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VOL. XVI.]

JANUARY, 1927.

[No. 3.

# Journal of the Dutch Burgher Union of Ceylon.



*"Eendracht maakt Macht"*

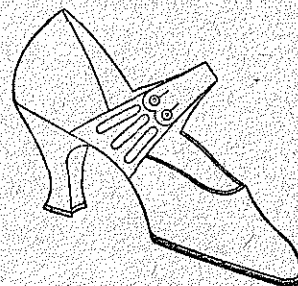
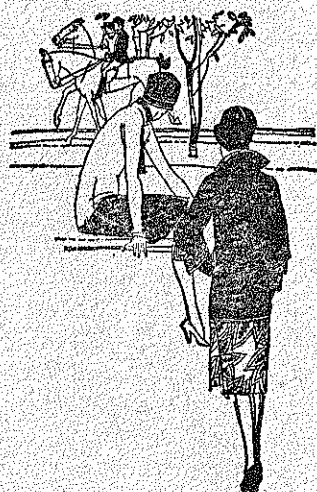
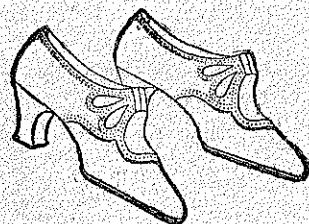
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*Contributions are invited from members on subjects calculated to be of interest to the Union. MSS. must be written on one side of the paper only and must reach the Editor at least a fortnight before the date of publication of the Journal.*

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Vol. XVI.]

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### HOLLAND AMONG THE NATIONS.\*

The true greatness of a nation is not measured by the vastness of its territory, or by the multitude of its people, or by the profusion of its exports and imports; but by the extent to which it has contributed to the life and thought and progress of the world. A man's greatness is not estimated by the size of his body or of his purse; not by his family connections or social position, however high these may be. He may bulk large in public estimation to-day, but to-morrow he will be forgotten like a dream, and his very servants may secure a higher position and a name lasting possibly a little longer. A man's greatness is estimated by his influence, not over the votes and empty cheers of a changing and passing crowd, but by his abiding, inspiring influence in their hidden thoughts, upon their ways of thinking, and consequently of acting. That is why the Wycliffes, Shakespeares, Miltons, Newtons, Wesleys, and Gladstones of English history live, and will live, in everlasting memory, while lesser men are remembered only through them, and the crowd of demagogues, pretenders, and self-seekers are named, if ever named, only to "point a moral, or adorn a tale."

\* So with nations. A great nation is not one which, like Russia, has an enormous territory; or, like China, has an enormous population. It is the nation which gives mankind new modes of thought, new ideals of life, new hopes, new aspirations; which lifts the world out of the rut, and sets it going on a cleaner and brighter road.

\* A Lecture by Mr. L. E. Blazé at the D. B. U. Hall, 26 November, 1926, R. G. Anthonisz, Esq., I.S.O., President of the Union, in the Chair.

It is by such a test that I propose to value Holland this evening; and if what I say surprises some of you, I beg that you will bear in mind that I shall say nothing for which there is not ample evidence, even if you look for that evidence in English writings alone. Indeed, most of the facts I propose to place before you are but the commonplaces of history, which any one of you can—and I hope will—easily ascertain for himself. Unfortunately, those to whom these commonplaces should be familiar are the very people who know least about them.

Observe also that I am not denying or disputing the achievements of other nations. My present concern is with Holland, and Holland alone; not to give you a formal history of Holland, but to remind or tell you of what Holland has done, not only for herself, but also for the world; why she is entitled to be called *Great*. Such a survey must necessarily be rapid and general; I shall have to condense and compress where it is necessary to expand; to give names only, where you will expect history; but if the subject interests you, there is abundant scope for further detailed investigation.

Take, first, Exploration and Colonisation. The Dutch were not the first sea-faring adventurers of the modern world. That honour belongs to the Portuguese and the Spaniards. By the end of the fifteenth century, Bartholomew Diaz and Vasco da Gama had discovered a sea-route eastward to India, and Columbus westward to America. Early in the next century began the attempts to find a northerly route to China (and incidentally India) across the Arctic Ocean, since Spain and Portugal kept the secrets of the southern routes to themselves. The famous North-West and North-East Passages were the result two centuries later, and in these adventures the English took a leading part.

But all this while the Dutch were not idle, though at that time their resentment against the tyranny of Spain, their unnatural overlord, was becoming acute. In 1565 Dutch merchants founded a settlement at Kola in the north of Russia, on the Arctic Coast, and thirteen years later, at Archangel, more to the east. The most prominent name in the history of early Arctic exploration is that of *Barents*, who in 1596 discovered Bear Island and Spitzbergen, still so named in English maps. "This was the first time," says Dr. H. R. Mill, "that an arctic winter was successfully faced. The

voyages of Barents stand in the first rank among the polar enterprises of the 16th Century. They led to flourishing whale and sea fisheries which long enriched the Netherlands." He adds: "The Dutch whale fishery continued to flourish until the French Revolution, and formed a splendid nursery for training the seamen of the Netherlands."<sup>1</sup>

Turn now to America. The province in which New York stands, though first discovered by the French, was afterwards re-discovered by Hudson, an Englishman in the service of the Dutch West India Company. This was in 1609, when occasional Dutch "ambassadors" in the East were making treaties with the King of Kandy for the expulsion of the Portuguese from Ceylon. The American province was called *Nieuw Nederland*, and its capital *New Amsterdam*, the name being changed later to *Orange*, and then to *New York* when it was transferred to the English.

There are other notable places in America. During the hundred years before the death of Shakespeare "there were six voyages round the world—one Spanish, led by a Portuguese; two English; and three Dutch." In the last of these voyages, the Dutch, under Jacob le Maire and William Schouten, discovered a new way from the Atlantic into the Pacific Ocean at the extreme south of the American Continent, a westward route from Europe to Java. *Le Maire Strait*, *Staten Island*, and *Cape Horn* are all Dutch names.

About the time of the Gunpowder Plot, a Spaniard, named de Torres, visited what is now Australasia, and sailed through the Strait between Australia and New Guinea. Very soon after, a Dutch ship entered the Gulf of Carpentaria, on the north of Australia, and many discoveries followed on the north, south, and west coasts of the new continent. In 1642, Tasman, a Dutchman, discovered the Island now called *Tasmania*, but first named *van Diemen's Land*, from the Governor-General who sent Tasman out on his voyage. Australia itself, or what was known of it, was called *New Holland*. Tasman also discovered *New Zealand* which he named after *Zeeland* in Holland. Scattered among British and aboriginal names, you will still find on the map of Australia names that are reminiscent of the old Dutch voyagers—*Arnheim*, *Duyfken*,

1 Encyc. Brit. xxi 942.

*Leeuwin, Nuyts, Grooté Eylandt*, and so on. There were originally many more Dutch names on all old maps, not maps of Australia only, but other names have been substituted for them.

The story of Dutch colonisation in South Africa is sufficiently well known, and need not be retold here. It was the Dutch who first colonised the Cape of Good Hope Province. Pushed out from there, they went to Natal, and again to the Transvaal and the Orange Free State. South Africa has now become a Commonwealth under the British flag, and the political experiment of the two different races dividing rule in the settlement will be studied with deep interest. Whether the experiment will succeed, as in Canada, no one will venture to assert with any confidence.

These voyages of discovery had their natural effect on the Commerce and Industries of the Dutch. In the 17th Century, when the Stuarts and Cromwell ruled in England, Holland was the first commercial power of Europe. Her ships sailed wherever ships could sail, bringing to her the products of the East and the West, to be distributed throughout Europe. Her colonies were established in Asia, Africa, and America. Her navy was, if not superior, at least equal, to that of England, and these two were then the greatest naval powers. But the carrying trade of Europe was practically in Dutch hands. Into some ports Dutch ships alone were allowed to enter—so high stood the reputation of the Dutch for commercial integrity. "The business of Europe was transacted on the Amsterdam Exchange, and the warehouses of this town, built on piles driven into the swampy soil, were stored with the products of the world."<sup>2</sup> An extensive commerce means extensive circulation of money, and wide credit. Modern banking and financial methods began with the Dutch, and the Bank of Amsterdam taught Europe both the meaning and the need of commercial honour. Even in that crisis of 1672, when England and France made a sudden war on Holland, and the dykes were cut to save the country; when English financial credit was at its lowest ebb; the Bank of Amsterdam more than maintained its high reputation.<sup>3</sup> In Agriculture, the Dutch were

recognised as the teachers of Europe, though their own land was not large enough to grow sufficient grain for their own people. The Dutch shewed how cattle could be bred sound and healthy in winter as in summer. The Dutch were the first to improve gardening and farming methods, and their experiments, wisely adopted by the English, led to a revolution in agricultural methods in England.

