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SUMMER IN CEYLON.

“ Palms with the ocean dancing at their feet,
Groves where all the spicy breezes meet.
From lowland and highland, hill, river and vale,
Every zephyr recounts its fairy tale
Of a Buried City, a Tank or a Town
And many a treasure of great renown.
Taprobane, Lanka or Ceylon, 'tis the same,
A rose is as sweet by another name.”

N. MAISONDEAU.

Colombo :

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LECTURE 1

1954

To W. G. Francis

OUR COMPANION AND TEACHER

DURING A HAPPY SUMMER IN CEYLON

THIS LITTLE SKETCH IS

GRATEFULLY DEDICATED.

N. MAISONDEAU.

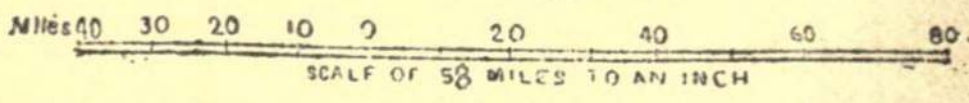
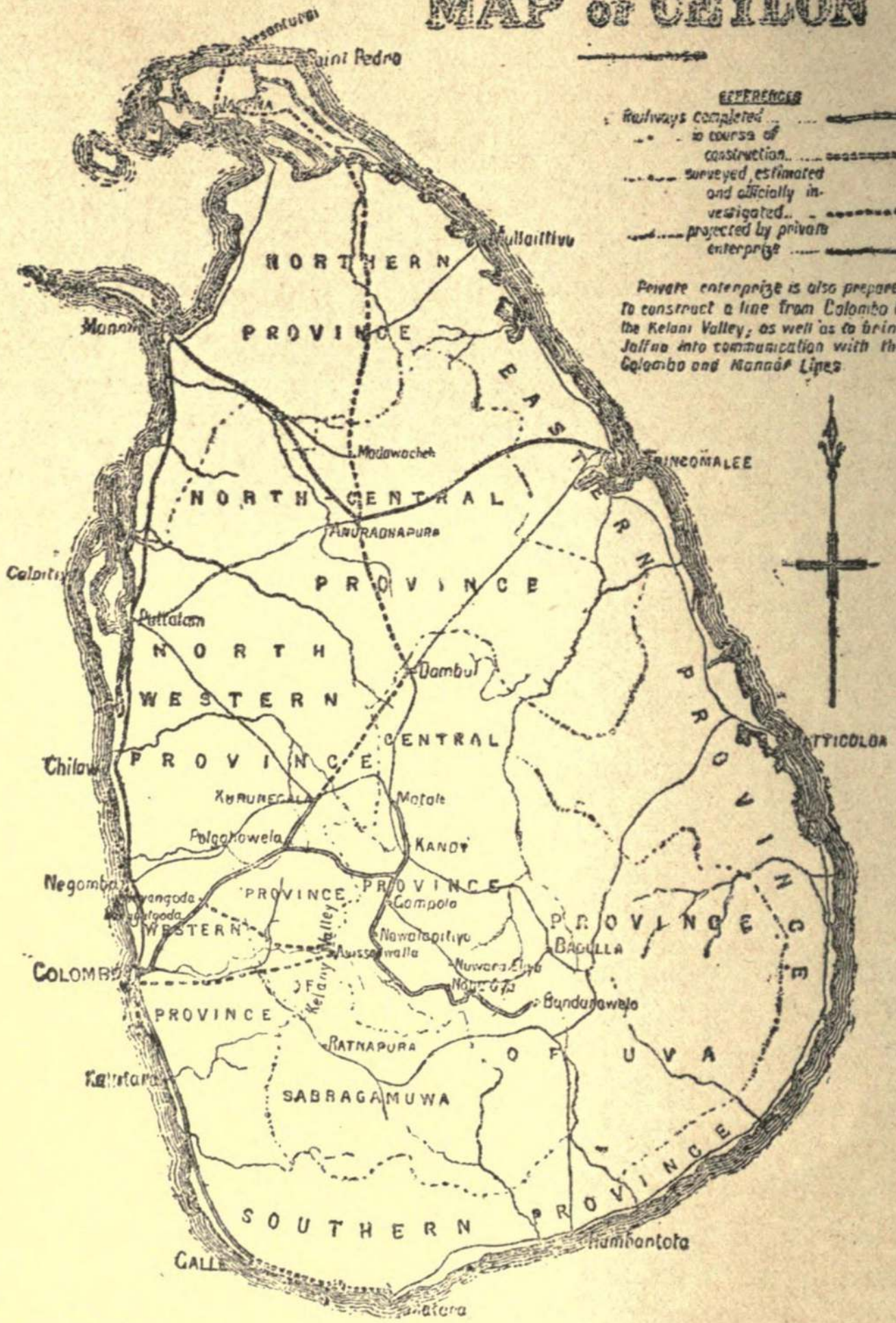
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MAP OF CEYLON

REFERENCES

- Railways completed
- - - in course of construction
- surveyed, estimated and officially investigated
- projected by private enterprise

Private enterprise is also prepared to construct a line from Colombo to the Kelani Valley, as well as to bring Jaffna into communication with the Colombo and Mannar Lines.



S. K. LAWTON,
Plata Engraver.

SUMMER IN CEYLON.

FROM Southern India to the Island of Rameseram, across the Pamban Pass, 'twas but a step for the hero of the Ramayana. There he established a shrine (Ramasvaram) which exists to this day, we are told, in the innermost and to us invisible precincts of the present temple; then, with the help of Hanuman, great engineer and general of the Monkey-headed warriors, having built a bridge to the Island of Mannar, 'twas but another step for him to Ceylon, where, after many a battle, he delivered his dearly-beloved and ever-faithful wife Sita from the clutches of Ravan, king of the Demons, who had established his Kingdom in this beautiful Island of Lanka.

From our delightful little resthouse on the long and narrow peninsular of Mandapam, a ten minutes' walk took us to the jetty, and by sail-boat or steam-launch we could cross in an hour to Pamban on the Island of Rameseram, but Rama's or Adam's Bridge is inaccessible on account of the demolishing effect of both time and tide on the very fragile coral of which it was constructed. Until the present very complete engineering projects have been carried out, which will connect the South Indian Railway (S.I.R.) with the Ceylon Government Railway (C.G.R.) force is to go back from this point via Madura and cross by Tuticorin, or to take one of the semi-weekly steamers direct to Colombo.

The "Lady Blake" left Pamben at 1-30 p.m., and at 6-30 the next morning was anchored in the harbour. We were soon in rickshaws and riding along the glorious Galle Face Esplanade to our Hotel. The rides and drives about Colombo are enchanting as ever, the liquid eyes are still liquid, flowers are gorgeous and the wonderful scarlet Flamboyants are in all their glory; fruits are in their most abundant and most luscious season, and papayas, pines, mangoes and mangosteens are at their best. After four years "lune, l'eau, l'electricite" are lovely as ever, delightful proof positive that our "enthusiasm" has not diminished in the slightest degree, while one of the pleasantest features of our return is that we seem to be remembered, and many a familiar face smiles a warm welcome.

A Tour of Ceylon, before the rainy season of the south-west monsoon sets in, is on the tapis, and preparations for it occupy both thoughts and leisure moments; the map of the little Island is ever before us, and F—— assures us that every thing and every place we suggest is "possible." Now a word about our good friend F—— whose welcome on our return to his lovely Island was one of the warmest which we received, and whose promise to show us "some of the most beautiful places in Ceylon" was soon to be put to the proof, for he it was who planned and carried out the tour. Thanks to his wonderful "gift of organisation," resthouses even in most out-of-the-way places oftentimes seemed to be most excellent hotels, our horses were the best in the region, and our bullock-carts the cleanest. Descendant of one of the old Sinhalese families and a most devout Buddhist, at his word all temples opened even their inmost shrines before our profane footsteps, exposed their

treasures and their relics, and thus even the humblest vihara was well worthy of a visit.

