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# Journal of the Dutch Burgher Union of Ceylon.



"Eendracht maakt Macht"

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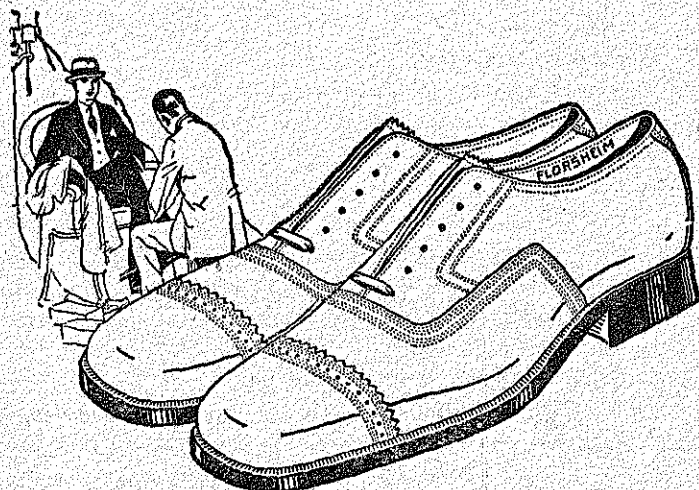
Contributions are invited from members on subjects calculated to be of interest to the Union. MSS. must be written on one side of the paper only and must reach the Editor at least a fortnight before the date of publication of the Journal.

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# Kennedy

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TIMES BUILDING, COLOMBO.

## Journal of the Dutch Burgher Union of Ceylon.

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### THE STRENGTH OF UNITY.

The motto *Eendracht maakt Macht*—Union gives strength—which the Dutch Burgher Union of Ceylon took for its own nearly twenty years ago was no new phrase coined for the occasion. It was the well-known watchword of the United Netherlands East India Company (V.O.C.) founded in 1602, and was the guiding principle of those adventurous, intrepid spirits who went out in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries to settle in distant lands, carrying with them their Dutch institutions, Dutch customs, and Dutch laws: to whom we owe our existence here as a community to-day. This motto was later adopted by the South African Republic, and it no doubt inspired those sons of the veld in their struggle for independence, first against the aborigines of the land, and afterwards against the overmight of the British. It is also, we believe, the motto of the New York Holland Society, that proud and thriving institution of American citizens, whose speech is English, but who claim and rejoice in their descent from the Dutch settlers of the seventeenth century, as do the Dutch Burghers of Ceylon.

This idea of unity having been, as we see, a ruling principle with people of our race from early times, it behoves us to consider how far it has influenced or stimulated us as a community in the changing conditions through which we have lived here; how far we have benefitted by the operation of this stimulus and how far we may hope, inspired by it, to advance in the future. It is well for

us to reflect on the full significance of the phrase which the Dutch Burgher Union has taken as the expression of its purpose. There are two elements in it—Union and Strength—which, in their relation to each other as cause and effect, require to be pondered over. Let us first take them separately.

The word union is a somewhat comprehensive one. When we examine its various shades of meaning we may at first be at a loss to understand in what particular sense we are to apply it to our case. It is true that in the simplest meaning of the word it describes our state of being united or made into one body, a combination of persons for a certain purpose. But clearly that still leaves out the very essence of the term in the connection in which we are dealing with it. It will be seen that that essential quality on which our union depends is concord. A union would mean nothing to us if we were not agreed in mind, will and interests: if we were not united in heart and feeling in carrying out our common purpose. This at once brings us to the question of the component parts of such a union—the individuals which form it. There is a general law both in the animate world in which we move and in the inanimate creation surrounding us which requires a homogeneousness in the parts in order that a perfect combination should be formed. If the parts be dissimilar in nature and character they cannot unite. Now, it was the existence of such an affinity among its members that made the founders of the Dutch Burgher Union clearly define who were to compose the Union. Seeing that its central idea was to foster in the hearts of its members a reverence for their Dutch ancestors, whose virtues they were to be induced to emulate, whose useful and beneficial customs they were to revive, it was only reasonable that those who joined it were to be of such birth and origin as would inspire these sentiments. There was no thought of claiming superiority over other classes of people or of making themselves exclusive; there was no false pride or arrogance in their objects; but living and moving in close relationship with others who were not of Dutch origin, and therefore not expected to be actuated by the same feelings, it happened that when at first this really innocent design was set on foot a great deal of misunderstanding arose in the minds of those who could not join in the movement, followed

by much unkind criticism and even unseemly abuse. It is only in passing we refer to this matter here. This opposition manifested itself in various quarters and in various ways. That outsiders should at first view the movement with suspicion would perhaps be in the usual order of things. It must be accounted for by our unhappy human nature. But there was also much antagonism on the part of some of those who were not excluded from the project. Some stood superciliously aloof, questioning its utility, others ridiculed it as a puerile project unworthy of the sensible members of the community, and a great many at first honestly feared it would cause a disrapture in a hitherto peaceful community. We know now that all these views have been falsified by the events of the last twenty years. But we may still ask what these critics would have by staying such a movement. Were the Dutch Burghers of Ceylon to be allowed to forget their traditions; to be deprived of the stimulating influence of the virtues and achievements of their ancestors; to lose their identity and be blotted out as a well-defined community? And why? Was it because it militated against the selfish interests of those whose chief ambition was to increase their material prosperity or to enhance their individual importance in the land? There is reason to be thankful that notwithstanding these hindrances a union of the Dutch Burghers of Ceylon became an established fact and it has preserved the name and the prestige of the community these twenty years. It has at least preserved the name, but we have yet to see that the Union is such a one as we have above indicated. Unless we are of one mind and have the same purpose in view we shall accomplish nothing. Our Constitution leaves no room for any divergence of view or of objects. The main purpose of the Union has been, as we know, the promotion of the moral, intellectual, and social well-being of the Dutch Burghers of Ceylon, but the governing idea in the minds of its members was to be the fact of their descent from the Dutch who settled in Ceylon in the 17th and 18th centuries. That was to be the bond of union and the incentive to action. It is not as if we were a rudderless vessel tossed about amongst diverse other races in this modern world—without a guide and without a standard. We have the traditions of our ancestors behind us and their character and conduct for our example. It is

the youth of our community we look to for the fulfilment of our aims. They have come into the world in an age of many diversions; amusements, recreations and exercises, both wholesome and unwholesome, unknown to our parents and grand-parents, entice them on all hands. They must live in conformity with modern requirements. Let them do so; but they will not be worthy of the great honour they have inherited if they entirely lose sight of their duty to their community and neglect to co-operate in the objects for which the Dutch Burgher Union has been established, and to which they ought to be proud to belong.

