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(A LECTURE, REVISED AND ENLARGED.)

(Continued from page 379.)

BOSTON AND NEW ENGLAND.

Before turning southwards from New York, I must mention a short trip made into New England—specially to Boston—"the hub of the universe" travelling by "a floating palace" in a magnificent Falls River Steamer, of immense size with six decks and 300 state rooms capable of carrying 1000 passengers. The grand saloon, 275 feet long and 20 feet high, is panelled with the choicest woods and carpeted with the richest velvet pile, while mirrors and paintings adorn the walls. No wonder though each steamer is said to have cost £250,000, and what a contrast does it present to any steamer plying round the British Coast or on the English Channel!

We leave the steamer at Newport to travel by the Old Colony Railroad passing close to Plymouth Rock, where the Pilgrim fathers landed from the *Mayflower*. The rock is rightly revered by the Americans, for, as Mrs. Hemans says:

"Oh call it holy ground
The soil on which they trod,—
They have left unstained what there they found:—
Freedom to worship God."

Dr. Macaulay of the Religious Tract Society mentions how wandering in "Old Leyden" (Holland) he came upon a house bearing the inscription:—"HERE LIVED, TAUGHT AND DIED JOHN ROBINSON"—not the abode of the mythical Jack Robinson; but the birth-place of the Puritan Settlement of America, and this was the Pastor Robinson who on parting with the little band bound for the Far West, charged them "before God and his blessed angels, to follow him no farther than he followed Christ; and if God should reveal anything to them by any other instrument of His, to be as ready to receive it, as ever they were to receive any truth by His ministry; for He was very confident the Lord had more truth and light to break forth out of his Holy Word." [Pity, that the pith of the lesson was not remembered in after days of intolerance and fanaticism, when Quakers and Baptists were persecuted in New England.] Marvellous is it to think of the hundred pioneers who ventured across the Atlantic in the *Mayflower*, bark of 180 tons, taking 78 days (for what is now done in less than 6) between September and November 1620. The exiles of the *Mayflower* were the real founders of the great Federal State of the West—the empire of faith and freedom and industry,

and well does De Tocqueville say of Plymouth Rock in his book "Democracy in America": "This rock has become an object of veneration in the United States; I have seen bits of it preserved in several towns of the Union. Does not this sufficiently show that all human power and greatness is in the soul of man? Here is a stone which the feet of outcasts pressed for an instant, and this stone has become famous; it is treasured by a great nation; its very dust is shared as a relic. And what has become of the gateways of a thousand palaces?—who cares for them?" If Chicago be taken as the typical city of Young America, Boston stands out as the representative of New England; It rightly claims to be the intellectual metropolis of America. Boston in the habits and manners of the people and the picturesqueness and irregularity of its streets and buildings—nearly all American cities have their streets at right angles mathematically traced—reminded me more of an English town than any other place in the United States. The practice of numbering streets up to 155th Street, has not found its way to Boston, although the churches are apt to be so distinguished—Emerson having at one time been minister of the 2nd congregation and Theodore Parker of the 28th. Of course here I am reminded of being at the "hub," that is the pivot round which the world moves! Western and New York writers are they who chiefly chaff the Bostonians—one such describes the town as follows:—"Boston is a city of 350,000 inhabitants, at a mean distance from the sun of 92 millions miles, with a rotation on its axis of 23 hours, 56 minutes, and 4 seconds, and a revolution in its orbit of 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes, 50 seconds."—"Bostonians," says another writer with a satirical hit at the prevalence of Unitarianism, "are so proud of their birthplace that they seldom wish to be born again." There is also a saying concerning the three great eastern cities:—"At New York the question is what a man has; in Philadelphia who he is; in Boston what he knows."—Bunker's Hill, Boston, is known all the world over, as the birth-place of American Independence. At Quebec, Mr. Caine mentions, there is a brass howitzer with the inscription, "this gun was captured at the battle of Bunker's Hill." This bit of British swagger amuses Yankee visitors, one of whom is said to have remarked,—"Wal, if you have the gun, I guess we've got the hill."—We must never forget what America, and indeed the world at large, owes to the New England States for their prosecution of the great Civil War to the bitter end and the final extermination of Slavery. The South would have had its own way at first, and again and again the war would have stopped were it not for the indomitable spirit of the New Englanders. It was to Boston that Lincoln telegraphed in 1861, at a minute's notice, when he needed men to defend Washington; and the way in which the Six New England States (Maine, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Vermont, Connecticut, Rhode-Island) with no more population than the one State of Pennsylvania

gave of its best blood to the war, is a strong testimony to the thorough God-fearing character of its people, young and old, high and low. The colleges were emptied, and I need only mention that the one little State of Massachusetts—one-fourth the size of Scotland and half as populous as Paris—sent during the rebellion, 150 regiments into the field! I had the spirit of the people brought home to me in a most effective way during my passage across the Pacific by the experience of a merchant who had been 25 years on the China Coast, chiefly Shanghai, and in a large way of business—a typical John Bull in appearance, a hearty free and easy companion, yet in a quiet way a deeply religious man (an “Episcopal”) and a total abstainer all his life, although he had to entertain steamer commanders &c. with all manner of wines on his table; exceedingly fond of his game of whist, yet never guilty of allowing one cent of stake on the game. It will be seen that my friend was a man in a thousand. He gave me a sketch of his career, in its ups and downs not uncommon among Americans. He was the son of a Maine farmer and acquiring a knowledge of soils, mining, and surveying, he as a young man left for the West. As agent for a New York Company aking up land, and which he selected, getting one block to himself out of every four carefully picked out, Mr. Hill speedily made a small fortune. He came across a gold digging or mine about to be abandoned by its owners whom it had ruined, no paying gold having been got in return for much work. Mr. Hill speedily made up his mind that there must be gold; bought the place cheaply, and put every dollar he had, and every dollar he could induce his relatives to advance, into the mine; but alas without return, and he had to give it up to successors for a mere song. He then cleared out for China, but heard six months after that his belief was justified by the gold-yielding vein being struck and a fortune made. Mr. Hill prospered in China, and not only repaid his relatives, but sent money to help his old father, and especially to send his youngest brother to the University, where he, being delicate, chose to be trained for the ministry. The war broke out and the old Maine farmer was one of the foremost in urging its prosecution. He offered himself to go, but being over 60 years was refused, although he challenged any of the volunteers to race or jump with him. In vain. He then ordered his son home from China to fight. The latter could not leave his business, but he sent money again and again to pay for substitutes. No use, the stern old Puritan was implacable and turned away from his son as a renegade. The delicate young ministerial student came home; the father gave him no peace till he enlisted as a soldier—went off to the front—was shot down, carried to hospital, a sister attended and brought him home: but as soon as he got over the wound, the father was at him again, and there was no peace until he cleared out for the war again, this time to be shot down or taken prisoner and die in a Southern Gaol under terrible neglect. The war was a terrible stern reality to Puritan New Englanders who, nevertheless when it was all over, enjoyed the humour of Artemus Ward who believed in it to the extent of being ready to give up to it every relation he had in the world, or of Mark Twain who drawled out across a dinner table in New York:—“I was in the war, too—for a fortnight—but I found I was on the strong side, so I retired—to make the fight even.”

