

Voyage III
June 19th to
Book I. Aug 14th 1899.
Phila. to Ceylon
and Madras.

THE STEAM NAVY COMPANY

LETTERS

NO 25

Philadelphia June 14th 1899
to - Madras August 14 - 1899.

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Voyage III.

Book I.

Philadelphia, June 14th, 1899.

Dr. Furness sailed with his family for England May 27th. I returned from my farewell visits in the West. on Sunday All. June 11th. Spent the same afternoon and evening out at Camp Hill - after supper Tom Gray drove me across to Chestnut Hill where I spent the night at Alfred's, returning to town Monday early.

Tuesday - with baggage all sent to New York, I went out to Alfred's to luncheon - bade the family "goodbye" and together with Alfred & Mr. Harrison went on to New York by the 3.50 P.M. train - the baggage being forwarded to the American Line docks. We went on up town to the Waldorf - Astoria where Mr. Harrison had secured a suite of rooms. As previously planned - Mr. Oscar Stillman met us there and we dined together - Mr. H. endeavoring to make the dinner

a complete success remarked that the dinner must be commensurate with the very handsome apartments we occupied else the bill would be disproportionate - it was a dinner.

The "St. Louis" sailed at ten o'clock a.m. Wednesday June 14th. We went down half an hour earlier to see about the luggage - found some "stranger letters" awaiting us - found our state room. Then went on deck to watch the crowd. There seemed nearly as many again visitors as there were passengers! the boats decks were simply jammed and one carried away the faint memory of red, moist eyes and a heavy odour of flowers - Mr. H. waved us "farewell" from the office window - whether he had gone with the Company's Vice Pres. The pier head was jammed and we

could see a fluttering of handkerchiefs
 and flags long after we departed.
 Mr. Clem Griscom - invited us to sit
 at his table; so when the first as-
 sembly was called - at luncheon - we were
 presented. Mrs. Griscom & Miss Griscom,
 Senator Marcus Hanna. Mrs. Hanna,
 Miss Ruth Hanna, Miss Phelps - Miss
 Lucia McCurdy, Mr. Com. Clyde, Mr.
 Rieck, of the New York Herald. Alfred
 and myself completing the Griscom party.
 We had a table in an alcove at one
 side of the saloon. The table was
 piled full of "floral tributes" - conspic-
 uous for its size and design was a
 huge model of the St. Louis - in red
 roses - sent to Mr. Hanna by some
 of his political friends. I was
 glad to see it carried out for it
 obstructed my view of the saloon
 and the members of our own party.

Outside our own party I shall only mention those with whom I made especial acquaintance - the list was long - the saloon being full.

Adace Furness and wife and young Withers I knew beforehand!

Stacey Lloyd and sister were cousins of Miss Wiscom - Mary S. Garrett - Principal of the Home for Deaf Children out on Belmont Ave. Fairmount Park - was very interesting on account of her interest in education and the women's influence in civil and political life.

Miss Marion Tracy and Miss Helen Lindsay - two members of a Cleveland School-party early attracted my eye on account of their colour and good looks - as well as good behavior - and Francis Patterson had sent me a letter to Mr. Rogers - Chief Officer of the St. Louis. I found him a very

pleasant, entertaining and efficient
 Down East Salt. As he was officer
 of the deck I saw a great deal of
 him and we became good friends.

For the first three days we had warm
 weather, bright sunshine and level seas.
 Then we ran into rough choppy water
 later on heavy seas - fog & squalls -
 making the boat roll - or plunge all
 the time - requiring table racks -
 making soup a difficult dish to man-
 age and sitting on deck a circus act.
 The rough weather thinned out the
 dining saloon appreciably -
 Miss Griscom and Miss Lloyd were
 poor sailors - the rest of us never lost
 a meal nor a moment of fun.
 Miss Mc Curdy, Miss Hanna and
 I sat together at table and soon
 began planning mischief - we or-
 ganized the company of Hanna -

McCurdy and Miller, whose object was to destroy the peace of mind of one - Miss Muttelberger. Chaperson to the Cleveland School girls - Mr succeeded pretty satisfactorily and Miss Tracy. Mr. Lloyd and the above 3 - formed the "Jury Club."

It was all frivolity and chiefly foolishness but it was the clearest mirth I have indulged in for a long time - and I never enjoyed any voyage quite so much.

Miss McCurdy has a blue eye and a ready wit; she can think two or three times while most people are getting ready to think -

Miss Hauka has a pretty swift thinker herself. also a pair of eyes but brown ones. and Miss Tracy has eyes and can use them and still spend some time thinking -

They were the nicest trio of twenty year old maidens I ever encountered.

Our buoyant behavior and constant good health made the seasick wrong, and Mrs. Furness constantly asked after my "Kindergarten" - which was very unkind of her we thought. Golf skirts, surturs, heavy boots and any old thing for a hat was their costume all the way over.

By way of incidents - a bun concert - a disabled ship being towed into port - a close reefed old windjammer - a school of porpoises and an occasional dally forth from the smoking room of the intopicated passengers about finished the list. There was little excitement. Wednesday morning - (9/21) we ran under the lee of England into fine weather and smooth water -

Sighted the abandoned S.S. "Paris" on the Manacles rocks.

Had beautiful views of the south coast of England and the Dazzlelight passing quite close to the "Needles" and in plain view of "Osborne".

Mr. Caine along side the dock at 7 PM pressed the Cils toms in a jiffy - didn't open a box for me - and the train left at 7.45.

Horace and Mrs. Furness, Mr. Wm. Wister and I had a compartment. We ran to London without stopping except to break the train into two sections at Vaux Hall - (1 hr and 40 min). It was certainly beautiful all the way - Sunset near 8.30 PM then a long twilight and an almost full-moon. Horace was almost frantic in his excitement. Mrs. Furness was quite enthusiastic.

Mr. Wister was blasé but I felt quite buoyant though Harry said I was stale on scenery.

At Waterloo Station there was the grandest scramble to identify the baggage and get carriages. I at length got a porter who put my twelve packages on a four-wheeler. I took an additionalansom and drove to Hotel Brunswick in Jermyn St W, where a telegram I received at Southampton directed I should find Furness. (Left N.Y. 10 am. 6/14. arrived London 10 pm 6/21.) I forgot to chronicle a break in the machinery of the St. Louis which delayed us some three hours and we ran slow all the last day - also that the St. Louis is a very fine boat, free from "smells" and pleasant to travel on -

Having missed my dinner I went to the Criterion grill - room and eat supper - on my return found Mrs. Wister and Billy getting out of a hansom returning from the Theater -

Dr. H.H. Furness had received his degree of Doctor of Letters from Cambridge University, June 15.

Billy had been up with him - but had not seen Dr. Keltie though he had taken some books from the Royal Geographical Society's library - I found he had engaged passage by the "Ernest Simon" sailing from Marseilles July 2nd. so we sent our excess baggage on by "grand vitesse" a week in advance - this cost us for the fourteen packages £10. +.

When we brought the rest through it cost an additional £5. for in France one is allowed but lbs. 56. freightage.

Keeping my rooms at the Brunswick - I
 had breakfast there (Tea and Toast-
 ed muffins + Strawberry-jam usually).
 for luncheon and dinner I usually
 went out. though I did dine with
 Mrs. Wister and Dr. Furness several times.
 Bill and I lunched at Prince's sever-
 al times. Mr. Trid several others too.
 Cuthwin, Trocadero, Crosby Hall, Gatti &
 Rodavano's, &c. Once I dined with Bolton
 lunched with us at Prince's - He is an
 enthusiastic individual - He seemed
 about our own age but he is 45 yrs.
 Bolton is trying to make business go
 in London - will try until next March,
 if it fails he says he is going to the
 States - preferably Washington and
 make a fresh start - It was encour-
 aging to talk to him. He seemed
 to have the hope that "Spring, Eternal"
 and at 45 takes a new deal around.

Most men are ready to quit when they have not succeeded in life at 45;

Bell had known him in Japan in 1893. He hunted him up here to talk camera with him and bought Bolton's own - a rapid focusing finder - for snapshooting moving animals, very ingenious and in Bolton's hands, thus far successful.

Furness had arranged for us to meet and dine with Major J.R. Denlop Smith an Indian officer, home on leave.

We went to the Junior-United-Service-Club where Major Smith met us and gave us a splendid dinner. In the smoking room afterwards he discussed our prospective trip with us - adding much information and offering some valuable suggestions. He expects to meet us at Simla in four or five weeks -

We went to several plays. At the "Haymarket
 etc" Cyril Maude and Winifred Emery
 were playing in "The mansions of
 Jane" as Lord Bapchild Maude was
 "simply immense" - her "git up" and
 his conception of the part were capital
 and he never forgot his number for
 an instant - At first I did not
 like Miss Emery but she won well.

At the "Criterion" "The Tyranny of Fear"
 has been having a long run and de-
 servedly. The cast is short and good -

Mr. Parbury

Mr. C. Wyndham.

" Les. Fenning

" Frederick Kerr.

Col. Armitage

" Alfred Bishop

Evans

" Stanley Pringle

Miss Hyacinth Woodward - Miss Maude Millet

Mrs. Parbury

" Mary Moore.

From start to finish it was flawless
 acting. It was the first play I ever
 witnessed in which there was not at

least one player for whom I felt sorry -
I have never seen a better performance.
I took Miss Tracy and Miss Wernum
to this play and afterwards Billy joined
us for supper - in the "East-room", a very
quiet supper room -

We dropped in for an hour at "Tivoli";
and I saw the concluding two acts of
"The Belle of New York", still playing
at the Shoptabury to crowded houses.
Bernhardt was playing "Hamlet" while I
was in town - Harry went to see her
and after his description I didn't care
to see her perform. He said she was
a curio as "Hamlet".

Nat Goodwin's Company were unsuccess-
ful with "The Lady and the Cowboy"
but "The American Citizen" caught on.
Deloref Stapper was due July 8th at
Daly's Theater - In fact the town is
full of American actors & actresses.

Twice I lunched at "Clondro" with ^{the} Misses Hanna and McCurdy - and one afternoon we went all over town - visiting the Turner loan-collection at Guild-Hall - and we then saw "Crosby-Hall", "The Cheshire Cheese", Inns of Court, ^{etc} and wound up at Fuller's for an ice-cream soda. Can't get our girls very far from chocolate and soda-water - but it certainly beats champagne & cigars. I also went to St. Pauls, Westminster, Art-Gallery and British Museum, just to refresh my memory.

I called on Mr. Wallace with R. S. Shaw & Co. 88. Bedford Gate St. Within. He passed me on with letters to the firm at Calcutta - who are to give us letters to their tea-planters in Assam along the Naga Hills. I also called on Mr. Scott-Elliott, ^{junior} 16, Mansel Street (off Old Broad St.) but he was out.

Dr. Keltie had me to luncheon at the "Royal Societies Club", St. James St.

With us were Dr. Milne-Edwards to the R.S.S. also Sir Martin Conway and Baron Tall. - The former is a well known mountain climber - The latter a Russian who has been in the islands North of Siberia and will soon fit out another expedition for that region. He wants a boat built like the "Fram". 300 Tons only.

In the smoking room afterwards I met several more men - among them Sir J. White - Pres. of the Scottish Geo. Soc. Keltie manages to give us a very pleasant hour each time we see him.

Bill and I called on him soon after my arrival and he was very much interested in our plans - giving us some good suggestions. I went back again to bid ^{to} him and Dr. Milne "farewell".

I spent an evening out at Earle's Court.
 It is a great pleasure resort - but
 more than that it has a great colo-
 nial influence - just now they
 have a sort of Wild-west show -
 called "Savage South Africa" - which
 gives some very realistic, blood-
 stirring scenes from life on the Veldt.
 I have no doubt such plays send
 many a youth out to the Colonies to
 seek his fortune - and wisely too -
 for England is overcrowded & stagnant.
 There were some two hundred Zulus
 or Kaffirs - who usually fell before
 the rifles of the Cape police & soldiers.
 Besides this they have exhibits of
 ore, coal, products etc. A "Shoot the
 Chutis" - Ovens, boats, restaurants,
 farms wheat and what not else.
 It was a great sight for me to see the
 English bourgeois taking his night-off.

London is certainly gay at this season.

Everything in full-flast, and its world out while to stroll about after the theater to watch the crowds that patrol the streets far into the night.

Minstrels go about serenadeing, dressed as crows. There is music in all the principal restaurants. Everyone wears a bouffant and gets his high hat ironed.

