

A SKETCHING TOUR OF FIVE WEEKS IN THE FORESTS OF CEYLON.—ITS
RUINED TEMPLES, COLOSSAL STATUES, TANKS, DAGOBABS, ETC.

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PART I.



In the month of July, 1848, three of us left Colombo in a hired palankeen carriage, to proceed to Kandy, where we were to meet a few others, who had been invited to accompany the Colonial Secretary on one of his official tours through the interior of the island: having sent our horses forward to a bungalow, twenty miles distant, the previous day, in order to have them fresh for the journey at that part of the road where the interesting scenery of our route commences. The road runs for a considerable distance parallel with the Kalany Ganga, from the bridge of boats. The scenery is of a beautiful sylvan character, its banks being lined with alternate rows of jack and teak trees, planted under the direction of

Sir Edward Barnes. Passing native gardens of citron, pomegranate, clove, orange and lime trees, with the brightest many-coloured convolvulus-formed flowers hanging in garlands from their branches, cultivated fields of paddy (as the rice is termed) appear in all stages, from the tender blade to the ripening ear, intermingled with cocoa and areka palms; while the gliding river is seen through their tall, graceful stems, sparkling in the gorgeous light of a tropical sun. As we proceed, the palms become less numerous, and the foliage assumes more of a European character. Suria and cotton trees, and coffee bushes appear, as you approach the secluded vale of Ambepusse, where there is an excellent rest-house, em-

bosomed in the heart of an amphitheatre of lofty-wooded mountains; one of the most secluded and lovely spots imaginable. Now we are in the midst of coffee plantations, the blossoms presenting a delightful profusion of verdure and bloom. Large rocks lie scattered on the sides of the hills, with the cactus and aloe, and butterflies of the most brilliant hues hovering over beds of wild thyme and long lemon grass; the warm moist air teeming with odour, while large guanos lay basking on the grey rocks in the burning sun, and snakes and green lizards were seen disappearing in holes among the tangled blooming creepers which everywhere bespangled the ground. Leaving the Hingoole valley on our right, we found ourselves at the foot of the Kadagonava Pass, "the Simplon of the East," which is a gradual ascent of about three miles, presenting a succession of scenery unequalled in variety and grandeur—the sublime of landscape. Here the ebony and ironwood trees are seen of huge growth, with jungle rope and other air plants twined around their stems and hanging from their branches, extending from tree to tree, some fifty feet overhead—fern, which greatly resembles the aloe, of immense size, growing out of the bark. Underneath one of the great nung trees is a seat, within a few feet of a rocky precipice, covered with thick wood, where travellers sit down to rest, out of the heat of the noon-day sun. Here, by stretching yourself on the ground, you look down into a deep, dark, fathomless abyss, where the hissing surge of rushing water is heard, which is shut out from your sight by projecting rocks and overhanging trees. On the left of this wild mountain pass towers the lofty mountain of Aloo-galla, with its shattered conical top rising to the height of 3,440 feet above the level of the sea, wooded about half way up. Now the eye wanders over the wide-spread valley of the Hingoole. One solitary house alone is seen, like a spec, nesting in the midst of cocoa and areka palms, once the residence of Old Molligoddy, the first Adigar, one of the highest of the Kandyan chiefs, who figured in the rebellion of 1815. Mountains rise perpendicular from the road, some hundreds of feet in height, covered with forest trees from base to summit. Huge blocks of rocks have been hurled down from the hills, and seem to shut out your further progress; with rivers

dashing down the ravines to torrent below. Turning a prominent promontory, a most extensive burst on the sight. Mountainous forms, faint and aerial, the eye can carry, are seen. In the distance rocky hills and wood appear; the deep, broad grey in the gorges and recesses of in strong contrast with the light which pours down on the scene. Far away the Godey winding its sinuous course is lost in the distance—once you catch a glimpse of the sparkling as it winds its way through them, waving bamboos which the banks of the Hingoole. In graceful ebony tree towers; a huge talipot, the giant of the luxuriates, raising its majestic the height of 130 feet, spread its great leaves of gorgeous against the blue sky, crowned enormous blossom, fully thirty height, and of a pale yellow color; leaves are of a fan-like form, of gigantic dimensions, measuring upwards of ten feet in length by in breadth; affording shelter from sun's rays to sixteen men under a leaf. The surface of the stems of these palms is smooth; others with the jagged points of the leaves projecting out, like the bo saw-fish, completely matted over tangled creepers. Pepper, with red and green berries hanging in clusters among a marvellous profusion of flowers of every hue, twisted round, layer upon layer, one upon another, forming a magnificent and beautiful foreground characteristic in an eastern landscape adding much to the sublimity and grandeur of this truly wonderful scene. Passing a sharp angle of the road, turning up the mountain side, a high, picturesque arched rock or tunnel is overgrown with trees and creepers. Now the pass gradually descends, great rocks lie scattered about, little streams glide and ripple down the hill-sides on the right, among a variety of fern, flowering shrubs, lemon grass; while on the left of the narrow road the wild torrent dashes along, surging and roaring through its rocky channel, the spray rising in mist among the underwood and trees now lost to sight in a deep, dark abyss, reappear some half mile farther down

Here the monkey and jackal abound, and many a variety of the parrot; while cheetahs, wild hogs and buffaloes infest the neighbourhood, together with snakes, scorpions and land-leeches, which are a frightful nuisance to travellers through the jungle, or in damp moist places. The vast chain of mountains at the foot of this pass formed the boundary of the dominions of the Kandyan monarchs, and resisted for centuries, successfully, the arms of the Portuguese, Dutch, and English. This wonderful road was constructed by Captain Dawson, R.E., and will ever remain a memorial of his genius and skill; with sorrow I add, it cost him his life. At the top stands a handsome column, erected to his memory, bearing the following inscription on its pedestal:—

“CAPTAIN DAWSON,
During the Government of Sir E. BARNES, G.C.B.,
Commanding Royal Engineers, Ceylon,
Whose science and skill planned and executed this
road,
And other works of public utility,
Died at Colombo, 28th March, 1829.