Boston is full of objects of interest, and I had a splendid view from the top of the Capitol of the adjacent country. There are many beautiful avenues in the town of which “Common-

wealth Avenue” is 240 feet wide with a long park with rows of trees, running down the centre. The Upper and Lower Houses of Parliament were in Session, and there was much to interest one in their proceedings; but it seemed a great waste of time and legislative power to have a large number of representatives—over 100 brought together in two Houses in each of these New England as well as the larger States, apart from the attendance of State Representatives in the two Houses of Congress at Washington. But that is really one secret of the success of the Union, each community governs itself:—the Union, the State, the county, the town, many Republics in one Republic. Each State has like the whole Union, a President called Governor and two legislative houses making laws as they please, so that a great diversity prevails in different parts of the country in reference to laws and social matters.

I called in Boston at the headquarters of the American Foreign Board of Missions, and had some interesting talk with the venerable Secretaries. It is in Boston with its 330,000 people, and its Public Library of well nigh 40,000 volumes that one realizes how cultivated and well read the average New Englander is,—he reads and buys books far more than the average Englishman, and is much more interested in Education and Art. This was farther borne in upon one at Worcester, an industrial county town of some 30,000 people, where I went to visit the much-loved and lamented Dr. Green, late of the American Mission, then dying and since dead. I found a Public Library and News Room with all the best English periodicals and standard books, and the Librarian on hearing I was from Ceylon, turned up his list to see the books he had on our island—a goodly number, and produced the last, my own little work on “*Ceylon in 1883*” which had just arrived for this New England town of whose very existence we are perhaps ignorant across the water. It is stated of Matthew Arnold, that during his visit a few years ago to America, he was moved almost to tears by a striking instance of

“Culture’s charm and labour’s strength
In rural homes united”

—to quote Whittier’s description of—in the person of the wife of a young working farmer who was familiarly acquainted with all his writings, both in prose and poetry. The cultured Bostonian and the blue-stocking ladies of New England have, of course, become proverbial; but the result of criticism of late years has been a rush to the other extreme, and now young ladies have more drilling and athletic exercises in New England than anywhere else, while all over the States, at least at hotels, I saw more oatmeal porridge and milk partaken of than ever I saw at Hotel meals in my native land. The rapidity with which foreign criticism in this way is availed of to effect a change in modes of life, where such is admitted to be desirable, is very striking; changes are made in five years in America that it would take fifty years to effect in Europe. An “elegant” meal or repast is an expression which strikes a visitor’s ears as peculiar; but here the Americans are conservative (as indeed they are generally in New England of many good old English customs and of classical language), for writers like Sterne and Goldsmith use the word in the same connection. Sterne in his *Tatler* speaks of “a cheerful and elegant meal;” while Goldsmith makes one of his characters referring to refreshment, say “something elegant and little will do.” As Dilke says of New England:—

“It is not only in the Harvard precincts that the oldness of New England is to be remarked. Although

her people are everywhere in the vanguard of all progress; their country has a look of gable-ends and steeple-hats, while their laws seem fresh from the hands of Alfred. In all England there is no city which has suburbs so gray and venerable as are the elm-shaded towns round Boston:—Dorchester, Chelsea, Nabant, and Salem, each seems more ancient than its fellow; the people speak the English of Elizabeth, and joke about us, ‘—— speaks good English for an Englishman.’

In the country districts, the winsome villages that nestle in the dells seem to have been there for ten centuries at least; and it gives one a shock to light on such a spot as Bloody Brook, and to be told that only one hundred and ninety years ago Captain Lthrop was slain there by Red Indians, with eighty youths, “the flower of Essex county,” as the Puritan history says.

On the whole, therefore, an Englishman has little to remind him of being in a strange land in New England: the typical Yankee of the caricaturist is scarcely if at all met here: my greatest friend, a thorough New Englander, was rather of the John Bull type, and not till I got to Richmond, Virginia, did I meet, and that among the Southerners the Yankee of the special nasal twang, weak chest and thin voice. In Boston you in fact hear England (and Boston) praised, and everything American severely criticised. “Are you an American?” has received for answer from a gentleman in New York, “Well,” after some hesitation, “I’m from Boston.” Leaving the stories alone, however, I can only say I felt very much at home among kind friends in Boston, (Salem, where Prescott the historian and Peabody the philanthropist were born), Worcester, Newhaven and other New England towns—felt too that I was in an old as well as new country; for in one paper I would read of the 150th anniversary of the Baptist church at Greenville,—a church founded by ancestors of Dr. Green (of Jaffna) and Mr. A. H. Green already alluded to, and members of whose cultured, refined family, it was a great pleasure to meet at Worcester, while in another I have an account of a visit paid by Dr. Paxton Hood to Wellesley University—a rival to Vassar—realizing Tennyson’s “Princess” :—