It is co-operation that will ensure the stability of the Union and the welfare of the Dutch Burgher Community. Hence will come the strength which is implied in our motto—*Eendracht maakt Macht*. This is the strength we need to face the storms which rage around us. But it is a strength we must use with much judgment, prudence, and gentleness, bearing in mind that we are not united for the purpose of conflict but for conservation and progress. A little thought as to our peculiar position in this island will show that we are not an isolated body independent of our surroundings, but we are a member or a large group or assemblage of people with whom we have certain conditions in common. Although European by descent, habits of life, and certain aspirations, the Dutch Burghers of Ceylon look upon this island as their home. It is here their lot is cast and it is here they must work out their destiny. As a part of the whole Ceylonese Community which our British rulers have, by a broad line of demarcation, separated from themselves, we must use our strength to maintain our position among our countrymen. Much of our interest lies with them, and it would be well for us to consider, that, just as the strength or vigour of one limb of a body conduces to the stability of the whole, this strength exercised by us in a proper manner must tend to the mutual advantage of us all. It is not our purpose here to explain the various ways in which the Dutch Burgher Union can contribute to the well-being of the entire Ceylonese Community; it need merely be stated that while indulging in all their racial sentiments and working for the amelioration of their own particular class, regard for and sympathy with the aspirations of their fellow countrymen of other island communities would go

far to strengthen their own position. We are sure it will not be denied that the Dutch Burghers have served their countrymen in Ceylon in various ways during the long period of their association with each other. They are a small community, but they have had the strength of intellect and character to give them a prominent place in this island for many years. It would be a sad day indeed for them no longer to be able to use these resources in a beneficent way. It is unity among themselves and a maintenance of the character they have inherited from their ancestors that will enable them to do this. That character which it is the purpose of the Dutch Burgher Union to keep alive will win them the respect and trust of those among whom they live, as it has done so notably in the past; and, with mutual good feeling, forbearance and confidence among the various sections of the Ceylonese Community, their future in this land of their birth will be assured.





## POETRY AFTER THE GREAT WAR.

How true it is that an age of high endeavour and costly sacrifice is, as it were inevitably, followed by a period of glorious poetry! War is indeed the mighty purifier of nations. Prior to the year 1914 our civilization was growing so materialistic that there seemed no room for the forces of the soul. Utility had become the watchword of humankind, and well and true was the lament that the West was all but burned out like a candle flickering to its end. But as a result of the Great War our old life has become intolerable. The world had striven so hard, and had lost so many millions of young ardent lives, that we realize how mere success in business and shameless prosperity fail to be accepted as God's reasons for our being on this earth. It has been brought home to us that we had been missing a number of better and lovelier things. It is now with us a period of remembrance and introspection. There is also a feeling of being unsettled and a dull resentment at the loss in human life occasioned by the war. How can we take up the progress of the human race at this stage and go forward as though nothing had happened? The poet, Wilfred W. Gibson, speaks of a "heart-break in the heart of things." It is, however, this very heart-break that gives us a sure hope for the future. We are dead but that we feel. The deeper our feelings the closer is our contact with the eternal verities.

Imagination and imaginativeness are the realities of life. This may sound paradoxical but is nevertheless true. The things we are accustomed to term ordinary and material are the shadows. What is money but a token, a something dependent on what really matters—a shadow of the article purchasable. The hard coin of the realm satisfies no true need of ours. What we require are the things we obtain in exchange for the coins—in other words, the things we get by ridding ourselves of our money. What are clothes but shadows draped round us to conceal our divine persons fashioned after the pattern of the Almighty. For our convenience while on this earth we get metal struck into coins and garments sewn of woven stuff. Yet it must not be forgotten that they and other things like them—prosperity is but the attenuated shadow of happiness—should not be allowed to usurp the place of the realities.

What we are and what we know about God and our fellowmen are the real things of this world and of the next. Man is most distinguished from the brute creation by the one fact that he can think, and so, in addition to the physical sensations of pain and well-being, can feel in his mind. Love and hate are eternal. They are creations of the mind and come within the special province of the poet.

The poet's mission is to bring life's truth before us and compel us to turn aside from some dull groove or rut along which we allow ourselves to be carried. In search of some glorious flower he leads us away from the beaten road on which no blossoms rise. And if occasionally we stray a long distance it is not time lost with us. We come back the richer for some rare and beautiful specimen, of which otherwise we should never even have dreamed. Its fragrance will always be a treasured memory.

And poetry is born after the shadows are rent asunder as the Great War has rent them. We have only to consider the ages in which great poets have lived and the influences that shaped their thoughts for the conviction to be forced on us. Dealing only with the poets of the English language, we see in Chaucer the product of the first stage in the Hundred Years' War with France. He is very likely the only reason in the unalterable scheme of things why such a war should have been allowed. The chivalry and the mail-clad glitter of those days are gone, but Chaucer remains. He will be remembered and his words treasured, even after the memory of the last Great War in France is but a mist with the antiquity of things. The Elizabethan age is a result of the religious troubles of England and the fires of Smithfield. Shakespeare himself started writing at a point almost contemporaneous with the final effort—the defeat of the Spanish Armada. John Milton owes his poetry to the Civil War. No struggle marked the Restoration of Charles the Second, and as a consequence Dryden and Pope are overwhelmed in their artificiality. Poetry was in them. Gleams of true beauty show through their tinsel ornaments, but the fused iridescence of a mighty conflagration is lacking. Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, and Byron are the products of the French Revolution and the attendant wars ending with the battle of Waterloo.

In this connection it must be noted that the inspiration of a war need not be, and in fact rarely is, direct. The poet does not

describe the war or its causes and effects. His poetry flows as a result of the war. It would be convenient here to inquire what is understood by the word poetry. The most complete definition is perhaps that of Wordsworth in the preface to his "Lyrical Ballads." He says, "Poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings; it takes its origin from emotion recollected in tranquillity. The emotion is contemplated until, by a species of reaction, the tranquillity gradually disappears, and an emotion kindred to that which before was the subject of contemplation is gradually produced and does itself actually exist in the mind". One may indeed go further and say that in order to bring those powerful feelings into being there must exist a prepared state of things. Powerful feelings cannot be excited in a time of lethargy. And contentment is not as deep-seated as sorrow or the elation of a victory. There is another definition conveying the same idea in the psalms of David, "While I was thus musing the fire kindled: then spake I with my tongue." Given then the pre-existing storm and stress of a war in which all the energies of a nation are stretched to their utmost we find world poets forced into utterance.

No one of us is entirely independent of the influence exerted by the thoughts of our fellows. Some men are undoubtedly more sensitive than others. The poetic and artistic temperament is the most sensitive of all. The poet may seem to stand apart from war and bloodshed. He is said to deal with the gentler arts. If this means that the poet does not love war and the alarms of war it is true. The poet does not as a rule select his themes from the war that made him. If he must write of war he seeks an earlier age which time has made romantic. Groups of armed mail-clad heroes some way down the dim corridors of the past are far less disturbing than a burglar in one's bedroom. But if we mean that a poet has no business with war we forget the earliest mission of the poet. He was a bard—a singer of tribal war songs. It is true the poet finds the fullest scope for his muse in a time of peace. That is because his existence is made possible only through war. The powerful feelings engendered by strife gather together from every person sharing them to impinge on the poet's mind—it can scarcely be called his consciousness—and so set the fire burning. The ghosts of the struggling days, of the victorious causes as well as of the lost

ones, crowd round the poet till he shapes them into something noble. But this something noble is very different from the cruel scenes of war. We find the same results obtaining in the paintings of the famous Dutch artists of the seventeenth century. Their influence was the long war of independence waged in the Netherlands against the bigotry of Spain. They have not depicted battle scenes. On the contrary they abound in peaceful landscapes, domestic interiors and portraits. They had not loved war for war's sake. During all that devastating struggle their country was longing for peace, and many had died. One might well say that the spirits of the dead warriors had been guiding the artists' brushes to a perfect work, so that those who came after might see what they had loved and had died for.