By subscription this Monument was erected to his
memory, by his friends and admirers.”

The Kadagonava rest-house, especially for equestrians, is admirably situated, but was badly conducted—bad fare, disobliging conduct, and exorbitant charges. Kandy is ten miles distant and the road uninteresting; the only objects worthy of a visit are the Paradenia Bridge across the Mahavelli Ganga, constructed of satin wood, 205 feet span; and the Botanical Gardens, which are well worthy of notice. These celebrated gardens have been brought to their present flourishing condition by the late lamented Dr. Gardner, the eminent botanist. They contain a great number of tropical plants, and every species of palm found in the east. A beautiful avenue of fine India-rubber trees lead up to the entrance, their dense foliage completely shutting out the sun's rays, while their huge grey roots intersect each other, stretching along both sides of the sandy road.

The celebrated city of Kandy, the mountain capital of the kings, is situated in an amphitheatre of hills and lofty ranges of rocky and wooded mountains, varying in height from 3,440 to 6,180 feet above the sea level, bounded on the south by a picturesque lake, nearly a mile in length, and about 200 feet in width, encircled by a road which affords a delightful drive and

cool air to the European residents. The finest and most picturesque view of Kandy is obtained from the hills on the opposite side of the lake, with its interesting temples, palaces, and dagobahs, embosomed in a thick grove of cocoa palms; undulating wooded hills, rising in mid-distance, clothed with coffee bushes from base to summit, and bounded by the Kadagonava range.

This famous eastern city was founded by King Panditu Prackrama Bahoo III., in the twelfth century of the Christian era. It was called Siriwardhanapoor, and became the capital of Ceylon in 1592. The Temple of the Malegawa, containing the delada, or sacred tooth of Buddha, the holy relic of their religion, is the building most interesting to the traveller. The chamber in which it is placed is small, and is lighted by oil lamps. Round the doorway are elaborate carvings of elephants and other devices, executed on ivory, close to which stands an altar, covered with sweet-smelling flowers, placed as an offering to their god. The room is lined with rich figured brocade, interwoven with threads of gold, while on a table of solid embossed silver stands the sacred relic, placed within four shrines of pure gold, the innermost containing the delada, lying in the heart of a golden lotus. The outer shrine is upwards of five feet high, and is loaded with a profusion of chains of massy gold, ornamented with the most rare and costly gems—cats' eyes, rubies, sapphires, emeralds, amethysts, and many other precious stones of immense value. The apartment is strongly impregnated with the scent of the Buddha flowers, which are arranged tastefully in various devices around the object of their worship. The tooth of Buddha is considered their most holy relic, and is visited by pilgrims from all parts of India. It was originally deposited in the great Temple of Juggernath, and, according to the Mahawanso, was first brought to Ceylon in the fourth century of the Christian era. The Buddhists have a superstitious belief that whatever people or nation may become possessed of it, have a right to govern Ceylon. In 1815, when the British forces, after a protracted and severe struggle, overcame the Kandyans and captured their commanders, the taking of this tooth at once restored peace, and put an effectual stop to the

rebellion. Resistance was at an end; the natives exclaimed that "the English were masters of the country," as they had obtained possession of the delada. On the 5th October, 1847, in order to discountenance idolatry, the Governor, Lord Torrington, desired it to be handed over to two priests and one Kandyan chief, at which period a deal of excitement prevailed in Kandy. The rebellion afterwards broke out in July, 1848; but whether this circumstance had any effect in promoting the outbreak I do not pretend to say, as a great diversity of opinion prevailed at the time.

At home, travelling is a commonplace matter of every-day occurrence, having merely to put a few changes into your portmanteau, and a few pounds into your purse; but before starting on a tour through the jungles of Ceylon, each person has to provide himself with bed and bedding, jungle baskets (waterproof), to contain changes of clothing, the necessary provender, and coolies to carry them; taking with you your horse-keeper, appoo, and grass-cutter. In fact, you have to provide yourself with everything, including even basin and soap, as there are neither inn nor house, public or private, in the native villages, where food or lodging can be procured, with the exception of a few Government rest-houses on the direct lines of road; or tapal stations, some twenty miles apart, where a cane-couch is the only luxury to be met with—and a most agreeable and welcome one it is after the fatigue of a day's journey through the forest, under the heat of a burning sun, provided you have a supply of potted beef and a flask of brandy in your basket. Travelling is, indeed, different here from anything a European can conceive. The hot forest path, with not a breath of air; the deep, thorny jungle, the haunts of wild animals; the wide and spacious rivers (many of them two hundred and fifty feet in width), now sweeping along in majestic strength, impassable—a mighty torrent; again, in a few hours, as dry as the sand of the desert.