We had but one rainy day - and one wet evening. and the women wore their white garments and white slippers just the same - I was again impressed with the bad taste of the Eng. woman in matters of dress. and above all her hat. Eng. men dress well down to their knees but flapping trousers and big clumsy looking feet are not in keeping with a handsome frock-coat attract-
ing hair and a silk-hat.

I found Bill in the hands of Sutherland
 Macdonald - the Tattooer that Gambier
 Bolton's article in the Strand Maga-
 zine had made known to Americans.
 Billy had found quite a large piece
 of cuticle on the side of his chest
 that seemed fearfully naked. so he
 had a beautiful Fay drinking dew
 from a flower - herself standing on a
 leaf that scarcely yielded to her fairy
 weight. Tattooed in black, red, yellow,
 and blue colours - Its very pretty -
 But as the opposite side of his chest is
 still bare Bill feels terribly lopsided,
 and will never feel quite satisfied
 until he gets another lady under his
 left arm. Such is the fearful force of
 that mental condition known as the
 "Tattooing fever" that once you begin
 you never rest until you are com-
 pletely covered with absurd designs.

In verification of this last statement
a new design now ornaments my
own breast bone. I wisely al-
lowed MacDonald to use cocaine -
and take my solemn oath that it
hurt not half so much as when a
bad barber shaves me with a dull razor.

Billy went to Paris with his father and
Mrs. Mister Monday 4th.

Alfred and I followed Friday 4th.

Kent was especially beautiful - sometimes
the poppies claimed a hillside showing
like a great splash of blood against
the surrounding green.

The hop-vines had begun to climb
their poles and the whole scene
was like a well kept garden - not
at all like a hustling western farm.
The channel was quite smooth and
I saw no one regretting their breakfasts.

Down Through Brittany also we noted how pretty the country looked. Here the absence of intersecting hedges gave a different character to the landscape. The small fields of different crops, side-by-side in long parallelograms gave a variegated coloring. Here too, in the oats fields the poppies seemed to occupy more than their share of ground and struggled for supremacy with the beautiful blue cornflower.

Hay was being harvested both in England and France, but I saw no sign of machinery - all done by hand and in small fields.

Leaving London at 9 am. We were at Calais Dover by 11 am and at Calais before 12.30 pm. The customs officers opened our bag - a porter attended to all luggage (which had been previously registered to Marseilles) and

we had half an hour for luncheon. Waiters, porters & guards all know sufficient English to help the uninitiated traveler and are very helpful and polite for a small fee.

We reached Paris (Gare du Nord) at 5⁰⁰ got out for a stroll about the station and a wash-up. Then (5/58) took the Ceinture train (Belt-line) for the Gare de Lyons (6.45⁰⁰) where we had a very poor and very badly served dinner. We were messing along about the Cheese Course when Bill came in. We had our coffee together and over the cigarettes traded news.

Got into the sleeper here and left at 8²⁵ PM. - very comfortable "Wagon au lit" but 46 francs for one night struck me as being a trifle expensive.

We had a compartment to ourselves by scheming with the "guard."

When we awoke the next morning we were at Arignon where the guard got us a cup of coffee. Then we ran on down through the valley of the Rhone. High hills to the East. Level valley between where vines and gardens alternated - now and then a small olive grove that grew more frequent as we went to the South. Now and then also we saw lines of junipers or of Lombardy poplars planted in hedges evidently as windbreakers to shelter the vines from the Alpine winds - The vines are usually about two feet high.

The houses down here are not picturesque as to architecture but the soft buffs and grays of the walls and reds of the tile roofs blend and harmonize with the hazy blue landscapes. The lines of pointed roofs - the well kept gardens and vineyards and the great

range of blue hills beyond made a pretty and characteristic scene.

Farther down towards the Mediterranean the railway runs through a more rugged, barren country - and olives alone seem to thrive - and they but here and there - the yellow rocks seem to thrust themselves forward leaving a fringe of green only where a bit of soil or a water course cling to the rocks. Then bursting through here and there the deep blue color of the sea - where an arm sent its channels far inland - If you chanced to cross a little valley you could see a tiny village of buff and red, a patch of green beyond again the barren rocks and a sweep of that exquisite blue of the sea. But what a blinding, dusty, hell-hot place it must be in August.

To get anything like a conception of the size and plan of Marseilles you must go up to the church - "Notre Dame de la Garde" which stands on a bare hilltop overlooking the city, the sea, and the neighboring hills. Down in the "Old Port" the small sailing vessels lie in banks along the quay.

Down by Joliette - the new basin, a great fleet of modern steamers - mostly Messageries Maritimes - are taking in or discharging their cargoes from all the world around.

This is the great port of France.

The streets are filled with people of all nationalities - arabs, Madagascarese(?)

Lascars, etc, and the people of Marseilles seem unlike other Frenchmen - they are usually dark, like Italians, they speak quite unlike a Parisian -

The women, plump and bareheaded through the streets quite like Napoléon. And soldiers and sailors are thick everywhere.

They drove us through a house into a courtyard which proved to be the "Hotel-de-Louvre-et-de-la-Paix". (We arrived at Marseilles ^{9am}) They gave us rooms at 5. frs. each. But when we settled our bills the price of the room proved no indication of the cost. We paid pretty liberally for our entertainment at this hotel with the long name.

Strolling forth from Tuile to Tuile we saw a little of the city - bought a few needed toilet articles for the journey and some Fauchet's Editions - as well as French books. We went into the Palais Crystal Saturday evening (7/1) where we heard some fearful singing by cast-off old singers and saw one of the best troupe of ring performers we ever saw in any land - Their german bandows. The Strong man was one of the most amusing characters on earth - He had a grand moustache and after a "stunt" he came forward for the au-

deuce to admire, looking for all the world like a boar with two curving black tusks with the air of a man who says "Ach Gott! but I look fine".

We strolled about the crowded streets, looking in at the sidewalk Cafes - and long after we had retired we could hear the singing, yelling and moving going on in the streets - I wonder if they ever go in doors even in bad weather -

Sunday July 2nd at 4.30 PM we left the docks on board the "Ernest Simon" bound for Colombo - a small passenger list - Half of us were English - speaking - This included Eng. Danish, Dutch and Americans - only one officer and not a single priest.

We ran down by the city, passed quite close to Chateau d'If - on its island in the bay and then skirted

along the coast. A wind squall came up and all the little sailing craft were scudding in towards the harbour and the half dozen men-of-war were lying fast to their anchors -

Soon "Notre Dame" was lost to view and Marseilles was but a memory -

I should have mentioned the fine big draft horses along the docks - Their pointed collars, big back-pads and harness making them look even larger than they really were - They are always driven tandem two to six or eight. Then by contrast the little donkey carts seemed so small but they frisked away so lively they invited no sympathy. Peaches and apricots were in season and were delicious. The peaches had one peculiarity, their skins came off as readily and as smoothly as a glove, clingstones and a bit acid.

From Marseilles to Port Said - our next stop -
 is 1573 miles. (London to P. Said 2396 miles)
 Fare from London to Colon to 1st Class - Ry.
 £5. steamery £48. Total £53. \$265. - Time
 from Marseilles to Colon to 17 days - distance
 from Marseilles to Colon to miles.

The entire Mediterranean trip was characterized by blue skies - audibly blue water, level seas that would not worry a rowboat, and a good breeze - sometimes following but always cool on deck.

You are in sight of land most of the time which breaks the monotony - we saw very few steamers considering the amount of commerce that exists.

Once we had a heavy ground swell but the port holes were never closed and table racks not even thought of - and the children played about the decks all day -

Monday (12) at 5.30 ^{am} we sighted Corsica and at 10^{am} we were in the Straits of St Bonifacio with Sardinia on our starboard. but we saw little to interest us on either island - a house - a light house and some miles of rocky headlands and then Corsica dropped astern as we steered S.E.

Tuesday 13th morning early we passed between Scylla and Charybdis - Keeping close to the Calabrian shore all the way down the Straits of Messina; but it is so narrow one can easily make out the towns and villages of Sicily. When we came opposite Taormina we changed our course and Aetna rose astern - snow capped but we saw no curl of smoke this time and we wondered if Vulcan's forges had died out. On the Italian side we could see plainly the little villages sprinkled in the green oases where the streams de bouches - all else was buff and gray rocks -

There was no mention of the "Fourth" -
 save among ourselves - but we kept
 it in dignified silence, just wondering
 how many tons of powder we were burn-
 ing at Rome to mark our noisy patriotism.
 Wednesday 75 - We came abreast the south
 coast of Certe about noon and ran
 along within a few miles of its shores all
 the afternoon - It too seemed bare, high
 rocky hills facing the South which grow
 lower to the Eastward - its so rugged
 and yellow and bare that it suggested
 the Coast of China below the Formosan
 Channel - or Cambodia - or any other
 very barren Coast - for at a distance,
 seen from a passing ship. Many lands
 have a very striking resemblance -
 like Corsica and Sardinia - Certe
 offered nothing of especial interest -
 But Sicily I had visited and she
 has Actua - which alone is a "wonder".

Mailed at
Port Said 7/7.

Friday 7th morning about dawn I was awakened by the noise of Coaling; and the quacking of ducks, Cackling of Chickens and noisy bawling of Arabs out in the Corridors. We got out on deck before six - A big lighter was tied on either side and Arabs were carrying coal aboard in baskets much after the manner employed at Nagasaki, Hongkong, etc. which I have before noted.

We were anchored in a narrow roadway - filled with ships - waiting their turn to enter the Canal - Coal up & to clear for ports to the Westward.

Near at hand was the Canal Cos big building with its four cupolas with pale blue tiles - looking not unlike a mosque. The jumbled mass of buildings beyond stretching along the water front was Port Said. There was nothing particularly characteristic or attractive about the place as seen from the ship.

nor did a closer inspection discover any
 thing to change the point of view.
 After a cup of coffee aboard we were
 rowed ashore. (Tariff for each, fixed, 3 d.)
 and were met at the landing by a
 self appointed cicerone - he however
 displayed a brass plate on his coat-
 cuff which nominated him "Dragoman
 No. 14." he conducted us to the P.O.
 then to a cigarette store where we
 got some very fine Egyptian cigarettes
 called "Lord Kitchner" for about 12 each.
 "Lord Kitchner" is the name they sug-
 ger with in Egypt just now - and they
 know about the "Soudan" down this far.
 A gray haired old donkey-boy hailed us
 "Have a ride on 'Lord Kitchner' indicating
 a fair sized - hungry looking donkey -
 "he's a first class donkey" - I've no
 doubt the insult was not intentional
 but Kitchner certainly was called an ass.

Port-Said catches the steam and flotam
of all nations - all the shops - the
people play to the traveler compelled
to halt here between the East & West.

Shops - Cafes, shops of tawdry goods
such as pith helmets - white and black
clothing and sun umbrellas - souvenirs
from the holy land - Cheap literature
and much that is forbidden in any
civilized land flaunts in the book shelves.
How the snare is set for the feet of too
willing jack-tar - Miss Cox could take
a lesson here, I am sure.

Resisting all entreaties to buy questionable
books, photographs, to hear the "Austrian
Band" play bum music or to visit resorts
like "Streets of Cairo" we got into a car-
riage and drove about the town -

Goats were being driven about to be
milked in front of the patrons door - into
old beer and wine bottles -

There were the high latticed windows - screen-
 ed with the carved wood, oriental screen -
 there were also the languid eyes of the
 fellow-women looking through the two
 inch space of their head covering and
 the by-boss-ring - the wedding-ring rest-
 ed on the bridge of the nose separating the
 same languid eyes - There was also
 the mosque with its minaret where
 "The blind muezzin calls the faithful
 unto prayer" But Oh! where was the
 poetry and romance my imagination -
 find by the poet's beautiful songs, had
 pictured - - frizzy eyes, filthy garments.
 Sordidness - in a word the absence of the
 laundry and the bath dissembled it all.
 I hear I am too fresh from the associa-
 tion with the members of the "Gay Club"
 to fall under the spell of what Du Mau-
 vier calls "the mysterious East". I do
 not believe I shall ever again be fooled.

We got a file of old (French) papers, issued at Alexandria giving dispatches up to July seventh and finding no news of serious portents felt relieved to date. We strolled about the streets looking at the people, markets, etc. and about 8 am. went off to the ship - for breakfast.

The fruits here are very poor. consist now - of plums, grapes, pears, melons and a thing that looks like an apple but which tastes like nothing and gives one the impression of eating a cross between silk plush and ordinary wind. I thought the Japanese apple pretty tasteless but this Egyptian apple is worthless.

