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FROM CALIFORNIA VIA CANADA, TO FLORIDA ON THE CARS.

(A LECTURE, REVISED AND ENLARGED.)

(*Continued from page 371.*)

Before leaving Canada, let me repeat here what was stated the other day about its extent. The Canadian Dominion is the largest of all the British possessions, being very nearly in extent one-half of the whole Empire. The total area of the Empire is 7 999,618 square miles, and Canada is 3,379,000 square miles. The area of the whole Continent of Europe is only 237,000 square miles larger than the Dominion of Canada; Canada being 30 times as large as the United Kingdom and 500,000 square miles larger than the United States without Alaska. It covers more than one-fourteenth part of the surface of the globe.

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

In approaching Niagara,—very little intimation is afforded us that we are drawing near one of the world's greatest sights as we sit in the railway car, until all at once the deep wide gorge, the grand suspension bridge, the extraordinary volume of water, and the wonderful rapids burst upon you as you are carried over by the railway to the American side. So far as visitors were concerned, I found in March everything very quiet in a neighbourhood that is full of life and animation during the summer season, but I had all the more leisure to watch Niagara from every point of view. My first impression on a close inspection of the Falls, as on the first sight of the pyramids below Cairo, 22 years previously, was one of disappointment:—'There is nothing new or marvellous here; all is familiar, as if I had always known it, from the many representations engraved of the scene.' But the unequalled volume and majesty of the Niagara waters (the name Niagara means "Thunder of Waters" in the Indian tongue) grow upon you more than any great sight I have ever looked upon. Especially was I struck with the awful deliberateness with which the great flood of water rolls rather than plunges into the gulf beneath. The American Fall is 164 feet high and 900 feet broad: the Canadian Horse Shoe 150 by 1.900 feet broad. It is calculated that 25,000 tons of water fall at every beat of the pulse, 1½ million each minute and 100 million tons each hour, and yet the 150 000 square miles drained by this outlet do not miss this enormous quantity of water. [In Colombo about 14,000 tons are supplied in one day.] The muffled thunder of the cataract can be heard a long way off when once the ear is educated to it (at 18 miles it is readily heard, and in some conditions of the atmosphere, it is said to have been heard at Toronto 42 miles off!) But it was only when I descended by a chain car to a cavern in the side of the river below the fall and, stepping gingerly along, at last peeped over a parapet immediately in front of the vast boiling cauldron which receives the waters, that the full grandeur and sublimity of the scene broke upon me. The noise was deafening, the tints on the spray, green blue, yellow and white were most exquisite; and the longer I lingered, the more I was awestruck and humbled. I was reminded of lines I had read in coming over the Western prairies:—

> The vastness of that voiceless plain,
> Its awful solitudes remain
> Thenceforth, for aye, a part of you,
> And you are of the favored few,
> For you have learned your littleness.

The effect produced by Niagara is one of awe and yet tranquillity, inspiring one gradually with great thoughts of eternity and eternal rest even in the presence of the moving waters. The words of Charles Dickens admirably express this feeling:—

> "There when I felt how near to my Creator I was standing, the first effect and the enduring one—instant and lasting—of the tremendous spectacle, was peace. Peace of mind, tranquillity, calm recollections of the dead, great thoughts of eternal rest and happiness, nothing of gloom and terror. Niagara was at once stamped upon my heart, an image of beauty, to remain there, changeless and indelible, until its pulses cease to beat for ever."

Some years ago, there was great annoyance to visitors to Niagara from the absence of authority and order, and the host of pestiferous self-constituted guides, pedlars, &c. &c. The surroundings too were unattended to and much harm was being done. Shortly before my visit, however, a movement for the preservation of the Scenery of the Falls of Niagara originated in the State of New York, an Act being passed in 1883, and lately I had the pleasure of seeing the Sixth Annual Report of the Commissioners, of whom my friend Mr. Andrew H. Green (brother of the late Dr. Green of Jaffna) is President. The reservation opened to the public in July 1885 comprises a tract of 107,000 acres, and there is a great variety of arrangements provided for the comfort of visitors. Following suit, on the British side, the Queen Victoria Niagara Falls Park of 154 acres was formed. Every attention and full information are given to visitors, with guides, carriages, &c., at very moderate charges.

NIAGARA TO NEW YORK.

A few hours after leaving Niagara, I was being whirled along the New York Central Railroad to the "Empire City," travelling by a "lightning express" (which means a fast train) along the "air route," that is direct line—and from pleasant companions I had to listen to many stories of Niagara. One of the best, perhaps, was that of the Irishman who, when asked if it was not the most wonderful thing he had ever seen replied "Nivir a bit man; shure it's no wonther at all that the wather should fall down there, for I would like to know what could hinther it; but its mighty quare though, I 'm thinking, how the mischief it ever got up!" Another told how,

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an American who crossed the Niagara River to shoot on an Englishman's land was caught by the proprietor just after he had shot a crow, and was compelled, on peril of his life, to eat the bird. 'I kin eat crow, but I don't hanker arter it,' was his comment afterwards.—We were now travelling along a first-class American line at 30 to 40 miles an hour through a comparatively old-settled country—through one flourishing town after another—Rochester, Syracuse, Utica, Troy, Albany—all in succession along their high or back streets as the case might be, and yet never a fence and never slackening speed save when a stoppage at a station was made. Rochester, a town of 75,000 people is the seat of a Baptist University founded in 1850. It is the centre of fruit-preserving industry, giving employment to 30,000 people in autumn and winter, producing 30 million lb. weight from 1,500 fruit evaporators, and worth about half a million sterling. Had my route lain farther to the South, I should have seen St. Louis, another "Queen City" with its steel bridge across the Mississipi costing 2 millions sterling, the rival of Chicago and Cincinnati, and have travelled through what some consider to be the richest and most lovely of all the fully-occupied States, namely Ohio. In corn (that is maize), in meadow, in timber-land, but also in valleys dotted with vines and orchards, Ohio is said to be unequalled: wool, hops, tobacco and wine being among her exports. But the same may be said of a great part of Michigan and also of the Empire or New York State, though which I travel from Rochester. The well-cultivated country, comfortable substantial residences, fine orchards, many streams and rivers, and at last the noble Hudson along whose banks we travelled,—all attracted attention. In the Hudson, the people of New York have within easy reach a river running in many parts through more beautiful scenery than even the Rhine or Danube can show. The river takes its rise on the Adirondack mountains amidst most romantic scenery, utterly unknown, however, to many Americans who have travelled all over England, Scotland and the Continent of Europe. From Poughkeepsie, near which is Vasser,—the largest and most fully-equipped Ladies' College in the world with 350 "sweet girl" graduates—to New York every bend of the river discloses some fresh beauty. West Point, the chief military school in America, is passed on the way. Travelling down from Albany by rail in place of river is also very pleasant. The familiar names of "Norwood" and "Brighton" attached to suburbs of New York are noted, and our journey ends as we are landed at the "Grand Central Depôt,"—the finest railway station in America, but not equal to St. Pancras or Euston in London. We "express our baggage," that is hand our brass checks to a responsible agent who enters the train several stations before arriving at a large town and who, giving you a receipt for the checks, will deliver all luggage for a very moderate charge, wherever you wish. The luggage system works admirably all over the United States, nothing being given up without the production of the corresponding brass check which has been handed to the owner on commencing his journey.