According to his annual custom F—— left Colombo for Anuradhapura on the day before Wesak, in order to have an entire day for the celebration of the festival, which falls on the May full-moon, the 4th this year, Wesak, or the Buddhist Christmas, as we call it, is really a triple celebration, that of the Birth of Buddha, of his Attainment of Buddhahood, and of his entering into Nirvana. Out of respect to this faith, the Banks as well as the business shops of the believers were closed all day. In the evening there was military music in Gordon Gardens, and the streets were gaily and brilliantly illuminated, for all Buddhists consider the decoration of their homes and shops for Wesak, as well as the visit to temples and dagobas and the offering of fresh flowers and perfumes, as a part of their religion and an almost divine pleasure. Palm fronds, coconuts, bamboo, lanterns, flags, stuffed figures, illuminated screens bearing scenes from the life of Buddha, or words from his teachings are abundantly used; "happy Wesak" greets eye and ear on all sides, and even the humblest dwelling displays some message. Gramophones shrilly grind out to the passers-by Sinhalese songs and English couplets, only half drowning the happy voices and laughter of the gaily dressed crowd. Carriages, hackeries, rickshaws and immense bullock-carts, some very prettily decorated, wind slowly through the moving mass of people, and at the Maligakande Temple vast crowds are waiting to hear the bands of Carol singers who start out on their rounds at 11 o'clock.

The following morning we left Colombo at 7-35 and arrived at Anuradhapura at 1-30. The Island measures

271 miles from north to south, 137 miles from east to west in its largest part, and covers an area of about 25,000 square miles. We went 45 miles of its length to Polgahawela, the junction of the northern main line and the Kandy line, then due north 81 miles to ANURADHAPURA. F—— met us at the station, and after a pretty drive of one mile we arrived at the new Hotel, which has superseded the old resthouse; it is most charmingly situated in a large compound, which was once a park, or perhaps a part of the Mahamega or King's pleasure garden, which, says the Mahawansa, was presented to the priesthood by King Tissa; it occupied an area of 20 square miles in the very midst of the sacred city, and its precincts were established by the King himself, who marked the limits with a golden plow.

About 3 p.m. we started on our visit to the ruins. The glorious city once stretched out 16 miles square from gate to gate, wall to wall, thus occupying a site of some 256 square miles, as is proved by the ruins which cover the ground not only of the cleared spaces, but of the surrounding jungle or almost pathless forest, which appears to be full of the most interesting and as yet unexplored remains of monuments and dwellings. We went first to the great Bo-tree (*Ficus religiosa*) to which all tourists as well as all Buddhists visiting Anuradhapura should first turn their steps. It was brought to Ceylon in a most miraculous manner by Sanghamitta, sister of Mahinda who brought Buddhism into the Island, and was a cutting from the very tree at Buddha Gaya in Northern India, under which the Great Buddha sat when he "obtained perfection," and developed the wonderful precepts of a doctrine which was to take root and become the religion or philosophy of nearly 500 million

souls. It is a gentle, peaceful belief teaching calm and patience, tenderness and love as well as predestination and transmigration. The Great Tree, banked up very high above the surrounding ground, stands within a third enclosure, and on the terrace just below are other trees, and in the outer enclosure still others, countless are they, all descendants of this same sacred cutting, as are in truth all the Bo-trees of all the temples of Ceylon. Sacred as are the dagobas, the temples and the different Buddhist shrines, this living relic of the Great Buddha is perhaps the most venerated of all, and we have no reason to doubt that this is really the original tree brought to Ceylon in the 3rd century before our era.

From the holy precincts of the Bo-tree we crossed the Sacred Road to the Brazen Palace, that "hall of a thousand legs," that forest of 1,600 pillars, planted in forty rows. It was once a glorious building nine stories high, covered with a roof of brazen tiles, each story containing a hundred apartments for the use of the priests, the most holy lodging in the topmost floors and so on down to the ground. It was built in the reign of Duttha Gamani in the second century B.C., but during the reign of his brother Saddha Tissa the vast building was accidentally burned, then re-built to seven stories in height; again in the third century A.D. after complete destruction it was raised to five stories. Nothing can equal the wonder with which we gaze on these hundreds of pillars, most of them apparently awaiting the re-building which can never come again, alas! although Parakrama the Great, as late as the twelfth century caused it again to be reconstructed according to the original plans.

Our next visit was to the great Ruanyeli Dagoba, Duttha Gamani's great work, so deeply enthroned in his

breast, that on his death-bed he beseeched his followers to show him the completed work, which they did by imitating with linen and scaffolding the immense lines of the to-be-completed dagoba, 270 feet high and occupying a space of five acres on the platform which serves as a foundation. As it stands, its top covered with grass and trees, it looks like a conical-shaped hill which is being bricked up, for great efforts are being made by the Buddhists to restore it, and we were so happy as to contribute towards the great work. Two immense old stone bricks were brought to us, and painfully lifting them we handed them to the man who was to superintend their re-incorporation into the original pile; he had them carried up the steep bamboo ladders to the spot where they were cemented into the outer wall, we watching the operation from below, and saluting it when terminated by uniting our voices with those of the workmen far above us and the pilgrims around us in cries of "Sadu, Sadu,"—"Well-done, well-done,"—"Amen, Amen." How many years before this will be completed, this work of restoration and glory to which we contributed some 300 more ordinary bricks? Will they persevere and shall we see the end? Judging from what has been accomplished in ten years by pious pilgrims and their sympathizing friends, at least twenty-five more will be necessary ere this great work can be crowned by the terminal spire. And what a world of interest round and about this one spot: the statues, the flower-altars, the stone-carving, the tuskless elephants bearing apparently on their bodies the whole weight of the vast structure. What kings to plan and what a nation to carry out such enormous works, for this is only one of the seven dagobas, only one of the vast monuments, and we stroll from one ruin to another, from one holy spot to a still holier one.

We go in turn to the Thuparama Dagoba, to the old third century B.C. Mahapali Alms hall for priests and pilgrims, to the tomb or dagoba of Elala the Cholyan, and on to the curious rock temples of Issuruminiya on the banks of the beautiful Tissa Wewa. In the course of the next morning's promenade we strolled part way around the banks or bund of this great artificial lake, constructed even before Ruanweli. We walked around the Mirisveti Dagoba and admired its vast proportions. We saw the small dagoba of Lankarama, we passed the Elephant's Pokuna or Bathing Place; here is a carved stone gateway still upright, there a beautiful vestibule or canopy—names and facts escape us, so numerous are the pillars, so vast the area over which the city extended. Such beauty amidst such ruins, or such ruins amidst so much beauty! On every side are groves of columns, mounds which cover and others which only half hide the most interesting monuments, and all is stone, hewn and sculptured by the ancient Sinhalese, some centuries before Christ. The moonstones, some exquisitely cut, others just outlined, which we have seen nowhere else in our travels, are particularly beautiful, with their four concentric sculptured half-circles, the outer one of foliage, generally the cobra-leaf; the second a circle of animals, the horse (F—— says the unicorn), the lion, the bull and the elephant representing the four cardinal points thus dedicating themselves to the priests; the third circle is again foliage, the fourth a row of geese bearing lotus-buds in their beaks, and then a full-blown lotus forms the centre of the stone. The sculptured guard-stones at the foot of the steps, at each side of the moonstone, are sometimes in a perfect state of preservation from having fallen on their faces, and being only recently set up again.

There are many seated Buddhas, which seem lost in the forest, one in particular 7 feet high with curly hair, seems plunged in reflection as if gazing in wonder still on the glories of this, to us, all but invisible city. Vast rice boats or canoes, one over a hundred feet long, show what immense crowds came to eat of the boiled rice at pilgrimage times; another monolithic stone about seven feet long consists of a raised slab and a basin, and was used for dyeing the priestly robes, that rich yellow which we still admire and which is obtained from the root of the jak tree. Magnificent works are the Kuttam or Twin Pokunas made for separate bathing places for King and Queen, and, presumably, their royal attendants.

Two more wonderful dagobas are the Jetawanarama and the Abbayagiri, two immense domes of solid brick, surmounted by square-topped pedestals and spires; the latter dates from about 88 B.C., and was founded by Vatta Gamani, destroyed during a Tamil invasion and afterwards restored by Maha Sena, who also built Jetawanarama, which marked, it seems, the centre of the city, though dating five centuries later than Ruanveli.

A stroll on the bund of the great Nuwara Wewa, a pleasant walk through the bazaars and to the three ponds of different levels and uses, drinking, bathing and for the dhobys, a moonlight walk in the compound of the hotel, and we found ourselves torn with regret at leaving this wonderful, old "buried city"—should we stay another day?—another week?—another month even would not exhaust its interest, so our departure was voted for 7 a.m. the next morning and force majeure was to class this among our "come-back" places.

