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FROM CALIFORNIA VIA CANADA, TO FLORIDA ON THE CARS.

(A LECTURE, REVISED AND ENLARGED.)

(Continued from page 363.)

CHICAGO.

There were, in 1884, four cities in the United States that claimed the title of "Magic Cities":—Chicago, Denver, Leadville and Omaha; probably since then a great many towns have sprung up as if by "magic." The rivalry between different towns and the way in which the inhabitants of each give the palm patriotically to their own, is amusing to the traveller. It is so healthy in Colorado, you are told, that when the time came for inaugurating a cemetery at Leadville, "they had to shoot a man on purpose"! Kansas again is sneeringly run down for the slipperiness of her people:—"Are they not fairly honest?" you enquire—"Don't know about honesty, but they *du* say as how the folk around there take in their fences every night." At towns out on the big rivers you hear of the danger attending river steamer passages—so much so that they collect fares by instalments every few minutes! Nevertheless, one of the great causes of the rapid prosperity of so many inland towns in America is that they are "ports," either on the Mississippi, Missouri, or Ohio, or on the borders of the great lakes. This is especially true of Chicago; for the State of Michigan in which it is situated, though it lies hundreds of miles from the ocean, has a coast line on the lakes of 1,500 miles. The site of the city lends itself admirably to the rapid progress which it has experienced. Situated at the southern extremity of Lake Michigan, it is in direct water communication with the spacious territory reaching from the north-west portion of Lake Superior to the Atlantic. A network of canals too assist communication, so that it is possible for a steamer entering the Mississippi from the Gulf of Mexico at New Orleans, to make its way to the Atlantic by the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Surrounded, again, as it is, by a network of railways connecting it with all the leading cities of the States and Canada, it is in communication by land with every important part of the country. These facts account for its marvellous development, and to what extent it may grow during the coming years yet remains to be seen. New Chicago may well claim the title of "Queen City," for its buildings, streets, and general aspect are of the most striking character. Its streets are all laid out at right angles—in fact, in no city of the Union is the right-angle principle with regard to its thoroughfares so conspicuous as it is in Chicago, and some of its streets run to a length of from three to ten miles. Chicago River flows through the city, and with its numerous slips affords a water frontage of over forty miles; in addition to the lake front, where a splendid outer harbour has been constructed, this river divides the

city into three distinct parts, which are known as the north, south, and west divisions. These are connected by between thirty and forty bridges and several tunnels under the river-bed. The industries of Chicago are as multifarious as is its population. It would be difficult at the moment to say what is not manufactured there.

In Chicago one is reminded almost more than anywhere else of the enormously rapid development of the country. In the year 1832, Chicago had no existence! Fort Dearborn, a trading port in the Indian country, marked the spot where a city of 800,000 people now stands. Again, twenty years ago, Chicago was the great city of the west. It is now to all intents and purposes an eastern city. There are differences of opinion as to the origin of the name: one authority says "Chicago" is an Indian word, meaning "a skunk, or a chief, or a deity, or a wild onion"—a wide choice!—while another statement is that it is connected with the great lake *Michigan*, the first syllable meaning "water" as in *Mississippi*, *Missouri*, *Minnehaha*, *Miami*.

I passed three days in Chicago, seeing some of the wonderful sights in a city which numbered 80 people in 1830, 300,000 in 1870 and about 800,000 now. As a patriotic citizen of Chicago has said:—"Our city is the biggest thing on the planet; we've had the biggest fire; we lifted the city five feet out of the mud; we made a river run up hill—it wouldn't go where we wanted it, so we turned it end and end about; and it's the only city on earth every inch of which is covered three inches deep in mortgages." Another denizen of that vast city has also the credit of saying that, "New York has the money, Boston the brains, but Chicago starts the big ideas and carries them out with eastern money."

The principal streets and buildings—hotels, insurance offices, banks and mercantile offices—are very fine, some of them seven and eight stories high. Palmer House and the Grand Pacific equal any of the palace hotels in San Francisco in size and equipment. The Railway Station, or *depôt* here, is very different from stations farther West in its size and substantial character. Fine hard stone is the chief building material. The cable tramways here as in San Francisco work with admirable precision, but then they cost from £28,000 to £30,000 a mile! Objects of special interest to strangers are the lake tunnels 2 miles long, for supplying water to the city, (at the end of the tunnel a water tank 130 feet high has been built and 4 engines can pump daily 72 million gallons up to the top,) the 40 artesian wells, the stockyards, and the grain elevators. The grain and timber or lumber trades of Chicago are enormous; while thousands of cattle, sheep or hogs are driven or carried into the town daily to leave it in the form of tinned meats, hams and bacon. One house claims that it can slaughter and dress 25,000 animals in a day.

The tonnage of the port cannot be less than 8 millions a year outwards and inwards or nearly double that of Colombo.

Chicago in fact runs over with corn and lard and lumber and the riot of speculation—with hotels like royal palaces, and boulevards brighter than those of Paris. The virgin wealth of millions of acres—millions of bushels of grain and armies of pigs and oxen besiege the great capital of the "heart of the continent."

I called in Chicago, on the Rev. W. Cuthbertson, formerly Chairman of the Congregational Union of England, we knowing mutual Australian as well as English friends. He was very anxious that I should attend and address on the subject of Missions, a quarterly meeting of the clergymen of the town to be held a few days later (but I could not wait) for he said the want of interest, in Mission work among the heathen, was very lamentable. This I had found out before, but when I came to reflect on the enormous country and population to be overtaken with home mission work, I began to excuse ignorance and apathy about Asia and Africa in the Middle and Western States. [In New England the case is very different.]