We were a little shy of fruit because of the disease thought to be the "plague" now raging in Alexandria - (at least accounts they doubted its being plague and experts from Bombay had been

sent there to investigate the disease?
 Three Italians came off to the ship to
 make "sweet music". You know the sort.
 The average Neapolitan Contadina can
 make a fearful noise and yet it does
 pass for "Santa Lucia" or "Il Frattorelli".
 Violin, Mandolin, and guitar are all
 good instruments and when she gave
 a Latin version of "Whistling Coon"
 and "Mazurka" we applauded and also
 contributed. - There was an
 Arab juggler and his under study -
 very like the old fellow at Singapore.
 He did clever tricks - all due to his
 "Sleight of Hand" - pulled chickens from
 Bill's nose, etc. a rabbit, some eggs
 and two chicks keeping his show
 though he about finished one of the
 chickens by pulling coins from
 its unsisting bill - doubling it
 up in his pocket, etc.

The Suez canal is about 10 miles long - and has no locks. In some places even it has no dike or retaining masonry but is just a cutting thro' the sand. Consequently we must run slowly because the backwash destroys the banks, as it is constant dredging becomes necessary to keep the channel not deep enough. At some places it is not over sixty yards wide. at others it widens out into lakes. Mostly, you can look out across the desert where a low hill - some sage-bush or a shimmering mirage intercepts the view - rarely the deep cutting pile sand-banks as high as the Mastheads - Twice we hid up to the bank. (left side) while steamers passed us, one was a big Egyptian returning from Jeddah with pilgrims from Mecca - The dirty pilgrims and

their goods and cattle intermingled on the deck. A double line of buoys marks the Channel. There are signal stations at long intervals - frequent piles for mooring ships and a post for every Kilometer. and

The Arab boys run along the banks begging for pennies. Now and then a Caravan Camps by the side and the single-humped Dromedaries range out to hunt for fodder - You see at long intervals a small village of square flat topped, one-storied, adobe huts. Or an Egyptian soldier patrols along the bank. Matting with weapons as he bobs back and forward to the motion of his Camel. Once I saw a young Arab riding a small-horse - vainly trying to accustom his barb to the puffing monster that crept up the Canal after him -

Out in the laggons the White Herons stood in great crowds. a Tattler-Snipe flitted along the banks and swallows sat in quiet strings along the telegraph wires just as they do at home.

There was a following breeze and under the awnings it was hot - not fiercely hot as we have often found it, but our first touch of the Tropics made more unbearable by the glare of the hot prospect on either side.

After sundown however it grew cooler a port breeze and no glare made the deck very pleasant and we watched the search lights hunting for the buoys and noted the red and green lights stretching ahead in endless procession. At Imaulia 6-PM a Trader came out across the lake bringing us some passengers and a delay as the West bound ships filed past us into the

narrow Channel. One ship - an Italian -
 hung out the yellow flag of Contagion.
 She was at anchor for a quarantined
 ship can only pass the Canal by
 daylight - Anchoring. Stopping,
 pushing slowly on we came at 3-
 am to Suez but did not stop for
 a long time and when I awoke
 Saturday 7th morning we were in the
 narrow upper portion of the Red Sea -
 sand and rugged hills, even reaching
 to mountains of 10000 feet hemmed us
 in on either side. and a cool breeze
 came from the Coast of Arabia to less-
 en the fabled Terrors of this region.
 Blue water below, cloudless skies
 above and misty buff hills beyond
 makes a very pretty colour scheme.
 But it requires a strong imagination
 to consider this region a terror for
 itself alone. Its history, only, makes it so.



From Marseilles to P.
S. about 1575 miles.

The canal is
about 80 miles -

From Suez down to
Dzi bonti a matter of
about 1250 and from the latter

to Colombo. 2200 making a total
of approximately 5100 miles -

Schedule time calls for seventeen

days and the average runs are from 330
to 365 miles per days. In the Red Sea
they whoop it up a bit and besides, as
the course is near North and South, they
do not loose much time. Yet fifteen knots
is about what the Ernest Simon can do
easily. With her long narrow build and
sharp bows she looks as though she
could clip off 20 knots but I do not
believe it is in her. She has a single
funnel and two masts.

The first day in the Red Sea but ill prepared
 us for what was to follow. passing out of
 the narrow upper arm of this sea - called
 the Gulf of Suez. we lost our breeze -
 a following wind or one from the
 Arabian desert was of furnace temper-
 ature. Under the awnings it was
 fearful. and only between - decks was
 it at all comfortable. Here the
 Mothers and the children slept. on
 long - chairs; - benches and the decks.
 The most of the men and some of the
 women slept on the upper deck.
 About five o'clock they began washing decks
 and from the safe position on top of a
 hatch we used to watch them com-
 ing down the deck. Two rows. swinging
 their brooms. looking about - keeping time
 and looking for all the world like a
 chorus of sailors in a comic-opera.
 Their costumes, the men themselves

and. Their mock serious manner seemed so appropriate and Bill said he would not be at all surprised to hear them break out into chorus "We scrub the decks at five o'clock" &c.

The smallest man dragged the hose - the huge bearded Sandow sprinkled sand. And - unless the Mate was present not one did any work.

We were much obliged to them for it furnished us some amusement after a sweltering sleepless night. as we sat up cross-legged on our beds, smoking a cigarette waiting for our coffee. Each man's face would be pasty white. His unshaven beard would show very cadaverous. his eyes would be sunken and his nostrils pinched - while his hair hung matted to his perspiring forehead. After a bath - a cup of coffee we came on deck again and

nearly all traces of fatigue would be gone. It was not that the heat was so terrific - Mr had a heat worse time in the Typhoon in 1897. but just now we are not accustomed to the heat and are going through the process of acclimatization.

Curiously enough two of our party have suddenly developed intestinal trouble which I here record that I may some day try to find out why heat and that disease should be so intimately associated. Both Blad and Milton sleep in flannels and Brises the "Kummerband". But the children afforded a pitiful sight when they were brought on deck in the early morning - looking half dead, in a heavy drowse, dripping with perspiration and wrapped in towels to take up the surplus moisture. They never whimpered those three days.

After leaving the Gulf of Suez we saw the land at intervals only. now and then a headland or an island.

The sea in the upper part is the same deep blue seen in the Mediterranean but down towards Brinn it is light green. at many places we saw the so called "Whale Spout" so often seen in the lower China Sea. We noticed also that the jelly fish had an amethystic hue as they lunched along through the blue waters. One flying fish that came aboard was chest-blot on its back but most of them are silvery. In the light green waters I could see the fish darting to and fro looking quite an electric blue. and once leaning over side I saw two big sea-turtles swimming along below the surface. At Port Said within one hundred yards of our ship the porpoises were playing by the hr.

not in the least disturbed by the Traffic.
 The M. M. Steamer "Tanguin" passed us
 going homeward. We saw many
 small steam craft and an occasional
 sailing boat but we sighted no towns,
 not even Jeddah - the port for Mecca.
 Mt. Sinai is not visible because of inter-
 vening hills and mountains.

All the way down both coasts
 as far as we could see were very
 rugged, often cliffs down to the sea or else
 sand beaches stretching back to the yellow
 mountains. We passed through the
 Bahari Jungar islands (M.) rugged, bare, sandy
 or rocky. Then ran down to the Bab-el-
 Mandeb straits where Perim - the low lying
 island fortified by the British - guards
 this entrance to the Red Sea.

Passing through the straits we curved
 around to the Southward and in the
 evening came to anchor off the coast

of Africa where the French have estab-
 lished the port of Djibouti - as a coal-
 ing port and also to open up a Trade
 with Hamar people in lower Abyssin-
 ia. Steamers from China, Madagascar,
 and Australia - of this M. M. line, stop
 here. They have a Military Governor and
 keep a small gunboat lying at anchor.
 An open quadrangle is surrounded
 by two storied flat-roofed glaring
 white buildings. They claim 2500
 population. They have built a jetty
 a quarter of a mile out in the sea and
 ships anchor half a mile beyond this -
 On the whole it was a sordid place.
 Portuguese and Indian or Arab Traders -
 a few stores or hotels and the side-
 walk-Cafe, inseparable from Frenchmen.
 Wherever they may go - A Tall
 Arab in uniform. Carrying a whip to
 look out at the "small boys" as police -

There is a Reuters agency here but the late telegrams all dealt with the Transvaal question in which we have no interest. After dinner (7th) We all got into the long, red white and blue, row-boats and were rowed ashore by three arabs - several small boys who spoke english or french acting as interpreters & guides. One - who said his name was Ali - but generally called John Ferguson of Glasgow - an Aden born arab - was fluent in English and knew some french. He appointed himself our guide. Told us at once that we came from New York (God only knows how he could distinguish our nationalities by sight alone.) We were landed at the end of the jetty for 1 franc each. Then walked along in the twilight - into the town - all the other passengers were there sitting at the Cafe-Tables surrounded by a

Crowd of men and boys trying to sell
 Trick-eggs and feathers. Postage-
 Stamps, sea-shells Etc.

Blad and I each picked up a Somali
 rawhide-shield but nothing else.

It was not exciting, not even cool but
 as the ship was coaling all had gone
 ashore to avoid the coal-dust.

Living of the burn-drinks and the in-
 portunities of the fakirs, and also of
 the solitary policeman scattering the
 squads of boys that would collect.

8 of us started for the ship.

We got into the long-boat near the Govern-
 or's-house. The boatmen began to
 sing - one man lining out, the others
 in the chorus. Arab songs - changing
 occasionally to tunes more famil-
 iar like Daisy Bell and Tora
 Boom Day. Or a french song
 from the Cafe chantants.

It was a perfect night. not oppressively hot, yet the water was brilliantly phosphorescent. Each stroke of the paddle made a widening circle of green-white light and where the fish darted here and there left a streak of light to mark their course - ; low down in the west a new moon was just sinking behind the hills - Off to the south the heat lightning was flashing - overhead the stars were brilliant as could be. The "Great Bear" and the "Southern Cross" hung about equal distance above the horizon. Before us the cluster of lights that marked our ship's position and behind us lay the lights of the Town - and the boatmen kept up their rowing and their singing as we glided across this luminous oily bay. We climbed aboard. put our beds on deck and turned in for a few hours sleep.

July 12.th As the sun came up we steamed away from Djibouti. The "skipjacks" were beating and the gulls were hovering over them - to the West the hills were still shrouded in mist while the low flat lands to the South were broken here and there by a rounded hump - sharp silhouetted against the sky. A sharp breeze came up the channel. Just as we were about to leave a strong breeze, almost half a gale before the day was done.

The North-West monsoon at this season is a stiffish sort of wind and the crew took down the awnings and prepared as though for rough weather. Most of the women and some of the men retired to their cabins and all hands found it cool enough to sleep below.

Once out beyond the rugged headlands of Cape Gardafui the wind and sea were quite Atlantic and there was much nausea to be endured.

As none of us were seasick we had the deck and smoking-room pretty much to ourselves. I read "St. Ives", "The God in the Car." Two volumes of Bret Harte's Short Stories, and "Herbert of Barmisdale". I also got into a small game of poker with Hine, Blad, Willis, Wilton and our three - six usually playing. Alfred and I being the heaviest winners to date on a 2¢ anti game. Lots of fun - especially when James and Hine were losing - and too small a game to hurt anyone -

It was amusing to see the different characters unfold - slowly and half reluctantly on the part of some - frankly, on the part of the others - Valdemar Blad - broker - of Yokohama - Hine the silk-merchant of Canton - Willis and Wilton, of the Chinese Consular (Eng.) service - Mrs. Willis (Violet Armstrong) of E. S. Willards Company, who announced she to go to China -

Mr and Mrs Stenger. He a Doctor of Science
 Botany going out to Benitengong. She a
 very colored Javanese-born dutchwoman
 possessed of boundless energy and often
 playing like a child. There was
 also a tea and coffee planter from near
 Parok-Java - Mr. Borden - all Dutch.
 Colonists seem to speak English.
 The wind abated after the second day
 the third and fourth it dropped down
 to a tropical sea again, where the
 silvery flying fish rose in covers -
 perfect swarms of them - constantly
 skipping out and in the sea.

It grew warmer and Jagani took to
 the deck to sleep - Then we passed
 the low wooded island of Minitoi - a
 long reef with fine breakers on the West -
 a lone light house on the South - no in-
 habitants, save the lightkeeper - (7/17)
 and the same evening we had our first squall.