On the direct line of road from Kandy to Trincomalee, two miles distant from the former place, is a ferry across the Mahavelli Ganga (the Ganges of Ceylon), where a tree is pointed out called "Davy's Tree," said to be the spot where the wily and treacherous Kandyans, in 1803, induced the pusil-

lanimous Major Davy to deliver Samy, a native prince, then under the protection of the British, from the hands of his enemies, by whom he was imprisoned. The entire of the day was afterwards surrounded by a humanly butchered, in consequence of the name of Fernando, by the name of the king, Wickrama Singa, being allowed to drag out a miserable existence without shoes, hated as a despised outcast. Pity his fate, not give this tree a better celebrity—one more deserving of the name of Davy to be given to it. The road the greater part of the way as far as Matellé, runs parallel to the windings of the river. Cocoa, areka palms, and bamboo, with a few densely-foliaged trees, line its banks, the hills on either side being covered with coffee plantations for miles around, covered with white blossoms, which emit a most fragrant perfume. When the coffee berries are as red as a cherry, they are in clusters under its leaves, covering this beautiful tree, and affording a pleasing contrast with its deep green foliage, at either season. The aerial mountains close in the distance. White mist after the shower, rises among the trees, encircling the sides of the hills like thin smoke. A precipitous ridge bursting on the scene, then, again, the fog driving across a rocky promontory. The cottage stretches out its great branching arms across the aerial hills, as the rapid sweeps along. The tall upas tree with its silvery bark, seen towering above, while the most luxurious vegetation grew around its stem, at once proving the fabulous stories of the deadly upas, as well as its growth confined to Java. The upas, however, contains a gum of the most poisonous quality. It was pointed out to me by my fellow-traveller, the late lamented Dr. Gardner, the eminent botanist, who was the first person to discover that the upas grew in the island of Ceylon. The Great teak and jack trees densely line the road, with the broad leaves of the talipot spreading over the mass of foliage; here, also, lime, orange, citron, cardamon, and wild plantain abound. The Kalany Ganga rises at Adda Peak, and, after encircling the city of Kandy, and flowing for a distance of several miles, runs into the sea at Trincomalee.

We arrived at Matellé at eleven o'clock in the evening, where ab-

twenty of our coolies, who had been sent forward with our luggage, were lying and squatted; chatting in Malabar; smoking, singing, and scratching themselves, in shelter of the verandah of the rest-house. Some seemed asleep; while others were cursing, yelling and quarrelling, under the exciting influence of arrack. The big rain came down like a second deluge, with vivid flashes of lightning, momentary and intense, accompanied by deafening claps and volleys of thunder, rolling across the heavens, or bursting with a crash, so sudden, loud, and frightful, as to strike terror into the hearts of all unaccustomed to a thunder-storm in the tropics. The hills were lighted as brilliantly as under the noon-day sun; and the rain poured down as if the flood-gates of heaven had been opened; pelted on the earth as heavy as the severest hail-showers in Europe; accompanied with squalls of wind, dashing through the roofs of the dwelling-houses, with a velocity that nothing could withstand; transforming the roads into rivers, and sweeping down the declivities like mountain torrents. Words cannot convey the idea of what a thunder-storm is in Ceylon. The heavens appeared one brilliant flame of fire, with forked and chain-lightning shooting across its boundless expanse.

What a contrast did the following morning afford! Stillness reigned over the face of nature. The leaves of the graceful palm-trees hung quiet and motionless. The craggy summits of the wooded mountains were veiled in vapour, as the gorgeous sun rose from behind the eastern hills, lighting up the smiling landscape, imparting varied tints to the mountain and the valley: while his golden beams streamed through the leafy forest, and danced and flickered on the rippling surface of the Kalany Ganga, forming a strong contrast with the dense mass of foliage looking down the pass of Matellé—the road we had traversed the previous evening. How peaceful then was this quiet village, shortly to become the scene of desolation and plunder—the hot-bed of rebellion.

Four of the party who had remained in Kandy during the night, arrived at Matellé for breakfast at eight o'clock. The following are the names of those who accompanied Sir Emerson Tennent in this interesting tour through the central, northern, and western

provinces:—The late Dr. Gardner, Dr. Williams, R. A.; Captain Galway, Lieut. Evatt, and A. Nicholl, the artist, attended by their apooos, cooks, horsekeepers, and coolies.

Two and a-half miles distant from Matellé, a short way to the left of the Trincomalee road, is the celebrated temple, called the *Alu Wikare*, situated under the shelving portion of a huge mass of granite rocks, which have been hurled, by some convulsion of nature, from the summit of one of the surrounding mountains. The temple is small, and partly artificial, a roof and wall having been built across the cavity of the overhanging rock, and is approached by a flight of stone steps; another flight, hewn out of the rock, leads, in circuitous windings, passing many relics, to the spot where King Walagam Bahoo, ninety-two years before the birth of Christ, assembled the priests, to commit the doctrines of Buddha to writing, which formed the Bunopata, or Buddhist Bible. Previous to this period, his precepts descended by tradition. On the top of an adjoining rock a hollow is pointed out, called the sacred footmark, near which is a curiously sculptured stone, cut into twenty-five compartments, the centre one containing a holy relic, the ruins of a small dagobah, and a number of hollows for the reception of offerings. The temple contains a gilt figure of Buddha, in a reclining position, measuring forty-five feet in length.

Out of the crevices of this singular group of rocks, one solitary cocoa palm raised its star-crowned head; while a few of more tender growth, planted by the priests, were fast attaining maturity.

Wooded hills, and mountains with craggy tops, surrounded the valley, which was richly clothed with forest trees; the hills gradually receding from the eye, with bright gleams of sunshine flickering over the landscape, until the distance mingled with the sky.

THE GREAT TEMPLE OF DAMBOOL is the most celebrated in the Island of Ceylon, and is situated in a cave in the side of an enormous rock, several hundred feet in height, approached by a steep path, partially overgrown with jungle. The entrance is a magnificent specimen of Indian architecture, composed of a group of kings and warriors, arranged around it, beautifully sculptured out of the face of the rock. The

interior measures 156 feet in length, 73 feet in width, and 21 feet in height, at the front; decreasing as the shelving rock slants downwards towards the opposite side of the cave. This temple contains forty-six statues of Buddha, three gods and two kings; the roof being elaborately painted in glaring colours, on white cloth, representing figures of their gods and other devices, which have a very good effect. In the centre, opposite to the doorway, stands a handsome dagobah, surrounded with four sitting figures of Buddha, admirably executed: curtains, and the paraphernalia used in their processions hang around. The first chamber, or temple of the great god, is termed the Mahu-degio Dewale, as it contains the statue of Vishnu, before which trials were decided and vows taken. He is here represented in the form of Ramachandra, one of the transfigurations of Vishnu; and is an unworthy specimen of the sculptor's art. On the left is a reclining figure of Buddha, cut out of the side of the rock, measuring forty-seven feet in length. The statues are mostly arranged along the opposite side and ends of the temple, the greater number of them being in a sitting position.