A vast work

To assail the gray pre-eminence of man:
Far off from men a college like a man’s,
To teach the girls all that the men are taught,—

From which I must quote, as giving many, I have no doubt, a new view of life and education in New England of recent years. The University with a noble College of Music was established by Mr. Henry Durant of Massachusetts who spent half-a-million upon it. Dr. Hood says:—

It stands in a delightful retreat about twenty miles from Boston; the grounds around it are of hill and valley, of which only a part is laid out in drives and walks; much of the ground is still open forest land, woods, chiefly oak and pine, and full of wild flowers. The college stands upon the borders of Waban Lake, which is a mile in length, and a mile and a half in breadth, the right over whose waters is also included in the college grounds. All the professors in the different departments of instruction are ladies: and the courses are very inclusive—classics, mathematics, chemistry, astronomy, mineralogy, and other departments of science, modern foreign languages, fine arts, and music. The course of instruction extends over five years, and the charter enables the college to confer the degrees of B. A. and M. A. The preliminary examination for admission is of the same rank as that which admits to Harvard. The annual cost to the student is two hundred and fifty dol. (£50); this includes board, the admirable accommodation (every two students have a suite consisting of bed and sitting rooms, and very charming they are), the attendance upon classes, and all that is included in the educational course, with the use of the really noble and most

comprehensive library, laboratory, splendid variety of microscopes, of which there are fifty in number, scientific instruments, &c., &c.—advantages which could not be otherwise commanded for many times fifty pounds, nor, in fact, at all, except in a university. But, in addition to this, there are thirteen scholarships, to meet the needs of students who require such help; the number of these scholarships is constantly increasing. My first visit was a tour of inspection, and if I were not afraid of seeming too gushing, I could express in very strong language the surprise I felt when I was ushered into the room dedicated to the memory of Elizabeth Barrett Browning: this is twenty feet square, lighted by three stained-glass windows, the subjects of which are *Lady Geraldine*, *Aurora Leigh*, and *The Romance of the Swan’s Nest*. Storey’s beautiful bust of Mrs. Browning sheds a pensive power over the whole room, whose frieze work—painted by Ellen Rollins—carpets, Japanese chairs and tables, antique carved oak chest, &c., are in the highest style of household decoration; here, also, is the beautiful sculpture of *The Reading Girl*, which some of your readers will remember seeing when it was exhibited in England some years since. I went into the library—space quite fails to speak of it; it was such as to fill a lover of taste with satisfaction and a bookworm with envy—a long central room, lined with busts and autographs of some of the most eminent literary masters, and with alcoves on either side devoted to various departments of literature, and, beneath lock and key, some rare old gems—Elzevirs and Aldines: here I handled Melancthon’s own Bible, with his own notes; I turned over the pages of the three folio volumes of Hans Sach, the great Nuremberg shoemaker,

Whose songs are ringing yet
In pure and hearty German,

and early editions of Bibles, a Plutarch of 1482, the earliest of Chaucer, Spenser, &c. Then I went into the chapel—a graceful building which accommodates about seven hundred. A singularly exquisite stained-glass window, from Munich, here commemorates the beloved daughter of Governor and Mrs. Claffin, who are both of them trustees of the institution. The subject of the window, which is in two lights, “The Master is come, and calleth for thee,” “And she arose and went.” Miss Freeman invited us out to dine with them, as some of the young ladies had expressed a wish to take us on the lake. Some four hundred and fifty of us sat down to dinner, after which we were conveyed by “the captain” of the senior boat to the lake, and, assuredly, I have seldom been more charmed and surprised than by the appearance of the lake in its holiday attire. Fourteen boats awaited our arrival—each at its own little landing-stage; every boat with its captain bearing its banner, and every crew, consisting of eight girls in addition to the captain, in various boating uniforms. Away we went, and the lake was soon dotted over with the flying pinnaces and the varied pennons. In the middle of the lake my captain wound a horn, which brought all the other boats around us. There each crew in turn sung some snatches of song, composed by one of their number; then the senior captain, who surely ought to be called the admiral, called for “God Save the Queen” from all the united crews; and the grand old chorus rang over the waters, and along the shores of the lake Waban; and the hearty way in which these dear girls sang “God Save our Gracious Queen” seemed to us to prove how affectionately these great-grandchildren of our land regard the old country and its Queen. This little festival of song very appropriately closed with a verse of their own America, “God save our native land.” The sun was setting; the moon was rising over the waters as we returned to the shores in time for the crowded gathering in the chapel. It had certainly been a new sensation to be rowed about on a lake by a number of bright, beautiful girls, to see the boats saluting each others as they passed and repassed, and to mark their deft agility with the oars,—‘as they touched the broad Waban, so still and serene.,

(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 381.)

2. The Pali word Yakko is the Pali synonym for the Sanscrit Rakshasa, primitively applied to mean a Wedda or a hunter.

The word Yakko is derived from the Pali e-yak-ko. The letter *e* in the first syllable stands for "the arrow," according to the primitive Pali combination of the syllable: *yak* is the participle of the most primitive Pali verb applied to signify "to make go or make fly off the arrow": *ko* is the Pali suffix used to imply the agent, "the actor," or "the doer." Hence *e-yak-ko* synocopated into Yakko, comes to mean "he who shoots off the arrow from the bow," which in simpler language is expressed by the words "bowsman," or "archer," or "hunter," more commonly expressed in Sinhalese by the term *Dada-Wedda* alias *Wedda*.

In support of the above derivation, I instance here two Sinhalese words of common colloquy, derived from the Pali root *yak*, and applied to mean "to hunt" and "hunter," viz., *Dadayankaranawa*, "to hunt," literally signifying "to make go the arrow," being a primitive word adopted to signify the most ancient mode of hunting, which was by means of the bow and the arrow.