And their land—small as it was in extent—was won, piece by piece, from the grasp of foreign tyrants, or from the not less insatiable greed of the ocean. They drained the shallow lakes near the coast, and turned them into smiling vineyards and pasture grounds. Canals intersect the whole of Holland in every direction; while sand dunes and vast dykes, built round the low-level marshes, keep off the ever-encroaching sea. "The very existence of Holland," as one has said, "is a perpetual miracle." That is evident, since the most jealous care has always been necessary to prevent the inroads of the sea.

Years and years ago, Haarlem Lake covered 6,340 acres. Three other lakes near it occupied 7,600 acres. These four lakes spread in time over the adjacent marshes and formed an inland sea of 70 square miles—five times the municipal area of Colombo. In 1836, this inland sea washed against Amsterdam and flooded the streets of Leyden. The Dutch resolved that this sea should be drained, and in sixteen years "the wonderful water engineers of Holland" converted the whole area into a cultivated field of farms and gardens.

Glance now—for a detailed account is out of the question—at the achievements of Holland in the Arts and Sciences. Dutch *Architecture* has its special characteristics, and it has had a remarkable effect on English buildings. One architect may be mentioned—*Sir John Vanbrugh*, who designed Blenheim Palace and other stately homes of England.

"Lie heavy on him, Earth, for he  
Laid many a heavy load on thee:"

so runs the witty epitaph. Vanbrugh is noted also as an English dramatist. He was baptised in London, and educated in France; but his grandfather was a Protestant refugee from the Netherlands. It may interest some of you to know that *Beethoven*, the musician, though not much in Holland, was of Flemish ancestry.

<sup>2</sup> Thorold Rogers, *Holland*, 215.

<sup>3</sup> do do 223 f

Dutch greatness in *Painting* was thus described by the London "Times" some fifty years ago: "The Dutch School not only created a distinctive style of its own at a time when the artistic impulse of other nations was very nearly exhausted, but laid the foundation of the modern school of landscape."<sup>4</sup> Its glory, writes another, "lies in its naturalness. It was the art of a people who had gained their freedom."<sup>5</sup>

You will find two informing studies of Dutch painters in the volumes of the *Dutch Burgher Union Journal*, by Mr. W. W. Beling and Dr. Harry Leembruggen.<sup>6</sup> We need now only recall the names of some Dutch painters whom the world has recognised as masters of their art: *Rembrandt*, the greatest of them all; *Rubens*, scarcely less famous; *Frans Hals*, who painted "The Laughing Cavalier;" *Hubert and Jan van Eyck*, who invented the art of painting in oils; *Anthony van Dyck*, who lived in England and was knighted by Charles I; *Sir Peter Lely* (his Dutch name was *Pieter van der Vaes*), who also settled in England and was knighted by Charles II; *Jan Steen*, *Gerard Douw*, and *Franz van Mieris*, born, like Rembrandt himself, at Leyden; the two *Teniers*, *Hobbema*, *Ostade*, and *Kuyp*, whose traditions survive to the present day. It may not be out of place to refer to Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema as a Dutchman.

Not less famous are the Dutch in the Physical Sciences. In a play of Ben Johnson's one of the characters says:

"They write here one Cornelius-son  
Hath made the Hollanders an invisible eel  
To swim the haven of Dunkirk, and sink all  
The shipping there." <sup>7</sup>

That was written three hundred years ago, but we must not regard it as anything more than an "intelligent anticipation" of the torpedo, which was of such terrible service in the late war; but then the idea of such an invention was attributed to a Dutchman. Nor need we attach undue importance to assertions such as these—

<sup>4</sup> *Times* (London) Editorial, 16 January, 1879.

<sup>5</sup> Lovett, *Pictures from Holland*, 208.

<sup>6</sup> *D.B.U.J.* I. 139 and XV. 96.

<sup>7</sup> *The Staple of News*. III. sc. 1.

though they may be true: that punkahs were invented by a Dutch Governor of Chinsurah in North India; that the daily weather map which illustrates our newspapers was first printed in the Netherlands; that wall-paper was introduced into England from Holland by King William III, who, in fact, did bring in Dutch wood-carvers and cabinet makers, through whom English furniture became famous throughout Europe. If, again, I include the game of Golf as one of the scientific inventions of the Dutch, it is not only because there is no other suitable place for it in this paper, but because there are many devotees of the game—even senior officers of the Ceylon Defence Force—who speak reverently of Golf as a science, more than as a game. But whether game or science, it began in Holland, and its very name is Dutch.

I pass over the invention of printing, claimed alike, and claimed vehemently by the Dutch and the Germans. Nor shall I dwell on the fact that Edison, the American inventor, is Dutch on the father's side.

Let us come to some of the better recognised achievements. I have already referred to the marvellous patience, industry, and skill by which Dutch engineers wrested their land from the sea, and now keep what they have won. In the 17th century a large tract of marshes in Yorkshire, known as the Bedford Level, had to be drained. The engineer chosen was *Cornelius Vermuyden*, who was afterwards knighted by Charles I.

Here are some other facts: *Jan Swammerdam* was a Dutch naturalist who "devised the method of studying the circulatory system by means of injections." He was also the pioneer of Entomology, the study of insect life. Before his time, *Anton van Leeuwenhoek* had become "the most famous microscopist, conducting a series of epoch-making discoveries in support of the circulation of the blood, etc....." Peter the Great of Russia visited him in Holland, and was shown the circulation of the blood in the tail of an eel. Earlier still was born *Christiaan Huygens*, whose name is familiar to students of optics. "He first propounded the undulatory theory of light, and he is the discoverer of Polarisation." He was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society and was knighted by James I.



Who discovered the spots on the sun, and the revolution of the sun? It was a Hollander named *Fabricius*, early in the 17th Century. Who invented the telescope? A Dutchman, certainly: but which of three claimants, all Dutch, it is difficult to decide.

In the 18th Century, "the most celebrated physician," was *Hermann Boerhave*, to whom came patients from all parts of Europe, and to whose lectures at Leyden "flocked pupils from all parts of the civilised world."

"The Hollanders," wrote Charles Reade in "The Cloister and the Hearth," "are always an original and leading people. They claim to have invented Printing (wooden type), oil-painting, liberty, banking, gardening, etc. Above all, years before my tale, they invented cleanliness." The anxiety for cleanliness in Holland has always been proverbial, and you will agree that the invention is one of the most valuable.

From Science to Law is not a difficult transition. It is no small thing that the Roman-Dutch Law, though not now enforced in Holland, is still the common law, much modified, of Ceylon and South Africa, and of other "regions Caesar never knew." The establishment of this law is perhaps due, primarily, to *Cornelis van Byknershoeck*, who in the 17th century revised the confused laws of Holland on the principles of the old Roman Law. Other Dutch jurists, whose names are more familiar in Ceylon, are *Voet*, *van der Linden* and *van der Keessel*. But a greater name than these is that of *Grotius*, who has been described as an "able statesman, a profound theologian, a distinguished scholar, an astute philosopher, and a splendid jurist."

On the wall behind you, there is a picture describing an incident in the life of *Grotius*. For taking the part of Arminius against a rival theologian, he incurred the wrath of Prince Maurice and was condemned to imprisonment for life. His wife shared his imprisonment, and he was allowed books, which were periodically brought into and afterwards taken out of the prison in a large chest. On one occasion, his wife persuaded him to take the place of the books in the chest. The soldiers who carried it out of the prison found the chest so heavy that they playfully remarked, "There

must be an Arminian in it." The wife was equal to the occasion. "There are indeed Arminian books in it," she replied; and so *Grotius* escaped.

Lord Birkenhead declared quite recently that *Grotius* had "a mind incredibly powerful and versatile, too shrewd for self-illusion." What is known as International Law, was first reduced to a system and taught by *Grotius*. It is also the teaching of *Grotius* which has resulted to-day in the League of Nations, which many statesmen believe to be the only hope of international peace; for, unless nations combine to enforce international law, what sanction can there be for such a law?

Indeed, it would not be too much to think of Holland as the very home of law and international unity; and it is not surprising that when the famous Palace of Peace was suggested by Andrew Carnegie, it should be built in the Hague, the political capital of Holland.

In Philosophy, Holland has the name of *Spinoza*, whom Froude describes as "the most powerful intellectual worker that Europe has produced during the last two centuries," whose writings "revolutionised the philosophy of Europe."

In Theology the influence of the Dutch has been enormous, though little known. Intensely conservative as a race, some of the most advanced liberal views can nevertheless be traced to them. *Grotius* wrote on Theology as well as on Law. *Wessels*, or *Ganzevoort*, was a reformer before the Reformation. The great *Erasmus*, who "laid the egg which Luther hatched," was a Dutch man. *Thomas à Kempis*, who wrote the "Imitation of Christ" was born in Germany, but I claim him as a Hollander by adoption, if not by race; for he was educated in Holland, and lived and died in Holland. *Arminius*, whom John Wesley revered, and whose teachings have profoundly influenced, not only the Reformed Church of Holland, but also the Church of England and many Nonconformist bodies, was a Hollander, as also was *Cornelius Jansen*, founder of the Jansenist, or Old Roman, sect. Only last year, the Church of Rome canonized as a saint, the Dutchman, *Peter Canisius*, the pupil of Ignatius Loyola, and the first Jesuit who ever published a book.

