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## Colombo

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*By October 1884, Vicary Gibbs felt that he had successfully carried out the work which had been required of him in the Colonial Houses. He had made connections which not only gave him a better understanding of the state of the economies in New Zealand and Australia, but allowed him a foot in the door of the most potentially thriving businesses – including being appointed to the London Board of the Queensland National Bank. He was looking forward to the respite of the long cruise home, but instead received a telegram from GB&Co. on 1st November telling him to go at once to Ceylon.*

*From a few comments made earlier in the diary, it seems that Vicary had been worried by the developments there already and had considered sending Bell to assess the situation, but was beginning to realise that the crises in the estates and tea gardens were more serious than he had originally thought. On the day he received the telegram, he reports in his diary that he was “worried, as I fear there must be some serious trouble there” – but he was probably also annoyed by the interference to his plans. Indeed, the uncertainty of the situation seems to have triggered another attack of gout, and the time he was to spend in Colombo may have had a further detrimental effect on both his health and his morale.*

*GB&Co. must have known for some time that their investments were at risk in Ceylon. They, and other growers, had expended large sums of money on the production of coffee and tea, the extraction of vegetable oils, and more recently the distillation of quinine from cinchona bark.*

*They had been anticipating a good return on all these investments, but now the income from coffee was being threatened by the coffee blight, and the other profits were being put at risk by one or two of their superintendents whose heavy drinking led to careless discipline.*

*Unfortunately, we don't know the exact details of these problems because not only were the GB&Co. confidential telegrams so cleverly coded that even today their meaning is unknown, but there are 17 missing days from Vicary's diary on the voyage to Colombo at about the time he may have been describing the situation he faced. This is probably just an accident, although there is the slight possibility that he later removed the pages because they contained information too sensitive to release. However, from the few remarks Gibbs makes in the diary it would seem likely that not only was there mismanagement on the estates, but there may also have been financial irregularities. A radical reorganisation of the senior staff was going to be required; the names Leechman and Downall are particularly singled out for mention by Gibbs.*

*It is interesting to see that Vicary Gibbs is shortly befriended by the Imperial German Consul in Colombo, a man called Freudenberg. Germany felt so strongly that she had lagged behind Britain in Colonial possessions that she created outposts in many of the Asian and African colonies where it was felt that opportunities to step into British shoes may present themselves. Many years later, GB&Co.'s valuable oil mills and other Ceylon interests were taken over by German enterprises, including Freudenberg's own company.*

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## 19 December 1884 - Friday

Left Colombo at 6am with Howell<sup>729</sup> and Porter. I was very lame with gout, and should not have gone except that it would have been very inconvenient to do otherwise. Reached some unspellable station about 11, and then a drive in coach to a village where Jardine<sup>730</sup>, the Superintendent<sup>731</sup>, met us. A strong, silent man of 50 who seemed to know his work. Then about 7 miles to the foot of the estate, Rock Cave. I could only hobble very little, so they rigged up a chair on bamboos and 4 coolies<sup>732</sup> carried me. The estate very pretty, and a beautiful view from the top. Had a good tiffin<sup>733</sup> in the bungalow, but I felt exhausted and seedy. The place is planted with cocoa and Liberian coffee, but very little of the former is yet in bearing, and I almost think the place had better be abandoned. We went back to the station, and Howell returned to Colombo so as to be on the spot if there was any telegraphing to be done while Porter and I travelled on through Kandy to a place called Matale<sup>734</sup>, where we arrived at 8pm and slept the night. In the rest house I found Antony Crawley Boevey<sup>735</sup>, and he supped with us; a terrible stammer, but I rather liked what I saw of him. The rats made a frightful row in my bedroom at night.

## 20 December 1884 - Saturday

Up very early, and gout better. Drove to within 2 miles of Ellagalla<sup>736</sup> and walked to the estate. The superintendent a quiet, sensible, young man

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<sup>729</sup> Alfred Howell. Howell worked for Anthony Gibbs & Sons.

<sup>730</sup> Jardine is possibly related in some way to Jardine, Matheson and Co. who were involved in the development of tea in South East Asia, although there doesn't seem to be any direct link between the company and tea plantations in Ceylon.

<sup>731</sup> The Superintendent of one of their estates would often be an Englishman employed by Gibbs Bright to go out and manage it.

