

## Literary Register.

Supplement  
to Daily  
"Observer."

VOL. V.—TUESDAY, JULY 21, 1891.—No. 51.

Price 12½ cents.  
R4 per annum.

FROM CALIFORNIA VIA CANADA, TO

## • FLORIDA ON THE CARS.

(A LECTURE, REVISED AND ENLARGED.)

(Continued from page 399.)

IN WASHINGTON:—POLITICS AND THE FUTURE.

Free Trade or Protection is of course one of the greatest questions—next to Civil Service Reform and Silver Coinage—in America. One of the reasons which render a protective system bearable in America is the perfect Free-trade which exists within the States from the Canadian border to the frontier of Mexico. In that wide region all men are at liberty without artificial restrictions to buy in the cheapest market and to sell in the dearest. It was well for the future of the Republic that its founders prohibited the levying of Customs duties by the several States. The Customs duties on foreign imports are enormous in some cases, and the trouble in examining their luggage on landing is a great annoyance to passengers especially on arriving in what they suppose to be a specially free country. Of course the cost of manufactured articles is higher in the States than in England; but there is another side, as the following anecdote shows:—

A free-trade orator was complaining of the cost of clothing in the United States and its cheapness abroad. "Why, my friends," said the orator, "you can buy as much for a shilling in Ireland as you can for fifty cents (1s 3d) in the United States." "True enough, your honor," said an Irishman in the crowd, "but the difficulty in Ireland is to get the shilling."

But in Washington, politicians at heart care little about any question but their own pockets; for Mr. Lowell well says in his Biglow papers:—

A merciful providence has fashioned them hollow,  
On purpose that they might their principles swallow.

Matthew Arnold sums up his opinion of the dangers before Americans, as follows:—

"In a democratic community like this, with its industrialism, with their freedom and equality, the danger is in the absence of the discipline of obedience, the discipline of respect, in the prevalence of a false acuteness, a false audacity."

## THE NEGROES.

In Washington on Sunday, I attended with my friend service at one of the oldest churches in America—one of the modest Episcopalian Churches, where such of the Government as may be of that denomination attend, everything very simple and devout in the service. In the evening I went with him to a chapel belonging to the Negroes—and heard some curious sayings and doings of this excitable and easy-going people. It was in this same church that my friend, attending to oblige some young "colored" men whom he was interested in, found the service close with a special collection for the Building Fund, and the Deacon, standing by him with the plate, resolutely determined not to under-

stand his apologetic nod for having no change, until the smallest currency note in his pocket, a 20-dollar one (value over £4 sterling) was put rather unwillingly in the plate, and then before the whole congregation, the Deacon takes it out and looks at it, and excitedly slapping my friend Hill on the back, exclaims: "Brudders and sisters, this air a 20-dollar note from this good brudder—a'most good enough to be a colored brudder!"

Farther south, I saw a good deal more of the negroes, in Richmond especially; and it was in that great capital of the tobacco-growing land of Virginia, the city in which large tobacco factories for the preparation of the fragrant leaf abound, that at a meeting of colored people, a speaker was describing the Better Land, and said among other things for their comfort:—

"My brethern and my sistern, you ain't a-gwine to have to pay no ten cents a plug for tobacco there. You kin git jist as much pure Golden Leaf as you wants, and a little more; and you can chaw and chaw and chaw all day long, and it won't cost you a cent." "Not a cent!" came exultingly from all parts of the little church.

It is said that on four things only will a Negro spend money:—a wedding, a funeral, a lawsuit and dress. As to dress: yellow, blue and green are favorite colours with the females; while the males for holiday costume prefer a frock-coat with a velvet collar, white waist-coat, drab trousers, silk hat, and patent-leather boots. Mr. Freeman, the English historian, mentions how, of the three races which trouble the American, or rather the English nation in America, the Indian is dying out; while the Negro is very far from dying out, but if he cannot be assimilated by the white man, he at least imitates him; while the Chinese man neither dies out, nor is assimilated; nor imitates. Mr. Freeman is, however, a little of an ante-race man, favouring the driving out of the Jews from Eastern Europe, while he suggested as a remedy for whatever was amiss in the States that each Irishman should shoot a negro and be hanged for it! Something like the Kilkenny cats, and putting Ireland under the sea.

There is some justification for this thought when one reads of the horrible outrages of which Negroes are sometimes guilty, invariably followed by swift and awful punishment. The victims of lynch law, innocent or guilty, are numerous. Before I went to America I had no idea how numerous. Almost every week you may read in the American newspapers some horrible tale, such as the following:—

"The village of Pemberton Ferry, in Florida, has just been plunged into the highest state of excitement by a horrible drama. Three negroes made their appearance at the house of a lady much respected in the neighbourhood and asked most obsequiously for a drink. Finding that she was alone with her daughter, the three scoundrels 'burke' the poor women and outraged them. As soon as the crime became known, several inhabitants of Pemberton armed themselves and set out in search of the criminals. After searching several hours in the neighbouring woods, the avenging party came



across two suspicious-looking negroes in hiding. They were seized upon at once, led to a tree and hanged to it. Then, with a view to extracting from them a confession of their guilt, the avengers unbound them. After having protested their innocency for some time, the two negroes at last confessed themselves guilty. This carried the indignation of the Pemberton Ferry people to a state of paroxysm. In less time than it takes to describe it, a pile of pine logs and dry branches was made at the foot of the tree and set fire to, and the two negroes were again hung, this time over the flames. The sight of these wretches, being lynched with such refinement of torture, was horrible to behold. Soon the executioners themselves, in spite of their rage and fury, could no longer bear the sight and, taking pity on their victims, shot them to put an end to their sufferings. The two corpses were left hanging to the tree to serve as a warning."

Certainly the Negro Question is hardly less to the fore in the old Slave States than the Irish Question is in Great Britain. It meets you everywhere—the newspapers are always discussing it, and if you engage in casual conversation with a Southern gentleman, it is sure sooner or later to crop up; for the coloured man is ever *en évidence*, and his future is almost as dark, and the feeling against him almost as intense, as on the morrow of the war.