"Poor mortal longingness" is the phrase used by Walter de la Mare to express this. We speak of the current of public opinion. At various stages of the world's progress certain modes of conduct are deemed right that at another stage would be condemned with righteous horror. Underneath the various cross currents lie the deep waters calm and unruffled—this poor mortal longingness. The poet lives and feels at these depths. His thoughts are for all time. The poet may also be likened to a mirror in which the ideals for which men live and are content to die are reflected. He faithfully portrays human as well as inanimate nature, and also directs illumination into the dark corners of the world and into the eyes of those who look. We may even say of a man—and there are many such—that he is a voiceless poet in that his thoughts lie too deep for human words. He feels and in that excess of feeling he is a poet. He may not even know exactly what it is he feels or wants. He only knows there is something lacking. Walt Whitman speaks of "the unknown want, the destiny of me." This desire is there but it is only the chosen few who can put their desire into words. The war has increased their number and made their utterance more certain. To the most desolating storm there must succeed a happy calm when the voice of the singer is loud over land and sea.

A. F. A.

## A LETTER FROM JAVA.

[We publish the following letter received lately by a member of the Union from a friend who has been residing some time in the Straits Settlements, as it will no doubt be of interest to our readers. The views and observations are the writer's own.]

You will be surprised to receive a letter from me from Java of all places. We are here for a short holiday and are enjoying it immensely. I would like as many D.B.U.'s as possible to visit Java. It is a little expensive, it is true; but is well worth it, as there is nothing that will give them a better sense of a national spirit and lively regrets of "what might have been" than a visit to a country where anyone of paternal European origin is recognised as European. The highest offices—even that of Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief of the army—are open to them. The Dutch are a bit suspicious of strangers, and any one visiting the country had better bring with him credentials of sorts either from the D.B.U. or from Government officials (anything from the Government goes a great way). I have joined the *Nederland-Indisch Natuurwetenschappelyk Congress* which has just had a full week of lectures, etc. The President for this year is a young "Java Dutch," Dr. de Waart, the Director of the S.T.O.V.I.A., i.e., the Medical College and Government Hospital. He could not be more than 30 years old. He runs the institute for the benefit of 40 million people: so you may imagine what a huge College it is. Being the largest Government hospital and built on the E system, the distances to be covered are enormous. I was amused to see a couple of house-surgeons going along the corridors on bicycles to their wards. Most Dutchmen speak English and French, and pretty fluently; so I have had no difficulty, and speaking Malay has helped me with a few who did not speak English. It is surprising what a lot the officials, etc., know about the Dutch Burghers of Ceylon. I am joining the Batavian Society of Arts and Sciences this week, as they have many valuable books and papers. The Archivist, Dr. Tresslong Prins, has been most kind, and has allowed me full liberty to prowl about and get what information I could about Ceylon. He is housed in the palace of a former Governor-General, van der Parra. The building—one of the

few old ones left—is in an excellent state of preservation. Hitherto very little encouragement was given by the Government to the Archives Department, but from this year, with the advent of the new Archivist, they have been more generous. He is now collating all the documents and adopting the Roneo system of card index. This is very useful when it comes to looking up a name. For instance my own. There were two individuals of the name: one came out as a lieutenant and the other rose to be one. The card gives every document in which their names occur. One of these seems to have had a penchant for witnessing wills: the other ended his days in the lunatic asylum. I told the Archivist I was certain he must have been the same as the Ceylon family, which had shown signs of mental instability for generations!! I find he has also made a list of people born in Ceylon who served in the Dutch East Indies. Among the names I came across was M——. This surprised me as I had doubts about it. He became a Resident. I also came across the original document of the terms of capitulation of Colombo—the Dutch terms on the right-hand half of the sheet of paper and Major Agnew's approval or otherwise on the left hand. There is the original treaty between Falck and the King of Kandy, a beautiful document on vellum with gold ornamentation on the edges. The handwriting is about the most perfect I have seen. Another interesting document is the report of a commission of enquiry into the causes which led to a rising of slaves in Matara. Amongst the names of the Commissioners were those of Pieter de Vos and Mattheus van der Spar (1790). I was hoping to find some information here about the fate of the Burghers when Ceylon was finally ceded to the British and Java returned to the Dutch. But most of the records have been lost, so that, thus far, the Archivist could give me no information. Even the resolutions in Council here and the reports of the different Governors of Ceylon have been lost. What I was really after was a list of the names of people who elected to remain in Ceylon after peace was declared. There must have been some sort of information supplied to the authorities either here or in Holland as to which of their servants elected to remain in Ceylon and what arrangements had been made as regards the protection of those who decided to become British subjects. The archivist has been quite

keen and has promised to help me all he can. He complains of the dearth of Ceylon books on the Dutch period. He had a list made by Lionel Fonseka with just a few mentioned. I told him that the bulk of the information on that period is to be found in numbers of the R.A.S. Journals and the defunct *Ceylon Literary Register* and are mainly by you, F. H. de Vos and J. P. Lewis. He is anxious to know whether he could obtain copies and is also very anxious to get Ludovici's *Lapidarium Zeylanicum*. Do you know where I could obtain a copy of the latter, and if so, what the price would be? I would like to give him one as a mark of appreciation of all the trouble he has taken in unearthing what records he has. I am seriously thinking of taking photographs of all papers he has, as that will be the quickest and most accurate means of obtaining copies, and I could send them on to you. They might form material for a paper to the R.A.S., or, if you like, you could send them on to the Archives office for filing. There is an excellent plan of the Fort of Colombo by a Frenchman, with the key in French. I asked "why in French?" The Archivist thought it possibly referred to some French intention of attacking Colombo (1770). Every detail of the Fort is given—down to the blacksmith's shop. The Pettah is just marked with the different streets, but no names are given; Slave Island, the same. What is interesting, however, is that the Colombo Lake is clearly marked. I daresay you remember they were trying to find some map which could show whether the lake had formerly existed as it did to-day. It was in reference to the case for compensation brought by the ferry boat company against the Government for filling up the lake. They have a society here of local-born Dutchmen, and it is strange that any European from Europe could join if he be married to a local-born Dutch woman. The president is the chief of the *Raad van Justitie* in Soerabaya, but the *Voorzitter* for Batavia is a *candidaat-notarius* van Ophizen of the firm of Carpentier Alting (another local man). This local union has one peculiarity: they hate the English most bitterly. They accuse the latter of being the cause of the slowly progressive prejudice amongst the Dutch from Holland against those who are locally born. It started with the British forming a club of their own though they were all members of the Dutch clubs. The British club, "The Box", as it is called had as one of its rules

that Dutchmen only of pure European origin could join. This caused a fierce row and certain amendments followed; but the poison is slowly working and of course any incompetent young Dutchman from Holland is only too eager to make most of his sole claim for consideration in the struggle for employment. With the advent of the Yankee the British find they have a useful ally. All the other Europeans, French, German, etc., make no distinction. I wonder whether you could be persuaded into paying a visit to Java. I am sure you will never regret it.