New York.

To New York, and its sights I cannot do justice, for a lecture could be framed out of my notes on this city alone. The overhead street railways carried on iron viaducts supported by strong iron pillars are one of the sights, and certainly are a more enjoyable, healthy means of travelling than the London underground lines; but they destroy the look of the streets through which they pass, and the privacy of the residents whose upstair rooms face the carriages. Fifth Avenue, the finest fashionable street in New York and one of the handsomest, is deserving of all the praise given to it. Two houses built by the millionaire, Vanderbilt, are as fine as any owned by the English aristocracy in London. The Churches of different denominations add variety to the Avenue, all being built in good taste, the finest perhaps being the Presbyterian Church of Dr. John Hall which cost a million dollars or £200,000. The view I witnessed from a Club window in this Avenue was as striking as any scene in the most fashionable resort of the English Metropolis. As to public buildings, the Post Office and City Hall are most imposing, the former, four stories high with granite walls cost about 1½ million sterling. Some of the hotels are magnificent. The principal Newspaper and Insurance offices distinguish Broadway. The *Herald* Office and that of *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Paper* (the *Illustrated London News* of America) in each of which I spent many hours of several days, having friends on the staff, are as complete and interesting as the best London offices. I contributed a long paper on Ceylon to the *Herald*, and notices of Ceylon in 1883-4 appeared in several journals, and nothing could exceed the courtesy and attention everywhere received from literary men, with whom I spent some pleasant evenings, interchanging experiences, anecdotes, etc. The Electric light was a notable feature even in 1884, in many American cities, in Denver and Chicago particularly,—but nowhere was it more successfully applied than in the squares and chief streets of New York and its newspaper offices. A common object at the corners of many streets is a square sentry-box with a superscription, "Copying of letters or manuscript done within," and there you generally find a young woman with her type-writer ready to do your bidding. Type-writers are a feature in nearly every busy office, the clerk in charge being usually able to take down in shorthand the orally communicated purport of the letter which he then pencils off in the machine. Nearly every month I get a letter done in this way from one or other of my American friends. It is strange that the system has so little come into vogue in England. [Within the last seven years, however, the practice has become much more common in business houses in London and England generally, while it is spreading to the Colonies.]

New York is a thoroughly cosmopolition city, and in its busy Broadway, you note men of every nationality under the sun, and yet they all seem to share in the brisk business air of the place; and here it is that the newly-arrived stranger is introduced to certain peculiarities which remind him he is in a new country. Differences in the names of common things show this:—shops are "stores" (as in Colombo indeed), shopmen are clerks, carriages are "cars," railway stations as already mentioned are "depôts," a good-tempered person is "clever," a bad-tempered is "ugly," we "mail" a letter just as we "wire" a telegram; the mysterious letters "C. O. D" are very conspicuous in stores, windows and signs, but they just mean "Cash on delivery." Again you may hear Americans talk about "tuckered out" for "tired," "taking root" for "sitting down," "desirably located" for "well situated," and "blowing you off" for "giving you a treat." Although clumsy and unromantic, yet the American mode of numbering streets and avenues is very convenient, no one can have any difficulty in finding an address or in making out any desired point.

New York is splendidly situated; but it is more at a loss for room for expansion than any other city in the world. In 20 years its population has increased 50 per cent, or to about 1½ million living on 13,000 acres; while London has over 4 millions on

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75,000 acres. London averages 7 persons per house and 49 per acre; New York has 25 per house and from 300 to 750 per acre. It is expected that a great part of New York will yet be pulled down and houses built of ten stories high. To remedy this, and secure for New York the area and uniform Municipal management due to its importance has been the object of much writing and planning on the part of Mr. Andrew H. Green for the last twenty-five years. Mr. Green, who is a brother of the late Dr. Green of the American Mission, Jaffna, I found to be one of the most prominent and respected citizens of New York. His proposal, now very generally approved of, is to incorporate and include in New York under one municipal government, Manhattan Island and several adjacent counties, raising greater New York "at once to a population nearer 3 than 2 millions, while the Northern boundary should run from the Hudson in a straight line to the Sound, making an area altogether of 320 square miles or half that of "Greater London" and with half its population. It is a great scheme and a leading New York journalist thus refers to it:—

On all sides, except at its northern boundary, running from Yonkers, and its easterly boundary along the town lines of Hempstead and North Hempstead on Long Island, greater New York would be surrounded by broad areas of water, presenting extraordinary commercial advantages; and the building of bridges and tunnels would bring its people into easy communication among themselves and with the rest of the world. Of course the carrying out of a scheme of such magnitude would present questions of detail not always easy of settlement, and the administration of the affairs of a community so vast would require the treatment of problems that, to use Mr. Green's words, would "frighten the timid and appal the conservative." But they could all be handled more successfully than the conflicting interests of the divided municipalities are now handled. He himself feels no apprehensions because of the territorial extent of the proposed city, and yet no one more than he understands how great and varied would be its requirements. With a local legislative body, elected annually, and representing the many small districts into which it should be divided, the greater New York would be better and more economically administered than the lesser New York of to-day. It is a grand scheme, and should be a principal subject of discussion among the 2,500,000 people whose welfare it so profoundly concerns.

