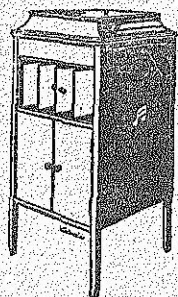


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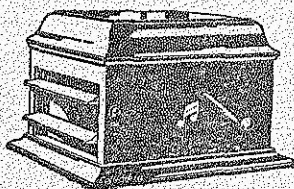
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OCTOBER, 1927.

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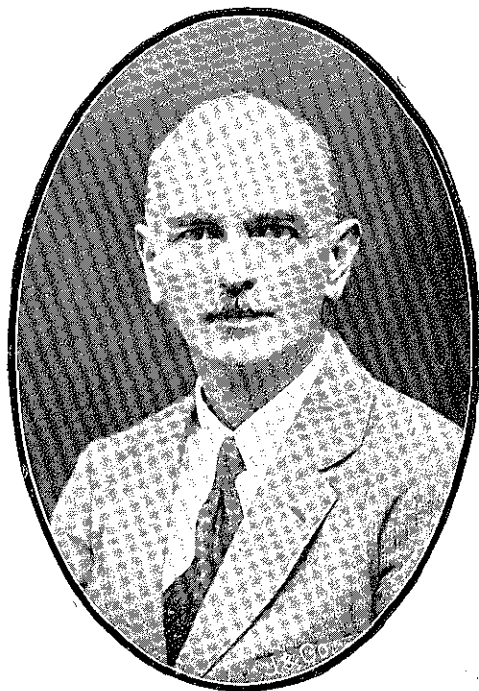
"Eendracht maakt Macht"

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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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SOME IMPRESSIONS OF A HOLIDAY IN EUROPE.

A generation or two ago, a visit to Europe was so rare an event in the life of the community that those who accomplished it won renown, not far removed from that of the great Sinbad the Sailor. Much water has flowed through the Suez canal since. Improved methods of travel and the growing prosperity of the people have multiplied the tourists from Ceylon to such an extent, that a visit to Europe is now frequently alluded to in the same terms as a visit to Newera Eliya.

When I first arrived in London some years ago I expressed surprise at the large number of Ceylon people whom I met there. "Why" exclaimed a friend who has the reputation of being a shrewd observer, "London is now merely a suburb of Colombo."

I am therefore conscious that I shall be dealing with facts already familiar to a large number of my hearers. But a lecture on Wordsworth or on the Ruined Cities of Ceylon is subject to the same infirmity. And after all, there is joy in retrospect and in the comparison of one's impressions with those of others.

My holiday to Europe included visits to England, Holland, Belgium, France and Switzerland. London is not merely the largest but it is also the most wonderful city in the world. It has a population larger than that of the whole of Australia. It has more Scotsmen than Edinburgh, more Irishmen than Dublin. And yet the wanderer in London can light on facts far more surprising. China is now one of the storm centres in the world. Let us therefore investigate China in London, for there is nothing under the

sun that London cannot give us. Let us turn away from the Chinese Restaurants of the West End, where retired Colonels and students of varying hue sit at brilliantly lit tables to eat rice and curry. Let us look for a bit of real China. Have you heard of China Town? To the ordinary Londoner it remains as unknown as China itself. And yet it is easily reached within the hour from most parts of the great city.

Was it not Gladstone who told the American ambassador that the best way to see London was from the top of a bus? They were horse buses then, but, in these cinema days of rapidly moving pictures, the motor bus answers the purpose well enough.

Jump on a bus moving citywards, pass the crowded Strand, pass the great emporiums of business in the city and now you are nearing the East End. It is surprising how many Londoners have never seen the East End. Truly one half of the world does not know how the other half lives.

The character of the district changes. The man who shares your seat on top of the bus turns round and talks to you. A young blood passes along on the pavement whistling "Valencia" in sheer contentment of heart. Another, who is out with his best girl, has his arm thrown round her. Barrows of fruits and vegetables line the streets. The hooked nose and the sharp eye of the Jew give a characteristic touch to the landscape. People are freer in manner and louder in speech. The East End is a happy place after all. And why not? To see it is to realise that it is not half so bad as it is painted.