From the above verb is derived the verbal noun *Dada-yakkāro*, or *Dada-yakkarayā*, meaning, "hunter," literally signifying "he who makes go off or hurl the arrow," or is equivalent to "hunter with the bow and the arrow." Here *Dada*, which means a stick, stands for *e danda*, "the arrow-stick," or the handle to which the arrow-blade is fixed. From the above it is clear that *e* stands for *e-ya*, "arrow," *e-gaha* and *e danda*, signify "the arrow handle with the arrow blade fixed on." In the example before us, simple *Dada* is substituted for *e-danda*, and is significant enough without the syllable *e*. *Yak* is the participial form of the verb, *yankaranawā*, meaning, "to make go the arrow." The neuter form of the verb is *yanawā*, "to go," and *karanawā* "to do." Hence *Dada-yankaranawā* signifies, in common usage, "to hunt," but literally "to make go off the arrow." *Kāro* or *Karaya* is the same as "the actor" or "the doer," and is equivalent to the Pali form *ko* as *sa* in Sanscrit.

In allusion to the primitive mode of hunting with the bow and the arrow, *Dada-yakkāro* comes to mean "the shooter of the arrow." Eliding the word *Dada* and substituting the Pali suffix *ko* for *karo*, we obtain the Pali word *Yakko*, which without the least equivocality signifies "the darter of the arrow," that is "an archer" or "bowsman," or "hunter," or as is more commonly recognized "a Wedda," alias *Dada-Wedda*, or *Dunu-Wedda*, "Bow hunter." Now *Dada-yakkaro*, *Dada-Wedda* or *Dunu-Wedda*, are synonymous in Sinhalese, which when stenographically used in Pali for the sake of brevity and expedition instead of a long concatenation of words or syllables, which is its peculiar style, comes to be yakko, that is a Wedda, which is a Sanscrit synonym derived from the verb *wid*, meaning, "to dart the arrow."

This then is an undisputed paraphrase of the descriptive language of "Maha-yakka-Samagamo" of the author of the Mahawanse, wherein he describes the ancient settlers of the Island of Lanka to have been a yakko-settlement (or a great community of Weddas) who in the most primitive Aryan era had been styled Rakshasas (for reasons stated in page 12 in the exposition of the term

Rakshasa) by the author of the Ramayana. The term Rakshasa is Sanscrit, which is synonymised in Pali as yakko, in the most primitive form of language or style of Pali writing.

The author of the Mahawanse would have, without the least hesitation, used the better and the clearer expletive "Maha-Dada-yakkara Samagamo," instead of "Maha-Yakka-Samagamo," had he ever suspected that Commentators after him would have put upon the text a distorted gloss which he never dreamed of at the time of composing the Mahawanse.

The Pali phraseology "Maha-Yakka-Samagamo," could have been easily translated into *Maha-Dada-Yakkara-Samagamo*, or in another equally significant phraseology, viz., "Maha-Dada-Wedi-Samagamo," both the phraseologies carrying the simple interpretation of "a great community of Weddas, or jungle hunters," as the ancient settlers of the Island were, which is the simple meaning of the author.

Therefore the interpretation of the modern Commentators should be condemned as being altogether a perversion of the original meaning and application of the two appellations of Rakshasa and Yakko—which not only upsets the whole history of the ancient settlers of India and Lanka,—making the Weddas to be the progeny of "demons," but attaches a phrenomagnetism to readers of which the two historians were entirely free.

Let the historical and literary world know from henceforth for ever that the Pali Yakko, under which designation the primitive settlers of Lanka have been described in the Mahawanse, are the Weddas of Lanka, and no other race of people whose ancestors have been styled Rakshasas in Sanscrit by the author of the Ramayana. According to the primitive meaning of the Pali text "Maha-Yakka-Samagamo," the only accurate and verital interpretation which it admits of, is the following, viz., that the Island of Lanka at the period of its first settlement was a Maha-Dadayakkara Samagamo, or a Maha-Dada-Wedi Samagamo, that is "a great community of jungle-hunters with the bow and the arrow," or "a great community of Weddas, who had spread throughout the length and breadth of the Island." To interpret it to mean "Demons," is not the language of human beings, or of exalted intelligence. Hence the Yakko as well as the Rakshasa of Lanka and India are synonymous appellations in Pali and Sanscrit, meaning Weddas of Lanka, who are a remnant of the identical Rakshasas and Yakko of ancient Lanka, or the aboriginal settlers of the Rawana Raga Dhaniya (kingdom of Raksha forest) or the primary inhabitants of Taprawana (Island of Raksha forest) of the ancient Bengalee writers nonsensified into *Taprobane* by the Phœnician navigators or others who borrowed the name from India.

The Bengalees styled the Island Taprawana (Island of Raksha forest), because at that distant period it was a mere wild or forest inhabited by Weddas or jungle men who lived by the chase with the bow and arrow, who on that account were styled in Sanscrit Rakshasas (Weddas) in allusion to their mode of living by means of the bow and the arrow. It was styled Rawana Raja Dhaniya (kingdom of the king of Raksha forest), because a Rakshasa (Wedi) king reigned in the forest of Lanka, who was conquered by Rama, king of Oude. The name Rawana is not the name of a person, for *Ra* is an abbreviation of Rakshasa, and *wana* meaning forest. After the conquest of the Island, Rama was surnamed Kharadasing, meaning "the victor or the killer of Khara," who was the Rawana Raja, or the Raja of the Raksha forest, brother of Kumba Kharna-Vibusana and sister Surpanakee, ancient Rakshasas or Weddas of India.

(To be continued.)

ANURAJAPURA; ARCHÆOLOGY.

BY H. NEVILL.

Will you allow me to correct a few slips of the printer in my notes on Identification of Ruins at Anurajapura, which you have been good enough to publish. The reader will please correct these to Saliya raja, Hatthalhaka, Gajabahu, king Elara, Sagalika.—It may interest some of your readers if I explain with reference to the latter, that during the reign of Asokha in North India, a council of Buddhists was held, and certain books, rules, &c., adopted as orthodox, by the Court party, while the views held by the majority of the priests were condemned as heretical, and they became known as the Vajjiputtaka heretics. The Court religion was introduced to Ceylon by Mahinda, the morganatic son of Asokha, by a Situ princess. Subsequently in the days of Walagam Bahu, the Buddhists of Ceylon split into two similar factions, the Court views of Asokha's Council being held by the Maha Vihara monks, and those of the Vajjiputtaka sect being adopted by the Abhayagiri monks. The former now called themselves the Theravada sect, probably derived from Thera, Mahinda's title, and vada, a "tradition," not I think here a "schism." Those who hold to the tradition from the Thera, is the sense I read. These "traditioners" then proceeded to draw up their sacred canon, and also the commentaries, which formed an important part of the tradition. They also counted the very words of the canon, to prevent changes.