### THE DR. De HOEDT MEDICAL SCHOLARSHIP.

A brief history of this scheme, with the rules and regulations under which the scholarship was to be awarded, appeared in the October issue of this journal last year (Vol. XV. No. 2). Since then a notification under Rule 8, inviting applicants for nomination, was published in the local newspapers, and eight candidates came forward. After due consideration of claims and other circumstances, the Trustees were pleased to nominate Mr. D. C. Buultjens of University College, son of Mr. G. F. Buultjens of Kandy, for the scholarship for the year 1926, and he has now entered upon his pre-medical course.

Subsequently, on the result of the last Medical College examination, the Trustees considered it proper to award a second scholarship to Mr. Byron Josef, a fourth year student of the Medical College, son of Mr. John Josef, to be held during the two remaining terms of his course, in view of his distinguished success at the examination; and also to award a prize of Rs. 50 to Mr. Elsely Koch, son of Mr. C. E. Koch, for the like reason, to be expended in the purchase of books or instruments required in the pursuance of his studies.

In addition to these awards an allowance of Rs. 30 per month, for one year, was granted to Mr. Edgar de Kretser, son of the late Dr. Edgar de Kretser, to assist him in finishing his course.



## HET LIEVE VADERLAND.

It has been asserted that the idea conveyed by the English word "home" finds expression in no other language—Eastern or Western. To the Englishman wherever he may be, whether in the bosom of his family, surrounded by the objects familiar to him from childhood, or roaming in distant parts of the world amid alien scenes, the words "Home, Sweet Home" have a charm and a melody possessed by no other phrase or combination of words in the language. The voyager abroad or the settler in foreign lands speaks of home with longing in his heart. It is from home he hears when the mail brings him his budget of news, and it is home he returns to when his purpose abroad has been fulfilled. His proud boast is that

"His first, best country ever is at home."

Let us see if our own Dutch forefathers had not some sentiment of this kind when they cast their thoughts back from these eastern shores to the land of their birth, the land of their race—that land which they had rescued from the sea at the cost of great labour and peril and which they had shed their life-blood to maintain. It would be false indeed to say that they were not a home-loving people. They had no word in their language as a literal equivalent to the English word "home"; but they had their "Vaderland." One may imagine with what a heart throb they spoke of "Het Lieve Vaderland"—the beloved Fatherland—when they referred to the old country, not in private correspondence only, but also in official communications. Our records in the Archives and in old Churches bear testimony to this fact. The phrase occurs frequently in some of the despatches sent from this to Holland and Batavia and in the minutes of the Church consistories. It is not unusual to meet with it even in the stately Council Proceedings of the Government. There is no need to point out that these words like "Home, Sweet Home" must always have had an inspiring effect and tended to bind together the hearts of those whose lot was cast in this distant land. It reminded them of their dear ones far away, and above all it reminded them of the glorious past associated with that land of great achievements. To us, far removed in various ways from the country of our forefathers, yet taking pride to ourselves that we are of it and

of them, "Het Lieve Vaderland" ought still to be an "inspiration and a guide," to bind our hearts together in a common purpose and to lead us to noble aspirations.

Some thirty years ago when a few members of the Dutch Burgher Community in Ceylon first contemplated the formation of an association of themselves, and, as a matter of fact, "Het Hollandsch Gezelschap van Ceilon" came into being, four verses of an anthem appropriate to the occasion were composed to be sung to the tune of "Wien Neerlandsch Bloed," the Dutch National Anthem. Its title and its refrain was "Het Lieve Vaderland." The association referred to had but a short existence, and after it ceased to be, no further thought was given to the anthem, till, in 1908, it was revived by the Dutch Burgher Union, and, in the early days of the Union, it was sung at some of its social functions and gatherings. But for some reason or other it fell into disuetude. Our attention has now been drawn to these verses by their appearance in a Dutch calendar for this year, in which, notwithstanding the reference in them to Ceylon, they are, by an error, quoted as "American Poetry." It may be mentioned that a few years ago they were also reproduced in a Dutch periodical in an article relating to Ceylon. Seeing that these lines, originally composed to express the feelings of the Dutch Burghers of Ceylon, have been considered worthy of notice in the Fatherland, where the least inclination on our part to claim our right to be recognised as Dutch descendants is always welcomed and encouraged, we take the opportunity to reproduce the lines here in the hope that they would at least revive some of the sentiments which prevailed at the time the Union was established and also serve to remind members of the Dutch Burgher Union of the tie which must bind them together.

## "HET LIEVE VADERLAND."

(THE DEAR FATHERLAND.)

AIR.—"*Wien Neerlandsch Bloed.*"

We in whose veins Dutch blood doth flow,  
 A warm and swelling stream;  
 Whose hearts with filial ardour glow,  
 Join in this sacred theme.  
 With voice and heart from fear removed,  
 United hand in hand,  
 We hail thee, land our fathers loved—  
*Het Lieve Vaderland!*

Fair realm, they from the ocean won,  
 The cradle of our race,  
 Where all their noblest deeds were done,  
 The theme of song and praise—  
 We subjects of great England's King,  
 From Ceylon's distant strand,  
 To thee our loving tribute bring,  
*Het Lieve Vaderland!*

May we who here, 'mid toil and strife,  
 With diverse class and creed,  
 Need courage in our race of life,  
 Our fathers' virtues heed.  
 They, when by sore oppression tried,  
 True to themselves remained:  
 Their watchword still may be our guide—  
*Het Lieve Vaderland!*

True to our race let us abide,  
 Striving with all our might,  
 In all estates, whate'er betide,  
 Always to do the right.  
 To guard our fame, maintain our pride,  
 United let us stand:  
 Our inspiration and our guide,  
*Het Lieve Vaderland!*

## BY THE WAY.

(NOTES BY NIEMAND.)

It is encouraging and indeed gratifying, to note that the remarks made under this heading, on the need for a constructive programme for the Community, have attracted attention, and that one reader at least has been prompted to send in certain proposals. He suggests that parents should encourage and urge children to learn Dutch, with a view to making Dutch the home language.

\* \* \*

Impracticable as it may appear at first sight, the end aimed at is most desirable, and not long hence will be found necessary. I am optimist enough to anticipate a time, not so far distant, when Dutch will be, as it was not much more than a hundred years ago, the home language of the Community. If the fire of patriotism cannot be kindled, the storms of circumstance will eventually drive the Community to this desired end. Meanwhile, at the top of our present programme should be placed the necessity for incessant pegging away at the conversion of a people too greatly absorbed in matters of nearer interest.