The Literature of Holland requires a lecture all to itself. Its greatest name is that of *Vondel*, called the Shakespeare of Holland. He was Milton's contemporary, and it has been mistakenly claimed that Milton borrowed from him in the writing of "Paradise Lost." Another great name is that of *Jacob Kats*, whose simpler poems were so widely read as to make the author "the favourite of his nation."

The love of learning among the Dutch was intense. *Roelof Huysmann*, who called himself *Agricola*, was the "foremost scholar of the New Learning in Germany." *Hemsius*, *Hemsterhuis*, and *Ruhnken*, edited the Greek and Latin classics with scholarly care and precision. I must quote again from the old London "Times": "At home, while commerce flourished, and the wealth of the globe was displayed on the quays of Rotterdam and Amsterdam, Holland became the chosen retreat of European learning and the seat of an abundant and vigorous native art. Many a scholar of European fame, like Scaliger, the prince of letters in his time, and Salmasius, of whom it was said that whatever he did not know was beyond the reach of learning, was called by the public voice to teach in its schools, and the presses of Amsterdam, of Leyden, and of Utrecht teemed with a voluminous and erudite literature."

Such are some of the triumphs of Holland in various departments of human thought and effort. They form a record which makes a Hollander glow with pride, and the record is all the more creditable because of the smallness of Holland and her population, and because of the misrule of centuries which she suffered. Still, other nations have their records too of high achievement, which may be set side by side with those we have reviewed to-night.

What special contribution, then, did Holland make towards the progress of the world? Her contribution was this—she taught the value of FREEDOM. The ancient Jews, as we have been often told, taught the world the truth of the unity of God; the Greeks, the idea of beauty; the Romans the discipline of law and order. Of modern peoples, the English have led the way in the practice of "representative government and public justice"; the French, in regard to "individual freedom and the theory of human rights;"

the Germans, in regard to national unity. The Dutch taught the world the lesson of Freedom—"free thought and free government," religious and political liberty. Liberty has been the inspiring passion of the Dutch. For Liberty they fought, for Liberty they died by thousands. The very first "Dutchman" of whom there is any record, whose very name in his own language we do not know, was a champion of Liberty, not greatly unlike the heroic William the Silent in the vicissitudes of his career. Holland has always been the refuge of the oppressed. It was Holland where the persecuted Huguenots found a home. It was to Holland that the Pilgrim Fathers fled for refuge, and that Charles II escaped from Roundhead and Covenanter. It was Holland that in our own days sheltered, and still shelters, the German Kaiser in his overthrow. All through the centuries there has never been a nation of fighters more brave, more persistent, than the Dutch. They fought the sea for the preservation of their Fatherland. In the days of the Spanish Armada, when men's minds were strangely stirred at the beginning of a new age in religion, politics, learning, and social life; when conservative and reactionary Spain was at the height of her power; in those days it was left to the little Netherlands, North and South, to defy her tyranny, and struggle through blood and fire to independence and liberty. You will find the story summarized in Mr. E. H. van der Wall's lecture on "William the Silent."<sup>8</sup> And the marvel of Holland's fight lies in this—that so small a country (for Holland is only half the size of Ceylon) should have dared so fearlessly, and fought so nobly, for "a cause greater than themselves." "Never," says the historian Freeman, "Never did so small a power so long and so successfully withstand a great one." "It was indeed," says Mr. F. S. Marvin,<sup>9</sup> "in some ways a greater feat than the Greek repulse of Persia [i.e. at Marathon and Salamis], for the Persians had never been the acknowledged rulers of Hellas, and the Greeks were better able to defend themselves than the Dutch. It was a more disinterested fight than ours, for conquest to us [i.e. the English] meant sea-power and a share of the Spanish trade, even more than freedom."

<sup>8</sup> *D. B. U. J.* viii pp. 11 ff.

<sup>9</sup> *The Living Past* pp 157 ff.

And again, as Freeman says, the Dutch "did everything for themselves; for they got very little help from those who proposed to be their allies in England and France." Those are no idle words of Motley's: "To no people in the world more than to the stout burghers of Flanders and of Holland belongs the honour of having battled audaciously and perennially in behalf of human rights." And Professor Thorold Rogers goes further: "The debt which civilization and liberty owe to these people is greater than that which is due to any other race, however little it may be known and acknowledged."

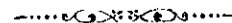
And now the question suggests itself,—whether for any of us, here in Ceylon, there is any personal or particular interest in this recital of the achievements of Holland. Is there any special reason, touching you, for this recital? Are these records of an almost forgotten past—forgotten, that is, by us—such that in them we can take no more than a detached and academic concern? Glorious have been those achievements, and of incalculable benefit to the world. But to us are they nothing more than, say, the history of Marathon or of Thermopylae? Does the name of Rembrandt or of Rubens stir us no more than the name of Raphael or of Michael Angelo? Is William the Silent no nearer to us than Sir Philip Sidney or Henri of Navarre, his brave contemporaries?

The answer is, I trust, struggling to assert itself in your hearts. For you, Ladies and Gentlemen,—you who are, or may be, members of the Dutch Burgher Union of Ceylon—*you* belong to the race who so greatly served mankind by land and sea, with sword and plough and pen, in the study, the laboratory, and the field of war. *You* are the descendants of the race who saved and maintained for Europe and humanity the loftiest ideals of nationhood and law and liberty. You have listened to night, not to the story of a foreign power or of an alien race, but to the story of your own ancestors, your kinsmen by blood and sympathy. You are the inheritors of their splendid traditions.

Is that heritage nothing to you? When you have recognised the fact of your kinship—which is a fact, and no mere dream or fancy—you will begin to realise that you owe something, much more than you think, to the race from which you have sprung; to

the traditions which it is your high privilege to inherit. Somewhat estranged you have become from the Fatherland, through distance, the neglect of your language, the weakening of old bonds by the political and social necessities of the last 130 years. But the heritage is yours still. What other heritage have you? To what else can you look back? To what else would you care or wish to look back? Each of you is by race and kinship a citizen, or as your Dutch Bibles say—*een burger*—of no mean state. Revive, then, in yourselves the spirit of your fathers—their daring, their unity in a common aim, their contempt for the trimmer and the coward, their heroic endurance, their persistence in the face of difficulties, their passion for liberty, their invincible faith—first in God, then in themselves. You cannot possess your glorious heritage, unless by ceaseless striving and active use, you make it truly your own.<sup>10</sup> Take courage, and above all, *Remember*: remember, not only the example of the Past, but also the duty of the Present and the promise of the Future.

"Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget, lest we forget."



<sup>10</sup> "What from thy fathers thou dost inherit, be sure thou earn it, that so it may become thine own."—Goethe, *Faust*.



**HOLLAND REVISITED.**

It was good to be in Holland once again. England was cold and wintry and it snowed on the day I left. I saw the chalk cliffs of old England disappear in a driving mist. Holland received me with clear skies and a warmer welcome. Yes, it was good to be in Holland once again.

I took the Folkestone-Flushing route and in the short afternoon of a late October day the light was just fading when I reached the shores of Holland. The train was waiting at the jetty and left punctually to time. Rosendaal, Dordrecht, Rotterdam, Schiedam, Delft, The Hague, Leyden, Haarlem—these shot past me at intervals in a flare of lights. I reached Amsterdam in good time for supper and bed.

Why is it that more of our people do not visit Holland? It attracts tourists in large numbers from all parts of the world. It should surely then make a special call to those who are proud of the Dutch blood in their veins. I believe that one reason is that Holland is considered expensive. But with a little effort and inquiry one could, at least, live as cheaply in Holland as in England.

Think of the atmosphere. A casual glance at a Directory in Holland revealed the following names:—

Albrecht, Aldendorff, Andriessen, Beekmeyer, Beling, de Boer, van Buren, Coster, Claessen, Cramer, Dekker, Dirkse, vanEyck, Ernst, Edema, Elders, Fontyn, Franke, Grenier, de Heer, Hesse, Jansz, Jansen, de Jong, Kallenberg, Koch, van Langenberg, Leembruggen, Loos, Lorenz, Ludowyk, Melchers, Meyer, Maartens, Muller, de Niese, Paulus, Prins, de Rooy, Scheffer, Smith, Schneider, Spaar, Stork, Struys, van der Straaten, Toussaint, van der Wall, Wendt, Wille, de Witt, Wolff, Wouters.

There are other names of course. I had no time to make an exhaustive scrutiny of the Directory under its various heads. But does not the short list I have given look like hands across the sea?

To my great regret, my good friend Mr. J. F. L. de Balbian Verster, whose name is already well known to readers of this Journal, was seriously ill and in bed. But, with his usual kindness and

forethought, he was ready for me with all papers and arrangements for my visits to places of interest. I owe him a great debt of gratitude.