<sup>732</sup> Coolie: a manual labourer or porter.

<sup>733</sup> Tiffin is lunch, or any light meal, a word originating in British India.

<sup>734</sup> The town of Matale is in Central Province, about 16 miles from Kandy and 90 miles from Colombo.

<sup>735</sup> Antony Page Crawley-Boevey (1855-1924). In 1889 he married the daughter of Sir Samuel White Baker (1821-1893), who had established his own prosperous plantations in Ceylon before returning to England.

<sup>736</sup> There is an Ellagala (three Ls rather than 4) in Central Province, near the south-east coast. However, it is about 150 miles from Matale so Gibbs could not have got there and

about 30, named Peto. The place seemed in very good order. The cinchona<sup>737</sup>, tea and cardamoms looked very healthy, and what coffee remained in an awful state. I begged them to spend no more money on it. A grand extended view all round, and much healthier feeling in the air than Rock Cave. Back to supper and early bed at the rest house.

## 21 December 1884 - Sunday

Porter is a dull dog, but respectable and knows his work. He seems to look sharply after the superintendents. Took the early train to Kandy, which we reached about 9am. It is a beautiful city – a lovely lake with a drive all round it, and the hills rising up close by on every side. There is also a very fine Singhalese Temple with curious frescoes representing the sort of hell tortures that await various breaches of Buddhist Law. The carvings too were extremely rich and quaint, somewhat like the Moorish. Heavy, elaborate and rounded arches; in short, I was much struck by it. We breakfasted at the Club, then I took a nap, read the magazines, and wrote to Edith until it got cool. Then Porter and I drove out 2 or 3 miles to the Botanical Gardens of Peradeniya; in their way I should think the most lovely in the world. Not well kept up, and little or no flowers. But such foliage, and the giant bamboos by the riverside as high as a house, waving and crackling in the wind. I enjoyed them thoroughly – and back to dinner at the Club where there was a young Kay Shuttleworth<sup>738</sup>, brother of our friend. I did not speak to him. I believe he has been swindled into buying a coffee estate for a lot of money, which is not worth anything. Read an article on Madame du Barrie<sup>739</sup>; and so to bed.

## 22 December 1884 - Monday

Left Kandy early by train via Gampola(?)<sup>740</sup> for Nawalapitiya<sup>741</sup>, and there we hired a carriage and drove to our estate of Honoocutua<sup>742</sup>. We were met by the Superintendent, one Paxton: a superior, respectable

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back in a day. There is an Ulagalla, which is just under 50 miles north of Matale - still not likely in a day.

<sup>737</sup> Cinchona: an evergreen, the bark containing quinine

<sup>738</sup> One of the sons of Sir James Kay-Shuttleworth (1804-1877) (born James Kay, but added his wife's surname when he married Lady Janet Shuttleworth in 1842). One of his sons was Ughtred James Kay-Shuttleworth (1844-1939), MP for Hastings until 1880 and later Under-Secretary of State for India.

<sup>739</sup> Madame du Barry: Jeanne Bécu, comtesse du Barry (1743-1793) was the last *Maîtresse-en-titre* of Louis XV of France and one of the victims of the Reign of Terror during the French Revolution.

<sup>740</sup> This name is illegible in the diary manuscript, but looks like Guinfula or Guingula (possibly without the first U in both cases). The first letter could possibly be J or Y instead of G. There don't seem to be any actual place with a name like that: the nearest found was Gurugalla, which is about the same distance west of Nawalapitiya as Kandy is north-east of it and therefore seems unlikely. Based on the current railway route, it is possible that Gibbs is referring to Gampola (about halfway between Kandy and Nawalapitiya), although the name doesn't really look like that.

<sup>741</sup> Nawalapitiya, about 40 miles from Kandy.

<sup>742</sup> Hunukotuwa estate, Nawalapitiya.

Scotchman. I should judge his age to be about the same as mine. Went over a good bit of the land; the young tea coming on well, and generally I thought better of the place than Ellagalla. The coffee, of course, is doomed. I read in the train a novel by James Payne<sup>743</sup>. It is not uninteresting, but is little more than a *rechauffée*<sup>744</sup> of the Tichbourne case<sup>745</sup> and there is an intertwined effort to be funny which is tiresome. Porter thinks very well of Paxton, and is going to put the adjoining estate of Hennewelle under his charge.