If he travels by rail (as a correspondent of the *London Spectator* most truly says) he must go in a separate car; if he wants to worship God he must worship him in a separate building; no inn frequented by white people will admit him—except as a servant—and in some parts of the South he is unable to obtain education for his children. I had, of course, heard much of this before; but I had not realised how wide is the gulf which divides the two races in the Southern States of America. Not long ago, a well-dressed mulatto stepped into a mineral-water bar-room and asked for a glass of lemonade. "We haven't got any," replied the bar-keeper curtly, and the mulatto went his way. "Why did you refuse the poor fellow a glass of lemonade?" asked a Northern lady who happened to be present. "That would not have hurt you." "It would have ruined my business, that's all," was the answer; and in this instance the bar-keeper (though he had lied to the mulatto) doubtless spoke truly. Innkeepers in like circumstances make an analogous excuse. They have no room. Railway Companies, however, being unable to allege lack of accommodation, relegate coloured people to the "smoker," and if they attempt to enter the other cars, simply turn them out. Now and then an indignant "darkie" sues a Railway Company for damages; but though he has the law nominally on his side, the result is generally so unsatisfactory, and the cost so heavy, that he seldom repeats the experiment. Nevertheless, the Negro is an important political factor; he has a vote, in some districts a majority of votes, and the Constitution of the United States declares that no citizen shall be deprived of the franchise on account of his colour. But the whites protest that Negroes are utterly unfit for the franchise; that if they are suffered to get the upper hand, the country will be ruined; and that, by fair means or foul, they will prevent them from getting the upper hand. And it cannot be denied that in this contention there is a good deal of truth. For the most part, coloured people are very ignorant, have had no political training, and vote blindly for anybody who calls himself a Republican. The Republicans gave them their liberty, and they are Republicans to a man. Hence, they are apt to be duped by designing politicians, and in some instances have elected men to high office whose sole object has been to enrich themselves at the public expense. Not very long ago, a State Treasurer of South Carolina, elected by the Negro

\$600,000 of public money; and for other malversations, an ex-Governor of the same State had to change his quarters at the capital for a place in the penitentiary. In order, as they allege, to put a stop to these scandals, the whites (nearly all of whom are Democrats), have adopted sundry devices to nullify the Negro vote, and where fraud has failed to accomplish this object, they have not hesitated to use force. If we may believe the Republicans, however, the aim of the Democrats is quite as much to defeat their political opponents and secure the spoils of office for themselves, as to purify the administration and ensure good government. In proof of this, the Republicans call attention to the notorious fact that when respectable and competent coloured men are elected to office, they are not allowed to act; that even *ex post facto* laws are passed to prevent them from acting. A striking instance of this sort occurred at Jacksonville, the metropolis of Florida. The State as a whole is Democratic; but at the last municipal election in Jacksonville, the Democrats, who are exclusively white, were beaten by the Republicans, who, barring a few whites from the North, belong to the inferior race. A natural result of their victory was the appointment of coloured men to civic offices. This difficulty the Democrats are surmounting with characteristic audacity. They have caused a Bill to be brought into the State Assembly (now in session at Tallahassee) for abolishing "home-rule" at Jacksonville, and vesting the appointment of Mayor and all other municipal officers in a Commission to be named by the Governor of the State. I have not heard whether the Bill has passed; but nobody doubts that it will pass, or that the Commission will consist of candidates who were defeated at the last election.

A similar incident occurred lately at Chattanooga. The Republicans won the city elections; Negroes forced their way into the Council, white policemen were superseded by coloured constables, and Democrats generally had to "climb down." But they soon had their revenge. Tennessee is also a Democratic State, and the Assembly straightway made a law vesting the appointment of policemen in a Democratic Commission, and enlarging the municipal boundaries by three new wards peopled almost exclusively by Democrats. Since that time, the Negroes and their white allies have been nowhere, and the Democrats rule the roost.

Northern papers characterise these proceedings as arbitrary and unfair to the last degree; and they are doubtless right. Even a Russian Czar or a German Kaiser would hardly venture to supersede a legally elected Town Council in favour of their political opponents. Southern papers retort by saying that Northern people do not know what it is to be governed by darkies; that in similar circumstances Northern communities would adopt precisely similar measures; and that Southern people absolutely decline to expose themselves to the possibility of being arrested by Negro policemen, examined by Negro Magistrates, and tried by Negro Judges,—to say nothing of being taxed by Negro legislators.

The root of the evil is the vicious system of manhood suffrage, which obtains both in municipal and political elections. A property qualification or an educational test would exclude so many Negro votes from the franchise as to ensure white predominance for another generation. I know of no reason why this expedient is not adopted, except that it would entail in every instance an alteration of the State Constitution, and the outcry it would cause in the North, where the masses regard manhood suffrage as a semi-divine institution.

Yet though Negroes are looked upon as social and political pariahs, they are not otherwise unkindly



treated. There is no question of the restoration of slavery; Southern people are fully convinced that it was an economic mistake. There are many instances of infirm freedmen being supported by their former owners; and most old slaves will tell you that though they may have been ill-used by overseers and drivers, their masters were always good to them. In some of the Southern States, however, there still exists an immoral and absurd law making penal the marriage of a white man with a coloured woman,—immoral, because it encourages concubinage; absurd, because it utterly fails to hinder that mixture of races which it is designed to prevent.

