

Trade Mark OPTICAL *Trade Mark*
LANTERN
READINGS.

— G O L D —
CEYLON.

BY J. M. S.

ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

ALABASTER, PASSMORE, & SONS, Printers, FINE STREET, E.C.

BD036733_001

Optical Lantern Readings: Ceylon

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LIST OF SLIDES TO ILLUSTRATE THE READINGS.

CEYLON.

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- 7 Singhalese Work People, Colombo.
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- 10 Road, from Colombo to Kandy.
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No. 18.—This view shows a wooded and partially cleaned *Ravine, on Braemore Estate*. The scene is fairly typical of the kind of lands used for tea and coffee growing. The coffee cultivation, however, except upon the splendid estates of Mr. Thomas J. Lipton and a few others, has now dwindled into insignificance. Beginning in 1827, and passing through a great crisis in 1845, coffee reached its highest point in 1874-5, when the yield of this product was 988,328 cwts. Success caused the opening up of vast areas; the value of coffee land rose to, and over, £100 per acre, and capitalists flocked to the country. The bubble was swelling too much at £100 per acre; but mere inflation would hardly have burst it. There came, however, a dread fungus, like the potato disease, which attacked all the coffee in the island and to this was added a pest called "green bug." Crops failed, coffee died, and Ceylon was ruined. The value of acres fell (like the price of doves' dung on the capture of Samaria); and English gold was buried deep, never to rise again, on many a hillside such as the picture shows [B]. It is a pretty enough sort of grave in its way.

No. 19.—(*Coolie Dwellings*.) Well, that decadence began in the seventies, since which date Ceylon has risen from her own ashes in a very remarkable way. The *coffee* estates are all turned into *tea* estates, and an export of tea, which in 1875 was only 492 lbs., will be this year, 1893, an export of 70 to 80 million lbs. The view before you shows a set of coolie lines, or dwelling-houses, with rows of tea bushes stretching away behind. In the distance is seen the

edge of the unbroken forest [B]. Our next view shows a

No. 20.—*Group of Tea Pluckers.* Tea is plucked into the baskets which you see in the picture, from these it passes on into a canvas bag; in a few minutes more it is whizzing down a strong wire shoot to the factory, thousands of feet below, there to be sorted, dried by machinery, rolled, sifted, and made into tea ready to be packed and sent off for shipment. These women and girls are Tamils from Southern India. They can pluck from 16 to 40 lbs. of green leaf in a day; but this only represents from 4 to 10 lbs. of the finished article, the shrinkage in manufacture being about three-fourths [B]. We will now throw on the screen

No. 21.—*A Planter's Bungalow.* Although the one now shown is a fairly representative one, still, the planter's bungalow may be anything from a grass hut in a new clearing, erected at the cost of five pounds or less, to a building costing a thousand. This one, as will be seen, is raised upon stone pillars to keep it well clear of the ground, and, excepting the pillars, is made entirely of wood. The roof even is not of slates, but of pieces of wood split off short logs by means of wedges. Some people are of the belief that the life of the "planter" is an easy one, but that is quite a fallacy. He has hard work and plenty of it. He has to be up and about at daybreak to command and discipline the little army on the estate, for whose duties and lives he is responsible. He has to be guide, counsellor, and friend. At one minute a master, next a magistrate, and now a doctor; he knows that his own life and that of his companions

depend on his fairness and determination. If there is fever on the estate, he has to cure it; if there is insubordination or a spirit of revolt, he has to smell it out and put it down. Ceylon planters have gained for themselves a name for open-heartedness and hospitality; encomium, which, by all accounts, they richly deserve [B]. From the planter, we come now to the "Dhobie." The view shown depicts

No. 22.—*A Dhobie's Hut.* The Ceylon dhobie, is a person who beats clothes on a stone, for the purpose of washing them. He is terribly hard on buttons; he uses an inordinate amount of blue; his starch is often a vanishing quantity, and only the very strongest material stands against this destroyer. His shirt fronts are mighty streaky, and his wristbands want trimming back with scissors at the second or third washing. You may bray a dhobie in a mortar or hang him up to dry like his own ill-used clothes, yet will not his wickedness depart from him [B]. He is simply a paid and legalized terror to all good housewives, and bachelor planters.