There are but two notable streets: Broadway—the longest in the world, comprising "East End," "City" and "West End" divisions—and Fifth Avenue. Nearly all the other streets or roads are unworthy of the name, uneven, badly paved with gutter ruts. But there is the splendid Central Park of 84 acres, abounding in drives and walks, with lakes covering 185 acres, capital zoological collection, particularly the aviarys and delightful ornamental gardening: altogether two millions sterling have been spent on it. Then there is also as a great sight the magnificent suspension bridge, unequalled in the world, a mile long (one span being nearly one-fourth mile across), connecting it with Brooklyn, a city itself of half-a-million people. Here a great many New Yorkers reside, and they have in Prospect Park a delightfully pleasant healthy place of resort. I cannot stay to tell you of my attending at the Churches of Henry Ward Beecher and Dr. Talmage in Brooklyn, in the case of the latter finding the largest congregation ever gathered before one man probably, while a silver cornet and some other special instruments led the singing. People are supposed to take it much easier in Brooklyn than across the river. The New Yorker is always in such a hurry that he is described as having come a good half hour late into the world, and as trying all his life to make it up! He is also said to be too busy to be civil. That was not my experience; for in no place did I receive so much civility from busy men, whether in Newspaper, Insurance or Mercantile Offices as in New York. At the same time you feel the whole place to be in a whirl of business and excitement, and this has been attributed to the climate, extraordinary dryness of the air and highly electric conditions. As to the dryness of climate, it is to be noted in the salt which is on the table—always in dry and powdery condition—in the rapid drying of your bath sponge, and warping of articles of wood, even the most thoroughly seasoned, brought from Europe. I was told the electric phenomena may be seen any cold winter's day, when it is quite possible for people in ordinary physical condition to light the gas by shuffling rapidly across the carpet and holding the finger to an opened gas burner, the gas lighting as if by a flame, and the electric spark giving a distinctly audible crackle. There can be very little doubt that such physical conditions has to do with the energy of the typical New York citizen who it is alleged takes three steps and gives three strokes for the Britisher's one. "The American goes to his office at 7 in the morning and leaves it at 6 or 7 p. m., and his hours are a din of excitement." On the other hand in respect of laziness is it not of a Yankee it has been said that he was so lazy that if you gave him a push he went on for ever, being too lazy to stop! And again there was the American gentleman who, being suspected of indolence, was asked what was his occupation, and replied "I smoke glasses for eclipses"!

I saw no beggars and very little touching of hats—no expectation of tips or fees. Your cabman may expect some day to be President; but indeed New York has scarcely any cab, the charge for the few I saw being prohibitory. But among the wealthy Americans, (notwithstanding Republican "helps,") coachmen with cockades, and democratic carriages with armorial bearings on the panels, were not uncommon in Central Park.

(*To be continued.*)

HISTORY OF THE WEDDAS OF CEYLON.

EXTRACT FROM SECTION III.

(*From a forthcoming "History of the Weddas," by A. De Silva, Mudaliyar.*)

(*Continued from page 373.*)

SANSCRIT.

The Sanscrit Rakshasa is derived from the primitive Aryan root *ark* or *rak*, which is the Aryan onomatopoeia, adopted to represent the percussion produced in the flight of the arrow through the air, when discharged from the bow, whereby the Aryans have stereotyped *ark* or *rak*, to mean "the bow" which is the most primitive Aryan word used by them, and is collateral to the Latin *arcus* or *arquus*; *sha* is the alike primitive verb adopted by the Aryans to signify, primarily, "to dart off"; secondarily, "to kill," "to destroy in entirety," to repel," or "to protect"; the Sanscrit suffix *sa* is the particle which represents the instrumental agent, "the actor," or "the doer."

Hence *Rakshasa* primarily signifies "an archer," "shooter of the bow," or "hunter," which in common colloquy of the Sinhalese is recognized as Wedda (hunter), derived from the Sanscrit verb *wid*, meaning "to dart off the arrow." Secondarily, the word *Rakshasa* signifies "a protector" or a "watchman." The root *ark* or *rak*, combined with the verb *sha*, comes to be *araksha*, or with a better and a more laconic euphonification *Raksha*, without affecting the radical or the ety-

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mological signification in either case; in both cases the signification is equivalent to "archer" or "hunter," that is a Wedda, in the common colloquy of the Sinhalese. Secondarily, "a watchman," or "protector," in the sense of repelling danger and securing safety.*

From these Sanscrit words *Araksha* and *Raksha* are derived the common Sinhalese words *Araksha* and *Raksha-karanawa* (Sanscritized forms) and their less elegant forms *Rassa-karanawa* and *Arassa karanawa* (compare with the two Greek verbs, which are identical, No 4, page 10) signifying "to protect" or "watch," as well as the verbal nouns *Araksha Káraya*, *Arassa Káraya*, *Raksha Káraya*, and *Rassa Káraya*—(*Karaya* is "the doer," which in Sanscrit is *sa*, analogical to the Pali *ko*)—*Rekawala*, *Rekawalkáraya*, all signifying "watchman" or "sentry."

In all their uses, the force of the primitive sense being "to defend by means of the bow and the arrow" (guns then unknown) in repelling danger apprehended.

This, therefore, conveys a military sense, the archer being always a man armed with the bow and the arrow, as his insignia, which is the most primitive weapon of destruction and defence. In this sense, a *Rakshasa* or an *Arakshasa* is a military soldier, and is synonymous (though not in clan) with the Aryan *Kshatrya*, which is another designation in Aryan language adopted to convey identical signification with *Rakshasa* or *Arakshasa*, but with this difference, namely, the term *Rakshasa* was adopted by the Aryans to designate "the watchman" (Wedda) of the pre-Aryan native Indian hill tribes; whilst the term *Kshatrya* was adopted as a counter-distinctive designation for recognition of their own Aryan tribe of military men.