\* \* \*

Apropos of this, a curious incident may be recorded. An envelope has reached one of us from Holland, and all it contained was a sheet from a Calendar for, most likely, the year 1925. One page has a picture of a fantastically-shaped rock in one of the Dutch Antilles, and beneath it, the calendar for the week beginning *Zondag 11 October*. A quotation at the foot of the page is from N. Hofmeyr: *Nooit is een taal te onderdrukken, als zij zelf het niet willen, die deze taal spreken.*

\* \* \*

Roughly translated, the aphorism means that no language is ever destroyed or suppressed unless those who speak it are themselves parties to its suppression. That, unfortunately, has been the position with us in Ceylon, though some here and there have tenaciously clung to the mother language. At no time during the last hundred years was it *entirely* blotted out and forgotten. For that let us be thankful. Once our people think seriously about it,

they will realise the necessity for again making it part of their living speech; and once they summon up their courage, they will cease to be pessimistic.

But it is the other page of the Calendar which has the surprise. On that page is printed in English, the four verses of *Het Lieve Vaderland*, a song composed many years ago for the use of the Dutch Burghers of Ceylon, sung with great enthusiasm on several occasions, and now fallen strangely into disuse. The Dutch paper, curiously overlooking a line in the song, "From Ceylon's distant strand," marks it as *Amerikaansch lied*, American song. But that is a trifling slip.

The history of the song is interesting. It was originally written for a *Gezelschap* or Society which existed before the Dutch Burgher Union of Ceylon was established in its less exclusive form. Copies of the song were printed and circulated, and one of these must have found its way to Holland. How highly and sympathetically it was appreciated there may be gathered from the fact of its appearance in a last year's Calendar published in Holland. The lesson for us is obvious: its revival as a song for our constant use is a matter which can no longer be delayed.

Mr. A. E. Keuneman's lecture at the D. B. U. Hall on Anthony Trollope and his novels has led to some curious comment in the public newspapers: not on the lecture itself, for all are agreed that it was a well-arranged and attractive presentation of Trollope's life and work; but on the remarks from some of the audience on Trollope's opinions on Ceylon, particularly on the Burghers.

These opinions were reproduced shortly after Trollope's visit, in a Ceylon newspaper, from the Darlington "Northern Echo," and, as they are now but little known, they may as well be recalled: "They [the descendants of the Dutch and Portuguese] are generally called Burghers, though I have been informed that they do not themselves like the name. They are of European progenitors, with some admixture of native blood, either Sinhalese or Tamil. Their condition in that respect is the same as that of the Mulatto in the

West Indies, though probably they are nearer to their European parents than are the Mulattoes. They are lawyers, civil servants in the lower grades, and clerks; but they seem seldom to rise to wealth or prominence. They are chiefly of Dutch origin, partly of Portuguese, and probably, in some degree, of English blood. Throughout the towns in Ceylon the traveller will hear and see much of the Burgher, but he will not see much of him in the houses of the dominant British lord of the Colony."

It seems foolish to tear one's hair and call this an "attack" on the Burghers. The time has gone by for ultra-sensitiveness. We all know that Trollope wrote on information picked up from the "British lords" with whom he conversed during the few days he stayed in Ceylon, and we know too what sort of information the British lords of that time—fifty years ago—would be likely to give. There is no sneer, open or veiled, against the Burghers, only a statement of what he was told were the facts; and the "facts" are not unkindly stated, though we know that the "facts" are misrepresentations, either ignorant or malicious.

Then, there is a story related in another letter of a Proctor, whose conduct was, to say the least, disgracefully unprofessional. The extract I have happens to be torn at the very place where verification is most necessary, and I rather doubt if the reference is to a Burgher proctor, whatever "Burgher" may mean. But the criminality of the Proctor would be the same were he Burgher or English, and no one need blame Trollope for exposing it, even if the Proctor belonged to what Trollope called "the Burgher class."

For the Proctor's sake, whatever his race, one might enquire if the story were really true. Trollope candidly says: "That is a story told me as true. It happened indeed some forty years ago." Now, the opinion held by "British lords" ninety or a hundred years ago about Proctors may well be guessed from the opinions held even now and occasionally expressed in public. The inference is that the story is not true or that the "facts" have been grossly exaggerated. One might think the story incredible if we did not know what human nature is, in the West as in the East.

But my respect for Anthony Trollope is undiminished, though I have not read any of his novels. If these are as full of humour and shrewd observation as his letters on Ceylon, I should greatly like time and opportunity for reading them.

**The Poll Tax.**—On the occasion of the last Budget debate in the Legislative Council, the Colonial Secretary, referring to the subject of the Poll Tax, said:—"I understood the member for the Central Province (Urban area) to make the accusation against the British that they introduced this imposition into the Colony. I, a mere tyro in the history of this Island, hesitate to join issue with so well-known a historian as the member for the Central Province (Urban Electorate), but I think that some 250 years ago one Laurens Pyl, a former Governor of Ceylon, wrote instructions to his successor in which he informed him of the trouble and danger of bringing in the tax, and directed him to prepare registers every three years, striking out the cripples and old men and entering new names. I therefore think the British cannot be made to bear the blame for this tax."

The instructions referred to by the Colonial Secretary are to be found in a memoir left by Laurens Pyl, Commandeur of Jaffnapatnam, for the temporary guidance of the Opperkoopman the Honourable Rutgaart de Heyde and the other members of the Council, a translation of which was made by the late Mrs. R. G. Anthonisz. The reference to the poll tax begins with a recapitulation of the "trouble and danger" involved in its introduction, the measures for which the chiefs and the wealthiest inhabitants tried to prevent. At the time of writing the memoir, however, matters had been brought to a successful issue, and the Company was enjoying the profits resulting from the measures adopted. A Thombo was prepared in paper and ola showing the amount of the land rents, tithes, poll taxes and State labour which each village had to pay, and also a list of the old, crippled, and infirm people who were exempted from State labour and poll tax. The Thombo of the poll tax was renewed every third year, and all the deceased, old and crippled written off the list, while the names of all young men who had passed the schools during the interval were entered. The statements of the Mayorals were verified by comparison with the registers of the Church parishes without the knowledge of the overseers, who, it was thought, might otherwise alter the registers

to suit the Mayorals. The work of collecting the poll tax was looked after by the Lieutenant-Dissawe and one other trustworthy person.

J. R. T.

**Translations of Haafner.**—We received from Mr. Aubrey N. Weinman, Honorary Secretary of the C. B. R. A. S., too late to be inserted in our last issue, an interesting letter in which he drew attention to the fact that Haafner's "Journey on Foot through the Island of Ceylon," of which we are now publishing a translation by Dr. L. A. Prins and Mr. J. R. Toussaint, had been previously translated as far back as 1821, and that a copy of it is preserved in the Colombo Museum Library. We were not aware of this, nor, we are sure, were the present translators, and we are much indebted for the enlightenment. This fact, however, will not interfere with our intention to continue the publication of the present translation, which is a new and independent one. We believe, that, with the exception of the one in the Colombo Museum which is referred to, there are probably none that would generally be accessible to our readers. Mr. Weinman complains of the omission to include in this translation a "General Description of Ceylon" which is prefixed to the original work, a part, which, he states, the former translator had also left out. We find that this part, although appearing together with the other, is quite an independent subject and unconnected with the other. Our translators, having completed their work, it will be seen, have now taken up the "General Description." It would no doubt interest our readers to learn that extracts from this "General Description of the Island of Ceylon" are to be found in a series of *leesboeken* for schools in Holland edited by Dr. Vogel.