About 5^{PM}. July 18." Throwing up the mud,
backing and filling, we got inside the
breakwater at Colombo. Tied four and
aft to buoys, ranged in a row along-
side the craft of all kinds that felled
the harbour. Behind us was a Ger-
man "Man of war" then alongside
the next three ships were Eng-Japan
Rusky. Its a great "port of call".

As you come in from the sea - you
can see the long breakwater, where
in the monsoon, the waves break
high, even now the spray was flying.
The little lighthouse on the end of the
mole is conspicuous - the low shores
are lined with cocoanut trees and
save for a few of the more prominent
business houses & churches you
would never suspect a city lay hidden
in the great mass of verdure that
limits every view.

Colombo
July 20.

We took rooms out at The Pall Mall Hotel. where it was cool - and the swimming tank offered additional inducements - Here we remained until Sunday morning 7/23, when we departed for Kandy. The "natural order" will here be abandoned and what I may have to say about Colombo can come later on.

It was our intention to try and see some of the Veddahs and to this end we hired a Cingalese guide, adviser, philosopher, friend and, as usual with such, I suspect a genuine fraud. He had some warm letters from Lord Lansdale, etc. and, as we had no choice, hired him. He got sixty-rupees in advance to buy provisions - we left this department to him. I wish I could follow and understand his mental processes as he works out his own percentage in the purchase of tin-buf. soup, butter, etc.

The Veddahs are reported to live near a place called Bintenne - Bibile is the nearest place on the map. We thought we would go to Kandy, then leaving our baggage behind cut across S.E. towards Bibile thereby saving the long detour to Badulla.

The guide didn't seem to know much of anything about how or where so we chased a good deal of false information and grew perished over it.

Sunday Apr. 7 o'clock we left Colombo. The railway lay through coconut groves, villages, rice-fields and swamps for a long way. White herons, pink lotus, and water lilies, water-buffaloes and all-but-naked-coolies, were features of the landscape. Every kind of palm seems to flourish and bamboo grows to gigantic size. While banana was grown on every available land.

The way the Terraced rice-fields lie in the flat spaces between the hills suggests Japan. While the Tropic verdure, the rugged green hills and mountains recall Java. and yet over it all there is something characteristic - Cingalese -

The rice fields were in all stages, from the fallow field with broken dike - to the ripening harvest - here the nude farmers held by one hand to the primitive wooden plow, directing the yoke of buffaloes with the other, as they fouged and scratched the inundated soil. There the bright emerald green lay in solid patchwork. ~~Of~~ a growing crop. They do not grow enough for home consumption importing from India + Burmah. For fifty miles the railway runs through the low country, rising but 300 feet, while in the next twelve miles it rises 1400 ft.

At half after five o'clock this morning we
 threw open our windows letting in
 the sea-breeze all but chilly. The
 moon was setting in-to sea thro-
 the coconut fronds and it was so
 cool and pleasant it seemed impos-
 sible that we should encounter such
 heat as filled the car when we stopped
 at the stations in the lowlands.

I instance two to give you an idea of
 the way they are spelled. The pronunci-
 ation may be a mile off for they drop
 any number of syllables. Henetatzoda.
 Akkepussa, Palghawala, etc.)

But when we began the ascent the
 views widened and a fresh breeze
 blew across the flower laden country
 tempering the heat. Through rifts in the
 hills we saw more distant ranges. or
 a rugged promontory, or solitary peak
 half hidden in mists or clouds.

crawling, creeping, hanging on the side of
 the hills. Creaking and moaning and,
 when brought up against an obstruction,
 tumbling or cutting a way. Here run-
 ning under the shadow of the great rock
 mass; from which the Kandyans Kings
 are said to have hurled to their final
 end their enemies - or out along
 a precipice, where twelve hundred feet
 below in a wide, well-tilled valley, a
 silver thread marked the course of a
 stream, or a cluster of palms looked
 like small tree ferns - In one place
 down this same distance the land
 declined more gradually and every
 foot of the way was a succession of
 terraced, terraced rice-fields. On the ris-
 ing ground beyond, a bold prom-
 entory stood out like a Rhine-castle;
 while the horizon was outlined by the
 distant and rugged mountain chain.

Kandy, was at one time the Capital of Ceylon but is now a small town (22,000) used and maintained for two purposes.

By the Eng- residents as a health resort being about fifteen degrees cooler than at the Coast. By the Natives as a place where they can once more skin the tourist and incidentally a place of pilgrimage since in the Malagawa Temple - (that is, the ivory substitute that Mikrama Bahu made after Don Constantina de Braganza had burned the so called original.) rests a tooth of Buddha. Shown but once a year.

This temple is of no importance as an architectural display. But along its front runs a moat filled with "Sacred fish", and a heavy wall of peculiar pattern; which also surrounds the other buildings and acts as a seawall for the lake.



The buildings - formerly part of the palace - which lie behind and higher on the hillside - are now occupied by the governors agent. Mr. Bailey. Entering by the Shaded Vraundah you enter a long gallery divided into rooms joining end to end.

On the white washed walls in relief are figures of men and animals - remnants of old decoration that seem peculiar in a drawing room. The gardens swarm with flowers and this old remnant of an idolatrous (?)

Mission makes a fine bungalow. There is a tiny lake between the town and the opposite height - with a wooded island and a driveway all about. There are shaded avenues and beautiful drives - mission schools temples and churches and the one stolid buildings of the town

itself, branched in streets that are laid out at right angles, but which finally trail out into one that leads North towards the river.

The native shops are small and of not much importance. some silver-work, more brass-work. and betel-nut sold every where - shops and street corners alike.

Near by the river we found a couple of elephants - one a big old fellow, already a resident of Kandy for 20 yrs. The mahout could make him do anything by simply talking to him. They were taken down to the river, and he made the big one squirt water thro' his trunk at the rider of the small one. also splash him with his feet. They were ranging around loose and he began bending down a big bamboo in order to get at the leaves; when it cracked the mahout

gilled at him, instantly he was more careful. stripped the leaves and left the stem unbroken.

The little one was about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yrs old. Still hairy - and only six months in captivity, yet he was not only docile but as obedient as a dog. He came up to our group - the children teasing him; and though at times stubborn, he always obeyed - as we left both were told to Salaam and they got down on their knees.

It's a shame for anyone to shoot such magnificent animals - just as well shoot a horse. August fifteenth there is to be a "Kraal" of wild elephants and they use these tame ones to capture the wild ones.

These tamed elephants are used for heavy work and hire out for about ten rupees per day.

A word in passing as to these merchants which will apply here as well as in Colombo and, I doubt not, in India. Whether they be Madras, Bombay, or Cingalese they are all Jews and grand liars. Dealers in Stones, Jewellery, silver and brass-ware or in Indian cloths and umbrellas. They are perfect swindlers.

As you go along the street they "tout", "Come in my shop", "I show you something", once in you must "Take a seat" for unless you are anchored he fears you will bolt.

Stones that will not sell in Europe and America are set because workmanship is here cheap and also inferior - Stones, too poor to be cut in Amsterdam, are cut here and can be bought by the stone or in quantities for two to three shillings per Karat. You can get off

colored and flawed stones - rubies, Sapphires, Tourmalines, beryls, alexandrites, etc. for a mere song - But good stones are still high and we have seen very few good "Catseyes". Sapphires seen better and more plentiful -

For seven years the pearl fisheries have not yielded any return so that pearls from Ceylon are scarce -

At Pradeniya - four miles from Kandy are two Sehenswürdig sights -

A big tea-plantation with factory for drying rolling and sifting the leaves - sending out four grades of tea - No. 1. being worth about R.I. per lb. = 32%.

The other sight, and a really good one, is the Royal Botanic Gardens.

similar to but inferior to the one at Buitenzorg in Java.

This garden is not for show but is economic - all the valuable trees

and plants of the Tropical world are here grown and studied to see which are best adapted to the climate of Ceylon. Take the rubber industry - I saw the para rubber of Brazil - and another south american species - *Ficus-Elastica* - of Borneo and Malaya. and innumerable varieties of *Caoutchouc*. Species from the Moluccas. *Coccoloba*, from the Seychelles. *Sarsapilla* and *Vanilla* from Cent. America. *Cinchona* and *Cocaine* from Peru. Tea, Coffee & Cacao all introduced, the latter two become a great industry - while coffee has failed owing to a fungus that attacks the leaves. Orchids, flowering shrubs and flowering creepers flourish here. Especially the *Thunbergia*, *Frangipani*, *Pearla*, *Laetia*, *Sensitiv*, *Mimosa*, and many flowering trees -

There are one hundred and fifty acres on a peninsula which is formed by a bend of the Mahabuli-Tunga river. Laid out in fine avenues and drive-ways and pretty shaded walks.

Landscape gardening has not been neglected and the giant clusters of bamboo, palm and jungle tangles have been artistically arranged.

There are many beautiful drives about Kaudy. The rugged nature of the country lends itself to picturesque views. While bowling along a hard road in the valley the nearby landscape is clothed in myriads of ferns, flowers, creepers and palms or when clearings have been made are Ka or co-cas gardens or tiny ricefields - here too the native builds his hut and the nearby bazaar - children and men, dogs, bullocks and carts fill the

roadway or squat on the banks at the side. But when you have zigzagged up to the top of a hill you get a wider and nobler range of vision.

Wide valleys where the culture is often obscured by the luxuriance of the growth - a tiny stream, like a silver thread - the red roofs of the villages - and deep green of the jungles while the scene is backed by the dark shadowed mountains whose jagged peaks serrate the horizon of the far away horizon.

Off there the tea-gardens have not reached their growth and the red soil shows between the long lines of bushes.

Down by the river a clump of coconuts and trees look like well worn feather-busters, handle-downward; while over the side of the roadway creep, coarse grass, fern, and tree form an impenetrable mass.

One evening before six o'clock I climbed up to the 'Stone Bench' on the point of the opposite (Cannon) hill.

The sun hung low over the western hills, throwing long reflections from the mirror-surface of the lake at my feet. The smoke from the evening cooking fires hung like a haze over the town behind the lake - and the long single street that leads out towards the river, pointed like an index to the "Knuckles," whose irregular peaks form the sky-line to the North.

Here and there above the nearby foothills a rugged peak showed as a sombre blue cloud - and through a notch in the Eastern hills a stretch of valley could be seen backed by another massive range of mountains. As the sun sank behind the hills a hush fell over the town save for

the rattle of an occasional passing cart, the cry of the children at play, or the sleepy forecalls of the birds.

When the vesper bells had ceased the temple gongs took their turn but all softened and made musical as they floated across the water, and up the wooded hill.

The twilight deepened and as the sun properly set the "evening breeze" came creeping across the hills, rustling the ferns and tall grass, whispering among the leaves. and the blues of the distant mountains deepened to sombre gray. Then came the "after-glow", tinting the East a rosy flush, changing the peaks to amethyst and purple clouds, suffusing the whole scene with a momentary light before night settled down and as the stars came out the lights began to twinkle in the

town below. The bats flapped along overhead in search of their evening meal and then I also went in search of mine.

One is apt to overlook the Malagawa temple if he is not warned, for on the outside there is nothing to see. In the courtyard the pavement needs repairing and contrasts very unfavorably with the old Audience Hall of the Kings - now used as a Court-room. The new Court rooms the Croquet ground and the Govt Bungalow all bespeak care. The temple lacks care yet inside this whitewashed structure is the ivory imitation of the tooth of Gotama. Covered and protected by seven bell shaped cases of silver and gold and set about with precious stones, the whole computed at eighty lakhs of

of rupees (800.000) (or \$270.000 at the present rate of exchange). The ruby that crowns the gold bell inside is computed by local jewelers at twenty thousand rupees. Most of this wealth was presented by Burman Buddhists and pilgrims from that country are constantly passing to and fro - in fact kneeling before this shrine as we entered were four Shaven-headed Burmese women dressed in the white pilgrims robes murmuring prayers and offering lots of flowers to the shrine of the tooth. All inside this temple the odour of fragapani greets you and great piles lie withering before the two important shrines - the one of the "seven bells" and of the "Crystal image" alongside is a cash box where lie the coppers of the believers and the silver of the non-believer.

The "veneration of relics" seems a pretty strong principle in all human nature. But one sees the "blind variety" well typified in the adoration shown to this spurious tooth of Gautama -

In the narrow passage a guard throws open the heavy doors. The fragrance of flowers withering before the shrine fills out. The torches flicker and in the half light you see the shimmer of gold and the sparkle of jewels. Through a glass screen the bell-shaped "dagoba" is seen hung with strings of beads & pendants set with rubies, pearls and other stones. A King's ransom kept in this dirty, gloomy miserable building. All this while the gongs are beating to call the faithful for the evening service. But the Buddhists are not the only ones who worship the symbol.