### 23 December 1884 - Tuesday

Heard from Howell; up very early and walked over to Hennewelle, not so valuable or so well kept up as the other. The manager is under notice to leave. His face looked rather 'drinky', but I believe he has done his work well. After spending the whole day inspecting and talking tea and cinchona and cardamoms and pretending to examine his accounts, back very tired to Honookootua to sup and bed.

### 24 December 1884 - Wednesday

Drove away early to Nawalapitiya where I parted from Porter, he going back by train to Colombo and I driving on another ten miles to Banagalla where Blackett<sup>746</sup> met me. Had a cup of tea at Smith's<sup>747</sup>, the Superintendent of Banagalla, and then rode with Blackett to his estate of Penylan and had breakfast with his Superintendent Crowther, who lives

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<sup>743</sup> "Lost Sir Massingbird" (published 1864), by James Payn (1830-1898).

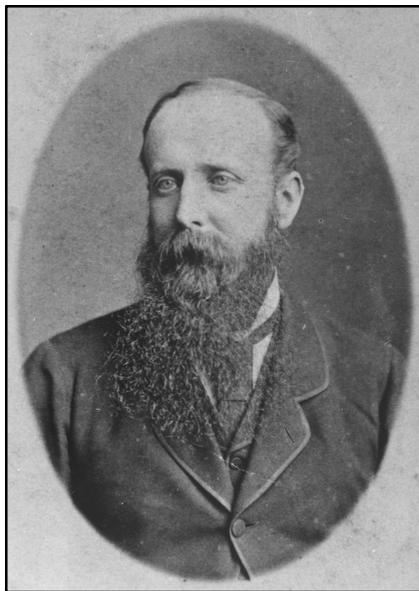
<sup>744</sup> Réchauffée: French, meaning "reheated".

<sup>745</sup> The Tichborne case was a famous court case of the 1860s and 1870s. Sir Roger Charles Tichborne, heir to the Tichborne baronetcy, had been a passenger on a ship which had been lost at sea. His mother, believing her son to still be alive, advertised in newspapers around the world, hoping to find him. A butcher from Wagga Wagga, New South Wales, who called himself Thomas Castro (although it later turned out he might have been an Englishman called Arthur Orton), saw the advertisements and replied, claiming to be Tichborne. With his wife, Mary Ann Bryant, he travelled to England at Lady Tichborne's request. Castro and Bryant stop to re-marry on the way, using the name Tichborne. Once in England, Lady Tichborne believed that Castro was indeed her missing son, but the rest of the family did not. A court case later found that Castro/Orton was an impostor and sentenced him to a long prison sentence for perjury.

<sup>746</sup> James Blackett Jr. (1831-1893), son of James Blackett Sr. and Mary Blackett (née Brown). In 1846, Blackett (Sr?) was planting experimental tea bushes, *Hemilia Vastatrix*, on the land he was managing, and reports from the time indicate that although coffee was widely damaged by blight, these new tea bushes were healthy and productive. James Blackett Jr. is recorded as Resident Manager of Paroogalle Coffee Estate in the District of Udepalate (owned by A. Stephens) in 1854. He was married to Katherine Blackett (née Russell Scott) (1842-1893) in 1863, and they had a son Major Walter Scott Blackett in 1867, by which time they were at Pen-Y-Lan. His son Walter and his future son-in-law Robert Wilson (1868-1952) - married to Alice George Blackett (1870-1915) in 1896 - continued planting in neighbouring estates for many years. In 1885, Gibbs sees James Blackett Jr's estate as the 'one bright spot' in Ceylon. Other records from 1885 show that tea had now taken over from coffee as the main harvest and was flourishing.