Our caravan consisted of a light wagonette for ourselves and a bullock-cart for boys and baggage. This is really "touring Ceylon," for we intend visiting not only the "show places" but all the "pretty places" en route which tourists have no time to see during the "*month's motor car tour of Ceylon*" which consists of only three days and a half in motor, and four or five nights in rest-houses, the rest of the month being spent at Kandy and Nuwara Eliya, while the car is forwarded by rail and rejoined by train at certain convenient points where roads are good and bridges strong.

It is only eight miles from Anuradhapura to MIHINTALE, that sacred mountain where Mahinda, son of Asoka, alighted after his flight through the air from India, bearing the message of the true "philosophy" of the divine Prophet to the Sinhalese of Ceylon. This was in the early part of the third century B.C., and from that time onward this strange mountain, rising one thousand feet sheer from the plain, was the scene of miracles and the seat of the religious fervour of the country. It has an immense stairway of 1,840 steps composed of great blocks of solid gneiss cut and fitted together with great ingenuity, and mounting from the foot of the hill to the top. We found it a wonderful climb and not at all fatiguing, for not a step, not a turn in the smallest path but brought us to an interesting ruin or a charming panorama. Many are the monuments, countless the scenes of legends and miracles, and innumerable the writers who attempt to convey the charm of the spot.

We spent hours rambling around the hillsides and climbing as far as possible up the last steep

steps hewn in the solid rock to the great Mahaseya dagoba. Mahinda's ashes are enshrined in the Ambastala dagoba which also marks the very spot under a mango (amba) tree, where the great Apostle of Buddha met Tissa, king of the Sinhalese at the time; the great stone on which Mahinda stood is just without the dagoba and is miraculous in its way, for after dark a light reflects itself on its surface as in a mirror—and yet, by day, it appears but an ordinary boulder.

Pen-portraits fail in describing Mihintale and photos tell but half the story. From "Mahinda's bed" which we reached after descending a steep and stony path past some rock-hewn cells, then climbing over boulders and up an iron ladder to a stone couch under an overhanging rock, the view was gorgeous and extended over the jungle far, far to the east, while below, the rocks fall in a precipice sheer to the plain and the wrinkled old yellow-robed priest who conducted us over the hill praised our courage and hardiess in getting to the difficult spot. Wonderfully impressed, silently we retraced our steps and then commenced the descent to the foot of the great staircase, and there our companions turned and called to Mahinda and offered a short prayer and thanks for our safety and the protection afforded us in the mountain. Not the least beautiful part of the visit was the ceremony of the washing of the feet which had trod the sacred precincts for the first time, and the burning of incense at the little resthouse where we put up for the night. Our sympathies are all towards this beautifully gentle people and their sweet superstitions and religious forms of which this purification after a first visit to a temple and the offering at the altars of perfumes and fresh-cut flowers are two of the prettiest.

From Mihintale to Trincomalie, 59 miles, the long straight road runs through a continual forest. Great trees line the highway, and never a forest avenue was more beautiful, although there is nothing to remind one of the intensely tropical southern half of the island. The milestones are marked from Puttalam on the west coast, and this must be the original great Via Publica followed from coast to coast by the forefathers of the present race and later by their conquerors; indeed, some of the trees seem large enough and venerable enough, covered with great heavy creepers and parasitic plants as they are, to have already existed in those times. At HORUPATANA, 13 miles from Mihintale, the quiet resthouse is situated on the bund of a large lake a quarter of a mile back from the main road, and as F—— truthfully said, what a pity to have passed without stopping here! These public resthouses or bungalows are a great institution in Ceylon and belong to the Government, although under the control of the Provincial Road Committees of the different provinces, while some are under the more direct superintendence of the Public Works Department (P. W. D.) and the Archæological Survey (A. S.). Fixed charges are made for linen and for occupation; rates varying from 30 cents for one hour to a rupee per day—three days being the limit allowed if the rooms are required by other travellers, as there are often but two bed-rooms, although necessary couches are forthcoming when required. The resthouse-keeper, besides a small fixed salary, has the profit he can make on meals, for which there are also fixed charges: breakfast or tiffin, Rs. 1.25 and dinner Rs. 2.00. The bungalow (but not the meal) charges, as well as compliments and complaints, are entered by the voyager himself in a book which is submitted to the Government Officer on his monthly tour of inspection.

We were off at 5 a.m. and at 8 reached a P. W. D. bungalow situated in another pleasant spot—in the jungle one might say, for the almost unbroken forest still continues, yet the road is excellent, the bridges new and solid, and the telegraph poles remind us forcibly of to-day, not yesterday, as did the ruins of Anuradhapura. We left the P. W. D. bungalow at 3-15 p.m. and arrived at Trincomalie at 6-30, having stopped en route at the KANYA SPRINGS, seven hotwater springs situated in a beautiful but sadly-neglected spot eight miles north of our destination. There is a legend which tells us that Vishnu caused these springs to gush forth in order to delay one of his enemies, who, having been falsely told that his mother Kanya was dead, made a vow that he would stop his army and perform certain ceremonies and ablutions wherever he should find pure water. They are scarcely warm now, only one being anyway hot, although formerly reaching a temperature of about 110°, and another legend says that being miraculous springs, they should have been used only for holy purposes, but picnickers boiled eggs in them, and so they have gradually grown cooler in order to prevent a recurrence of the indignity.

Soon after leaving these springs, we stopped to consult a mile-post, and found that we were 63 miles from Anuradhapura, 86 miles from Matale, on the Kandy road, and only 3 miles from TRINCOMALIE, where the Government bungalow, pleasantly situated on Dutch Bay, is one of the finest in Ceylon; there are eight bed-rooms with baths and dressing-rooms, situated on either side of a long middle hall, gaily decorated with photographs and trophies. I can imagine no pleasanter spot in which to spend a holiday, as the cool ocean breeze tempers the climate to a wonderful degree, and it seems a pity that

this beautiful bay and strongly-fortified port should be given over to a few officials and the toddy-drawing and tobacco-raising local population. Yet even the old Dutch traders found it inconveniently situated and quite too far from the cinnamom-growing regions of the Central provinces; later when the Suez Canal was opened and Galle and Colombo became regular ports of call, but few ships or steamers went up the east coast, and now only the small round-the-island steamers stop here on their semi-weekly trips.

We had a fine ride around the harbour to the Government Dock Yard, which is beautifully and conveniently situated on the very edge of the deep water, so that large boats could easily come directly up to the repair shops, but besides a few watchmen, all was deserted, machinery rusted, officers' bungalows closed, and peace and calm reigned in the once bustling precincts. We drove back to the Admiralty Gardens where we saw the third largest banyan (*Ficus indica*) in the world, the largest being at Calcutta, and the second at Madura; this one is more beautiful than either of the others, as the enormous mother trunk is very distinct and the stems are straight, clean and spaced like a well-planted grove, where a thousand people can find shelter, so it is said, under the wide-spreading branches. A drive through the native village, a drink, in a leaf, of fresh toddy from the Palmyra palms, and a few purchases at the market and in the bazaars completed our morning promenade. This toddy is the unfermented juice or sap of the palm, and tastes something like sour milk soured in sour tins; when fresh it is considered wholesome, refreshing and nourishing, but that which is drawn in the morning turns or works before noon, becomes sparkling in the recipients,

and has the same effect on the drinkers as champagne ; it is either boiled and converted into jaggery, a sort of acrid brown sugar cake looking not unlike our maple sugar, or distilled and transformed into arrack, the eau-de-vie of the country.

In the afternoon we had a long stroll through the deserted old Fort Frederic and out on to the Saami Rock, scene of many a Brahmin pilgrimage and of a touching legend about a Dutch maiden who watched her fickle lover's vessel sail out of port, and as it vanished in the distant mists jumped from the precipice into the water some 500 feet below ; a broken pillar with an epitaph records poor Francina's last sigh. A sunset ceremony to the Hindu god Siva is still performed here twice monthly, but we were not fortunate enough to see it ; it seems that there was once a thousand-column temple here which the Portuguese in 1622 thought it their duty to destroy, and also to forbid even the approach of the rock to the Brahmins ; the Dutch followed their example, but when the English took possession, they, more liberal than the other nations, at first permitted a yearly festival, but gradually extended the privilege to complete religious liberty.

