

SHC: 6832/6/9/6-7

Anna Lydia Glyn's notebooks of a trip to Australia and Ceylon, February to August 1893

Part 1: From Australia to Ceylon (SHC: 6832/6/9/6)



February 6th, 1893

It was a lovely morning, very hot. We did a little shopping after breakfast and then strolled down through the Botanical Gardens to the ship. We were so sorry to leave Sydney especially with the gardens and views looking their best. We went on board the Parramatta about 11.15. The old ship was scrubbed and painted up till she looked almost like a yacht and the Chief, Mr. Cooper, was very proud of her. The officers and everyone seemed quite pleased to see us again and it really was very comfortable and homelike getting back to her after the strange hotels.

We started at noon to the stroke, and the view was glorious steaming from the Harbour through the Heads. It was quite calm outside, nothing but the gentlest little swell. The Pacific Ocean has treated us nobly both times. I wonder if I shall ever be on it again. There were very few passengers and it was so strange to see all new faces except one girl who came out under charge of the Captain for the voyage and is going back to Colombo. She is nice but not particularly interesting.

The next morning was wet but it soon cleared and we had a very pleasant day congratulating ourselves that we were at sea and not in the hot dusty train. It is 18 hours journey from Sydney to Melbourne. We were running close to land when we came up after dinner and there was a splendid red sunset light behind

the high hills along the coast. It is light now till just past 8 o'clock.

We were alongside the quay at Port Melbourne by 9 o'clock the next morning and walked to the station soon after breakfast leaving Farrant as usual to follow with the luggage. Miss Langdon came down to meet me and Mr. James. Mr. Trude (who had come here overland) turned up, of course, so we were quite a large party going up in the train. They thought Ger looking amazingly better. Our ten days at Sydney did him a world of good – it felt like a month on shore.

It was a broiling hot day so Miss Langdon conducted us to the Public Library where it was beautifully cool and where there is a fine collection of pictures, chiefly old Academy ones of Pettie's, Graham's, also Tadema's. Long's *Esther* is amongst them. Then we sent the gentlemen back to the hotel and she took me shopping as I wanted a new sailor hat and one or two things. I don't think the Melbourne shops are quite as good as Sydney, except the bookshops. There is a book arcade, an enormous and most fascinating place which beats Holywell Street out and out, where you can get any edition of any book and can sit down and read it for as long as you like before you buy it, as there are lots of seats about and all the books are laid out on stalls arranged according to their subjects, like a library.

Miss Langdon had to go home to lunch so we arranged to have tea with her the next afternoon as we were going to Haverbrack (Mr. James's place) that afternoon. While Ger was having his siesta however, I went down to see the Churtons (some English people who came out on the Parramatta from Ceylon and were staying at Menzies) and they told us of a most delightful expedition they had just made up to the Hills. The James's recommended it also so we decided to go, though it involved an early start. It was very hot driving out to Haverbrack, but we found everything there as charming as ever, Mrs. James, the verandah, the dogs, the fruit and the Devonshire cream.

February 9th

We had breakfast at six and were off in a cab to the station (ordered overnight) at six thirty. Dr. James slept on the ship, saw all his patients and came up to breakfast with us. Menzies is a most comfortable and well-arranged hotel, you never have to wait for anything. The management at the Australia Hotel in Sydney was very bad. It was a hot day, the much dreaded north wind was blowing furiously sending the dust up in whirlwinds and feeling as if it came from the mouth of a furnace. We were thankful to be going out of the town. Our train left at 7 o'clock and after getting through the suburbs and passing some flat country with Indian corn and stubble-fields we began to get into the hills and reached the terminus – a little town called Healsville at 9.18. A coach was waiting, such a funny ramshackle old thing and after a second breakfast at a small hotel in Healsville we started on our 23 mile drive. We had the outside to ourselves, there were only two other men and they went inside. We did not take

Farrant as it was not worth it for one night.

The first part of the drive was very pretty through gum woods winding up and down hills and over clear rushing streams with fine views of steep wooded hills, far more mountainous scenery than the Blue Mountains. After rather more than an hour's drive we met a van and a wagonette and were told it was the coach from Marysville into which we must change. There were some fine blackberries at the side of the road on which we feasted while the baggage and mails were being transferred for the coach took all the letters and papers for the few houses along the road, which the driver threw down in the dust regardless of the fact that there was not always someone there to pick them up. I am sure some must have been blown away that day, though we did not feel the wind so much in the woods. Everybody we met told us it was the hottest day of the summer.

We went on in the new vehicle, which jolted worse than the old, but the road was magnificent enough to make up for anything. It led over the 'Black Spur', a magnificent gorge with a stream at the bottom, beside which grew tree ferns 30 to 40 feet high, while above and below, right up the steep hillsides rose the most splendid trees, the real big Australian gums from 100 to 300 feet high, the biggest we passed being 47ft round the stem. They were a splendid sight and there was the wattle as well, the special Victorian tree, which we had not seen before, with light feathery foliage and the blanket wood trees with pointed glossy green leaves lined with thick white woolly stuff like a blanket. We drove seven miles through these giant eucalypti and stopped for lunch at a tiny village called Marbethong. We had hot roast mutton and stewed fruit. Then we went on through more ordinary woods where the trees were about 100 ft high climbing up and up for Marysville is nearly 3000 ft. It was hot and we saw smoke pouring across the valley and the views and the sun grew reddish and misty and they told us it was bush fires caused by the heat and fanned by the dreadful north wind.

We arrived soon after 3 o'clock at our destination, a little wooden bungalow hotel in a pretty garden with a lovely view, only rather dimmed by the smoke. Ger and Dr. James subsided onto their beds and declared themselves incapable of moving so we waited till four and had some tea when it was a little cooler and we set out on a three mile walk through the woods to a waterfall guided by the funniest old man Charlie Morris, quite a character, who has been fifty years in the Colonies and never stops talking, telling the most marvelous stories of the blacks, convicts et cetera. He says he worked his passage out as a boy, but we have no manner of doubt that he was transported himself. On the way through the bush, which was curiously dim and misty, the smoke grew thicker and presently we saw a red light and the trees and the underwood were in flames. Our old guide declared it was quite safe and that it would not come our way, so we went on through the smoke, though it was rather stifling. It was too hot to walk fast and we sat a little by the waterfall when we reached it. It was a fine one, but the ordinary kind, dashing over rocks (nothing like the wonderful Blue Mountain veils, the tree ferns were the best part of it). It was getting dusk when we got back to

the neighborhood of the fire. The grass and bracken were blazing on both sides of the path, which luckily was a wide one, and we had to dash past with our handkerchiefs over our noses to try and shut out the smoke and then make another dash past a blazing tree and the fire began to look very fine in the dusk.

The old man was in a hurry to get us on, as he always went to bed at 8 o'clock and it was 7.30 before we got back to the hotel, hearing the laughing jackass on the way, a clumsy-looking bird which they call the bush clock as it always 'laughs' at dawn and dusk and it really is very like laughing. There are heaps of magpies always to be seen, a few parrots and pretty little birds with long tails, but hardly a singing bird can be heard. The frogs and crickets make up for them, however, and the bush is very far from silent. We had high tea on our return, cold meat, stewed fruit and jam. The landlady Mrs. Keppel was a most beaming good-tempered person, very like Frau Kohler. It seemed to be a kind of boardinghouse. Tea was at 6 o'clock but they made no objection to our having it late.

We strolled out in front afterwards and there was the bright glow of the bush fires in the sky. I did want to go, so at last we got hold of an old man from the establishment to guide us and started along a wood path groping our way, for the smoke made the night very dark. We saw fires in the distance but of course it was not safe to leave the path and we went nearly two miles before we got fairly onto it. First on a rise above us the bracken was blazing furiously and the great trees looked so strange and ghostlike standing motionless above it. Then further on the bracken and underwood were burnt out and the trees themselves were on fire. It was a wonderful sight. You know the gum trees lose their bark, not their leaves, in the winter, and now being the end of the summer, it is all hanging in dry strips, the most inflammable stuff imaginable, and only needing one spark to set it in a blaze. The fire darts in a moment up the trunk and along the branches, there is one great flare and then it settles steadily down to devour one limb, so that you see tree after tree with just one spot of fire smoldering or blazing away on an upper branch. The finest sight is a tree that is fairly alight, like a gigantic torch, with cascades of golden sparks falling incessantly from it like a waterfall of flame and beating any artificial fireworks in the world. It was just the grandest sight and every few minutes came the roar and thundercrash of a falling tree, one or twice actually within our sight, when the flames and sparks that shot up were superb.

Our old guide was very careful that we should not stand near any trees likely to fall, of course those with only the bark burning were quite safe and as there was no bracken to blind us with its smoke and flare we could enjoy at our leisure the wonderland of fire. It was a marvelous spectacle and one worth coming all this way to see. To stand in the very heart of the burning forest, to look up and see the red fire smoldering 100 feet above your head while all round you are torrents of golden flame pouring down the blazing tree trunks to the ground, each so beautiful that you can hardly take your eyes off the one you are first watching. It is Fairyland, you can hardly imagine you are not dreaming, only it would not be

possible to imagine anything so glorious as those cascades of fire.

The coach left at 8.30 next morning and we saw no signs of the fires upon the road but the view was entirely obscured by smoke, and we could see now the cause of the skeleton trees we passed, whole forests of them sometimes, standing like bare grey ghosts amongst the newer vegetation that has sprung up around them.

We got down to Healsville by 12.30. Mr. Trude met us at the station and then we heard that the day before had been the hottest known in the country for years, the thermometer standing 103 degrees in the shade, that there were frightful bush fires raging all over the mountains burning down farms and villages and that if the wind had not changed in the evening nearly the whole country would have been ruined. The papers compared it to a certain 'Black Thursday' in 1851 when fearful damage was done and indeed, although the weather was quite cool, 74 degrees, a great many fires were still raging. We did some shopping after tea and as we were coming back before 7 o'clock, when the sun was quite high in the sky, we saw it through the smoke huge and red without a single ray, just like an east wind sun in England, when it is dropping below the horizon.

We sailed at 12 o'clock the next morning (Saturday 11th) under a sky thick and hazy with smoke the whole afternoon until nightfall, and only on Sunday morning did we wake up to a bright sun and clear sky again. I shall never forget that bush fire as long as I live. Australia is a fascinating country.

There was a big swell and we rolled abominably all day and actually had the fiddles on for lunch and dinner for the first time since we left England [*a fiddle was a rack placed on tables to prevent dishes etc falling off*]. All the new lady passengers were ill, but I am thankful to find I am still an excellent sailor, as the stewardess calls me. Still it is very unpleasant and tiring but Ger does not mind it nearly so much. He is ever so much better, even the fire and the jolting did not do him up in the least.

Monday February 13th

We got into Largs Bay at 5.30 a.m, had breakfast at 8 o'clock and took the 9 o'clock launch to the pier, waited some time for a train and after a hot and tiresome dawdling journey reached Adelaide at 10.30. It was very hot in the town so we took a wagonette and pair to drive out eleven miles to Mount Lofty. Adelaide is a very modern town, well laid out with parks, gardens and open spaced, very wide streets like Melbourne. It is in a plain about three miles from the foot of the hills, which now were bare and brown with yellow dried-up grass, the only place we have seen in Australia which looked scorched and parched. They have had no rain for weeks. The hills did not look promising at first, but when we got further into them the trees became more numerous, the inevitable gum tree, which at least looks always fresh and bright and varies so remarkably

in shape and growth that you can hardly believe it is the same tree.

After a good long climb we arrived at a building which had evidently descended in the world, having begun life as a smart hotel and degenerated into a village pub. Captain Harris had recommended it having known in its flowery days, however there were plenty of rooms decent and fairly clean, so we thought it would do for one night as it was very cool and breezy after Adelaide. The country landladies in Australia think themselves quite as good as their guests, but take a great interest in them and will do anything to make them comfortable, if it occurs to them. This landlady took her lunch opposite us at the table and conversed affably all the time and the driver of the carriage was at the other end. We explored after dinner and found quite a decent sitting room opening onto the same balcony as our bedrooms where we arranged to have our meals. There was nothing particular to see, but nice walks in the woods around and pretty views across the plain to the sea. We saw such a lot of falling stars from our hotel balcony that night and the other stars were wonderfully brilliant. It was rather like Bavaria sitting out there with the wooded hill rising steeply opposite across the road and the fresh mountain feeling in the air.