The Abhayagiri priests, however, had at once renounced all communion with them, and their canon was the unarranged form, previously existing. In a few more reigns bitter persecutions and rivalries arose in consequence, the Theravadas declaring that the Dhammaruchiya priests had tampered with the canon, and interpolated Sutras never spoken by Buddha. Dhammaruchiya was the title adopted by the Abhayagiri priests, and means "doctrine-delighted," in the sense probably of "law-abiding," imputing subtly that their rivals ceased to delight in the pure "dhamma." These priests were in regular inter-communion with those of Cola, which included Tanjore. From among them, however, sprang up a new sect, which had picked up fresh ideas in Madura, while some of its members were in exile. This new sect was called the Sagaliya, and its chief shrine was the Jetavana arama of Anurajapura. The bitterness of the Theravadas was now concentrated on these hated rivals, whose books were angrily condemned, and repeatedly destroyed. Subsequently Parakrama the Great, with much labour succeeded in suppressing both these, and the Theravadas ever after held their own. All the sects of Buddhists now in Ceylon belong to the Theravadas, and the other two sects have no longer any representatives here.

Some points of utmost interest to the archaeologist, at Anurajapura, seem as yet not to have occupied Mr. Bell's attention. It is very necessary that an examination should be made of the mound now called Kiri vehera, north of the city; and of the so-called tomb of Elara, on the south. I believe that a clearance of the débris over the latter, will reveal a dagaba, and not the funeral mound. The scene of Elara's cremation was the place where the aged king fell, fighting so bravely to the last. This could scarcely have been as far to the north as is the tumulus now pointed out, and I place no faith in the present popular name, probably given haphazard, after the Mahawansa came back into fashion at the Court of Kirti Sri Rajasinha. Very slight trenches into the base of

these mounds, at the cardinal points, would settle the matter definitely. The Pathama Chetiya should also be cleared a little, as it is a point of great interest to the historical archæologist; and the Sotthiyakara Vihare on the other side of the river, which I have not yet had time to visit, but the ruins of which are known to me to exist, should be cleared for inspection. We shall expect much more from Mr. Bell's zeal, than we could hope for from convict archæology, and the Government Archæologist will, I hope, not think me importunate, if he reads this.

P. S.—Since sending you my second letter, I have read Mr. Bell's in your issue of 23rd June. Allow me to say that I lay no claim to discovery of ruins at Anurajapura. Probably, all I have seen have been often inspected before. Certainly not to the long-known pseudo Wijayarama, to which a native guide took me at once, on my saying I had heard of ruins at a pataha, towards the Kiri Vehera. or could I claim to discover the "streets." Anyone at all accustomed to forests, or to search for ruins, irrigation works, &c., could not fail to see these, as they connect with the "stone canoes," one of the sights of Anurajapura, and could not be passed over by anyone pushing a little through the jungle. I have visited ruins, and inscriptions, by scores and scores nearly all over the island—but I did not require paths, and bridle roads; a compass or the sun is all that is needed. Allow me to add that I have portfolios full of sketches, and copies of inscriptions, and masses of MS. on such subjects, which are sufficient refutation of the insinuation veiled under "no record." I do not consider any scientific laurel gained by pushing for "first record," that ruins known to a whole villageside exist. Mr. Bell entirely misunderstands my object in writing to you, if the insinuation he makes is *bona fide*.

I am sorry that I can find ruins without the entourage of an Oriental Satrap, if it offend him as precedent, but I cannot help it. I regret he should sneer at the Mahawansa as a guide.

The main question really is not one of any broader aspect than this, Is my construction of the Mahawansa wrong? Is the Mahawansa wrong? If not wrong, why should a very misleading error in a cardinal matter be perpetuated in European records.

All the credit I claim is that of having studied the question, and pointed out the mistake: I claim no credit.

[Here we have a renewal of the controversies of the Buddhist sects, but there is no danger of persecution. Clearly, however, Mr. Bell could not be aware of Mr. Nevill's unpublished records, which ought to be given to the world. Then the questions at issue can better be decided.—ED. L. R.]

THE ROCK SANCTUARIES OF MANDAGALA, SOUTH-EAST CEYLON.

BY H. NEVILL.

Some six years ago I discovered very extensive ruins on this range of hills, and formed a camp there to investigate them, clearing the bushes &c. in front of the caves, so as to show the inscriptions, and connecting them by a little track or path. At the foot of the rocks on the S. E. there are many caves, with chiselled eave or *katara*. The southern group consists of five caves, with supercriptions in the Asokha alphabet recording that they were given to the Saga, or priesthood, by Maha Tissa Tera, Banija Samana, and Bamana Suma or Sâma. Higher up the hill was the cave

temple of the Gamika Aba, and still higher up was one with traces of fresco, over the roof, dedicated by Vanija Samana. Near this is the cave of Dadhagāta Tera, and just under the precipice is the only cave temple with its ancient retaining wall still perfect, that I have seen. The wall was painted with conventional Buddhas, seated, but the colours had faded. This was made by Sena, and near it are the caves of Ase Deva, and another person whose superscription seems now illegible. To the east of this, and over down, is a cave with a doubtful dedication by Bata Samana or his son, which perhaps was called the Manahirādaya cave. I found many more caves with eaves, but no superscriptions. No traces of images were found, but sites of two altars or dagabas exist. This evidently was a great monastery at B. C. 200 or so.

High up on the hill, and away by itself, is a beautiful hollow crowned by a rock, with the remains of a brick dagaba, and steps to it cut in the rock. Here there is an inscription of the Wasabha dynasty, but the king's name is illegible and only the obscure names of the lands dedicated, can be read.