<sup>747</sup> Possibly William Smith, tea planter, recorded as having a bungalow at Mattakelle in the Kandy district which was visited in 1872 by the Governor of Ceylon, Sir William Gregory (1817-1892).

there. Mrs C. a nice little woman, whom I found to be a sister of a lady whom I dined with and saw something of in Trinidad – and she is married to the head of the police in Port of Spain. The tea on Penylan is splendid, a large amount in full bearing; the machinery in the tea houses good and elaborate; in fact, the estate is valuable and well cared for – the first bright spot and I fear the last in Ceylon. Our money is safe here in Ceylon unless anything happens to Blackett. In the evening we rode on to Dotyloyan<sup>748</sup> where Blackett lives, and there we had a Christmas dinner party – 5 or 6 planters coming over from the neighbouring places, nearly all ruined and the cause of ruin to others, but none the less festive and even rowdy. One man told me that he had just bought at auction his own estate on which there had been a debt of £15,000, for 12 rupees or say 1 sou<sup>749</sup>. The whole of the island is rotten. The men have been ruined by great prosperity followed by great adversity, and they have no conception for the most part of common honesty in commercial dealings. The evening was kept up very late. Old Blackett danced a reel, and the whole lot (except myself, who totally abstained) *tho' no that fou were just a wee drap i' the ee*<sup>750</sup>.



62. James Blackett  
Courtesy of Robert Wilson

## 25 December 1884 - Thursday

A beautiful Christmas Day; up early with Blackett riding over the estate, which is large and fine with a great deal of forest land which could be brought under cultivation. There is a lot of succirubra<sup>751</sup> fit to cut, and I am very pleased... oh, *si sic omnia*<sup>752</sup>. Rode over in the evening to spend Xmas with the Smiths; any amount of children at dinner, and two or three planters. I played blind man's buff, and there was a lot of crackers and very innocent foolery – not unpleasant.

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<sup>748</sup> Doteloya Estate.

<sup>749</sup> 1 sou - from a historic French coin worth very little, and thus "practically nothing".

<sup>750</sup> This is possibly a quote from Robbie Burns: "For though they were na very fou, That wicked wee drap in the e'e has done its turn...". Gibbs means that everyone present was somewhat merry, but not outrageously drunk.

<sup>751</sup> "Cinchona succirubra" is quinine bark powder.

<sup>752</sup> Latin: "Would that everything had been done thus".

## 26 December 1884 - Friday

Up early, and had a game of lawn tennis and the barbecue. Had a look at the teahouse – machinery etc. on a much smaller scale than Blacketts. Left about 11am; a magnificent drive through the hills to Nawalapitya. The scenery almost, if not quite, surpasses Jamaica. Took the train there to Colombo; arrived between 6 and 7 – met by Howell at the station with two telegrams from London in his hand. After dinner at the Club<sup>753</sup>, sat late talking and arguing about business and decided that H. should put off going to Downall's<sup>754</sup> till Sunday. In the train I read a French story by Victor Cherbuliez called 'Meta Holdenis'<sup>755</sup>, by no means unamusing but inferior to 'Sam Brohl et Cie'. My servant<sup>756</sup> all through has come in very handy, and they give no trouble like Europeans would to one's host, for they keep themselves on their bhatta, or rice, require no room of any kind, and sleep outside their master's room on a mat which they carry with them. I feel quite inclined to bring my man home; he is so clean, quiet, attentive, respectful and picturesque. He is always in waiting, which an English servant never is; however, no doubt, he would lose all his virtues in England.

## 27 December 1884 - Saturday

Mail arrived; heard of poor Arnold Dent's<sup>757</sup> sudden death; how often he and Edward Stubbs and I have been in the same room together – how odd it seems they should both have ceased, *et mihi fors*<sup>758</sup> etc.

I wonder how Edward is: perhaps he too is among the [GREEK]; well if it is not now it will be hereafter, if it is now it will not be to come, the ripeness is all<sup>759</sup>.

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<sup>753</sup> The Colombo Club was founded in 1871, "for the promotion of social intercourse among gentlemen residing in Ceylon". G. B. Leechman ("Sangsue", whom Gibbs meets later) and his brother were two of the 23 original members.

<sup>754</sup> Reginald Beauchamp Downall (1843-1888), who had arrived in Ceylon to grow coffee in 1863. He had good years followed by coffee blight and ruin.