At 7 a.m. we left this beautiful but half-deserted city, and retracing our steps for three miles to the cross-roads, took the Kandy Road, which still goes on straight through the immense forest of grand old trees ; we arrived for tiffin at the first resthouse, 13 miles distant, near the village of Tempelgamam, 100 miles from Kandy, says the mile-stone. At 4-10 we started for Kantalai, still through this most remarkable of forests, where many unknown trees mingle with curious and beautiful old specimens of Ficus. We reached the bungalow just at sun-

set and found everything ready for us, for the bullock-cart, boys and baggage had left Trincomalie in the middle of the night, as the beasts travel so much better in the dark and the early hours of the morning, while the boys are able to notify the resthouse-keeper of our wants and wishes on arrival.

The resthouse at KANTALAI occupies the most beautiful site one can imagine on the great bund of the artificial lake of the same name, constructed in the early part of the Christian Era (275 A.D.) by one of the old Sinhalese kings, Maha Sena, who truly had the good of his country at heart, and searched by every means in the power of man, the preservation of every single drop of water which fell during the short but abundant rainfall of the monsoon seasons. This lake is one of sixteen, which still form the envy and admiration of engineers and architects, built by the same king, and its beauty is to be dreamed of ever afterwards. The hills across the water, the sunset colours, the birds, the flowers, the gentle breeze blowing over the lake, and the wash of the wavelets at the foot of the high embankment on which we stand, are soothing and charming in the extreme. During a lovely walk in the jungle at the head of the lake, which abounds in game, we saw many wild ducks and geese, herons and pelicans sporting and fishing in the water. A fine old Ficus standing on the bank in a little bay attracted us by its immense and tortuous body, and on it was inscribed the date of our visit, with initials and the magic sign of the moon and stars; may the moon never wane, nor the stars grow dim, and may the propitious fates grant that we may "come back again" ere time has effaced our "scratches" from the bark of the dear old monarch of the forest.

Parakrama the Great said in his first speech to his ministers in the 12th century, for he ruled 33 years, from 1164-1197: "not a drop of rain-water should be allowed to flow into the sea without benefiting some one, for men like us should not live and enjoy our possessions without caring for our people; let there then not be the smallest piece of land in my kingdom which does not prove useful to some of my subjects." Thus the preservation and present existing utility of all these immense "lakes" is directly due to his activity in restoring and consolidating the great tanks of Maha Sena; another one of the sixteen is Kala Wewa, on the direct road from Dambulla to Anuradhapura, which still supplies the tanks of the latter city, 50 miles distant.

We actually tore ourselves away from that beautiful spot, and in two hours and a half, along the great causeway and on again through the primeval forest, were at ALUTOYA, at another pretty vine-entwined resthouse where we found everything ready for us, thanks to F——'s plan of always sending the bullock-cart on ahead; bags and boxes were in the rooms, water for baths ready, the table set, and we felt that delightful "home-again" feeling which one rarely remarks in a hotel, but which a Ceylon resthouse generally gives us.

We left Alutoya at 2-35 p.m. and arrived at the HABARANA resthouse about 7; the beautiful forest still extends on all sides, and rather to our disappointment and contrary to our expectations, we only saw the traces of elephants and tigers, although the Post-wagon brought in a fine specimen of the latter the morning after our arrival. Every inch of the way is interesting, and the great trees and tropical vines assume the most beautiful and grotesque forms; the ant-hills are larger and more remarkable than

before, some being about six feet high with their turrets and terraces; satinwood, ebony, ficus, veera and neem trees predominate in this vast Government domain.

The following day is proclaimed a day of rest, and we call it Sunday and settle down to enjoy the goods the gods provide and the well-earned repose of the "pure in heart." Our meals are simple but most abundant, and we revel in our early tea and hoppers, those great rice-cakes like a pancake raised in the centre with crisp, wafer-like edges; in our tiffin of eggs, curry and rice and local fruits; afternoon tea and a late dinner of soup, roast chicken or mutton, vegetables, generally water pumpkin, vegetable marrow, drumsticks, ladies' fingers or snake root, while sweets and fruits finish the meal and complete for the day our healthful and delicious messing.

In the afternoon we had another lovely walk, through the trees to a pretty little lake, then another, then a glorious old Bo-Tree and its small temple, which we were quite sure of finding as F—— was all in white as he always is on temple days. Then we went on to another lake and a big broken dyke, for whose reparation 1,500 rupees is the price demanded, and the poor villagers must find it, for on these lakes depends the success of their paddy-fields, and on these fields their daily rice and curry as well as the forage for their great, patient, hard-worked buffaloes. We strolled along the dyke and over an immense boulder where a path from lake to town and town to lake had been worn in the hard rock by the feet of almost countless ages.

We left Habarana at 6-45 for Polonnarua, stopping half-way for tiffin at the beautiful tank of MINNERIA, which is, perhaps with some slight reason, compared to Killarney, and where even a short stroll on the gravelly little

beach failed to give us an impression of artificiality; great hills surround it, and we are more and more impressed with the immense works of the ancient rulers of this tiny island, for these vast works of irrigation, the systems of canals, the building of temples and palaces, the foundation and construction of cities, could only go on during the short intervals of peace, and the country was not only torn by internecine strife, but besieged by the vast hordes of the conquering nations of Southern India.

At POLONNARUWA the accommodations are of the most primitive sort, while the great tank of Topa Wewa, filled with pink lotus, contains just enough water to serve as a feeding place for millions of mosquitoes, and that guide books, archæological reports and other works speak only of the wonders and beauties of the place instead of warning travellers to take certain precautions, is criminal to a certain extent. F—— was well known to the local officer and had been promised the use of the private resthouse, which though primitively furnished and none too clean, offered us we thought, as usual, a restful night—but alas! it was a dreadful one, and as we fiercely battled with our foes through the long, hot night, for nets and bars, veils, gloves and stockings offer us no protection against their attacks, we thought of the tales we had heard of the elephants, whose tough hide even is not proof against this mosquito pest, and who is often seen, after a big rain, rushing out of the jungle into the roadway, there to stand fiercely fanning himself, left and right, with an immense branch which he has torn from a tree in his flight—then indeed it's not good to meet him. Hour after hour passed, and our only consolation was a tiny fire-fly who had posed himself on a sponge left in a hand-basin, like a wee light-house on a rocky isle in a big

ocean ; about four this light grew dim and we dozed off into a restless sleep.

The day, following such a night, was necessarily a thoroughly exhausting one, and we found that our boys, horses and bullocks had suffered as much as ourselves. We wondered how people and animals could live in such a place ; they may in time become inoculated and immune, but the process must be a long and wearisome one. However, we had no time to think much of past troubles, and in spite of the heat and our nervous, feverish condition, we plodded bravely on through the jungle paths and gazed with awe and admiration on the wonderful works of these 12th century Sinhalese.

Here is truly a ruined city—a “buried city”—for little has been done in comparison with what is to be done in excavating. Anuradhapura, dating from the 6th Century B.C. to the 12th A.D. impresses one as having been cleaned up and arranged for the convenience and admiration of the passer-by. Polonnaruwa, which was not founded until the 4th century A.D., and attained its greatest glory in Parakrama's reign, is deserted ; what little has been accomplished but shows the need of more careful and more intelligent work. We wander miles from place to place, from south to north, and west to east, wondering, supposing, eagerly following a half-indicated plan, admiring a unique design, amazed at an exquisite bit of carving, a door-step, a wing-stone, a Buddhist rail, a guard-stone ; two audience halls have beautifully carved columns, a little Siva temple with its lingam incomplete, surprises us ; a great round Relic House, (the Wata dāge), besides the stone lattice work, contains some of the finest carving in Ceylon ; the mysterious pyramidal Sat-mahal-prasada (7-storied tower) reminds

us some of the ruins of Angkor. We can climb to the top of the Thuparama, a Buddhist shrine still containing some large images of Buddha, whence the view is enchanting; there is an immense Preaching Hall, innumerable lodging-halls for the priests, and an Ata-dagé or 8-relic house. An enormous slab ($25 \times 5 \times 2\frac{1}{2}$ ft.) carved into the form of an old book and having a border of geese, records, by an inscription divided into three parts, the deeds and exploits of Nissanka Malla (13th century), and tells us that the stone was brought from Mihintale, 50 miles away, by the strong men of Niccanka—surely a great feat, for F—— says that the slab must weigh from 25 to 30 tons. After a short rest, we started due north, walking about four miles to the Gal Vihara, a most remarkable rock-cut temple, situated in the midst of vast boulders of various forms and outlines. Beautiful in his peaceful sleep on one side of the cave-shrine is the great Buddha 45 feet long, watched over by his faithful follower and disciple Ananda. On the other side is a smiling sitting figure of Buddha, 15 feet high. An inscription cut in the rock, bearing the date 1254 records the deeds of Parakrama, but some writers believe that this temple dates from or even before the foundation of the city, and was only submitted to certain alterations in the time of Parakrama. We miss the yellow-robed monks, for all of these shrines are abandoned; who would administer to even the modest meals of the brotherhood? begging bowls would be empty, for the scant population is very poor, and rare is the pilgrim or tourist whose footsteps bring him here, and the modest offerings would jingle in empty coffers. The boys of our little caravan, joined by some of the villagers have followed us and our cooly-guide through the jungle—the fresh flowers and incense offered by the little band are divinely sweet, and