In the vastness of their own unoccupied territory and the room for expansion, we have also the secret of the people of the United States caring nothing for a Foreign or Colonial policy. They have a continent to subdue, to occupy and cultivate and as already related they have had their own wars with, and massacres of, Indians as terrible as anything in the history of Asiatic warfare or mutiny, or in South African or Australasian shootings of blacks. Americans cannot throw stones at Englishmen in these matters, for they have their Indians to the number of 260,000 still with them, and notwithstanding Government reserves and other precautions, they are civilizing them off the face of the earth, just as surely as the process is going on in the case of the Australian black or Maori.

So also with terrestrial conquests: American fellow-travellers again and again asked me why the British were constantly in trouble in Asia, South or North Africa, etc., attributing it to ambitious selfishness. I said,—“The work of spending British money and blood in the dark places of the earth was often a most unselfish one, and America ought to help us in civilizing and ruling justly, such peoples and places.” But the reply would always be, “We have enough work before us on our own Continent.” And so they have for a generation at least to come; but there is no want of right feeling in Chicago in respect of good work. I heard of a Home Missionary Meeting held there when an old minister from South Carolina requested leave of the Chairman to state his case to the members. It was that his church had been destroyed during the war and his people were too poor to rebuild it. He was trying to raise money through the country, but though he had been out six weeks, he had only got 600 dollars and he needed 450 more. At this point a gentleman rose and pulling out his watch said:—“I beg your pardon, Mr. Chairman, but it is now ten minutes past nine, and we have some important business to transact.” The old minister immediately apologized for having taken up their time and sat down. “Now,” said the gentleman, “Brother Stradley wants 450 dollars; I think, in ten minutes we ought to find that for him. I will give 50 dollars.” Another jumped up and cried,—“I’ll give 50 dollars.” The chairman gave 100. Soon the whole amount was made up. The gentleman again took out his watch “It is only 5 minutes past nine. I thought it would have taken 10 minutes—it is done in 5, I beg Brother Stradley’s pardon for interrupting him. He may now go on.” But Brother Stradley’s heart was too full to speak.

TORONTO AND CANADA.

Leaving Chicago, I made for Toronto in Canada, although the cold had already begun to warn me about going North. I had for companion a settler from Manitoba (British) who, to get to Lower Canada, had travelled round by Chicago, 1,500 miles. He had not a very cheering account to give of farming prospects in his district, although the completion of the Canadian-Pacific Railway, since opened, was expected to inaugurate a change. We conversed far into the night and on waking next morning we watched a country which reminded me strongly of many parts of England and Scotland, with pretty homesteads, substantial stone “dykes,” permanent fences, the occasional forests or wooded hills, and other evidences of neat homeliness contrasting pleasantly with what we had seen in the States. Lower Ontario is a delightful homeland, and Toronto, our terminus, “the most English and most prosperous town in Canada,”—a very handsome city of over 100,000 people finely situated on the inland sea, Lake Ontario, within easy distance of Niagara, Chicago or New York, as well as of Montreal. Toronto Bay is a beautiful sheet of water and offers great scope for boating and yachting as well as for steamers. Mr. Caine calls Toronto “the Boston of Canada,” and adds—“All culture and refinement begin and end there so far as the Dominion is concerned. Europe may furnish interesting relics of the past, but there is no real progress outside of Toronto. I never conversed with a Toronto citizen without being reminded of the old Peebles anecdote, ‘I’ve seen London and Paris, but for downright pleasure gie me Peebles!’”

It must be a delightful place of residence in summer, but even at the end of March I had to get wrapped up in furs on being driven by friends to see some of the sights including the splendid University (costing £100,000) and other educational institutions among the most complete in the world. I paid a visit to the local “parliament,”—then in session in the Legislative Hall of Toronto—a fine chamber with some hundred members facing Speaker Clarke, all looking well-to-do, staid, respectable country gentlemen; no appearance of rowdysim while I was there. I was sorry not to be able to see more of the Canadian Dominion:—to see one of the noblest outlooks in the world from the terrace at Quebec, to “shoot the farfamed Lachine rapids” in passing from Montreal, and to travel over the great Victoria Bridge across the St. Lawrence; but it was not to be and I had to content myself with “Toronto”—the Indian “place of meeting” and the capital of Ontario of which the Hon. David Wells, an eminent American statesman has written in regard to capabilities of soil and climate:—

“North of the Lakes Erie and Ontario and the River St. Lawrence, east of Lake Huron, south of the 46th parallel, and included mainly within the present dominion province of Ontario, there is as fair a country as exists on the North American Continent, nearly as large in area as New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio combined, and equal, if not superior, to these States in its agricultural capacity. It is the natural habitat on this continent of the combing wool sheep, without a full, cheap, and reliable supply of the wool of which species the great worsted manufacturing interest of the country cannot prosper, or we should rather say, exist. It is the land where grows the finest barley, which the brewing interest of the United States must have if it ever expects to rival Great Britain in its present annual export of over \$11,000,000 of malt products. It raises and grazes the finest of cattle, with qualities especially desirable to make good the deterioration of stock in other sections, and its climatic conditions, created by an almost encirclement of the great lakes specially fit to grow men. Such a country is one of

the greatest gifts of Providence to the human race better than bonanzas of silver and rivers whose sands contain gold."

But indeed, as attractive a picture can be depicted of the Dominion at large with its grand railway now affording a land route 500 miles shorter than that from San Francisco to New York, the latter being 3,331 miles long, against 2,870 from Montreal to Port Moody in British Columbia. And of the country so made accessible I may say that it embraces every variety of soil, climate, and production from the gigantic fir and pine trees of the Pacific slope to the luscious melon, the fragrant pineapple and the golden pippin of the Annapolis valley. It has a coast line of marvellous extent, diversity, and grandeur, combining ocean, sea, estuary, river, inlet, and fiord, bold and rugged in its general aspect, yet grand, and often beautiful, in many of its parts. It contains thousands upon thousands of acres of the finest prairie and forest land in the world, extensive coal fields, teeming granaries, dairies, and orchards, and plenty of fin, fur, and feather for the hunter and sportsman. Intersected by deep broad rivers and majestic lakes, and blessed with a favourable climate, it seems fitted by nature to be the home of a large, prosperous, and happy population. But let no man move to the Dominion who is not prepared for hard work; indeed throughout the greater part of this vast North American Continent, it is true that

He who by his farm would thrive,
Must either hold the plough or drive,—

Driving the reaping machine being the usual way of harvesting.