It was cooler the next day and we went up Mount Lofty, the highest hill of the range which has a fine view over Largs Bay and out to Kangaroo Point Island. We had told our driver to come for us at four or else we should have gone down sooner and seen more of Adelaide. As it was we had only time to go to the Museum, containing a very good collection of birds and savage curios and dine at the York Hotel, which seemed a good one.

Dr. James had to be on board that night to see a patient and we did not think it was worth our sleeping at the hotel as we should have had to leave by a train at 9.50 in the morning, so we got off at 7.35 and had the same tiresome journey back, not getting on board till 9 o'clock. Largs Bay is a feeble sort of place, you have to walk from the station a long way down an unprotected pier to the launch, and they are forever having rough weather. It was blowing furiously that night and the launch was bobbing like a cork. Sometimes it is so bad the passengers have to be hauled on board in chairs. The waves broke right over the launch after we started but luckily I had my serge dress on and the drab shawl which I put over my hat. We only got a little spray in the stern. It was happily not too bad to bring the launch alongside the ship ladder and we got safely on board by jumping at the right minute into the quartermaster's arms. The old ship was as steady as a rock.

We sailed at 12 o'clock the next morning but before this some Adelaide friends who were with us on the Parramatta and whom we should have gone to see if it had not been so hot came off to see us on board and very kindly brought us a gift of fruit and flowers. We had a peaceful afternoon as we were sheltered by Kangaroo Island until 10 o'clock at night when the ship began to roll badly. It was almost impossible to sleep. One was flung from side to side of one's bunk. We

have some heavy cargo which makes the ship more liable to roll now. The Great Australian Bight is as bad as the Bay of Biscay, rather worse in fact, for it takes three days and nights to cross it. There were only two ladies besides myself and very few men at breakfast, but we have only about 30 first class passengers and only 9 are ladies. Three of these are elderly, two are married and rather invalids and there are only two girls and myself available for games so we have got to do double work in the tournaments and play with two partners instead of one. It was a little calmer the next day but the third night was even worse than the first. We got into Albany at 10 o'clock and stay only two hours.

February 18th

The last day of our voyage. We have had a nice one. We passed the mail steamer coming out of Albany as we were entering the Sound which was very lucky as we just hit off our letters. We passed Cape Leuwen the next afternoon and then got into calmer weather, which has lasted ever since though we rolled a little on one or two days. There are a particularly nice set of people on board, hardly any Australians, but those there are nice ones. Our only excitement has been the games in which I actually won a prize. There was a phonographic exhibition on Saturday evening by a Swiss, Mr. Creer, who is taking his instrument to Colombo and gave a performance for which the gentlemen subscribed £5. It was a splendid phonograph. 14 people could listen at once. We heard songs and bands, recitations and speeches, one by Mr. Gladstone and one by the American Secretary Mr. Blaine, a sermon from Mr. Spurgeon, Ellen Terry as Juliet in the balcony scene. Best of all, at the end, someone was requested to speak into it and Father Sheridan was deputed to do so, a dear old Irish priest on his way for a holiday to Rome and Syria. He has plenty of fun in him and we were all expecting something amusing when he suddenly launched out into a sermon on the transitory nature of all things human, a real downright sermon interrupted at intervals by exhortations from Mr. Creer to speak louder.

We all laugh at Father Sheridan. He is most good-tempered but gets dreadfully excited over the games which he plays in extraordinary attitudes. The effect of his solemn sermon into the phonograph, when everyone wanted to laugh but didn't like to do so, was as good as a play. There was at last a general explosion of laughter when Mr. Creer concluded by thanking the Father and hoping that his words would not only impress themselves on the wax but also upon the hearts of his audience. The phonograph was then made to repeat the sermon, so we had it all over again.

There are two clergymen in the second saloon, but they are not ambitious of taking the service on Sundays so we have Capt. Harris who reads very well and lets us off a sermon, a great consideration in the tropics. We crossed the line last night and ought to be in Colombo harbour tomorrow afternoon.

Part 2: In Ceylon (SHC: 6832/6/9/97)

Thursday March 2nd 1893

We got in at 3 o'clock yesterday and found the G.O.H and Bristol hotels full, so we had to drive out to Calle Face, where they happily took us in. We went in rickshaws to the Cinnamon Gardens in the evening and heard the band. It was cloudy and not too hot and the man made a nice breeze running. The rickshaw is a funny conveyance just like a big pram on two wheels. Ger and Mr James were off in them again to the Gardens before breakfast this morning. We have been shopping since and now after lunch Mr James has rushed off to see a Major and Mrs Bird, to whom he wants to introduce us. His friend Dr Withers dined with us last night. He is a judge and a very imposing person. Mr James is just off to the ship, so he must take this with him. The mail's at 4 o'clock and we are off to Kandy at 7 a.m tomorrow morning.

Friday March 3rd Queen's Hotel, Kandy

Missed the Birds on Thursday. We were to have called there at 5 p.m. but a thunderstorm delayed us in starting for half an hour and by the time we arrived they had gone off to call on us, but I had a very nice note from her offering to do anything for us, so I have written to ask if they can give us any introductions here. Dr James' friends are always pleasant.

We had given orders to be called at 5 a.m the morning after the ship left, but nobody came. Luckily I woke as in Australia but it never struck me it could be time to get up till I heard the crows cawing in the palm trees by the Hotel. Then I groped for my matches and found it just the half hour. It was not very easy to light the lamp in the dark. There are no candles in Ceylon, I suppose because it is too hot. I called Ger and Farrant and at 6 o'clock punctually came the breakfast and the bullock carts for the luggage. We got away about 6.30 and reached the station in good time. We got a compartment to ourselves, a half saloon with seats running round and only had 6 rupees to pay for extra luggage with all our own pile, including a good sized trunk of the doctor's.

Ceylon seems absurdly cheap after Australia. We started at 7.30. Such a lovely journey across the plains through jungle with every shade and variety of foliage and past submerged paddy fields shimmering in the sunlight with distant glimpses of blue hills growing gradually nearer. After an hour the ground began to rise and presently we were in the side of precipitous craggy hills covered with bright green grass and dark green glossy trees, the red soil showing through here and there, reminding us very much of Grandmamma's Indian sketches. At 8.30 we stopped at a station and were conducted by the native guard the whole length of the train to the refreshment car in front, where we had an excellent breakfast and remained till nearly 9.30 when the train stopped again and we returned to our carriage.

Kandy is only 1600 ft up in the hills and we arrived there soon after 11 o'clock, and leaving Farrant as usual to follow with the luggage, we drove straight up to the hotel. I can't think what we should do without him because here where the luggage has to go in bullock carts he accompanies it in a rickshaw and it is a slow process. We left the ship, for instance, at 4 p.m and the luggage did not turn up till 7.30.

Kandy is a perfect paradise. I thought it must be over-praised and that we should be disappointed with it, but it is a charming place. The hotel stands beside the lake and about a couple of hundred yards from the picturesque Buddhist Temple with its white pillars and quaint brown tiled roof standing out against the hill above, which Ger is for ever sketching from his window. It contains the famous tooth of Buddha and is 1000 years old. We have not yet been to see it.

The lake is long and narrow with a walk all round it (3 miles) lying amongst wooded hills of every shade of green. A most picturesque town of one-storied native houses with wooden or white washed walls and overhanging roofs of thatch or tile stretches down the hill below it under palm trees or pink acacia loaded with bright coral pink blossom. We are hopeless at learning the names of all the trees here. There are seven different kinds of palm to begin with, the bread fruit, the jack tree and hundreds of others flowering and otherwise. The poinsettia trees are very fine but handsomest of all is a tall tree with dark gloomy leaves and scarlet cup shaped blossoms, about 6 inches in diameter. They simply blaze in the sunlight. I think the name must be Poinsettia Regia but have not found out for certain. Miss North describes that as the most magnificent tree she ever saw. In every direction about Kandy there are drives and footpaths winding up and down the hills through the most delicious shade of the jungle, where we see some new tree, flower or creeper to look at every turn and get the loveliest peeps of mountain views.

We drove the first evening three miles to Peradeniya Gardens which cover 18 acres and are like a wild park. There is not a great quantity of flower garden but there is every variety of tropical tree to be seen there, including even a specimen of the poisonous Upas tree. We were just bewildered as our guide rattled off the names of tree after tree and the only clear idea we came away with was that we must go again very soon. We had a thunderstorm on the way home but the carriage, a double dogcart with a seat in front for the driver, had an awning apron and curtains of American cloth so that one can be quite sheltered if necessary.

The Calls Face Hotel was dirty and dark. This hotel has two stories, which is better, is clean and light and the rooms are well furnished. The cooking and attendance is good. The servants are all Cinghalese, porters, waiters and housemen, but they all speak English and are most punctual and attentive. It is so funny to go into the passage and shout 'boy' when you want anything. There is no bell in my room. I don't know why it should be 'boy' when they nearly all

have beards. Except for the beards you might very well believe they were women with their coiled hair combs and petticoats. We do here, as every body does, have our baths at 6 a.m, early breakfast, egg, tea, toast and marmalade at 6.30 and are off for our walk at 7 o'clock. By 9 o'clock it is quite too hot to be out in the sun so we return and put ourselves tidy for the second breakfast at 9.30 when we have tea again, chops and curry etc, for one has got a furious appetite by that time. I get through three courses comfortably, concluding with marmalade and fruit. There are no private sitting rooms but Ger has the largest bedroom in the hotel with an alcove to it furnished like a sitting room, so we retire there after breakfast and he reads and sketches and I read and write till lunch at 2 p.m. Then we lie down for an hour and start out again usually for a drive at 4 o'clock. It begins to get dark about 6.30 so we get home a little before 7 and dine at 7.30. We have four courses for lunch and seven for dinner, fruit at every meal, bananas, plantains, pineapple, mandarin oranges and pawpaw, which looks like melon but tastes entirely different and is very good indeed. At breakfast and dinner our boy presents Ger with a buttonhole and me with a wired bunch of pink or cream roses, small begonias and gardenias to wear, while our dinner table and rooms are loaded with flowers. The only difficulty is where to put them. For all this and excellent bedrooms looking on the lake we pay 35 rupees each and 21 rupees for Farrant, just £2-£3. At the Australia in Sydney we paid £2 per day and were not half as comfortable. There is a nice reading room with the weekly Times, Punch, The World and nearly all the magazines, Blackwood, Nineteenth etc and a charming verandah running all round the hotel with deck chairs and little tables. Sellers of embroideries and curios are there always ready to bargain with visitors for their wares but they are not at all troublesome.

The hotel was quite empty when we arrived on Friday but got very full yesterday for Sunday. We had a lady and gentleman put at our little table but as they are Ceylon residents and pleasant people it is rather nice as they tell us about the country. We walked round the lake yesterday before breakfast but there were thunderstorms later in the day and it poured all the evening so we did not get out again. Today is lovely but very hot though it was beautifully cool for our morning walk. There is a grand Ritualist Church here, St. Paul's, and a Church Missionary besides, but it is too hot to think of going this morning.

Monday March 6

The usual thunderstorms came on yesterday afternoon but it held up a bit at 4 o'clock so we got a drive up one of the hills above the lake and the view was splendid with gleams of sunshine and the dark clouds resting on the hills. It is really very like the English lake country except for the vegetation. Any short climb brings you to views of sharp peaked hills standing range behind range and a stream winding down the green valley between. There is however only the one lake at Kandy. We came home in a deluge and it poured, thundered and lightened almost incessantly the whole evening, but the morning is gloriously fine again as usual, with a cooler breeze which I hope may keep off the storms.