But the prejudice of race is by no means confined to the South, and Northerners who have lived in the old Slave States admit that they neither understand Negroes so thoroughly, nor get on with them so well, as their former masters. A short time ago, a coloured child was excluded from a public school in Ohio; the father sued the managers for damages, and got a verdict; whereupon the school was closed. This incident has formed the text for scores of leading articles in Southern papers, and the theme of many a speech the burden of which is that, were the situation reversed, the Negro would receive the same measure in the North as he now receives in the South. This is quite likely, for the fairest of Northerners will tell you that, though they have a certain sympathy with the black man, because he belongs to an ill-used race, and try to treat him justly, they do not like him, and would be glad to be well rid of him. Those who pose as his particular friends (President Harrison among the number), are probably quite as much actuated by political motives as any feeling for him as a "man and a brother," and if he ever ceases to vote solid with the Republican Party, many of his Northern friends will probably discover that he is not fit to vote at all. As the present generation of Negroes have had no personal experience of "involuntary servitude," this contingency is at least conceivable. If it should happen, Democrats would doubtless defend Negro suffrage as warmly as they now denounce it; a reinforcement so potent might, moreover, enable them to set the Irish vote at defiance. Coloured voters are at least as numerous as Irish voters, and quite as gregarious; whichever way they vote, they will almost certainly vote solid, and there is no love between the Irish and themselves. Whether it be on the score of climate, or because they object to compete with black labour, or that they prefer the life of towns, or for some less tangible motive, it is certain that Irish immigrants do not come South, and always avoid places where coloured folks abound. This mutual antipathy may play an important part in the politics of the future; it may be the destiny of the despised race to restore the political equilibrium by neutralising the Irish vote, a result which would be as gratifying to all good Americans as to all patriotic Englishmen.

There are at present 120 newspapers in the United States, of which the publishers, editors, and chief contributors are Negroes. The oldest of them is the *Elevator* of San Francisco, which has already attained its eighteenth year. Almost all these papers occupy themselves with politics, and few of them are devoted to religious objects. The political journals, with few exceptions, support the Republican party, grateful for its identification with the work of negro emancipation.

#### THROUGH VIRGINIA TO RICHMOND.

I started one morning from Washington for Richmond by a railway line which passes through the great theatre of the war of 1861. Outside looking over the mouth of the Potōmac to Chesapeake

Bay, I was reminded of the Monitors and Long-fellow's stirring piece on the "Loss of the *Cumberland*." The country seemed semi-abandoned; the wooden farmhouses falling into decay; the slaves had left the land here on which they were formerly forced to work, and the inevitable curse had fallen upon this part of old Virginia. Farther inland, the country is much better cared for and more freely occupied. On the coast, probably, the soil is poorer and more exhausted, a state common all over the South, where the slave-owning planters did little to fertilize.

We pass names familiar in the war—Quantico, near which is Bull's Run, Fredericksburg and the Rappahannock, and next perhaps a wilderness of pines or forest of trees. We soon come to the York and the James rivers, and Jeff. Davis's whilom capital is then approached. Richmond, like ancient Rome, the "City of Seven Hills," is finely situated on rising ground with the railway station as at Baltimore almost outside the town. The country around here on both sides of the James River is very charming. Climbing a hillside leading out from one end of the town, I had a grand view of the valley of the river, running back many miles, and was reminded of the valley of the Mahaweliganga with the Pussellawa hills at Gampola, only on a more extended scale. This is in reality Powhattan, where the Indian chief of that name lived with his daughter Pokahontas.

Along the James River was one of the earliest settlements in America—even before the Pilgrim Fathers—in the days of Queen Elizabeth, after whom indeed Virginia was named; and from this same river Sir Walter Raleigh first shipped potatoes, maize and tobacco to Europe. Richmond I found full of interest. In the office of the *Southern Planter*, I was introduced to several veterans of the war, now quill-drivers, many of them bearing Scotch names and Scotch features. The connection between Richmond and Glasgow was a close one in the old slaveholding days. One of the gentlemen whom I met had been head of General Lee's Medical Staff, Surgeon-General to the Confederate Armies, and he and the "Generals," "Colonels" and "Majors" present to meet me, all declared the one primary reason why Lee and Johnston were unable to keep armies in the field sufficiently large to cope with Grant and Sherman was the complete exhaustion of their stock of BARK;—without *Cinchona bark*, or *Quinine*, no army can fight long, no body of labourers work in the open, in the Southern States of America. There was the chief reason for hospitals being crowded and regiments demolished—the marsh and forest fever for which the invaluable bark is a sure febrifuge. They had plenty of shot and shell, all manufactured in the Richmond foundries till the very end of the war, and they took me all round the fortifications and to the proud Capitol (the oldest building in America used for meetings of the State Legislature) situated very picturesquely amidst elm trees, with numerous grey squirrels darting hither and thither, so tame that they were jumping across the road to our windows to be fed, take nuts from one's hand, and even sit demurely by one's side and crack them! They showed me interesting mementoes of both the War of Independence and the Civil Struggle. In the grounds are statues of Washington, Patrick Henry (the church in which he exclaimed "Give me liberty or give me death" was pointed out), Jefferson Henry Clay; but the most interesting is one to "Stonewall Jackson" inscribed:—"To the memory of Thos. S. Jackson, brave soldier and patriot, presented by English gentlemen, 1875," with the line below: "See how



that fellow Jackson stands like a stone wall.\* There are old houses and churches in Richmond in abundance—even historical in their interest, and the manners of the families I visited, and the preachers I heard, all seemed to me very homely and old English. The church was pointed out to me where Jeff. Davis was at service, when the message came that memorable Sunday morning from Lee that his lines had been broken in three places, and that Richmond, after being besieged for months, must be evacuated that evening. It was then 11 a.m. Jeff Davis immediately left the Church, called his Cabinet together, arranged their affairs as well as they could, and started for Danville. From thence he had the audacity to issue a Proclamation:—"We have now entered on a new phase of the struggle. Relieved from the necessity of guarding particular points, our army will be free to move from point to point, to strike the enemy in detail far from his base." But it was not to be. Richmond was evacuated on the night of April 2nd, and next day President Lincoln arrived by sea from Washington on a visit to the rebel capital,

\*"STONEWALL JACKSON'S WAY."

Dr. Cuyler prints in a recent *Evangelist* what he considers "the finest of all the Southern lyrics produced during the War." It was written in honour of General Jackson.