the picturesque little ceremony at the shrine is touching in the extreme. One last look, and we turn away to picnic in the woods en route to the two great dagobas, the Rankot Vehera and the Kiri Vehera and the vast Buddhist temple called the Jetawanarama. This great ruin alone gives us an idea of the magnificence of Parakrama's city, for on the vast brick walls which remain standing are dwarfs, geese and animals in stucco work, painted patches of chunam remain, and as we climb up past the guard stones over the débris of the great eastern portico, a Buddha 60 feet high faces us, forming part of the western wall. Trees, flowering plants and the roots of the ficus fill every crack and crevasse, the two towers seem fixed in their crumbling places by the giant creepers, and we feel that not the Tamils of Southern India so much as the astonishing growth of the tropical verdure is responsible for the complete ruin of Polonnaruwa. About a mile to the south along the bund, stands the figure of a "grand old man," holding an open ola book in his hands. We are told that this statue, 12 feet high, is one that Parakrama caused to be made of himself; but why did he turn his back to his beautiful city, and what presentiment made him face the approaching foe, and did he divine that danger and destruction were to come from the south? It is supposed that some interruption—directly due to the hand of an enemy—in the working of the irrigation system on which depended not only the prosperity but also the very life of a place, caused famine and an epidemic which devastated the region; those who were spared fled to the hills or more fortunate fields—the time of glory was past—an abandoned city—an ever-encroaching forest—jungle plants—birds and beasts—"what is writ is writ."

When F——, violently fanning himself just before dinner on the verandah of the Un-resthouse, announced that we would start away at 9 p.m. in the bullock cart, while some of the luggage would take our places next morning in the wagonette, we greeted the announcement with noisy enthusiasm, for we had felt that another night there would bring on madness. Dinner was hastily despatched, then we stored ourselves away in the most comfy fashion in the neatly-lined cart and with lanterns gently swinging, F—— melodiously humming an evening prayer, the cart-driver regularly hou-houing, the wheels musically creaking, we dozed off to sleep. A gay little supper at midnight, another doze, and at 3-30 a.m. we were again at MINNERIA. Silently the faithful beasts were unhitched and peacefully we slept on until some one exclaimed *voila le jour!* Shoeless and hatless we made a rush for the bungalow, bags followed, and at 7-30 we were breakfasting with grand appetite, and although regretting to have met none of the beasts of the jungle, yet we were happy to have passed a restful night. During the morning we had a charming ride on the beautiful lake in a queer craft composed of a sort of raft fixed on to two dug-outs, in the stern of which the men sit to paddle. This tank, which is 46 miles around, counting the three peninsulas which jut out into it, was formed by uniting five natural lakes, and when full occupies many acres. Countless are the fish and birds, numberless the deer browsing on the banks, lazy the crocodiles of which we captured a baby, soft and balmy the air and blue the sky, shading down to the gray haze of the hills; what a pity that Time must dim our memory of these beauties, just as it has effaced the glories of the old ruined cities.

After tea we started back to Habarana glad to have safely accomplished this long, difficult, exhausting, but intensely interesting trip. We discuss how it could have been done more easily: F--- suggests that one could go on with the caravan to Minneria in the afternoon, dine there and camp as best one could until midnight in the unfurnished bungalow or in the bullock cart which would start at that time and arrive about 6 a.m. at the Polonnaruwa resthouse. After breakfast, for only during bright daylight dare one be abroad in the jungle, a start could be made for the ruins, spending the day among them, then dining and returning to Habarana as per our own program. Even with a motor car the visit must necessarily be a hurried one, until the Topa Wewa is restored and running water replaces the at present stagnant and lotus-filled pond.

SIGIRIYA, by A. A. W.

(Extract from a letter to a member of the party laid up at Habarana with a slight attack of fever.)

It was with heavy hearts that we left you at Habarana at 7-30 this morning, and we had hard work to appreciate the beautiful ride of 15 miles, until after we came in sight of the great rock of Sigiriya. The small resthouse is of the usual prettiness, with a nice garden in front. After resting a while we went to a rock temple about two miles distant, the path leading through a dry and unused tank which was once of great dimension and utility. On the way back we visited the gigantic rock fortress, one of the greatest works of this wonderful race. It was built in the 5th century as a refuge for King Kasyapa, after the dethronement and assassination of his father Dathu Sen, a great warrior and a wise king though a hard master, who made enemies even of his sons and son-in-law, one of his generals. This son,

imagining that the old king had great wealth, rebelled and forced his brother to flee; he then tried to wrench from his father the whereabouts of his treasure, and on finding there was nothing, abandoned him to the general, who caused him to be put in chains, walled up and left to die in the royal prison at Anuradhapura.

Then Kasyapa, fearing his former Councillors as well as his enemies, and also the return of his brother with allies from India, conceived the idea of transforming this huge boulder into a citadel and transferring the capital here. A serpentine stairway of almost inconceivable design with protecting wall nine feet high was built up one side the great rock with high overhanging cliffs. Passing between the huge old ruined lion's claws and then through what was once his mouth and the only gateway to the fortress, we followed this ingenious passage to the top, the Archæological Society having rendered it possible and safe by replacing with ladders and bridges the parts which have caved away. Kasyapa lived there eighteen years, (before he went out to meet defeat by his brother and commit suicide on the battle-field) in a gorgeous palace, so it is said, constructed on the very summit of the rock, 400 feet above the plain, but all that remains to-day is a stone marking the place where his throne stood. The plan of the fortress-city can easily be distinguished, although all is in ruins except the vast cisterns which still perform their functions, while the view is of unspeakable grandeur, and the whole country for miles around can be seen in one grand panorama. Altogether we feel well repaid for our visit and climb to this historic, romantic and fascinating spot of which, I am sure, no country can boast its equal in conception nor in construction.

About ten miles from Habarana on the main road is the sign-post indicating the side road to Sigiriya, and here our caravan, forcibly separated for a couple of days, rejoined forces and arrived at DAMBULLA at 10 a.m. At 4, we started for the Rock, which is some 500 feet high and about a mile in circumference, and after a rather stiff climb over the slope of the immense boulder, then up some very difficult steps of badly assorted pieces of stone, we arrived at last at the sort of platform before the doors of the five temples cut and built under the over-hanging rock. Five temples—diminishing, as we saw them, in grandness, in greatness, and in beauty, which had been used in the 1st century B.C. as hiding places by King Walagambahu when the Tamils, that eternal foe from Southern India, took the royal city of Anuradhapura from him. Here he lived eighteen years, and on regaining his possessions caused these caverns to be transformed into temples. The great sleeping Buddha in the first is 47 feet in length; his majestic beauty awes one, and F—— says that the one at the Gal Vihare in Polonnaruwa must have been made by the same great sculptor, Vismakarma Devaputhia. The gentle yellow-robed priests quietly explain the frescoes and reverently show us the statues of the Kings who built or redecorated each temple. We put our offerings of fresh flowers on each little altar, we watched the burning candles and incense, we listened to the murmured prayers; the voices and sweet odours penetrated to our very being, and we felt happier and better for our visit. Two hours passed so quickly that the afterglow startled us as we emerged from the last temple, and with scarcely a glance at Sigiriya in the northern distance and the beautiful

blue Kandyan hills to the south, we hurried to the rough stairway anxious to be at the bottom ere darkness settled on Dambulla Rock, for in these countries without twilight, the after-glow takes its place and makes a bright spot as well as a danger signal between day and night.