The great temple of Dambool contains statues of the gods Saman, Vishnu, and Nata, the goddess Patine, and the kings Kirti Nissanga, and Walagam Bahoo, who founded it *s.c.* 86 years; also forty-six figures of Buddha, which were gilt, and the temple otherwise ornamented, by Kirti Nissanga. From which circumstance it obtained the name of the golden rock; and an inscription cut in the stone, "Swarna-giri-guhoya," terms it "the cave of the golden rock." The only pure water to be procured at Dambool, filters through the roof, dropping into two large vessels, and is considered most holy. The priests will not permit you even to touch the ladle with which it is lifted, but will pour it into a vessel of your own.

From the platform, near the grand entrance, where stood a very large bo, or sacred tree, and several fine cocoa palms, an extensive view is obtained over an immense extent of forest, with clumps of palmyra and tufts of coconut trees, and every variety of wood, backed by an aerial range of mountains. On to the N. and E. the rocks

of Newara-kalawin, Dahiak: fortified rock of Sigiri, and range of Rattigalla, which rise feet above the level forest.

An inscription over one entrance to this renowned records the munificence of Kirti Nissanga, in the Nigarter. There are also two other inscriptions carved on the face of the rock, opposite to which are the of the Samna Dagobah.

On the morning of our d from Dambool, we met numerous falcons, laden with dried fish Jaffna, Arripo, and different the coast, intended for the Colombo markets. We now the forest. The trees were dimensions—many of them in One bore a strong resemblance laburnum, but much finer, and greater growth — one mass of flowers, partially veiled with purple creepers. Here the were seen in great abundance dark-green, purple, and golden plumes glistening in the streams of sunlight, which shone intensely bright through the screen overhead. The crowing jungle cock rang through the t while the gorgeously-coloured flocks and hundreds of green parrots about — monkeys leaping from tree to bough, and from tree to screaming and chattering. The air was sultry, with not a breeze wind. The hum of insects filled the air. The frequent trumpeting of elephants, and bellowing of wild buffaloes caused much alarm to our horses; every glade we passed gave indications of the presence of the cheetah and wild hog. Here some of our party suffered martyrdom from tick-bites. As I said before, they are the greatest pests of the insect tribe. They are found on rocks, in grass, and gather in masses of thousands among the leaves of trees, falling down at the slightest motion. Their bites are like a red-hot needle entering your flesh, which swells in large lumps, of which it is difficult to see them, as they often get under the skin causing great pain and sickness, accompanied with a most annoying itch. The tick is about the size of a flea, flat, hard, and black, and is much dreaded by man and animal.

After an interesting ride of fifty

miles, we arrived for breakfast at the fortified rock of Sigiri, situated in the province of Newerakalowe. The fortifications are said to have been erected in the year 478, by King Kaasyoppa I., as a secure retreat from the Malabars, who invaded Ceylon about that period.

The lower part of the fortress has been built of strong massy masonry, supporting a number of platforms above, which are still in existence. The ascent is gradual for about half-a-mile, along a path, through thick wood. Proceeding up a flight of steps, scooped out of the rock, with no little fatigue and trouble, we reached these singular remains, about 200 feet of the gallery being nearly perfect. It is thought that a tank is still in existence on the summit of the rock, from whence a fall of water pours down, after heavy rains, into the lake, which is partly covered with the beautiful red lotus and white water-lily, and swarming with alligators.

On leaving Sigiri, we obtained a magnificent extensive view, from Hood-rookandy, or White Mountain, over 150 miles of forest; which appeared like a vast sea, studded with islands. Looking westward, the singularly-formed rock, called Westminster Abbey, rose in the midst: Friarshood, Baronscap, and many others, stretching along the distant horizon. To the east Gunner's Coin, with glimpses of the Mahavelli Ganga, winding among the most wonderful trees, the rarest and most costly woods in the world, with which this great forest abounds — calamander, japan, jack, teak, satin, ebony, tamarind, sago, halmillile, and iron trees, interspersed with beautiful flowering shrubs, which filled the air with fragrance. In the middle distance rose the dagobahs and temples of Topare, nestling among the precious woods of this magnificent forest — a perfect wilderness of wealth, tenanted by the cheetah, elephant, bear, and colonies of the monkey tribe; peafowl in great abundance, and hundreds of parrots and parroquets. A parrot pie is considered one of the delicacies of the island, which may sound strange at home; but parrots in the forests of Ceylon are more abundant than pigeons are in England.

After a stay of about an hour, gazing on this lovely scene, we descended, by a pathway which ran through a narrow

rocky ravine, the dry bed of a mountain torrent, where the horses found difficulty in keeping their feet; great rocks had been swept down, during the rains, at which time it must have been totally impassable. The bare roots of trees stretching across, intercepted us at every step. Several dismounted, and proceeded on foot, leading the horses down this tangled and rugged path, to the banks of the Mahavelli Ganga, which was a welcome sight to both horse and rider, after our journey through the forest. Here the river was wide, rocky and rapid, and we were obliged to cross its circuitous windings three times in less than a quarter of a mile. Some of us swam, others dashed in without stripping. This bath was truly delightful and refreshing beyond conception. We arrived at the secluded little Tamil village of Katavilla, which is temple property, at ten o'clock, and entered our sylvan abode, constructed with the upright stems of palm trees, interwoven with branches and boughs of green trees, the roof covered with white calico. An excellent breakfast awaited us, to which, I need scarcely say, ample justice was done.