The streets are not so clean as in South Kensington. One notices orange peel, banana skins and bits of paper thrown about. But the streets are not swept daily in these parts. Besides, immaculate streets, like boiled shirts, would not suit the genius of the East End. You feel your own reserve thawing and you turn round to your fellow-passenger and say: "Might be cleaner, perhaps." He replies with emphasis "I've seen worse in the West End" and you are bound to admit he is not altogether wrong. Some parts of Soho, Earl's Court and Bayswater are very close competitors.

You change over to a tram and go deeper into the East End, into the heart of Dockland, immortalised by W. W. Jacobs. The conductor whistles to you and signals in a cheerio fashion and you alight, for now you are in Penny Fields and Lime House Causeway, which is China Town. Strange cabalistic signs greet your eye. They remind you of the outside of the packs of crackers sold in Ceylon. The streets are of the same type as described before, only more so. Buxom women with red arms and redder faces look at you with not unfriendly curiosity. Dreamy looking Chinamen stand at the narrow doors, looking fixedly at nothing in particular. Others have an upward look, each man viewing his own bit of sky. Perhaps that is why they are called Celestials. Silence is golden and they are said to reap a golden harvest. For most of the houses carry on a brisk business with sailor men and refreshments of various kinds and second-hand clothes are temptingly displayed at the windows. Do any of the dark interiors and winding stairs hide guilty secrets? Not if you studied the Chinaman's impassive face, but it is a fine field for heroes of the Sherlock Holmes type, all the same.

The women and children gather round you in little knots, athirst with curiosity and the desire to kill time. Soon you are in the thick of conversation, gleanings and gathering impressions. Without exception, the Chinamen in China Town marry English wives and you see unmistakeable traces of mixed descent in the slanting eyes and the straight black hair of many of the children. Occasionally there is a strong reversion to one of the types. An intelligent looking girl of about twelve looks almost English. You adopt the free and easy manner of these parts and put her the question straight: "Are you English?" "No, Sir," she replies with emphasis and with what seems to you a touch of pride "I am half-caste!" *

The Chinaman enjoys a high reputation in China Town. Opinions were unanimous on this point and these were derived not only from neighbours but also from the wives of Chinamen. They are good husbands and good fathers and as a woman with a sharp

*It is worth noting that the term half-caste is a reproach, only where one of the races concerned is held in contempt.

tongue rather bitterly added "They do not spend their earnings in the drink shop."

The English are shrewd observers and their familiar sayings contain much good philosophy. 'No man is a hero to his valet' is one of the best of these. What a hero a man must be when his own wife puts so high a value on him!

We live and learn, especially when we travel. East is East and West is West, but when the twain have met in China Town, the Chinaman adds to his reputation. Perhaps Kipling, like so many others of his countrymen, never saw China Town.

Returning late in the fading light of a long summer day, we saw three Chinese women toddling along in loose shirts and pantaloons, on their absurdly tiny feet. "But how is this?" we inquired, we were told that Chinamen without exception married English wives, and that there were no Chinese women in China Town? "Quite so" replied a cheerful woman, pushing a barrow of fruit along the road, "Only, these are nurses from the West End, come on the same errand as yourselves, to visit China Town."

The country lanes of English villages are some of my happiest memories. No dust, no bullock carts, the fields with their sweet scent of hay, the babbling brook, the distant spire—no wonder England produced so many poets. A favourite drive from London is to Windsor and Eton. On one side of the river Thames stands the historic castle and on the other the great English public school with its famous and wide-stretching playing fields. All public schools have their distinctive traditions. The Etonians leave the lowest buttons of their waistcoats unfastened. I carefully observed hundreds of boys of all sizes but never met with one exception to this rule.

