to inquire into his affairs, as I wondered how he could be so poor, having such a good pension. He explained that he had incurred debts while he held office, for which he had been obliged to insure his life heavily, and that the pension on the policies and other payments he had to make, left him very little of his pension to live upon. He added that he had to support also a grown-up daughter. I asked him—"Why don't you get her

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married?" Answered "There has been no requisition, sir."—Illustrating another phase of native character of a different order, I conclude these remarks with

THE STORY OF THE STUDS.

About fifteen years ago I had a very smart Malay servant whose name was Samat. He had charge of everything in the house, including my clothes. Having occasion to visit Colombo, I desired him to pack up in my travelling box clothes for the journey, which he did. I was absent some days, during which I resided with my friend T. The night before leaving —the coach to Kandy at that time started at 5 o'clock in the morning—the servant in my presence packed my box, and at the top of it placed a shirt containing a set of gold studs. On returning to Kandy, my servant, after unpacking the box, came to me and said, "Your studs not in the box, Sir." I replied, "They are in the box boy, for I saw them packed myself. They are in the shirt I had on yesterday at the top of the box." He went and looked again. "No Sir," he returned saying—"They are not in the box." After such a bold assertion, notwithstanding I had directed his attention to where he ought to find them, I could no longer blame my servant, and thinking how it could have happened, I recollected that after packing the box, I loked it, leaving the key in it still next morning. At once then I believed I had a key to the mystery, and fastened suspicion upon the servant of T.—who, "clever rascal," I thought—had gone back, after packing in my presence, to the box, and taken out the studs.

I mentioned my belief afterwards to T., who quite concurred that his servant was the culprit, but as he had ere then left his employment under I think some like suspicion, there was no chance of convicting him. So the matter dropped. About a year thereafter, a quantity of a lady's valuable jewellery was stolen from a house on the near side of the Kandy lake, and suspicion was fixed on the servants of the house. The police were sent to search the houses of these servants, which I suppose they construed into a licence to search all servants' houses, and they searched all near those of the servants in question. Among the number was that of my servant Samat, whom that afternoon they brought up before me along with sundry coats, penknives, and other articles, including *the missing set of studs.* These alone I could identify and claim, which I did handing a douceur, and desiring the police to leave them and the man with me, and I would settle with him myself. They did so relinquishing to the servants, the clothes, &c., and

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to me the studs. Left alone with the prisoner, I asked Samat "how he had dared to purloin my pro-"perty, telling at the same time such a malicious lie "as had drawn my suspicions down upon an innocent "man." Ever ready, as he was, with an excuse, he replied he *did not steal* the studs nor did he know till then that they were there. On the arrival of clothes he had given the dirty ones to the dhoby, including unknowingly the shirt containing the studs. The honest dhoby had brought back the studs, and in his absence had given them to his wife, who threw them down in the bottom of his box intending to give them to him, but had always forgot. Hence their happening to be there then and to be discovered by the Police—a finely wrought web, but differing so completely from my recollection of the circumstances that I at once offered him the option of going before the Police Magistrate, or taking any punishment I might choose to impose. He fell down at my feet and begged thus :—"I would not disgrace him by sending him before the Magistrate. Any punishment which I might impose he would willingly bear." "*All right*," I replied. "I fine you £5, not that the studs even if absolutely taken were worth that, but no smaller sum would be a penalty such as you could sufficiently feel." And I exacted every penny of it. Time rolled on: and about a year after the period in question, the studs diappeared again. The same man was still with me. He was a very active and a very clever servant, and I believed he had purged his previous offence. On the new disappearance, however, I again sent for him, and said "You rascal! you have stolen my studs again?" He replied—"Sir, do you think I would be a fool a second time? Many gentlemen came to your house. Their servants came. I cannot look after them all. I *did not take* the studs." Very well—but as you did before, I have a right to suspect you. I shall, therefore, fine you again, in the mitigated penalty of £2 this time." He said, "What master please, but I did not take the studs." The wheel of time again went round, and 12 or 18 months thereafter, a Sinhalese man who had served a gentleman who was guest in my house at the time of the second disappearance of the studs, presented himself to me asking for a situation; with the identical studs in his shirt front. I was busy, hardly looked at him, and not requiring a servant at the time, I suppose I gave him a short answer. My servant Samat had, however, noticed the studs, and had followed him upstairs. Seeing I did not observe them, he said, pointing to them—"There your studs Sir."