Wednesday March 9

The storm did not come on till nearly 6 o'clock on Monday afternoon so we got a drive to Katugastota Bridge three miles off, where there are elephants to be seen at work. We drove through a native village where everyone jabbered about the elephants and all the little boys wanted to guide us by different paths. Our driver knew a little English and the rest was all by signs but we remained in the carriage and drove on through a plantation and in a little while met an elephant, not a very large one, walking along carrying a tree trunk as if it were a feather. This was put down and it was brought up and made to salaam us kneeling, which it did evidently very much under protest. We had nothing to give the poor beast and of course the driver kept our tip to himself

Yesterday, Tuesday, was the first day without rain. It was not quite as clear in the early morning and clouds were floating round the Hunasgiriya Peak, the finest mountain in the neighbourhood, 5000 ft high, which shows up magnificently over or through gaps in the near hills a little way above Kandy. This is really very like our Lake country only grander and the foliage is so lovely. The flowering trees, graceful palms and feathery bamboo give different shades of colour from the brightest spring green to the darkest holly tint.

We went to see the Peradeniya tea plantation yesterday afternoon, said to be the best in the Island. We drove through acres of little tea bushes to a large iron building and went to an upstairs room where crowds of Kandy women with their picturesque red cotton dresses, head necklaces, nose rings and silver bangles were carrying up baskets of freshly gathered leaves on their heads. These were spread out to dry on a kind of matting stretched across wooden frames, where they are left 24 hours to dry. Then they go downstairs into a big room full of machinery and put into a crushing machine, which rolls them round and round for an hour, when they are taken out and spread about 3 inches deep on the floor of a cool shed with a fountain in it, where in the course of half an hour they ferment and turn brown, the result of bruising them. Then they go through one or two drying machines and finally into a shifting machine, which separates the different qualities. The smallest leaves make the best tea. Some of the coarser teas had leaves fully an inch long. The whole process from the time the leaves come from the drying room takes 3 hours. Then the tea is packed away in tin chests for 3 or 4 months till it is fit to use.

It was a very fine estate in a wide valley with the mountains rising round only a short distance from the Botanic Gardens which we drove round afterwards. A broad but muddy pea soup coloured river runs round the outskirts of the splendid gardens called the Mahaweliganga. Life here is very funny in some ways. It is slightly embarrassing, for instance, after a knock at your bedroom door to have a tall bearded person stalk in with nothing on but a comb, silver bracelets and petticoat, carrying a white bundle on his head, which being unfolded reveals

one's things from the wash. He then produces a list from the folds about his waist and proceeds in fluent English to compare it with the clothes, laying out each article separately and then with a grand bow waits to be paid. It is ridiculously cheap too. I sent no end of things naturally after a 3 weeks voyage in hot weather including 3 blouses with frills. The whole came to 2 shillings and they were beautifully done.

Sunday March 10th

The afternoon storms have at last cleared away, though we had one grumbling round us yesterday. The mornings are always bright and fine but it clouds over in the afternoons which makes it very pleasant for our drives. We are having a lovely time here only it will go so fast. We have been here 10 days now and have not yet explored half the ways yet in our morning walks and are always finding new plants and insects. We found a dear little sensitive plant this morning growing by the roadside with leaves like miniature fern fronds, which shrivel up and hang down the stalk when touched and pretty pink flowers which remain unchanged, the leaves only being sensitive. We have seen two millipedes about 6 inches long, a chameleon on a tree, an insect that imitates a stick, countless unknown birds and butterflies, an ant heap two feet high and there are ant roads forming regular tunnels under the paths. I find the tree with the beautiful red flowers is a spathodea, a native of Burma. There is also another red flowering tree with splendid clusters like wisteria called amherstia. There are only two species of orchid which grow wild in Ceylon, but any kind will flourish if imported.

Some very nice people have called on us at the Birds' request, a Mr and Mrs Burrows. He is in the Civil Service and has written a delightful guide to Kandy and Nuwara Eliya and one also on the buried cities one of which I hope we may see. We had got his book and I was pleased to find their cards. She is a clever Sydney girl with very pleasant manners and plenty of go and life. She seemed to know more about botany than he did and told me the names of everything I wanted to know. We were out when they called and so were they when we returned it, so they asked us to tea. They live in a charming bungalow at Peradeniya close to the Gardens and after tea they took us round their own garden, where we saw several curious kinds of fly-catching plants looking most extraordinary and orchids growing on all the trees. We afterwards went on to the Botanical Gardens. She drove me in their dogcart and he followed with Ger in our vehicle. They have been expecting some friends from Australia who have not yet turned up and if they don't arrive this week we are invited to stay a night or two with them to make an excursion to see a certain rock temple.

Mr Burrows has also kindly written for us to Matala to see if we can have a carriage to go 3 days drive to Anuradhapura, one of the buried cities. We can't go in the bullock coach, which does the whole distance right away in 24 hours as it would be too tiring. I hope we shall be able to manage it as we have some friends there, Mr and Mrs Thorpe. Mrs Thorpe has just been married to a Civil

Servant here. She was Miss Kelly, a fellow passenger of ours on the Parramatta. They spent a night at Kandy on their way to Anuradhapura after a week's honeymoon and hoped they might see us again there. We find everybody very kind and hospitable here. There are some fellow passengers of ours staying in the hotel, two Miss Clearys who came out on the Parramatta to stay with their married sister here. The eldest of them got engaged to the fourth officer of the ship. She is a very nice girl and is delighted to have us to talk to as we know her fiance and his ship. Their married sister and her husband, Mr and Mrs White, have asked us to go with them on an excursion to see a Cocoa Plantation of which they know the manager who has offered us tea at his bungalow.

We have been at last to see the Temple and Buddhist Library here, such a quaint, charming place, the books all written on talipot leaves and enclosed in covers of silver, inlaid wood or lacquer. There is a leaf from the sacred Bo tree, which Sir Edwin Arnold brought them from India mounted on a silver stem. The temple itself is charming with its beautiful old frescoes, silver and ivory doors and steps and the fine gold jewelled shrine, which contains the sacred tooth. It's such a relief to see a temple with no images, only the delicious scented white champak flowers scattered as offerings. The old priests in their yellow silk robes look quite intellectual and refined. We had to go at 9 a.m service hour to see the shrine. After we had come out a procession went in through the pillared vestibule of men carrying coloured silk bags slung over their shoulders by a yoke but I don't know what they contained. They went up the steps to the shrine and women and girls followed them carrying baskets filled with flowers on their heads. It was a very pretty sight, but the accompanying music of tomtoms and droning pipes was a bit trying.

Tuesday March 14

Tomorrow is mail day so I must finish up. The Burrows have most kindly asked us to stay Wednesday to Saturday but as we are engaged to go to the cocoa plantation on Wednesday we are to go to Peradeniya to breakfast on Thursday morning. Mr Burrows is doing all the arrangements for our journey to Anuradhapura starting Wednesday next week, both carriage and accommodation. We shall be away just a week. Ger asked the doctor here if there would be any danger of getting fever there, but he laughed and said he thought there was none but that he could very soon put him right if he did get a touch of it. It is a very feverish place for residents, but as we only stay there two days there is not much risk for us. The fever here too does not seem to be a very serious kind. People don't die of it.

Mr Burrows has kindly put us down for the library, nice cool building on the lake beside the temple. It was formerly the King of Kandy's bathing house and is built out over the water with a balcony. It had lots of books and all the papers and magazines that you would find at a London club. It is very pleasant for an hour before dinner. Any annual subscriber can put down visitors for ten days. Mr

White has of course offered us another ten days after our present term is up. Oh dear, the days do go so fast, not that I shan't be charmed to get home, but it is very delightful here. We like the place better and better every day. If we do not much like Nuwara Eliya we must return here for our last fortnight. I am sure I shall find it bleak and cold up there. They say fires are needed, which won't suit me. The place is 6000 feet up and the mountains run up to 8000 ft.

Mr Burrows took us over the native jail this morning before breakfast. It is the only one on the island except for Colombo and is a fine building holding six or seven hundred prisoners. The cells are in a three storied building, beautifully cool and airy. The men must be far better off than in their native huts, but they regard this as one of the hardships of prison. They are only in the cells at night. In the daytime they work the first month at stonebreaking, each in a separate little pen divided off by fencing. The next two months they pull coconut fibre and hammer it into a soft and pliable condition suitable for mat making. After that they work in the quarry. After their first year the best behaved men are promoted to any necessary work outside, or at the carpenter's bench, kitchen etc. They are such people for bathing that the greatest punishment is to deprive them of their daily wash, which they feel far more than having to go without a meal. Their favourite diet is curry and rice, they think nothing of bread and complain they can't work if they have been kept on bread only. They are very little trouble and generally well behaved. After their first year the good conduct men wear a large 4 in front which means they are entitled to certain privileges such as a better diet. The second year they wear a 3 which entitles them to a better status, the third year a 2 and the fourth year a 1. These last are entitled to see and write to their friends and if they go on behaving well they are made police constables to the jail and wear a card with P.C. and earn a rupee a month, which is given them when they leave. This sometimes amounts to 60 or 70 rupees, quite a nice nest egg for them to start life again with.

It is as curious to see the natives here, men, women and children, in the river every morning. They just wallow in it dipping their heads or showering the water over themselves with a tin pan. After the bath they unfortunately anoint themselves over with coconut oil, which makes them very sleek and glossy but most unpleasant in odour.

Sunday March 19th

We had two most delightful days at the Burrows. Our drive however the day before to Parrakella, the cocoa plantation, was spoilt by the rain. Mr Wilkins, the manager, said it would rain so we started at 1.30 in the hotel wagonette and pair. It was perfectly glorious going, The mountains looked so blue and clear and the sun was out all the time though we could see a pall of storm clouds gradually blotting out the mountains in front. It was a lovely drive down in to the valley on the further side of which rises the Hunasgiriya range. This is said to be one of the finest valleys in the tropics. We had splendid views going down and then it was

very pretty winding along by the river bank till we came to the ferry, a most primitive arrangement, nothing but a raft on which we were punted across, carriage and all, and then drove on through charming rocky country planted with cocoa shrubs which grow about the size of lilac bushes and can hardly be called trees, till we reached the factory where we were nearly driven away by the bad rotting smell of the India-rubber, which was spread out in the sun to dry as it had been drawn from the trees in blocks about 3 inches square sticking together in long strings.

The cocoa grows in a reddish pear-shaped fruit with a thick pulpy white rind which contains the beans. These are only dried and then ground, like coffee. There is no long process and machinery required as for tea. I will try and bring home a cocoa pod and a cotton pod though I am afraid they will hardly keep. While we were at the factory the rain began and came down in buckets.

Though the wagonette had a cover and curtains the rain drove right through and it was impossible to keep dry. Mackintoshes were no use at all. We drove up to the bungalow through such pretty scenery of which we could only obtain peeps, but Mr White was afraid to stop for fear the river should rise and be impassible, which often happens, and we were all very wet, so we drove straight back to the ferry and got across safely to our great relief. We got back to the hotel by 5 o'clock, changed our things and were none the worse for our wetting.

On Thursday morning we were off at 7.30 to Peradeniya and met Mr Burrows riding out to the jail, which he has to visit every other morning. Mrs Burrows was at home and entertained us. She is a great talker. In fact, they were both very good at it and most kind and interested in everybody and everything. We went out to the gardens after seeing her, which are so very lovely in the bright morning sunshine. We had plenty of time as they don't breakfast till 10.30 and went into the museum in the middle of the gardens, which has a collection of various woods, seeds and medicinal plants etc. Mr Burrows came home to breakfast, which is really lunch, and then went in again by train to his office. We sat and rested on the verandah with the lovely garden and trees round and a splendid view of the mountains across the valley till 3.30 when we went off in the cart to the gardens taking tea with us. Mr Burrows met us there. We drove round and then went to a little summerhouse for tea. The kettle, alas, had not been properly filled so Mr Burrows and Ger rushed back in the cart to the house to fetch more water. While they were away it suddenly clouded over and began to rain in bucketsfull. We could just keep dry in one corner and they arrived a few minutes later absolutely dripping. However, this warm rain hurts nobody so we had tea and then as it would not stop Mrs Burrows and I drove home and the gentlemen walked for fear of catching cold. The next morning the horse was doubled up with rheumatism, so we all went in to Kandy by the 7.30 train to see the government hospital, such a nice, cool, airy place with pleasant smiling little half-caste nurses or Berger as they are called here. The doctor was a Berger also though I could not tell him from a European. They have separate rooms for planters, who come

in sometimes, when they have no one to nurse them. We drove home in a bandy (fly). Ger and Mr Burrows got out for a walk in the gardens before breakfast.