<sup>755</sup> Published New York D. Appleton & Co. 1877

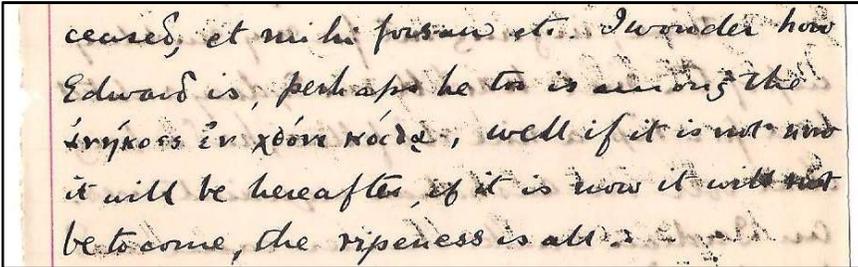
<sup>756</sup> Gibbs calls his servant 'Sinnatambi'. When I visited Colombo during the researching of the diary I asked two young men in the street if Sinnatambi was a common name; they found my question hilarious, saying it was a pet name meaning 'little brother'. Sinnathambi (with an H) certainly means 'little brother' or 'younger brother' in Tamil ('thambi' means brother).

<sup>757</sup> Arnold Robarts Dent (1856-3 Dec 1884, aged 28). The son of Thomas Dent (1796-1872), the founder and head of Thomas Dent and Co., China tea and opium merchants, and the second largest English firm on the China coast and Canton area after Jardines.

<sup>758</sup> Latin: And to me, perhaps

<sup>759</sup> This is a misquote of a line from Hamlet: "If it be now, 'tis not to come. If it be not to come, it will be now. If it be not now, yet it will come. The readiness is all". Gibbs might be confusing "ripeness" with "readiness" because of another Shakespeare quote, this time from King Lear: "What, in ill thoughts again? Men must endure Their going hence, even as their coming hither; Ripeness is all: come on."

Sent a long telegram home and spent the day dictating to Howell a rather washy, unsubstantial [sic] letter. I think I shall probably get away in less than 4 weeks, but H. will have to stay much longer from his *'domus et placens uxor'*<sup>760</sup>, which he hates, but sees the necessity of. He will prove, I am sure, a great acquisition, and I think he was an A1 selection.



63. Greek text from 27 December 1884

## 28 December 1884 - Sunday

Had to keep the office open while I wrote letters all the morning. Later on I took a drive with Freudenberg<sup>761</sup>, an intelligent German merchant, and sucked his brains about Ceylon. He thinks that tea, too, will be overdone<sup>762</sup>.

## 29 December 1884 - Monday

Gouty again, in the left foot this time. In going out for my midday cup of tea met Wardell<sup>763</sup>, our Sydney architect, here for a trip – a nice old fellow. Had a long chat over our Australian acquaintances. And an Indian snake charmer came and performed to us most marvellously. He did the mangoe [sic] trick<sup>764</sup> 'a faire peur'<sup>765</sup>. It is almost impossible to believe that such things are not supernatural, and shows what sleight of hand will do. He worked the cobra into fury with one stick, and paralysed him instantly

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<sup>760</sup> Latin: Home and the good wife.

<sup>761</sup> Philipp Freudenberg (1843-1911), Imperial German Consul to Ceylon from 1876 to 1906. Founded Freudenberg & Co. in 1883. Freudenberg takes over the lease of to the Hultsdorf coconut oil mills from G. B. Leechman in 1886 (see 9th January 1885).

<sup>762</sup> The implication being that tea will suffer the same fate as the coffee crops, and fail.

<sup>763</sup> William Wilkinson Wardell (1823-1899), Gibbs Bright's Sydney architect, and the most famous of his day having designed several Australian Cathedrals, the Art Gallery and the University of Sydney, amongst many other buildings. He had been a close friend and pupil of Pugin and also a friend of John Henry Newman; these friends persuaded him, after his own careful thought, to convert to Roman Catholicism. He had married in England before emigrating to Australia for his health and had four daughters and six sons, one of whom Gibbs met on 9 September 1884.

<sup>764</sup> Better known as the Indian Mango Trick. The performer places a mango seed in an empty pot, waters it, and covers it with a cloth. The mango plant appears to grow under the cloth, and eventually ripe mangoes start dropping out. When the cloth is finally removed, a fully-grown mango tree laden with fruit is revealed.

