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FLORIDA ON THE CARS.

(A LECTURE, REVISED AND ENLARGED.)

(Continued from page 355.)

## KANSAS AND ADJACENT STATES.

Before leaving Kansas City I may refer to the numerous railways which have here their terminus. They numbered eight distinct lines in 1884, namely "the Missouri-Pacific"; "St. Louis, Kansas City and Northern"; "Kansas City, St. Joseph and Council Bluffs"; "Missouri River, Fort Scott and Gulf"; "Kansas Pacific" to Denver; "Kansas Topeka and Western going to the Santa Fé line," and "Kansas City to Ottawa." This will show how important a centre the city is for the Southern and Southwestern States. The grand railway bridge over the Missouri cost a million dollars, being 1,387 feet long, resting on seven piers. It is not so long ago that the State I am now passing through was known as "Bleeding Kansas"; for here perhaps more than anywhere else was fought out the preliminary struggle which made it clear to the South as well as to thoughtful men in the North, thirty to forty years ago, that only a great national contest or disruption could settle the question of Slavery. For some years before the Civil War, Kansas formed the battle-field on which the struggle between freedom and slavery was fought out. The adjacent Missourians resolved that the new State should be organised with a slave-holding constitution. For this purpose they occupied large tracts of territory, and issued a declaration stating that "we will continue to lynch and hang, tar and feather any whitelivered Abolitionist who dares to pollute our soil." Undeterred by these threats a number of "free soilers" from New England States established themselves on the Kansas river under semi-military organisation. Bloody fights, even battles, ensued, and it was in these that John Brown first rose into notice; but eventually the Northern farmers triumphed and Kansas entered the Federal Union as a Free State. From that date the knell of slavery was rung. The hope of the slave-holders was that not only Kansas but Texas and New Mexico—all Southern sunny lands—would give scope for their slaves; but it was not to be and "cribbed, cabin'd and confined" East of the Mississippi and South of the Ohio, the Southerners felt they would be slowly crushed if they did not rebel and conquer. Hence the Civil War of 1861. Long previously, the American Historian Prescott, describing the South-

ern tropical lands where slavery reigned supreme, well presented the contrast:—

Ye tropic forests of unfading green,  
Where the palm tapers and the orange glows,  
Where the light bamboo waves her feathery screen  
And her far shade the matchless Ceiba throws!

Ye cloudless ethers of unchanging blue,  
Save where the rosy streaks of eve give way  
To the clear sapphire of your midnight hue,  
The burnished azure of your perfect day.

Yet tell me not my native skies are bleak,  
That, flushed with liquid wealth, no cane-fields wave:  
For Virtue pines and Manhood dares not speak,  
And Nature's glories brighten round the slave.

There is trouble still before the United States with reference to the Negro; but of that more anon. Before leaving the Far West however it is fitting that I should refer to another problem and trouble which especially of late has been coming to the front, namely the immediate future and ultimate fate of the Red Indians still left in the United States. I saw a few specimens of different tribes loafing around some of the Railway stations west of the Rocky Mountains. There are altogether about 260,000 Indians in the United States and the Government had provided for their safety, welfare and, as it was hoped, for peace by allotting to them separate large territories called "Reservations," numbering in all 119 and scattered over a number of States. Altogether double the area of the United Kingdom was so allotted and it was hoped that the Indians could live in their own way, chiefly by hunting, trapping and fishing within their territories, white men being forbidden to enter or the Indians to leave without the special permission of the Government Agent appointed in charge of each such reservation. This did well for a time; but by and bye, game got killed off: the white settlers extended all round and far beyond the reservations; they began to cast lingering eyes at fine grazing or farming ground lying idle within Indian territories; they began to bargain in some cases with Chiefs as settlers did with Maoris in New Zealand. Quarrels ensued: it was a far cry to the President and his Executive 2,000 miles away at Washington. Faults there have been no doubt on both sides in connection with the recent burst of the Indians on to the war path in certain States, while we know that in the past white settlers in the States, as since, alas! in Tasmania, and Queensland, and other parts of Australasia, got rid of the aborigines as if they were so many brute beasts. In Florida the Southerners hunted down the Seminoles with bloodhounds and many of them consider to this day, they "sarved the pesky serpint's right, Sah." Again not a few Western men sum up their views on the Indian question coolly, with "Well, Sir, we can destroy them by the laws of war, or thin 'em out with whisky, but the thinning process is plaguy slow." A better feeling however prevails very widely in the middle States while New England is determined to see to the



protection of the poor remnants of Indian tribe within the republic.

Before leaving the heart of the great American Continent, I may say that it is mainly made up of six of the grandest States in the Union. Stretching from the Rocky Mountains to the great chains of Lakes north of Chicago, we have Colorado, Nebraska and Kansas States already referred to; while in front of us are Missouri, Illinois and Iowa. Here is a territory in itself which might suffice for one of the grandest of Empires a thousand miles long, and three to six hundred miles wide, watered by two of the mightiest of rivers, the Missouri and Mississippi and containing every variety of soil and climate, but more especially in exhaustless profusion all the products of the temperate zone with immense mineral wealth.

Wealthy English noblemen and commoners have invested largely in these Western regions, especially Colorado—Lord Dunraven, Sir Thomas Brassey, Mr. Whalley and others being amongst them—while an English Syndicate secured 1,300,000 acres of "bottom" land in Mississippi contemplating an extensive system of drainage. Forest fires in some parts of the West as well as East and South cause great loss in the United States, one estimate (exaggerated surely) putting the loss at sixty million sterling a year. The carelessness of hunters and boys is chiefly blamed, but locomotives also do not all use "spark arresters" and so are partly responsible. From Colorado westward it is estimated there are 100 million acres of land adapted to wheat of which only a small portion has yet been touched; but more wonderful is the enormous area available in all the States and Canada; while here is a paragraph I cut from an American journal giving a still wider view:—

"There is a great portion of the world which is not yet finished and fenced in. America has, it says, 710,688,000 acres of available land not yet surveyed but open to settlement, and 734,961,000 acres surveyed but not taken up. This is exclusive of Alaska, which is a domain of some extent. England has more virgin land than this. In the Australian Colonies there are 2,000,000,000 acres of land never yet touched; in the Cape Colony 25,000,000 acres ready for settlement; in Natal, Ceylon, and the West Indies 14,500,000 acres, and in Canada probably something like 1,500,000,000 acres of unoccupied fertile land. Truly a vast inheritance belongs to the English-speaking people of the world, enough to give a farm of 150 acres to 156,625,000 persons."