We have left the great forest behind us, and from Dambulla to Matale the road leads through the most interesting plantations of tea, rubber, cotton, cinchona, cacao, plantains, every variety of palm, and even some coffee, which once constituted the wealth of Ceylon. We spent the night at Nalanda, pretty name, lovely spot, beautiful trees, especially the enormous tamarind in front of the delightful little resthouse, then went on the next morning to the ALUVIHARE, a place of worship which seems to be built in, and around and above a rift in the rock at the top of a hill. It is a most holy spot to all Buddhists, for here the sacred teachings, until then treasured only in men's minds and transmitted from heart to heart and mouth to mouth, were transcribed for the first time after five centuries of preaching, in the first century B.C., that is, about the same time as the transformation of the Dambulla rock caverns into temples.

We arrived about 11 o'clock at MATALE which is one of the very busy terminus stations of the Ceylon Government Railway. Towards evening we drove through the pretty suburbs, admiring the plantations which come to the very edge of the town, and seem to crowd in on it. We say *ayu bowan* here to our faithful drivers and syces, and even to the good beasts who have brought us and our baggage so many miles through plain and forest; they will find their way back to Anuradhapura, while we go on by train.

Kandy, Peradeniya, Katugastota (see 28,740 miles by N. M.) looked familiar, and we regretted to pass them by, but on this trip we have no time for "come-back places," we are but adding to the already long list, and all must be new. Gampola is a beautiful little spot in the midst of the hills. HATTON, a half-way station to Nuwara Eliya, is damp and chilly and seemingly huddled by the tea plantations into a little knoll, where the hotel is situated, and into a narrow valley, with a row of straggling boutiques. The place is quiet, dull and triste à mourir in this pretty month of May, but the tea is a revelation, and be it picking, pruning, weeding, digging, transporting, ever some one of its various processes is going on; we can't escape from it and don't want to. If we stroll out, we must wander through it; if we ride, the odour from a factory makes us long for the "cup that cheers," and if we try to sleep great carts creak by, bearing boxes of it to the Station for shipment.

From Hatton to NUWARA ELIYA takes two hours and a half by train, with a glimpse of that wonderful Adam's Peak en route and a change at Nanu Oya from the main line to the mountain rail road; up and up we climb in the tiny train until we reach 6,000 feet. The season, so short, from February to April only, in this beautiful hill station is finished, and we find the place rather deserted, but the hills and lakes are there, the banks and braes, the Keena trees and fine specimens of the *Rhododendron arboreum*, the ever-changing clouds hover over the peaks, while the tea plantations with their symmetrical rows of gums and sambuk trees as wind breaks help to compose some of the prettiest landscapes that can be found anywhere, and we realize more and more each day that Ceylon is really "the show place of the Universe."

The district is called Udapusselawa (the little mountain railway bearing the same name), and a trip to Kandapola, 6,316 feet altitude and the highest railway station in Ceylon, and to Ragalla, the last station on the line and but 13 miles from Nuwara Eliya, takes an hour and a half, and is just a continuation of this promenade among the plantations. We had delightful drives around the Moon Plains and to the Rambodde Pass, also a visit to the Oliphant tea plantations and factory, where we could follow the whole process of tea making; first the picking of the leaves by the poorly paid Tamil women and children, emigrants from Southern India; these leaves and young shoots are then weighed, brought to the factory and put on screens for the withering. This process, which lasts about twenty-four hours is what makes the difference between the black and the green teas which are not withered but directly rolled, the second process with Ceylon teas. Then comes the first coarse separation which breaks up the lumps made by rolling and removes all dirt and dust. The leaves are now spread out for fermentation before the firing, which lasts from eight to ten minutes under a temperature of 220° to 240° ; after cooling, this "made tea" is put into the sifter, a complicated machine consisting of a series of oscillating wire screens which separate it into the different grades, six at the Oliphant, the finest being known as tea-dust and the fourth as "Golden Tips," which look very much like tiny dried chips. This short summary cannot give the slightest idea of the constant care, watchfulness, activity, judgment and fidelity necessary by every one connected with each and every process of this industry, from the time of clearing off the jungle and breaking the ground, until the final boxing, generally

without "blending," and despatching to the Colombo market. Two most delightful books on the subject are H. W. Cave's *Golden Tips* and Mrs. Penny's *Tea Planter*.

Baggage has been forwarded by rail to Haputale, and we start by road with a fine mountain team, leaving behind us Naseby Hill, the romantic Lover's Leap, and Pidurutalagalla (Mount Pedro) the highest mountain in Ceylon, 8,280 feet above sea level. We leave Nuwara Eliya on the Uva side through a narrow gap, and as we wind along the wonderful gorge with the stream tearing along its rocky bed, thundering over precipices many feet below us, we catch distant views of mountains, and soon see distinctly the curious outlines of HAKGALLA Rock, 7,000 feet high. After five miles we reach the celebrated Botanical Gardens at its foot, and stroll about amidst the beauties of trees and flowers, orchids, tree-ferns and rippling streams, and think of Sita, despairing amidst these glories, for it was here, so legend says, or history, if we believe in the *Ramayana*, that Ravana, king of the demons, imprisoned Rama's beautiful wife, and here that Hanuman, the monkey-headed general found her and revived her drooping courage by presenting to her the love token, her beloved Rama's ring, pledge of faith and fidelity.

Thirty miles of as beautiful a mountain road as exists in the world, with a distant view of the patanas where the Boer prisoners were encamped for two years, take us to BADULLA, probably one of the loveliest spots in Ceylon and capital of the Province of Uva. One can scarcely describe its situation, almost completely surrounded by its pretty river, the Badullaoya, then by terrace after terrace of the charming ever-varying green of the paddy-fields,

then by its coronet of lovely mountains, blue, gray or deeply violet, with Namunakula as crown jewel of them all. Beautiful avenues, fine public buildings, pretty bungalows, cleanliness and prosperity characterize Badulla, where the large Resthouse is really an excellent little hotel, and the two Buddhist Temples are interesting and of considerable antiquity. The excursion to the exquisite DUNHINDA WATERFALL well repays the rather arduous and exceedingly hot walk and climb of about two miles from the carriage road. We look down on it from the rocky ledge where we have taken our stand, as it tumbles over in a beautiful curved arch, sending down, in precipitous haste, great "sky-rockets" of scouts into the rocky basin below.

On to PASSARA we went, still over the glorious mountain road with its distant views of the hills and downs of Uva, with the varying greens of the paddy fields, ascending from the depths below in terraces up to the road on the one side, and on the other the deeper olive greens of the tea plantations reaching to the very tops of the mountains. Whether we went up or went down to Passara, then to Ella, with its view down the grand, funnel-shaped Ella Gorge, none of us knew, so long were the climbs, so winding the descents, so pretty the final stage into BANDARAWELA, straggling, not overly clean railway terminus of which the prettiest part is its name. There is a good hotel, but it was full, and we were obliged to resort to a small native hotel. Droll were the little rooms of paper and canvas partitioned off from a private dining-room, where our own boys served us a delicious dinner, quite as good as at any of our favourite resthouses. When we left the quaint little place the next morning, the whole village was out to witness our departure, and

we felt quite overwhelmed by all the attention and the flowers showered upon us. The road was marvellous and still rising, for HAPUTALE, our destination, is 700 feet higher than Bandarawela, and the seven miles are all too short, for the "downs of Uva" become more and more enchanting, and from the resthouse which, contrary to custom is not very pleasantly situated but is conveniently placed between the station and the busy, thriving little town, a short walk brings us to a point of view which must be unequalled in the world; misty and mysterious with lake and dale, mountain and meadow, it spreads out below us with ever-changing lights and shadows, and we can not even regret the hidden south coast, or at least the salt lagoons of Hambantota, which, it is said, are visible on a clear day, though many a mile distant.

As our route now leaves the railroad altogether, F—— again arranged for a bullock-cart to accompany us as far as Ratnapura. Quite as beautiful as ever is it, over the downs and the rolling hills and under the shadow of the towering mountains. If the forests of the north were admirable, the precipices of this region are glorious in their blue and green majesty and sweetness: blue of the distant downs and green of the paddy-field terraces. We stopped at Haldamulla only long enough to drink in the magnificent view; we passed two toll stations, and in the village of Belihuloya, where we lunched, was the frontier post which marks the passage from Uva Province into Sabaragamuwa; for a time we followed the river which in places forms veritable cascades, and so on to Balangoda for the night, then to Pelmadulla the next night, and the third day from Haputale we arrived at RATNAPURA, the Gem City, and itself the loveliest gem of all, set in its punch bowl of hills,

with the Kaluganga making its swift and silent way to the ocean, as it passes just below the slope on which the large and comfortable resthouse is situated a little out of the village.