Come, stack arms, men! Pile on the rails,  
Stir up the camp-fire bright;  
No matter if the canteen fails,  
We'll make a roaring night.  
Here Shenandoah brawls along,  
There burly Blue Ridge echoes strong,  
To swell the brigade's rousing song  
Of "Stonewall Jackson's way."

We see him now—the old slouched hat  
Cocked o'er his eye askew,  
The shrewd, dry smile, the speech so pat,  
So calm, so blunt, so true.  
The "Blue-Light Elder" knows 'em well;  
Says he, "That's Banks—he's fond of shell;  
Lord save his soul! we'll give him"—well,  
"That's Stonewall Jackson's way."

Silence! ground arms! kneel all! caps off!  
Old Blue-Light's going to pray.  
Strangle the fool that dares to scoff!  
Attention! it's his way.  
Appealing from his native sod,  
In *forma pauperis* to God—  
"Lay bare Thine arm, stretch forth Thy rod!  
Amen!" That's "Stonewall's way."

He's in the saddle now. Fall in!  
Steady, the whole brigade!  
Hill's at the ford, cut off—we'll win  
His way out, ball and blade!  
What matter if our shoes are worn?  
What matter if our feet are torn?  
"Quick-step! we're with him before dawn!"  
That's "Stonewall Jackson's way."

The sun's bright glances rout the mists  
Of morning, and, by George!  
Here's Longstreet struggling in the lists,  
Hemmed in an ugly gorge.  
Pope and his Yankees, whipped before,  
"Bay'nets and grape!" hear Stonewall roar;  
"Charge, Stuart! Pay off Ashby's score!"  
Ls "Stonewall Jackson's way."

Ah, maiden, wait, and watch, and yearn  
For news of Stonewall's band!  
Ah, widow, read, with eyes that burn  
That ring upon thy hand!  
Ah, wife, sew on, pray on, hope on!  
Thy life shall not be all forlorn.  
The foe had better ne'er been born  
That gets in "Stonewall's way."

where he was greeted tumultuously by his troops and the Negroes who shouted blessings on his head. Meantime, Grant was directing the close pursuit of Sheridan and other of his Generals of Lee, and at last the latter said that the game was entirely up, and when Grant's message came on April 7th "to surrender that portion of the Confederate States' Army known as the Army of Northern Virginia," Lee asked for an interview which took place next day, and the terms of surrender were at once arranged, General Lee acknowledging the great courtesy and forbearance shown by Grant and the President. Grant had been a junior officer when Colonel Robert Lee was Chief of Staff of General Scott in Mexico, and as he said afterwards, he, blunt man as he was, felt shy of meeting his old stately superior officer. Grant was in his campaign clothes, dusty and begrimed, having ridden 37 miles that day, and without even a sword; while Lee in full dress as General had all the insignia of his rank and the splendid dress-sword at his side presented to him by the State of Virginia. So much, by the way, for everything around me in Richmond reminds me of the war, and indeed every town I henceforward pass through, has its own experience and story. It has been said that no city has been purchased by a conqueror at so heavy a price as it cost to take Richmond, unless it be Paris in its last capture by the Germans. Napoleon took Berlin, Vienna, and Moscow, each in a single campaign, and, when the scale of fortune turned, the Allies entered Paris in two successive years. Sebastopol resisted the English and French armies for thirteen or fourteen months, and four or five battles were fought in the hope of raising the siege. For nearly four years, Richmond was the principal object of siege and attack by the Union armies, and probably half a million of men were at different times employed in attempting its conquest.

The 750 tobacco factories, most of many storeys high, are a feature of Richmond; they employ altogether 17,000 hands, the sales aggregating 30 million dollars. I saw crowds of colored people, men, women and children, sorting tobacco, rolling up the leaves, manipulating and packing, and many were singing and looking as happy as possible. With a navigable river and fine railway, this town of 80,000 people is evidently going to prosper. Jeff Davis's old mansion is now by a strange irony of fate, used as an elementary school for colored children.\*

Bidding good-bye to my kind friends in Richmond,—"Secesh" though they may have been,—I started on a pleasant morning by rail for Jacksonville, Florida. The first day's run was of 250 miles right through Virginia and North Carolina to Wilmington. Running alongside the splendidly picturesque

\* There is really more bitter feeling between rival political parties in the North, than between North and South. One of the last stories which Abraham Lincoln was heard to tell was the following. It is in reference to John Tyler, is a little grim in its humour, but it must be remembered that Lincoln and Tyler were opposed in political principles, and that the former could not have had any great admiration for the latter: "A year or so after Tyler's accession to the Presidency," said Lincoln, "professing to make a tour through some parts of the country, he sent his son to arrange about a special train of cars. The railway superintendent chanced to be a strong Whig in politics, and told the young man plainly that he could not run any special trains for the president. 'Why,' replied young Tyler, 'you furnished a special train for the funeral of General Harrison.' 'Yes,' said the superintendent, stroking his beard, 'and if you will only bring your father along in that shape you shall have the best train on the road.'"



James river with, as I regarded them, the Pus-sel awa hills opposite, the first 25 miles to Petersburg were eminently interesting, through a rich, cultivated prosperous country. Petersburg is a rare, old-fashioned, leafy town—reminding one of Canterbury in summer-time without the Cathedral—with cottages shaded by orchard trees and embowered with creepers; a day-school of girls had just come out to play as the train arrived, and they might well be English country bairns with their round chubby faces under cotton hoods, as they ran laughing and talking along. All so peaceful and home-like; and yet I was shewn the marks of shot and shell on the walls, for it was here that Lee made his final stand against General Grant, and the attack was so fierce, that all the inhabitants had fled. Richmond being at first deemed impregnable, with its 30 miles of earthworks and batteries, Grant followed Lee round to the South, but even there the Confederates had earthworks in three lines, 60 miles in all; but nothing could withstand "U. S. G." or "Unconditional Surrender Grant" and his big battalions, while half of Lee's reduced army were suffering from fever. The interview between the two Generals and surrender took place in the Courthouse Oppotomax, close by—Grant behaving in the most generous way, taking no prisoners of rank and file, but telling them to lay down their arms and go to their homes, and when the enquiry came as to what was to be done with the horses of Lee's large body of cavalry, he said, "Let the men take them away, they will want them to plough their farms." Magnanimous this, towards those who had been guilty of the attempt to create an empire founded on disloyalty and oppression.