**Onszelven.**—Mr. H. H. Collette has written a very interesting paper on this subject—"Ourselves"—in Dutch, and has sent it to us for publication. We have not been able to include it in the present number for the reasons, first, that the contents of the number had been already arranged for and no room could be found for the article; and secondly, that it required some consideration to decide whether we could, in fairness to our readers, devote much space in the Journal at present to an article written in a language with which a large majority of them were unacquainted. We hope

that it will not be long before this reproach is wiped away and that Dutch Burghers in Ceylon—at least a large number of them—would be as familiar as those of their race elsewhere with the language of their forefathers. Whilst the question of the publication of the article in a forthcoming issue is under consideration, we take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Collette for his well-written contribution and of complimenting him on his excellent knowledge of Dutch. In view of the possibility of the article appearing hereafter, we refrain from dwelling at length on its contents here; but, to give our readers some notion of the subject, we may perhaps point out that he deals with an existing state of lukewarmness in the community in furthering its well-being and prosperity, and he proceeds to offer some wholesome advice as a remedy for the evil. “Waarom,” he asks, “Ja, waarom staat de toestand onzer gemeenschap als ’t ware afgelopen? Elke levenstand heeft eene oorzaak, men moet daarom de oorzaak voor deze jammerlyke toestand vinden.”



## NOTES OF EVENTS.

### Summary of Proceedings of Meetings of the Committee.

*Monday, 5th July, 1926.*—1. Mr. V. N. vandenDriesen was elected a member of the Union. 2. The Treasurer reported that several members who had agreed to contribute at the new rate of Rs. 2-50 per mensem now declined to do so, and that there was difficulty in collecting the subscriptions generally. The following Sub-Committee was accordingly appointed to look into the finances and to submit their report at a special Committee Meeting to be held on the 19th July:—The President, the Honorary Secretary, the Honorary Treasurer, Dr. L. A. Prins, Dr. H. Ludovici, Dr. H. P. Joseph, Dr. H. U. Leembruggen, Messrs. W. E. V. de Rooy, A. E. Keuneman, W. Ludovici, E. A. vanderStraaten, I.S.O., and A. N. Weinman. 4. Read letters from Colonel E. H. Joseph and Mr. F. L. Anthonisz thanking the Committee for their congratulations on the honours conferred on them. 5. Read letter from Mr. Guy O. Grenier thanking the Committee on behalf of his mother for their expression of sympathy on the death of Mr. Joseph Grenier.

*Monday, 19th July, 1926*—The Honorary Secretary read the report of the Sub-Committee appointed to look into the finances. The Sub-Committee after making certain suggestions for cutting down the expenditure recommended that as the amalgamation scheme had been tried for four months and had not proved a success, the old conditions be reverted to. After a full discussion it was resolved not to adopt this recommendation, but to take steps to collect the outstanding arrears and to send out a circular letter to members asking them to remit their subscriptions promptly. The suggestions made by the Sub-Committee for cutting down expenditure were adopted with some slight modification.

*Monday, 2nd August, 1926.*—1. Resolved that the congratulations of the Union be conveyed to the Hon. Mr. H. A. Loos on his appointment as a member of the Executive Council. 2. The Honorary Treasurer submitted his accounts for July shewing better progress in the collection of subscriptions. 3. The President drew the attention of the Committee to an article in a College Magazine in which incorrect and misleading statements had been made re-



garding the Burgher community. Resolved that the President do write to the Principal of the College expressing the strong feeling of the Union on the subject.

*Monday, 6th September, 1926.*—1. The Treasurer submitted his accounts for August shewing that the improvement in the payment of subscriptions, reported at the last meeting, was being maintained. 2. Read request from Entertainment Committee asking that that Committee be furnished with a monthly statement showing subscriptions received, amount expended, bar takings, profits on bar, arrears due, and debts outstanding. Resolved that the Treasurer be authorised to furnish the information asked for. 3. Read correspondence between the President and the Principal of the College referred to above in which the latter expressed his regret for the appearance of the article in question. The Committee expressed their satisfaction at the happy termination of an unfortunate incident. 4. Considered an application for a lecture to be delivered in the Union Hall on the University question. The Committee were not in favour of the proposal.

**The Social Service Committee.**—The usual monthly meeting of the Social Service Committee was held on Monday, 20th September, with the Hon. Mr. G. A. Wille in the chair. Several applications for assistance were considered and dealt with, including one for a grant towards the fees of a lad attending the Medical College. This Committee is doing very useful work in giving small monthly allowances to poor widows and others in destitute circumstances and paying the school-fees of poor children, but much more remains to be done, and subscriptions and donations which will enable the work to be extended are earnestly solicited.

**Lectures.**—The monthly lectures continue to be an interesting feature of the activities of the Union. The following lectures were delivered during the last quarter and attracted appreciative audiences:—

*July.*—Professor Leigh Smith on "Sir Walter Scott and Dutch Literature." *Chairman:* Mr L. E. Blazé.

*August.*—Mr. A. E. Keuneman on "The Barchester Novels of Anthony Trollope." *Chairman:* Dr. H. U. Leem-bruggen.

*September*—Rev. C. V. A. MacEchern on "Facts Fancies and Fallacies." *Chairman:* Mr. W. E. V. de Rooy.

**Mr. E. H. vander Wall.**—This gentleman, who has been spending his holiday in England, was to leave for Holland on 25th August, but has been obliged to postpone his visit till the end of October to enable him to visit some schools in Gloucestershire with a view to make a report to Government regarding certain educational matters. He also intends to visit Belgium, staying at Brussels and Bruges, and will be returning to Ceylon by the s.s. "Gloucestershire," due here on 27th December.

**Dr. Frank Grenier,** accompanied by Mrs. Grenier left for England by the s.s. "Leicestershire" on the 16th ulto. He is expected to spend a long holiday in Europe.

**The Hon. Mr. G. S. Schneider.**—We welcome back the Hon. Mr. G. S. Schneider and Mrs. Schneider, who returned to the Island on the 18th ulto. by the P. & O. s.s. "Naldera." Mr. Schneider was sworn in as Acting Chief Justice of Ceylon on Monday 20th September and we take this opportunity for congratulating him on this high appointment.

## A GENERAL DESCRIPTION OF CEYLON.

*(Translated from the Dutch of W. Haafner.)*

Thou art beautiful—Taprobane—surpassing all the islands encircling the ocean—thou art beautiful! Far and wide wert thou renowned in the years of the centuries that have passed away. As I saw thee, O lovely Island, I shall never forget thee. The remembrance of thee is like the gentle rain falling on a thirsty land, like the refreshing dew descending on flowery meadows in the early hours of dawn.