Dr Trimen, the director of the Gardens, a great botanist, his post is considered only second to Dr Hooker's at Kew, entertained us to tea. He is, unfortunately, as deaf as a post but he took us into the gardens afterwards and was drawn out a bit by Mr Burrows, who knows some botany himself. Neither of us, however, could make him hear anything at all. Mr Burrows is another instance of Alfred's universal cousinship. He believes his mother was a cousin of the Deedes, but can't say the exact connection. It is through the Abel Smiths. He was quite surprised to hear Alfred was our brother-in-law. Two men came to dinner and one stayed the night. This was the first entire fine day we have had in Ceylon and the night was also warm and fine. I could walk about and sit in my evening dress without a wrap. The fireflies were blazing about in the trees like fairyland. They flew in and out of our rooms at night. It was so lovely and peaceful after the hotel that I was quite sad at leaving next day.

We went into the Gardens next morning and met Dr Trimen. He showed us a collection of native painted flowers life-size in the herbarium adjoining the museum. He was less deaf and we managed to make him hear a few things. I did wish Emmy could have been with us as she would so much appreciate all we have seen here. I had to be back at 8 o'clock for the dentist, who is up for a few days from Colombo. My teeth are going in the most dreadful way. I have to go to him tomorrow and Tuesday morning as well. We went in by the 9.30 train and as he did not keep me very long we went to a cricket match on the Kandy ground between the regiment and the Kandy eleven of which Mr Burrows is captain. It was a most exciting match just won by the captain's play for the Kandy eleven. We are going to see some good native work in brass and silver tomorrow at Mr Burrow's office. He got up a society at one time to buy and encourage the best native work but he has been away lately and it has rather fallen to pieces, which is a pity.

Tomorrow afternoon we have asked the Whites and Clearys to go for a drive with us and take tea. On Tuesday afternoon we go with Mrs Burrows to see a school for the daughters of the Kandyan chiefs. Wednesday morning we start on our trip to Anuradhapura. The Burrows are going to Nuwara Eliya for Easter and want us to go tea, so we have wired for rooms but doubt if we shall get them. Major Bird has just called on his way passing through Kandy and tells us they have found me an escort home in the S.S. Bengal, some friends of theirs, Mr and Mrs Harrison. I have not heard from Mr Ormonde yet as he may provide someone too. Still a bird in hand is not to be despised.

Tuesday March 21st

Ger takes so long over his sketches that I have brought out my book to write. The days fill up so now that I never have much time to write in the hotel. We have had

two campstools made with netted seats which Ger did when he was ill on board and these always go with us on our morning walks and we generally do more sitting than walking. The fine weather has set in now and it is most delicious but the mornings are very misty. We have been sitting patiently facing a wall of mist in a nice cool cloud, pleasant but hopeless for sketching. We were just going to give up when suddenly down over the near trees we caught a glimpse of the river at the bottom of the valley and then little by little like a stage curtain being rolled up, more and more of the valley appeared, then the slopes of the mountains and finally the whole blue outline of the range with Hunasgiriya towering over it. I wish you could see the mountain as he looks now with the sunlight sleeping on his great shoulders, dark shadows in the hollows between and a bank of white fleecy clouds floating behind his fine peaked head. In the foreground there are great bread fruit and mango trees with white blossoms and low Lantana bushes covered with orange flowers. Two bell birds are calling to each other from the woods. They are to be heard in Ceylon anywhere near trees all day long. Their note is something like a dove's coo but sharper and more ringing.

We have adopted Ceylon hours since we were at the Burrows - early breakfast at 7, lunch at 11, tea about 4 and dinner at 7.30. I wanted to do it before but Ger did not like the idea till he had to do it at Peradeniya and then found it suited him much better. Farrant, however, still clings to his 2 o'clock lunch, which is a compromise for the passengers as they call the tourists here. We now announce indignantly when men bother us to buy brass and other things that we are not passengers. We had a charming drive yesterday with Mr White and the Clearys in the hotel wagonette and pair to Caladeniya, a temple three miles beyond Peradeniya. We had to walk half a mile up a mountain path from the road and get a coolie to carry our tea, which we brought from the hotel. It is astonishing what the men here carry on their heads, they think nothing of a large trunk from the hold of a ship.

There was a lovely view when we got up to the temple. It was on a hilltop with the mountains rising range upon range all round. We made our tea on a flat rock under the shade of some trees, and when we had finished an old priest showed us the temple, which has a fine stone Buddha of colossal size, before which were strewn the pretty fresh flower offerings. There are fine carved pillars and inlaid doors. The priest wanted nothing for showing us over. He knew no English so we could not even thank him. It was a lovely evening with a fine sunset. It is a great treat to get fine afternoons, though they are very hot. We did not get home till dark. We passed an elephant at work in the fields, a very large animal with his head and ears caked with mud.

March 23rd

We are sitting by the reservoir above the lake at the mouth of a little glen. I have got my campstool on a flat rock and past my feet rushes a tiny stream tumbling down over big grey rocks with ferns and grass growing in the crevices to a

miniature lake a few yards below which lies under palm-clad banks opening out at the end to show a distant view of soft blue mountains. There is hardly any breeze so the water is so still as to make the reflected palms seem to be growing upside down. Up behind me tower the rocks and some palms which screen us from the sun and down from the glen above comes the stream winding past great clumps of spiky aloes and lantana bushes. Just across it Ger is sketching under a pink hibiscus tree and a little way off is a big red Colias tree, which would astonish Worsfold, I think. The sun is creeping down the opposite slope and will soon drive us further into the shade of the palms, but it is lovely to watch it shimmering on the trees, glowing on the flowers, and, now and then, catching the bright blue wings of a kingfisher flitting over the lake.

Kandy is quite an earthly paradise. No wonder some people have located the Garden of Eden in Ceylon. They say there is hardly another place in the world so beautiful. We saw a bird of paradise in Peradeniya Gardens one day. It had such a peculiar motion owing to its long tail that I thought it was a flying lizard. It was black and white with a long white tail. I admire the chameleon lizards very much. One I saw on the roof of the Burrows' bungalow had the brightest glowing green body and a coral pink head.

We have been obliged to alter our plans and postpone our visit to Anuradhapura, as the resthouse there was full. Mr Burrows has just been offered a good post at Trincomalee, but as it would be too hot for her there in the summer she is going off to Australia on April 10th and they have got to pack up and clear out all their furniture by that date. They are worse off apparently in the Civil Service than in the Army as to continual moving about. They have only been here four months and only nine months in one place since they married. Mrs Burrows suggested that I should go with her to Australia on a visit to her mother. As I told her, there is nothing I should like better if I could be in two places at once. We got the telegram on Tuesday morning that they could not have us at Anuradhapura, so directly after luncheon we went over to Mr Burrows' office and he kindly put off the carriage etc. We were just coming away when he was sent for into Court.

The sessions are held in a hall behind the Temple, which has some fine carved pillars. It was the old audience hall of the Kandyan kings. Mr Burrows took us in with him. He did not know what was going on. We found it was a murder trial and he was required to give some topographical evidence. They gave us chairs next to the jury and the judge Sir Bruce Burnside sent to ask us to come onto the Bench, but we stayed with Mr Burrows as we did not mean to stop long and I felt shy being the only lady amongst such a lot of men. There were three natives in the dock all charged with the murder of one man. Neither Judge nor Counsel wore wigs, which took off much from the effect. The judge was a fine old man looking well in his red robes, which must have been very hot. We were just between the two Counsel and had a good view. The trial had begun the day before when three witnesses had identified the prisoners as the men who had stabbed their relative, no motive being alleged. The defence was trying to prove

an alibi for one of the three for the other two there seemed nothing to be said. All the proceedings are in English, the native witnesses being examined through an interpreter. Then the Counsel for the defence, an excited Irishman, made an oratorical and highly coloured speech. The other Counsel followed his with a quiet recapitulation of the evidence, while the Irishman kept up a commentary of audible asides and even interrupted the judge in his summing up. The judge summed up very much against the prisoners.

The jury were only absent ten minutes and brought them all in as guilty. I thought then it would be over directly but each of the prisoners made a long speech saying the others were guilty, but not he, and that the magistrates had threatened the old woman who identified them if she did not swear that they were the men etc. All this had to be written down by the judge after translation and took nearly half an hour. At last they had no more to say and then the judge made a short speech saying he was quite satisfied with the finding of the jury and commented on the reckless way in which the prisoners had accused each other as being really further evidence against them. Then he put on the black cap and read the death sentence, everyone standing up. It was very painful as one of the men was hysterical and they were escorted back to jail with all their relatives and friends weeping behind them.

We had to hurry back to the hotel to receive Mrs Burrows, who had arranged to take us to tea at the C.M.S school for the daughters of Kandyan chiefs. She drove us to a bungalow up the hill above the lake where we were received by three ladies. One of them a nice-looking bright girl we were astonished to find was Winme Malden. We saw the pupils, 13 in number. Aged from 5 to 14, daughters of rich parents all relatives of the old Kandyan kings. They had lovely embroidered dresses and some looked quite pretty and refined. Their parents are most anxious they should learn English and therefore put up with Church teaching. Yesterday the Burrows had a school treat of 150 Singhalese children nearly all in native dress. When we arrived we found them all packed onto the Verandah and Mrs Burrows giving away the school prizes. One small boy recited in Pali, quite a musical performance, and then they sang grace, a most trying performance to musical ears. They were given cake and bananas and mugs of tea which they carried off to the garden as they do not eat or drink together in company. They did not seem to have any idea of games, but afterwards scrambled for some sweets, which Mr Burrows threw for them. Dr Trimen was there and invited Ger to come to breakfast any morning and bring his 'wife'. He is so deaf that it is quite impossible to enlighten him further as to our real relationship.

Friday, 24 March

Matale Resthouse. Here we are on our way to Anuradhapura. Two gentlemen came back yesterday and said the resthouse was empty and no one expected. The man believed that they were going to stay on and they were asked to tell us

that the carriage was being kept for us at Matale. So we started off 11.30 this morning and got here at 12.35 to find the carriage out. However, the men promised it will be back in time to take us the first stage on to Nalande where we sleep 14 miles from here. So we dine at 5.30 and start afterwards. We could not in any case start much earlier on account of the heat. It was very pretty 16 mile rail here, the whole way round the Hunasgiriya mountain, which looks well everywhere but certainly best from the Kandy side. WE had such a thunderstorm yesterday and a deluge of rain. Miss Malden came to tea with us but could not get to the hotel till 5 o'clock instead of 4, and the Trinity College athletic sports, to which we were going with her had to be put off. It is thundering a little this afternoon but nothing much so I hope we shall get a look round Matale before dinner. This is a nice resthouse with sitting room, verandah and very decent bedrooms, very quiet and peaceful after Kandy for even the best friend cannot deny that the Queen's is noisy.