How keenly and euphemistically the arrogant distinction of the nationality between the native hill tribes (Indian Weddas) and the Aryans themselves has been kept up from the very period of their stepping into India, is observable from the following witty adoption of the Aryan military term *Kshatrya* distinct from *Rakshasa*. Observe, the root of the word *Rakshasa* or *Arakshasa* is *rak* and *ark* (arc-us) respectively, and *sha* is the root of the verb signifying "to dart" or "defend." Of this, the syllable *ra* or *ar* (in rak or ark) has been altogether elided, retaining only *ksha* of the word *Raksha* or *Arksha*, and adding to *ksha* the syllables *trya*, to constitute the word *kshatrya* and signify the same sense as in *Raksha*; for according to this invention *ksha* signifies, primarily, "to kill," or "destroy"; and secondarily, "to repel"; and *trya* from *tra* (as in *antrá*, meaning "danger") to signify "danger." Hence *Kshatrya* is one who "defends" or "repels danger" altogether, and in sense is analogous to the English Aryan word "sentry," where one may observe that the Aryan verb *ksha* is converted into "sen" (equivalent to shun) and *tra* (as in antra "danger,") signifying "danger-shunning-man," a soldier, which is a *Kshatrya* in Aryan language; whilst a *Rakshasa* (secondarily "a sentry") in his official capacity in no way differed from a *Kshatrya;* but in nationality alone a Rakshasa was a rude and uncivilized Indian mountaineer or Wedda; whereas a Kshatrya was one of their own Aryan tribe which monopolized civilization and learning. Hence they (Aryans) styled themselves "Arya," "noble," and the native hill tribes in contra-distinction they styled *an-arya*, "ignoble," being crude and wild mountain tribes.

It is probable that the Aryans in their infantile state of settlement in the rich plain on the borders of Punjab, between the Ganges and the Yamuna, and before the organization of their own military men, whom they styled Kshatrya had the use of the native Indian hill tribes, (the Weddas) as Rakshasas or watchmen of their cattle, sheep, corn, &c., against the attacks of the rowdy and predaceous Tartars and Tibetans or other marauding hill tribes who surrounded their settlement, "the Aryawarta," themselves having been nomadic herdsmen professionally helpless and unarmed. These native Indian archers (Weddas) whom they employed as sentries, by way of distinction from the rest of the population, were styled *Rakshasas*, whilst they styled their own *clan* military men or sentries as Kshatrya.

In Sanscrit the word *Kshatra* means also a field, from which it is believed the term Kshatrya to have originated, recognizing the Sanscrit-speaking Aryans as introducers of paddy cultivation into India.

The Kshatrya tribe is synonymized in Pali under the term *keta-kula* (*keta*, meaning "field," and *kula*, "the tribe") primitively signifying "the clan or the tribe which repels danger," or "the field-cultivating tribe."

In Sinhalese—which is a language derived from Pali, Sanscrit and Elu, we have the word *kumbura* in common colloquy, meaning "a field," answering to *keta* in Pali. But every plot of land cultivated is not a *kumbura*, unless it possesses all the peculiarities which constitute the same being styled a *kumbura*. The derivation of it comes to be as follows, viz., *kum* or *kam*, signifies "work" or "an act done," *bu*, "the earth" or "ground," and *ra*, "defended." Hence a *kumbura* comes to be "ground brought under cultivation and protected." When it does not possess these qualifications, it cannot be called a *kumbura.**

The same is the case with the Sanscrit *Kshatra* (field), "a spot of ground cultivated and protected from danger;" the syllable *ka* and *ke* in Pali, carrying in meaning the same force of repelling danger as *ksha* in *Kshatra*, *ke* signifies "keeping off," and *ta*, which is a variant of Sanscrit *tra* (danger). Hence *ketakula* comes to mean "protecting or defending clan," and is synonymous with the Sanscrit term Kshatrya, as well as Rakshasa with the tribal exception attached thereto. Rakshasa, then, in its primary application, is a Wedda, who gained his living by means of the bow and the arrow. Is Rakshasa then "a demon," because he sucks the blood of slain animals in the jungle?

Do not the Weddas of Lanka everywhere suck the blood of their game: elks and deer? Are they then "demons"? Certainly not.

GREEK LANGUAGE.

The Greek language being a fraternal Aryan dialect, to crown the above exegesis of the Sanscrit appellation Rakshasa, we meet with in it the words Αρασσω—(arasso)—first aorist Αραξα (araksha). and Ρασσω—(rasso), the first aorist Ραξα (Raksha). These two Greek words Αρασσω and Ρασσω we find to be identical in signification and etymology to the two less elegant Sinhalese words, *Arassa-* and *Rassa-karanawa* above noted, whilst their forms of the two first aorists are the very identical two Aryan words *Araksha* and *Raksha*. The exposition given of the word *Raksha* is the identical signification of the two Greek words Αρασσω and Ρασσω, which signify "to slay animals with the bow and the arrow." The signification of the two first aorists, is "I shall slay with the bow and the arrow," that is, simply meaning, hunting with the bow and the arrow as Weddas do, so that by combining the Sanscrit suffix *sa* to the first aorist Αραξα, or to the first

* Dr. Müller derived *kumbura* from Sans. *gamlhira*. —ED. L. R.

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aorist Παξα, we produce the Aryan words Αρασσω (Arakshasa) or Ρασσω (Rakshasa), which signifies "a bowsman" or "hunter with the bow and the arrow," which is precisely a Wedda or a *Dada yákkaro*, or a *Yakko*. Hence the Greek languag is unquestionably and decidedly a thorough expounder and a consummate lexicon in support of the verity of the paraphrase given here of the primitive Aryan designation Rakshasa, so that Hellenistically also, *Rakshasa* means "an archer," "bowsman," or "hunter," that is a Wedda.