Accept greeting from distant lands, strong citadel of the sea. Thy fruitful groves; thy still and lovely woods where the turtle-doves pour forth their lamentations of love; thy orchards conspicuous in all the beauty of golden fruit; thy forests dense and wild and extending far, in whose deepest shadows I once penetrated—receive my greetings. Years and seas separate us—they separate me from my friends and acquaintances of long ago—yet the recollection of thee, O glorious land, and of the joys and short-lived bliss I experienced in thy midst remain my support. Never shall I forget thee; all my thoughts and plans of happiness are often built on thee; when my spirits are dulled by gloomy phantoms of the mind and depressing spectres, and my soul yields to the burden of overflowing sorrow, then my thoughts turn to those happy hours of my life, when the strength of youth still strained in my sinews and the blood streamed fast in my veins. How contentedly, in the company of dear friends, did I once cross thy wild tracts and with the prying eye of curiosity sought out the secrets of thy boundless and glorious wilds!

Prosperous land, adorned with nature's richest gifts, where of her own fruitfulness she produces the most rare and varied vegetation. Charming land, full of manly beauty, where green hills overlook smiling fields, and sunny dales wind between mountains crowned with woodland, where lovely groves and pleasant woods of everlasting green rise fascinatingly wild. Bowers wrought by nature, dark and lonely paths in which art had no hand, there where the sun shoots forth her most fiery rays, a glimmer of light can scarcely be seen, and under their entrancing shadows one forgets the world.

There, the mingling and confused concert of the glistening flocks of birds echo round continuously. From the grey morn to the declining night jubilation reigns unceasingly. The air is cooled by playful winds which rustle among the branches, and on their wings they scatter the stimulating exhalations of cinnamon and aromatic plants and the refreshing perfume of strange fruits and flowers. Wide acres on which the eye dwells in amazement on the mingling of glorious colours. Immense fields with golden yellow corn waving and rustling under the light wings of the wind. The silvery brooks gently murmuring rush over the white sand and on their translucent crystal mirror the clear blue of the sky; on its surface the lively fishes enticed above by the sun play and bathe in its refreshing warmth.

Majestic rivers, in which the bright ruby sparkles, and the gleaming opal, at the slightest movement, throws its changing colours and blending rays on the surface, like the rapidly changing Northern light. Deep forests, linked to each other, immeasurable shadows over which the sun rises in vain, where, in spite of the fire of her chariot, all the warmth is lost—where the morning lengthens into the day, preserving the freshness and cool of the dawn. High mountains laden with precious stones—mines of crystal, rich banks of pearls, numberless species of trees and herbs, their growth unhindered by variations of the different seasons, wholesome herbs and healing plants produced by a kind nature in woods grown wild, lovely meadows and shady dales; and these, among entwining weeds, along the steep banks or between unscaleable rocks, unknown and unseen, grow up and wither. Many are known to the freedom-loving Veddah and to the beasts of the forests; they are probably unfailing remedies against hydraheaded sickness. These and many more are thy graces and riches, O Island of priceless worth, these are the attractions which charm my soul! Even there where nature dwells in all wildness, thou art beautiful, fearfully magnificent. With deep reverence one looks upon thy impenetrable and gloomy forests extending illimitably in ascending heights—the undisturbed haunts of wild beasts and devouring monsters. These have been from ancient times the bulwarks of the oppressed Sinhalese, planted by nature. Thy mountains grown wild, the cloud-clapped heights which frenzied imagination alone can scale, thy deep valleys which the sun lightens only at midday, over which hang

the spreading rocks with mossy projections, and where the dried roots of hurled down trees entwine thy dark precipices, where the light of day is never seen and from the depths of which torn crags, uprooted from their foundations by the midnight storm, rise from among the interlacing underwood. Thy raging torrential waterfalls which thunder down the steep sides of rocks, or from the channelled mountains dash into the valleys strewn with woods, and shoot past, frothing and bubbling, between the exposed roots bending before its force, and tottering trees; thy rushing mountain streams which fall crashing down; thy far-reaching rivers, some flowing through lonely but fertile tracts, rolling over rocky moors and sandy flats or with difficulty working a way through thick brakes of undergrowth, thus forced into a narrow bed, flow foaming over massive rocks.

Thou art not a rose without thorns, thou art not a jewel without flaw. In thy midst are such frightful wildernesses where imagination fears to enter, where fright and horror haunt in dark caves, lonely forsaken places which for ever sleep in the stillness of night; where no sound of human voices are heard, unless it be the despairing cry of some unfortunate traveller who, straying from his path, separated from his companions, wanders lonely round in these sombre tracts.

Such are the wild and fear inspiring rocks of Hewoihet lying in the midst of a dry and barren waste, where the sun shoots her fiery rays on bare rocks and by their reflections kindles a stifling warmth. Such are the linked mountain chains of Couragahing and Wellaponahoy, where masses of riven rock huddled together, in unapproachable ruggedness, rise threateningly high, towering over the gloomy valley, and where from overhanging rocks, sometimes huge masses separating through age or torn away by hurricanes, are hurled with dull echo, reverberating from corner to corner into moaning chasms, where no plumaged songsters build their nests; only the horned night owl on the edge of an abyss sits sleepily nodding, every moment in danger of a fearful fall. There, on the gray crag of an overhanging rock, the golden eagle feeds his blood-thirsty brood and the vultures shake their rustling wings; there the hiss of the mountain snakes ascend from deep holes like the gush of an underground wind from a rent in the earth; there are caves of

immense depth, never lit by a ray of daylight where eternally cold night holds sway, gaping fissures of cleft rocks, from which there is no hope of escape. Dark abysmal depths from which the bewildered traveller, gazing from the precipitous mountain sides into its never trodden depths, steps back with protruding eyes, faint, speechless and pale. There live satyrs in decaying trees, and their bark echoes from afar in the solitary wilds; they raise their fear inspiring voices to the winds and hold their revels at midnight. The wild beasts fly to their lairs and tremble, the birds awake from their sleep in fear and aimlessly flutter round among the branches of trees, even the night owl returns quickly to the cleft in the rock, and the wandering bats fly far away and forsake for ever their abode. Silence and fear reign around while the fearful sound, like lightning, travels from place to place; there again it is heard some miles away, and again a moment after it seems to come from under the feet of some unfortunate whom an evil fate has led into these wild tracts; shuddering he springs back, the hair of his unhappy head on end like the quills of an angry porcupine—perspiration breaks out on all sides from his trembling body, his heart benumbed gasps for breath and he longs for the break of day.

Thy wild grown woods where no sun ray ever entered, where only a faint daylight, a dismal death-like twilight, prevails; these fearful haunts of horrors, where sorrow, the leaden sceptre, sways; where pale silence moves stealthily among the trees and presses a dry finger on the lips; where among the intertwining bushes a sad flock of birds in loneliness flies sorrowfully round, their songs forgotten, the gloomy night owl alone with plaintive cries and sobs moans out her sorrow, and flocks of bats, tied up in knots with leathery wings, hang from the branches of trees. In these damp woods no refreshing winds blow, the chilly air of decay rises from the lees of pools, the homes of loathsome poisonous vermin. Miserable muddy streams flow past moss-grown half-decayed trunks of trees; there is the chosen home of the dreaded horned spider which with rolling eyes lies in wait for the green frog.