All through Virginia, Carolinas and Georgia,—the names of the counties, rivers and towns constantly reminded me of the old country and the days before the War of Independence. A dozen counties are named from kings or princes, and still more from old English or Scottish names such as Bath, Bedford, Berkeley, Brunswick, Buckingham, Mecklenburgh, Caroline, Charlotte, Sussex, Dinwiddie, Southampton, Nottingham, Halifax, Cumberland, Hamilton, Chatham, Henderson, Gordon, Wilson, Walker, Morgan, Clarke, Monroe, MacIntosh, MacDowell, Randolph, Scott, Buchanan, Russell, Campbell. I was now travelling a good deal out of the beaten track, and certainly more uninviting, uninteresting country than the eastern portion of South Virginia, the Carolinas and Georgia for wellnigh 500 miles I never saw. It was one succession of pine or fir forests, interspersed with limited farm clearings where a horse and an ox might be seen yoked to the one plough, or more commonly a Negro driving a single mule plough, skimming the surface of soil which looked sandy and white like our Cinnamon Gardens sand, but was doubtless more chalky and richer in lime. I was told that deep ploughing would never do. The stations and towns we passed on the way were primitive enough; bales of cotton were piled up in some cases, and stores and lifts visible with reference to the busy cotton season; but the rich cotton and valuable land is farther inland. Travelling in March-April, the climate was just pleasant to an old tropical resident, sunny and bright; but I could see that it must be very hot with little circulation of air and plenty of jungle or swamp fever in summer. A few streams and rivers were crossed, groups of Negroes sitting by the wayside having a chat, and homely country folk trudging to market, or anon a tall Yankee southerner, with palmetto hat would make for the train—so tall sometimes that one was inclined to ask what the weather was like "up there?" At Goldsboro, we came

to an important cotton depôt, half-way between the capital Raleigh and the sea; and here I was told that the country around gave good crops—two in the year, of vegetables, peas, sweet potatoes, and cotton or probably alternating with cotton; orchards of apples, peaches and cherries were visible. It was at Raleigh that the second great Confederate Army under General Johnston surrendered to General Sherman after his famous march on April 26, Jeff Davis being captured in Georgia, a month later when the war closed. It was late when we arrived at Wilmington, for our travelling had been very slow, not even 20 miles an hour. I travelled during the night another 200 or 250 miles from Wilmington to Florence, and thence to Charleston—one of the oldest historic cities in America—famous in the war and blockade-running and in Christy Minstrel song. The cold during the night was in strong contrast with the afternoon. Next day began with a repetition in South Carolina of the everlasting sombre pine forest, most dull and depressing without any signs of life save a few butterflies, making me think of Brunton Stephens' reference to Australian gum forests:—

They who tell us that the Bush is dull, are not so far astray  
For this eucalyptic cloisterdom is anything but gay.

I could not make out the absence of population, remembering that the two Carolinas number 2½ millions between them, and Georgia over 2½ millions, while Florida, which is larger in area than either counts only 300,000 though rapidly on the increase. But again, to revert to the war. It was by the attack on Fort Sumter in front of Charleston in April 1861 that the great war commenced, and exactly 4 years after on the 14th April 1865, there was celebrated the "*Re-possession of Fort Sumter, and the restoration to its original place on that historic spot, by General Anderson, of the identical flag which, after an honorable and gallant defence, he was compelled to lower 4 years before. Major-General Anderson and Sergeant Hart stepped forward on the platform and unfurled the old banner, amid the deafening cheers of the assemblage. As the stary emblem floated out gracefully to the strong breeze, the joyful demonstrations were repeated, which were responded to by music from the bands, a salute of one hundred guns at Fort Sumter, and a national salute from every fort and battery that fired upon Sumter in April, 1861.*" Later on I came to Savannah, made memorable by General Sherman's grand march with his army of 65,000 men into space. Starting on the 14th November 1864 from Atalanta, Sherman (of whom I learned much afterwards from intimate friends of his) struck for the sea between 400 and 500 miles distant, through a hostile country and without any base of support—a march as famous as any in history. I followed afterwards a great part of his route. He was heard of for the first time at Savannah on December 20th and he was able to telegraph to President Lincoln:—"I beg to present you as a Christmas gift the city of Savannah, with 150 heavy guns, and plenty of ammunition, and also about 25,000 bales of cotton." It cannot be wondered at, that a remembrance of the military raids of Sherman through Georgia and Carolina, and of the political methods subsequently employed in the reconstruction of the South, should still rankle in the minds of those who suffered. Here is for instance General Sherman's official report of his unresisted march through Georgia at the close of 1864:—"We have consumed the corn and fodder in the region of country thirty miles on either side of a line from Atalanta to Savannah; as also the sweet potatoes, cattle, hogs, sheep, and poultry: and have carried away more than 10,000 horses and mules, as well as a countless number of their slaves. I



estimate the damage done to the State of Georgia at one hundred millions of dollars, at least twenty of which have inured to our advantage, and the rest is simple waste and destruction." Similar scenes occurred early in 1865 in South Carolina, also under Sherman: while the outrages and plunder of General Benjamin Butler in New Orleans and Louisiana have rendered his name infamous. It is not surprising that Southerners do not think of all this with complacency, or that they are angry at the remembrance of "carpet-bag rule," and of the hard conditions imposed before they were readmitted into a Union which they had then no desire to enter. The moral is, that God "broke the arm of the oppressor, and set the captives free," irrespective of the schemes of rival politicians.