This identity in etymology and in signification precludes all criticisms against my synonymising the Rakshasa of the Ramayana and the Maha Bharata with the modern Weddas of Lanka, whose identical progeny and remnant they are by unamalgamated descent from the aboriginal Rakshasas, that is the pre-Aryan Indian hill tribes who immigrated into Lanka from the hills of Central India about the era B. C. 2000. Now then does Rakshasa mean "a demon" or a Wedda?

(To be continued.)

JANAKIHARANA.

(Continued from page 364.)

We hope that in addition to the particulars given by Major Forbes, and published in a previous issue of the *Literary Register*, the following matters traditionally known to many a resident of Matara, connected with the life and history of the royal bard and his contemporary will be interesting to Antiquarians.

The Hatbodhiwatta, where the tragedy took place, is now known as Alutvalavvewatta, and is the property of the illustrious Tillekaratna family of Matara, and the king's park is still called Oyanwatta. Here there are still visible two ponds almost wholly filled, close to each other at Kapparawatta, another side of Oyanwatta, in which the king and his chief queen are said to have bathed. Matara hospital and the historical Star Fort, now the residence of the District Engineer are on the south and south-west of this park; and the locality where the king's treasury is said to have stood is known as Gabadávedia,—treasury street. All these places are within a quarter of a mile from Hatbodhiwatta.

Out of the 18 temples built by King Kumaradasa, tradition assigns one to a garden called Vehera-pettaniya. This is about half a mile from Habtodhiwatta. Veheragampita, now known as Veragampita, where lived a celebrated poet of the eighteenth century, who had the honor of the gift of a village in Sabaragamuwa District from the then king Rájadi Rajasinha in recognition of the ability displayed by him as poet, had its name so derived for the simple reason of it being situated outside the *Vehera*.

Mákávita of historic fame, which is about two miles from the Fort of Matara, where the king superintended his paddy-fields,—the palace of his queens is said to have existed in a garden called Má igátenna—palace plain. We are told it is now owned by the much-respected Illangakoon family of Matara. The delightful and picturesque scenery surrounding this spot must have no doubt induced the king to have the palace built here; there are still to be found in the spot some remains of ancient sculptures, a parapet wall, &c. Tradition assigns Devinuvara (Dondra Head) to be the place where he held his court, but curiously *Mahavansa* is silent on this important matter of history, and we remember having seen in some Sinhalese historical work, the name of which we are unable to recall to mind now, that he held his court at Beranapanátara in Matara District. The courtezan referred to was a girl of the potter caste belonging to the adjoining village of Kumbalgama. Her exquisite beauty attracted the king's attention whilst he was going his rounds to superintend the paddy-fields, but her low birth was the cause of her being located far and alone from other courtezans of the harem.

Not only Major Forbes, but many other writers, both Sinhalese and European, who had written about this bard and his contemporary were of opinion that the lines inscribed on the wall were Sinhalese poetry; but when we were on the editorial staff of "Lanká'lókaya," we expressed our views on the subject, and gave a Sanskrit verse that we had learnt traditionally, and from the publication now under notice, we are happy to see that we are not wrong in our surmize. The said lines are the following:—

The king.—Padmáda padma nód bhutam
Sruyaté nacha drisyaté

පද්මාද පද්ම නොද් භූතම්
ශ්‍රූයතෙ නච දෘශ්‍යතෙ

Have you ever heard or seen that a lotus flower produced any other flower (lotus)?

Kalidasa.—Hê bálatva mukhám bhóját
Tvan né'riudri varad dvayamd

හෙබාල ත්වී මුඛා මෙභාජාත්
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O young woman! (have you not heard or seen) that from the lotus of thy face the two blue lilies of thine eyes have sprung.

Thus two poets have instituted a similitude between the lilies and the two blue eyes, and the face and lotus both sprung from the pond of youth, with the stalk of neck, pedicle of nose, petals of lips pollen of teeth, &c.

The king, who was a Sanskrit scholar, with the object in view to bar the approach of others, and also realizing the idea that there was nobody in Lanka except himself who was able to answer his poetical query in suitable metre, inscribed it there in Sanskrit, and Kalidasa happening to visit the place by chance completed it.

The late Hon. James Alwis in *Sidath Sangara*, page CLV., has also doubted the veracity of the statement, that the lines written were Sinhalese; but again from the similarity of construction of blank verse in *Sidath Sangara* and lines in question he had arrived at a different conclusion. *Sidath Sangara* is a composition of the fifteenth century, but our poet lived some nine hundred years previous to that. Surely there is a difference between the language of the fifth and fifteenth century. We are of opinion that the lines are not older than the time of Sri Rahula Stavira of Totagamuva, father of Sinhalese poetry, who lived about the fifteenth century, but we shall not dwell much upon this subject now but leave it entirely in the hands of those who are able to judge it.

Several writers, except Major Forbes and a few others, are of opinion that the tragedy took place at Anuradhapura, but unfortunately those writers do not give their reasons for their suppositions. We know there is a garden of the name of Hatbodhiwatta in Anuradhapura, but this alone is not enough to arrive at the conclusion that the tragedy took place there. The Dutch gentleman cutting down the bo tree and pulling down the tombs about one hundred and eight years ago is sufficient evidence to establish the fact that it took place at Matara. When the Major wrote and published his book in 1840, he must have met

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with persons who had seen the bo-trees and the tombs at Hatbodhiwatta before the wanton destruction took place in 1783.

We think it proper that we should give below the traditional lore current here about the advent of Kalidasa to the Island.

Kumaradasa having completed his epic poem —the book under notice—sent a copy of it to a friendly monarch on the Continent of India. The recipient, to give due respect to the gift of another monarch, caparisoned a State elephant, placed the book on its back, and made it walk in procession throughout his kingdom. This attracted the attention of Kalidasa, who was then in Oujein. Another account is that a copy of the epic was also sent to Kalidasa, who was known to the king when he was on the Continent with his father. Whatever it be, the book it seems was well known on the Continent, for verses from it are quoted by Kshemendra, a Cashmerian poet of the eleventh century, and recently before the present publication saw the light of day, some fragments of its original verses found scattered here and there in India have been found even by European scholars, such as Professor Peterson, &c. and its value has been discussed by them.