No. 23.—*Talipot Palm.* This picture shows a fairly good specimen of the Talipot Palm (*Corypha Umbraculifera*); and beside it stands a tusked elephant. This is a trained "temple" elephant, and no doubt he is a very knowing character, capable of felling forest trees, putting huge stones in position upon walls, dragging about big logs and stones, and in fact doing the derrick and crane work of the public works department of which he is a worthy servant. He will lay a stone or place a beam like a skilled artizan; and to see his

anxious care when rolling a huge stone down an incline, lest it should get away from him and roll down upon the people below, is a lesson in the wisdom of these unassuming and most reasonable beasts, which is not soon forgotten [B]. The Ceylonese elephant is credited with being the largest of its kind, and is much made use of in the Government yards, as well as by private firms.

No. 24.—*Bullock Cart*. The modes of transport along the roads of Ceylon are striking and picturesque. The bullock-cart is a heavy-looking two-wheeled vehicle, covered with wattled palm leaves, the shape of the cover reminding us of the old-fashioned poke bonnet. These carts are drawn by very beautiful white or dun colour bullocks of the Zebu breed of India, such as are to be seen in the Zoological Gardens and menageries, under the name of "The Sacred Brahmin Bull." These animals are curiously branded in Singhalese characters, with the name of the owner. The yoke rests on the neck, between the hump and the horns, seemingly a most uncomfortable and unnatural position. There is no harness, and the rein is attached to a piece of rope passed through a hole in the nostrils. The cart is a roomy machine and affords complete protection to goods from both sun and rain, and can carry a load of two tons and upwards [B]. Our next picture will be a general view of

No. 25.—*Newara Eliya* (pronounced Newrelya), the recognized sanitorium of Ceylon. The climate there is equable, never too hot and seldom too cold, the

mountain ranges are superb, the whole district grand in flower and foliage. There are walks and drives and mountain excursions without number, and if a fashionable doctor in London could be induced to write a pamphlet on "Ceylon as a Health Resort," there would be plenty of visitors every winter to sip tea in the very heart of its own tea bushes, with cinnamon on the one hand for their invalid puddings [B], and as much quinine on the other as they could conveniently consume.

No. 26.—*Bazaars, Newara Eliya.* The place boasts a club, a hotel, a Government House, golf links, a race-course, and a lake with trout in it. The mountain in the background is Pedrutallagalla, 8,300 feet above the sea level, the town itself being about 6,200 feet above the sea level [B]. The view now on the screen shows the principal street with bazaars.

No. 27.—*Dhobies at Work.* Here we come across the unspeakable "dhobie" again, rending clothes in pieces, and misnaming it washing. By the number here at work, the business on hand is likely a steamer's washing. On the arrival of steamers at Colombo Harbour, the first men to come on board are dhobies, on the look out for passengers' clothes to wash, &c.; but it is only safe to trust those who have the certificate of the steamer's agent. In about six hours from the time the clothes are handed to these men, they will be brought on board again, washed and dressed, ready for use. They have one regulation price for each article, thus, a pair of cuffs will be 2d. per cuff, stockings, 2d. each; and for washing and dressing a white shirt, 2d., so that

if the price looks exorbitant for certain articles, it is certainly moderate for shirts. In the distance of our picture are the Colombo barracks, said to be the coolest and airiest in our Eastern colonies, exposed as they are to the sea breezes from the open west. Public buildings in Colombo are generally solid, low, two-storied structures, built of a kind of disintegrated gneiss, the mineralogical name of which is laterite, called "cabook" in the native vernacular. This is easily quarried and used for building purposes. It is covered with white stucco, and generally the buildings have wide, arched corridors: these tend to coolness, and yet do not interrupt free circulation of air. Many of the native houses are made in the most primitive fashion of merely a thatched roof, propped up by stout poles, the under sides of which are wattled [B], the thatch and wattle all being made of the leaves of the cocoa-nut and other palms.