While in Toronto I heard a good deal of several old Ceylon friends—some of whom including two well-known Colombo merchants, had been educated here. A local editor who came to see me, had been a Ceylon planter and a famous cricketer while he resided in the Deltota district. Much interest was taken in our teas, and I had to give an address on Ceylon and her products to a select assembly. The cold however was too great for me to stay in Toronto or penetrate farther into Canada, and I hurried back to visit Niagara Falls. I may mention one convenience attaching to the railway ticket system in America. I got quite a book of tickets on leaving San Francisco, having to give up a portion as each section was commenced always to the Conductor—who takes up tickets before each terminus is reached, while the train is moving—so saving time and annoyance at the "depots." Not only so, but should you wish to change your route and give up part of the journey paid for, you can always in big American towns find railway ticket agents who will give, buy, exchange or sell as you please—sometimes giving you a ticket below the rate charged at the Station Office. I had availed myself of this convenience at Chicago.

(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.)

The Rakshasas of the Ramayana and the Maha Bharata, and the Yakko of the Mahawanse are not "Demons," nor non-human beings, but the Weddas of ancient India and Lanka.

In viewing eastern names of persons and places of the primitive ages of India and Lanka, we

are always to bear in mind that such names are to be treated as trophies of ancient history of the unlettered era. It is, therefore, a principal duty of everyone to attach great stress and historical importance in respect of such names and preserve them from obscurity either in their etymology or their paraphrase. For instance, such names as the Rakshasa of the Ramayana and the Maha Bharata, and the Yakko of the Mahawanse, were originally intended as exponents to disclose to us at all times, the history, nationality, origin, character, the political and the social condition of the people who bore them; or the history and origin of the places stereotyped in days of yore, for historical information of posterity, which is the very essence of nomenclature.

The far-famed Taprawana (the Island of Raksha forest) of the ancient Bengalee writers, or the celebrated Rawana Raja Dhaniya (the dominion of the King of Raksha forest) of the Sanscrit historian, has been obscured into Taprobane (meaningless and bearing no historical reference whatever) by the Phœnician navigators who first bore away beyond the shores of India to the continent of Europe news of the existence of the little "Resplendent Island," of the Burmese historian; whereby identification of Taprobane, with Rawana Raja Dhaniya, has been greatly obstructed, although "Taprawana" and "Rawana Raja Dhaniya" are topically identical.

Allied to the above is "the Maha Yakka Settlement," *alias* "the Maha Yakka Samagamo," of the author of the Mahawanse, under which descriptive designation in Pali language, he characterizes the inhabitants of "the Rawana Raja Dhaniya" *alias* "the Taprawana" of the Bengalee historian. This is tantamount to styling the Island of Lanka as "the Island or the settlement of the Yakko."

Here then we have three designations given to the Island by three classes of primitive historians, viz., Taprawana meaning "the Island of Raksha forest," named by the Bengalees; the Rawana Raja Dhaniya (the kingdom of Raksha forest) of the Sanscrit historian; and the Island or the settlement of the Yakko. "The Maha Yakka Samagamo," characterized by the Pali historian, the author of the Mahawanse. All the three designations are topically identical of the famous "Sree Lankapura," more generally known under the corrupted name of "The Island of Ceylon."

The primitive historians have designated the aboriginal settlers of the Island under the hitherto obscure names of Rakshasa and Yakko. The gloss put upon these two appellations by commentators, is, that the two applications have been used by the ancient historians to mean "Demons," that is "aerial beings," and not human beings, which interpretation is contrary to historical facts and reason, and utterly perverts the primitive stereotyping, of which the commentators appear to have been misguided from sheer ignorance of their primitive derivation and application, at the period they handled the subject of exposition of the two appellations, Rakshasa and Yakko. To suppose for a moment that aerial beings reigned in Lanka, erected cities which have existed through a long era of Lanka, which are now recognizable localities in ruins, containing relics of antiquity betraying the art of architecture of the primitive era of Lanka, constructed irrigational works for paddy cultivation, that Rakshasas and Yakko non-human beings married and propagated a progeny &c., are matters quite as much conflicting and maddening human intellect as any other aëriation, such as building castles in the air, or constructing aerial irrigation works for facilitating paddy cultivation upon earth by human beings,

But the uniformity of historical facts treated of by the Sanscrit and Pali historians goes to establish that they narrated human acts, and that those of whom such acts have been narrated by them are none other than human beings.

None of the Oriental or Occidental scholars of the day or those who preceded them did ever attempt, up to the present day, to paraphrase these two primitive appellations of Rakshasas and Yakko, in the sense and application of the primitive Aryans, who were the nomenclators thereof.

Led by the current of fallacious and distorted interpretation, even the late the Hon'ble James De Alwis, in his annotations in the Sidat Sangarawa, and the late Maha Mudaliyar Zoysa, in his notes on the Weddas of Ceylon read before the Ceylon Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society in 1881, were influenced to put the same construction on the two terms, Rakshasa and Yakko, as the gloss first inaugurated thereon by the commentators, of the Ramayana and the Mahawansa viz., that Rakshasas or the Yakko (that is the aboriginal settlers of the Island of Lanka do mean "Demons," or aerial and not human beings," from alike sheer ignorance of the primitive roots, derivation and application of the two appellations originally stereotyped by the Hindu Aryans.* Consequently, the signification of these two appellations, Rakshasa and Yakko, has continued throughout this long period of near 2,500 years (for the Sanscrit poet Valmika flourished about the year B.C. 500) a *res incognita*, and has been left in an undecided logomachy, up to the present day.