To return however to the traditional lore that Kalidasa, during the lifetime of his patron, the Boja Raja of Oujein, sought to obtain his permission to visit his friend Kumaradasa of Lanka, but was not allowed to do so; and after his death, Kalidasa embarked in a ship sailing to Lanka, and came and landed at Mahatota (Matara), which was then a port of call for vessels coming from India, and happened to take lodgings at the house of the courtezan, and hence the tragedy.

It is pretty certain that if Kalidasa had remained in this country for a much longer time, he must have been known to the courtezan, and if she had known him and his abilities and his friendship with the king, she would not have dared to do the rash act she did.

Galle. D. DAHANAIK.

(*To be concluded.*)

A SKETCH.

I was about to return to Scotland from Neuchâtel, the pretty little Swiss town on a lake of the same name. I had spent my summer holidays with my mother and sisters, and was returning to school in the North of Scotland where I was a boarder. My mother lived in one of two duplicate chalets in the same grounds, owned by Madame P. and her two maiden daughters, who occupied the other chalet. Madame P. was the widow of a Lutheran pastor, and she and her daughters were kept in comfort by her two sons who had married English wives, and were in business in London. Surrounding the chalets was a fine orchard—and beyond the walls extended vineyards on every side, where the grapes were all but ripe. The elder Mademoiselle, from whom I had had daily lessons in French, and who seemed fond of the young school-boy, took me to the orchard, saying, "I have a plum for you that I intended to give you on the day of your departure." Alas! when we reached the place the plum was gone, and a smaller inferior fruit had to be substituted.

As we left the orchard Jacques, the little Italian gardener, with his pointed moustachios and brown face covered with wrinkles and wreathed in smiles. Jacques joined with his mistress in deploring the loss of the fine fruit and bowed as he bade me adieu.

I made a rapid journey. I left Neuchâtel on the morning of Thursday; I passed through Paris on Friday, and passing through London found myself in Aberdeen on Saturday at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. I saw the Prussians in occupation in Dijon, and felt my blood boil when I tried to imagine Prussian sentries in a British town. There were Prussian soldiers on the railway platform, at the doors of the station, at the gates of the city—on every hand one saw the spiked helmet and dark uniform. Poor humbled France! As we rushed across the finest cultivated country in the world, a ruined church, a fine country-house with its grounds denuded of trees and desolate, we saw traces of the scourge of war. When we arrived in Paris we realized with horror what war means. I had gone to Switzerland by Holland and Germany, and passed through the land of the victors of the death-grapple. While I passed through, the country was rejoicing, but the people were in mourning. It was the time of the marching into Berlin by the Crown Prince and the troops, and all the stations were decorated with evergreens, flags, and medallions. On the medallions were the names of each victory: "Sedan," "Metz," "Strasburg." I saw there trains and trains full of French prisoners of war returning home. It was now 2½ months since I passed through Germany, and again I came across the never-ceasing stream of prisoners returning. Oh! the disgrace, the shame of the once-martial France, whose legions were marched away without fair fighting by troops barely sufficient to guard them. For months and months the streams of returning prisoners went on. I do not mean to say the French did not fight; but they were as sheep without a shepherd, and they were caught in artillery traps by the genius of their enemies and incapacity of their own leaders.

And *Paris*, the Empress of the world, the modern Babylon, to be so outraged and trampled on by a Power that was formerly at France's feet. I saw the windows still unrepaired, the stars of the bullet marks on the walls, the roofs of houses where shells had worked havoc, still gaping. Everywhere were bullet marks. Here the ruins of the Musée de Louvre, here the ruins of the Palais Royale, there the gutted blackened walls of the Tuilleries, there the stump of the Column Vendôme. There was rakish recklessness about the people in the streets. I went to see the Madeline cathedral, which, strange to say, was untouched, saved by bullet marks, though it was the favourite church of Napoleon III.

* * * * *

A week or so afterwards, when I had settled down at school, I heard from Neuchâtel that Jacques, the Italian gardener, had suddenly died after I left, and the postmortem examination revealed the cause of his death. A plum stone was found in his intestines.

June 1891. X. Y. Z.

*LAURENCE OLIPHANT.**

The charm of Mrs. Oliphant for her admirers, among whom we may frankly count ourselves, is nowhere more perceptible than in her biographies. She brings to them not only her easy style, and her descriptive powers, which as regards all scenes we should rank with those of Scott, but a faculty of sympathy for ideas she does not agree with which gives her at once impartiality and insight. She has done this Life in particular admirably, so that, perplexing as her hero is even to herself, she still leaves him a real though never a perfectly intelligible figure, whose history will be followed by all readers from first to last with a strong personal interest. To ourselves, we confess, that interest deepens so greatly in the second volume that it is for us the biography of Laurence Oliphant. The first one merely paints a bright and gifted young man

* *The Life of Laurence Oliphant.* By Mrs. Margaret Oliphant. Edinburgh and London: W. Blackwood and Sons.

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of good family, who wandered over the world in search of occupation and adventure, and who was at once so gay, so thougtful, and so daring—Oliphant's courage was quite exceptional, being a positive desire for danger—that he gave every considerable man he met an impression that he was a man to be advanced. He captured Jung Buhadoor—who cannot have understood a word he said; he had not to extort civility from Lord Stratford de Redcliffe—a social triumph in itself; the Foreign Office broke its rules for him, offering him a Secretaryship of Legation in Japan as a first step in the Department: he fascinated American Senators—whom he utterly despised and disliked: and he entered Parliament, when tired of roving, as easily as other men enter a profession. He was, moreover, from the first a *litterateur* who found publication easy, and a journalist whom a man like Mr. Delane was always eager to employ in any quarter of the world. Still, so far he was an interesting rather than a remarkable figure. There are dozens of young men as capable as he trotting about the world; many of them have as striking adventures; and one or two possess, if not all his charm—for few men are, like Oliphant, double-natured—still sufficient attraction to render their careers abnormally easy, and their prospects exceptionally bright. Some of them are *litterateurs*, too, for we cannot admit that in this direction Oliphant's gifts were phenomenal, or even as great as his biographer, in her deep amazement at the antithesis presented by his life, has endeavoured to describe them. Laurence Oliphant was the ideal Special Correspondent, with keen eyes, much descriptive power, unconquerable gaiety, and a turn for social satire of the rather obvious kind; but that is all. None of his books will live, and, indeed, of most of them it may be said that they are already dead. *Piccadilly* is the best of them, and *Piccadilly* is not beyond *Pelham* in artistic merit.