Queen Elizabeth often crossed this river to visit the great school. On one of these occasions, seeing the cane displayed on the wall, over the headmaster's table, she inquired of the head boy in Vergil's classic tongue, whether he had any acquaintance with it. Instantly came the reply:

Infandum, regina jubes renovare dolorem.

Those ladies who know as much Latin as Queen Elizabeth did, will no doubt seek a translation from their husbands and brothers.

Not far from Windsor is a spot which fills an honoured place in the map of English Literature. This is the village of Stoke Poges, where Gray wrote his famous Elegy. It lies in one of the wildest parts of England and is approached by a lonely road. The loneliness and wildness of the scenery are so striking that a visitor from Ceylon, who accompanied me, said that he was strongly reminded of Nikaweretiya!

I reverently walked past the graves 'where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,' and where Americans with guides and note-books abound.

It is worthy of mention that when General Wolfe was being rowed across the water, to scale the heights on which Canada was won for the Empire, he was softly reciting to himself a stanza from the Elegy which had just then been published:

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

When he had concluded he said "I had rather be the author of that poem than take Canada." Within a few hours, he too had trodden the paths of glory that led but to the grave.

A visit to the County of Gloucestershire is made interesting not only by the rugged and picturesque scenery of the Cotswold hills but also by the fact that the stimulating methods of Miss Charlotte Mason are followed in the schools, under the energetic control of Mr. H. W. Household, the Director of Education of that County. Home education forms so important a feature of that scheme that I make no apology for mentioning the subject to the parents present here this evening.

The ancient city of Gloucester has many interesting memorials of the past. In Gloucester Cathedral built about the time of the Norman Conquest, Robert Duke of Normandy, eldest son of William the Conqueror, lie buried. In this city was burnt Bishop Hooper in 1555, and the house in which he was imprisoned the night before his burning is still preserved as a museum. The city of Gloucester has another claim to our notice. Here was founded by Robert Raikes in 1760 the first Sunday School in the country.

The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge observe vacations which cover about the half the year. No doubt this plan has its advantages and gives the reading man opportunities for uninterrupted study. My second visits to Oxford and Cambridge were made during the long vacations of these Universities. All the same, I was interested to discover two links associated with Ceylon. The name of Lord Chalmers, late Governor of Ceylon, and now Master of Peter House, Cambridge, appeared on the College notices and so did the name of T. E. Tweed at Trinity Hall. Ceylon holds a high reputation at the two Universities, as so many blues have been won in recent years by Ceylon men. The battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton. The winner of a blue therefore looms larger on the popular imagination than the winner of academical honours.

My impressions of Holland have appeared more than once in the pages of the Dutch Burgher Union Journal. But the subject of Holland and the Dutch is seemingly inexhaustible.

The Stork is protected in Holland not only because it brings the babies but also because it destroys the burrowing animals which can damage the dykes which defend the land from the sea. There have been from time to time serious inundations. The Frisian Islands mark a former coast line which was breached in the 14th Century, forming the deep gulf known as the Zuider Zee. I saw the work of reclamation which is now going on and which will win back from the sea 815 square miles on which it is expected that 250,000 people will find ample support. "Luctor et Emergo" is a motto which has always inspired the Dutch people.

The chief manufactures of Holland are based either on their agricultural products or on articles imported from their Colonies. Brown Holland which is well known to us is manufactured at Haarlem out of flax. Holland's gin is distilled from rye at Rotterdam. There are some qualities of superior gin at Holland which do not appear to be exported to Ceylon. Tobacco is manufactured at Amsterdam and other towns from raw material imported from the Dutch Colonies. After living for some time in England where good cigars are beyond men of moderate means, one welcomes the Dutch cigars which are excellent in quality and comparatively cheap.

At Delft and at the Hague the suitability of the local clay has developed pottery industries. The good old Delft ware of a delicate fineness is no longer made, but there is a constant demand for pottery of good quality which the local market supplies. The chief centre of the diamond cutting industry in Europe is Amsterdam. This is a link with the former Dutch interests in South Africa.