The wandering traveller, seeking the lost path, sinks to his knees in the offensive decomposing marsh, and when with his hands he moves the many branches of trees and creepers which hinders his vision, hundreds of blood-thirsty gandiis and mangais and other poisonous biting insects fall on him and fill his wearied body with burning pain.

## WILD DWELLERS OF THE FORESTS.

### The Veddah.

*(Translated from the Dutch of W. Haafner.)*

In these wildernesses, cut off from all communal life by impenetrable jungle and wild morasses, roams the wild tribe of the freedom loving Veddah. He, son of the forest, despising all subjection, recognising no master, at peace with the wild woods, where no European cares to supplant him, lives contented, free of care, happy in his poverty, so long as it pleases Nature. The articles which a more civilized world regards as her greatest blessing are unknown to him. Nurtured only by a kind Providence, necessity has made known to him the domestic utensils; the hollow of his hand is his glass and the leaf of the tree his dish. Like the elephant, who knows him and has nothing to fear from him, he quenches his thirst in a shady stream meandering between moss-covered trees. No vain desire for useless things disturbs his tranquil soul—unprofitable knowledge distresses not his brain: the sun and the moon shine over him, but he does not worry to delve into the nature of their course. No heavy task tires him nor does he sweat behind the plough. The chase alone is his one pleasant occupation, the inexhaustible forests supply him with food in abundance, honey is his salt; with it, in the hollow of a tree, he preserves the game, and with it he sweetens his muddy water; the wild fruit trees bend their heavy laden branches over his head, and in the ground he finds pleasant nourishing roots; for sickness, unavoidable in man, chance and the wild animals of the forest have taught him the use of wholesome herbs and healing plants. Armed with an axe and accompanied by his sons, he wanders in the pathless forests, hunting; sniffing around him with pointed ears are his dogs, and there is his arrow which strikes sure to protect him from wild beasts—if on his way he meets the fierce tiger, despising fear, he faces him, piercing him at the same time with his unerring arrow, and his bow string rings in the air—if it be a growling bear with whom he has fallen out over a beehive, he sends the spear hurtling into his heart and later clothes himself with its rough woolly coat; when weary of hunting he rests under the green bowers by the side of a babbling brook and the

sweet harmony of the countless inhabitants of the air lulls him to sleep.

A hut of woven branches large enough for him and his family is his house. In the thick shaded woods he dwells secure from the morning rays of the sun; the fanlike talipot shelters him from rain. He fears neither foe nor attack except from some wild animal; but the rustle of the dry leaves and twigs, which he has heaped around his sleeping ground for this very purpose, reveals to him the stealthy approach of a prowling beast.

His temple and altar are the foot of a tree, and here he lays his offerings, and prays to the Almighty for the timely rains, his sole necessity. Thus he lives in the wild forests in peace and contented with his lot.

The strange races round him do not excite his curiosity to investigate their customs and habits. The forests are his world and to it he gives the preference above all other lands. His life he thinks the best.

A happy provision—blessed disposition born in our souls with our life—the disposition which hides all that is wanting in nature, which binds with a secret chain to a most unfavoured and inhospitable land, to a miserable climate, its inhabitants. It is this disposition that fetters the wandering Arab to the wilderness, to the frightful loneliness, to the immeasurable plains of moving sand; where all things show the image of death, a region, disinherited of heaven, where day dawns in sorrow and where dying nature speaks in languishing tones; never have the gift of Pomona and Flora enriched this land hated of heaven, never has a refreshing dew moistened the sandy ground; one sees no smiling green, one hears not the murmur of the streams mingling with the songs of the birds; and yet these sad wastes are their beloved country, a landscape rich with the blessings of nature confuse his eyes, used only to uniformity, and with a passionate longing he turns back to his lonesome wilderness. It is this very disposition which makes the Esquimaux cling so strongly to the bleak and barren tracts, outside which he fades away and dies.

THE JOURNAL OF THE  
EDITORIAL NOTES.

*Notices of Births, Marriages and Deaths.*—Members of the Union are entitled, free of charge, to the insertion of notices of domestic occurrences. These notices must be restricted to a bare statement of the name or names, place, and date of occurrence, and must be sent to the Honorary Secretary of the Dutch Burgher Union.

*Standing Committee for Ethical and Literary Purposes.*—The attention of members is invited to the need for co-operation in carrying out the object laid down in sub-section (f) of Rule 2 of the Constitution. Any suggestions on this subject are to be addressed to the Honorary Secretary of the Committee for Literary Purposes, Mr. J. R. Toussaint, Muresk, Clifford Place, Bambalapitiya.

The Journal will be issued at the end of every quarter, post free, to each member of the Union who pays a subscription of Rs. 5/- per annum towards its cost of publication. Literary and other contributions are invited and should be sent to Mr. R. G. Anthonisz, President of the Dutch Burgher Union, Toniston, Heneratgoda, while all remittances on account of the Journal should be made to Mr. J. R. Toussaint as above. Dr. L. A. Prins has been made a member of the Board of Management.

*Changes of Address.*—All change of address (especially within the last three years) should be notified without delay to the Honorary Secretary of the Union, Dutch Burgher Union Hall, Reid's Avenue, Colombo, or to the Honorary Treasurer of the Union. This will ensure the safe receipt by members of all notices, invitations, reports, etc.

*Remittances.*—Remittances, whether of subscriptions due to the Union or contributions for special objects, must be made to the Honorary Treasurer of the Union, Mr. Wace de Niese, Cherrydale, Bambalapitiya, and not to the Honorary Secretary.

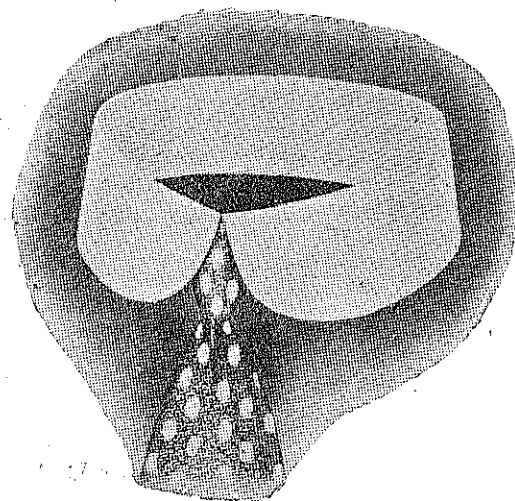
Remittances on the account of the Social Service Fund must be made to Mrs. L. M. Maartensz, Horton Place, Colombo, the Honorary Secretary of the Standing Committee for purposes of Social Service.

*Dutch Burgher Union of Ceylon Buildings Co., Ltd.*—All communications should be addressed to G. H. Gratiaen, Esq., Secretary of the Company D. B. U. Hall, Reid's Avenue, Colombo.



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