My first visit was to the Museum of the Colonial Institute, which was opened so recently as the 9th October last. The Conservator, Mr. B. M. Goslings, who very kindly showed me round himself, has a fund of most valuable and interesting information.

People do not often realise the extent and the importance of the Dutch Eastern Colonies. These consist of Sumatra, Java, Celebes, Dutch Borneo, Dutch New Guinea, the little Sunda Isles and the Moluccas. Place a map of Holland, or preferably of Ceylon, on a map of these Colonies on the same scale and you will get a sense of proportion that will astonish you. It is well to realise that ships flying the Dutch flag come second on the list of all ships which cross the Suez Canal.

The Colonial Museum is housed suitably to its dignity and importance. It occupies a noble pile of buildings of which the main portions have marble walls and floors. The exhibits are well arranged in sections dealing with archaeology, ethnological groups, models of dwellings, arts and crafts, coins, weapons, musical instruments, library, etc. There are many common points of interest with the history of Ceylon. There was established about the 6th century A. D. the kingdom of Sri Wijaya in Palambang, Sumatra. This Kingdom made war with the Kings of West and Central Java, drove them to the East and ruled in their place. There, about 750—850 A.D. they erected a Buddhist temple named the Barabadur, the ruins of which now exist. To judge from the pictures the Barabadur closely resembles the Ruanveliseya, the great dagoba of Anuradhapura. There are exhibited stone heads of Buddhas and replicas of sedent Buddhas, made of cartridge, coloured to resemble stone. There is a replica of one of the stone lions guarding the entrance to the Barabadur. The lion is seated on its hinds with its mouth open. Mr. Goslings explained that the circles on the lions mane were due to Persian influences.

The exhibits dealing with the Hindu religion in Java include images of Siva, Ganesha, Harihara and Parawati.

The removal of religious relics is now forbidden. There were several old manuscripts from Java. I carefully examined one in the Balinese (East Javanese) characters and found it closely resembled Sinhalese. The origin of the language was Sanskrit and there are many Sanskrit words found today in the Javanese language.

The figures representing the Balinese people shew that they are light complexioned with faces of a distinct Mongolian type. The Balinese are pure Javanese who came under Indian influences. Their fine arts express great culture and are exceedingly beautiful.

The Toalas from Celebes resemble the Veddahs of Ceylon.

I revisited the Rijks Museum at Amsterdam but on this occasion concentrated my attention on matters dealing with Ceylon. I made one exception in favour of Rembrandt's masterpiece, "The Night Watchman." Its glory can never fade.

Through the kind offices of Mr. de Baltbin Verster the pictures dealing with Ceylon had been collected and placed together in a room for my inspection. I saw the original oil paintings of Gerard Pietersz Hult by Flinck (1654) and of Adam Westerwold by Michiel Jansz van Mierewelt (1646). Copies of both have appeared in this Journal.

Eleven water colour paintings by C. Steiger (1702-1711) were exhibited at the Colonial Historical Exhibition held at Amsterdam in 1883. These are catalogued and described as follows:—

- A. 4661 De plaats in 't Kasteel van Jaffnapatam van de pakhuysen te zien.
- A. 4662 Casteel Colombo van de Beer.
- A. 4663 Colombo van Kompagnies Rheede.
- A. 4664 Kerk van Jaffnapatam die te zien is van de Zuyd Zyde.
- A. 4665 Fortres Hammenhiel uyt Zee.
- A. 4666 Het fortres Hammenhiel van Keys te zien.
- A. 4667 Het Fort Mannar van de revier gezien.
- A. 4668 Fortress Caliture van de revier kant.
- A. 4669 Punto Gale van de Land weg.
- A. 4670 Jaffnapatam van de Land Zijde te zien.
- A. 4671 'T gezig van den Ed. Heer Gouverneur's Huys van agteren uyt de thuin.

There is also a Ceylon sketch by a well-known modern Dutch artist, W. O. J. Nieuwenkamp. This is No. 139, Zeilen drogen Colombo, November, 1914. It is a picture of a canoe lying on the seashore, drying its sails in the wind.

Photographs of all these may be had at moderate prices and I suggest that these be obtained and published in the Journal.

The picture by C. F. Reimer "Gezicht van 't Casteel Colombo uit het Noorden" is, I believe, already well-known in Ceylon.

I would fittingly conclude my reference to the Rijks Museum with my thanks to two of its officers who were of the greatest service to me Miss E. v. d. Looy v. d. Leeuw and Miss J. M. Blok.

Amsterdam is intersected by a system of concentric, semi-circular canals. The three principal canals arranged in order of importance are known as Heeren Gracht, Keyzer Gracht and Prinsen Gracht. Mark the order of precedence: gentlemen, emperor, prince! It was the baptism of republican days and the Dutch are still a democratic nation.

The Heeren Gracht was occupied by the merchant princes of old and it was my good fortune to be introduced to one of these homes. A description of this may be taken as typical of many others of the same class.

The rooms were lofty and spacious and the furniture antique and luxurious. Paintings in oil of the family ancestors hung from the walls. The floors and walls were of the best Carrara marble, several times thicker than the marble in use at the present day. Much of this marble came as ballast from Italian ports. The Dutch were the great carriers of the world and they bore the spices of the East to various parts of Europe, returning with wood and corn from the Baltic ports and fish from Norway.

Many interesting conjectures have been made as to why these old houses lean forward. Some writers think it is due to the decrepitude of old age. The real reason was furnished to me by a Dutch friend and, as he is an architect, it may be accepted as conclusive. Now, the Dutch are, above all, practical people. If you look up, you will see iron hooks and pulleys hanging from the top-most stories of the houses. The Dutch merchants lived on the lower floors and used the upper floors to store their goods. These

goods came up in barges right up to the doors and were hauled up by ropes into the store-rooms. Now, if the walls were vertical the packages would not be drawn up freely but would hit against the building. The lean forward brings the goods up on the plumb line without obstruction. One notices that these houses always lean forward on the canals and in no other direction.

Just before I left on my holiday I had met in Colombo Mr. Frans den Tex, a young Dutch gentleman who was making a tour in the East. One of my happiest recollections is a night I spent with him and his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Karel den Tex, in their beautiful home "Wildzang" at Bilthoven. Bilthoven lies in the woods near Utrecht, where some of the best country homes of Holland are found. In the immediate neighbourhood there is a landmark of ancient days, the Castle of Nieuwrode, which belonged to Ortt van Nieuwrode, the great-grandmother of my hostess.

"I want to give you an idea of country life in Holland" said Mr. Frans den Tex, when he so kindly invited me to his home. I have carried away a very clear picture, particularly of the charming old-world courtesy with which I was received. "Manners makyeth man." There is a fragrance in the manners of true gentlefolk.

The scenery of Holland is very restful to the eye—green meadows without undulation, intersected by a perfect net-work of canals. There were the cows, the famous black and white cows of Holland, peacefully grazing, all unconscious of their importance in the economic life of Holland. Here and there was a brown and white cow and still more rarely a Lakenvelder, a cow with a white back. The cold season had set in and as man required his overcoat, so did the cows too of course. These latter were garments much resembling the gunny bags of Ceylon.

The windmills stood at intervals gravely turning their arms round. Alas! the tranquil domain has been disturbed by the rough, rude hand of time and electricity is gradually displacing the windmills. 'Twas ever thus. Soon, soon the scenes that Dutch painters put on immortal canvas will be no more. Gone too, or rather going, are the Dutch curls, the two strands of flaxen hair so artistically thrown forward over the shoulders. The Dutch girl learns in her nursery of Winken and Blinken and Nod, so when she grows

up she decides to Shingle or Bingle or Bob! And why not too like the rest of womankind? Who says the Dutch are old-fashioned?

We in Ceylon move with the times and let the dead past of our social customs bury its dead. Holland moves more slowly and a flavour of antiquity persists. Some dear old Dutch ladies still wear the identical black bonnets that our grandmothers and aunts wore, the black bonnets that sat like a glory on their grey hairs. They knew how to grow old gracefully, they did, the grandmothers and aunts of the good, old days. Still Dutch ladies greet each other with a kiss and still the elderly friends of the family are Oom and Tante to the younger folk. All these may go in the fulness of time but Holland will always remain the land of the three C's—cows, canals and cleanliness. These are in the warp and woof and must endure to the end. To speak of Dutch cleanliness is no reflection on other nations. Some of them are, doubtless, very clean. Only, Holland is cleaner.

The Dutchman is deliberate and cautious. Otherwise, he would never have been so good a trader. The slow-moving barge and the push bicycle are an index of Dutch character. There never was such a land for the push bicycle. "As countless as the stars in heaven" is a good though somewhat threadbare phrase. "As countless as the push bicycles in Amsterdam" may well be its Dutch equivalent.

The motor car offers obvious temptations for speeding and is a good gauge of temperamental differences. Try them at the steering wheel. The Frenchman is delirious, the Englishman moderate, the Dutchman cautious.