In the inquiries that had lately been made by Mr. Stephens from Australia, Dr. Schmidt of Leipsic University and Drs. Sarasin of Berlin, respecting the origin and history of the Weddas of Lanka, the information furnished by the writer hereof is, that the Weddas of Lanka are the remnant of the identical progeny of the aboriginal Rakshasas and Yakko of the Ramayana and the Mahawansa of the said long era, who were the pre-Aryan Indian hill tribes, narrated in the Ramayana of the Sanscrit poet Valmika to have immigrated into the Island of Lanka from the hills of Central India, whom the primitive Hindu Aryans styled Rakshasas (Weddas) and synonymised Yakko (Weddas) in Pali by the author of the Mahawansa, both the historians describing the aboriginal settlers of the Island.

The term Rakshasa is a primitive Aryan word, under which name the ancient and primary settlers of the Island have been designated in Sanscrit: and Yakko is the Pali synonym for the Sanscrit Rakshasa.

In the primitive signification and application, both words are identical in meaning and applied to mean the one and the same class of human beings, viz., the aboriginal immigrant settlers of the Island, and not *aerial* or *supernatural beings*, as paraphrased by modern commentators, distorting the same from the primitive meaning thereof.

In support of this exegesis, I have furnished the inquirers with the primitive derivation and application of the Hindu Aryan Rakshasas, and of the Pali synonym Yakko. A synopsis whereof I now offer for public perusal and for information of the historical and literary world at the suggestion of the inquirers, Drs. Sarasin above referred to.

* Mr. James Alwis so far from regarding the Yakkhos as demons entered into an elaborate argument to prove that they were human beings. We know because he submitted the MS. of the Sidat Sangarawa to us before printing, and we pointed out to him the needlessness of such an argument addressed to the class likely to read and appreciate the work.—Ed. L. R.

The definition of the Rakshasas and the Yakko.

In tracing the derivation, meaning and application of the terms Rakshasa and Yakko, I subjoin collateral words and phrases of primitive languages, contemporary with the Aryan dialect, possessing identical roots, meaning and application and carrying affinity with it: and it is gratifying to observe to the reader that in almost all cases the collateral words or phrases, are either derived from one common root or are the identical onomatopoeics as the primitive Aryan roots, from which the terms Rakshasas and Yakko, are derived.

Signification.

Sanscrit....	Rakshasa or Arakshasa	An archer, bowman, or hunter, <i>i. e.</i> , Wedda and sometimes watch- man or sentry, used by the Aryans.
Pali.....	Yakko.....	Darter of the arrow, archer, bowman, or hunter, <i>i. e.</i> , Wedda.
Latin.....	Arcus (or ar- quus) jacio	To shoot off the arrow from the bow, to hunt with the bow and ar- row, hence "arcus jac- tor," or "jaculor," a sagittarius, <i>i. e.</i> , Wedda.
Greek.....	present tense..	Both the Greek Παῖσσω (rasso), words signify "to 1st aorist Παῖσα slay animals with the (Raksha); and bow and the arrow," present tense hence, "to hunt," Ἀραῖσσω (ar- Rakshasa [or Arak- asso) 1st aorist shasa comes to mean Ἀραῖσα (araksha). "a darter of the ar- row," or "hunter," <i>i. e.</i> , Wedda.

Derivative languages.

English.....	Archer, derived..	Bowman, hunter, from the Latin <i>i. e.</i> , Wedda. "arcus" (bow)
Sinhalese....	Dada-Yakkaror..	Hunter with the bow Dada-Yakkaraya and the arrow, <i>i. e.</i> , Wedda
Do	Dadayankaranawa..	To make go the ar- (The verb from root, or to hunt which the noun off the arrow. To Dada-Yakkaraya, hunt with the bow or the Dada-Yakko and arrow. is derived) Sans- crit and Pali.
Do	Dadda, Wedda....	Hunter with the (Sanskrit root bow and the arrow, <i>wid</i> , "to dart the "arrow hunter." arrow."
Do	Dademe, yanawa...	To go on an aim, (Sanskrit and Sin- ing of the arrow, halese, bears affi- which is a common nity with the En- phrase to mean glish Aryan word, hunting with the "aim" bow and the arrow.
Dravidian....	e-yan-kotal or..	To dart off or hurl e-yan-kotal the arrow, from the bow, to hunt with the bow and arrow, as Weddas do.

This is synonymous with the Sinhalese phrase Dadayan karanawa. The simple verbal noun comes to be Yakko, "darter of the arrow," see below.

English.....	Eject (eject)	(derived from e-jacio... To dart off or hurl the arrow.
Wedi language..	Baj (past tense..	To shoot off the Bajja) arrow.

Hindustanee...	Bajjana	Do
Sinhalese.....	Badanawa	Do
	(Derived from the Sanscrit root <i>Bad</i> in B & dak from which are derived the Wedi and Hindustanee words.	
Persian or Iranian.....	Kous sha-nunkaraja...	To shoot off the arrow.
		Sanscrit.
	Kous sha-(num) karaja=jaraksha=araksha	
	6 54321 123456	
	Kous sha-(num) karava=yaraksha=araksha	
	6 54321 123456	
	Kous sha-(num) karja=Baksha=Raksha	
	4 321 1234	
	(To be continued.)	

ANURADHAPURA:—IDENTIFICATION OF RUINS.

To the Editor of the "Ceylon Literary Register."

DEAR SIR,—Mr. Nevill's paper on "Anuradhapura—Identification of Ruins" has come under my notice. Every honest attempt to identify the countless ruins of "the buried city" must be welcomed by those interested in the subject.