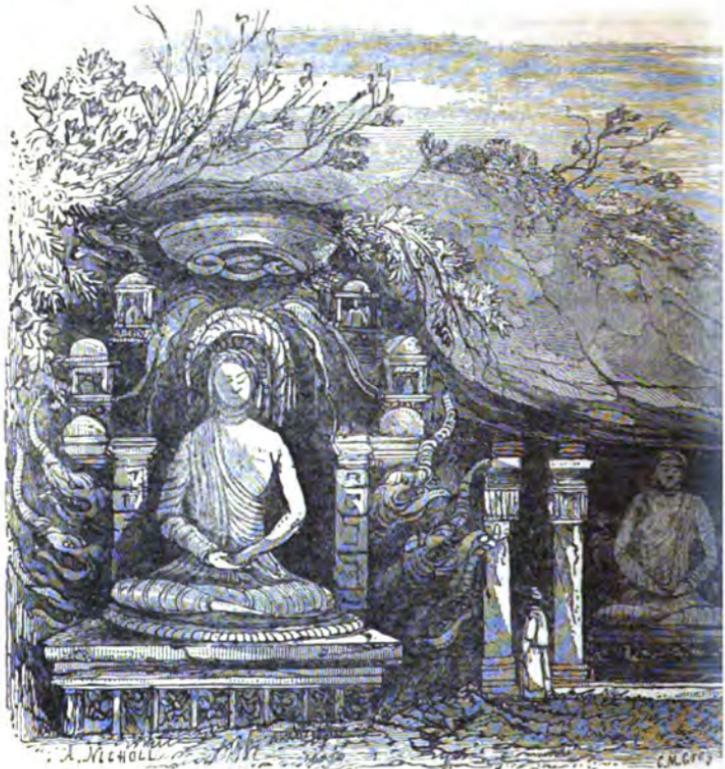
The village consisted of three or four houses, and the pansals of the priests. The inhabitants were Moors and Singhalese.

Our fairy-like abode was placed under the shade of a tamarind tree, opposite to a group of cocoa palms; all around us was still and quiet, until near sunset, when hundreds of green parrots and parroquets commenced screaming and chattering in most discordant concert, causing a frightful din. A gun was fired into the trees, when they flew off, filling the air with their annoying cry, but shortly afterwards returned to their old quarters. The sun set in splendour behind the woody hills, the parrots became silent, and quiet was once more restored. In the rear of a little garden, close to our domicile, I discovered eight turtles; they had crawled out of the river in search of food.

A short distance from Topare, is one of these wonderful monuments of antiquity which astonish the traveller in the forests of Ceylon—the gigantic tank of Domoodalla, an immense reservoir constructed for the purpose of irrigating the land, but now in ruins—the embankments destroyed, and its sluices gone to decay. These once fer-

tile plains, where hundreds of acres of rice were formerly in cultivation, are now unwholesome swamps and desolate jungles, the favourite resort of the wild buffalo and elephant. This tank, which is many miles in extent, was literally covered with the blossoms of the red and white lotus, many of its broad green leaves standing up above the surface of the water, others floating amidst an ocean of gorgeous flowers, which filled the entire valley, and diversified the monotony of the forest scenery. Here the elephants congre-

gate to bathe in the cool mud, and wallow in the soft mud on the island. Many of the tanks in Ceylon are of twenty miles in length in the most solitary and desolate parts of the island, buried in the densest forests, neglected and abandoned, with no living thing to meet the eye, save the pelican or white crane, or occasionally a herd of wild buffalo, or the shade of the overhanging rock. These gigantic remains are many miles distant from a human habitation.



THE RUINED TEMPLES OF TOPARE.—The most important architectural remains in the island of Ceylon are the ruined palaces and sacred structures of Pollanarue, the ancient capital of the Kandyan kings, greatly exceeding in number and elegance of design anything to be found in the island. Many of these noble edifices were erected in the reign of Prackrama Bahoo the Great, the first monarch of that name, in the twelfth century. After defeating the Malabars, who invaded the

island, and avenging himself on the despisers of Buddha, this prince directed his entire attention to the restoration of the religious edifices in the eastern province of Ceylon. Besides erecting that vast and elegant structure the Jaitawanarama, ten dagobahs, and every description of religious edifices—restoring and adorning the old ecclesiastical buildings—cutting canals, to conduct the waters to different tanks, and channels for irrigation thence to the rice fields, he also pi-

ed forests of fruit trees, and turned the course of rivers. These services gained him the affection and veneration of the people. This monarch, during a happy reign of thirty-three years, restored the religion of Buddha to all its former magnificence; and, notwithstanding foreign invasions and domestic feuds, he brought the arts to a most flourishing state of perfection. Pollanarue remained the seat of government for upwards of 550 years. The reign of Prackrama Bahoo I. has been designated "the most martial, enterprising, and glorious in the Singhalese history." He studied how to reward merit, and to promote the welfare and happiness of his subjects. His attention and energies were not confined to adorning his dominions. He had the Goodaiviree canal made to convey the waters of the river Karagangu into a vast tank, called the Prackrama sea; to be conducted northward through the highly cultivated valleys, by the Kalinda canal, by which the Kalaaweve tank, at Anaradhapooa, was supplied. In the year 1186 of the Christian era, and the thirty-third year of his eventful reign, which was distinguished by a greater increase of prosperity than that of any other Singhalese monarch, died Prackrama Bahoo I.