No. 28.—This view gives a fair general idea of coffee stores and tea factories at Dambattenne. In the foreground the carriage road is seen shaded by the Rain Tree (*Pithecolobium Saman*). The Singhalese woman has been to the well round the corner, and is carrying the water on her head in an earthenware vessel. She is steadying it with her two hands, probably the photographer's idea, for native women generally balance the "chatty" without touching it, walking as straight as darts and stepping out boldly and gracefully. The chatty may be brimful, but no water is spilt. All the natives of Ceylon, accustomed to carrying burdens on their heads, are very erect and graceful in their walk,


and the groups of women around the wells waiting their turn to fill their jars, make extremely pretty pictures.

These views give but a few stray hints of a very beautiful portion of England-over-Seas; but if your interest has been so far awakened as that, in the words of the immortal Tony Weller, you "vish for more," I would suggest your trying to get a copy of "Knox's Ceylon." Robert Knox, one of Cromwell's naval captains, was a prisoner in the King of Kandy's palace from 1659 to 1679, and wrote down a most truthful and quaint account of all he saw. Manners and customs in the East change little, and very slowly; so the book is greatly true to-day. It has been, as usual, the task of the English Government to study those customs and to rule in accordance with them. The result is that the Government is looked up to and willingly obeyed by the people, and that the Ceylon of to-day is but another jewel in England's crown, and another proof that England's sons (most of *England's* sons in Ceylon are Scotch; but that is hardly a paradox, I hope) are kings and princes in the art of colonization.

Go and look at this corner of England's heritage for yourselves. It is THE health-resort of the future, and a glorious escape from "Chill November's surly blasts."

The remaining portion of our lecture will treat specially of

"TEA CULTURE IN CEYLON."

"EA or coffee, sir?" The question is asked countless thousands of times all over England every single day of the year. But few at

home are aware how very important is the answer to it, to the industrious planter of Ceylon, the cheery, open-hearted fellow, who by pluck and determination, has turned the once most productive coffee-ground in the world, into the best tea-bearing island that is blest with burning rays of tropical sun and almost daily tempests of tropical rain. That is what the sturdy little tea-plant loves, and so she has flourished exceedingly on the highlands of India, and has indeed "flourished like a green bay tree," both in the lowlands and the highlands of Ceylon. Tea, and tea alone, has become the salvation of this sunny land, where you can be in a moist, muggy, and truly West Indian climate, at Colombo, and in a few hours as braced and invigorated on the green uplands as if you were on a summer holiday in the Swiss Engadine, or "dreaming the happy hours away" in the hill country of our own Scotland and North Wales. Tea is a plant of the genus *Camellia*—of which there are two well-known varieties—*Assamica* or, Assam tea, and *Sinensis*, or China tea. The only part of the world where tea is known to grow wild, is in the forests of Assam. The Assam variety, known as "indigenous" tea, is a tree of vigorous growth, attaining a height of 30 or 40 feet, with a leaf from 8 to 10 inches in length. The China variety is a comparatively stunted shrub, though hardier, growing to a height of 12 to 15 feet, with a rounder leaf, about 3½ inches in length, and calyx covered with soft short hairs. These two varieties have resulted in a hybrid, which combines the hardy character of the "China," with the other features of the "indigenous," now largely cultivated on the hills of Ceylon, and known as "Hybrid-Assam." At

low elevations where the climate is tropical, a hybrid, nearly approaching the indigenous, is preferred. The hybrids vary much in productiveness, and the planter is careful to select a good strain, which will grow and foliate without seeding. The branches are smooth; the leaves are serrated and have a bright shining surface, are rather thin, and often tough and leathery. The flowers are handsome, usually white, and are about $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches in diameter, sometimes solitary, sometimes clustered in masses; they have very short flower-stalks, and occasionally no stalks at all. All that the tea-plant needs is plenty of moisture, plenty of rain, and plenty of sun, and then it will grow before your very eyes. Tea is a most accommodating little plant; it will grow anywhere—down in the plains or up on the hills. You send up an army of coolies into the mountain forests untraversed yet by human foot, and these expert natives cut away at the trees and shrubs, and in a few days the trees come crashing down into the valley, the hillside is a desolation, only to be studded with transplanted tea-bushes a few months after. Out of the nursery come the young plants; they are arranged in lines, and rows, and “quincunxes,” in true Virgilian fashion, under the keen eye and direction of the planter, and then all the baby plant asks is a deluge of rain and a blaze of sun to make it sprout and flush. The tea-plant is not particular as to soil, but it succeeds best on new forest land. Tea grown on rich alluvial soil is stronger than that grown on poorer land, but the latter will likely be of more delicate flavour [B]. Our first view will be a general view of Mr. Lipton’s