Gemming, gem-cutting, gem-polishing, gem-selling, seems the occupation of the capital of the Province of Sabaragamuwa. When we arrived most of the gem pits were closed for the rainy season, the lower roads and fields, the week before, having been under water for three days after the first heavy rainfall of the S.W. Monsoon. We found, however, one old man hard at work in a pit about twelve feet deep in his own compound. He showed us how, with a long bamboo pole, they tried the ground until they heard a certain scratchy sound which indicated the stratum in which gems may be found. The first yellow top soil is thrown aside, then comes a mixture of pebbles and sand, gravel and perhaps gems, which is carefully washed in the very water which rapidly fills the pit as they dig. The process resembles that of our old forty miners as they washed their gold on the banks of the streams, and as the mud and light pebbles slide off, and the heavier stones and gems roll musically around the big, flat basket, a pleasurable excitement takes possession both of onlookers and gemmers, plunged to the waist in water or squatting at the side of the pit. The supple fingers push aside bit after bit, throw out piece after piece, plunge suddenly after an escaping treasure. What skill is needed to choose among the gray lot of stones and seemingly useless glass, a bit of quartz or crystal used in polishing, an ordinary gem, or a good stone. The principal gems found here are sapphires, rubies, tourmelines, topazes, moonstones and catseyes, but all are of such a variety of

colour, grade of purity and scale of value, that only the most experienced eye can judge them either cut or uncut; nor because a gem is white or red or yellow or green, does it follow that it is a diamond, a ruby, a topaz or an emerald; it may be a white, yellow or red sapphire, a garnet or spinel, or a green tourmaline. Countless are the gems, pierres fines, which are found, but rare are the pierres precieuses, the pure and flawless ones, and these are nearly always snapped up by buyers for the Indian princes, who are constantly on the spot. There are many ways of valuing a stone and of telling a real gem from an imitation; perhaps the most common is by the tiny drop of water which will adhere to a pure stone even though reversed and roll off from a spurious one, although I believe paste diamonds are now made to stand this test. After the finding, comes the cutting and polishing, and shop after shop, or as they are called in Ceylon, boutique after boutique of the narrow street is devoted to these long and arduous processes, all done by hand and eye, which necessitates many of the stones being re-cut in Europe, so it is said.

The stroll among this "gem population" is curious and very interesting, as are also the walks and drives outside the town; from a certain point there is a charming view of Adam's Peak, which is only eight miles distant in a straight line, although twenty-three by road, and many pilgrims start from here on their annual pilgrimage to the summit instead of from the nearer point, Hatton. About two miles from the resthouse is a very rich and landed temple, the Maha Saman Dewale, which was the fiftieth shrine at which F—— had made offerings since his departure from Colombo.

We had now made about 550 miles by road and rail, and were preparing to gain the coast by pada boat on the

Kalu Ganga or Black River. These boats, which traffic constantly between Ratnapura and Kalutara, at the mouth of the river, 50 miles away, are very curiously constructed of two dug-outs, joined together by a sort of deck and covered by a low roof made of the fronds of the coconut palm plaited together. The kitchen part of the cabin thus formed was partitioned off at the back on our boat by a coir mat, and the front part was neatly lined with the pretty white sail which can be only used in going up-stream. The entrance was most picturesquely decorated with coconuts, pomeloes and love-apples, palm leaves ingeniously cut and plaited, birds and pinwheels made from bamboo, and, crowning the peak, a coconut blossom, freed from its green sheath and expanded into a graceful, drooping, golden panache. Captain, bos'un and cabin boy took turns at the rudder, while the four boatmen sat in the forward end of the dug-outs and rowed and sang all day and night, for we started about nine in the morning and stopped at 8 p.m. for dinner at the rest-house of Nambapana, having tiffined aboard in true "local style" on dry curry and saffron rice, eaten with nature's knives and forks from a piece of fresh green plantain leaf—the best and sweetest of plates. This is called the prettiest river scenery in Ceylon, and though the rapids are unimportant the river is very swift and the banks overhung with feathery bamboos and all the beautiful tropical trees of which Ceylon can boast, while the graceful palms tower some 90 to 100 feet above the rest, a source of never-failing delight, "murmuring such sun-songs from their feathered crowns."

The boatmen called us about 3 a.m., and we finished the exquisite ride down the river by moonlight. At daybreak the tide began to be felt, and it

was a strong pull to the landing place near the great bridge, resting on its tiny island and connecting North and South KALUTARA. A short drive in a bullock hackery brought us to the one "upstairs" resthouse that we have encountered in Ceylon, situated close to the sea-shore, where the song of the waves is ever in one's ears.

Beautiful and interesting are the drives among the rubber, tea and cinnamon plantations, through the palm groves where the toddy-drawers are ever mounting with empty chatties and descending with them full. Ropes are stretched from tree to tree, and on these frail supports the men cross fearlessly, though many a one during the year is picked up lifeless from the ground below. We visited the distillery and saw the great casks of arrack holding over five thousand gallons each of this terrible alcohol, which the poor man makes for the rich, then buys of him, helping to fill the coffers on the one hand, while beggaring himself and sowing seeds of insanity in his children, on the other. Fruit trees of all kinds, the jak, breadfruit, mango, bullock's hearts, rambuttans, custard apples and jambus or rose apples, guavas, papayas, and mangosteens grow in tropical profusion; flowering vines and plants shed their posies over us as we pass; a great banyan, its trunk and stems covered with ferns and parasitic plants has thrown a triple arch over the roadway; the temple is beautifully situated; the view from the bridge is exquisite, and from the site of the old Dutch Fort there is a fine view of the bridge itself with its ever-passing stream of people and strange vehicles and its fifty trains a day between Colombo and the various stations en route to Galle. Pleasant days we passed at Kalutara, varied by visits to the neighbouring stations on

the line: Bentota with its honey-mooning resthouse on the sea-shore in a grove of palms, Beruwala with its island lighthouse and pretty bay, Panadura and its pleasant fisher-folk, Moratuwa and its carpentering population, then, resolutely turning our backs, until September, on the wonders of the south coast, we returned to Colombo—wiser, happier, better for this exquisite tour of some 700 miles in the tiny island of Ceylon.

HOUSEKEEPING.

Portuguese, Dutch and English were all attracted successively by the "spicy breezes" blowing off the palm-fringed shores of Ceylon, and there is no doubt that the cinnamon, supposed to be indigenous, helped to charge those odoriferous zephyrs, and was thus the principal culprit in betraying to the enemy the wonderful resources of this beautiful tropical island. From Negombo, 23 miles north of Colombo, to Matara on the southernmost coast, the plant once grew in natural and unrestrained abundance; later the plantations, trimmed and cultivated methodically were confined to the neighbourhood of the growing city, and now, when beautiful bungalows with their great compounds of flowering shrubs and trees have supplanted the old Cinnamon Gardens, the name remains as that of the beautiful residence quarter of Colombo, and many a shrub grown into an immense tree, with its spicy bark and leaf-stems proves the verity of the name, while many tracts of the fragrant plant are still cultivated most profitably in the outer suburbs.

OUR HOUSE.—It was our good fortune to rent, for three months, in the absence of the owners, one of the most charming "upstairs" bungalows in this quarter. It was fully furnished, with the exception of table and house linen, a few minor comforts and an ice-cream freezer. Downstairs on one side of the hall and stairway are the drawing-room, tiny sitting-room or den and guest chamber with bath; on the other side is the great dining hall with three punkahs and service pantry, and an office with bed-room and bath. A wide, covered

verandah surrounds the house, and at the back is connected by a cross verandah with the kitchen, store-rooms and servants' quarters. Upstairs are five bed-rooms, two baths, small sitting-room, covered verandah in front and an open terrace over the peristyle.

OUR GARDEN.—The compound is full of the most interesting plants and vines, and there are shady arbors, a tennis-court and croquet lawn, a small fountain and several wells—dry, since water pipes are laid. We take delight in the fine old mango trees, coconut and kitul palms, strawberry, custard apple and plantain trees, while many bear local fruits which apparently have no English names. Needless to say, a magnificent old vine-covered cinnamon tree towers among them all, and from its hoary trunk as well as from two of the palms, we plucked sprays of the delicate "pigeon orchid."