The ruins of the Jaitawanarama are approached by a path through a noble avenue of trees, where, it is said, the king, attended by his nobles, chiefs, and a large train of priests, walked in procession to the temples. The main entrance to this splendid edifice is formed by two polygonal pillars, having two richly-sculptured stones in front. At the opposite end of the building stands a colossal statue of Buddha, fifty feet in height. Its sides are profusely ornamented with rows of figures, birds, and other devices, tastefully and elegantly executed; and the greater part of its walls are covered with young trees and creeping plants. The building is constructed of brick, covered with a coating of polished chunam, and is a noble specimen of the architecture of its time, measuring 160 feet in length. Opposite are the remains of the Gonsaboe Mundapa, a group of stone pillars, with sculptured capitals, situated on an elevated mound; and close by stands a fine stone dagobah.

A short mile distant from the Jaitawanarama, in the midst of mouldering ruins and great trees, is the singu-

lar temple of Gal-wihare, which is by far the finest specimen of ancient eastern sculpture in Ceylon. Out of the face of a huge granite rock, three figures of Buddha, two temples, and a long inscription have been carved. One of these statues is of colossal dimensions, measuring forty-five feet in length, in a reclining position, the work having never been separated from the rock. The second figure, which is standing, measures twenty-four feet. The third is in a sitting position, and is sixteen feet high, richly ornamented; having a number of fabulous animals at each side—half alligator, half elephant—and a profusion of elegant devices. This figure is represented sitting on a massy pedestal, on the front of which, in different compartments, is a row of curious animals; while inside a temple, called the Isuramuni, or Kalugalla-wihare, is seen a fourth figure of perfect proportion. The attitude is easy and graceful; it is also in a sitting position, with statues at each side. These beautiful sculptures are executed with great care and skill; some of them would reflect credit on any age or country. The temple is apparently supported by four graceful columns, which are a portion of the rock, as the whole has been hollowed out to form the cavity. Between the temple and the standing figure is a large flat tablet, with a long inscription in Nágari characters. All these ancient remains are part and parcel of the everlasting granite, having never been separated from the rock, and cannot, consequently, ever be removed by the collector of curiosities. These remains are as sharp and perfect as if fresh from the hands of the sculptor.

The Rasket dagobah is a brick structure, the most celebrated at Topari, measuring 159 feet in height, and is covered with forest trees from base to summit. It is surrounded by eight small temples, highly ornamented, with rows of the dodo (an extinct bird, held sacred by the Buddhists) round the doorways and recesses, containing figures in graceful attitudes. These handsome little edifices are partially concealed by flowering shrubs and creeping plants, which add much to their architectural beauty. Huge decayed trees, with silvery stems and tiny branches, relieve the mass of green. Twisted bare roots stretch across, some of which have entered the crevices, and rent their walls asunder. Heaps of

It affords a home for the squirrel, parrot, and monkey, while dangerous snakes and scorpions lodge in its decayed stems. The banyan is a species of the fig; the fruit is red, and about the size of a small plum, which the wild pigeons and crows eat. It is thus propagated and carried from place to place, as their stomachs do not destroy its germinating qualities. Such is this wonderful specimen of nature's architecture—the most extraordinary production in the vegetable world—the *Ficus indica*.

One of the most important varieties of the banyan is the *Paipal*, or *Ficus religiosa*, commonly called by the Singhalese the sacred bo-tree, and is met with in the vicinity of every Buddhist temple in the island. At the foot of each of these trees is placed a small stone altar, for the reception of offerings of flowers. It is a pleasing sight to behold aged men and little children presenting at the simple shrines of Buddha the blossoms of the lotus, sacred tree, and sweet-smelling jessamine.

Close to the palace of Prackrama Bahoo are the ruins of another brick structure, of a circular form, elaborately and exquisitely finished. A considerable height above the ground is a platform, surrounded by a row of graceful granite columns with richly carved capitals, much defaced by time. There are four entrances leading into the interior, each being approached by a massy flight of stone stairs, ornamented with devil-dancers in basso relievo. Here you see heaped together, in one complicated mass, elaborate sculptures of exquisite workmanship, fragments of statues, capitals of columns, and beautiful carved colonnades scattered about in heaps of rubbish. Ruined walls, overgrown with creeping plants and jungle weeds, evince the power of time and climate over these massy edifices. The numerous vestiges which lie buried in the depths of the forest, and the vast and elegant structures which abound at Topari, together with the mighty tanks, attest the ancient greatness of Ceylon, and convey an excellent idea of the extraordinary taste and skill of those who constructed them, and the perfection the arts had attained at a very early period in the island. The renowned city of Pollanarue, with its extensive streets, varying from sixteen to twenty-eight miles in length, its busy bazaars,

its luxurious palaces—all have passed away. Cities, towns, and villages have disappeared, while the gigantic ruined tanks, many of them constructed at a period so remote as to be beyond the reach of tradition, and the magnificent stone temples, colossal statues, and lofty dagobahs, remain buried in the solitudes of the forests, tenanted by wild animals, whose haunts are seldom intruded on by man.

At Topari the creeping plants are as beautiful as they are various. They cover the stems of the loftiest trees, shoot across the top branches, extending from branch to branch and from tree to tree, over a continuous extent of wood; bordering the forest paths, roofing with verdure and bloom the entire thicket, completely shutting out the intense light and heat of the blazing sun—producing a profuse, varied, and rich mass of the most luxurious green tints, the intense light shining through their transparent leaves, while their graceful tendrils hang in wreaths, festooning nature's loveliest arbours—drooping across in garlands of gorgeous blossoms, red, yellow, purple, blue and white; some of them small and tiny, others as large as a peony rose, closing you in with a thin partition of quivering leaves, through which the parrot and humming-bird are constantly fluttering: also, the graceful ribbon bird, which is white, with a tuft on the head and two long feathers growing out of its tail, closely resembling the bird of paradise. Some of those creeping plants are of huge dimensions, and are called jungle-rope, being as thick and as closely twisted as a cable, which it closely resembles.