<sup>765</sup> French: "To make one afraid", i.e. he did the trick 'frightfully' well.

at the sight of another. Since I have been here I have seen two or three Australians '*en passant*': Mrs Hogg, to whom her husband charged me with messages (she was a Miss Elder), and Molesworth Green, who cross-examined me about all the Melbourne Club gossip

### **30 December 1884 - Tuesday**

[No entry]

### **31 December 1884 - Wednesday**

Left Colombo at 7am. Hot, dull journey; slept a great deal, and picked up Blackett at Nawalapitya, and together as far as the terminus where we took the coach for 20 miles to Newera Eliya<sup>766</sup> – a sort of health resort. A great change in the climate from the sluggish heat of Colombo, to cold nights, blankets and fires. We put up at Barnes Hall<sup>767</sup>, Downall's, or rather our property, now a hotel – and a very expensive one. We got there in time for a 'baddish' dinner, and a horrid fellow sucked his teeth next to me all through.

### **1 January 1885 - Thursday**

Left early and drove to Newabudde<sup>768</sup> to breakfast, and had a look at a native coffee garden. Rode thence to Moonerackanda<sup>769</sup> where Downall and Howell met us. I had to walk the latter part as my horse cast a shoe and went lame. It was dark when we got in but a coolie met us with a lantern. As I expected the coffee looks well, but – if one examines closely – the traces of disease are clear enough. Like its master, the coffee is intent on preserving appearances but does not bear fruit.

### **2 January 1885 - Friday**

Busy during the morning, writing for the mail. Had a talk with Downall, who behaved as well as could be expected. But there is much shallowness and silliness to be observed in the way of clothes, and dogs, and servants – 'scratch my head, Mustardseed'<sup>770</sup>. A fellow came solemnly in to light his pipe; a heap of servile Indians is very demoralising. The view from the

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<sup>766</sup> Nuwara Eliya: a town in the central highlands of Sri Lanka (Ceylon), important for tea production.

<sup>767</sup> Barnes Hall was the former Hill Country mansion of Sir Edward Barnes, governor of Sri Lanka from 1830 to 1850.

<sup>768</sup> This name is illegible, but appears to be Newabedde - but there is no place with that name. Gibbs might be referring to Nayabedde, which is about 4 miles north of Monarakande Estate. However, he says that he stops at this place for breakfast after leaving Barnes Hall in Nuwara Eliya early morning, so it seems more likely that he is referring to a place reasonably close to Nuwara Eliya and not 35 miles away.

<sup>769</sup> Monarakande Estate, slightly over 40 miles south-east of Nuwara Eliya.

<sup>770</sup> Actually the quote from *Midsummer Night's Dream* is "Scratch my head Peaseblossom." Mustardseed is a different character in the same scene. The implication is 'brainless but used to power'.

bungalow veranda is splendid over the rolling patnas and forest, but I daresay it would become monotonous. There is a beautifully-kept little garden. In the afternoon I walked about the estate and saw some very bad cinchonas.

### 3 January 1885 - Saturday

Visited Lamostotte<sup>771</sup>, the next estate of D's. I didn't take much to the Superintendent; he smelt of whiskey. He had rather a nice wife, and the most gigantic baby I ever saw. There is a tramway aerial for carrying up manure. I daresay it may be useful, but it is not yet paid for. Everything is done as if everybody was rolling in money instead of bankrupt. *Oh genus improvidens agricolarum!*<sup>772</sup> My servant Sinnatambi ('little brother') has been gradually shrivelling up like a fly in the cold weather. I think he would die if he stayed here long. He has neuralgia and a touch of fever. He came to me today crying, "Please, master, do something for me. Look at my eye." I gave him some quinine and some pills, and a flannel coat, and told him to lie down and keep warm. They are very like dogs or obedient children, gentle and trustful, or untruthful and ungrateful. I like them infinitely better than Negroes. My boy certainly doesn't steal anything, which is good of him, and he watches my room like a cat so that no one else steals.

### 4 January 1885 - Sunday

Rode to Dambettenne, the 3rd Estate of the Group, and breakfasted with Chamberlain; a pleasant fellow, and seems to know his work. In the evening, the Super on Moonerakanda came to dinner – a great elephant shot. Downall said 'my first idea is to have gentlemen', a speech reminding me of GSH<sup>773</sup>. My first idea would be to have men who knew their work and stuck to it, the rest is all but 'leather and prunella'<sup>774</sup>.