Mr. Nevill has entered on the task with a zeal and boldness quite refreshing. He is very greatly to be envied that marvellous intuition which seems to guide him at once "without difficulty" to the particular ruins he is in search of, "Mahāvanso" in hand. To less experienced workers the search for special ruins amid the pathless jungles around Anuradhapura too often resembles the proverbial hunt for a needle in a bottle of hay. But this may be due to their not having "studied the Mahavansa and the Archaeology of Anuradhapura for the last 20 years, "with a view to a monograph on the double subject."

It is not proposed at present to traverse the somewhat wide field covered by Mr. Nevill in his attempted identifications. This will be done at another time, and in another place.

Meanwhile, provided Mr. Nevill will follow up his paper with a sketch map explanatory of the letterpress, laying down on it the several sites named with reference to existing roads, tanks and the large dāgabās, &c., Mr. Parker, Mr. Burrows, and others, may not improbably join issue with him on several points. In the absence of such a plan, alleged identification of ruins is apt to be made to assume a Protean form, which evades grasp.

Any discussion of mere names, without a fair clue to the real locality of the ruins intended, would but add to the confusion, and be worse than profitless.

H. C. P. BELL.

Mr. Nevill complains that his "well-known theory" is not rebutted or adopted. Many, like myself, will doubtless plead ignorance of this "theory"—unless it be the belief that the Abhayagiri and Jetavanārāma Dāgabās have, like the unfortunate "Twins" of the song, "got completely mixed."

Among the discoveries to which Mr. Nevill lays claim are two—the "streets" near the Jetavanārāma, and the Vijayarāma ruins—hitherto credited to Mr. Burrows. In justice to himself Mr. Nevill should refer to any record of his prior discovery.

TAMILS IN ANCIENT TIMES IN THE SOUTH OF CEYLON.

"Inquirer," who asked for information on this subject in our last issue, will find a paper on "Sinhalese Tamils," by the late Maha Mudaliyar L. De Zoysa, in vol. I. of the *Literary Register*, p. 142.

AN ADDRESS:

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

(Printed at the request of the Senate.)

(Concluded from page 368.)

It is doubtless true that in striving after this comprehensive view of the universe, men have often ignored altogether what the special sciences have had to say, and thus have been led into the wildest extravagances, peopling the universe with meaningless abstractions. But if you follow the course I am recommending, you will not fall into this snare, for in every step you take you will tread on the solid ground of nature as presented to you by the respective sciences. Nor will this habit of mind, which seeks to co-ordinate and unify the manifold results of human experience by means of higher laws, prove in any way antagonistic to successful investigation in some one of the special departments of enquiry. Let it be your endeavour, therefore, to combine devotion to one branch of study with that more general outlook on the wide domain of knowledge, which enables one to see things in their true proportions and relations, instead of looking at them through a distorting medium, in which their intrinsic harmony too often appears a discord.

Let the spread of knowledge among your ignorant fellow-countrymen be also an object of constant solicitude to you. When you leave this hall to go to your appointed labours in different parts of the country, carry with you the firm resolve that in whatever sphere of life you are placed, you will regard it as your bounden duty to help to dissipate the gloom of ignorance and superstition which prevents your fellow-countrymen from entering into full possession of "man's beautiful heritage, the earth." Each of you can do a little, some of you may do much, to spread the light of knowledge. There is, I fear, too much truth in the popular verdict that, with the exception of those who have adopted teaching as a profession, the graduates of this University have hitherto done little towards the spread of education. The neglect of this duty is, I doubt not, one of the reasons for the small esteem in which they are held by the public.

There is one aspect of this duty to which I would draw your special and earnest attention. And here I address myself to Hindus and Mohammedans. It is now three and thirty years since this University was founded. During that period the advance in the education of the male population has been remarkable. Not less remarkable has been the slow progress in the education of the female population. Intense eagerness to educate your boys and almost complete indifference towards the education of your girls, this is a phenomenon of Indian society which strikes the foreigner with amazement. I am not unmindful of the steady increase that has taken place in recent years in the number of girls attending school. In one respect this increase is the most melancholy part of the business. During the year ending 31st March 1890 the number of girls attending school in this Presidency increased from 69,873 to 78,344, or by 12.1 per cent. The increase in the year previous had been 6.6 per cent. This you will think belies my assertion that there has been little progress, and you will wonder how such a goodly increase can in any aspect be regarded as a

cause of dissatisfaction. But, look at the state of things a little more closely. Almost all the Hindu and Mohammedan girls attending schools are in Primary schools and most of them in the lower standards of these schools. In Upper Secondary schools for girls there was, on the 31st March last, not a single Mohammedan pupil. Brahmans and Sudras were also entirely absent; and the whole Hindu community throughout the Presidency was represented by five girls. Is this as it should be? In Lower Secondary schools for girls there were 23 Mohammedans, 53 Brahmans, 32 Vaisyas, 338 Sudras, and 16 belonging to other classes. Out of 2,113 girls reading in these schools, 1,651 were Europeans, Eurasians, or Native Christians; while only 462 were Mohammedans or Hindus. Again I ask, is this as it should be?

A few months ago the attention of the public was directed by one who is now a Fellow of the University to the evils consequent on early marriages. On that occasion Dr. Smyth dwelt more on the bodily than on the mental aspect of the question. But in whichever of these aspects it is viewed, it is closely connected with the subject I am considering, namely the early withdrawal of girls from school. I am not here as a censor of your time honoured customs, which, if changed at all, must be changed of your own deliberate choice. But it is my duty to impress on you two truths: firstly, the absolute necessity of educating your women, if you are to hold your own among the nations of the earth; and, secondly, the utter impossibility of this being done so long as custom withdraws girls from school soon after they have passed beyond the age of infancy. As I have said elsewhere: "Hindu and Mohammedan parents must be brought to face the vital issues that are bound up with this question. If Native society, in full view of all the circumstances, deliberately allows itself to fall behind in the march of progress, there is not another word to be said. But if it desires to take its place among the foremost peoples of the earth—to be a progressive instead of a stagnating or decaying society—it must gird up its loins and resolve at whatever cost to emancipate its women from the thralldom of ignorance. A society composed of educated men and uneducated women can never be a progressive society."