No. 29.—*Haputale Estates*, which cover a vast area of what is considered the “par excellence” of tea-producing ground. As water power is used here for the various purposes of the factories, the water has to be led from the river at a point higher up, along the small canals which may be seen in the left of the view. Approaching the estate by the footpath over the hills, the guides could point out the lair of the black elk among the bushes, as well as the porcupine’s hiding place, and groups of impudent monkeys might be seen swinging on the trees here and there [B]. To see properly the system of tea gathering in Ceylon, we must be astir before the break of day, and attend the

No. 30.—*Coolie Muster*, a view of which is now on the screen. After the roll has been called over, this dusky assemblage is dismissed to work on the plantation. These dark-skinned coolies are cheerful in heart and facile in hand; every man, woman, and child knows how to pick, and woe betide the clumsy wretch who misses the flush and the young green shoot [B]. Our next picture will be

No. 31.—*Tea Plucking* on Dambatenne Estate. Tea is planted in rows from $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 5 feet apart, with the same distance between each plant, and this allows of about 2,700 plants to the acre. Tea seed is generally soaked in water, and planted in shaded nursery beds, and when the plants have attained to about 4 inches high they are transplanted to the hill side, and this is done in wet weather—during the monsoons. When

the plants have been transplanted about fifteen to eighteen months, they are pruned down to 10 or 12 inches, this makes them spread, and strengthens the growth of the branches; after another two months the more vigorous shoots are nipped back below the second leaf, which causes the bud at the base of the third leaf to develop a fresh shoot. When about three years old the bush is again cut down to a height of 15 inches. This shows you that the tea-plant is a most extraordinary little shrub, the more you ill-treat it the better it appears to thrive. When it begins to "flush" you pick the very life out of it. When it is determined to flourish into verdure you hack it down with a pruning knife. When it wants to blossom you give it up in despair. The plucking is done with the thumb-nail, and the leaf must on no account be torn off. Only the youngest and most tender leaves are plucked, and the younger the leaf the finer the tea [B]. The largest leaves used are never more than $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches long, and the trees must be plucked in rotation every ten or fourteen days.

No. 32.—(*Factory and Tea Shoot.*) A good plucker will bring in from 20 to 40 lbs. of green leaf in a day, according as the trees flush well or otherwise, but this only represents 5 or 10 lbs. of the finished article, the shrinkage in process of manufacture being about three-fourths. Pick, pick go the black fingers, be they of men, women, or children; in goes the tender leaf into the basket; from there it passes into the canvas bag; in a few minutes more it is whizzing down the telegraph-wire shoot thousands of feet below, into the valley miles beyond, to

arrive at the factory as we see it in the picture now on the screen. Here it is first weighed and sorted, and then passed over to be operated on [B]. The first process is withering, and the view now being put before us is

No. 33.—*The Withering House.* The green leaf is spread thinly on large Hessian trays, as seen in the picture, and exposed to a free current of air, which is generally circulated by means of fans. This is a very important operation, which occupies from twelve to forty-eight hours, a period varying with the quality of the leaves, and the state of the atmosphere at the time they are gathered. When the tea becomes tough and flaccid—like an old kid glove (rather a strange simile)—it is ready for the rolling process. The old, or Chinese system of rolling, was to place the withered leaf on a table, where it was rolled by hand to and from the coolie till the juice was expressed and the leaf well twisted [B], this was also accomplished by the dirty process of treading. Now this is all