—I was told the best farming, populated country was inland. By-and-bye, as we approach Savannah and pass on into Georgia, the outlook changes, we have brighter colours in the vegetation though swamp and pines continue, there are grass bamboos, plenty of water, with later on forests of heavy timber on fine black soil, and the timber trade evidently occupies a good deal of attention. As our fellow-traveller reminded me, some of the trees of Georgia are so high as to need two boys and a man to see the top of them! We stopped at one country station which reminded me of Veyangoda, with an outlook of green swampy land and here a number of Negroes of a genuine sort, on whom charcoal would only make a chalk mark, gay with light blue, green and yellow colours entered the train. Most of them took the smoking car, but one old gent sat near the door in ours, and by and bye we heard a yell as a passenger coming in inadvertently seized his ear, which he released with "I beg your pardon, I thought I had hold of the strap." The joke was taken good-naturedly enough, and I could not help thinking of the great improvement in the condition of these poor people; for now, after passing the junction station, Waycross and two small wayside places curiously enough called Folkstone and Boulogne, we pass through a veritable "dismal swamp" such as played so terrible a part in the life of escaped slaves, often hunted as Longfellow describes:—

In dark fens of the Dismal Swamp  
The hunted Negro lay;  
He saw the fire of the midnight camp,  
And heard at times a horse's tramp,  
And a bloodhound's distant bay.

Where will-o'-the-wisps and glow-worms shine  
In bulrush and in brake;  
Where waving mosses shroud the pine,  
And the cedar groves and the poisonous vine  
Is spotted like the snake;

Where hardly a human foot could pass  
Or a human heart would dare.  
On the quaking turf of the green morass  
He crouched in the rank and tangled grass,  
Like a wild beast in his lair.

Near this is the Suwannee river which I crossed on my return—the scene of one of the sweetest of Christy Minstrel melodies, "The Old Folk at Home."

(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.)  
(Concluded from page 400.)

In the same way e-yakko is the most primitive Pali word adopted to mean a man who hunts with the bow and the arrow, from which is derived

the modernized Sinhalese word Dada-yakko, where the difference is only in the substitution of *dada*, in the place of *e*, meaning "the arrow;" and is identical in signification and application with the Sanscrit *Raksha* and *Danusha*. If Dada-yakko means a hunter with the bow and the arrow, in the common usage of it in Sinhalese, how could e-yakko which is concurrent in meaning with Dada-yakko, be interpreted to mean "a demon"? For both words when simplified for the sake of brevity and euphony come to be yakko, by synecopation which is undisputed. What devilish or demonish sense underlies the combination of the letters which form the two words, to admit of the perverted interpretation that either the one or the other of the two words means a demon? This is quite demonish, and is beyond the sphere of human solving or rhetorising.

The simple truth is that commentators who interpreted yakko to mean "a demon" did not possess accurate knowledge of the derivation of it radically, which had become then altogether an obsolete term, and the meaning thereof lost in the memory of the moderns, whose memory can be recalled and refreshed in modern days only by the modern word Dada-yakko or Dada-yakkaro, which is identical with the primitive which both when simplified come to mean and do mean a primitive "bow-hunter" *alias* a Wedda. The idea that a wild man or a mountaineer from Hindustan immigrating into Lunka and living thither the life of a mountaineer as in his native country is finally metaphorsed into "a demon" is nothing but demonifying pure human intellect.

As regards Sinhalese, Wedi and Hindustanee words under quotation, derivations and comments are deemed unnecessary, these not being primitive languages. Our researches into these derivative dialects of one common Sanscrit root, would shew simply their affinity with the primitive roots, confirming undoubtedly the derivation of *Rakshasa* and *Yakko* as has been already proved in the foregoing instances. But modernism does not bear as great a cogency as primity illustrative of ramification of dialects simultaneous with the era of the Scriptural account of the confusion of tongues.

In my enthusiasm, after the labored exposition of the primitive appellations of *Rakshasa* and *Yakko* of olden times, I am led away to consummate the same finally, by drawing a parallelism from the Iranian or the Persian language, which may seem to my readers to be chimerical though I am only studious.

In the Iranian language *Kous sha-num karaja* is the phrase in common use to signify "to shoot off the arrow." It is to be observed here that the Iranian language is a mixture of Aryan and Semitic roots. In the phrase quoted above, the word *kous*, which may be syncopated into *kus* or *cus*, is the most primitive Hebrew word for "the bow"; and seems to have been an onomatopetic adopted by the Hebrews with as much aptitude illustrative of the percussion created by the arrow in its flight through the air when discharged from the bow as *Rak* or *ark* was adopted by the primitive Aryans to represent the bow; and *yak* by the Pali-speaking section *jas*, or *jace* by the Latins, *sha* and *aras* or *ras* by the Aryans and Greeks to signify "the darting of the arrow."

The mixture of Semitic with Aryan roots or both roots forming into one form of speech, though separately considered to be tautological, we discover to exist in most cases—for instance—*arc* (bow-Aryan) *cus* (bow, Semitic) is equal to the Latin *ar-cus*;



rak (bow, Aryan), cus (bow, Semitic) is equal to *Rakkus* (Elu word, also Aryan) a synonym for *Rakshasa* or *Rakussa*. *Yak* is Pali, *sha* is Aryan, equal to *yaksha* "to shoot off the arrow" (literally *yak* "to dart" and *sha* "to dart" according to the primitive application thereof and a variety of other similar instances:

In the Iranian phrase *kous sha-num karaya*, we discover *sha* as in *Raksha* and *kar* in *karaya*, to be the only roots that are in direct affinity with the primitive Aryan roots, blended with the primitive Semitic *kous* or *cus*. The division or origin of languages of the world is to be traced to the era of confusion of tongues at Babel, according to criptural History. All the tribes that were dispersed into different parts of Asia and other continents, were so many branches of the families of Shem, Ham and Japhet, three sons of Noah. All Semitic races are to be classed as descendants of Ham, whose son Cush or Cus was the primeval *Raksha* or *Yakko* of the Semitic branch; after whom was his country named *Cush-desa* (Egypt, Ethiopia, &c.); Nimrod, the son of Cush, the son of Ham and great-grandson of Noah, was a mighty hunter of the most primeval era; that is to say, a Semitic mighty *Rakshasa* or *Yakko*, bearing a parallel to the mighty hunter, the mighty *Rakshasa* or *Yakko* of the race of Shem, or in other words the celebrated hero of the Ramayana king of the *Raksha* forest (Lanka) styled *Rawana Raja*, who was the chivalrous *Raksha* or the *Yakko* hero of the Indian *Iliad*, whose tribal insignia was *Rak* as the Semitic *kous* or *cus* was the insignia of Cush and Nimrod, which in no way differed from the Pre-Aryan native Indian *Rak* or the *arcus* of the ancient Rome. The land of Cush (or *Kous*) was therefore the land of the bowsman or the *Wedda* country, stereotyped *Cush-desa* from *kous* or *cus* signifying "the bow." In the same way a Sinhalese may stereotype *Cush-desa* to be *Wedi-rata* (country of *Weddas*) naming the same after the *Weddas* who solely inhabited the country, *kous* or *cus*, "the bow" constituting the insignia of the inhabitants thereof. This very same reason warranted the ancient Sanscrit and Pali historians to style the Island "The first Island of *Rakshasas* or the *Yakko*," because the ancient settlers of the Island were archers or *Weddas* by profession, who on that account were primitively styled *Rakshasas* or the *Yakko*, which both mean "archers" or "bowsman, or hunter," otherwise commonly styled "Weddas" by the moderns of the Island. Hence the origin of the name given to the Island, *Tápráwana* (corrupted into *Taprobane*), "The Island of *Rakshasas*" or "the Settlement of the *Yakko*," "The *Maha Yakka Samagamo*" or "The Island or Settlement of a great community of *Weddas*," "darters of the bow."

The fact of one and the same root being scattered with confusion in almost all the primitive dialects ramified at the Babel confusion betokens the existence of one common original language previous to the date of confusion of tongues, and establishes the verity of the Scriptural history, the division of tongues not being traceable to any other source.

As regards the admixture of the primitive root in the Iranian dialect we find it to be left-handed, or in quite preposterous order, as it is said to be written and read right to left instead of from left to right as other and most languages are. According to this mode of writing and reading as pointed out by the underlined figures in the Iranian phrase, we are enabled to trace the Aryan root in the order of the figures noted by dropping off the terminal syllables *num-ja* and *ya*, viz:—

Sanscrit.

Kous	sha-(nun)	karaja=	jaraksha-kus=	Araksha kus—	
7	6	54321	123456	7	"To dart off the bow."
Kous	sha-(nun)	karaja=	jaraksha-kus=	Araksha kus—	
7	6	54321	123456	7	"To dart off the bow."
Kous	sha-(nun)	kar=	Raksha-kus=	Raksha kus—	
6	4	321	12345		"To dart off the bow."
Kous	sha-(nun)	ka(r)ya=	Yakshu-kus=	Yaksha (eliding the cerebral r)—	
5	4	321	12345		"To kill by darting the bow."

This is the more susceptible when we take into consideration that *jarak* or *arak kus*, discovered in the above preposterous order, bears a parallelism in signification to the primitive Pali *e-yankun*, "to make go or fly the arrow," which is the meaning of *jarak* or *arak kus*—quite an assimilation to Aryanism; and though in the preposterous order from right to left, we discover "the confusion," or the admixture of the Aryan words *Raksha* or *Araksha*, inasmuch preposteration as *Nodnol* is for *London*.—

London	..	Nodnol	..	London
654321		123456		654321

Lastly, by giving *yaksha* (No. 4) (which to all appearance is Pali and Sanscrit) a full Pali intonation by eliding the tautological *sha* and substituting *ko* instead, we produce the Pali *yakko*, "the darter of the arrow." This production, though quite incidental and chimerical, yet seems to soothe us in bearing a parallelism to the Sanskrit and Pali roots sought after.

Lastly, I have to observe to the reader that the Sanscrit *Rakshasa* was the term used by the Sanscrit poet *Valmika* to designate the ancient mountain tribes of Central India, who having immigrated into Lanka became the aboriginal inhabitants thereof, and were recognized in history as *Rakshasas*, being the Sanscrit classical designation under which the jungle men or foresters of Lanka passed in the first era of the history thereof, which terminated at the arrival of King *Wijeyo* B. C. 543. After *Wijeyo's* arrival, himself and his retinue having come from the ancient *Wagurata* (the modern *Mirjapur* of the Province of Bengal) where Pali or *Maghaudee* was the spoken language, Pali language was introduced into the Island and the first history of Lanka was written in that language under the name of the *Mahawanse*, in which the *Rakshasas* of poet *Valmika*—the author of the *Ramayana*—were synonymised in Pali under the designation of *Yakko*, the term *Rakshasa* having merged under the Pali appellation *Yakko*. This designation continued to be current till A. D. 459, which constituted to be the second era of the history of Lanka in which regular monarchical government was established in the Island.

From about the 4th or 5th century A. D. the study of the Elu language (that is *Hill-Basha*) having progressed in the Island, the appellation *Yakko*, merged in the Elu designation of *Pulindas* signifying "foresters" or "dwellers in the jungle"; and the first stereotyping the settlers of the Island under the appellation of *Pulindas* originated with the rise of the capital city *Polonnaruwa*\* (in the modern *Tamankaduwa* district) corrupted from *Pulinda Nuwara* or *Pulinda Nagara* which was built by king *Agrabhodi IV* A. D. 769. This constituted the third era of the history of Lanka. In the course of progress of the Elu language in the Island, several words have been adopted by Elu

\* From *Pulindaúr*—*Pulinnúr*—corrupted into *Polonnaruwa*, correct name *Pulinda Nuwara*.



writers to designate the ancient settlers of the Island, such as—1. Pulindas (foresters or jungle men). 2. Wanacharas (nomads of the forest). 3. Sabara or Habara (Rakshasas *alias* archers of the forest). 4. Maladaru (the hill-born or dwellers on hills). 5. Malidu (dwellers on hills). 6. Mal-levu (hill groupers) all crude, uncivilized and uncultivated men.