Saturday, 25 March

Dambulla Resthouse. It is the middle of a very hot day and everyone asleep except myself and our horses turned out to graze under the trees behind the resthouse. I have been lying down for an hour but cannot get into sleeping like Ger. I can only keep the mosquitoes at bay by deluging my face and hands with eau de cologne, which fortunately they are afraid of. It is glorious weather and we enjoy this mode of travelling, but it will get hotter as we descend into the plains. The mean annual temperature of Anuradhapura is 80 degrees, April and March being the hottest months in the year. It is delicious in hot weather I think and Ger says that proper clothes and habits make all the difference to comfort. It was almost dark when we got off from Matale last night at 6.45. There was quite a respectable sized moon and flashes of summer lightning and fireflies by the million so we had no lack of illumination and could see the country almost as well as by day. The outline of the mountains showed clear amongst the stars or the white snowy clouds and the fireflies danced round the palmtops and amongst the other trees shading the road. Part of the way was fringed with datura plants with their great white bells wide open, shining in the moonlight while all the air was filled with the strong heavy scent. You should see our turnout, an unconventional but very comfortable carriage. It has a high box seat, which takes Farrant, the driver and our two little boxes and a roomy back seat behind, to which the only drawback is that we get so little air. The second horsekeeper sits at our feet and deafens us with his horn to clear the road, when he is not running at the horses' heads, turning stray bullocks off the road or putting down the drag. All coachmen and grooms are horsekeepers here and every pair has a groom who runs alongside or hangs onto the step. Our headman is gorgeous to behold in a pea green jacket lined with scarlet, white knickerbockers and a scarlet turban. Our second has a bright blue jacket and short white knickers but spoils the effect by a grey English cricketing cap.

We reached Malanda at a little after nine, such a sweet little resthouse under huge trees with only a sitting room and one bedroom each side with bathroom opening out as all the bungalows here have, and a verandah with the usual lounge chairs. The resthouse bungalows are all government property and have iron gates and a private drive. Some are in the middle of the villages as Dambulla, but Mr Burrows sent us specially to the quieter ones. We wanted to start on again at 7 a.m but the men dawdled and it was quite ten minutes before the near horse could be persuaded to take the collar so it was 7.30 before we were off and nearly 10 before we arrived at the end of the stage. Each stage is 14 or 15 miles and the whole distance is 71 miles. Luckily the mist was very late in rising and then there were some clouds about so it was not very hot. We passed some real jungle, just a tangled growth of wild trees and creepers as you see in pictures. The country is very rocky and there is a famous rock temple here which, thanks to some friendly clouds, we were able to walk out to see. A guide took us about a mile's walk and then a climb by cut steps up a huge granite rock and still up over shelving slopes, quite a long pull to the platform of rock before the temple, from which there is a splendid view across the wide valley to the mountain ranges all round. We saw the quaint old fortified hilltop Sigiri on the way down about 30 miles distant. The temple consists of five caves, the largest 140 ft by 50 ft, all containing gigantic figures of Buddha sitting or reclining, all cut out of the solid rock. They date from BC 800 [*in fact 1st century BC onwards*] and are fine, majestic images seen in the dim light but the effect is a little spoiled by the red and yellow paint with which they are daubed. The temple walls were frescoed by way of decoration. It took us just an hour to go and to return, during which time the sun happily kept more or less behind the clouds.

Sunday 26th March

Tirapens Resthouse. We got off at 3 p.m. yesterday as the afternoon was clouded and reached Kekirawa a little before 6 p.m. The drive was through pretty undulating wooded country with here and there a steep rocky cliff standing up out of the sea of green. The resthouse was similar to the one at Malanda but looked on a wide sort of common with cattle and buffalo feeding beyond which was a range of blue mountains. We dined at 7 p.m and then sat out on the verandah with a lamp. It was a lovely night with the moon and fireflies dancing around. We were off at 7.30 this morning and arrived at 9.45, the road being mostly downhill and shaded by jungle. I saw a mongoose, something like a large rat about 2ft long, and a jackal as big as a collie come solemnly trotting down the road towards us, jumped aside to let us pass and then stood and stared after us before proceeding to trot on as before.

Monday 27th March

Anuradhapura. We went on at 2.30 and arrived about 5.30. The horses always do the afternoon stage slowly. At last we came in sight of a dagoba, one of the huge pyramids of brick and earth, which abound here, and drove past it up to the

resthouse, where we found the Thorpes, who had come to see if we had arrived. Thanks to them our rooms were all right. Some people had been ejected a day before they intended to leave and some others turned away to make room for us so we are most comfortable, thanks to knowing the government agent. Mr and Mrs Thorpe insist that we shall take all our meals with them, which seems rather an imposition, but really resthouse fare begins to pall a bit after three days. It consists entirely of fowl and eggs, fowl roasted, boiled, stewed, fried and curried and eggs scrambled, curried or as custard pudding. There are 5 courses at dinner and 4 at breakfast and sometimes custard pudding for tea. The Thorpes sent a coolie with a lantern to fetch us to dinner at 8 p.m. It is necessary to have a lantern for fear of snakes. They abound here though Mrs Thorpe says she has not seen one in the three weeks she has been here. This morning, after early breakfast here at the resthouse, we started off in a bullock cart, which would have held a dozen, to fetch the Thorpes as they have only a small dogcart of their own.

We went around about 6 miles passing ruins nearly the whole way and getting out to inspect all the most interesting with a due regard for snakes. Anuradhapura was the largest city in the world in its day covering about 16 square miles and with a population far exceeding that of London. The principal ruins date from 300 B.O and some recently excavated are the most perfect. As one goes about one sees carved pillars standing out of the ground at every angle, huge dagobas towering up over the jungle trees, colossal Buddhas sitting alone amidst the ferns, and large bathing tanks with beautifully chiselled steps down to the water. In every direction are prostrate columns, mutilated figures, mounds and old stairways half hidden in flowers and creepers. The jungle paths are charming with moneys in the trees, alligators in the tanks and bright blue and green parakeets flashing about everywhere. They tell us that wild elephants are often seen about

quite near. We did not get back till 10 o'clock walking part of the way. It has not been so hot all day. We were just starting out again after tea when it came on to pour, so we had to stay at the Thorpes' and have come back now in their cart to dress for dinner. It is still pouring, unfortunately, very unusual wither here but it has the advantage of keeping us cool. We have one Monday here and must hope for better weather, as there is so much to see.

Tuesday 28th March

We went first to the Miriawehiya Dogoba, built in the second century BC by King Dutugemunu as an expiation for having one day eaten a dish of curry without offering a share to a priest. Then we drove to the Bo tree in the centre of the old city, the most ancient historical tree in the world. It stands at the end of a grove of splendid large Bo trees and is surrounded by a tier of three terraces with a carved stone stairway leading up to it. In consequence of this arrangement only the upper branches are visible. The leaves are not allowed to be picked but in consideration of our being friends of the Agent we were presented by the priest

with some fallen leaves. The thousands of pilgrims regard them as most sacred relics of the most venerated symbol of their religion as the guidebook calls this remarkable tree. It is known to have been grown from a branch of the original tree in India, which was sent as a present to King Tissa who was the first King of Ceylon to embrace Buddhism in the year 306 B.C. The original tree long ago died a natural death, but this offshoot of it has been carefully guarded by successive generations of priests and is historically a part of the actual tree under which Sakya Muni attained Buddhahood.

All the grove was full of large grey monkeys, which leaped about and chattered in great excitement at the Thorpe's big horehound, Max, as he rushed about barking at them from below. He lives in hope of catching a monkey some day, a highly improbable event. We drove on from there to Tsurumuniya, a curious old temple carved out of a pile of rock jutting up from the plain. Two highly carved terraces lead up to it. In front were tanks covered with beautiful pink lotus flowers, which I have not seen anywhere else here, though the white grow everywhere. It was a splendid day with a very hot sun so we had to come back about 10 o'clock though the bullock cart has very good shade. We walked across to the Thorpes to breakfast at 11 o'clock and did not find it so very hot as a nice cool breeze was blowing. At 3 p.m it had clouded over so I went to have a second inspection of Ruanwell Dagoba, which is the nearest to the resthouse and the most perfect. The Thorpes came for us there and we proceeded to climb up the Abhayagiriya Dagoba, which has been partly restored, mounting first by a steep narrow path and then by a winding staircase. We had tea on the terrace at the top overlooking a beautiful sea of green. The ground round about Anuradhapura and the Dagobas is very parklike with stretches of turf and fine trees, very suitable for golf links they say. The ascent of the Dagoba was so steep and difficult that we were much astonished at the cleverness of the coolies in conveying our tea safely to the top. Beyond the open ground above described stretched the green jungle to the horizon broken in places by steep outcropping rocks and by the numerous tanks, some of which are large enough to be described as lakes. The sunset promised to be very beautiful as indeed is often the case here, and one of the large lakes was just beginning to flush crimson as the sun dropped lower, but we did not dare to stay longer as we had the descent to make and the light here fades so rapidly when once the sun is down.

Wednesday 29th March

Tirappena Resthouse. We said goodbye to the Thorpes after dinner last night. They have been very good to us and we are quite sorry to leave Anuradhapura. This is our first stage on the return journey. We sleep at the same places that we did coming. There is a big tank close to this resthouse where we have been to look for alligators, but none were to be seen. There were plenty of lotus flowers and natives bathing. Neither sharks nor alligators trouble themselves to interfere with the natives in the water, which is fortunate for them. The sun is very hot

today so we can't go on before 4 p.m. The mosquitoes are so bad here that I have actually had to smoke one of Ger's cigarettes to be able to write at all.

Thursday 30th March

Dumbulla Resthouse. I was just starting to write on the verandah here when a thin green snake came wriggling up the steps pursued by the resthouse keeper, whereupon I fled, but he soon killed it with his stick and said it was a very poisonous one, though only two to three feet long. This is another glorious hot day and we were glad that we had not postponed our visit to the cave temple for our return as we could hardly have managed the climb today. We got to Kekirawa just as the sun set last night with a lovely afterglow. The last few nights have been perfect with a cloudless moon. We had just gone onto the verandah after dinner when in drove a big bullock wagon and a phaeton containin^g Mr Hayes, the engineer officer of Anuradhapura, returning from a nine days tour. He was very surprised to find us in possession as most tourists do the whole distance by coach, but didn't seem to mind much. He said he could sleep in a little bungalow near and sent his servants on to prepare his dinner. He seemed rather pleased to find someone to talk to and stayed chatting with us for more than an hour. People are generally friendly when they meet unexpectedly in the wilds.

Curiously enough, the same thing occurred on the following night at Nalande, when just after our arrival in drove a dogcart with a member of the Civil Service, Mr Hopkins, on his way to a post in the jungle beyond Anuradhapura. He was also extremely surprised and evidently not very pleased to find us in possession. However, when he had got over the first shock he became quite polite even going so far as to say he was fortunate to have our society. Room was made for him by Ger taking Farrant into his room. Nalande is a lovely little place. We took a stroll after dinner as there was plenty of light to see snakes. It was quite cold the next morning and the mist did not lift for a long time after we started at 6.15. The horsekeeper declared that it would take 3 hours to Matale and our train went at 9.30, hence our early start, but the horses went so well in the cool that we got in at 8.30. We got back to Kandy at 10.40 for breakfast.

Saturday 1st April

Kandy. We have just been to a jeweller's by name Kasa Sebbe from whom we had bought a few stones to see how they cut and polish garnets and moonstones. He kindly presented us with a few uncut stones as specimens. We're going to tea in Peradeniya Gardens with the White and Cleary party. It is a lovely day but hot. I see by the newspaper that we had the temperature up to 98 degrees in Anuradhapura without being at all uncomfortable even walking in the sun. How shall I find England after this? Mr and Mrs Bird have come here for Easter and we like them very much. Mrs Bird is most charming but very delicate. They tell me that Mr and Mrs Harrison will look after us very well on the voyage

home. Miss Cleary the youngest sister is also going home on the Bengal but I expect I shall have to look after her. I quite thought I was going to have a holiday from looking after other people. We have just heard from the Bibby Agents that the S.S. Yorkshire is stuck in the Canal and won't be here until Tuesday, so I don't suppose the Perkins will have time to come up here. We are going to Nuwara Eliya for our last fortnight here on Friday.