In Holland as in France wheeled traffic keeps to the right of the road. In the Dutch colonies they follow the English rule "Keep to the left and you will be right." Is not imitation the sincerest form of flattery?

I found the Dutch food a welcome change after the English. The monotonous breakfast formula of the English waiter had begun to weary me. "Bacon and egg, bacon and tomatoes, boiled eggs, grilled haddock, Sir!" You had to choose in the twinkling of an eye.

No, give me the bountiful Dutch breakfast with the rolls, butter and cheese, the ginger bread, the sweet biscuits, the preserves

and the sausages sliced to a delicate fineness. It is true they give you boiled potatoes at dinner with your fish and stewed pears, peaches and prunes with your meat course. There is no disputing taste. The proof of the pudding is in the eating and I have eaten the pudding and found it good.

The Post and Telegraph Office at Amsterdam stands right behind the Royal Palace and affords a striking example in contrasts. Like Buckingham Palace, the Amsterdam Palace is in external sombre and forbidding. Unlike Buckingham Palace though, the Dutch palace rises sheer from the Queen's highway and no doubt a fierce light beats upon the throne. Perhaps that is why Queen Wilhelmina spends only a week of the year at Amsterdam and the rest of the time at the Hague. The entrance doorways of the Palace are scratched with names. This is familiarity to be sure. "A cat can look at a King," and why not! The Dutch are most loyal to their Queen, but as I have said before, they are a democratic people.

There are no electric lights in the Palace. It is lit throughout with oil lamps and candles.

The ball room which is 120 feet long, 58 feet wide and 100 feet high, reminded me of Versailles.

Many of the magnificent gifts received by the Queen on the twenty-fifth anniversary of her reign are placed in this Palace.

The Post and Telegraph Office is an architectural dream with its slender minarets and its artistic and delicate fancies.

By the Queen's Palace stands the New Church of Amsterdam, new only in name, for it was built in 1414 and successively restored in 1421 and in 1648. It is hallowed by the dust of the great Admiral de Ruyter, whose marble mausoleum lies at the end of the Choir. The Latin epitaph over the entrance to the vault is an inspiration: 'He shines in unsullied honour! When I visited the tomb it was almost covered with the memorial wreaths placed on the 250th anniversary of his death.

1676—29 April—1926.

And still his name sounds stirring in the galaxy of great Dutchmen.

When Queen Wilhelmina took the oaths of the Constitution and was proclaimed Queen of the Netherlands on the 6th of September 1898, she stood beneath the stately arches of this Church.

One of the smaller churches in Amsterdam is the Noorder Kerk, which is almost the same in size, appearance and internal arrangements as Wolvendaal Church. Both were built at about the same period.

The Jewish quarter of Amsterdam is full of interest. It reminded me very much of Whitechapel and Petticoat Lane in London. The aquiline nose and the strong facial characteristics of the children of Israel will continue to attract even far less gifted observers than Rembrandt.

One of the most interesting buildings in Amsterdam is the Portuguese synagogue built by the Portuguese Jews of Amsterdam in 1675. Like the old Dutch churches it is of great height. The wood and brass work is designed on a most magnificent scale.

A mural tablet gives the names of the generous founders of the synagogue, of which the following will be read with interest in Ceylon:—Daniel Pinto, Mosseh Israel Pereyra, Samuel Vaz. I had a talk with one of these Portuguese Jews, whose name was da Costa. He was as fair as any Dutchman and spoke Dutch (and English) fluently, but he had the unmistakable Jewish cast of features.

Many Jews are engaged in the diamond cutting industry for which Amsterdam is famous. The Kohinur and the Cullinan diamonds were cut there.

The Church at Haarlem is noted for its world-famed organ built by Christian Muller in 1735. In this church is buried Frans Hals, the great painter of Haarlem. Models of ships presented to the Church in 1668 by the Shipbuilders' Union of Haarlem are still preserved. On two panels are inscribed the names of ministers who served in the Church from 1572 to the present date.

In the great square just outside the church stands the statue of Laurens Coster, the inventor of printing.

The Frans Hals Museum at Haarlem is one of the most famous repositories of Dutch art. It is noteworthy that Frans Hals occupied rooms in the same building which contains work from his brush from his 26th year to his 84th.

A Frans Hals picture "Portret v. Jacobus Zaffins" which measures only about 2ft. by 1½ft. was bought by the Museum two years ago in London for 21,000 guilders, that is nearly £2,000!

A romantic find was the picture "De Gastvrijheid van Abraham" by Pieter Orebber, which was discovered under the wall paper of a house twenty years ago. It is perfect in every detail.

The Museum owns a clock more than 200 years old which still keeps accurate time.

What interested me more than any other exhibits in the Museum were the relics of the siege of Haarlem, when the Dutch battled against the might of Spain in the days of William the Silent. It was with a thrill that I saw the tattered Spanish flag and the helmets, breastplates and cannon ball, captured at the great siege. There is always music in the air in Holland. The hour and its quarters are announced from the clock towers by a melodious symphony of bells.

We treat the dog as a gentleman of leisure. The Dutchman sees no reason why his dog should not work as his horse does. The milk supply in Holland is greatly dependent on the dog. Perhaps after all the Dutch dog is happier. He earns his bread by honest sweat.

In Holland the gates at railway crossings swing upwards and not across the road, so that traffic is not disturbed. I have remarked before that the Dutch are a practical people.

The soft wool caps in various colours worn by the Dutch girls are very attractive.

The Dutch Policemen carry swords. I much prefer the moral force and the baton of the English policeman.

No visit to Holland is complete without the inclusion of Volendam and Marken in the programme. Here at last is the Holland of the picture postcards—men with pipes and baggy trousers and women with lace caps, brightly coloured blouses and full skirts. The little boys and girls are just chips of the old blocks. They dress exactly like the older folk and are quaint and delicious.

Even here the influence of the New Woman has made itself felt. Bobbed hair peeped out under the artistic lace caps. But the long skirts remain. Let us be thankful that in the craze for feminine abbreviation something at least is left.

The wide trousers of Volendam are probably the genesis of Oxford bags. Once again in its history has Holland been an inspiration to others!

Without exception, the men and boys of Volendam had their hands in their trouser pockets and the women and girls had theirs under their armpits. But a cold wind was blowing across the Zuyder Zee. Walking along the dyke at Volendam, one easily notices that the sea is higher than the land!

I visited one of the smallest houses in Volendam, which consisted of one small room, occupied by four persons. I entered unexpectedly and found it a model of industry, cleanliness and brightly polished metal. Two "Dutch cupboards" fitted into the wall contained two beds with room for two in each. A third cupboard was a receptacle for sundries. The little house radiated comfort and contentment.

The wooden shoes (clompen) are left outside the doors and are never used inside the homes. Muddy feet cannot enter these clean sanctuaries. Inside, they go about in stockings or in light slippers.

I must now conclude. When I left on my holiday I was sorry to leave my home and friends in Ceylon. I must confess to a twinge of the same feeling when I left Holland.

E. H. VAN DER WALL.



## THE FRETZ FAMILY.

A genealogy of this family compiled by the late Mr. F. H. de Vos, as well as several notices relating to the family, appeared in previous numbers of this Journal, and there is not much that we could add to the information already supplied. But we believe there are a few points upon which a little more light might be thrown by a closer study of the original sources of information. We have been chiefly induced to take up the subject here by a letter received by the Honorary Secretary of the Dutch Burgher Union from Mr. L. van Oosterzee of Weltevreden in Batavia, a connection of the family, who is very solicitous of obtaining certain information relating to Diederick Thomas Fretz, who was Commandeur of Galle at the date of the capitulation of the Island to the British. We shall deal with this letter further on.