Dealing with such enormous areas and distances as one does in America, it is no wonder that the facetious story should get afloat of the Yankees being afraid to come to England in great numbers lest they should, if disturbed at night, turn round in bed and tumble into the sea! The sequel to the story is the calculation of the Rutlander, that his, the smallest county in England, would accommodate the whole population of the United States ten times over giving 9 square feet to each man, woman and child, while Yorkshire, giving 12 feet to each, could take in the whole population of the globe (1,400 millions) ten times over!

#### FROM KANSAS THROUGH ILLINOIS TO CHICAGO.

Starting from Kansas City (2,000 miles east of San Francisco) by the Rock Island and Pacific Railway, with full appointments in dining cars—no more stopping for meals—I travelled over 500 miles to Chicago through a most interesting country in the States of Missouri, Iowa and Illinois crossing the Mississippi by the famous Rock Island bridge, the island in the centre being utilized as the site of the Central Armoury of the United States. The grand river was marked by ice-floes and great lumber rafts.

Missouri occupies the exact geographical centre of the United States; Illinois is called from the Indian word *Illini* signifying "superior men," the early French adding the termination; and then we have in Iowa the "beautiful land" of the Indians. In this last State I was interested to learn that there are 955 farms owned by women and that 20 dairy farms are managed by them. Altogether after traversing so much territory day after day and nevertheless as yet only reaching to the middle of the Great Western Republic, one is better able to appreciate such a bantering article as the following, which is credited to a Cincinnati newspaper:—

"This is a glorious country. It has longer river, and more of them, and they are muddier and deeper, and run faster and rise higher, and make more noises and fall lower, and do more damage than anybody else's rivers. It has more lakes, and they are bigger, and deeper, and clearer, and—wetter than those of any other country. Our railcars are larger and run faster, and pitch off the track oftener, and kill more people than all other cars in every other country. Our steamboats carry bigger loads, are longer and broader, burst their boilers oftener, and send up their passenger-higher, and the captains swear harder than the steamboat captains in any other country. Our men are bigger, are longer in the limb and thicker in the head, can fight harder and faster, drink more mean whisky, chew more bad tobacco, and spit more and spit further than any other men in any other country. Our ladies are richer, prettier, dress finer, spend more money, break more hearts, and play the devil generally to a greater extent than all other ladies in all other countries. Our children squall louder, grow faster, get too expansive for their pantaloons, and become 20 years old sooner by some months than any other children of any other country on the face of the earth."

#### A RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

Before reaching Chicago I had my first and last experience of American railway accidents. I had before frequent occasion to hold my breath for a time in crossing high and light wooden bridges constructed on the truss principle among the gorges of the Rocky mountains or gliding along the sides of tremendous precipices; but after some ten days' travelling night and day in the train, and now that we were in an open level country, all idea of danger was at an end. We were running through a succession of prospering towns and cosy country houses, one of the finest farming regions on the globe. I was standing at the end of a Pullman car discussing the country with the Colorado doctor and an old Chicago merchant who had travelled about this region for 30 to 40 years, had seen the wonderful rise of the town and passed through the great fire which he was describing to me when, suddenly, the smooth gliding of the train gave place to a bumping, rocking sensation which threatened to throw us over; we each seized a door handle or guiding rail and held on, and as we did so, there came a great bump and wrench and our car stopped lying at an angle of 45° across the line. The old Chicago capitalist jumped out very quickly and, as I followed, he seized my hand and heartily congratulated me on our escape—the first railway accident he had been in for 30 years, while I had only been three weeks in America! Out of some hundreds of passengers no one had any injury beyond a severe shaking. The locomotive and the car were all right on the line in front; four cars including the dining one where crockery and glass were laid out for dinner, were fairly wrecked and lay at different angles on the road. It appeared that some of the



sleepers had sunk displacing the rails. Had this been a precipitous, in place of a perfectly flat country, the consequences would have been serious.—It was marvellous how coolly the whole affair was taken. Most of the passengers and luggage were crowded into the remaining carriage and tender and we were run on to Chicago as if nothing had happened. As soon as I had placed my chattels in an hotel, I hastened to the nearest daily newspaper with my pencilled account of the accident; but the editor on hearing the word *accident* coolly asked 'how many killed,' and on learning 'none at all,' seemed to think the wrecking of the carriages and temporary stoppage of traffic, scarcely worthy of a record. The account as it appeared in *The Chicago Tribune* was as follows:—

"The express which left Kansas City on the Rock Island route Wednesday was derailed four miles below Joliet. It seems that one of the sleepers settled and snapped a rail. Seven cars were thrown from the track, but out of 100 passengers no one was hurt. The engine and smoking-car proceeded to Chicago, and most of the passengers came on by a later train."

(To be continued.)

JANAKIHARANA.

We were favoured with a copy of this Sanskrit epic poem by the celebrated Sinhalese poet Kumaradasa, of Ceylon, restored into metre from a Sinhalese literal paraphrase and edited with the requisite *Sanna* by the Revd. H. Dharmarāma, Principal of the Vedyālakara College, Peliyagoda, Colombo. The work is dedicated by special permission to His Excellency Sir Arthur E. Havelock, K. C. M. G., the Governor of Ceylon. The English and Sinhalese preface, the former by the author's pupil, Mr. D. W. Jayatilaka, B. A., Head Master of the Buddhist High School, Kandy, and the latter by the author himself, covers some 35 pages octavo.