I looked. There they were—there was no doubt of it. They were studs of a peculiar make and easily recognised. I replied, "Of course they are—take them, Sir," which he did. I then asked "Where did you get them?" Reply, "I bought them from a man who came from Colombo." "Call a Constable" was my rejoinder, "and give him in charge." This was speedily done and he was sent to the Police Station, where it being Saturday he would have to remain till Monday, when the Court again assembled, for his trial. By a singular coincidence, a conductor employed by me turned out to be a brother of the culprit. He came to me and begged his brother off, or his incarceration would disgrace and ruin the family. I replied, the only way to save this is by his or your paying me £3—not that I consider the studs worth that (perhaps 30s. would buy them) but a less sum would not sufficiently punish him. The £3 were brought and the culprit liberated. Of course I then remitted the second £2 fine which I had imposed on Samat, but I had still gained £8 by the transaction while I retained the studs. I then called the servants (who knew the history) threw the studs up in the air, and asked 'does anybody want a set of studs? They will be left in my room and the door open.' I need hardly say that from that day forward the studs were never tampered with.

In the Ambagamuwa Forest after Xmas, 1841.

It was just after Xmas time of 1841 that I was ordered to survey a tract of forest-land situated in Ambagamuwa, which is now represented by an old estate, designated Hangran Oya, or Mookelana; the latter name, simply meaning "Forest," was the name that the land was known by at the time in question.

It is difficult for a man who did not see it, in days of old, to imagine the sylvan beauty of the expanse of country now noticed from the railway line as observed from the cutting at Ulapana, stretching away to Rilagala and Galbodagala, bounded on the right by the bold rocky range of Raksawa, with its peculiar rock, giving it the name of Sentry Box; on the left by the Nilugala range, with the head of a lovely rapid in the Mahaweli Ganga, close below the observer, and far in the distance through a gorge between Galboda Peak and Henawala Patana might be seen Adam's Peak, and part of its adjacent mountain range of Laksapanagala. All the foreground being green patana interlaced with spangles or belts of forests, which in respect of a portion of the view resembled a peacock's tail, so much, that the particular hill was named Monara Gala or Peacock's Hill! In the far distance

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the view was *forest, forest, rolling forest*; in which the few small holes or gaps marking the site of embryo estates were too insignificant to attract attention. The history of many, I may say most, of the estates then being commenced might be written in tears and sobs, betokening blasted hopes and ruined prospects, but in 1842 all was smiling sweet repose, as far as Nature was concerned, and man in his greed for wealth had not defaced the scene with axe and firestick.

But to return to my yarn, after this long digression. I was directed to survey this land for a then well-known house in Colombo, and I received a letter from the house in question, informing me that Mr. Owen (as we shall call him) would meet me at Gampola, and show me the land and point out the boundaries of it.

It must be remembered that, in 1842, besides the road from Kandy to Nuwara Eliya, there was not a road fit for wheels for a radius of 40 miles from Gampola, so that this town, or village, as it then was, was the great centre and depot of all enterprise south of Kandy. Gampola then consisted of a thatched rest-house and about three huts adjacent to it, with the ferry-man's hut on the river's banks, but, such as it was, it was a place of note to us.