In the hexagonal tower the shaven-headed yellow robed priests keep the "library". The sacred books of this faith, written with a stylus on the leaves of the talipot palm - stacked up like a pack of cards. bound like a fan and held together or secured by a cord passing through a hole in each. Some of these bindings have gold, silver or ivory or even jewels set in metals. The gallery outside the library looks off across the lake - near by at the other side of the road is the Town library, formerly the King's bath-house - a bit farther in the lake is the island once the site of the harum. While directly in front one can look down upon the roadway along which passed the people. Processions and most of the life of ancient Kandy and here the Kings used to sit & watch.

The Viddahs. live in the forests in the Binterme district. The village viddahs having more fixed and certain houses. Building shanties, the rock-viddahs living in caves and under shelter of overhanging rocks are purely nomadic and live by the chase.

The village v-s. are thus almost pure vegetarians save when they can get some meat or carion. Compulsory vegetarians - not for any foolish reasons. While the rock v-s. mix their diet with honey nuts and fruit.

From Nandy almost due East is 44 miles to Binterme - 28 of this distance open road - the remaining 16 only for foot-passengers. all of it through a mountainous country. hard going but superb scenery. Government bungalows and resthouses at convenient intervals and ferries or bridges for all streams.

Pins - the before mentioned servant - had his supplies from Columbus - got a cook in Kandy - locked horns with Mrs. Raden, the Queen of the Queen's Hotel - over the quantity of mutton, ice, bread, &c. she thought it necessary for us - tenderfoot - to take along - We tried to keep him out but, being only men, she had her way - and an extra big bull-cart was required to take all the things Mrs. Raden was sure we could not possibly do without since we were so unaccustomed to the jungle and the tropics.

Tuesday 6 A.M. Pins, cook, five cwt. of ice, one whole carcass of mutton, a few necessary tris, bottles, bedding, &c. and a Noah's ark drawn by two bulls got away and placed right by the lake-side - (She's a Holy Terror)
Pins was to push through 28 miles to

Madagoda rest-house and have a meal ready for us when we arrived next day. Also to have Coolies ready to carry our supplies on the next stage.

A Bull-cart moves slowly. (He said he was 8 hours climbing from near Urgula to Mugatruwa-pass - 4 miles.) and Piri got to his destination two hours ahead of us who left 24 hours after him. He also hauled by night. The thing we positively refused to take, despite Mrs. Rade's warm recommendation, was the curly-headed Jitko she sent to take care of us and see that we didn't get lost in the great jungles of Ceylon. Jitko was the "last-straw" and he went away from us with a "pam in his hopes." We may have misjudged the lady in question but we were mean enough to think she had her eye to the dollar throughout the transaction.

Wednesday, 7th 26 at 7.30 AM. Left Kandy in
 a Camplatt. Two Australian-horses and
 two tubained drivers of some horse-carts
 and our personal baggage and lunch-
 basket piled upon the seat in front.
 The road, as far as Teldenia, runs thro.
 cultivated, populous country - The hard
 well-paved road - usually arched over by
 trees - runs through groves of Cocoa-
 nut, Cacao and Coffee most of the way.
 We crossed the Mahawili-ganga on a pon-
 toon-ferry; - Two hollow - dugouts. bridged
 across with planks and poled across
 to the other side in the slow-water
 below a sand-bar; - price one rupee.
 We had to pay toll three times, at each
 place the native who came out for
 the one rupee. carried his badge in
 his hand. the badge consisting of
 a broad sash with brass-plate
 passes over one shoulder and under the
 other.

The fifteen miles were passed in a little more than two hours. At the Tildeniya resthouse a big fat Cingalese woman and two boys looked after our comfort. laid the luncheon, made Tea, &c. we loafed about the verandah and read the old news and illustrated papers, left by former occupants.

These "resthouses" and "government-Bungalows" are scattered all the way from Point de Galle, in Ceylon, up to Casimere. Usually provided with bed, table, chairs, and bath room; they sometimes have cracker & glass & soda water, and almost always are in charge of a keeper who collects a small Tariff which you must enter in the register. thereby checking extortion and preventing theft. Some are very complete, as at Tildeniya, others are but roofs and walls for shelter purposes.

In this register one also finds a great miscellany of comments, recommendations or complaints, depending upon the temper of the traveler; but one thing strikes us very frequently and that is the Englishman's satisfaction at putting his grievances in writing. He writes a letter - to the "Times"; or his own local paper, or in the Posthouse register; airs his disapprobation, signs his own name; or more often a *nom de plume* - "One who knows" or "One who has suffered" and never gives it another thought - for by this letter he has called the attention of "the authorities", or "the people", or "the government" to the "nuisance", or the "neglect"; he has done his duty as a public spirited man, now let some one else do the rest. i.e. "mend the roof," "repair the road" &c. and he retires once more into self satisfaction -

This bungalow faced the river. The garden
 was filled with shrubbery and flowers. Cycas,
 dracarna, hybiscus, crotons, bananas,
 guavas, etc.; but inside the house art
 had not done so much as nature had
 without. Old prints of the royal family,
 Joan of Arc, Queen Marguerita of Italy.
 (For a great many Cingalese are Roman
 Catholics, and Joan and Queen Marg-
 are pretty constant.) and cheap german
 prints in which the man and the maid
 dawdle along through highly colored
 valleys over shadowed by glistening peaks.
 We left Teldeniya at noon continuing
 Eastward along good roads but now
 across a much less cultivated country.
 A few patches of tobacco - a few tra-
 gardens and rice in valleys, or on
 the mountain slopes near villages,
 or where irrigation was easy or prac-
 ticable because of tiny streams.

In the valleys not occupied by fields were a few trees - sometimes a Mountain-side this possessed a piece of woodland but mostly this was a Treeless region, coarse grass and lautana covering the red soil and rocks making the general aspect not unlike Hawaii. There was some splendid scenery when a turn of the road would put the river in the foreground - a cultivated, terraced mountain side or a village in the middle distance and a fine rugged peak or mountain range for a background - All along the roadside were the abandoned dwellings sometimes as much as four and five feet high - usually surmounted by a lizard sitting up as upright and stiff as a piece of bronze but changing his colours to suit the complexion of the soil or rock, for he is a Chameleon and often fourteen inches long.

The natives say that Cobras live in these
 outcrops and Bill always struck at
 them, when we were waiting, and
 challenged the Cobra. "Come out Nag"
 I only wish one had appeared just to
 have noted the look of surprise. But
 we saw none. only the lizards.
 The way to Urgula is slightly uphill.
 But we came there. The six miles in
 an hour and few minutes - as we
 were passing through the very pret-
 ty village a native ran out to give us
 a note from Piris - and we went on
 just having time to note the native schools
 and stations resthouses. The set in
 shaded places, and the cluttered bazaar
 lining along the curving road as it
 wound up the mountain side.
 When Piris left us it was not certain
 whether the carriage could go beyond
 this point or if there was a rest house at
 Madagoda.

Sits
 we pass the Urugala Buckft
 will be ready at- Inadagoda
 Rest House -

yours obt- dat
 H. A. Peris

26 July 199

oppos

But the above copy of his note explains
 why we did not halt at Urugala -
 The road zigzags like a Swiss Military
 road all the way up to the top of the
 Pass at Nugatrua and it often looked
 as though the horses would fag out.
 The opposite mountain was terraced
 almost to its summit and way below
 us Urugala was looking out through
 its palms. The higher up we went
 opened wider views and curving
 around the spurs opened new bits
 of scenery. One can never expect
 to see finer Tropical mountain scenery.

Just beyond the pass - at Nuyatima. The
well traveled road turned North - but
the East road had been well made -
but seldom used - it was grass -

grown and in a few places wash-
ed out, but the bridges were all good.
7 1/2 miles beyond Urigula we came
to another pass and the Rest House, of
Madocoda - Pina, Bull-port and Breakfast.
We had come very slowly, the last stage
and it was three thirty PM -

From this pass the views North and South
were very picturesque; a deep valley, part-
ly wooded, partly cultivated stretched
down on either hand limited on the
sky-line by the rugged mountains.

Directly westward rose a craggy peak
while to the East the ground rose
more gently - covered with shrubbery
and open grass places and for
away up the slope the grazing cattle

were silhouetted against the sky.

In the evening the sun dipped below our horizon long before the after glow announced its setting. I climbed far up the grassy slope and saw the night settle down in the valleys then creep upward to the peaks.

The birds were twittering in the wooded ravines, the wind blew strong through this gap and far below here and there a light tinkled among the coconut trees. The jackals were barking in the lantana thickets and the zebras - coming up for the evening pasturage called each other in short gulping-barks - unlike any cattle-call I had ever heard.

The night settled down cold and windy; we fastened doors and windows and slept under blankets, which were none too warm.

We were up at five AM. ^{7/27} That brilliant
 starlight and Onon was lying on his
 side. By the time we had eaten break-
 fast the sun was tipping the peaks.
 The coolies came in slowly - more of
 them and by the time they were loaded
 and we got away the sun was well up.
 It was near seven o'clock when the
 procession swung out along the trail
 running south from the Rest House - along
 the Mountain side. Two miles on our
 way we came to the village, where the
 headman and a deputation of villagers
 met us - giving us a letter to the head
 man (his brother) at Bintenne, a pack-
 age of Cardamum seeds and the glad-
 hand at parting. The village hung
 to the mountain side on the left of
 our trail while below the terraced
 rice fields filled the valley -
 From below the village our general

course was Eastward though we ran a very crooked one skirting the heads of ravines or climbing up the mountain sides to the passes.

One boy with his burden (Our tiffin basket filled with food and water) on his head kept pace with us - the others - more heavily laden fell gradually behind under charge of Peris and the Cook.

These coolies or village people are accustomed to carry burdens on their head usually thirty-five pounds is considered a load though some of our men must have carried nearer forty. It is not half so good a scheme as the carrying basket of Borneo - tho' there is not much danger of accident from falling to apprehend. If a "small boy" has an empty sack to carry he piles it on his head

and goes balancing along - a fine
 carriage results from this custom.
 About two and a half hours after starting
 from Madagoda. We stopped by a
 brook and eat our breakfast. The
 coolies catching up to us before we again
 set out. Then we soon afterwards came
 to the "Galle-pada-hutpass" or the "Path of the
 thousand steps" - one of the almost im-
 pregnable roads to landy from the
 East Coast. From a rock at the sum-
 mit you have a famous view.
 The mountain chain ceases abruptly
 and the flatlands or "Buiteni" cov-
 ered with forest here begins. Now
 and then a brown or green patch
 marks a clearing for a rice field
 and a distant sheet of water shows
 where the artificial lakes or "Jant's"
 have been constructed for irri-
 gation purposes centuries ago.

In the middle distance the straight line of shading among the trees marks the course of the Madawiligaung as it flows due north. At our feet the cliff falls away abruptly over rocks and boulders and a path goes down from stone to stone like stair steps until lost in the woods below. a zigzag trail has been cut down this side but foot passengers will ever prefer the steeper but shorter route. pack animals however must make the detour. The forest had here been burned away and for half an hour we scrambled down across these slippery stones under the noonday heat! hotter than a stove-room and quite as fatiguing - this first walk, after so long a rest, under such trying circumstances and heat, was a bit tough.

We kept on for an hour - rested a short
 spell then on again. soon passing
 into the forest belt again where it
 was shady and after passing a
 small village and some more
 rice fields we had good roads
 again. We hurried along this
 gentle decline and out across the
 flat until we came to the river
 and a rest house at Waragautotta.
 We were all pretty well fagged. Some of
 us had bruised feet and blisters,
 all were thirsty and very hot.
 The head-man of the village was
 hurriedly summoned. Came so hur-
 riedly that he had to tie a tack
 in the tail of his shirt - before
 we left he had connected this trif-
 ling detail and added a coat and
 deer-stalker cap. I should not
 allude to his costume in such a

friendly manner for he was all
 kindness - despite the fact we had
 no interpreter and knew no word
 of Cingalese he gave us to understand
 that we were welcome - gathered us
 fruit which we devoured for its juice
 and smoked with us the social cigarette.
 It was half after twelve when we
 arrived; Pinnis alias "Tippu Tib" and
 the baggage-train came up over
 half an hour late - We pulled
 a few corks, then crossed the Maha-
 wali-ganga on the pontoon-ferry.
 to the village on the other side.
 Alutnuwera is a much larger town
 and the "Government Bungalow" is far
 better than the Rest House at N.
 So we "resorted thither."
 From Madagoda to Maragantotta is
 sixteen miles - which we accom-
 plished in five and a half hours.