### 5 January 1885 - Monday

Left at 8. I fear Blackett's estimate of these properties will be very low. Rode to Hiragalla, one of Duff's estates on which a great red-bearded man named Orchard is Super – '*Cerrepu dosé*' (Fire master), the coolies call him.

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<sup>771</sup> Llaymostatte Estate, near Haputale in Uva Province.

<sup>772</sup> Latin: Gibbs meant, "Oh, the wastefulness of farmers".

<sup>773</sup> G.S.H. may refer to Hayton (see May 30th 1884), as Gibbs implies at separate times that both of these people are heavy drinkers.

<sup>774</sup> "It is all leather or prunella". Nothing of any moment, all rubbish. Prunella is a woollen stuff, used for the uppers of ladies' boots and shoes.

I breakfasted here and met Rowe<sup>775</sup>, a nephew of James Hayne<sup>776</sup>. He lives on an estate near and does nothing but write long letters to the papers, signed 'outcast'. His wife was there too, an Australian who knew all my Melbourne friends, and we had a great confab. I liked the female outcast particularly, and was sorry when we had to ride away. After a journey of 20 miles we reached Wilson's<sup>777</sup> bungalow where we dined and slept. Howell had to pay 6 rupees for breaking the lamp globe, which made him more bitter against Ceylon than ever. A long day.

### **6 January 1885 - Tuesday**

Drove to Newera Elya, about 12 miles – pouring with rain. Played draughts, beastly game – H. beat me every time. In the afternoon, visited the Oliphant tea estate<sup>778</sup> belonging to Brook's<sup>779</sup>; Aitken manager.

### **7 January 1885 - Wednesday**

Howell left for Colombo before I woke, taking Sinnatambi with him as he was too seedy to be any use. I meant to have gone to Maha Uva, but found I was too gouty to put my foot to the ground; so stayed in bed and read 'The Improvisatore'<sup>780</sup> by Hans Anderson, a sort of biography in story form. I rather liked it. Blackett came back at 10pm with Whiteford, the Maha Uva manager.

### **8 January 1885 - Thursday**

Blackett came in at 5am – I was still very lame, but he persuaded me to try and get down to Colombo. I was carried to the coach, and managed the

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<sup>775</sup> Rowe was one of the children of James Charles Hayne's wife's sister. James Charles Hayne married Caroline Winifred Grimanese Pfeiffer, and her sister was Sarah Amelia Pfeiffer, who married a Charles Rowe in 1841. They had 6 children; the male children were Charles Rowe (-), George Rowe (-), and Arthur Rowe (1853-1906). The most likely seems to be Charles (James) Rowe - he married an Australian, Annie Gray of Nareeb Nareeb, Victoria, in 1881, and he is said to be of Hiralourah (or Hiraleurah), Haputale, Ceylon. Haputale is about 50km from Nuwara Eliya. Rowe's wife might be the same Mrs. Rowe Gibbs met in Melbourne on 31 October 1884.

<sup>776</sup> James Charles Hayne (c1829-1886), one of the partners in AG&S from 1880 until his retirement at the end of 1886. In 1855, at the age of 26 and working for the company in Lima, he married Caroline Winifred Grimanese Pfeiffer, 22, of Lima. The couple gave birth to a daughter, Caroline Maria, there in 1856, and another, Amelia Sarah, in 1857. Hayne lived in South America from 1849-1879, being made a partner on his return. He was the nephew of John Hayne (-1864), who had helped establish the company in Peru and was a partner from 1848 to 1859 after he left South America in 1846.

<sup>777</sup> David Wilson. He was the father of Robert Wilson (1868-1952) who married Alice George Blackett (daughter of James Blackett, Jr.) in 1896.

<sup>778</sup> Hon. Sir Anthony Oliphant (1793-1859) was a British Lawyer who was appointed Chief Justice of Ceylon in 1830. His tea estate, the Oliphant Estate, was situated in Nuwara Eliya and was the first estate to grow tea in Ceylon, originally using tea plants smuggled from China. His son, Laurence Oliphant, is one of the authors Gibbs read on his trip (see 7 September 1883) - and Laurence's cousin Margaret was another (see 9 December 1883).

<sup>779</sup> Possibly Arthur Brooke, founder of Brooke Bond & Co. in 1869.

<sup>780</sup> Hans Christian Anderson (1805-1875): 'The Improvisatore: or, Life in Italy' (1869)