In modern times, when Sanscrit, Pali and Elu languages have made great progress throughout the Island as well as civilization, the Islanders have been pleased to designate the progeny of the most ancient and identical Rakshasa and Yakko, under the more polished appellation of Wedda archer or bowsman) derived from the Sanscrit *wid*—"to dart off the arrow"—constituting the fourth era of the history of Lanka.

This fact alone as well as the several Elu names occurring in the Elu Namawaliya (Vocabulary) are an exposition and a lexicon competent to expound the disputed terms Rakshasa and Yakko, primitively applied to designate the settlers of the Island, during the first and second era of the history thereof, and thus purge off the infamy that hangs on the ancient history of Lanka. As to Rakshasas and Yakko being "Demons," founded upon sheer ignorance of the Commentators who were thoroughly ignorant of the origin, derivation and application of the primitive appellations of Rakshasas and Yakko, who are none other than the modern Veddas of Lanka. In final support of the accuracy of my exposition of the appellations of Rakshasa and Yakko, I allude here to the translation of a passage on the Mahawanse by the late Mr. Turnour and his Kandyan Pundits, who alone appear to have adhered to the correct historical and classical description of Pulindas, being synonymised as Yakko, in the translation of the text in question.

In the text—"Eso Pulindanam sambhavoti, &c.," Mr. Turnour and his Pundits have translated Pulindas as identical Yakko, who in the first era of Lanka's history has been styled Rakshasa, in the second era as Yakko (the identical Rakshasa) in the third era as Pulindas (the identical Yakko), and Veddas (the identical Pulindas) in the modern times which constitute the fourth era of the history of Lanka.

Mr. Turnour and his Pundits in conformity with the uniform history of the aboriginal settlers of the Island, and with the view of conveying clear and undoubted understanding defined Pulindas of the third era by the very designation under which they passed in the immediately preceding second era, Yakko, being the very designation under which the Rakshasas of the first era had merged, when Pali became the classical language of the Island, knowing fully well that the Yakko had merged under the designation of Pulindas in the third era, when Elu language acquired predominancy as the classical language of the Island, just the same way as the more polished designation of Veddas became the more popular adoption in the modern days which constitute the fourth era, still indicating the mode of life of the aboriginal settlers, heretofore known under the primitive and obsolete appellations of Rakshasa and Yakko; for the word Wedda is the verbal noun of the Sanscrit verb *wid*—"to shoot with the bow and the arrow," quite accordant with Raksha and Yakko of olden times, meaning "archers" who live by chase in the hilly portions of the Island. It must be borne in mind that the term Rakshasa was the Hindu Aryan stereotype under which the Pre-Aryan native Indian hill tribes or Veddas were designated in Sanscrit by the poet Valmika B. C. 500. Down to the era of Wijeyo B. C. 543, there were no fresh immigration of settlers in the Island, except

the aboriginal Rakshasa immigrants, whose history is the subject of the Mahawanse, and who were synonymised Yakko by the author of the history.

The late Maha Mudaliyar Zoysa, impulsed by the universally current fallacious interpretation of old commentators on the Island (see Maha Mudaliyar's notes on Veddas 1881) criticised Mr. Turnour's translation of the Pali text above quoted, objecting for a ground that Yakko means "demons," or "spiritual beings"—which is a misconception of the Maha Mudaliyar as much as the Commentators who originally put the gloss on Yakko,—to mean "demons." Mr. Turnour and his Kandyan Pundits were quite correct and classically accurate in synonymising 'Pulindas' as "Yakko," and would have been equally accurate had the 'Pulindas' been synonymised as Rakshasas or Sabaras. For the appellation 'Rakshasa' is the most primitive appellation for the modern Sinhalese designation of 'Wedda'; whilst Yakko is the Pali synonym for the Sanscrit 'Rakshasa'; and 'Pulinda' is the Elu synonym adopted in the third era to designate 'Rakshasa' and 'Yakko.' That the utterly incorrect non-historical and false interpretation of Yakko as "Demons" is universally gaining ground in the historical and literary world, is evident from an article which appeared in the *Ceylon Observer* of 11th February 1891, headed "Veddas," wherein it was stated that at a recent meeting of the Geographical Society, Paris, M. E. Deschamps read a paper on the Veddas (hunters) of Ceylon, who are in all probability descended from Yakko—"Demons"—the original inhabitants of that country"!!!

This assertion, or the interpretation that the Yakko means "Demons," is as monstrous a blunder as the description furnished by ministers to King Dharma Parakkrama Bahu IX of Jayawardanapura (Kotta near Colombo) of the Portuguese who had landed at Colombo shore A. D. 1505, namely, "a race of people of very white complexion and recherché beauty, eaters of crystalline stones and drinkers of human blood."

The descendants of this very race of people who made the above report to the king, are at present "greedy eaters of crystalline stones and noted quaffers of human blood," to the utter contempt of their ancestors at the egregious and monstrous blunder committed by them, which was simply owing to their never having seen a race of white people nor known the nature of their food and drink, anterior to the era of landing of the Portuguese in the Island. In the same way the writer hereof is perfectly confident that all readers of this exposition will finally be persuaded that the paraphrase made of the Rakshasa and Yakko, to mean "Demons," is grounded upon simple ignorance of old and non-classical Commentators. From the exposition given in this section, as well as reasons shewn in the second section hereof, the historical and literary world shall know for certainty for ever that the Rakshasa and Yakko of ancient Lanka mean no other than the modern Veddas, who are the remnant of the identical progeny of the Rakshasa of the first era—of the Yakko of the second era, and of the Pulindas of the third era of the ancient history of Lanka.

[No man of ordinary intelligence will dispute the conclusion of the most learned argument that the aborigines of Ceylon were not demons, but huntsmen. Is it quite as certain that the small body of Veddas really represent the aboriginal race which Vijaya conquered?—Ed. L. R.]