In our morning's ride, the path for miles ran along the margin of the great tank of Minirie, which is upwards of twenty-five miles in circumference. It appeared like an extensive lake, or inland sea: the distant land, jutting out, forming bays. The embankment is a quarter of a mile in length, and fifty-eight feet wide at the top, completely covered over with old timber. The place is infested with every variety of wild animals peculiar to Ceylon. This beautiful sheet of water presented a wonderful exuberance of bloom, being in many places covered with the red lotus and white water lily, while in every nook and pool on its margin these little wildings of nature nestled. The grass in the dry portions of the

tank, along its borders, fully six feet in height, appeared one flaming mass for miles; a dense body of white smoke, floating across its clear surface, contrasted well against the green and purple mountains in the distance. The bright red blaze had a magical effect, as the glowing flames burst crackling, sending forth thousands of fiery sparks when fanned by the breeze, its bright glare mingling with the green of the long grass; while flocks of wild fowl, with the "did-you-do-it," the "pee-wit," of Ceylon, and the white crane rose frightened from the fens and flew to their mountain solitudes for safety. Tiny kingfishers were hovering over the lotus flowers, and the gorgeous plumage of the peacock shone with dazzling brilliancy among the quivering foliage, while trains of butterflies of every colour flitted about through glade and thicket, in the balmy air of morning. The Veddahs, a race of wild men, had set fire to the grass, to produce a younger crop as food for their buffaloes. Some wild fowl were shot, but owing to the depth of the water and the danger apprehended from alligators, we were obliged to leave them behind.

Here herds of elk and spotted deer, as beautiful as the gazelle, started out of the thickets, and ran across the grassy glades. Numbers of jackals came out of the wood, stood in the path gazing at us, then disappeared in the jungle. A dog called Billy, who followed one of the horses the entire journey, the pair having been stable friends, was in the habit of pursuing the birds; and, having ventured to sport in this wild forest, was closely pursued by an immense troop of monkeys, yelling in full cry after the unfortunate brute like as many devils, leaping from tree to tree, and chattering and screaming with fiendish disappointment as the dog reached the horses, and thus escaped his pursuers. Billy wisely kept close to his friends in his travels through the forest, and seemed to be effectually cured of his hunting propensities ever after.

Our bungalow was a deserted rest-house, in a most ruinous state of dilapidation, having the upright posts and a portion of its roof alone remaining. The ends and sides were restored, for our temporary occupation, by the intertwinning of the branches of trees, white calico being spread across the ceiling. In the centre was placed our

portable dining table, together with our seats, consisting of two chairs, paddy pounders and boxes; while our beds, luxuriously hung with mosquito-curtains, were arranged round its sides; with the various luggage and travelling traps lying about in picturesque confusion. I had just returned, feverish and fatigued, after sitting for many hours sketching under the burning sun, and had stretched myself on a couch to rest my weary bones, when frightful shouting was heard. All ran out, thinking a rogue elephant had invaded our quarters. To our astonishment, it turned out to be a regular fight between two ponies and Dr. G.'s large grey horse. The three were pitching into each other with hearty good-will, neighing wildly, and rearing on their hind legs like three unicorns. The Modliar's bay pony seemed to have tried the game before, being scientific in his mode of attack, and determined to die game. As his more powerful opponent made a plunge at him, he would nimbly slip to one side, at the same instant giving the horse a terrible broadside in the ribs with his heels. Such neighing of horses, and yelling and screaming of appos and coolies, and cursing, and growling, and shouting of Malabar horsekeepers, while the doctor's voice was heard amid the unearthly din, roaring out, "Why the de'il don't you catch him?—catch the b—h, catch the d—d b—h." At last, the horse was captured, the pony taking a parting fling at him, every horsekeeper present giving him a blow with a stick, and the doctor a sound lashing with a heavy hunting whip, vowing that he should be put on short allowance for a week.

Mr. Mercer, the district judge of Trincomalee, and another gentleman joined us. Each day brought forth fresh pleasure and enjoyment; and, notwithstanding the long distance from any town, together with the danger and difficulty of travelling, we had as good fare and as well cooked as any gentlemen in Colombo.

It was truly delightful to stroll out, before retiring to rest, in the cool atmosphere, after the burning heat of the sultry noon, and enjoy the enchanting effect of the bright moonlight. Night in the tropics, when the moon is at the full, is lustrous and glowing beyond conception. Every object appears as clear as day, as she pours down her

floods of light on the distant lake, or among the sparkling dewy foliage of the citron and lime trees, while the feathery pendulous cocoa and areka palms quiver in the air, and the talipot spreads its huge leaves against the clear sky; the enormous vampire bat sailing among the forest trees, where countless millions of the beautiful firefly, like winged stars, or showers of living fire, bespangle the jungle. Nature herself seems to slumber under the delightful influence and radiant glow of the bright moon. Nought is heard save the hum of the beetle or the bark of the jackal in the deep solitude of the surrounding forest. Two hours before daybreak, we were once more preparing for our journey. Loud shouts for appoo; cups of coffee and basins of water; washing, dressing, and packing, beds taking down, all hurry, bustle, and confusion. Now we are mounted, and once more in the forest. In mid-distance, a long line of coolies were seen treading the narrow winding path, laden with the canteen jungle baskets, beds, bedding, and a certain article which Dr. W.'s luxurious jungle habits induced him to bring as a travelling companion. One of the coolies, who wore this wooden necklace, having his head through the hole like a man in the pillory, imparted an agreeable variety to the procession, and caused, occasionally, no small degree of merriment. The train of horses wound its way through the forest, one after the other, in the cool delightful air of early morning: now emerging from a leafy thicket, again crossing a glade, which resembled an extensive English park. Day began to dawn; long purple clouds stretched across the eastern horizon, slightly tinged with yellow, changing to pink and vermilion, as the dazzling sun burst forth in all his glory from behind the wooded hills, the dew sparkling on the leaves and long grass, like diamonds in the reflected glare of the level sun; while the spotted deer ran from glade to thicket, and the song-birds made the forest ring with joy.