A large cave near this, has a dedication very badly cut, and therefore uncertain. Another with its wall still standing, is the cave of the female devotee, or upasikavi, Sumana, apparently daughter of someone who was son of the Chieftain Arechisadana, but his name has scaled off the rock. Near this is a cave with a stone seat, and door socket, with an imperfect dedication by Gana Tera; and below it is the cave of the upasikavi Tisa, apparently daughter of a Gamaha, or proprietor named Nabata. Beyond this is a second group, doubtless of the same convent or monastery, and a cave given by the upasikavi Tisa, who was daughter of the Gamaha Wasaba, and wife of the Parumaka Chalu. This noble lady's cave is fine, but a still larger one, close by, was formed by the upasikavi Samana, wife of the Chieftain (Gapati) Nada, and daughter of the Gamaha Tripala. These caves have been carefully protected by walls of rough stones, from trespass by elephants &c. I believe these gifts of the noble ladies of B. C. 200 or so, formed a convent.

A third group of caves forms a monastery on the S.-W. extremity of the hills, grouped round a huge boulder rock. One of these was the gift of Aba Velaka, son of the Gamika Tisa. Another is the gift of Tisa Tera, and others were formed by Namali Tera, Pusa Tera, and the Gamaha Nadaya. But the most delightful spot in these hills, is a cave scooped out high in the cliff, near this, with an exquisitely perfect view stretching across the Great and Little Bases, and the still, blue, "dumb" sea, while the Abāsa Chaitya over which the Editor of the 1889 edititon of Mahawansa, p. 84, came to great grief, stands boldly up against the horizon, a miniature Adam's Peak. Even Kataragam is within view, and the cool sea wind dashes up the cliff, over the forests, and into the cave, in a way that makes one feel it were well to be a hermit there.

Nala Tisa seems to have been the giver of this most beautiful spot. These two great monasteries, and convent, must have been ministered to by a vast population, where now there is no living man. The Nanda vāpi, however, is a fine tank, and can at any time be restored, when its waters are needed. It lies to the east of the hills. I was much pleased at finding a tree, a Cordia, new to Ceylon, on its banks, but I could not find the Sandalwood which is said once to have grown on these hills. Nor did I see tea, though I can quite believe that Chinese pilgrims may have introduced it here, and some early European traveller says that he found plants of it in this district.

The Abisawara Vihare, first discovered by me, is not far off, and has several copies of a dedication by the queen, wife of Tisa Aya, son of Aya Abaya, and daughter of Maha Tisa Aya, the son of the Dama Raja. This, however, is going beyond my subject, the Cave Sanctuaries of Mandagala.

JANAKIHARANA.

(Concluded from page 382.)

The king, on detecting the body of the murdered poet, caused a funeral pile to be put up to cremate it at Hatbodhiwatta, and the body was carried thither in state attended with all the ceremonies befitting his position and placed on the pyre, which was set fire to by the king. The melancholy scene that followed it is described by the late Hon. Jas. Alwis, thus:—"The king

'with tears
Watering the ground, and with his sighs the air
Frequenting, sent from heart contrite, in sign
Of sorrow unfeign'd'

prostrate fell, upon the blazing funeral pile of the murdered poet, and sacrificed his own life for that of Kalidāsa!"

Tradition teaches us that the king is said to have given vent to his feelings,—crying aloud: "What benefit of a crown and kingdom without Kalidasa," and also uttering the following Sanskrit verse:—

Nārikela salilau gavam payō
Māhi sancha dadhi mādhu rambilah
Kālidāsa kavita kathā rasan
Sambhavantu māna jaumani jammai.

නාරිකල සලිලං ගවම්පයෝ
මාහි සංච දධි මාදුරම්බලො
කාලිදාස කවිතා කතාරසා
සම්බවන්තු මම ජනමනි ජනමනි

(May I in my metempsychosis obtain young coconut water, cow milk, curd, oranges, and the sweets of speech of poetry of Kalidāsa.)

Though some are of opinion that to long for young coconut water and other cooling things mentioned above in metempsychosis is nothing but childish, and very strange on the part of a learned man like him, yet our view is—that for a man, however he may be learned, when arrived at such a position, burnt with the heat of sorrow, he may long for such or worse things on the spur of the moment, which others who are of clear conscience may consider childish and strange. The sweetness of the melody of this verse combined with genuine poetic power, and the metre in which it is composed leave us no room but to recognise it as the composition of a Sanskrit scholar of no mean attainments. Its metre exactly corresponds with that of a whole chapter of Raghuvansa. We give here below a specimen verse from that chapter describing the arrival of king Dasaratha at the city of Mithila of king Jānaka to witness the ceremony of the marriage of the son (Rāma) of the former with the daughter (Sita) of the latter:—

Asa sada Mithilānsa vēstayan.
Pidi tōpa vana pāla pān balai
Prīti rōtha masa histā sāpuri
Strīva kāntha pari bhoga māyatham.

ආසසාද මි ඵිලංස වෙජටයන්
පීඩිතොප වන පාදපංඛලො
ප්‍රීතිරොධ මස හිස්ට සාපුරි
ස්ත්‍රීව කාන්ත පරිභොග මායතම්

And further we see that in support of our view an epigrammatic verse quoted by Professor Peterson, which has a twofold meaning as occurring in Jalhana's Suktamuktavali, to show that

Janakiharana was composed after Raghuvansa of Kalidasa, and that it was considered not inferior to Kalidasa's epic poem.