Well, to Gampola I went on the appointed day and duly met Mr. Owen and learned that though the land I was bound for had not been surveyed, or of course purchased, he had opened a small clearing, built a small set of lines, and put in a nursery of coffee seedlings. These preliminary steps were frequently taken before buying land, for, with the apparently unlimited forest to go to, no one need dispute another's to buy his own choice. Mr Owen introduced me to a clerk of the firm, a Mr. Potter, who had been sent up with money to pay coolies. This gentleman was a burgher, who addmitted that he had never before been out of Colombo, and his surprise at everything he saw was unbounded. Well, having partaken of the usual breakfast of the time at all resthouses, namely *sudden death* (spatch cock, or grilled chicken), and bacon and eggs, Messrs. Owen and Potter and I started for Nawalapitiya and Mookelana, intending to be the reby nightfall.

At Nawalapitiya I abandoned my horse and took to walking across the hills—(my companions had walked all the way from Gampola, and, especially Potter, were rather footsore and weary). We had walked through the subsequent estate of Imbulpitiya which was all forest, and had got some way towards the farther expanse of forest in which the Mookelana clearing was, when to our horror we noticed the

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sun setting, darkness coming on, and we at least two miles from our destination! A halt was called, a hurried consultation held, and off we set to run. I *could* run in those days, though I now make 16 stone kick the beam! Poor Potter, unaccustomed to the sort of work he had, soon caved in, and was being left somewhat behind, when he screamed: "For ——— sake do not leave me to die in the jungle. Oh! stop, stop, I can't run any more!" We did stop and reasoned with the frightened creature, informing him that, if we did not run, we should all be benighted, whereas, if he would let us go ahead, we might reach the shanty, and send torches and coolies for him. But to this proposal he objected vehemently, protesting that if we left him he would lose the path and would be eaten by a cheetah, or come to an untimely end in some equally unpleasant way. However, leave him we did for his own sake as well as our own, and on we sped at a good swinging trot. We reached the edge of the forest while it was still light, and struck the elephant path, which formed the only route we had in forests in days of old, and got to what proved to be about a quarter of a mile of the clearing, when, it being as dark as pitch, we lost the track, and we found ourselves tumbling over rocks, which we knew were not on the path. Here was a position! to be in the beginning of a forest extending for sixty miles perhaps towards the Wilderness of the Peak, and to *feel*, for of course we could not see, that we had lost our road. We stopped, we went on all fours to discover, or to try and discover, the path, but all in vain, and as we heard the sound of a water-fall in the Mastanawatta river close by, and had reason to apprehend the danger of breaking our necks, we resolved to sit down quietly and wait for the day. O! the length of that weary night. Owen and I were perfect strangers and had few thoughts or ideas in common, but we told yarns, sang songs, and endeavoured to while away the eleven weary hours till daylight did appear, our only amusement or excitement being catching a firefly now and then, and putting it on the surface of my silver watch to note how time went. Well, all things have an end, and the following day dawned at length to show us that we were within six feet of the path, which we must have crossed and re-crossed several times, and almost within sight of the clearing in Mookelana, where we soon went and got some coffee and *rotis* or rice cake after our long fast, and made ourselves comfortable. Our poor burgher friend came shortly afterwards cursing us by his gods, for the poor man

imagined that we had got in all right the previous night, and had forgotten to send him the promised assistance. When pacified, he told us that he had said his prayers and had laid him down to die, never expecting to see another sun rise, but overcome with fatigue he had fallen asleep, and slept sound till morning, when he was most agreeably surprised to find himself alive! Thus ends my first and last night in the jungle: I mean without the usual concomitants of food and sleeping arrangements, for I have spent many hundreds of nights in the jungle, as you know,* and some very queer ones too, but *quantum suff.* for the present of the *days of old.*

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* Well, we are not likely to forget one night in May, 1840, when we shared in the shelter (?) of our old friend's talipot tent in the very heart of the Ambagamuwa forest. When we rose next morning, we had the satisfaction of finding our boots filled to the brim with the rain which had poured incessantly during the night. We know we had no chance of forgetting the cold then caught, until the scene was changed to the hot climate of Point Pedro in June, 1841.—Ed. C. O.

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