KIRI OYA, OR RIVER OF MILK, is a rocky and picturesque spot, where we arrived, and found a sylvan bower, as fresh and verdant as the trees themselves, and an excellent breakfast ready to sit down to. All appeared as if effected by magic, temptingly inviting, as we ascended the steep bank of the river, and inhaled the fragrant

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and agreeable odour of broiled ham and jungle cock, and beheld a pyramid of eggs, and cups of smoking coffee.

The scenery was grand, and the bed of the river half dry; whilst the clear stream rippled and glided over rocks or sand, collected in deep, dark pools, overhung by enormous old hoary trees, dead with age, their white withered arms extending across, weeds and the bare roots of trees crept along the glassy margin of the river. There I watched the alligators lurking under shelving rocks in the dark water, which changed my mind, and prevented me taking my accustomed bath. I turned towards our encampment, where groups of coolies and horsekeepers, in their many-coloured costumes, wearing red-and-white turbans, sat on the dry sand, cooking their rice on wood fires, which gave animation to the scene, the thin, blue smoke rising among the dense wood. After remaining in this cool retreat, sheltered from the intense heat of the noon-day sun, for a few hours, we proceeded onward; beautiful glades opening here and there, covered with ripe hay, which filled the mind with sad and pleasing thoughts of home. Passing through leafy arbours, everywhere around us were the tracks of the elephant. Here the great euphorbia luxuriated; myrtle-trees grew as large as an English oak; and iron-trees, of immense size, which is the hardest wood known; passing multitudes of ant-hills, upwards of eight feet in height; and the forest swarming with ticks.

A number of elephant watch-houses, constructed of bamboo-cane, erected against old trees, were seen, close to a little Tamil village, where these poor people stay at night, burning fires to frighten away the elephants and wild hogs from their rice-fields. The natives are obliged to use every precaution against the depredations of wild animals, as they often destroy whole fields in a few hours. The paddy which is not eaten is trodden down and destroyed by the elephants. The latter, when provoked or wounded, often make a charge on these frail erections, which they demolish in a few minutes. On these occasions the watchers take refuge in the trees, concealing themselves among their ranches and leaves until the sun rises.

The scenery here became more savage and wild; the timber was of

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larger growth than we had seen elsewhere, and the jungle more dense. We crossed several streams of muddy water, the outpourings of a neighbouring tank. In this hot, moist place the yam flourished most luxuriantly, its great, thick, glossy leaves measuring upwards of five feet in length by four in breadth; underneath one of which I have often taken shelter from the rain. Amid this rank vegetation we heard the wailing cry of the alligator. After turning a narrow angle, and ascending a large granite rock, the beautiful tank of Heenookhiriewe opened on our sight, studded with the lotus and other water-plants; the noble mountain of Retigal Kandy, with

its craggy top, in the distance. Now we were fanned by the cool breeze, which swept over the glassy water—a luxury unknown in colder climes. The most profuse vegetation I ever beheld surrounded us, and the sun's heat was intense. The air was filled with the songs of birds and the hum of insects. The discordant screech of the knife-grinder (a kind of beetle) was heard above them all. An elephant passed round the base of the rock where we sat, and disappeared in the forest; but his frightful trumpeting shortly afterwards reminded us that we should join the others of the party, who were fully half-an-hour's ride onwards.

CLOUGH FIONN ; OR, THE STONE OF DESTINY.

BY THE O'HARA FAMILY.

CHAPTER IX.

PATRICK DONOHOE was a young man of powerful muscular conformation and of inherited strong passions. He was naturally headlong either for good or for evil; ardently affectionate where he loved, but capable of mad resentment if cause were offered to arouse his constitutional violence of temperament. The full gushing tenderness of his nature had been called forth, to meet and mingle with the unguarded and undisciplined ebullition of Winny Mulcahy's love; while, under the influence of her beseeching look supplicating for forbearance, he had borne with injury and contumely, which, without such intervention, would have roused the couchant lion within him to unbridled fury. To prove to her the reality and depth of his affection, he would at the moment, if she prayed for it with her eloquent eyes, have stood impassive and allowed her father to have discharged a pistol at his temple. But when Winny Mulcahy had disappeared, and that her mute, but all powerful influence no longer swayed him; and when he beheld the grass reddened with his blood, and felt the pain of shameful gashes from which the stream continued to pour, there came a strong revulsion of feeling: he groaned in agony over

the recollection of the outrages he had so tamely borne, and had Richard Mulcahy stood before him unaccompanied by his daughter, he would have slain him on the spot.

We have before stated, that the oath of vengeance he had sworn, when a child, over his mother's body, he had, under proper culture, learned to regard as irreligious in its character, and revolting in its conditions. This sentiment held full mastery over him while he met nothing but kindness and affection under Richard Mulcahy's roof; but now, as he sat brooding over what he had himself endured; while the blood about his heart boiled with indignation at his own wrongs, his father's and his mother's injuries were thought on bitterly, and revenge appeared for the time to be a duty.

He had seated himself on the spot where he had been degraded. We will not attempt to follow the battling of his thoughts. At times the remembrance of Winny Mulcahy's love came like a gentle breeze across his fevered brain, and again the whirlwind of his fiercer passions banished the soothing calm, and all was uproar within him.

"Patrick Donohoe has now the knowledge," said a voice close by him,