It appears that the very arduous work of restoring the literal paraphrase into metre, as the original is *non est*, either being consigned to the flames by the fanatic Rajasinha of Sitāvaka, who destroyed a huge pile of our literary works, or through ravages of time, was undertaken at the special request of the Kandian Chief Girāgama Diyavadana Nilame, the custodian of the tooth relic, and the author's late lamented tutor, Revd. Dharmaloka, who had the honor of being styled "learned author" by the Prince of Wales for composing the book called 'Rajacharitiya,' to commemorate the Prince's visit to the island in 1876; the cost of publication has been borne by the late Mr. C. H. De Soysa, J. P.

The subject of this epic poem is the abduction of the devoted wife of Rāma and daughter of King Jānaka about 3,700 years ago, by Rāvāna, the aboriginal King of Ceylon, and the late Hon. Mr. Alwis in his catalogue of Sanskrit, Pali and Sinhalese literary works, thus notices the contents of Jānaki-harāna:—"The first chapter treats of the history of Dasaratha; the second, of the visit of Indra, and other gods to Viṣṇu in the Nāgaloka after they were defeated by Rāvāna, and Viṣṇu's promise to be born in the human world; the third is on Ritu-varṇanā: the fourth on the worship of Agni and the birth of Rāma in the womb of Kausalya, the Queen of Dasaratha—his education, his departure, with Lakṣmana on the application of Vāsiṣtha to fight with Rākṣhasas, &c.; the fifth gives a description of, and particulars connected with, the jungle residence of Vāsiṣtha; the sixth treats of the departure of Rāma, &c., to Mithila, where a marriage was concluded for him,

the arrival there of Dasaratha, &c.; the seventh on Rāma's marriage with Sita, the daughter of king Jānaka; the eighth treats of their honeymoon; the ninth, the departure of Dasaratha and the new married couple to Ayodhya, the battles fought during their journey, &c.; the tenth relates the circumstances attending Rāma's expulsion by the infirm Dasaratha, owing to the application for the throne by Kākeya for her own son, the invitation by Bāratha to Rāma and the abduction of Sita by Rāvāna; the eleventh contains the fight between Garuda and Rāvāna to prevent Sita being carried away, the death of Garuda, the flight of Rāvāna with Sita to Lankā, and the acts of Rāma in connection with the battles of Sugriva and Bali; the twelfth gives a description of Sarad-Varmāna or Autumn and Sugriva's visit to Rāma; the thirteenth records Rāma's lament for the loss of Sita, gives a description of Varsā or the rainy season. Sugriva's attempt at consoling Rāma, &c.; the fourteenth mentions the construction of Adam's Bridge; and the fifteenth, which is called the twenty-fifth (and which is evidently deficient in matter), gives a glowing picture of (the blessing of) peace, as opposed to the ravages of war; which is introduced as a message sent by Rāma to Rāvāna."

Kumaradāsa, according to Mahavamsa and other historical works, was a king who reigned in Ceylon between 515 and 524 A. D., built temples, constructed tanks, and did many meritorious acts, and also composed Jānakiharāna, and offered at last his life for the poet Kalidasa. This tragical event is thus recorded as suggested by tradition in Major Forbes' *Eleven Years in Ceylon*, vol. ii., page 172:—

"In this village (Matara), and situated on the right bank of the river (Nilvalaganga), the Hatbōdia (seven bo-trees), although now a coconut plantation, retains its ancient name, and serves to point out the spot where the funeral pile of the murdered poet Kalidāsa was prepared; and here the tragedy, which commenced with his death, was consummated by the self-sacrifice of the king Kumaradasa and five of his queens.

"The name of this spot is derived from the seven bo-trees that shadowed the tombs of these victims of avarice, vanity, and superstition. From the many minute particulars of the event preserved by tradition, as well as those recorded in Sinhalese history, the following account is compiled:—

"The king Dasen Kelliya, after having overcome and expelled the Malabars, who had conquered and governed Ceylon for upwards of twenty years, fell, A. D. 477, by the hand of his son and successor Sigiri Kasoobo. On the death of Dasen Kelliya, his second son Mogallana fled to the continent of India, and remained there for eighteen years; then returned, and, by the assistance of a foreign army, overcame his parricidal brother, and reigned in his stead. Mogallana reigned eighteen years, and was succeeded by his son Kumaradasa. This monarch, having invited his friend the poet Kalidasa from the Court of Bhoga Raja of Dajain was himself residing at Devinuvara (Dondra Head), and superintending the formation of the rice-fields at Mākāvita; he had also commenced a temple of Viṣṇu, which was afterwards completed by king Dapulu Sen, A. D. 548, and now forms part of the ruins at Dondra Head. One evening, while Kumaradasa was in the house of a courtesan, he observed a bee to alight in the flower of a water lily, which closed and imprisoned the insect; the king, who was an accomplished poet, wrote the two first lines of the following verse, evidently intending to compare his own situation, entangled in the toils of a courtesan, to that of the bee secured within a lotus flower.



The king:

Siya tambará siya tambará siyaeseveni,  
Siyæsa purá nidi nolabá un seveni.

සිය තමරා සිය තමරා සියාසේවි නි

සියාසපුරා නිදි නොලබා උන් සේවි නි

Kalidasa:

Vana bambará mala notalá ronata veni,  
Mdedar á pana galavá giyaseveni.

වනබමරා මල නොතලා රොනටවි නි

මල දෙදරා පන ගලවා ගියසේවි නි

The king:

Inthrall'd by blushing sweets, their power shall keep  
The anxious mind from rest, and eyes from sleep.

Kalidasa:

Tho' closed at eve, the glowing lotus see  
Unhurt, at dawn release the captive bee.