Do you regard knowledge as a priceless possession for yourselves, but a useless encumbrance or a curse to your mothers and your wives, your sisters and your daughters? You are prepared to make many sacrifices for the education of your boys, is that of your girls not worthy of equal sacrifices? Are you doing your duty by your daughters in sending them to school only during infancy and the two or three years that follow it, removing them from instruction when their minds are just beginning to find pleasure in the acquisition of knowledge? The evil is not merely that their education makes no further advance, but that the very little they learnt at school rapidly fades away, and along with it there vanishes the taste for reading and culture, the seeds of which had begun to germinate when they were withdrawn by social custom to the comparative seclusion of the domestic circle. The male members of the family, if they happen themselves to be educated, do occasionally strive to keep the last traces of school life from being effaced from the minds of the girls of the household. But even this is rare; and I believe I am correct in saying that in the majority of households no attempt is made to continue the education of girls after they leave school, and that, consequently, within a few years their minds are in much the same condition as are those of girls who have not been to school at all.

You profess to have received pleasure and profit from the education you yourselves have received. Try to imagine the knowledge you have gained, and the tastes you have acquired, during your school and college life, obliterated. Would life appear in such circumstances to be worth living? Would it not, to say the least, have lost one of its greatest charms? Yet this is the condition to which social custom condemns the majority of your women. I do not say that their lives are joyless lives, but I do say that they are denied the means of experiencing some of the keenest and purest enjoyments a human being is capable of. This selfishness, which practically shuts out one-half

of society from the pleasure-giving and refining influences of literature, science, and art, is a reproach to educated men.

And think, gentlemen, how much you yourselves lose in being deprived of the sympathetic companionship of your wives and sisters. The intellectual pursuits which have occupied your time during these past years being entirely foreign to them, they cannot share with you that supreme satisfaction which the victories of the intellect bestow, nor can they help you to bear the trials and disappointments that attend the steps of the seeker after knowledge.

And what about your children? If you wish your women to be something more than the physical mothers of your children, you must see to it that they are educated. The influence of the mother's character on her children during infancy is admitted by everybody. Yet how few realize what that means! How can an illiterate, uncultivated, perhaps infantile mother watch over the opening faculties of her child and mould its character for good? One cannot trust to maternal instinct and common sense alone in such an important matter. Maternal instinct is a sorry substitute for intelligent judgment, and common sense is very uncommon in an uncultivated mind. There is no more reason why the moulding of the characters of the young should be entrusted to the instinct and common sense of uneducated people, than there is for entrusting any other human pursuit to such guidance. There are, on the contrary, very powerful reasons why the first years of life should be placed under the most highly trained intelligence, the experiences of these years being those that exert the most lasting influence for good or evil in after life.

And reflect, gentlemen, on the future of your society? Unless you earnestly, and manfully, and successfully grapple with this question of female education, there can be no lasting social development, and in the absence of development there must come decay. If hereditary transmission be true at all, it applies to mind as well as to body. We may not yet have discovered, we may never discover the intermediate links in the chain of causation by which the intellectual and moral qualities of parents are transmitted to their children. The fact is, nevertheless, indisputable. And if there be any truth in the belief that intellectual endowments take more after the mother than after the father, the question becomes all the more serious. The child of parents possessing well-developed bodies and minds begins life with faculties and capacities, which, in proper conditions and in due course, grow up to the maturity of manhood or womanhood. Not so with the offspring of a mother whose faculties are infantile and undeveloped. The mental development of the child is speedily arrested, the faculties retaining to the last the inherent weakness of their maternal source—a weakness which will prevent them from ever growing unto a vigorous maturity. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? Can the plenitude of intellectual and moral power be reaped as an inheritance from a mother, perhaps a child-mother whose faculties have lain dormant, or, if at all roused to activity, have been arrested in their development almost at the outset? For the sake of posterity, therefore, I entreat you to do what you can to remove one of the greatest blot on your social system.

Let me not be mis-understood. Do not imagine that I mean to point the moral that may be drawn from the appearance amongst you of five representatives of the gentler sex. For the second time in the history of the University ladies have been admitted to the degree of Licentiate in Medicine and Surgery, and for the first time ladies have been admitted to the degrees of Bachelor of Medicine and Master in Surgery and Bachelor of Arts. It is most meet that a modern University like this should open its doors to the one sex as well as to the other; so that women, who possess the means and the mental endowments, may receive the highest education, both general and professional. But I do not advocate that all your women should be educated up to this high standard. I do not ask that in every household there shall be a blue-stocking; though amid the manifold interests of the complex society of the nineteenth century, even the blue-stocking may find her appropriate sphere and function. The

cause which I earnestly commend to your sympathy and co-operation is the bringing about of such modifications in your social customs as shall render it possible for young women to obtain an amount of education sufficient to call into exercise and harmonious development those faculties and capacities which in their present condition lie dormant, or reach only a dwarfed and stunted growth. Their well-being and your own well-being, the well-being of your children and the future growth of your society, depend on the manner in which you perform this primary duty of educated men.