It is the second part of his career which renders Laurence Oliphant an object of study worthy alike of philosophers and men of the world. At the age of thirty-eight, with his Parliamentary career just commencing, and the world at his feet, this brilliant man, with his strong ambitions and love of adventure, and habitude of many worlds—not excluding the world in which license is deemed venial—stopped dead-short in his career, and after nearly two years of doubt and meditation, gave himself into slavery to a religious pretender named Thomas Lake Harris, an American, possibly of Jewish extraction, who had failed as a Swedenborgian lecturer, and who was hardly educated, whom Oliphant afterwards believed to be pecuniarily dishonest,* and who was in no respect, except original mental force, his neophyte's equal At the bidding of this man, Oliphant sacrificed his personal fortune and his mother's, and afterwards his wife's, and became not only a common farm-labourer and drudge, doing the most servile and disgusting work as carter to Harris's "community" at Brocton, but an agent in pecuniary schemes, in one of which he had to ask, and with his usual personal charm obtained, the forbearance of Jay Gould, who could have crushed the speculation. He did all this, too, with his eyes open, with the keenest sense of what he was throwing away, and with a capacity for being bored to death by his low labour which once produced a singular incident:—

"One bitter winter's night, he was driving back to the stable after his long day's work with a sleigh and a pair of vigorous horses. He had been leading a life of the most tiresome description for many months, and the tedious routine had become almost unbearable to him. Suddenly his horses got frightened at something in the way, and with a quick impulse Laurence threw away the reins, and throwing himself into the bottom of the sleigh, yelled so vociferously as to arouse the villagers, who ran into the street. The horses, mad with fright, and urged on by Laurence kicking and shouting in the bottom of the sleigh, soon left the village far behind, and the sleigh spun over the frozen snow. The barn where they were kept was some distance from the village; and to his surprise, when the horses reached it, they swept through the gate without upsetting the sleigh, and drew up before the barn-door trembling in every limb. Laurence coolly climbed out and led them into the stable. The excited villagers rushed far along the road in search of him, expecting to find him in the bottom of a ditch, crushed by the heavy sleigh. After a vain search, they returned to the barn for a consultation, and found Laurence quietly feeding his horses, very much refreshed by a taste of that excitement which he had so loved in earlier life."

More than that, he permitted his mother, a most tenderly nurtured old lady of beautiful character, to be subjected to the same discipline, she becoming practically a laundress for ploughmen. Her history, as related in this biography, is pathetic to the last degree, and it ended thus:—

"The invalid however never reached the waters in whose healing influence her anxious companion had some hopes. They got as far as a village called Cloverdale (the reader familiar with that country will pardon my ignorance of the localities) where there was a woman who possessed one of those panaceas which are to be found in every country, decoctions of herbs and faith, curing actually in some few cases, by what action on body or mind it is hard to tell various ailments and diseases. When he found that his mother could go no further, Laurence wrote to his friend in need, Mrs. Walker, telling her his circumstances. That kindest of friends at once went to their aid. She found Lady Oliphant very ill, but quite incredulous, as was Laurence, of the possibility of approaching death—and attended by the woman with her cure, which however, was administred without confidence. the rural healer doubting that the patient had strength to recover. That any cure should have been sought at all was entirely contrary to the orders and will of Harris, and angry letters had been received from him denouncing it. On what proved to be the last night of Lady Oliphant's life, Mrs. Walker watched with Laurence in the sick-room; and she has described to me an extraordinary agitation of which she was sensible, in the air, which she could compare to nothing but a storm or battle going on over the bed, which affected even herself,—no believer in the mysteries which were so dear to them—with all the sensation of a terrible conflict, during which the patient suffered greatly. And then there came peace and great quiet, and the sufferer looked up, restored to ease, and told her son that she had seen his father, who had poured new strength into her, so that she felt overflowing with vitality, and knew that now she should live and not die. With these words on her lips, and murmuring something about the angels all around and about, Lady Oliphant died."

And more even than this, he imposed the same yoke on his wife, a bright, sweet lady of the highest culture and refinement, whom he tenderly loved; lived with her through life as brother and not as husband; sent her wholly away, when bidden, to earn her living as a school-teacher in the wilderness; and, in short, changed himself into a living machine, moved only by anther's breath:—

"I have never," writes his biographer, "been able in the smallest degree to fathom what was meant by the spiritual respiration by which they believed even their bodily conditions to be changed; nor is it easy to enter into the new law of marriage, which was already the most distinctive feature of their economy. That the relation ought to be strictly Platonic, to use a comprehensible phrase—a union as of brother and sister, though distinguished by an absolute oneness of spirit, peculiar to the 'sacred tie,' 'the most sacred of ordinances,' in which, as they believed, the being of the dual Godhead was displayed and imitated—was, I believe, their strange creed. That it was not always consistently carried out was of course inevitable. What is much more wonderful is that it *was* some-

* It is just to record that Mr. Arthur Cuthbert absolutely denies, in the *Standard* of May 28th, all charges against Mr. Harris, gives a new version of the pecuniary story, and intimates his firm belief that Oliphant was mad. There are inconsistencies in his letter, but it seems to be written in perfect sincerity,

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times carried out with unflinching resolution, neither the most tender affection nor the usual circumstances of confidential intimacy between married persons affecting the self-imposed rule. It is not a question which can be entered into further; but it may to some readers afford a clue to the somewhat incomprehensible influence exercised upon certain minds by the mystic teachings of Laurence Oliphant's later works,—works which are as chaos to the majority of readers, but to some direct revelations from heaven."