"Underneath the two lines which he wrote, Kumaradás recorded a promise that he would grant any reward that might be asked by whoever could complete the stanza. Kalidasa, visiting at the house, perceived the writing, and completed the verse, but the courtesan, to obtain the reward for herself, murdered the poet, buried the body beneath the floor, and, declaring she alone had composed the two last lines, claimed a right to prefer a request, with which the king was bound to comply. No sooner, however, had he seen these lines, than he recognised in them the work of Kalidasa; and the consequence was, the discovery of the murder, the disinterment of the corpse, and the preparation of a magnificent funeral pile where the obsequies of the poet were to be solemnized on the banks of the Nilvalaganga. The splendid preparations and previous ceremonies being completed, the remains of Kalidasa were placed on the pile. When the fire burst forth, the king rushed into the flames, and united his ashes with those of his friend and kindred spirit. The same place witnessed the voluntary immolation of the five queens of Kumaradása. It was then, A. D. 522, that the seven tombs were built and seven bo-trees planted; the tombs had fallen into decay, but the sacred trees continued to wave their restless foliage over the ruins, amidst which the spirits of the king and poet were still supposed to wander. Processions, accompanied by music, occasionally repaired to the scene of this catastrophe, and offerings of flowers were presented as late as the year A. D. 1783, at which time a Dutch gentleman made use of the materials of which the tombs were built, and cut the venerable bo-trees."

Galle.

D. DAHANAIIKA.

(To be continued.)

TAMILS IN ANCIENT TIMES IN  
THE SOUTH OF CEYLON.

The Editor of the "Ceylon Literary Register."

DEAR SIR,—In the vicinity of Baddegama—not far from the village called Demalagama. it is said, there is to be seen a hill called *Sædi Demalakanda*, or the Hill of *Sædi Demalas*.

Now this is a term by which the followers of Ellála were known.

Can you or any of the numerous readers of the Register give any account of the origin of this name, or say how the *Demalas* came to be found in the Western and Southern Provinces, which is the Rôhana Division of the Island?—Yours truly,

INQUIRER.

ANURAJAPURA:—IDENTIFICATION  
OF RUINS:

By H. NEVILL, C. O. S.

(Concluded from page 357.)

The Nici Susana Cemetery was north-east of the Chandala quarter, which was north-west of the great cemetery. Between the Nici Susana and the rock he made the quarter of the hunters. North of those was the Gamini tank, now called Bulan Kulam in Tamil. To the north of the hunters' quarter, as far as the Gamini tank on the west, he settled the devotees, priests, and others following various faiths. On the east of the hunters stretched the quarter of five hundred devotees, and in the same direction was the house of Jotiyá the Nighantha. Between Jotiya's house and the tank Bulan Kulam, lived the Paribbajakas. Turnour has translated "above" and "below," but the Pali words param, oram, mean on that side, on this side, and are equivalent to Sinhalese ehá, mehâ. In this quarter of the city resided Gori the Nighantha and others.

The italicised words are very material, because it was on the very site of the residence of Giri, that the Abhayagiri was erected. The king was passing out of the gate, through the quarters of these foreign settlers, when he was reviled by an inmate of the Giri residence.

If you turn now to p. 63, new edition, Mahawansa, you find that the centre of this Maha Susana became one boundary of the sacred precincts, and next to it came the Digha pasana, or rock, evidently the rock referred to as a landmark in the 10th chapter. I went back here, when exploring this sacred boundary some ten years ago, and from the cemetery I found a rock west of Tissa tank, which fully answered to the Abhayabalaha rock, and I think another to the south, which I referred to the Gajahumba rock. The Marutta reservoir, and perhaps part of the Vijayarâma park, are probably included in the Tissa tank.

This topography disposes of the Vijayarâma site, which cannot possibly be a few miles north of the circular road, as accepted by Mr. Burrows.

The building called elephant stables, and the confused sites near it, at which the convicts excavated the stone "canopy" lintel, undoubtedly as I have always maintained, are the twelve houses of the Upasiha Vihare of the Hatthalkalla nuns, built on the site of the residence of Princess Anula. The one called "elephant stable" is probably the Culangana.

The text, and tika, alike tell us pointedly and carefully, that even after the Abhayagiri schism, the nuns were not molested in possession of these. This, otherwise very uncalled for remark, is explained by the extreme proximity to the Abhayagiri buildings, as identified by me.

The great stone rice-boats appear to me to belong to the Maha Pali, and beyond doubt were used to store the cooked rice for distribution. The Maha Pali must have been near the palaces, and this site suits every notice of it.

What is called Maha Seu's palace appears to me to be one of the later gifts to the Abhayagiri, and not the original temple. It may very probably be the "admirable Catusala," or "admirable square hall," built by king Mahasen with the materials of the Maha Vihara.

It is possible that the house of Joti may have been as far east as the approach to the pseudo-Jetawana dagaba, and it may have given its name to the groves south of the Abhayagiri, in which are traces of curious ruins, including what looked like an underground brick cellar, when I first saw it, these were apparently anciently cleared away to make room for the stately approach to the dagaba. The name Jotiya, evidently very important somewhere about this part, may well have caused the mistaken revival of this dagaba as the Jotiwana, or Jetawana. Much importance is shown to Jotiya's residence, both in text and tika, and the Upasika temple of the Hatthalhalla nuns seems similarly to have caused the elephant stable myth, from their name.



Now as to the so-called Vijayarama, I examined this very carefully many years ago, and again more recently. I believe there is the old temple of a god, and a cluster of much more modern Buddhist buildings. These I now refer to the Matu Vihare, erected by Gagabahu in the Kadamba forest which seems to have been north of the Abhayagiri, and is several times mentioned. The stone dagaba is of that period, to all appearance, and so are the posts. The Saivite or other old building near the palaha is very much older. Following this identification of the Kadamba forest, I have long been very anxious to have the Kiri Waehaera mound opened, to see if it be the Somarama, as it would have been about here that queen Soma Devi left King Walagam Bahu in his flight through the forest.

I will now revert to Jetawanarama, wrongly called Abhayagiri. When Mahinda Thera arrived, he alighted at a place in the east of the city, near the river, where the Pathama Chetiya was afterwards erected. I found this, or apparently this, in thick forest between the river and the outer circular; I should guess about on a line with the Lankarama, but I have not revisited it. The very interesting rails discovered by Mr. Bell, may perhaps be the site of the Bo tree there, which I could not find. To show how little people know of such things, the Sinhalese do not know the history of the Pathama Chetiya, and they refer it to the Thuparama.