No. 34.—(*Rolling Tea*) performed by machinery, and in Ceylon, at any rate, tea is not manipulated by hands or feet after plucking. In the tea rolling machines generally used in Ceylon, the leaf is rolled between two plates of hard wood or polished granite, actuated by cranks, which give them a compound circular or eccentric motion. These machines are driven by steam or water power, but there is a smaller roller for hand power [B]. The larger rollers are capable of

No. 35.—(*Rolling Tea and Weighing*) taking a charge of from 200 to 300 lbs. of withered leaf, and they effect a great saving in labour. They also do the work far more thoroughly and evenly than by hand or foot pressure, and ensure perfect cleanliness as well. Some planters sift the rolled tea through sieves of $\frac{1}{4}$ inch mesh, and re-roll the leaf which is too large to pass through. Light rolling gives a prettier tea, with more of the "golden tip," while heavy rolling gives a stronger liquor, and the tea keeps better. The rolled leaf has now to undergo fermentation, an operation requiring close attention [B], it is then ready for firing by means of a stove and drying chamber.

No. 36.—*Firing Tea.* The difference between black and green is, or at any rate *should* be, simply this; if the tea is fired immediately after rolling, it is green tea; and if it is fermented, it becomes black tea. A powerful current of air passes through the drying chamber, by means of which the wet leaf is dried thoroughly in six to eight minutes. Of course there are many different "Driers" in the market, but the one we have described is the "Sirocco." After "firing," the manufacture is complete [B], and the tea is what is known as "unassorted," which contains all the different grades into which tea is usually separated.

No. 37.—"*Sifting Tea.*" This can be done by machinery or by hand, as shown in our picture. The "dust" is taken out by the finest sieve; the "broken pekoe" or finest and youngest leaf, by the next; then "pekoe," by a wider meshed sieve; and "pekoe

souchong," by a sieve with still larger meshes. Before the final packing, the tea is taken from the store bins, in which it is kept [B], and re-dried to expel any moisture absorbed from the atmosphere.

No. 38.—(*Tea-chest Factory*) The tea is then weighed into lead-lined chests, half-chests, or boxes, and soldered up, the name of the estate is stencilled on the packages, and it is ready for shipment. Chests usually contain 100 lbs of tea; half-chests, 45 to 50 lbs., and boxes, 20 lbs. The view now shown on the screen is the chest factory at Dambattenne [B]. We now show you a view of

No. 39.—*Maddema Stores, Cinnamon Gardens*, which are the Colombo stores and shipping offices for the Haputale group of estates and factories, shown on the screen to-night. Before leaving the subject of tea, we may state that some years ago China tea used to be occasionally adulterated with leaves, *not of the tea-plant*; and now and then infused tea leaves were re-dried, coloured up a little, and attempted to be foisted on the unwary buyer. Thanks, however, to the care exercised in the laboratory at the London Custom House, adulteration, as far as the British consumer is concerned, is now quite a thing of the past [B]. Our last picture is by no means the least deserving of our notice, being, as it is, a

No. 40.—*Group of Ceylon Planters*, some of them planters who have seen more than a quarter of a century's service in the spicy isle, and are still

well and hearty, showing that coffee and tea planting are not the unhealthy occupations some people would make them out to be. There are some striking figures in this group, namely, Arabi Pasha, the Egyptian, who was the defender of Alexandria and the captive of Tel-el-Kebir, now, and for many years past, a prisoner of war on parole in the island of Ceylon. Alongside of him is his son, Mohammed Bey, while before him sits another exile, Amhed Ali Fehmy, once a general in the Egyptian Army. This view was taken when these distinguished prisoners of war were enjoying the hospitality of Mr. T. J. Lipton, at his Dambatenne bungalow.

Ten or twelve years ago, Ceylon, by the hopeless collapse of the Coffee enterprise, was on the brink of ruin. To-day it is a land of smiling prosperity, and one of the first tea-producing countries in the world. None but Britons could have worked the miracle. I hope the mother is proud of her exiled sons, and will be kind to them and help them. Had they thrown up the sponge at that time, as they well might, a bright little star in England's commerce would have sunk, and the frightened capitalist would have fled to return again no more in our time.