Alutnuwera is the remnant of a city
 dating from before the Christian era.
 The huge dagoba of bricks - partly in
 ruins - which now stands to one side
 of the village street was erected sometime
 or three hundred years before Christ.
 It is but one of many abandoned
 cities in Ceylon. In many places the
 ruins lie scattered around through the
 jungle - unclaimed, uncared for.

There are also a great many ruins of
 "tanks", or artificial reservoirs, where the
 water was stored for the purpose of
 irrigating the rice fields. In many
 places the British govt. has restored
 the dikes and the culture of the fields
 has been reestablished.

At the restored Tank, 'Norra-tora',
 live the village-veddahs, some six
 miles from this resthouse. But the
 rock-veddahs live far afield.

The Headman sent two villagers to us who knew the language and the haunts of the rock-vaddas. They said they could not be found inside of thirty-six miles and required at least thirty-six hours to bring them in.

At three o'clock of the day of our arrival these two men set out into the Buitume forests to search for these savages. The second day afterwards at noon they returned with five men.

But in the mean time we had spent the first afternoon resting from the fatigue of the tramp. The next morning at 7⁴⁵ am. we set out for the Tank. 728/49.

For a couple of miles along shady roads, then across a wide stretch of dry rice fields to a village where we found two structures still standing in front of the village, which had been used the night before in the annual

so-called, "devil dance".

Once a year at certain (but to us unknown periods.) Fairs of the moon or crops: they erect these altars from the white leafstalks of the plantain; palm and pineapple being also employed: here they place offerings of food - rice and fruit - for the devils - "Spirits" is a better name but the Christian name for all spirits. But their own "heavenly host" is naturally "devils" - This is an annual offering to the evil spirits or spirit of disease and death to keep them from visiting their wrath upon this village. The headman of this village said they had danced all last night - from sundown until sunrise - and the ashes of the fires. The offerings of foods were still untouched - while the villagers seemed a little sleepy -.

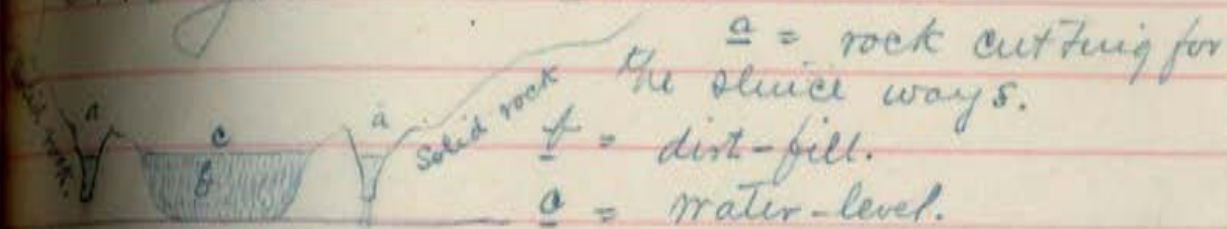
The idea prevails throughout Ceylon that the village-vuddahs are so very unlike the rock-vuddahs. In fact at this village the headman told us it was not worth while to go on the four miles to the upper end of the Bank to see the vuddahs because they were just like Cingalese. The only difference between the two races was the fact that the Viddahs hunted for game - he was so sure on this point that I put it to him the other way about. "If he hunted would he become a vuddah?" Why any one can consider a "vuddah" a "Cingalese camping out" I can't comprehend. When he looked at it from the other point of view he said there was a difference and as we were not to be dissuaded from seeing these people we proceeded on our journey -

We followed the Canal which conducts the water from the Tank to these now-fallow rice-fields - following along the hill on one side on the other we soon came to the growing crops of young rice - on one side jungle, on the other perfect gardening -

A stream between two ranges of hills had been dammed by the last Kandyan King - about a century ago.

The dike is perhaps two to three hundred yards long sixty feet high - very broad at the base and thirty or more feet broad at the top. huge forest trees grow on top the embankment. The lake thus formed lies in the hollow of the hills half a mile or more in width, four or five miles or more in length - ducks, cormorants and divers swim on the surface. Crocodiles in plenty

Themselves on the rocks - Elephant, deer, buffalo, panther and war raint the forests near at hand, while lotus and lily creep out in profusion far beyond the shore line.



The natives very wisely made great cuttings in the rocks on either side for their sluice ways, placing the water gates in solid rock and masonry, instead of in the weaker dirt fill. a cutting sixty feet deep through solid granite. But the Ceylonese are splendid drill men as the English found when they built the railway and had to make so many tunnels. When one sees such tanks in ruins it forcibly reminds one that a greater civilization has passed away and

that the population has diminished.
 We followed along the East Shore of the
 lake - the path concealed in the jungle.
 Sometimes over slippery outcrops of
 granite or down by the lake side
 close to the big pads and blooms of
 the pale yellow lotus.

Suddenly and without any previous
 warning we came upon two huts
 and some women and children. Some
 sitting on the ground around a pile
 of lotus pods others tending the pots
 which rested on some stones over a
 smouldering fire. These were the
 village Veddahs. Beyond, at a short
 distance were more huts and more
 of the natives - There was a bit of
 light among the children but none
 of the expected sudden disappear-
 ance of all hands into the jungle.
 They seemed apathetic.

The name of this village is Matukul-
 culla, which translated means "Plenty
 of bugs" and I doubt not it justifi-
 es its name. The government de-
 mands a name for record purposes
 and this was the ironical return the
 Chief had made - Each full grown
 male must pay a tax of one rupee and
 fifty cents - How in the world they were
 to obtain even this amount puzzled
 us, but they explained that they bor-
 rowed the amount from the Cingalese
 or moors and then did porter work
 or cultivated maize, etc. in return.
 They had some maize-seed in one
 of the huts of Bugtown when we
 were there. This village consist-
 ed of about twenty-five Viddahs, of
 which seven were taxpayers.
 At the time of our visit there were
 but three men and about seventy women
 and children.

There were five shelters or huts. one was made of four uprights and a roof of thatch without sides or flooring. two others were built like A-huts . one thatched with coarse grass, the other covered with the large circular leaves of the lotus.

While the remaining two huts were like wall huts.



The top of grass or palm leaf thatch. the walls of bark..

Inside all there was the dirt floor - in some the utensils - such as pots, baskets, gourds and mats were piled at one end in two I saw shelves - each was neatly swept, and orderly arranged, outside also the ground had been swept clear of leaves and trash by means of a brush composed of a bundle of grass tied into a crude form of broom. No Rattle.

The cooking fires were all in the open and all the occupations seemed to be

came in out of doors. The fireplace
 consisted of three stones used as a
 tripod - near which the cook sat
 on a block of wood or in lieu of this
 convenience, squatted. The dried
 skins of the axis deer and Muntjac
 were also employed as seats. While
 I was surprised to see they had quite a
 good sized bundle of fire wood in Kadimar.
 We had expected to find the village rock-
 ing with the refuse and rotting carion
 but the place was far from smello-
 As the jungle was here open, a few
 shade trees affording shelter, it was
 a very good place for a camp.
 They may remain here three or four
 months, or even longer, before they
 seek new sites - but I think they
 will not go far away from this
 place on account of the great supply
 of lotus and other seeds which the lake
 affords.

Full grown Male stands about five feet high - coming up to my chin - They stand erect. are slender build, the thigh and especially the calf being very thin - (This is noticeable in the Cingalese as well and Tamils)

They are of a very dark brown color. the hair jet black and very wavy, often curly but not kinky, hangs loosely down to the shoulders - parted in the middle concealing the ears - of the men. The women tie their hair in a knot at the base of the occiput. In nearly every house we saw a bundle of hair - or switch which they told us was worn as false hair is by the Caucasians - i.e. when the hair has grown thin as a switch -

The eyes were dark and there was no trace of the tucking down of the upper lid at inner canthus as in the Tamilians.

The Cingalese say that the Veddahs have
 eyes like monkeys "because they always
 look down or stare straight before
 them" and because their eyes are
 red. I noticed one case of conjuncti-
 vitis and one woman who was
 blind in one eye. She said she was
 blind from childhood and I put
 it down to "Ophthalmia Neonatorum".
 They do stare straight before them
 when they are sitting quietly and at
 such times have a very vacuous
 expression as though their minds were
 absolutely at rest. (True Buddhism).
 Their noses are straight, a bit broad
 at the base and the nostrils do not open
 as in the Malays so that you can see
 into the nasal cavities. But the axis
 is nearer perpendicular. No undue
 prominence of the malar bones.
 Lips are straight lines, not very full or

occurring - forehead straight - facial angle not far from the Aryan - Chest, Shoulders and arms fairly well developed for a slender race. The young woman had a bad cough but I did not examine her lungs. No skin diseases or other constitutional diseases were manifest - an ulcer on an old woman's arm was attributed to a recent burn.

The teeth were splendid I examined two young men whose teeth were, perfect though stained - while the old head man's teeth were all present and showed no caries yet the crowns of the molars were worn down - leaving but about half of the crown remaining - I was led to make this examination by biting on a dry lotus seed which one of them offered me. finding I was

unable to crush it without producing an ache, and that the Veddahs were simply grinding away at these seeds all day long! I had a look at their mouths -

The rock Veddahs eat a great deal of meat and honey - being especially fond of the latter. With their bows and arrows they are able to kill birds and beasts wild - it is stated by others - that they do not mind how high their game becomes before they consume it, This I can well understand since I saw the Kyans and Dyaks of Repang devour the long-since-dead Rhinoceros we found at the Gilam in 1896 -

It is also stated that they do not kill the wild Buffalo of which there are a good many in the Binterme and that they secure the Elephant by shooting arrows into the spongy part of the foot - when

he becomes too lame to travel they then
despatch him.

The village Veddahs however rely chief-
ly upon fruits and seeds. The latter we
found was the staple at Makiulapulū.
These were of two kinds. the green and
dried seeds of the pale yellow lotus and
the small seeds enclosed in the pod of
another aquatic plant; The pod was
about the size of a mangustien. inside
of which a multitude of small seeds were
to be found which when boiled looked
and tasted not unlike Chinese Millet.
They do not depend on fish so far as we
could learn and they do not make hats.
In one Chatty (Earthenware pot) I saw a
small amount of mushrooms. and the
Veddahs brought us presents of honey
and two varieties of fruits (Not at all
savoury or with which we were familiar.)
The securing of food is their single occupa-

here, when once a fair store is obtained they rest until that is consumed.

At this village we found them all engaged in hulling the green nuts and putting them into a basket; our arrival interrupted the proceedings, but ever and anon a couple would draw apart from the others squat beside a stone and begin cracking the dried nuts and eating them. When the Chief was asked if they continued eating all day long he replied, "They crack one and eat it -

crack another and eat it until they are all gone, never moving" - Then after a pause he added - "and sleep there too".

And so it seems. They eat their fill or until fatigued, lie back and sleep - awakes and begin their repast until the pods are all gone when they repair to the lake for a new supply.

What a simple Arcadian Existence -

They told us they did not use Tobacco, but they are betel-nut-chewers - Each man carries a small bag hanging beneath his arm - the strap passing over the shoulder of the same side being short, keeps the bag snug up under the axilla - in this he keeps his betel-nut.

The men wear a loin-cloth like the "Chawat" of Borneo, only it is here a very much simpler garment - Three yards being sufficient - (The Iban often uses a bolt of 42 yds of Calico). Sometimes when short of cloth - and this seemed the chronic state with the children, a string encircled the waist which supported the narrow strip of cloth which passed between the legs, the ends being tucked under the string hanging down in front and behind for three to six inches - making the scantiest sort of a loin-cloth -

The women wore a piece of cloth - wound about the waist and falling like a sarong. To this, at times, was added the strip of cloth which covered the breasts after the fashion of the Javians.

There wasn't a decent garment, nor a very large amount even of the old, soiled kind, in the whole encampment. The youngest went naked and I saw one child with a few shells strung together forming a "fig leaf".

The rock Veddahs use the part of the chawat which encircles the waist as a sort of pocket. Betel - food, etc. being thrust into the folds of cloth. This girdle also acts as the belt into which the handle of their axe is thrust when they journey into the forests.