Wednesday 6th April

Kandy. It was wet again on Sunday afternoon but has been splendidly fine since. We have not been doing anything very interesting this week, taking the old walks and drives which are always beautiful and delightful. One evening we climbed up to the top of the cemetery and got a fine view of Kandy and the mountains round. We drove over early yesterday to breakfast with Dr Trimen at Peradeniya and took our last walk in those delightful gardens. We then went in to say goodbye to the Burrows, whom we found in a half dismantled house with the verandah in possession of coolies and packing cases. They were quite glad to see us in spite of these drawbacks and we hope to see more of them in England some time or other, though I fear their kind invitation to me to stay with them at Trincomalee next winter is not likely to be realised. Their great kindness to us here has made all the difference to the pleasure of our long visit to Kandy. We go tomorrow to Nuwara Eliya and are packing and finishing up here today.

Saturday 9th April

We received a telegram from the hotel at Nuwara Eliya putting us off for twenty four hours, so we had another day in the heat, which has been getting rather severe lately, over 90 degrees in the shade and too hot at night to get much sleep. All the residents have departed as no-one stays in April. We got off finally at 10.30 on Saturday. It is a lovely line of railway winding up the mountains. There are no snow mountains here otherwise this would equal any mountain scenery in the world. From one place we got a peep down across the plains and could see the sea beyond Colombo something like a hundred miles away. Kandy is only 1000 ft above the sea and Nuwara is 6200 ft so it really is a big climb. We saw Major Bird at a station we stopped at about 12 o'clock. He had come down for some volunteer drill from a station further up the line. He got in with us. He is a nice man, quiet but kind. He was amused to find me studying Mr Burrows' guide book, but he did not know half the information it contained. I pointed out to him a waterfall, which he had never seen. He got out at Hatton at 2 o'clock where we stayed 15 minutes for refreshments. From this point upwards the views were perfectly splendid, till it came on to rain so that we could only get ⁹limpses through the clouds. We had to begin putting on wraps at Hatton though we had started in thick undergarments and by the time we reached the terminus Namoya I was in my fur cloak. Happily, the rain had ceased on our arrival and held off for our 4 miles drive.

It was uphill all the way, but we had 3 horses to the covered wagonette, which they call coach here and trotted all the way. The leader has no rein but is guided by the horsekeeper who runs alongside the whole way. For long distances such as this there are two of them who relieve each other riding and running alternately. We arrived about 5 p.m at the hotel and found good rooms awaiting us though I was disappointed not to have a fireplace in mine. There was a nice wood fire in Ger's which is large enough to use as a sitting room. It feels like Riviera weather here – cold night and hot sunny days. The temperature varies between 75 degrees by day to 40 degrees at night. There are frosts during the monsoon but this is just the hottest time everywhere in the Island. We find it a delightful change to be able to walk without getting overheated and to sleep under a blanket. The country here is a tableland surrounded by hills which are really the top summits of the highest range in the island. Nuwara Eliya lies at the upper end of a broad basin or tableland partly filled up by a lake. Beyond the lake stands up a rocky peak called Kak-galla. The picturesqueness of the hills is spoilt by the tea plantations. The air is delicious and we can be out all day long. We are actually going for a drive at 2 p.m having no tiffin to stop in for. Seven and eleven are most pleasant hours for breakfast and lunch and my appetite is prodigious. I wish I could keep it up at home. We only strolled about the lake this morning. Ger feels tired after the heat, but this air will soon brace him up. There are no tropical trees up here but gums and wattles, the latter covered with sweet scented yellow bloom.

Monday April 10th

We had a splendid drive yesterday round the Moon plains past such mountain walls, lakes and precipices and through avenues of lovely wattles in full bloom. Nuwara Eliya improves on acquaintance. It has not the loveliness of Kandy but is wilder, grander and less civilized. This morning we walked up the pass above the hotel and it reminded us of the road from Oberammergau to Oberau. If it were not for the wattles and white blossoming Sapphos and the crimson rhododendron trees just coming into flower we could well think ourselves in the Bavarian highlands. The natives, however, are a bit in evidence up here and sometimes look extremely quaint. When it is raining all you see is a dark brown shawl falling from the head to the hips and two bare brown legs below. We have just come in from a rather wet drive to Kandapolls. We started at one in the rain but the manager thought we should get out of it and so we did for a time but had a wet drive all the way home. However, we had plenty of wraps and kept dry enough. The horses go a splendid pace here and the roads are excellent. We are sitting over a nice wood fire now and I am glad to put on one of my poor useless winter dresses, but I don't really feel the cold. I think for the first time in my life I have been thoroughly warmed through and got my temperature up to normal, where I trust it may long remain.

Tuesday April 11th

We went to the Elk Plains this morning, two miles down the station road in rickshaws and then walking along a bridle path. We missed the right track however and found ourselves in a tea estate, but we recovered the right path in time to see what a charming walk it is. There are sweeps of undulating grassland called patna bordered by forest which covers the mountain slopes on either side. These forests are the home of wild elephant, elk, red deer, leopards and other wild beasts. The morning was gloriously fine as usual and the view splendid. Mrs Baker, a sister in law of Sir Samuel's called on us soon after breakfast at the request of Mrs Bird. She occupies Sir Samuel Baker's house about 3 miles from here on the way to Kakgalla Gardens to which we had settled to drive this afternoon so she kindly asked us to tea on our return drive. The gardens are very picturesque but more like those at Sydney than Peradeniya, being full of English flowers and tree ferns. They lie at the foot and on the slope of the precipitous Kakgalla Peak and command a really magnificent view over undulating grass hills to the distant mountains of the Uva province. It was a very effective view today lighted by many gleams of sun through broken clouds. Now and then a rainstorm would blot out part of the distance, round the shifting fringe of which hung lovely glowing rainbow tints, through whose shimmer the emerald green grass glowed like a jewel.

The rain was kind to us this afternoon and we only came in for one shower on leaving the Bakers. We had tea with Mrs Baker and a Mr Holmes, who was living with her during her son's absence. He has a brother in Japan and is going to give her some introductions there. They were both much distressed that I was not going too and thought it a great mistake. They took us round the garden after tea and gave me a bunch of mignonette, carnations, jessamine and white passion flower. They have a very nice bungalow with a fine view, which the guide book calls Sir Samuel Baker's original mansion.

Saturday April 16th

On Wednesday morning we went up 'One Tree Hill', near the hotel, a short but steep climb. There was a lovely view from the summit of Adam's Peak and the ranges to the westward. Adam's Peak, a sharp blue cone standing well up alone, used to be considered the highest point of the island until the surveyors discovered that the great wooded clumsy mass of Pedrotallagalla [*Pidurutalagala in the atlas*], called Pedro for short, which blocks the end of this valley with its three huge humps and expanses of shoulders and spurs was the real summit of the mountains of Ceylon. There is another mountain facing Pedro across the Ramboda pass called Kikilimana, which though 1000 ft lower is a much more imposing crest. In the afternoon we drove to Kandapola and a mile beyond to get the splendid view there over the edge of the tableland. In the evening arrived Dr Trimen. He proposed taking us over the Kakgalla Gardens next morning, so we drove there with him and were escorted round in style by the great man and his superintendent, Mr Nock. We came back to breakfast here as the other two were going on to Badulla 30 miles by coach, where they have another garden

under their care. In the afternoon we had tea early and walked to the top of the Ramboda Pass at the upper end of this valley — 3 miles. It was the old Kandy coach road and we ought to have seen something of the Kandy mountains only 45 miles away, but a thunderstorm was raging down below and we only got passing glimpses of what lay beyond, when the rain curtain was lifted for a moment showing a lurid sunset light behind the storm. We came in for a few drops of rain on the further side of the Pass but not a drop fell on the Nuwara Eliya side. The rain in this part of the world is very local. There is always a storm wandering around somewhere each afternoon, but this week they have kindly avoided us.

Friday morning we started with a boy as guide to ascend Pedro, an easy path through the jungle for about 5 miles to the top. We took an hour and fifty five minutes going up and an hour and fifteen minutes on the way down. The summit is 8295 ft above sea level and the view is splendid. The sea should be visible both east and west but the east view was misty and there were clouds to the north, but towards Colombo west the sea was visible. There was a wonderful panorama of mountain peaks and rolling grass plains. On the side of the mountain away from Nuwara Eliya there are steep precipices and no sign of roads or cultivation.

April 25th

3 Staples Cottages, Colombo. Dr James arrived on Tuesday 19th having been delayed a day on the voyage by an accident to the Oruba's boilers. He got here by 2 p.m. on Wednesday. It was fortunately fine for him and we drove to Kakgalla and had tea in the summerhouse overlooking the view. The little monsoon had begun in Colombo but it takes four days to reach this place. On Thursday morning Dr James and I started at 6 and climbed One Tree Hill, where we had a fine view in spite of the clouds rolling down Colombo way. We breakfasted at 8 and were off for good at 8.30. The train left at 9.30. As far as Hatton we had it fine and clear and saw all the country to perfection. We were in a saloon carriage and had seats on the left side which is best for the view going down. I never ceased looking out from 9.30 till our arrival at Colombo at 6 p.m. I really think it is the finest railway journey I ever went. First there came high rugged mountain scenery with a foreground of tea, coffee and cinchona plantations, wherever cultivation was possible. The Cinchona trees are pretty with bright red leaves. Then gradually the country gets tamer, but prettier and one returns to the land of the palms and paddy fields. Then comes the wooded bank of a big river, Mahaveli, and not much below, Peradeniya where the line goes off to Kandy. This is about the finest bit of scenery on the line and lasts till the train is within one hour of Colombo. This part has all the beauty of tropical foliage and flowers in the foreground, as well as magnificent rocky mountain scenery behind. The last hour is merely through woods and paddy fields. We had a refreshment car on the train for lunch and tea and enjoyed getting some fruit again. At Nuwara Eliya we could get no nice bananas and nothing else but tree tomatoes, which

we didn't like. Mangoes are just in season in Colombo now and are most delicious. It rained a little on the journey down but was fortunately fine when we arrived.

The Birds have most kindly lent us their bungalow for a few days. It has a drawing room, dining room and four bedrooms, so it just holds us all. It is very much draped about with curtains, which makes it rather hot. Everything is open. There is not a single pane of glass as is usual here. This doesn't matter in fine weather but in the monsoon one is reduced to lamplight as the shutters make it so dark.

Friday, the morning after our arrival was fairly fine and we drove into the Fort and shopped both morning and afternoon. We found the Oriental was to sail for Japan on Saturday evening, which leaves me as much as five days alone here, which is rather a dismal prospect especially in monsoon weather. We had a specimen on Friday night of what the weather can be here in the way of rain and storm. It came on to thunder at dinner time and never ceased till midday on Saturday. I got to sleep before eleven but was woken at midnight by the loudest crash of thunder I have ever heard in my life. Then ensued one incessant roar of thunder and rain with a never ceasing blaze of lightning for an hour or so. Then it seemed to die away a little and I got to sleep, only to be awakened again two hours later by louder peals than ever. This occurred again at five o'clock. At seven we got up to our first wet morning in Ceylon. Torrents of rain were falling both inside and out and every available utensil was being utilized to keep the floors passably dry. All the shutters were closed to keep out the driving rain, making the rooms pitch dark. The bathrooms were all under water and the veranda flooded. Altogether, things were depressing. At ten Dr James and I drove down to the shops as we had a good deal to do. We were fairly well protected but the rain drove through everything. I was much amused on going to buy a pair of scissors to find the shopman afraid to produce them on account of the lightning⁹. A gentleman's horse and horsekeeper had just been killed by lightning driving into a bank in Colombo. He himself was not hurt but the incident had thrown the town into a panic as such things were very unusual here. The lightning is generally harmless. While we were shopping it cleared up and we fetched Ger and drove on to the museum, where we studied the snakes we might have seen alive, not to speak of feeling the teeth of! I am always expecting one to walk into my bathroom here, but I have only seen a very small one, which I believe is harmless. Dr James knew the secretary of the Oriental Library at the Museum and we went chiefly that he might ask permission for me to go and read there. It is a nice place and I have been every day.