One very important thing which the lovers of Sanskrit literature would be glad to know is, whether Kalidasa mentioned in our school-book Navaratna, who graced the Court of King Vikramaditya, and who was considered as one out of the "nine gems" that adorned the said Court, was identical with the Kalidasa for whose behalf Kumaradasa offered his life at Hatbodhiwatta. The learned Principal of the Vidyānankara College has spared no pains to arrive at a right conclusion about the matter, for he says:—"The opinions of scholars who have written on the date and life of K. are conflicting in the highest degree, and the multiplicity of Vikramadityas and Bhogas,—names inseparably associated with that of Kalidasa,—has tended to confound the confusion." But however again he says:—"The Setuprabandha according to Ramadasa, the Commentator, was composed by K. at the request of a king Vikramaditya, and as we learn from other sources for a king Pravaraśēna. The Pravaraśēna is held to be the Cashmere king, contemporary of Vikramaditya, and also in his old age of Hiouen Thsang, the Chinese pilgrim. Hence Professor Weber places him between 500 and 600 A. C., thus making him at one period a contemporary of Kumaradasa. From these facts we gather that Kalidasa who flourished at the Court of the abovenamed Vikramaditya, and was the author of the Setuprabandha, must be the poet figuring in the history of Kumaradasa."

So much for the Kalidasa whose end was tragedical. And about the dramatical writer of the same name who was known to the scholars of the West as the "Shakspeare of the East," Revd. Dharmarama writes:—"The Mēghadūta and Sabdartharechhia appear to have been composed by this poet. In the latter work the chapters end in some such form as *Iti Sri Kālidasa virachita nānārtha sabdaratna nibandhanam samāptan.* And in "Tarala," Nichulā's commentary on this work, the chapters are wound up with *Iti Sriman Maharaja Bhoga Raja Prabodhita Nichula Kaviyōgmia nimitayam maha kavi Kālidasa krita nānārtha sabdaratna dipākāyam Taralakhāyam nibandhanam.* From this fact we infer Bhoga Raja and Nichula to be contemporaries. The thirteenth verse of the Meghaduta and Mallinatha's comments on it place Kālidasa and Nichula in the position of friends. This establishes that Bhoga Raja and Kālidasa, the author of the Meghaduta were contemporaries."

The present publication has cleared not only the above point which many a Sinhalese scholar could not, but several other matters of importance connected with Sanskrit literature.

The late Hon. Jas. Alwis considering the worth of this epic poem desired, when compiling his catalogue of Sanskrit, Pali and Sinhalese literary works in 1870, that some Oriental scholar in Europe would undertake the restoration of the *sanna* into metre, as he thought it would be "well worth the trouble" of doing so. Therefore it is not only our duty but the duty of all lovers of Sanskrit literature to heartily thank K. Dharmarama Stavira, the able Principal of the College at Peliyagoda, for the energy displayed by him in the construction of the metres of this interesting book, and also we offer our thanks to others who were instrumental in causing its publication and issue, although, unfortunately, two of them, Revd. Dhammāōka Maha Stavira and Mr. C. H. de Soysa, before they had time to reap what they had sown, were called away to join the majority.

Galle.

D. DAHANAIKA.

NATIVE HEADMEN AND OPPRESSION.

[To the Editor "Literary Register."]

SIR,—As the Ceylon Press seems to take a lively interest in matters referring to natives with a view to suggest measures to ameliorate their present condition, I forward to you the following extract from a letter, containing the opinion by a native in respect to "Oppression of Natives by their Headmen," communicated thirteen months ago to a local periodical. I am sure the account will be found interesting to your readers.—I remain, yours faithfully,
A NATIVE.

(Extract referred to.)

"The oppressors of the natives are natives—those who from their favorable situation, wield a power which even the Civil Servants do not pretend to. How often have I heard it said that Mr. So-and-So's dressing-boy and Mr. So-and-So's garden coolly exercise more influence than their masters. There is much truth in the saying, and I think it right to give you an idea of how things go on in, I dread to say, most parts of Ceylon. A villager has a serious grievance, and he is justly entitled to redress. This redress he seeks duly *not unknown* to his opponent the wrong-doer who has already *pocketed* the wily headman. The headman denies redress to the wronged man who then appeals to another headman of a higher grade. Here the injured man finds no chance of success, for, this headman, too, has received a gratification from the wrong-doer who, of course, is careful enough to dog the steps of the man whom he has wronged. He, then, like the drowning man clinging to a straw, lays his grievance at the feet of the chief Headman (no matter what he is called) who, indeed, is the Monarch of all he surveys. This gentleman, already retained by the delinquent, not only gives no redress—nor assistance to obtain it, but also intimidates and threatens the wronged man with injury if the latter dares appeal to the Authorities from his decision. Disappointed and dejected, the unfortunate man, despite the Chief Headman, appeals to an official who refers the matter to the Chief Headman. This demi-god holds a mock-enquiry and transmits to the Official, a report so well contrived as to deceive even the most sapient and incredulous Official. The injured man, no longer able to endure disappointment and injustice, ventures to memorialize the Governor. The adventures of his memorial must be briefly stated here. It is registered at the Colonial Office and forwarded to the Official who already had before him the grievance of the Memorialist. The Official refers it again to the same Chief Headman. The Chief Headman after receiving what the lawyers call a *Refresher* from his client, appoints a day for a *more full* enquiry. By appointment, an enquiry more farcical still takes place at the residence of the Chief Headman. This self-opinioned Officer then draws up his report, a document which generally teems with misrepresentations and untruths and wrong opinions with a fair gloss set on it, intended to justify the unjust report he had previously forwarded to the Official. The Chief Headman's rhetoric has one merit, that of convincing any man that his misrepresentations and untruths are honest representations and truths, and that his sophisms are sound arguments. The reports and the memorial find their way back to the unsuspecting Official who returns the Memorial to the Colonial Office with his own remarks, based, of course, on the Chief Headman's report. A week or two after that, the Memorialist receives a quasi-perempotry injunction from the petty headman, and he is compelled to present himself before the lord (chief headman). He goes there to receive the usual Governor's reply: "His Excellency having taken into consideration etc. etc. declines to interfere"! He returns home and communicates the reply of the Governor to his wife, if he has one, and to his friends. Having at length failed to secure justice even from the highest authority in the land, he hits upon another plan as the last to which he would have recourse. He memorializes the

Secretary of State with no greater success than he had yet achieved. What next? He laments, writhes, agonizes, conspires with others. He has recourse to one of the following expedients—Suicide, homicide, grievous hurt, litigation in some shape, false prosecutions, &c. &c. I do not hesitate to say that, in Ceylon, misgovernment is the cause of the alarming increase of crime, say what any man will to the contrary, and I repeat that those who exercise administrative functions could not absolve themselves from responsibility. They are deceived by their corrupt subordinates who aggrandize themselves at the expense of the poor. The idea of unremunerated headmen being honest is ridiculous, is true, but even most of the salaried headmen are corruptible.”

