

ALBERT JANSZ GENEALOGY.

D. B. U. Journal Vol. XXXVIII, page 57.

(ADDITION)

Wilhelmus Fredericus Jansz and Johanna Catherina Coopman, mentioned in section III, were also the parents of Albert William Jansz, who follows under A.

A

Albert William Jansz, born 1844, married in the Dutch Reformed Church Galle, 26th September 1866, Charlotte Margaret (Lily) Poulier, born 1849 daughter of Gerrit Arnont Poulier and Cresia Arnoldina Jansz (D. B. U. Journal, Vol. XXIV, page 27). He had by her—

- 1 Florence Alberta born 2nd October 1868, married in the Dutch Reformed Church, Galle, 22nd October 1896. Arther Horace Auwardt, District Engineer, Public Works Department, born 26th February 1866, widower of Lilian Ludovici (D. B. U. Journal, Vol. III, page 61). and son of Allert Herardus Auwardt, Chief Clerk, Kacheheri, Matara, and Johanna Susanna Jansz (D. B. U. Journal, Vol. XXXII, page 73).
- 2 Rosé Bernice Elizabeth, born 24th June 1871 married in the Dutch Reformed Church, Galle, 24th May 1897, Henry Arnold Soerts, Proctor, son of Edwin Duncan Soerts, Chief Clerk, Kacheheri, Galle, and Johann Hendrietta Hasselmeyer. (D. B. U. Journal, Vol. XXXV, page 91).
- 3 Clarine Agnes, born 15th December 1872, married in the Dutch Reformed Church, Galle, 27th April 1896, William Alfred Mack, born 30th April 1866, died 22nd September 1935, son of Arthur William Mack and Laura Catherine Vanden Driesen. (D. B. U. Journal, Vol. XXV, page 57, and Vol. XXXVIII, pages 139 and 140).
- 4 Lilian Mabel, born 29th May 1874.
- 5 Hilton Arnold Poulier, who follows under B.

B.

Hilton Arnold Poulier Jansz, born 26th September 1875, died 2nd February 1923, married in the Dutch Reformed Church Bambalapitiya, 9th January 1904, Elsie May Deutrom, born 31st July 1878, died 4th June 1945 daughter of John Francis Walter Deutrom and Jane Agnes Woutersz. (D. B. U. Journal, Vol. XXXI, page 66, and Vol. XXXII, page 36) He had by her—

- 1 Etheldeene Violet Beryl, born 20th October 1904 married in St. Paul's Church Milagiriya, 29th March 1937, Noel Atherton Douglas Heyzer born 1st January 1908, son of Richard Francis Clement Heyzer and Letitia Olga Dagmar Brohier.

D. V. A.

SPOT-LIGHTING HISTORY

Cleopatra and the Decurion.

On the headland of Lochias, where it pushed towards the overlapping promontory of Pharos, stood the palace and gardens of the Ptolemies. The great lighthouse on the opposite shore glowed across the strait, and in the deep waters between were planted a number of islets, like gigantic stepping stones, their intervals closed with booms and chains. These, and the arms of land, enlocked the great harbour of Alexandria, all round whose mighty circumference the city flamed like a belt of fire, impassable, magnificent. It was thirty years before the birth of Christ, and the battle of Actium had been fought and, for all that it meant to Egypt and the world, lost. Cleopatra was doomed.

Mark Antony—desperate, though infatuated still—had come out of his retirement on Pharos, whither he had retreated to brood over his leman's treachery. The two were reconciled in a way, and sought perpetually to drown in revelry the horror of an impending judgment. The beautiful queen, last expression of a monstrous demonism, its heir and epitome, had no instinct at the last but to gore the world that crushed her—to glut herself with blood and suffering. In these final days her inhumanity surpassed itself. And crowned Antony, glooming in his purple and diamonds, watched and was silent.

One night they sat at supper in the palace, a fierce nucleus, where enthroned, to all the blazing splendour of the hall. It was alight with torches that the marble columns on which those hung aloft looked in their deep reflections in the pavement, as if they were rooted in hell fire. Not a sleek Nubian crossing the floor with a golden dish in his hands but had his "fellow in the cellarge" keeping step with him, like a devil reversed and busy in that under inferno. There were far, faint cries in the air—of a doomed city, of some nearer anguish—punctuating the throb and swoon of harps. The swaying of peacock fans in soft, undulating arms, stirred the floating incense, lest the rank breath of torture should enter and overpower it. There was not a man or woman there whose heart, for all the sensuous glamour, was void of fear—unless, it were, perhaps, the Decurion Dentatus. He was young, cold, beautiful as Antinous—a Greco-Roman of the heroic type. And he loved his master, Antony.

A Hebe, sweet in years and looks, filled the wine cups of the King and Queen. Antony, lifting his, hesitated on the draught. His eyes, already inflamed, sought his partner's, half covertly, half challengingly. Cleopatra laughed, and, putting her glass to her full lips, drank. She followed a formula in doing so, conceding it agreeable to the very madness of his passion. Since his defeat Antony was haunted—and she knew it—with the thought that she would poison him to save herself. And yet he loved her. It was not the first or the last time in the history of worship that the supreme egotism had evoked the supreme adoration.