After lunch we had more shopping and then tea at the kiosk on the jetty and went off about 4 p.m. to the ship. She sailed at 8 p.m. but there was no time to dine on shore. They have very nice cabins next to each other and well forward. The ship seemed fairly full but she is large enough to admit of everyone having separate cabins. After looking round we went off to the Australia lying next door, such a

monster with beautifully fitted cabins with actually writing tables in them, gorgeous saloons etc but her deck room is not so open as on the old boats. You can only see one side of the sea view at a time. I dined on the Oriental and waited till 9 p.m for the letter which you supposed would be directed to the ship, but I did not get it till Monday at the office. This made me very late leaving the ship and I had quite an adventure for my driver could not find the bungalow and we wandered about for an hour in the Cinnamon Gardens till I thought I should have to return to the ship. None of the natives we met really knew the house though they all pretended that they did and once I was almost set down a large brightly lighted house where evidently a party was going on. At last just as I was beginning to despair we struck a native policeman who really did know the way and it proved to be only a few yards off, but the road looked so different in the moonlight that I had failed to recognize it. The appu (head servant) was very delighted to see me back again. He is a nice man and speaks English perfectly. His sister has come in as Ayah to maid me and has been mending my clothes very well.

There was a rather a storm on Saturday night but it cleared by 10 a.m so I went to church at St. Peter's in the Fort in a rickshaw. The chief and most of the congregation were soldiers and the whole thing was over in less than an hour. Mr Withers, the judge, came to see me in the afternoon and brought us some books. He is very kind and sends me the papers every day and has asked some friends to call on us, a Mr and Mrs Kathern, who go to England soon, else they would be away now like everybody else. After tea I went for a long drive taking appu, as a protection, to Klani to see a temple and dagoba. They were not very much to see after Anauradhapura but I enjoyed the drive all through the picturesque native quarter and across the Kelasi River by the bridge of boats then under palms and past little resthouses put up for pilgrims. I spent Monday morning at the Museum having lunch late at 12.30. I had just finished when a Bombay merchant, of course highly recommended, arrived and took possession for the afternoon of the verandah. I was too weak to resist the temptation of seeing his things. We were hard at bargaining when Mrs Kathern came to call and asked me to tea to meet the Harrisons on Tuesday After her visit I went a drive to Ketahina temple again through the picturesque native streets, which are wonderfully free from smells or unpleasantness, round by the harbour and some big streets and markets, where appu said 'were very bad people putting their hands in other people's pockets.' Just as it was getting dark we passed a Hindu temple all lighted with little lamps which made a very pretty effect. We stopped to look in but were not allowed to enter. There was a grand concert proceeding of tomtoms and other instruments of music.

Tuesday

Mrs Kathern sent her own rickshaw for me this afternoon and we had a long talk before the Harrisons arrived. She and her husband are both very nice people. I wish they were going with us on the Bengal. My chaperone, Mrs Harrison, is

young and pretty but I don't fancy we shall see a great deal of each other on board. Yesterday I spent the whole morning packing and was just going to start in the afternoon to see Mrs Bird's sister who had called on me, when Mr Withers came to say goodbye and stayed to tea, so I lost my opportunity of going there. He comforts me that we ought to be out of the monsoon in two days from Colombo, but even that is not a very pleasant prospect. It has been blowing hard here since Sunday. I nearly lost my hat yesterday driving down by the sea and did not like the look of it at all. I am so sorry to leave Colombo and the tropics but the heat is really now unbearable in ordinary European clothes. The natives are the only people with a chance of happiness.

I find I have omitted some notes of our ascent of Pedro from Nuwara Eliya and as it is the top summit of Ceylon they may be interesting. The whole mountain is covered by thick jungle except a small clearing on the top for the view. The trees are not large but have curious knotted and twisted stems with all the foliage on the top. There is great variety of effect in foliage as spring and autumn here are simultaneous and continue more or less all the year round, so that you get the unusual contrast frequently of bright young spring foliage with red autumnal tints in Virginia creepers. Other trees again have a crown of white blossoms. In the mountain clefts where run little clear brown streams are groups of tree ferns. Dr Trimen told us that many of the trees were myrtle and that there are here about two hundred different species for every two or three in England. The mosses and lichens on the trees interested us a good deal. There was a bright golden moss hanging from some trees several inches long and the lichens were innumerable and very various.

The mountain air at Nuwara Eliya was splendid for walking and the paths many and various when you got to know them, seldom out of sight and sound of a bright foaming stream with rocks and waterfalls. We were out every morning walking from 7.30 till 10 a.m. and again in the evening after tea, and generally a drive in the afternoon as well, though the storms were generally about then. I remember a very lovely spot below a footbridge two miles down the Hamaya road called 'The Black Pool'. A stream comes down a waterslide of rock with many leaps and falls into a basin so deep that no bottom is visible; even the sun shines straight down into the water, which is as clear as crystal. At one end of the pool is a natural rock dam over which the stream slips quietly away. Steep wooded hills close it in all round, and the pool itself is overhung by mossy trees, tree ferns and small ferns of countless variety. The bright sunshine flickering through the trees and reflected from the water in beams dancing on the ferns make it a most delightful spot to linger near.

There was a nice church at Nuwara Eliya with a churchyard full of most lovely flowers. It is bare inside, being run by the C.M.S, though the vicar is a grandson of Dr Pusey, by name Mr Brine.

I will finish up with a description of our very smart hotel driver, who bade us adieu at the railway station. He had on a jacket and trows of bright blue serge bound with red braid, an embroidered skull cap and the second toe on each foot adorned with a silver ring. What do you think of that for a livery!

Part 3: The journey home from Ceylon

May 1st 1893

We are having a lovely voyage and it was not really rough starting. We never got off till 7.30 and the whole afternoon the waves were breaking in great white columns over the breakwater but this is the steadiest boat ever built. The Parramatta was nothing to her. There was sea enough to make most boats tumble about uncomfortably but she really hardly moved at all. Poor Mrs Harrison disappeared after dinner, but she is a shocking sailor. They were so disturbed at my having gone on board alone. They had heard that the ship would not sail at two and Mr Harrison was waiting to let me know after he had found out the right hour. He said I might have trusted him but, really you see, I did not know them and I think it would have been rather crazy to sit and wait over the hour I believed the ship was to sail! They are such nice people. He is awfully kind and jolly and good tempered, a great big man and reminded me so much of Alfred Currey though he is rather ugly. Mrs Harrison is a little shy, which is perhaps why I did not fancy her at first. I like her very much now but she daren't come in to meals and has even to retire from the deck sometimes. She is one of the unlucky people who are always seasick and as she is so bad they have pretty well decided to come overland with me and I am going to show them about Paris. I was seedy the first day, not sick but felt uncomfortable and sleepy and could not eat anything, so I spent the day between my chair and my berth, but I think it was all the berth, for it went crossways and the second night I took a vacant one which went the right way and have been as fit as anything ever since. I have a very nice 4 berth cabin, large and cool, and just in the middle but – it contains a mother and baby which wakes up and howls regularly from 3 or 4 a.m onwards. I have quite a headache today from getting such disturbed nights. I suppose I shall get used to it though. The ship is so full and more people coming on at Aden, it seems hopeless to try to change, besides there are so many babies it would be difficult to find a cabin without one. That is the delight of an Indian ship but on the whole I prefer babies to Australians, but oh the people are such a sleepy lot! The first day they lay in their chairs and dozed from morning till night. I was watching one promising flirtation when to my amusement both the young lady and the young man went off to sleep. I am really quite glad Miss Cleary is on board, she is in my cabin and we get on very well and make common cause against mother and baby who are decidedly encroaching. She had woke up in a marvellous way and declared she could not sit in her chair all the voyage and I said I should certainly be ill if I sat in mine, so she talked to one of the officers she knew and I remonstrated with the doctor who came to talk to me the evening of the first day.

He declared everybody had livers and would not play but the end of it was on Saturday morning he started a tournament for Buckets and Ball Costs. They none of them seem to have heard of it but it is the only thing Miss Cleary cares for so we got a quartermaster to mark the rings and she and I had a single and then Mr Harrison and another man joined us and we are gradually teaching all the men on the ship and it is great fun. I'm playing rather well for me and she is quite brilliant and some of the men play really well now. The doctor is a cad and frightfully lazy and can't play a bit. The captain is a horrid fidgetty, interfering old person and wears a straw hat! Barrett is his name, I believe the doctor is Stony. There are some very nice men on board and the ladies are ladies. I am having an awfully jolly time.

It is so pleasant belonging to the Harrisons, they are so nice to me and then there are the Duvenes as well, Mr Ormond's friends. They are very nice but very quiet and perfectly wrapped up in themselves and their baby which Mr Duvene is always nursing. They sit by themselves and you would think they were on their honeymoon but for the baby. The archdeacon is on board but he does not play and I don't see much of him. We had service on deck yesterday morning and evening and he gave us a nice short sermon. I sit with the Harrisons and Miss Cleary at meals. She would put herself next to me though I should have thought we had enough of each other in our cabin, but she is really so pleasant and lonely I don't mind her at all.

Thursday May 4th

We passed the Parramatta yesterday morning about 12 and the Carromandal at five so the old boat is as slow as usual. We have rolled a good bit the last two days and had a strong headwind which kept us cool, but we got under shelter of Cape Guardifin at four o'clock yesterday and since then it has been like a pond and is stifling. I have never felt it so hot. We had to finish off the Buckets tournament today and I could not play a bit and lost the finals though everyone said I ought to win. I have been beating everyone on board, for none of the men can play a bit. My partner is very bad but he played up better today and was very disappointed at my performance, I only got in one twice over.

It really is too hot today, 89 degrees. The people are waking up at last. We had a dance and concert last night and some round games the night before. Indian people are funny. For five days none of the ladies would speak to me, though the men were very nice and are always asking me to come and play buckets with them. I have been playing the whole morning and from tea to dinner at colts or buckets. After five days the ladies suddenly became quite friendly and one who had never said a word to me before told me Mr Ormonde had told her to look out for me! We had a phonograph exhibition the other night in the second saloon, which the Archdeacon took me to hear. It was not so good as the Parramatta one. Poor Mrs Harrison has been ill nearly all the time and none of the ladies will speak to her when she does appear on deck. Of course they had been on board

a week before we came on but I don't know why they should treat us as interlopers for so long. Mrs Harrison's married sister, Mrs Stewart, is coming on at Aden and she is not shy like Mrs Harrison and is sure to know all the Bombay people, so we hope to set up an opposition!

Miss Cleary is always with one of the officers or a Dr Macochlin, a surgeon major, rather a nice man who seems taken with her. Dr Stony improves on acquaintance, but he is the laziest man I ever knew. His score at buckets is one in twelve and last night a very pretty girl to whom he was talking insisted on his dancing with her, but at the end of half a round he turned her over to the 5th officer! It is too hot to stop on deck today; they always keep the punkahs going when anyone is in the saloon. We are going to get into Aden at four o'clock tomorrow morning. They had a dance at the Oriental when the Oceanic was in and Miss Cleary saw W.G, Mr Vawe and the Fishers who were all on board. Mr Fisher told her there was no sport on board, so we suppose he had no congenial companions. Miss Cleary had heard of Dr James's engagement from Mr Hickey and was surprised as Miss Williams had talked to her about 'the gentleman she was engaged to'. We are expecting 20 or 30 people at Aden and we are 60 now. I like a lot so long as they don't put fourth into our cabin, which the Chief Steward has promised not to do. It is such a comfort to be with ladies and gentlemen after those awful Australians, even if the former are standoffish at first. I like the ship so much.