From here Mahinda was conducted to the Nandana or Jotiwana park, which I identify with the land on which the so-called Abhayagiri, and the ruins south of it, now stand. From the south gate of this, he was led out to the eastern gate of the Mahameghawana park. I quote from the Pali text, not from Turnour, who wrongly translates this south-western.

Now going from the ruins south of the pseudo-Abhayagiri, by what would have been the south gate, and turning west, you would approach the site of the Bo tree, then the old palace, by the eastern gate of its park. Wherever was the Nandana park, there, that place became known as Jotiwana. There the Jetawanarama was built. Can this apply to the northern site, really the Abhayagiri? Why should Mahinda Thera go out of the south gate of that, into the east gate of the park in which was planted the great Bo tree, when the northern gate of that park was somewhere near the Maha Thupa? Notice please that Mahinda's route is noticed so minutely, why? because of the dispute over the site of Jetawana claimed by the Maha Vihara monks for their sacred area. Then notice again, how very careful Mahanama Thera is to specify that the river, now the half-choked Halpan ela, which then formed the east limit of the Maha Vihare, was not the river which formed the boundary in the days of Mahinda, but was a diversion of it to the west, made by being Elara. It seems clear to me that he brings out these otherwise needless (from his point of view) details, to show that though unoccupied by the Mahavihara, the slip of land between the canal and the river really formed part of the original holy area, wrongly taken by force by king Maha Seu.

I say little about the five-headed snakes at the dagaba, because I suppose that I alone have traces of that myth of the Jagalika priests of the Jetawanarama, and I do not wish to digress here.

The great vihara at the Jetawana dagaba, burned with fire, is the site on which huge stone posts, evidently once burned, still stand, close to the high road and south of the dagaba. Ten years ago I dug a little hole here, and found charcoal in the soil, confirming a strange old tradition of its destruction by fire—priests—books—and temple—all in one blaze.

Across, or south of the road, I found what seemed certainly to answer exactly to the buildings of the Jagalika heretics, site by site almost, but of course could not go beyond general correspondence in age, size, and number.

There are no such buildings as were erected at Abhayagiri, the wonder of Ceylon.

A few other remarks on connected sites. The very interesting "find" of a brick thupa of the early Magadha type, erroneously classed as modern by Mr. Burrows, in the forest north of the Salla Chetiya, is

clearly the elephant chaitya or Natthalhaka. The pillars of the great convent, and the rice boat of its alms house, were inspected by me years ago, and have I expect always been known. Mr. Parker found an inscribed slab here, which the Kachcheri Muhandiram kindly showed to me, but I had not time to examine it, on my third visit to these ruins. Yet though I spent many hours on my first visit, searching all around for exactly such a ruin, I could never find this Hatthalhaka chaitya; which came to light only a few years ago, showing how strangely a large ruin may elude a hurried search.

Similarly, though I twice searched for it on the right spot, and found the ruins of the Citta hall close by, yet I could never find the thupa erected by king Uttiya over the funeral pyre of the great missionary Sanghamitta. This was shown to me however two years ago by my friend the Muhandiram, not fifty yards, even if fifty feet, from where I passed searching for it. It has been sold to the Theosophists now,\* and our Government should certainly acquire back this, one of the chief ruins. I could never get the local people to believe me that this thupa *must* be there, they persistently and foolishly pointed out an insignificant mound of bricks, perhaps a bath house, as the scene of her cremation. I do not think they believe even now.

I will not here run on further; but as I have been studying the first part of the Mahawansa, and the Archaeology of Anurajapura for the last twenty years, with a view to a monograph on the double subject, I am quite sure of what I say. Now that Government has taken up the work in earnest, it does seem to me a pity that my well-known theory is not rebutted, or else adopted.

If you ask how the people came to apply wrong names to the heretic dagabas, I reply that Anurajapura was at times a desert, at times a Tamil village. In the course of its history, twice the forest formed over the ruins, and Bhuwaneka Bahu felled the huge forest trees that grew around the Thuparama and Ruwanwaeli, but neglected the heretic shrines, Bagiri and Denanaha, or Abhayagiri and Jetawana, leaving them in their thick obscurity.

Read the translation by Mr. Wijesinha, pages 260 and 306. When the English came there was also dense forest over and around the heretic shrines, and again the leopards and the bears had their lairs on the dagabas. When Knox tramped through these ruins, they were a world of stone pillars in an elephant forest.

#### AN ADDRESS:

DELIVERED TO THE GRADUATES ADMITTED  
AT THE CONVOCATION OF THE SENATE OF THE  
UNIVERSITY OF MADRAS HELD ON  
19TH MARCH 1891,  
BY D. DUNCAN, ESQ., M.A., D.SC.,  
PRINCIPAL, PRESIDENCY COLLEGE, MADRAS.

(Printed at the request of the Senate.)

When Lord Connemara appointed me to deliver the customary address on this occasion, it was with mixed feelings that I undertook the duty. And the more I have thought of it, the more divided have my feelings become. On the one hand, I feel gratified to be associated with the distinguished men who in years gone by have stood in the place I occupy to-day. On the other hand, I cannot but reflect that this high privilege brings with it great responsibility. My predecessors have, on behalf of the University, offered to graduates of former years a cordial welcome to the world of letters and science. It is for me to see to it that the welcome offered to you shall not be less warm and sincere. An ideal of duty, pure and lofty, has year after year been presented to graduates on their admission as members of the

\* Who is responsible for this wanton desecration? Let regular Buddhists have it, if you will, but not these impudent pretenders.—Ed. L. R.



University. It is for me to give earnest heed that, in presenting this ideal to you today, it shall not be lowered or tarnished.