The solution of this momentous question is, I grant, beset with difficulties, and it is not for me to say how they are to be overcome. In this matter, gentlemen, the people of India must work their own salvation. Do not, however, too readily acquiesce in the conclusion that the problem is absolutely insoluble, or that it cannot be solved within any measurable period of time. Was the settlement of any great social question ever arrived at by means of a policy of despair and *non possumus*? Let me remind you that several of the essential conditions of success are at present in your midst. If earnest and zealous men are needed to keep the question continually before the public, have you not amongst you many with the fervour of Dewan Bahadur Raghunatha Rau? If far-seeing statesmanlike views are required, have you not men endowed with the wide political sagacity of the venerable Raja Sir T. Madhava Rau? Are you afraid lest the good cause should make shipwreck at the outset by the intemperate advocacy of those whose zeal is apt to carry them beyond the bounds of prudence and legality? This difficulty can surely be met and overcome by a society which possesses men with the judicial acumen and calmness of the Honourable Mr. Justice Muttaswami Aiyar. If you wish the movement to be under the ægis of the highest academic culture of your *alma mater*, and to be presented to the public with all the charms of literary grace, have you not in men like Rai Bahadur Ranganatha Mudaliyar the embodiment of all that is best in the culture of the East and the West? If within the Senate of your University there are men with so many of the diverse and necessary qualifications for carrying to a successful issue a great social reformation, may you not assume that throughout the land there are many such, waiting merely for you to say: "Come over and help us"? The main thing required is to make you feel in its full force the urgency of the question. Need I repeat that we are not dealing with a matter of a little more or a little less of benefit to a small section of the community, but with the removal of an evil which is eating out the very vitals of your society?

I have endeavoured, ladies and gentlemen, to the best of my ability, to point out to you some of the ways in which you will best fulfil the promises you have made to promote the cause of morality and sound learning and the well-being of your fellow-men. The responsibility laid upon you is heavy, and I have not sought to lighten it. Let the good name of your University be one of your most cherished possessions. Except as affiliated to that world-wide University, which embraces all the schools that, through the ages, have kept alive the sacred flame of knowledge, your *alma mater* cannot boast of a hoary antiquity. But, though the traditions you have to maintain may not claim the sanction of centuries yet, young as they are they deserve to be held in reverence. To cherish the lofty traditions of a long bygone past is a worthy task; your task is a worthier one. For it devolves on you to formulate the principles and to work out the practices that will become in due course the traditions of future generations. Let it be your earnest endeavour so to conduct yourselves that those traditions shall in the years to come tend to the highest good of this ancient land. Your University, while laying upon you grave responsibilities, does not demand impossible achievements. You are not called upon to forego your own private advancement, nor the well-being of those with whom you are connected by ties of kindred. In common with your less favoured fellow-countrymen you will engage in the ordinary duties of life, pursuing the same ends as other men. In each and all of those

duties let it appear that you are guided by those qualities of mind and heart which genuine culture imparts. To some of you more than to others there will come a large measure of what is called success in life. But to all of you, if you abide by the promises you have made today, there will come, whatever else may fail, the sweet consciousness that you have striven with all the strength that was in you to live up to a high ideal. Go forth now to your allotted walks in life, clear in intelligence, resolute in purpose, pure in heart: carrying with you the inspiring and sustaining thought that you have this day been admitted as citizens of no mean city—as citizens of that catholic Universitas, or republic of letters, which knows no distinctions of race or creed, and on the burgess-roll of which are inscribed in undying fame the names of the wisest and the best of every age and clime.

LIFE OF LAURENCE OLIPHANT.*

There has seldom been a more striking subject for picturesque biography than Laurence Oliphant. Rarely gifted and with almost unrivalled personal fascinations, no man lived a fuller life, and yet he must be pronounced a brilliant failure. His was a dual individuality. On the one side he was the busy, brilliant, and somewhat sceptical man of the world—he had been everywhere; he had tried many careers from diplomacy to telegraphy. Wherever he went he found friends or acquaintances, or, if he did not find them, he made them forthwith. On the other hand, he was a mystic, predisposed to superstition and credulity, seeking inspiration and direction in relations with the Unseen, and living in familiar intercourse with the spirits, whose presence was real to him, and whose promptings he obeyed. Latterly, the lines left by cares and sorrow on his worn face seemed strangely inconsistent with the quaintness of his fancies and the brightness of talk that seldom failed. In reality, and in either aspect, he was always true to himself. No man was ever capable of more electrical transitions from earth to heaven, and from the light society of the club and the drawing room to the eccentric sublimity of mystic speculations and of his own "Scientific Religion." Mrs. Oliphant, whose acquaintance with her namesake and distant relative dated back for many years, has done full justice to his double idiosyncrasy in writing a delightful and sympathetic memoir. Personally she knew him well, and ample materials in the shape of letters and reminiscences had been supplied for her work by his many friends. Moreover, she had discussed and corresponded with him on spiritual topics, a privilege which was not accorded to many, for as a rule even with his intimates, until latterly, he was sensitively reserved on those subjects. There can be no question, as Mrs. Oliphant clearly shows, that his very peculiar religion, although it often brought him consolation, had caused him infinite suffering. Assuredly, from the worldly point of view, it wrecked his career. There were two great crises in his life; both were terribly trying, and the second must have been inexpressibly bitter. The first was when he renounced everything he had hitherto valued to cast in his lot with the false American† prophet. The other was when the scales fell from his eyes, and after his natural affections had been ruthlessly and gratuitously tortured, after he had sacrificed all his ambitions, to say nothing of his fortune, and partially wasted the best of his years, he found he had been the dupe of a vulgar impostor. It is remarkable that so shrewd and quick-witted a man should have been deceived by one who had neither his brains, nor ordinary education nor refinement. Perhaps it is more remarkable still, that

* "Memoir of the Life of Laurence Oliphant and of Alice Oliphant, his wife." By Margaret Oliphant W. Oliphant. Author of "Life of Edward Irving," &c. Blackwood and Sons, 1891.