May 15th

We got into Aden at 1 a.m and left at 8, so there was no going ashore. Aden looked very fine in the early morning light, with the clouds down on the peaks. It began to be cooler directly we got into the Red Sea and in the Canal it was down to 64 degrees. We got into Suez at 10 o'clock on Tuesday night and did not reach Port Said till 9.30 the next evening, but we went on shore for an hour and I got photos of the Parramatta and Bengal. We started soon after midnight and got into a little swell the next morning, which floored most people but was not enough to prevent our playing quoits. We should have thought it a calm day going to Australia, there was just enough movement to be pleasant but I was accused of being very unfeeling for saying I liked it! I wonder what these Indian people would say to the Bight! They don't know what a sea means. We have had it like a pond the whole way and I am quite tired of the monotonous cabin.

I heard from Mother at Port Said that Paris is full of influenza and very unhealthy and she hoped I would not stop there. I find everyone else is going straight through so as I am very happy in the ship and hate the journey without stopping in Paris I have decided to go round. It will save about £6. I should really enjoy a little toss in the Bay or I shall feel I have not been on a voyage at all. We are about 80 passengers now and I don't believe more than a dozen will go round though some are not quite decided. The Harrisons and Mrs Stewart are going across, straight through with two babies and two Ayahs. I don't envy them but

they are both such wretched sailors. Mrs Stewart is only happy when it is like a pond and they are so fearfully nervous. One night we slowed down and the fog horn sounded for a quarter of an hour and they went to each other's cabins and ran about the saloon in terrible panic!. Mr Harrison sleeps right for'ard so they could not go to him. Mrs Stewart is a most fascinating little person, very pretty and young looking, though she has a child of eight.

We are great friends with all the Indian people now and they are very nice and pleasant. Those I like best are going off but some nice ones will be left, enough for games though not for a tournament. I have finished up grandly by winning the quoits tournament today. I really played brilliantly and scored nearly every time against one of the best men on the ship who won the last tournament. I was quite astonished at myself! I was lucky in having a good partner too. He and I were doing the drawing and he said people would be suspicious at our having drawn each other but not being Australians they were as nice as possible and never hinted at such a thing. It is very sad we shall lose all our best partners tomorrow. I have really had a very jolly time, people have been so kind in asking me to play! We had a grand concert on Friday night with the deck covered in and decorated like the Parramatta. Some people have very nice voices and there is a good flute player in the second saloon and a steward who sings music hall songs extremely well and they are not usually vulgar.

We got into the Straits of Messina at 5 a.m on Sunday. I was on deck by 4.30 as I was so afraid of missing them. Only four other ladies came up, wasn't it lazy of them, for we had the most glorious view, only Etna was in cloud and all we saw was the rosy glow on the lower snow slopes. The Sicily side was flooded with sunshine, green olive-clad hills with flat-roofed houses nestling at the feet or huge convents perched on the top till the habitations culminated in the town of Messina with rather imposing-looking buildings and kind of Martello Towers, but we have been passing it most of the afternoon.

We get into Marseilles at daybreak tomorrow and some people are hoping to catch the day train. Miss Cleary and I mean to spend most of it shopping. We start again on

Wednesday morning, call at Gibraltar for a couple of hours and ought to arrive in the docks by the Wednesday following. Miss Cleary and I are great friends now, she really is a nice girl and can't help her belongings. Mr Hickey is on the Parramatta, she heard from him at Port Said and Captain Harris, the Chief, and the third, Mr Wells is married as well as Mr Gordan. I must stop now as we shall be up early tomorrow. The Bengal is a very comfortable ship, so quiet at nights and the cooking is so very much better than the Parramatta. I have not got at all tired of the food.

Tuesday 16th May

We were up to the quay at six this morning and a lot of people got away by the

day train at 8.45. We (Miss Cleary and I) had breakfast with them and then drove into the town and had a delightful morning shopping. I actually found a ready made dress to fit me so shall not arrive quite in rags at home, it is a very pretty one too. We went to lunch at the Louvre Hotel where several ship people turned up and then drove up to the view place, Notre Dame de la Gare. They have finished the lift they were making last year and it was so curious seeing the houses sink and the mountains rise behind them as we went up; it did not seem as if we were moving at all. The view was splendid as it was a lovely day and we went into the church which is evidently a very sacred building as the walls were simply covered with 'Reconnaisances' and 'In Memoriams' like gigantic medals, round gilt frames enclosing gold letters on a dark blue ground.

Then we drove round the Prado and Corniche Roads and came back to a confectioners in the Rue Saint Fernol, where we had coffee and patisserie and finished up by going to the station to see the rest of our passengers off by the Rapide and there met the Macdonalds on their way to England. I heard from Winnie this morning telling me they were going. Mr and Mrs Macdonald have both been ill, he especially, and he is forbidden to do anything but he did not look so bad as I expected. Irene was with them, Winnie follows next week. They are going to take a house in the country near London.

We have a few new passengers here and are going to take on fifty at Gibraltar so we ought not to be dull. We are posted to sail at six tomorrow morning but we may be a little later. The wagonlits on the train looked so stuffy and uncomfortable I was glad I was not going in them. Is it not wonderful, I have had no toothache at all since we started. It really is most extraordinary. I hardly know what to make of it. I am thankful, for I should be sorry to have to go to this noodle of a doctor. Everybody laughs at him. He rushed on shore at Port Said, leaving the Bills of Health locked up in his cabin and the captain was furious.

May 23rd

We left Marseilles punctually at 6 a.m on Wednesday morning and had a lovely run to Gibraltar where we arrived at 5 p.m on Friday. We got on shore for an hour and a half exploring the shops and market and left again at 7 with only 16 new passengers. There was a great deal of swell the next day which proved too much for them though it was not too bad for games, but Sunday was 'real horrid', cold and rough and we pitched like anything. Miss Cleary and I moved into a cabin further aft at Marseilles to get away from the baby. It is very large and roomy but not very far from the screw and it was coming out of the water all night and I felt bad when I began to dress on Sunday morning so I stayed in bed and slept all day and it was the shortest Sunday I have ever known at sea! I did not miss much for they told me everyone on deck looked awfully blue and miserable. We got round Cape Finisterre at 8 p.m and they put up some sail and we were steadier at once. The next morning we were rolling and pitching a little but nothing much so I got up to breakfast and was awfully chaffed on my

disappearance the day before. I was the only one missing from the ten at our table and there are two other ladies besides Miss Cleary. It was very bad wasn't it? However, I played games the whole day to make up for it and it was anything but calm, the few Gibraltar people who showed up looked awfully wretched. We got out of the Bay at 1.30 last night and this morning is a grey English day with the sea like a pond, not very cold. They are afraid it may be foggy up Channel. We have just taken the pilot on board and get into Plymouth at midday. I went down to see the engines on Saturday, some men from our table were going and asked Miss Cleary and me to come. What huge great things they were, I also saw an enormous whale the same afternoon, close to the ship. We were playing Bull and no-one else saw it and they all declared it was a porpoise or sea serpent but it was as big as a ship and we found afterwards one of the officers had seen it so I was very triumphant!

May 25th

It was very cold at Plymouth but got warmer as we came up Channel. It was very calm and what wind there was from the west so we were in sight of Portland before dinner and off the Niton light by 10 p.m, such a splendid sight, like the searchlight on the Eiffel Tower. We were in the Thames by Wednesday morning and got up to Tilbury soon after twelve, an hour before we were expected. The tender came off with very few people on board but the others, including Mother and Margaret, arrived in a boat soon after one and we all left on the tender with our cabin luggage and got up to Fenchurch Street at 3 o'clock. Pearce went today to fetch the hold luggage and everything has come all right. I have actually managed to arrive without a cold!

Part 4: Back in Ewell

[This was written by Anna Glyn after her return from the visit in 1893 to Australia and Ceylon. It appears to be addressed to one of her relations]

August 19th, 1893

I don't think it is a bad idea to keep a journal and send it to you, only it is rather a long time to go back now to the 25th May. I was very busy all the summer what with going about seeing people and having people here and going to the Museum to read up for my Ceylon story which is to be written in the autumn when there is a little peace. I have learned quite a lot of Sinhalese and have made an elaborate study of Buddhism.

We had Emmie here, Mrs Gordon, Mabel Peach and Gertrude Hudson and I went to nearly all the theatres, which are very good this year. Pinero's play 'The Second Mrs Tanqueray' is said to be going to revolutionize the stage. It is most unpleasant and melancholy but intensely moral and true to life. The characters are splendidly drawn but I should be sorry to go to many plays of the kind.

I went next to Ibsen's 'An Enemy of the People, which was a great relief It is a sturdy commonsense sort of play, with no love-making nor sentiment and plenty of humour. He must be a marvellous man to create an interesting play out of the unsanitary condition of a watering place, but it is a pity he seems so thoroughly imbued with the notion that all the world are rogues except himself. I don't know whether you have read the play? The doctor of a fashionable watering place, just as it is about to open for the season finds the water is polluted, the Burgomaster and all the townspeople are furious and try to silence him and the play resolves itself with a struggle between the two, culminating in a public meeting at which the doctor is hooted down. It was at the Haymarket and Tree played the doctor splendidly. The curtain falls on the doctor embracing his family and declaring 'he is the strongest man who stands most alone.'

I stayed with Emmie from July 24th till August 5th. Mr Powley was there for part of the time, he is most flourishing now, having got an extremely good berth in looking after a man at Harlow who is suffering from sunstroke. They do not think he will live long but meantime Mr Powley is in clover as they are very rich people and appear to think no end of him. He has been there since November.

We went to a party every day and Emmie had one dinner party when I wore my white beetle wing dress which has been made up over white satin and trimmed with shot red and green velvet to match the beetles. It looks very nice and is the cheapest evening dress I ever had. I shall have a lot of commissions for you when you come back to Ceylon, or India would do as well.

The Assizes were the principal excitement, but I only came in for one day as the opening was on the 4th. I enjoyed my week very much with the Plenderleths. We went about every day over to Torquay where I looked for the Philomel but did not see her. To Exmouth for a tennis tournament, to Powderham Castle and several other nice places. C. Birch's name was on the committee at Exmouth but I did not see him, there were such crowds of people.

I came home last Saturday, the 18th. It had been beautiful weather in Devonshire, but not at all hot, most people were in stuff dresses at the tournament but it grew hotter and hotter as we got nearer London and I found Ewell stifling. It had actually been over 80 degrees here and over 90 degrees in town and so it has been every day since, hot sun and never a cloud in the sky and hardly below 70 degrees at night. Today it is much cooler and was 70 degrees at breakfast instead of 78 degrees as it has been all other mornings and looks as if it were blowing up for rain which is badly wanted, everything is dried up, the lawn is brown and the field like stubble. The cows have to be fed on hay which has gone up to a fabulous price. I trot about all the afternoon as the number of sick people bowled over by the heat is appalling, but nobody else thinks of stirring till teatime. It is really just like Ceylon.

Arthur happily keeps well and we are off to Ireland on Tuesday. Alfred has

already started for Belfast by sea and Emmie comes up today to start with Arthur and me on Tuesday night to join him at the Giants' Causeway. Margaret and Gertrude Bolton (who is staying here) go to Malvern For a fortnight on Wednesday, to the Westminster Arms where you stayed and Mother is now at Brecon for a good long visit to Bessie and goes on to Mrs Collins at Stroud. Half the people in Ewell have gone mad on croquet and we play every evening after tea at someone's house. I have only missed playing one day since I came home. Fred is very keen on it. I was going to have a little party on Monday to finish up and have the Maingay's hoops on our tennis lawn as well. Even the Curreys play but M and A don't care for it. Our usual game is Fred and I against Dottie and Em, Rat does not care to play, but sometimes we have to play at parties which is a bore as other people aren't so good. We have to go to the Durdans today.

The Curreys, Prestons, Reichardts, Poulterers and Dottie are coming on Monday. Margaret and Gertrude take drives every evening but I am glad M is going to get a little bracing, dear Nin will not mind being left for a fortnight. I don't at all want to go away any more now, but Alfred can only stay with us till the end of the week and of course Arthur and Emmie don't wish to be left to themselves. He made a point of my going as he thought M wouldn't. We have a most dreadful plague of wasps this summer. Mr Bridges had 40 nests taken on his grounds and Worsfold has taken about a dozen on ours.