It would appear from the genealogical notices which have been published that there were two distinct founders of families bearing this name in Ceylon. The one, Diederick Thomas Fretz, of St. Goar in Hissen Nassau, who came out about 1760 as a Captain in the army of the Netherlands East India Company, and the other Frans Philip Fretz of Kirchheim, who arrived as a civilian more than a quarter of a century later, viz. in 1787, in the Company's ship, "De Leviathan." No attempt, so far as we know, had been made to connect these two branches, and we have even heard it stated that they were entirely different from each other. A little investigation will however establish the fact that this is not so. Diederick Thomas Fretz, not long after his arrival here (in 1765), executed a will in which he referred to his father Jan Frans Fretz as residing at that time at Kirchheim. This place of domicile and the second Christian name will at once suggest some connection with Frans Philip Fretz of Kirchheim. But for a long time we were unable to obtain any other clue except perhaps the somewhat significant fact that, at the baptism in 1796, at Wolvendaal Church, of the eldest child of Frans Philip Fretz, the Commandeur and his wife stood sponsor and the child received the name Diederica after her godfather. It was comparatively at a much later period that we obtained what must be considered as positive evidence of the fact that the two individuals belonged to the same family. This was

supplied by the arms used by the two Fretz's. Those of Frans Philip Fretz were frequently to be met with in the seal affixed by him to official documents executed at the latter end of the Dutch rule, where he signed as a member of the Judicial Council (*Raad van Justitie*). Of Commandeur Fretz's arms no trace could be obtained for a long time. A seal bearing his arms is said to have been in the possession of Mr. Edmund Stork, Proctor, a great grandson on the maternal side; but he died many years ago, and it was not known what had become of the seal. At length, after much search and long waiting, we were fortunate enough to come across one or two impressions of the seal used by Diederick Thomas Fretz in fastening letters addressed by him, when Opziender of the Galle Korale in 1780, to Arnoldus de Ly, Commandeur of Galle. The arms on this seal were the same as those used by Frans Philip Fretz in 1790-92. We give the following blazon of these in the language of English Heraldry: "*Arms*.—Party per fess azure and gules; in chief, a bird volant bearing in the dexter claw a cross held bendwise; in base, a crown. *Crest*—a bird as in the arms." The tinctures of the charges are not indicated. About five years ago, being in correspondence with Dr. W. H. Fretz, now in the West Indies, who was then on a visit to Ceylon, we discovered that the identical seal used by Frans Philip Fretz, his great grandfather, is now in his possession and carefully preserved. Having so far established beyond doubt the identity of the two families, we may perhaps, from the facts gleaned, hazard the conjecture that Frans Philip Fretz was a nephew of the Commandeur. Diederick Thomas Fretz, as we have seen, eventually became Commandeur of Galle, the post next in rank to the Governor of the Island. He married in Ceylon and had a large family, most of whom left the Island. The eldest son Pieter Liebert Fretz died at Soerabaya in 1854 at the advanced age of 89, but, as far as we know, left no descendants. The youngest son, Diederick Cornelis Fretz, remained in Ceylon and entered the British service. The daughters married chiefly officers and civilians in the Dutch service; but two of them married British officers in Ceylon, viz., Henrietta Justina Fretz to (1) Lieutenant-Colonel Macdonald and (2) Dr. Reynolds of the 51st Regiment, and Johanna Justina Gerardin Fretz to Lieutenant John Mainwaring of the 1st Ceylon

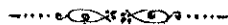


Regiment. Diederick Cornelis Fretz, who remained in Ceylon, left one surviving son, Henry Robert Fretz, whose daughter Mary Anne Fretz, wife of Mr. William Sperling Christoffelsz, I.S.O., is the only lineal descendant of Commandeur Fretz now living.

Frans Philip Fretz married at Colombo Catharina Sophia Clara Schorer of the well-known and highly connected family of that name, members of which still occupy exalted positions in Holland. He left a son Daniel Jacques Fretz who held a rank in the Army Ordnance Department and was the father of (1) Frans Philip Fretz of the Customs, (2) James Henry Fretz of the P.W.D. and (3) Edward Richard Fretz of the P.W.D., all now deceased, but whose lineal descendants still survive in the Island.

We now revert to the letter received from Mr. van Oosterzee from Batavia. He very clearly sets forth his connection with Commandeur Diederick Thomas Fretz, which, as he says, is through his wife Caroline Marie Schaap. This lady is shown to be a descendant of Commandeur Fretz both on the side of her father as well as of her mother. Two daughters of Commandeur Fretz, viz., Adriana Henrietta Fretz and Anna Diederica Fretz married, respectively, Dirk Schaap, Surgeon in the Dutch Service and Friedrich Karl Wilhelm Hallwachs. Mrs. van Oosterzee is, lineally, the great grand daughter of Dirk Schaap and Adriana Henrietta Fretz and the great great grand daughter on her mother's side of Friedrich Karl Wilhelm Hallwachs and Anna Diederica Fretz. Mr. van Oosterzee appears to take a deep interest in the family history of Commandeur Fretz and is desirous of obtaining one or two particulars from Ceylon, which we hope to be able to furnish him with, but which owing to various circumstances we have not yet been able to trace. The information ought, we believe, to be available.

R. G. A.



## ONSZELVEN.

[We publish the following as received, except that we have omitted the last part of the article which seems to us to deal with a subject of a somewhat disputable nature.]

Waarom, ja waarom staat de toestand onzer gemeenschap als 't ware afgelopen? Elke levendstand heeft eene oorzaak, men moet daarom de oorzaak voor deze jammerlijke toestand vinden.

Er kan geen twijfel zijn omtrent het feit dat iedere poging om ons in de eendracht te brengen schijnt met een flauwhartig antwoord te worden ontvangen; daarom is het duidelijk dat wij de geestdrift ontbreken. Doch weer komt de vraag naar voren, waarom?

Kan het zijn dat er niets in ons innerlijk wezen is om den roep tot ons verbetering met geestdrift te antwoorden? Neen, dat wil ik niet geloven; doch misschien is het roepen niet van den aard ons in de handeling van te sporen. Laat ik mij verduidelijken. Ik zal er u een tusschenval of twee in het leven onzer gemeenschap in herinnering brengen, waarover wij hebben bewezen onze geestdrift en nog steeds bewijzen. Eerst dan moeten wij ons de geestdrift herinneren waarmee de geheele gemeenschap op om oproep van onze president in de handeling werd aangespord in de grondslag onzer Unie werd gelegd. Weer zijn er de jaarlijksche feestelijkheden b. v. op St. Nicholaas avond waartoe wij allen, jong en oud, vergaderen en met geestdrift vieren. Bewijst dit dan niet dat als de zaak onze geestdrift wil opwekken dan moet het zich op onze stamijver beroepen. Als het zoo staat, dan kunnen wij ons verheugen dat in weerwil van de schijn alsof wij de Engelschen in al hunner moden en gebruiken volgen, toch ter hart blijven wij Hollandsch. Dan ook staat onzer toestand, die afschoon uitgeput schijnt te zijn, in tamelijk goede gezondheid, want wij worden nog niet verengelsched. Doch er is gevaar dat wij langzamerhand uit onze stambetrekkingen glijden, en waneer dit gebeurt dan zijn wij als een onderscheidene gemeenschap verloren.

Wat moeten wij doen? Het is gemakkelijk gezien dat wij hebben noodig onze stamijver op te wekken, zoodat wij ons beroemen in de taal en het land van onze vaders en alles wat zij hier in dit land hebben gedaan en aan ons vermaken. Hoe vinden wij

ons met betrekking tot deze zaak? Helaas! wat de taal betreft moeten wij bekennen verraaders te zijn. Misschien mocht men zeggen dat ik veel te strenge taal gebruik. Daarin stem ik niet toe. Wij moeten in ons de daad beschouwen waartoe door onze verwaarloozing en zorgeloosheid wij ons hebben laten brengen.

Evenwel is het nog niet te laat ons de taal te herleven. In deze dagen is het leeren van talen zoo gemakkelijk gemaakt dat zonder ten minst twee Europesche talen te kennen wordt niemand gemeend opgevoed te zijn. Waarom dan is het dat wanneer ons volk word uitgenoodigd de moeder taal te leeren, zij vragen tot wat nut is het? Het is moeilijk zulk een houding te verstaan als zooveel van onze belangen in deze zaak worden ingewikkeld. Nog eene andere verontschuldiging is dat men te oud is en dat het herleven van de taal moet een begin met de kinderen nemen. Klinkt dit niet de taal van den luiaard, de kreet van den man die den nood erkent, doch onttrekt zich aan de verantwoordelijkheid, dien hij op de kinderen leggen wil. Neen, mijne vrienden, wij kunnen ons zoo gemakkelijk aan onze verantwoordelijkheden niet onttrekken. Wij spreken eene vreemde taal en het gevolg zien wij in het jammerlijk gebrek aan de eendracht onder ons. Wij hebben telkens vele middelen geprobeerd om onze toestand te verbeteren, maar het schijnt niet te gelukken. Geef dan het herleven der taal eene werkelijke proef en er kan geen twijfel zijn dat niet alleen zullen wij dichter bij elkaar getrokken worden, maar er zal eene stamijver, die alle moeilijkheden zal overwinnen, onder ons opgewekt worden.

Wij noemen ons "Dutch Burghers" en zijn trotsch op onze afkomst, maar hoe long gelooft gij dat wij zullen trotsch blijven zoo geheeten te worden, als wij ons erfdeel in de taal en andere belangen alzoo verwaarloozen.

De eerste steen tegen ons gemeenschap in betrekking tot de verwaarloozing van ons moeder taal werd geworpen in den hoogste wetgevende lichaam van dit land. Wel is waar ze ging den schild schadeloos voorbij, en de poging ons te vernederen werd door den edelen heer Loos goed ontmoeten. Nu weer komt eene steen in ditmaal uit het eerst collegie van dit land. Men ziet hier hoe de jongelingen der gemeenschappen waar onder wij wonen op ons kijken. Zijn deze tusschenvallen dan niet genoeg om ons aan te sporen eene werkelijke poging de taal en andere belangen tot ons overgemaakt te doen herleven? Ja, het is onzen plicht tot ons en onze kinderen, en laat het tegen ons niet kunnen gezegd worden, dat wij onzen plicht hebben verwaarloost.