Belgium is a lovely country and, as part of the Netherlands has many characteristics in common with Holland. Everywhere one sees signs of great industry in dairy and poultry farming. The Belgian coal fields give it a position of economic importance.

Brussels is a beautiful city, which resembles Paris in many respects. The Congo Museum, which lies on the outskirts of the city, is well worth a visit. As I arrived in the city I had proof of the old saying that there was no disputing tastes. Snail soup was being largely supplied to the public from open booths in the public streets. One heard the snail shells rattle as the soup was ladled out. After all, if one eats oysters, why not snails? And why should men who hunt the fox in England hold up their hands in horror at the Spanish bull-fight? The bull at any rate, can retaliate, which the fox cannot do. And so, we live and learn.

Bruges, which is famous for its lace-making, is a dreamy, old world city with a history of past greatness. Silting has made it a dead city and its new port of Zeebrugge, famous in the Great War, is easily discerned from the top of the great Municipal Tower, 300 feet high.

In Bruges town is many a street,
Whence busy life hath fled
Where without hurry, noiseless feet
The grass grown pavement tread.

There is no poetic exaggeration in this description, for my own feet have trodden the grass-grown pavements. I visited Bruges on All Saints' Day when the whole population went to church, and I listened to a sermon in excellent Dutch.

At intervals, the quiet hush that pervaded the city was broken by sweet carillons of bells. The characteristic note was religious calm. Some time later, point was given to my impression when I visited a music hall in Paris. Scenes from other lands were illustrated and included a typical scene from Bruges. Women in

quaint, snow-white caps sat lace-making. Suddenly the sounds of soft music were heard and a line of monks stepped slowly over a rustic bridge singing the glorious strains of the well-known Dutch hymn—"The Old Hundred." On a calm Sunday afternoon, my mind turns unconsciously to the peaceful memories of Bruges.

All Belgium is reminiscent of the Great War and the name of every village sounds strangely familiar. It seemed more profitable for me to move a century back and revisit the famous field of Waterloo.

The village of Waterloo is a few miles outside Brussels and is reached by a charming drive through the beech forest of Soignes. The trees, which are 70 feet high and meet over-head, give the forest the appearance of a sylvan cathedral.

I visited the house in which Wellington slept on the eve of the great battle. The bedroom and its furniture remain unchanged to this day. The battle-field is about $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles distant from the village, but as Wellington wrote his despatches from his headquarters at Waterloo, the battle was so named. The farm house of Hougomont, which was repeatedly attacked by Napoleon, still bears the marks of bullets on its walls. I concluded my visit to the battle-field by climbing the Lion Mound, from which a glorious view of the surrounding country can be seen. The mound, which is about 160 feet high, was erected 8 years after the famous battle. The lion, which surmounts the mound is 17 feet high and was made of captured French guns.

Switzerland is a land of sunshine and snow. The valleys are so warm that overcoats are seldom necessary, while the mountains all round are clothed in everlasting snow. The magnificent scenery of Switzerland is a commercial asset, which yields a very profitable return. By intensive training the Swiss waiters and waitresses are probably the best of their class in the world. While keeping their place, they are more like hosts and hostesses than servants. Several of them have had a secondary education and a course of hotel-keeping.

Mountain climbing is an attraction to a large number of tourists but the less adventurous can reach the same goal by the funicular railway, which climbs slopes of wonderful abruptness.

The blue of Lake Geneva is as blue as that of the Mediterranean. At one end of the lake stands the picturesque town of Geneva, from which the great river Rhone tumbles out on its long course. Geneva is the headquarters of the League of Nations, whose palatial buildings stand on the banks of the Lake. It is the most famous place in the world for watchmaking, and it is worth noting that there is a distinction between Swiss watches and Geneva watches. The latter bear the hall mark of highly skilled manufacture. Some of the greatest discoveries in watchmaking were made by firms of Geneva watchmakers.

