

# **COFFEE-PLANTING IN CEYLON**

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Coffee-planting in Ceylon by Aliquis

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**ALIQUIS**

**COFFEE-PLANTING  
IN CEYLON**



# COFFEE-PLANTING

IN

CEYLON.

BY

ALIQUIS.



"Quid faciat letas segetes."

VING. Georg. i. l.

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TAYLOR AND FRANCIS, RED LION COURT, FLEET STREET.

1861.

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## FYTTE THE FIRST.

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### I.

THE BRITON has cross'd the ocean's foam,  
In LANKA's island to make his home ;  
To the stately ship he has bidden adieu,  
And he speeds, in the frail and quaint canoe,  
Through the silvery surf, to the verdant strand  
Where plume-like palms o'ershadow the land,  
And white walls gleam through quivering green,  
And an armèd fort o'erlooks the scene,  
Where commerce plies the busy oar ;—  
A joyful man, he leaps on shore.

## II.

He has quitted the town with its dusty glare,  
Has cross'd the hot lowlands, and breathes cool air  
Amid forest-clad mountains and "pattenas" bare;  
Delighted he gazes, as one in a dream,  
On mountain and forest and rushing stream;  
And flinging his arm aloft he cries,  
"This wild I will change to a paradise!"

## III.

Through the tangled wood he threads his way—  
It is dusk as twilight at mid noonday;  
The serpent-like woodbine from tree to tree  
Hangs twisted in coils so gloomily;  
But a path through the jungle, cloven by force,  
Marks the elephant's track to the watercourse;  
And up, still up, by diminishing rills,  
To their birth-place amid the highest hills,  
Where the shelter'd valleys wind and spread  
Round the misty crown of the mountain's head,



He searches the forest both up and down ;—  
The soil is black, and the trees are brown  
With the moss of ages :—“ ’T is good, ’t is good !  
Whirl the axe and fell the wood ! ”

## IV.

The axe resounds on the gum-trees tall,  
They stoop, rend, crackle, and, crashing, fall.  
See that monarch of ages, o’erlooking the glen,  
As a chieftain predominates over his men ;—  
Around and beneath him, on either hand,  
Great trees, though half sever’d, still motionless stand.—  
Now watch for the blow which shall lay him low—  
A forest goes down in his overthrow !  
Roaring and thundering, down they swing,  
Their mightiest branches splinter and ring ;  
With an earthquake’s dint they smite the ground,  
And drown, in their fall’s far-echoing sound,  
The cheer of the wood-cutters crouching around.

**FYFTE THE SECOND.**

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**CHANGE THE SUBJECT, CHANGE THE MEASURE :**  
**VARIETY 'S AKIN TO PLEASURE.**

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**I.**

The forest now is fell'd, the lopping ended,  
And trunk and branch lie withering in the sun ;—  
For three months **LABORIE** has recommended  
To let them dry, ere firing be begun ;—  
Else a " bad burning " may be apprehended,  
Which makes expenses very high to run  
In clearing up ; so wait, and watch the weather,  
And burn your fellings all clean off together.

## II.

Your seedling Nursery need not be expensive.  
Transplant from thence, soon as two leaves unclose,  
To one that 's deeply trench'd and more extensive ;  
There set your little plants in equal rows.  
This transplantation gives good roots, and hence, I've  
Found, as a rule, the tree more quickly grows.  
Trace paths through the fell'd forest, build your houses,  
And huts, too, for your coolies and their spouses.

## III.

Be careful with your roads—make them in plenty  
With winding zigzags where the ground is steep :  
Take easy gradients—say, one foot in twenty ;  
One in sixteen 's the steepest you can keep :  
When rain in torrents down their slopes is sent, I  
Fear stiffer gradients would not stand the sweep.  
In cutting through fell'd timber, you 'll discover  
The wood cuts easier ere the burning 's over.