H. H. COLLETTE.

## RIPPLINGS BY "RIP VAN WINKLE."

[The following contribution is from a member of the Union, who, as he says, "had lived in the world, yet out of it" for a period of nearly 12 years, during which he may be said to have been almost unconscious of the changes which were taking place around him. In the peculiar circumstances of the case we have let him express his views and opinions without any editorial restriction.]

Before I embark on my "rippings," I feel that I should preface them with some explanatory remarks as to how I came to assume the *nom-de-plume* at the head of these notes. If curiosity prompts the reader to peruse them, it will be found that they are, perhaps, the senile vapourings of a being who, owing to stress of circumstances over which he believed at the time he had no control whatsoever, had to live in seclusion and retirement for well nigh 12 years—in the world, yet out of it. I have used the word "senile" advisedly, for when I went into retirement—into the "cloister" of my own thoughts, so to speak—I was 52—and I am 64 to-day; so that I have to look for a certain amount of indulgence and latitude from my readers—especially the young and impetuous or impulsive type—and must ask them to bear with me and not to take me too seriously. At my time of life, one is inclined to be prosy. I fear I will be taxing the patience of the younger portion of my readers—especially in these days of "stress and strain"—I may be "getting on the nerves" of some of them, so that I must look to the older generation—the "old fogey" type like myself—for sympathetic consideration of my vapourings. Twelve years is a long period as human reckoning goes, and many are the changes which have taken place even in this world of Colombo, since, like Rip van Winkle, I went off, metaphorically, to sleep and woke from my prolonged slumber. The reason for the *nom-de-plume* is now self-evident.

1. *Burgher "Organ."*—The first fact I awakened to was that the Burghers are without an "Organ." In the old days the "Ceylon Examiner" was the recognized exponent of the wants of our community, and championed its cause fearlessly. Within my recollection, which goes back to the seventies, "Lep" (Leopold) Ludovici, and later, Francis Beven, were the Editors. When the latter retired to look after his coconut estate ("Franklands") at

Veyangoda, the conduct of the paper devolved upon his Assistant, Edwin vanGeyzel, who struggled hard, amidst many discouragements, to keep it alive. With his demise in 1899 the paper too ceased to exist. Meanwhile, about 1885, the "Ceylon Independent," a cheap "paper for the people," was started by Mr. (late Sir) Hector vanCuylenberg, and, with the demise of the "Ceylon Examiner," this came to be looked upon as the Burgher "Organ." Now all this is changed. With the death of Sir Hector the paper "changed hands," and is now, I understand, being "run" by a Sinhalese Syndicate. I have spoken of a Burgher "Organ"; while doing so, I have in my mind not only a paper in which the grievances and wants of the Community can be ventilated, but also a paper to which a Burgher might contribute on any subject even outside the affairs of his own community—a paper in which any such contribution would be more welcome than in one "run" by members of other communities. This, at least, has been my experience. If ever I felt "*cacoethes scribendi*" come over me, even if it were over some topic of general interest, I always looked, first to the columns of the "Ceylon Examiner," and later to those of the "Ceylon Independent," for a place for my production. If, therefore, in these notes I touch upon matters which do not come strictly within the purview of the D.B.U. Journal, this must be my excuse. By natural sequence the question arises, why should not the Burghers—I use the term in its widest sense—have their own "Organ"? Is it for want of competent men to conduct it, or is it owing to a dearth of moneyed men, who might be looked upon as public-spirited—or rather *community-spirited*—enough to embark on such a project? As for competent men, it goes without saying that we have a plethora of them. Can it be said that we have no men sufficiently "moneyed" to form a Syndicate for such a purpose? To have to say "no" raises a blush even in my sallow and withered cheeks! I know of at least a dozen people among the Dutch Burghers who can contribute towards such an object. They will not have to dip very deep into their pockets, nor need they look upon it as a speculation. If well managed, the paper can be made to pay from its very inception. No paper is run on "charity lines"; it is looked upon as and made a "paying" concern. Why then should not the Burghers have a paper of their own? Is it

really for want of public or, as I have tried more pointedly to put it—community-spirit? I must leave this question to be answered by some of my readers, if they will. I understand there is at present one morning daily "in the market"—it is a paper which from "old associations" would be the most suitable for the purpose. May I appeal to those of our community who can well afford to buy up the paper not to let this opportunity go past them? "Never let grub pass you," used to be a favourite piece of advice with one who had some pretensions to *wag*-dom, when the "patties" and sandwiches were taken round at a party; the same might be said to apply in this case.

2. *The (old) "Ceylon Observer"*—Talking of papers being "run" by so and so, I find that the old "Observer," the first paper which was started in the Colony, has passed out of the family of the original founder, and is now being "run" by a "native"—as opposed to European or Burgher. Under the old *regime* it was a staid, almost Puritan paper, in whose columns very little, if any, sporting—especially racing—news found a place. But I remember this paper was once for all "caught napping," and "napping" very badly. It published in its columns an item of "racing" news which was found to be more than "rank blasphemy"—it was pure, unadulterated, "smut," very cleverly "veiled"! and, as such, cannot be more than recalled here. Some of my older readers may remember the incident. The "unkindest cut" of all came in the day after the paper was issued. An officer belonging to the British regiment stationed here at the time sent for a dozen copies of the paper, to be posted to his "racing" friends. They were supplied, with this item of "news" carefully cut out. He returned them and asked for a re-fund, on the ground that the only interesting "bit" had been eliminated!

In the seventies when coffee leaf disease was "playing havoc," resulting in the closing down of many estates and even of the leading bank in those days, viz., the Oriental Bank Corporation (the "O.B.C."—as it was familiarly called), the "Observer" concerned itself most about this blight, and opened its columns to suggestions for the suppression of the disease. There was a professor somebody—(I cannot recall his name)—who recommended some expensive method of treatment which some of the planters adopted. The

"Observer" looked upon it as "throwing good money" or what little was left—"after bad," and denounced the "professor" as an imposter. The usual libel case followed and the "Observer" was cast in damages! I have said that the (old) "Observer" was "run" on almost Puritan lines. Its first Editor, A. M. Ferguson, and his successor, John Ferguson, never failed to attend both services on the Sunday at the Baptist Chapel in the Pettah, in fact this place of worship was practically "run" by the Fergusons; they had the largest voice in its management. There was unmistakeable evidence of this when the Revd. T. R. Stevenson—a very popular, though (to some people) too broad-minded a preacher, whom Sir Richard Morgan—a confirmed Churchman—used to come all the way from Mutwal to hear—preached his farewell sermon. He led his audience almost to understand that he had been "hounded out" by the Fergusons. I find I am "prosing." Well, the "Observer," in seeking to find a cause for coffee leaf disease, hit upon what might be called a *spiritual* reason for the visitation. It said it was a curse from God, because the planters of those days spent their Sundays in the hunting and shooting field and gave no thought to the "giving hand" who was the author of all their prosperity. Mayhap there was some truth in this. The present generation, not only of planters, but of rubber and tea "kings," might well take a lesson from this, for it will not be denied, that, though this is an age of great enlightenment, it is also, with all its prosperity, one of greater worldliness—to say the least!

3. Talking of worldliness brings me to the next topic. I was "out of the world," practically, all through the Great War and for many years after. I could not read a paper or take any interest in what was going on around me, or in the world at large. If I happened to get to know about anything at the time, it was by hearsay, or more often by *over-hearsay*. One of the lessons which had to be learnt by everybody during the war was the study, not so much of "Economics" as—of *Economy*. This had to be rigidly practised in many walks of life. One of the directions in which this tendency operated was in that of woman's dress. To save expense evidently, it was decided to do away with "trains," long sleeves and "necks," to "shorten" all round, and thereby economise as much as possible

in material. Like many a good idea or intention—"many have lived with good intentions and yet have perished"—this one began to be *overdone*, or, rather, to be strictly correct—*underdone*, with the result that, more often than not, the border line of decency and modesty—which was woman's special "department," so to speak—is passed and that of vulgarity is reached. "To the pure all things are pure"—some sage—more likely of the opposite sex—will say. This is a saying which apparently has been inspired by the present ruler of the world and its worldliness, so much so that all forms of impurity are sought to be covered therewith. What with sun-down dances, mixed bathing, cigarette smoking amongst the fair sex—this was a habit which was confined to the "*mesthas*" in our homes in the old days, and (may I add?) more recently, to the members of the *demi-monde* only—broadcasting in its "broadest" sense, speedy (motor) travelling; yet more speedy methods of travelling, "in the air"; and monthly race meets with their accompanying excess of drink and gambling, the "powers of the air," and of darkness are being given full scope for their "seductive allurements." That "the Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath" is being "done to death" in more ways than one. I am no prude, although I was brought up to observe or—as much as possible—to respect the 8th Commandment. One has to move "with the times" so that I do not hold such extreme views about its observance as "our fathers" held. When we were "boys" (and girls) there used to be a much quoted saying—"too much of one thing is good for nothing" May I ask our "boys and girls" to make a note of this somewhat crude but simple truth and try to act up to it? The Burgher community was, amongst other good qualities, always known and *respected* for its high moral standard. Without wishing to imply, or even insinuate, that deterioration has set in, may I appeal more especially to the younger members thereof to make every endeavour to maintain the traditions of their community?