PROSPECTUS OF THE ESTABLISHMENT OF A MAIL COACH BETWEEN COLOMBO AND KANDY.

December 1831.*

It is proposed that two light 4 wheeled carriages^s shall run daily, between Kandy and Colombo, one leaving Colombo at 4 A. M. and the other leaving Kandy at the same hour every morning. The journey to be performed in about 14 hours from Colombo to Kandy and in 12 hours from Kandy to Colombo.

The carriage is intended to carry the Mail, and light parcels—No luggage allowed.

It is proposed that a sufficient number of horses shall be ready at each station for the private carriages of travellers.—This however will depend upon the future demand; the present object being the establishment of a public carriage.

The capital required for this undertaking (calculated at £2000) is to be raised by shares at £50 each. The undertaking will not commence until this sum has been subscribed, which has been calculated to be sufficient to defray the estimated cost of the outfit £570—and also the expenditure for the first year, estimated at £1065. These sums with £365 for wear and tear will amount to £2000 the sum it is proposed to raise.

The income, including the sum granted by Government for carrying the Mail is estimated at £1835 leaving a surplus of £405 to be divided among the shareholders.

The entire management of the concern to be vested in a Committee of 5 persons—viz.—3 at Colombo, one at Kandy, and one, at an intermediate station on the road. The accounts to be balanced and laid before the shareholders, once every year by the Committee, but a majority of the shareholders, may demand a statement of their affairs at the end of every quarter.

Tickets for seats and for post horses to be procured; and parcels received and booked at the Post Offices of Colombo and Kandy—Tickets for intermediate distances will also be issued by proper persons on the road.

As an undertaking of so extensive a nature will require some time for its complete arrangement it is in contemplation to establish a one horse carriage, as soon as possible for the accommodation of the public—Of this due notice will be given in the Gazette.

Government will guarantee to the shareholders the conveyance of the Mail for 5 Years, provided that the letters during that period be carried at the rate now fixed.

Government will receive £30 per annum in lieu of all tolls from the mail carriages, but if at the end of any one year the average profit of all the preceding years should exceed 7 per cent upon the capital subscribed a sum equal to the established tolls will be paid to the Government until the profits fall below 7 per cent.

List of Shareholders	Shares.
His Excellency the Governor	6 300
Sir J. Wilson	2 100
Hon. R. Boyd, Esq.	2 100
Hon. W. Granville, Esq.	1 50

* Very nearly sixty years ago, since “the first mail coach in Asia” was started. Now large portions of Asia are being scored with railways.—Ed. L. B.

List of Shareholders.	Shares.
Mr. Tufnell	4 200
Mr. Layard	1 50
Mr. Anstruther	2 100
Mr. Wright	1 50
Mr. Brownrigg	1 50
Mr. Wilmot	1 50
Mr. Turnour	1 50
Serjeant Davidson	2 100
Captain Stannus	1 50
Dr. Forbes	1 50
Kickwick	1 50
Mr. Power $\frac{1}{2}$ —Don Solomon Dias Modliar $\frac{1}{2}$	1 50
Dr. Kinnis	1 50
Colonel Hamilton	1 50
Captain Schneider	1 50
Colonel Clifford	1 50
Captain Pearson	1 50
Mr. Armour	1 50
Mr. Vanderwick	1 50
O. De Saram Modliar and others ...	1 50
Mutoosamy	1 50
C. Jagatellek Modliar and others ...	1 50
The 1st and 2d Adigars	1 50
3d Adigar and other Chiefs	1 50
<hr/>	
47 £2000	

FIFTY YEARS IN CEYLON.

An Autobiography. By the late Major Thomas Skinner, C. M. G. Edited by his Daughter, Annie Skinner. (W. H. Allen & Co.)—The late Major Skinner was well known in Ceylon as the indefatigable maker of the roads. The island now possesses nearly 3,000 miles of made roads in an area of 25,000. Fifty years ago the interior of the country was almost inaccessible. Now it is open in all directions, a state of things in no small degree attributable to Major Skinner. He was born in St. John's, Newfoundland, in 1804, where his father, an officer in the Royal Artillery, was quartered, and at the age of fourteen obtained his commission in the Ceylon regiment: from that period till nearly the day of his death he has been connected with the development of that colony. The author gives the following sketch of his first military performance as a juvenile soldier. Young Skinner, now in his fifteenth year, before he had obtained his military outfit, was ordered to march a detachment of troops from Trincomalee across the island, through Kandy, to Colombo. He started in his schoolboy jacket. “I must have looked very absurd by the side of a Grenadier ensign of the 83rd Regiment, my stature reaching not far above his elbow. However, I managed to get through this my first ordeal, and next day we proceeded on our march towards Colombo.” His colonel soon after this presented him to Sir Robert Brownrigg, the Governor, and the youth was invited to dine at his Excellency's table. “My sword, an ordinary regulation one, was a serious inconvenience, being out of all proportion, in point of size and weight, to its wearer. I had a heavy day's drill and felt knocked up. Lady Brownrigg had most kindly reserved a seat for me next to her at dinner; but, directly it was over, my head dropped and I fell asleep at the table! When the ladies retired she most kindly took me to her room, disencumbered me of my military paraphernalia, and laid me on her bed, where I slept until my commanding officer was ready to take me home again.” The period covered by Major Skinner's service is from 1827 to 1867, and he has left a lasting mark on the country by the vigour he expended on the public works. His name will not soon be forgotten in Ceylon, and we strongly recommend this interesting book to the attention of those Ceylon men who knew him, as well as to the younger generation, who now associate his name with the great network of roads intersecting their beautiful island.—Public Opinion.

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