† Really an Englishman.—ED. L. R.

while notoriously under this influence, in his visits to England and the Continent, he lost neither taste nor respect with those who would have declared that any other man similarly situated was only fit to be locked up in a lunatic asylum. Surely never were there stranger contrasts or vicissitudes in any life. One month he was selling strawberries at American railway stations, the next he was being consulted at Windsor or Sandringham, in Downing-street or on the Quaid' Orsay, on some intricate question of international politics.

Oliphant was entered early to adventure and literature. In his own volume, "Episodes in a Life of Adventure," he has anticipated much which, if it could have been told for the first time in more detail, would have given additional piquancy to this piquant biography. Born in 1829, the son of Sir Anthony Oliphant, the Chief Justice of Ceylon, he was the friend, the confidant, and the master of his indulgent parents. It is fair to say he did not abuse his ascendancy. His playful letters are absolutely unreserved, and the only signs of effort or constraint are when he has to satisfy the inquiries of his anxious mother as to his spiritual state. Her religion was conventional,* and his was original and spasmodic. When a mermaid had the honour of a presentation to the fanatical Sheriff of Mecca, his father having come home on long leave, meant to send his son to the University. Laurence expostulated. In his opinion foreign travel would be a more useful education, and he persuaded his parents to let him accompany them on an Italian tour. Always more or less the creature of impulse, the tour was enlivened by certain revolutionary escapades, and he joined a Radical mob in Rome in tearing down the arms from the Austrian Legation. On his return to Ceylon, he was practising at the Bar, when his work was characteristically interrupted. Jung Bahadour took an extraordinary fancy to the young Englishman and invited him to accompany him to Nepal. Most fathers would have set their face against such unpractical folly, but, of course, Oliphant had his way. He hunted tigers in the Terai, he assisted at semi-barbaric ceremonials, and he made a name in the world of literature, by a clever book on an unknown country. Next he is back in England, eating his dinners in Lincoln's Inn, and passing his examinations at the Scotch Bar, by way of having a triple string to the legal bow, which already he is thinking of throwing aside. He goes for a holiday ramble to Russia, with wild schemes for the exploration of the Czar's Asiatic dominions, which ends in a flying visit to the mysterious fortress of Sebastopol. With the good luck which always attended him, that visit came off on the eve of the Crimean War. The authorities at the Horse Guards consulted the young author of the only English book of travels in the Crimea. He has a scheme of campaigning out and dried, and he is recommended to the notice of Lord Olandon. Subsequently he is invited by the Great Elchi himself to make one of his select party on a visit to the siege lines. Meantime, by way of interlude, he has gone with Lord Elgin to America. He has seen the Canadian treaty "floated on floods of champagne," and all the time he is keeping his eyes open. He writes to his mother in his usual easy style that Lord Elgin is more than a match for the 'cute Americans, and "it is a pleasure to see how he works the matter. It would be of advantage to a fool, and of course, it is invaluable to a clever dove like me, who is given to appreciating other men's dodges." Accompanying Lord Elgin to Canada, the youth is made Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs. It strikes him as irresistibly comic that with his boyish looks and manners, he should be respectfully addressed as "our father," by gray-headed chiefs and sachems. He goes on to China and takes

* She, like her husband, belonged to the evangelical section of the Church of England. Laurence Oliphant also professed to be a Christian until in his life he threw away all the restraints of Christianity.—Ed. L. R.

a part in the storming of Canton, for which he humbly apologizes on the ground of the temptation being irresistible. In fact, there was a double reason for the imperturbable indifference to danger which he always displayed. He was constitutionally courageous, and in the second place, he regarded death as a simple transition to a higher and far happier existence.

The second volume opens with his entering on the "new life." In the sparkling social satire of *Piccadilly*, he had already presented to his readers the mysterious American with the solemn yet simple revelation which was to regenerate the world. A letter to Mrs. Oliphant, written in 1867, sums up its principles and purposes:—

"The important factor is . . . that organic changes are taking place whereby men are being brought into closer relations with the unseen world, and are becoming more open to the influences which directly proceed from it; and thus we are enabled to bring ourselves into closer relations with Him who was once a man . . . or with those evil ones who now as of old can take possession of and destroy physically and morally those who do not resist them."

Thenceforward he was to live the life and fight the battle. The prophet insisted on community of goods, and used Oliphant's talents for the profit of the society; but, strange to say, he does not seem to have been altogether mercenary. The brilliant neophyte, as we have seen, was set to sell strawberries and sprad manure; and once when he had an engagement as correspondent of this journal, during the Parisian Commune, he was summarily recalled. But he never really smarted under these arbitrary orders till he had made what should have been an extraordinarily happy marriage with Miss Alice L'Estrange. No two natures could have been more congenial. But he was frequently ordered to live apart from his wife; and once she was banished from Brocton on Lake Erie to California, and her husband was turned away from the house where she was residing when he came to ask for an interview with his invalid wife. His eyes were finally opened to the cruel imposture when the prophet behaved with brutal insensibility on his appeals in behalf of his dying mother. Then he must have felt that his own credulity had shattered the lives of the women who were so dear to him. This is no ordinary biography, nor have we attempted to give more than a general idea of the innumerable episodes which illustrate it. He dreamed of colonizing Palestine with the scattered Jews, and danced attendance in the antechambers of venal pashas in Constantinople for concessions that were never given. He settled himself at Haifa, with a summer lodge on the heights of Carmel, where Elijah slew the priests of Baal. He became the sheikh, the *cadi*, and the banker of Druses, Arabs, and fellahen, who robbed him always when they could, and regarded him with love and veneration. An unfortunate expedition to the marshes near the Lake of Tiberias cost him his wife. Of his second marriage, Mrs. Oliphant naturally says little. With her sympathy and literary skill she has done ample justice to an admirable subject; and yet, as we have said to him, we have always regretted that Oliphant did not write an autobiography. He might have written it for the future, regardless as he was of opinions, and the work would have been absolutely unique of the kind.—*London Times*.

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