I did not see a hat, not anything which would masquerade as a hat either among the village or the rock Veddahs.

They were deficient in the matter of ornaments. they do not tattoo (Many that we saw, or heard of.) and They mutilate the ear alone. Both sexes perforate the lobe of the ear. passing a wire or a thread through this opening on which beads may or may not be strung. In addition the women enlarge this opening wearing a plug from $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 inch in diameter formed by rolling a strip of palm leaf into a cylinder.  I saw a single white metal bracelet. One Chattey that we secured had designs drawn upon its surface. There was no other evidence of their artistic ability. Besides Chatties, they make mats. of a coarse variety, use gourds and coconut shells for cups, water bottles and spoons or ladles - a piece of shell has two holes  cut in one side and a stick is fitted and thrust through them forming a spoon.

There were also some baskets and a paddy mortar after the style of those seen all over the island.

I do not suppose that it is often used to hull the paddy, but to pulverize or to hull dried seeds.



They make their own bows (about six feet long - string of twisted bark) and arrows (2 1/2 to 3 feet long) but the iron, leaf-shaped  arrows-heads and the axe-heads are made by the Moors, who exchange them for wheat or jungle produce. The arrow head is fastened on with gutta percha; the axe is the weapon used to protect themselves from bears. They never travel without one thrust into their girdle. The Mldak name for an axe is - "galraki"; for a bow - "Malali"; for an arrow - "Moriankatu" and for a Latty - "telawu".

We have heard variable accounts of their
 proficiency with the bow and arrow.
 Consequently we made a trial of their
 skill; from the repeated trials of ~~five~~
 of their marksmen I have no hesi-
 tation in saying they are indiffer-
 ent marksmen. A leaf two and
 a half inches broad was placed
 against a tree. Each of the three men
 at a distance of eleven (11) yards took
 two shots a piece, not one touched the
 leaf and one arrow missed the tree.
 The village Veddahs had not a single
 bow, but one of the men went to
 another, nearby, village securing one;
 but the darts were not metal-tipped,
 though feathered. The village Ved-
 dahs were less skillful than the
 Rock Veddahs, whose exploits I gave
 above. The old Chief tried a few
 shots without hitting his mark.

They draw the hand to the ear - holding the fingers to the string in the orthodox manner. The bow is fairly stiff and they string it by using one foot. Both hands being occupied with the string - They have no quiver for the arrows. Each man carrying two and when standing at rest grasps his two arrows and the bow at the same time in both hands leaning upon it slightly. The leather is bound on with a string and an arrow may have the feather of three or four sections and from $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 inches long; the notch is deep. We secured two bows and four arrows, the one obtained from the rock Veddah was taken under protest. it was old and blackened from long use. After we had seized it. it was put aside and before he left the old chief

went over and mustering it, carefully twisting the cord about the bow. It was a touch of nature we did not expect - the old hunter had evidently fond associations with that bow and was giving it his last touch of affection.

Another incident which reminded us that these remnants of a forgotten people were after all just like other people at heart - occurred when we were accepting the presents the Chief had offered us. The Chatty containing honey was sent to the kitchen to be emptied - the old man saw the cooler carrying it away and he fairly bubbled over with speech upon being interpreted it meant that his wife would scold him if he did not bring home that Chatty. He got his Chatty all right.

They always talk in a very excitable manner and we always thought there was going to be a row.

The one-eyed-lazy at Big town first called our attention to this peculiarity - for she talked like a Iron Crier and an electric alarm combined. And Al. thought the old rock-chief had designs on his life when he asked Al. to hold his axe while he inspected the latter's silver mounted cane.

They make fire by the friction of two pieces of wood. a special wood. for, when Bill wanted to photograph the act they said they had not the proper materials at hand. We however prevailed upon them to go through the motions and we saw them go about it in exactly Bornean style.  holding the block with their feet and twirling the upright between the hands.

They use matches and whether or not there
 is any religious significance attached
 to the primitive method we did not ascertain.
 We found a series of "books" (After
 the fashion of the books in the Bud-
 dhist temples) in the hut of the
 Chief of the village. These books
 containing "Charms" of various kinds,
 written by one of the young men,
 (So they said who had been to a
 school in the village of Alutnewara.)
 Among these charms was one highly
 prized by the Cingalese for, by
 repeating these mystic words, upon
 meeting with a bear in the forest -
 I mean - whose reputation for fe-
 rociousness is very generally accepted -
 will turn tail and run -
 Paris was much interested, and
 firmly believed, in the efficacy of
 this Charm and the old Rest House

was seen beseeching the Veddah chief
for a copy of this charm.

Another "superstition" was discovered by
seeing a stone with a piece of bark tied
about it, having a loop with which it
was to be suspended from a stick.

This "Lodestone" was to
be employed in cases



of sickness to ascertain
whether or not their prayers were heard,
and to be answered affirmatively.

When the prayers are offered the Veddah
holds this stone by his two hands - in
front of him. When the evil, or "deek
ness" spirit hears the prayers the
stone swings to and fro like a pen
sulum. Like a divining rod.

If the evil spirit does not hear or
will not grant the prayer the stone
remains stationary. He asked for
this talisman and it was given us.

"Could he get another?" "Oh, yes, there were plenty upon about in the forest," leading us to infer that almost any old stone could be adopted to this "spirit interpreter" act.

There remains still to be noted the dance of the rock-Viddahs. Upon our suggestion being made known to him, the old Chief sat down on the steps of the vrandak and his four younger followers went out into the hard, but smooth roadway. The Chief sang or chanted while the men twisted, and turned, stamping the earth with heel and ball of foot in time to the chanting. The arms hung loosely from the shoulders moving with the motions of the body. The eyes seemed always fixed on the ground at their feet and their hair tumbled down over and half obscuring their faces.

The old Chief bobs his head to the measured time of the dance or pats his hands to which the dancers respond at times by voice or by clapping their hands. The figures being a break in the time of the song calling for a new sort of stamping or tramping - at the end of the performance the performing dancers were quite dizzy.

The arms were never used to convey any motion, suggestion or time. The dancer never showed any concern about, or any evidence of recognition of the spectator. The four dancers were independent, yet followed similar figures; tramping in and out without touching each other.

At one time the stamping resembled that with which the Japanese wrestler settles his feet at the beginning of a match.

When we left the village by the Taut-
 the Chief and a boy came back to the
 Resthouse with us. We bought a piece
 of cloth for every individual in the
 village - since they needed it so much
 and also gave them some money with
 which to pay Taxes.

The Chief was very much pleased.
 Salammis to each of us in turn as
 he repeated his thanks -

Slipping the bundle to his shoulder -
 followed by his son and still
 smiling he started homeward an
 hour before sunset. and I warrant
 that around the Campfires of Bug-
 taran there was jubilation that night.
 We gave the rock Veddahs Twenty
 Silver rupees which the old Chief
 received in his two hands looking
 at it with an unchanged expres-
 sion as all stood about to see and

hear what he would do and say—
 After a few moments silence he
 said something to his men, look-
 ed over at the bows, arrows and
 axe then blurted out some more
 of his excitable speech.

He wanted something more for them.
 I do not believe he understood the
 value of the silver. It seemed suf-
 ficient to all the Singalese, who,
 out of curiosity, had congregated
 and were looking on.

Yet somehow we felt that he was
 disappointed and we hunted out all
 our empty Tobacco boxes and Tins,
 bottles and boxes - which seemed
 far more to his satisfaction.

He, however, had asked for money
 instead of cloth or food stuffs!
 I doubt not the village traders
 backed him out of most of it that day.

We had everything in readiness when
 the ~~Village~~ Rock Veddahs came in.
 So, after making their photos. the
 dancing. Shooting match. Trading
 and talking with them, our men
 got us ready to start - the Ved-
 dahs lingering about until we
 were all ready when we started
 through the village. Veddahs, Villagers,
 Coolie-porters and ourselves mak-
 ing quite a Train - halting half
 way down the Street the Chief fol-
 lowed in turn by the men - grasp-
 ed the hand of each of us - wished
 us "good luck" and turned off
 at right angles to our path.
 Then back once more to their rocks.
 to their beds on the ground and
 to their ceaseless struggle for ex-
 istence against famine, sickness,
 and wild animals.

They keep the fires going all night long
to keep the wild animals away.

This statement seems strong but the
two villagers sent to find the rock
Buddhas said they would not be able
to pass the forests at night and

Piris added his evidence by tell-
ing tales of rogue elephants and
how once he was returning with
the baggage cart, from a hunting
trip, his oxen suddenly stopped and
not ten feet away was a huge
bellow blocking the road.

Naturally suspecting it to be a rogue
he waited to see it make mince-
meat of the bull cart. But all of a
sudden it fled - for - he afterwards
learned, it was a deaf elephant
and had not heard them -

Animal stories are pretty rife
throughout Ceylon -

Subsequently learned that the "Book of
Charns" was directly traceable to the
Buddhist priests. But will have it
investigated farther - for I don't
consider Pina sufficient authority
and his translation was unsatisfactory.
But the kindness of Pina and the Post
House-keeper to secure copies of the same
was worth noting.

Besides this, despite their miserable
slight, they are considered of good,
and even fairly high Caste.

From their isolation, freedom from
contact with low-caste Tribes, and a
belief that they are descended from the
Kings of long ago - they are more or less
looked up to by the low class Cingalese.
But after all Caste is a very curious
thing. The Rodigas, who are almost
outcasts, will not permit their dogs
to eat the food of the other classes.

Leaving the Alutnuvera rest-house at 120th
 Saturday July 29th. we crossed by the
 tem to Nragautotta - then up with
 the bundles to the men's heads and on
 under the shade of the trees by the
 broad path that leads towards the
 base of the mountain - Strung out
 in indian-file - Bill, Alfred and I
 in the lead followed by the youth
 who bore the basket of food, water,
 and cold Tea for use on the road.

We came upon groups of Cingalese
 men, women and children, all in
 bright, holiday garments, then we
 heard the chanting like Cathedral
 music and came upon a procession
 of thirty to forty natives passing slowly
 along as one of them had the look
 of prayer. They were Buddhists
 going to pay their devotion at the
 Shiva at Alutnuvera.

The village and rice fields by the brook
 at the head of this valley marks the
 last of the level going from here you
 must climb. Batheing our socks at
 the pool we pushed on for the "Path
 of the thousand steps" Coming over we
 found it difficult but returning under
 the broiling sun it was even worse.
 Half way to the summit we stopped and
 drank about a pint of cold-tea. and
 what a beverage it is under such con-
 ditions. then without stop or mur-
 mur on to the notch in the mountains
 was reached and we could look
 back across the six miles we had
 come to where the pilgrims were now
 resting by the river. and going on
 down to a small stream we rested
 and had a bite to eat before start-
 ing on again. There remained 9
 miles but the hard climb was over

the sun soon sank behind the mountains and the evening breeze sprang up making the walk very pleasant. As we came down through the village the lights were burning in all the cottages but the Madman and the villagers met us on the trail.

We did not stop - for Pini, our only interpreter was far behind and it was growing late. In fact, as we turned into our last valley it was quite dark and the jackals were hunting with short barks, among the rocks higher up the mountain.

At seven o'clock we reached the Madzoda rest-house. The men coming in there quarters of an hour late. But we found Robach water and ice and had quite rested before the cook could get our supper - and how we did eat.

The next day (Sunday 13th) at two P.M. we were back in Kandy. at ten o'clock Monday, Piri came along. Then came the final reckonings, incriminations and slurring, and we paid the bills. (Still hath no fury, etc.) Took the two o'clock train to Colombo and dined the same night at the Galle Face Hotel.

The boat scheduled to leave for Calcutta until Aug. 5th so we sat down to wait.

At Kelaniya is a Buddhist Temple that boasts one of the relics of Gautama. When Bud. visited Ceylon he took breakfast at this place and the chair in which he sat is now beneath one of those big brick "dagobas", the like of which one sees at all Buddhist Temples in some one or more modifications of the "hill", "tee" and "spire".



They too have one of the "footprints" of Buddha - about four feet long and two feet wide - hollowed out of stone - with the "Va Horing" in the sole. Likewise a very old "Bo"-Tree. Some images of Buddha in Alabaster, gold; and one huge sleeping figure similar to but far smaller than the one we saw at Bangkok.

The whole place is poverty stricken and they ask for alms at this, the stronghold of Buddhism in Ceylon. We were shown a copy of "the tooth". But the old head priest - Bentirtha - clad in his one yellow garment of cotton cloth - came from his cell where he had been meditating. (Meditation is the strong suit of the Buddhist priesthood; that, and petitioning for alms.) and mumbled his thanks at our offerings.