I am reminded today of twenty years ago, when for the first time I attended as a spectator a Convocation of this University. However much this graduation ceremony may, by reason of repetition, lose in attractiveness to a superficial on-looker, it has an abiding charm for the man who retains through life his sympathy with the struggles and triumphs of the youthful seeker after knowledge. I can recall as if it had been but yesterday the eloquent words in which your predecessors of twenty years ago were addressed by one who was even then coming to be recognized as a power for good in Southern India; though at that time he had not secured the hold on the affectionate esteem and gratitude of your countrymen which his great abilities, his liberality, his self-sacrificing devotion have now deservedly won for him. On that occasion the Rev. Dr. Miller sought to instil something of his own enthusiasm into the breasts of the young men just admitted to be members of the University, appealing to them with all the power which eloquence and sympathy can give to prove themselves worthy sons of an ancient people. In the years that have come and gone since then, the newly admitted graduates have had the privilege of listening to addresses, some of them aglow with the fire of eloquence, some of them laden with that practical wisdom which the observation and reflection of years bring to the philosophic mind. If my remarks are characterized neither by the eloquence of the orator, nor by the wisdom of the sage, I may at least hope, that they will afford you some encouragement, stimulus, and guidance at this important period of your lives.

I am charged, ladies and gentlemen, with the pleasing duty of offering you, in the name of the Chancellor, Vice-Chancellor, and Fellows, a cordial welcome as members of the University of Madras. We hold out to you the right hand of fellowship in no grudging spirit. The dignity you have this day attained unto has been honourably won after long-continued and arduous toil. It has been won in a field in which wealth and birth confer no privileges, where each man has to depend on himself, where intellectual force, controlled by a resolute will and a lofty conception of duty, is the principal factor of success. Looking back on the years of study that have had their fitting consummation today, many of you will think with regret of much that has been left undone, of mistakes made, of precious hours and days wasted, of energies misapplied. And it is most fitting that you should at this important stage of your lives lay to heart the lessons of experience. But do not allow regrets for the past to shut out from your view the possibilities of the future. Brooding too much over past failures is apt to weaken the knees of action, leading one to the fatal conclusion that, because the best has not been made of the years gone by, it is useless to prolong the contest. At no time of life should men, reflecting on the past, give way to despair, and least of all when, like you, they have just got beyond the threshold of it. If, notwithstanding mistakes and failures, you have been able to secure the position you occupy for the first time today, let that be to you a ground of hope that your future achievements will be honourable to yourselves, beneficial to your fellow-countrymen, and a source of pride to the University which this day receives you into its membership.

And this reminds me that I must put you on your guard against the too common misconception that the graduation ceremonial is the crowning of the edifice of knowledge and culture. Hitherto you have only been laying the foundation, tomorrow you begin to rear the superstructure. Your admission to the University today is merely the seal and token that, in the opinion of the Senate, the foundation stone of learning and culture has been well and truly laid. Do not deceive yourselves, therefore, by the thought that the years to come will be years of mental indulgence, in which you will have nothing to do

but reap the reward of your past exertions. Your future may be a life of ease if you deliberately will it to be so. But in that case you must be prepared for the sure and certain penalty—the loss of that intellectual and moral power you now possess. The only way to preserve the knowledge and culture you have acquired is to endeavour to deepen, extend, and apply the one, and to perfect the other. As the foundations of a palatial structure gradually crumble to ruin, unless by being built upon they are protected from the disintegrating action of the elements; so the grasp of principles you have acquired and the studious habits you have formed will slowly but surely decay, unless you diligently cultivate and strengthen them. How often is the bright promise of youth obscured long before middle age! The greatest happiness of the teacher is day by day to watch the expansion of the faculties and capacities of his pupil, and to forecast that brilliant future when those powers shall have reached maturity. Sometimes, alas! it is his most poignant sorrow to see the eager questioning spirit settle down into slothful acquiescence, the keen edge of the subtle intellect become blunted, the high aspirations of youth, with clipped wings, sink into the stagnant waters of dreary commonplace. Let not your teachers have any cause to say of you: "Surely we have laboured in vain." If you have acquired any love for books, bear in mind that that love will give place first to indifference, and then to distaste, unless it be sedulously cultivated. If you have gained any insight into the wonderful works of nature, do not lull yourselves to sleep by the easy-going reflection that all you have to do in future is to hold fast by what you now possess. Unless you earnestly extend and cherish your acquaintance with and love for nature, depend upon it she will in time become a sealed book to you. If you have acquired any power of sustained flight in the rarified atmosphere of speculative philosophy, do not imagine that you will be able to maintain the power of living in these higher regions of thought, unless ever and anon you give yourselves up to lofty meditation, and leaving sordid cares behind, live

"In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars."

In accordance with the regulations of the University, it is my duty to exhort you to conduct yourselves suitably unto the position to which, by the degree conferred upon you, you have attained. This implies that you give due heed to the cultivation of your intellectual and moral character for their own sakes. Self-culture is, moreover, an indispensable pre-requisite for the fulfilment of those other duties incumbent on you as graduates of this University. You have now become members of a body corporate, and can no longer as individuals live for yourselves. Your aims and pursuits must henceforward be in harmony with those of the society into which you have been admitted. And what are those aims? They are the advancement of learning, and the promotion of morality and human welfare. Freely ye have received of the gift of knowledge, freely give. Strive not only to increase the stock of human knowledge, but also to spread it among the ignorant. Be it your aim not only to elevate and purify the ideal of duty, but also to encourage and help your fellowmen in their endeavours to live a better life. whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honourable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report: these things it must be your ceaseless endeavour to realize in your own lives and in those of your fellowmen.

If our graduates would earnestly strive to promote the cause of morality and sound learning, and to advance the welfare of their fellow-countrymen, there would, I am fain to believe, be less of adverse public criticism at their expense. The opinion is wide-spread that the manufacture of graduates—for in this disparaging way is the course you have gone through referred to—that the manufacture of graduates is both harmful in itself and far in excess of the requirements of the country. This is a serious charge, and it is for you and your fellow-graduates to



enquire into the truth of it. On the 31st March last there were on the rolls of the University 2,169 graduates in Arts, 351 graduates in Law, 78 graduates in Medicine, and 47 graduates in Engineering. Now, taking into account only the graduates in Arts, I would ask whether 2,169 is an excessively large number among a population of some forty millions. Compared with the audience assembled in this hall, you, the newly-admitted graduates in Arts, may seem to be a large body; and should your names appear in tomorrow's newspapers, the list will not be a short one. This year, as in former years, the question will be asked: What is to become of you? People forget that before twenty-four hours are over you will have begun to scatter yourselves over the enormous area embraced by Southern India. South Indian society must be in a hopeless condition if useful work cannot be found for one graduate in every 18,441 of the population.