Even when, years after, Oliphant found out Harris, he retained belief in his teaching, and in his five years of idyllic life on Carmel with his wife, still maintained and taught the faith Harris had put into his mind. His obedience in theory went even further than this slavery, for Harris demanded the surrender of the conscience. There is a letter to Harris in Vol. II. (p. 113) in which Miss l'Estrange, afterwards Oliphant's wife, states this, which it is almost painful to read:—

"One only thing has been a terrible pang to me, the giving over of my own judgment in questions of moral judgment to any human authority. It is so absolutely new and incomprehensible an idea to me, that any outer test should supplant, without risk to itself and to me, the inner test of my actions that my conscience affords, that when—seeing the impossibility of working successfully with others without giving practical proof that I can obey without critism of the command, I decided to shut my eyes and leave the seeing to you —I felt as though I were putting out the one clear light that had been given to me for my guidance, and that I had been living so many years to God to purify; as though I had suddenly thrown my own compass overboard, and was left with my whole life exposed to the chances of a sea of uncertainty, and with the grim question asking itself over and over again in my heart, whether I were not doing wrong?"

There is hardly such another instance in history,—though we believe the Anabaptist "Prophets," like Knipperdoling, generally fascinated a knight or two; and Mr. Halhed, Governor, statesman, and gentleman, worshipped the "Prophet" Brothers. Scores of cultivated gentlemen have passed into the severest fraternities of the Catholic faith, have laboured with their hands, and have followed a rule of implicit obedience; but they did it to save their souls—an idea which Laurence Oliphant expressly repudiated as selfish—and in obedience to doctrines taught by a great and venerable Church, inspired, as they conceived, through ages, and which had at least this testimony to give, that it had through those ages produced many men and women of the saintliest character. Mahommed's "Companions," the men who lived and slept and argued around him for years before his recognition by others, obeyed him as implicitly; but Mahommed was far their superior in intelligence, and gave them at least what were to them prodigious ideas, the unity of the Godhead, the equality of the Faithful, and the possibility of immediate salvation through earthly and material battle. So far as we can understand from this book, Harris taught three things. First, that God was bi-sexual, the penetrating idea of Oliphant's *Sympnevmata*, and absolutely without evidence or meaning; secondly, that the duty of man below is to live the life of Christ, which is true in a sense to all Christians, and not a new revelation; and, thirdly, that he, Harris, alone knew perfectly what this life should be, its main rules apparently being the unnatural one of married celibacy, the renunciation of personal freedom, even as to opinion about moral questions, and absolute confidence that an order conveyed through Harris was an order from on high. That any man of Oliphant's religious instincts—they shine out through some of his gayest letters—knowledge of the world, and desire for a better life, should have accepted such teaching, is almost incomprehensible; for, be it remembered, the teaching survived the teacher. Harris professed to be in direct communication with Christ, and to exert in consequence certain miraculous powers of insight into thought; and while Oliphant believed this, believed it till he thought he felt the visible sign of possession by Christ—a change in the mode of respiration—within himself, his credulity is explicable; but he believed it afterwards, after he had, as he thought, found his teacher out, and treated him, through Californian lawyers, as a dishonest man who had kept others' property for himself, and who had telegraphed to Mrs. Oliphant (Alice Oliphant) to put her husband in a mad-house. Recollect the theory of ordinary insanity will not hold water. Oliphant was one of the sanest of mankind, capable of comprehending intricate business, utterly contemptuous of most "fads"—he always demanded "normality" of mental and physical health as a condition of valid spiritual progress—and in all the ordinary intercourse of life a satirical man of the world. He did, indeed, once read some doggrel verses to Mrs. Oliphant, his biographer, which he said his counterpart in the spirit world bad dictated to him; but work done in trances, or even in sleep, is not an unknown phenomenon. No friend or disciple ever suspected his sanity, and the writer of these words, a mere acquaintance, who had happened to meet him in boyhood and at times throughout his life, and who thought his record to be explained only by mental lesion, could in their last interview detect no sign of aberration. Besides, if he was insane, why not his mother and his wife, the latter a woman who left on every human being who encountered her an impression of acute intelligence, sweetened by philantrophy and love for all? That theory will not suffice, nor will any other in the present condition of our knowledge about him. It may be that there exists among his correspondence with disciples some letter, written with the lucidity with which he treated earthly affairs, which will make it clear what he hoped from the strange, and in many respects indefensible, life he led. There is no such letter in these volumes, though there runs through them a suggestion clear to the writer of these words, though probably obscure to better critics, that Oliphant was dominated by a hope which is adumbrated in the following sentences from a letter to a relative, dated from Haifa, his Syrian retreat:—

"What we are seeking for is a force which shall enable us to embody in daily life such simple ethics as those of Christ, which were based on altruism and which no one after 1800 years of effort has succeeded in doing, for want of adequate spiritual potency. If some of us, myself included, have come into an abnormal physical condition, it was not with a view of finding out occult mysteries about the cosmogony of the world, but of seeking to discover *a force which one could bring down and apply to the physical needs of this one.* It was in this effort I found that trance and abnormal physical conditions were unreliable, though I am far from saying that the experiences gained through them may not be turned to good account, or that certain truths even may not be acquired; but unless these truths are afterwards susceptible of verification while in full possession of all our natural faculties, they should not be received or acted upon as truths."

We do not understand the words we have italicised to apply to spritual influence only as ordinarily understood, but to an actual miraculous potency which could be used at will. Laurence Oliphant had all through life displayed the passion of pity for a world lost in physical misery, together with a certain despair of the benefits to be derived from any existing agency, creeds and Churches included. He hoped for a new force; hoped, with the passionate intensity which has repeatedly produced in sane men a belief in the immediate arrival of the Millennium, for a new and miraculous power; and believed that if a certain life could be led by a community, it would draw this Force from Heaven, that is, this miraculous person or power of working miracles. It was this hope which gave him his endurance, and this which made him doubt if death could come until it was fulfilled. It is a Hindoo idea rather than a Christian one, but it is the hope that in the Valley of the Ganges animates hundreds to bear the most hideous austerities. There is no warranty for it in revelation or in reason, but of its strange power over the minds which have entertained it there can be no question.—*Spectator.*

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