I have not yet been able to fully understand the "Excuse" for Buddhism. It teaches the Cardinal virtues no doubt. but it does no Charity and offers no hope of future rewards - the latter being the strong clause of Christianity and Mohamudanism. The second priest at Telavi is crazy and they have not yet deposed him. for six months he has put them in the gridiron. When the fluttering flags - which are the prayers of the devotees offering them. become too numerous, and when are they not in quantities - he - the crazy one. orders them to be burned, and the worshipers naturally resent it. Furthermore, instead of spending his time in meditation or in quiet converse; he mounts a bullock back. and goes noisily driving about

leaving the Shmii bolted and barred
so that none can enter to pay their
devotions before sleeping Buddha.
When we came along we passed
this priest going Colombo-wards.
He waved us like a drunken man
and we remarked that it was a
very hilarious priest.

At the Temple they said they were
sorry we could not see the God as
the Custodian was away and then
explained his mental aberrations.
Before we left they decided to open
the temple anyhow, so with bars and
hooks they broke open the temple
doors raising a huge clatter.

And while we were there half a
dozen people came to offer their
flowers and to pray on their knees
and with foreheads resting on their
hands as they bent to the floor.

It was on this occasion we saw the "first offerings" - i.e. when a person visits the Shrine or idol of Buddha for the first time, he or she, offers 2 small gilt flowers, one of silver and one of gold gilt - sprinkled with water, resting on a piece of paper; as they were novel to us we asked for and obtained some that the worshippers had just deposited in front of the big slumbering idol. The scent of flowers reminds one of the smell of the incense in Catholic Churches and the scene here at Kilani did not materially differ from the one we saw at Marseilles at Notre Dames de la Garde where the people came in kneeling in prayer before the recumbent figure of Christ and in leaving left their lip prints on the already marked and soiled spot which marked the Kisses of Thousands.

But at this same shrine in intimate
 association with Buddha - behind the
 same glass screen in fact, were other
 gods - or wooden images of the same.
 Vishnu, Krishna and others of the
 Hindu pantheon. Showing the mix-
 ed religion. Frescoes on the wall
 also showed Hanuman and Ganesh,
 as well as scenes from the life of Bud.
 The architecture of the temple offered
 little of interest. the stucco was falling
 away, whitewash and plaster were in
 demand though they were repairing the
 dogota - all about the outer walls -
 were shelters where hundreds of cups
 containing oil are used as lamps at
 the ceremonies which come with the
 New moon. But in the cracks in
 the wall cobras hide - and the trees
 growing on the roof - pry off the tiles
 and no one tries to check the destruction.

In this connection I wish to mention seeing some Soldiers of the Salvation Army - at Kandy and at Colombo.

They wear red and yellow as their col. - Both Europeans and Natives use the same costume.

They speak of their Cingalese Courts as "Savd-devil-dancers" because of the dance with masks they perform - before they are "enlightened" offer no comments as yet, but I want to see more of Trin. Booths work in India. also of the Missionary workers. I met many Cingalese on this side of the island are Roman Catholic - resulting from Portuguese conquest. great numbers of their Churches may be seen in Matagal and they say also down as far as Galle; while on the East Coast they are Moslem and while the North Central part of Ceylon is Buddhist.

About the harbour at Colombo one finds the Hotels, shops, and government buildings stretching out along the shore. Northwards is the Mutwal suburb. The south beach is open and offers a drive as far as the Galli Dace Hotel. Back of the drive is the lake and the part of the town known as the Pitton.

and all about these Cardinal points are hundreds of houses and streets and roads hidden by the gardens and shaded by the palms.

No one can form any idea of the town's size by driving about; for you never have an extended view and you are so occupied by the shifting panorama of the life of the street, with its queer sights and brilliant coloring - but over ~~2123,000~~ ^{2123,000} people are here congregated together.

The houses are mostly one storied, whether they be the long continuous bazaar, or the bungalow set back from the road, most in gardens of shrubs and flowers. Bullock Carts, bullock rickshaws and sleepy horses drawing dilapidated victorias come and go, men and women with bundles on their heads and crowds of people with their flopping garments of many colours and the shaven headed yellow robed Buddhist priest add to the scene. Slowly the scene moves; never the restless energy of the West but quietly and without jar - and you are often conscious that this is a real, every-day life and not arranged for your especial benefit. But it goes on year in and year out, and when you are dead and gone bullock rickshaws will ply their trade, and colored robed priests beg for alms. Just the same as today.

The export houses line up in Queen St. beyond the lighthouse tower. The better native stores are in Chatham St. while the Europeans, who live upon the tourists, have their shops in the arcade of the Grand Oriental Hotel. All this section is Europeanized. But beyond and to the left you enter the native quarter thick with natives and dust clear around and beyond the market place.

As you go along the street these Arab merchants of jewels and curios tout and shout. But if you are anxious to buy you will go to D.F. de Silva - so - ask your stones - unset. Take them to Sen. Armitage - the gem expert - who for 10% of their value will test and appraise. You can in this way keep from being grossly cheated both as to quality of stone and as to current price. De Silva mostly conforms to A's prices.

We visited the Nativ section one day to look at the second-hand jewelry of Nativ-patterns - we found but a few small shops where Al and Bill bought some Tamil necklaces, bangles, etc. while here we saw them making the cheap silver ware & cutting stones by the crude method - Here too they brought a leopard-cub for sale - a fine little set with huge feet - and not vicious.

Good cheap garments of cotton - cheap silver gilt jewelry & flawed stones are the chief things they sell.

There are 800,000 Tamils in Ceylon. Some have been here so long that they have taken on distinct characteristics. So are well informed & especially the Colombo Chetty whose hat and earrings are said to be characteristic.

For four gold rings, 2 inches in diameter & set with a pearl, decorate each ear.

We saw a Buddhist procession. When the sacred Car is taken from one temple to visit at another temple - very similar to the one seen in Kyoto in 1897.

Great swarms of gaudily dressed natives poured along by the hotel for most of the day - Children in arms being very conspicuous -

The men ^(Burmese) in coats sarongs and Combs the women in jackets (Portuguese pattern, similar to the Phillipino jacket) with low necks and with sarongs - Rattles all. Babies are carried sitting outside the hips of their parents -

The families wear gaudy costumes of white with watered pink borders - of purple or orange. Shaven polls and knot at the back of head. and women with enlarged ear lobes - ala ^{Mayanau} ~~Mayanau~~ or. ringed around helix like Itau-men. and the great silver toe-rings.

The Tamil is a collector name for a native of Southern India. He is short of stature very strong and thin. very dark, often of a dirty dark-brown - contrasting with the lighter colored Cingalises.

He is a worker, being mostly a coolie. Although the Chetty is the money lender. He wears ornaments of various sorts - ear ornaments of metal or gems - a necklace and rings - (Not necessarily as of coolies) and the women go in heavy for all sorts of ornaments on ears - nose, hands, arms Ankles and Toes -

He is a useful individual and ranks second only to the Chinese coolie for value.

He has been reported for contract work on estates as far as Singapore and Borneo, especially on tea and coffee plantations - and you will see him with his fattened bullocks and big cart in almost every Asiatic port out of China.

The Cinnamon gardens are in the Sub
urban and remind one of a peach-
nursery abandoned to grass. It is
not a very large industry now: but
the name sounds well and if you
break off a twig you get a spicy odour.
The museum and the park are now
a part of the old gardens.

When at the museum we took the
notion of seeing the Veddahs - for they
have some models of Veddahs with a
few ethnological specimens.

They also have some archaeological,
ethnological and Nat. hist. displays
which are well worth seeing -

There are a good many Malays living in
Colombo - one sees them about hotels
and stores as boys and watchmen and
a great many of the police are also Ma-
lay. You can recognize them by their
caps and by their flat noses -

There are also a good many Afghans to be seen about the Street. formerly they brought down horses for sale but the Australian horse has driven the Northern horse out of business. The Afghan now trades in clothes. He having introduced the scheme of "paying on the installment plan" an arrangement that ought to appeal to the shiftless native.

Bargill's "General Store" and Cavis for stationery and books were our chief trading places. But we always wound up the morning in Town by visiting the Carlon Planters Assoc. "Tea Kiosk." Situated on the wharf where the passengers from the Steamers pass to and fro it should do a thriving business but we usually had the place to ourselves. A bright Malay boy served us with a cup of splendid two minute Tea and a

big section of fruit or pound cake -
and generally took a second cup before
we left the place.

The Galle Face Hotel never seemed so
crowded; a few transients from a pass-
ing steamer at Funchal filled the din-
ing room. But we got to know most
of them by sight - fairly well.

A young girl - evidently angloiz -
was well - even over dressed - much
befrizzled and very housey. We called
her "Pintey" for want of other name and
because of her chosen color.

We were amused at her endeavours to
be interesting and coy. But her mu-
sic was too much. She hit the out-
-stare - hotel - piano for all it was
worth - in and out of season.

If she don't make a catch during
the coming race-week she will have to
drink her tea without sugar for a year.

I fear I haven't given a very good account of either Colombo or its people and I don't seem to be able to improve upon it - partly because I did not take any particular interest in the place and also partly because I left it until after the Viddah trip. No matter -

August 9th we were to sail on the British India Steamer "Mombassa" - at 10 am for Calcutta - so Pini took charge of our 37 pieces of baggage -; we ran the gauntlet of outstretched hands at the hotel - scattering silver bludily - and went aboard - It was three or four o'clock before the last load was hoisted over side into lighters and the coolies scrambled down the ropes after the cargo -

We had watched the spray bracking over the pier - the traffic of the Boni boat and dinghys - the diving boys

in their moist Catawaran - and the
 varied scenes of this busy little har-
 bour - until thoroughly wearied.

There was a good breeze outside the
 harbour and the slender-outrigged,
 sailing Canoes fairly flew in throu-
 gh the harbour entrance. and a big
 Australian liner - rolled quite a bit
 in the heavy swell. and it was
 this swell which delayed the dis-
 charge of cargo - the ships rolling
 interfering with the derricks -

As soon as the "Ormeau" came to the
 wharves half a hundred boats, from
 a steam launch to the little Ceylon
 Canoes, ranged alongside and over the
 side up and down the gangway the
 natives and passengers streamed.

The latter hurrying ashore to stretch
 their legs after nine days from Al-
 lang - the former to hawk their wares.

The little Moor hauled out his collection of stones - "A very fine 'Jama Emerald'" "Remember one Cat's eye". It was exaggerated to say you could get the same stones of any one could possibly want them - for not more than three rupees for his entire stock. After he found we knew something of stones he sat down, conversed with us in Malay, and told us some of the trials of a jewel vendor -

— — —
 Heading Southward to Point de Galle. we sailed along ten miles an hour - the coast dimly seen - the light houses conspicuous - so it was most of the way up the East Coast. Headlands and lights - coasting along from point to point; but India's coast is low and arriving near Madras in the thick of the 'Early Morning' of Saturday Aug 12. we "lay to" and

we have rolled fearfully in the ground-
swell. But soon made in in Madras
in four. Its 603 miles from Colombo
and usually takes three days.

Seven first class passengers. One an
American Missionary - ess for Arvaan.
An invincible old Colonel of the Indian
Army. A planter - a life insurance
agent, an artillery lieutenant and an
Engineer's wife. Such is the list.

The Captain is a good companion
and the ship's well run and despite an
occasional hot spell had a fairly com-
fortable run ^{notwithstanding} the fact that we
came in collision with the Cruz y old
Chief Steward before we had been in
the boat fifteen minutes.

The food is fairly good, the service
Bengali-boy, is very good. and
the two cars keep the entire ship
in man-of-war style -

Calcutta Aug 19th
 A note on tattooing -

Both Cingalese men and women do
 and are tattooed - chiefly confined
 to the Catholic element. (So said)
 the word for tattooing is ^{"atthakotangwah"} atthakotangwah.
 The Tamils are very often tattooed on
 the backs of the hands and over whole
 of the fore arm - looking at a distance
 not unlike the Kyau women, though
 inspection the figures are unlike.

The Bombay merchant, on being asked
 of the Muslims - Mohammedan traders - were
 not a bit inclined to be dishonest, re-
 sponding - "All the fingers ^{of one hand} are not the same
 length." who can say -?

Mohammed Samy Pasha: exiled from
 Egypt seventy years. Now his last
 years at Kaniy and now, almost blind,
 is on his way back to his own country.