In order to account for the low estimation in which graduates are often held by the public, we must, I think, take into account other considerations than their absolute or relative numbers. It is just possible, for example, that it has its origin in the conviction that the graduates admitted year by year are not of the right kind. This is a matter deserving of the most earnest consideration. For it implies either that the young men who receive a University education are not of the right class, or that the education given is defective, or that our graduates do not live up to the expectations formed of them by others and the promises made by themselves. It must, I think, be admitted that there is an element of truth in each of those implied charges. It is to be regretted that the aristocracy of native society holds itself aloof from University culture, notwithstanding the example set by the Princes of some of the reigning families of Southern India, who enter the arena of intellectual competition, to have their ability and knowledge tested on equal terms with the lowliest in the land. On political and social grounds it is eminently desirable that those whom the masses of the people have been accustomed to look up to as the leaders of society should be brought within the influence of the highest culture. The tendency of modern society is to attach less and less value to birth and wealth, unless accompanied by a cultivated mind. The conservative instincts of the people of India are, probably, still strong enough to cause the aristocracy of birth and wealth to be looked up to, even though it be steeped in ignorance and prejudice. But the democratic wave which is spreading over the world will sooner or later change the aspect of affairs in India also, and it is for the highborn and the wealthy to show by superiority in knowledge and intelligence that they are entitled to be regarded as the men of light and leading. In all this I do not for one moment mean to imply that opportunity should not be given to the son of the poorest and humblest in the land to receive the benefits of University education. It is in the interests of society that intellectual ability and moral worth, by whomsoever possessed, should be allowed every opportunity of developing themselves. This, the colleges of South India have done and should continue to do, without, however, leaving the other undone.

As to the charge, so often made, that our University education is defective, none will admit that more readily than those who are chiefly responsible for it. But for these defects, whatever they are and whether remediable or irremediable, you, ladies and gentlemen, cannot be held responsible.

But the opinion that graduates are too numerous has, probably, its main support not in the consideration that the right class of young men do not attend our colleges, nor in a conviction that the system of the higher education is defective, but in the fact that so many graduates fail to realize the expectations formed of them, forgetting the promises they made on graduation day to support and promote the cause of morality and sound learning, to advance social order and the well-being of their fellow-men. It is for you to help to remove this reproach. In advising you how

you will best justify before your fellow-men the education you have received, it is impossible to lay down hard and fast rules. Much will depend on your own peculiar bent, much on the circumstances in which you may be placed.

As regards the support and promotion of sound learning, each of you will probably best achieve that end by continuing to prosecute the particular branch of study to which you have mainly devoted yourselves during your University career. It is not unusual on occasions like the one which has called us together this afternoon, for the speaker to take the opportunity of pressing upon young graduates the claims of the science to which he is himself devoted. And there is much to be said in favour of the practice. Were I to follow it, I would remind you that the proper study of mankind is man, and I would strive to impress on you the paramount claims of Psychology and the cognate sciences. But I shall not abuse the position I occupy today to advertize my own wares to the prejudice of those of others. On the contrary my advice to you is: Follow the line of study you have been pursuing during the past years. If your collegiate training is worth anything, that is the sphere in which, other things equal, you will be most likely to succeed. It may be your happy lot to extend the boundaries of your science ever so little into the illimitable region of the unknown. If you cannot accomplish this, the crowning achievement of the man of science, the effort put forth will, nevertheless, strengthen your reasoning powers, will give you a firmer grasp of known principles, and will thus render you better fitted to help your fellowmen to participate in the treasures of wisdom which, unlike other treasures, are not diminished to the individual by any increase, however great, in the number of those who share them.

But, while counselling you to pursue, with all the earnestness and assiduity of which you are capable, the particular branch of knowledge which natural inclination and aptitude, strengthened and methodized by academic discipline, may urge you to follow, and which the circumstances of your future life may render practicable, I should fail in my duty were I to abstain from inviting your special attention to the claims of one department of thought. It may not be the fashion now-a-days to profess a high regard for speculative philosophy and metaphysics. Metaphysics may have deservedly become a byword and a reproach, and Michelet may have rightly defined it as the art of bewildering one's self methodically. I am not concerned with defending the speculations which under the name of metaphysics, or ontology, or theology, have engrossed the minds of men since the dawn of reflection. But I am deeply interested in getting you to understand and appreciate the spirit of enquiry, of which metaphysical speculations, however erroneous they may be, are the outward expressions. The ever-increasing volume and the ever-multiplying ramifications of knowledge render specialization a more and more pressing necessity for each succeeding generation. To few men is it permitted to gain a minute acquaintance with more than one science. And what is true of the man of science is true also of the college student. The tendency of modern academic regulations is to confine the student to a comparatively small number of subjects. But this specialization, necessary though it be, has its disadvantages both in respect to the training of the faculties and in its bearing on that adequate knowledge of the universe which is the aim of the highest scientific thought. Each science professes to give the last word that can for the time being be said, not on the universe as a whole, but on that particular part of it with which it is concerned. Chemistry gives us the final conclusions of the chemist with regard to the phenomena and laws of chemical combination. Biology systematizes the latest conclusions with respect to the phenomena and laws of life. Psychology confines itself to the domain of consciousness. Each science presents, therefore, only a partial view of nature; and this fact should never be lost sight of. For partial or one-sided views become harmful when, forgetting their real character, we treat them as complete and all-sided,