4. Just one more note—"more anon" if these "find acceptance." In the old days whenever any trouble arose, it was usual for someone to exclaim—"a woman is at the bottom" of it all; now, the "order of things" has been changed, for the woman is assigned a different position, which is, more or less, not at the *bottom*, but *behind*—on the pillion of a motor cycle!

W. v. G.

**ST. NICOLAAS' FETE, 1926.**

St. Nicolaas' Fete of 1926 will long be remembered as one of the most successful of the long unbroken series of these entertainments which have been held since the year 1907. While being essentially a children's entertainment, this annual Fete helps to keep the older people in touch with the Union, and papa and mamma, who have been prevented from office worries and domestic cares during 364 days in the year from taking part in any of the activities of the Union, find themselves on St. Nicolaas' Day irresistibly drawn towards the D. B. U. Hall, where they renew old acquaintances what time the little ones are being regaled with sweets preparatory to the arrival of St. Nicolaas, whose appearance is the signal for the distribution of toys suited to the varying ages of the children. The Bishop plays the most important part in the day's proceedings, and one would therefore have expected to see a scramble to fill that dignified role, albeit temporarily, but strange to say, this year there was an entire absence of aspirants for the honour, and the Bishop's mitre and snow-white beard concealed the features of a youthful member of the Union, who had to be pressed into service, and who, gallantly rising to the occasion, made up in enthusiasm what he lacked in gravity.

The arrangements for the distribution of the toys, which were in the hands of Mrs. E. H. Joseph, assisted by a committee of ladies and gentlemen, worked admirably, and one could not help admiring the expeditious way in which the toys were handed out. This being over, there naturally followed a scene of delightful confusion, in which the little ones were to be seen excitedly opening their parcels to see what they contained, assisted here by a fond parent or there by an elder brother or sister. Order having been once again restored, some of the older children took part in musical chairs, while the others looked on and clapped their hands in delight at the success of the winner, who was awarded a prize.

This closed the day's entertainment as far as the little ones were concerned. Their places were now taken by their elder brothers and sisters, and in some cases by their still youthful papas and mammas, who, having despatched their little ones home, now

claimed their share in the day's proceedings. Dance followed dance in quick succession, and the scene was one of movement and animation. Those for whom this form of recreation had no attraction, or who owing to age or increasing girth were precluded from indulging in it, contented themselves with looking on, or found solace in the pleasures afforded upstairs until it was time to go home. Thus ended the St. Nicolaas' Fete of 1926, which was voted on all hands a huge success.

**NOTES AND QUERIES.**

**Publication of Dutch Records**—The replies elicited from Government to the questions raised in the Legislative Council regarding the publication of translations of the Dutch records in the Archives have caused some surprise. They seem to be in keeping with the indifference and ignorance generally displayed by our authorities in the concerns and circumstances of the Dutch Burgher Community. To the first question the Colonial Secretary has stated that it is impossible to procure a man with the special knowledge required for relieving the Government Archivist of certain routine duties in his office which prevent him from carrying on the work of translation: to the second question the astonishing assertion has been made that the Government have not advertised locally for such a person as they have been advised that there is no one in Ceylon with the requisite knowledge of written Dutch. We do not know what efforts had been made to obtain information on the subject or who the advisers of the Government are in matters of this nature; but it is evident to us either that there is a great lack of interest in the subject or that information has been sought from those who appear to be quite unqualified to give advice in the

matter. We would merely mention here that there are persons in the Dutch Burgher Community who are well able to undertake the work of translating Dutch into English. Dutch has not only been studied as a written language by members of the community, but it is also spoken in a small circle; while there are some who have relatives and friends in Holland with whom they frequently correspond.

**European Descent in the D. B. U.**—A correspondent has put us this pertinent question—"Is it necessary, in order to gain admission into the Dutch Burgher Union, for an applicant to trace his descent back to the ancestor who arrived from Europe? I ask this because I understand that a great many Dutch Burghers of good family are deterred from joining the Union owing to the difficulty of obtaining this information." We are glad of this opportunity of settling any doubt which may exist on the point. A glance at Art. 3 of the Constitution of the Union would show that the qualification required is descent in the male line from those of European nationality who were in the service or under the rule of the Dutch East India Company in Ceylon. Now the Dutch Company had a perfect system of classification of their servants according to birth and descent: *Europeesch* meant one born in Europe; *Casties*, one of pure European descent born in the Island; and *Mixties*, one whose paternal ancestor in the direct line was European, but having a native female connection. All these composed the Dutch Community. It will thus be seen that, to satisfy the requirement of our rule, an applicant need not go beyond the name of the ancestor who came under any of these classes. We believe, as a matter of fact, that the descent of most of the Dutch Burghers in Ceylon could be traced to the original settler, but even if this information is not available, especially in the case of families who settled at a very remote date, the fact of the European descent would be found officially recorded in the Acts of Appointment and other documents.



## NOTES OF EVENTS.

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

*Monday, 4th October, 1926.*—1. Read extract from minutes of a meeting of the Entertainment Committee reporting that the August dance had shown a small profit and suggesting that the same do form the nucleus of an Entertainment Fund to which all profits from dances should be credited in future. This was agreed to. 2. The question of allowing credit for wines supplied was discussed and it was resolved that the matter be left to the discretion of the Treasurer. 3. Read letter from Mr. de Rooy pointing out that the minutes of the meeting held on 2nd August, 1926, did not in his opinion correctly record the facts in connection with an incident which took place at that meeting so far as his share in it was concerned. After discussion it was unanimously resolved that the minute in question be expunged from the proceedings.

*Monday, 1st October, 1926.*—1. Read letter from the President expressing his thanks for the birthday greetings sent to him by the Union. 2. Mr. J. P. de Vos (Jr.), who had with the Treasurer's permission gone into the accounts in detail, submitted a statement showing that the Union had been run at a loss of Rs. 198 for the six months, April to September, 1926. Mr. de Rooy pointed out that there were certain members of the Union who, although they had agreed to support the new scheme, were not paying their subscriptions at the enhanced rate, and that if they did so the deficit might be wiped out. He added that in the event of there being a deficit at the end of the year he would personally undertake to raise the necessary amount. 3. On the suggestion of Mr. de Rooy it was resolved that the Building Committee be asked to pay the taxes on the D. B. U. Building and that a Committee consisting of himself, Mr. J. P. de Vos (Jr.), the Secretary and the Treasurer be appointed to put the finances on a proper basis. 4. Read letter from the Entertainment Committee recommending that the Union Hall and grounds be made available for boys of the Burgher Community to enable them to indulge in Volley-ball, Ping-pong and other games. Resolved that the Hall and grounds be made available accordingly except on such days



as they are required for meetings of the Union and other social functions 5. Resolved that a wreath be laid on the Cenotaph on behalf of the Union on Armistice Day.

*Monday, 6th December, 1926.*—1. A vote of thanks was passed to Mrs. E. H. Joseph and her helpers for the admirable manner in which the St. Nicolaas' Fete had been organised. 2. The following new members were admitted:—Messrs. W. L. Rode, D. L. Albrecht, C. H. Ebell, H. V. Claasz and P. W. C. Leembruggen. 3. Read letter from the Honorary Secretary, Dutch Burgher Union of Ceylon Buildings Coy., intimating that the Directors were prepared as a temporary measure to waive the taxes on the building for the year 1926. 4. Mr. J. P. de Vos (Jr.), was appointed Auditor in place of Mr. F. E. Loos, who had asked to be relieved. 5. Mr. D. V. Altendorff asked a series of questions regarding the Union and the Club which were answered by the Honorary Secretary. 6. Mr. J. P. de Vos (Jr.), moved that the Union Hall be hired to members for private social functions on such days and hours as will not cause inconvenience to the general body of members, but after some discussion the motion was withdrawn.

*Lectures:* The following lectures were delivered during the last quarter:—

October—Rev. A. J. K. de Klerk on "Our Community and its Call." *Chairman:* Dr. L. A. Prins.

November—Mr. L. E. Blaze, B.A., on "Holland among the Nations." *Chairman:* The President.

There was no lecture in the month of December owing to St. Nicolaas' Fete and the Christmas festivities. We hope to induce Mr. E. H. van der Wall, whom we heartily welcome back on his return from a long holiday in Europe, to deliver a lecture on his impressions of Holland, a foretaste of which he has already given by his interesting article on "Holland Re-visited," which appears in this issue of the journal.



## 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.