OUR SERVANTS.—We get along, I am sure, with the minimum of servants, only ten: The appu or butler, a table boy, room boy and house boy (these three also do all the housework, as the family is small, otherwise we should have one or two more house-boys), cook and cook's cooly, gardener's aid, who acts as punkah boy (a head gardener belongs to the house), water boy (various duties), two rickshaw boys. If we had a carriage and pair, we would have a coachman, two syces and stable boy. Some ladies require an ayah or lady's maid, one of the most vexatious though useful creatures that one can add to an eastern household. Wages range from 8 to 20 Roupies a month, (3 Roupies to the Dollar, 15 to the pound sterling) according to the man's capabilities, and whether he "feeds himself" or not. Work goes like clock-work, as each is trained to his own particular duties, knows no others, and will attend to no others.

OUR MEALS.—Breakfasts are at 8 and 12. Tea at 4. Dinner at 8. The table is always prettily decorated with flowers and colored silk, and on special occasions with scroll designs and letterings, worked in red and blue coloured sago, by our appu.

4TH OF JULY. DINNER.

Soupe.

Pieds de mouton.

Poisson.

Fried filets of Seer. Sauce Tartare.

Entree.

Bird Pie (when the pie was cut the tiny birds flew out bearing the national colours).

Roti.

Petits Poussins. Salade Verte.

Legumes.

Carottes, Pommes, Choux fleurs.

Pointes d'Asperges de Californie.

Entremets.

Omelette au Rhum, Glace Tricolor.

Dessert.

Cajunuts, Ginger, Bonbons.

TABLE DECORATIONS :—U. S. A., American Eagle, Flags and date in blue and red on the white cloth.

Red Poinsettas, White Tuberoses, Blue Solarun on Solanum Vin.

QUATORZE JUILLET. TIFFIN.

Horsd'oeuvre : Anchovis, oeufs et olives sur crouton.

Vol au vent.

Pintade roti, Pommes paille.

Rice and Ceylon Curries : drumstick, fish, brinjal.

Jaggary Pudding, Crème fraiche de Coconut.

Mangosteens.

DECORATIONS :—French and American flags in colours.

Coconut blossom, ornamented with national colours and Bonbons.

OUR PLEASURES.—We read and write, study Sinhalese, visit the Museum and Libraries, and go occasionally to the theatre, native and amateur; but our principal delights are the rides, generally in rickshaws, from 5 to 7, or by moonlight, through the beautiful avenues and the fine roads of the Cinnamon Gardens and suburbs of the city, to the Kelani Gange, around the freshwater lakes and along the Galle Face Esplanade. The weather is perfect, for the South-West Monsoon, so dreaded at sea, serves only to bring us most delightful ocean breezes and those heavy tropical showers which seem to rejuvenate as well as to refresh nature. The thermometer, although it has registered 96 part of the summer at Anuradhapura, Trincomalie and Ratnapura has not been above 84 here, and we vote, that housekeeping, even in summer, is a beautiful dream in Colombo. This name is one which stirs, or should stir a certain chord in every American heart, for it was given to the city by the Portuguese when they took possession in 1517, raised their flag and, refuting the local name, called their new conquest in honour of our immortal Christopher Columbus.

PROJECTS.

“Les projets des hommes sont inscrits sur le sable.”

These are our plans for making “extremes meet” and visiting Jaffna and Point Pedro, the most northern point of Ceylon, and Galle and Dondra Head in the far south, with nothing between it and the Pole but water, so it is said.

We will take a north-bound round-the-island steamer which, after calling at Pamban, will land us at Jaffna, a curious old Dutch city, from whence we will go by train some 14 miles to Kankesanturai, the northern terminus of the C. G. R., then on by bullock cart for about the same distance through the tobacco plantations and palmyra groves of the little northern Peninsula to Port Pedro, where we can rejoin our same steamer, see Trincomalie from the water side and visit Batticaloa, an island city in the midst of a great salt-water lake, the home of the “singing fishes.”

Instead of continuing on with our steamer to Galle, we will leave it at Hambantota, known for its treacherous bay and its gleaming salt pans. Here our caravan will be awaiting us, and it will be a drive of only 20 miles north-east to Tissamaharama, the very oldest of Ceylon's abandoned Royal cities, which was in its glory twenty-three centuries ago, before Anuradhapura was founded or Polonnaruwa even thought of. Among the ruins we will see one of the greatest dagobas in the island, which has been completely restored by the Buddhists themselves without outside aid ; there is also a Brazen Palace of far

grander proportions and with much larger monolithic pillars than that at Anuradhapura. The great Tank was restored by Government in 1876, thus bringing once more under cultivation over 3,000 acres of jungle lands which for centuries had been the haunt of vast troops of elephants.

Returning, it is 25 miles from Hambantota to Tangalla and the same on to Matara, along the coast with its lovely bays and tiny palm-grown promontories, its shady roads and beautiful rivers. We will breathe the sweet odour of the lemon grass and the factories of Citronella, we will feast on the fish and tortoises and visit the shell manufacturers. At Welligama we will see the great rock-cut statue of the Leper King, carved out of gratitude for his "coconut cure" in the days when the palms, which now number over twenty-five million in the island, were unknown in the more northern regions from which he had come.

There is another Crow Island there, too, where *Corvus Splendens* goes to spend the night, just as he does in that one in the mouth of the Kelani Ganga around which we paddled one evening about sunset in a little dug-out with outrigger (catamaran). We watched the countless black specks which surged towards us from the direction of Colombo, recognizing their black bodies and hoarse croaking as they approached, took their evening bath in the river, and then noisily settled themselves in the palms and the topmost branches of the trees; the boatmen told us that by 6 a.m. they are off again, and by 7 o'clock not one of the two million (roughly estimated) crows can be seen in the neighbourhood.

But these are reminiscences, not projects! We will revel in Dutch antiquities all along the southern coast,

as well as in the north, especially at Galle, the centre of commerce in ancient times, and which promised to be also the great shipping centre of the modern world, but whose coral-studded and rather dangerous bay was robbed of its glory and importance by the construction of the fine great artificial harbour of Colombo, to which we will return by train, some 75 miles, thus making in all about 1,000 miles that we have wandered among the Palms, ever seeking, but never finding a perfectly straight one, for, says the Sinhalese proverb, he who finds a *straight* cocoa-palm, a *crooked* areca-palm or a *white* crow shall live for ever!

“Palms with the ocean dancing at their feet,
 Groves where all the spicy breezes meet.
 We love their legends and the songs they sing,
 Their comfort and sustenance to man and king.
 We've sought one growing straight toward the skies,
 For he who shall find it never dies,
 Or a crooked areca or pure white crow,
 If you happen to see one, let us know.”

	Miles.	Hrs.	Mts.	
Colombo to Anuradhapura ...	126	6	00	Rail
Anuradhapura to Mihintale ..	8	1	00	Wagonette
Mihintale to Kahatagasdigiliya	13	2	00	do
Kahatagasdigiliya to Horuwa- patana	13	2	00	do
Horuwapatana to P.W.D. Bung- alow	17	3	00	do
to Trincomalie ...	16	3	30	do
to Tempelgamam	13	2	00	do
to Kantalai ...	13	2	20	do
to Alutoyer ..	12	2	35	do
to Habarana ...	17	4	15	do
to Minneria ...	15	2	30	do
to Polonnaruwa	12	3	15	do
Return to Minneria ...	12	6	15	Bullock cart
to Habarana ...	15	3	00	Wagonette
Habarana to Sigiria ...	15	3	00	do
to Dambulla ...	10	2	00	do
Habarana to Dambulla ...	15	3	00	Post
Dambulla to Nalanda ...	14½	3	00	Wagonette
to Matale ...	14½	3	30	do
to Peradeniya ...	25	5	00	Train
to Hatton ...	38	—	—	—
to Nanuoya ...	20	2	30	Train
to Nuwara Eliya ..	6	—	—	—
to Ragalla and return	26	3	00	Train
Nuwara Eliya to Badulla ...	35	8	30	Wagonette
Badulla to Dunhinda Falls and return	13	4	00	Wagonette and walk
Badulla to Passara	18	4	00	Wagonette
to Ella	19	5	00	do
to Bandarawela ..	8	1	40	do
to Haputale ..	7	1	30	do
Belihuloya	19	3	30	do
Balangoda	9	1	50	do
Pelmadulla	15	3	00	do
Ratnapura	12	2	00	do
Maha Saman Dewale ...	4	1	00	do
Ratnapuraa to Kalutara ..	50	16	00	Boat
Kalutara to Colombo ...	27	1	30	Train

622 miles ; 5 days 1 hour 40 minutes.



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