Now, this is precisely what the specialist is in danger of doing. The more the mind is engrossed with a particular branch of knowledge, the greater is the tendency to treat all other branches as of less importance and, therefore, as less deserving of study. This scientific bias, if unchecked, may lead to the other sciences being ignored altogether, the favourite science being looked upon as affording a complete account of the universe—as embracing the alpha and the omega of knowledge. Against this tendency—a tendency favoured by the training you have received—you must ever be on your guard. If the several sciences give only the final deliverances that can be made for the time being in their respective spheres, something more is needed before we can be said to possess a genuine and comprehensive conception of the universe. What is that something more? It is included in what Aristotle calls the 'First Philosophy,' it is the undercurrent in all metaphysical speculation, it finds its highest expression in theology. Each science, in its search after unity of cause and law, ultimately arrives at certain laws of the highest generality as far as that science goes. It is the business of the First Philosophy to gather together these general laws, with a view to their being combined into a few still more general principles. And it is only when the final utterances of all the sciences have been thus co-ordinated and, if possible, subordinated to higher generalizations, that we can be said to have an adequate conception of the universe as a whole. To reach this lofty point of view, a minute acquaintance with all the special sciences is not necessary. The branches of knowledge are many, but the intellectual faculties employed and the operations carried on in scientific investigation are comparatively few. A mind thoroughly trained in habits of observation, experiment, comparison, abstraction, generalization, and inference, possesses all the fundamental qualifications for undertaking the task of discovering those higher generalizations which unite the different and often seemingly-conflicting conclusions of the several sciences. Cultivate, therefore, this habit of bringing the conclusions of the special sciences face to face, of comparing them one with another, of seeking for some higher or more general principle or law of which they are the specialized forms. This is the genuine breadth of culture. This it is that shows us the special sciences in their true proportions, as parts of one stupendous whole, and gives us a conception of the universe at once comprehensive and satisfying.

(To be concluded.)

### "I SAW WITH MY OWN EYES."

KANDY, 29th May 1891.

To the Editor of the "Ceylon Literary Register."

SIR,—The Editor of the "Orientalist" refers to the above very common expression among Oriental races, which is criticized by Englishmen: and instances its use by Goethe in his *Italienische Reise* when recording the fact of his having seen the sea for the first time.

The Editor will be glad to know that the great Orientalist, Prof. Max Müller, has used it just recently in his article on "The 'Enormous Antiquity' of the East." He uses "see" in the sense of perceiving a thing; nevertheless, the form of expression is employed. He gives an illustration to show the relation between the Sanskrit and Anglo-Saxon languages, and follows it with his apology:—

"I am afraid this illustration may have proved rather tedious and difficult to follow. But it was necessary to give it in order to make you see *with your own eyes*, what I mean when I say that the true charm of antiquity lies in its being so modern—not in its being remote, but in its being so near to us, so close, so omnipresent. If Sanskrit were simply a piece of Antiquity—aye, if it were as old as the Megatheria, or as old as the hills—we might stare at it, we might wonder at it; but it would never attract us, it would never make us proud, it would never help us to learn how we came to be what we are, &c. &c. We are

ourselves Indo-Europeans. In a certain sense we are still speaking and thinking Sanskrit, or more correctly Sanskrit is like a dear aunt to us; she takes the place of a mother who is no more," &c., &c.

J. H. B.

### "THE LIFE OF LAURENCE OLIPHANT"

That charming and most prolific writer, Mrs. Oliphant, has just sent me a presentation copy of her life of Laurence Oliphant, a work conceived in her happiest style, and which it is difficult to lay down after once beginning. She has very accurately gauged his character, and, in so doing, had the advantage of personal acquaintance, as well as his letters, written to his mother from childhood till matured age which evidently that devoted parent most carefully preserved until life's close. In these letters one sees the true man: amidst all the absorption of political life, the distraction of society, the ghastly horrors of the battle field. When Oliphant, the darling of society, the friend of princes, the referee of statesmen, takes up his pen to write to his mother, he is the same Laurence as ever. In these letters we see that the restlessness, the unsatisfied craving after something still beyond, at a time when to all human appearance his career was a success above expectation, all this betokened the consciousness that the true object of existence lay beyond and outside of the glitter and glamour of carnal enjoyment and intellectual achievements, that as Augustine said of old "Thou hast made man for Thyself, and the soul can find no rest until it seek that rest in Thee;" and so when having forsaken the narrow path of orthodoxy (as he regarded it), he fell in with one who seemed to him to have realised a higher life than that which Christianity, as commonly received, presented, and when disgusted with a low type of evangelisation as manifested in the "worldly holies" he turned to this new prophet and director of his life, he found in the toilsome and to one of his natural turn of mind the revolting duties imposed on him a rest after a life of self-indulgence which appeared to him "the peace that passeth understanding." To one who like myself had the privilege of his intimate acquaintance, and who saw him at long intervals, it was apparent, that, deep as his convictions might be, they were not constant, that they underwent change; not merely in the direction of development, but of alteration; and this in itself was proof that they were not grounded upon what as he believed was an unerring revelation from above, of equal if not greater authority than Scripture, but the varying phases of a mind in search of truth. Be that as it may, he lived to discover that his great apostle was a deceiver. Yet strange to say it did not lead to the abandonment of his views: it would seem that he believed that though his spiritual teacher had himself gone off the lines, his revelations had a divine source previously.

The hopeful part of his biography to those who loved him, as I did, was what shortly before his death he said to his wife:—"Darling, if I were to live now I should be quite different to what I have been. Christ took me in his arms last night and pressed me tight, and cleansed me from all my sins; and all is pure now and all is joy." In a paper I wrote to you after returning from his funeral, I mentioned that the choir had, much to my surprise, sung "Safe in the arms of Jesus." The explanation is, that during his last hours he was constantly humming and singing this well-known hymn of Moody and Sankay.

Shortly before his death he sent me his last extraordinary work, "Scientific Religion," telling me to read it and then to come and see him. I sent him in return some writings of my own which would show him before we met that I still held and firmer than ever to the old Gospel truths. We never met; but I am thankful that I was led to press once again to his mind that teaching which in earlier life we both believed to be divine, from which he so widely departed, to which I must earnestly trust he returned before being called away.

L. L.