France, the pleasant land of France, offers the holiday seeker a variety of climate and the warmest of welcomes, at comparatively small cost. The financial advantage is not due merely to the inflation of the currency but to the intrinsically lower cost of living in France. There is neither labour problem nor unemployment in France. The cost of production is not therefore high.

"Cheap and nasty" is one of those phrases which give satisfaction to persons incapable of effort. I should call it cheap philosophy. To those who have the will and the energy to make inquiries in the right way, there exists what is cheap and good, and that I believe is what most of us want. This is true of all countries but particularly of France.

Paris, the Riviera—are these not the resorts of the idle rich? One would suppose that it would be impossible at small cost to live reasonably and respectably at either of these places. But, to those who look beneath the surface and are not too particular, there exist hostelrys where a maximum of joy can be had at a minimum of cost, and with these added advantages not usually obtained in England—central heating and hot and cold water running in each bed room. One learns quite early that it is advisable to avoid hotels where English-speaking people most do congregate. American millionaires are as common as summer flies and are made to pay in accordance with their purse. It seems to me quite an easy matter to distinguish between American and English speech. But the Frenchman either cannot or will not do so. Probably the latter is correct, for like hotel-keepers all the world over he takes what he can from those who can afford to pay.

The French, like other continentals, have three meals a day. The *petit déjeuner* (breakfast), the *déjeuner* (lunch) and the *dîner* (dinner). Here it might be appropriate to ask whether the afternoon tea, which is a peculiarly English institution, is necessary at all, as the consensus of continental opinion is opposed to it. I do believe we should all be healthier and happier without it and that it is possible to discuss the affairs of other people over cups of tea, without ruining our digestions with cake and sandwiches.

The *petit déjeuner*, which is light, consists of rolls and butter with coffee—that is all. Here again is philosophy. After a long rest one does not need much food. Enough is a feast and I have enjoyed my simple French breakfast with all the appreciation it deserves. By the middle of the day you are hungry and then comes *déjeuner*. This consists of selections from *hors d'œuvres*, soup, fish, meat, vegetables, cheese and dessert. The dinner is very much the same as lunch. Between lunch and dinner one may sip a cup of coffee at a restaurant, sitting on what in Ceylon we would call *outer-verandahs*. These restaurants are usually crowded and are a characteristic note in French life. It is part of the Frenchman's creed that a certain portion of the day should be devoted to sitting in his favourite restaurant, reading his newspaper, playing indoor games or just looking into the street. Before each person there stands an untasted or partly consumed glass of wine or coffee. You finish it when it is time for you to go, unless indeed you repeat your order. This however is unusual, for the Frenchman is, above all things, economical and knows how to put his money and time to the best possible use.

The French loaf is fearfully and wonderfully made. It resembles those great and knotted clubs which nursery picture books show us were carried by fabled giants and ogres. Whenever I saw a Frenchman carrying one of these I could not resist the suggestion that he was about to commit some desperate act. It was in France that I realised the appropriateness of a saying, which until then, had no particular significance—"Bread is the staff of life." Yes, it is obviously so in France. French food is of course, known all the world over and in the more expensive restaurants cooking reaches the dignity of a fine art. The *Bouillbaisse* is a dish which rouses the enthusiasm of gourmets. It is a soup made of fish,

crabs and prawns with lumps of floating bread in the dish. I wondered to what special quality it owed its reputation, as the dish was placed before me and a savoury and somewhat familiar smell assailed my nose. It was a Ceylon mulligatawny—only that and nothing more.

The whole thing unwinds itself. A returning sailor brought the recipe, for the *Bouillbaisse* has its origin in the port of Marseilles. I should have missed *Bouillbaisse* altogether but for the foresight of a young medical man from Ceylon, whose knowledge of the culinary art is said to be not inferior to his skill as a physician.

Customs differ, of course. We eat our vegetables with our meat. The French regard these as separate courses. That, one may argue, is much the same thing. But, surely not. For instance, we drink whisky and soda, but we should hesitate to drink whisky first and soda next. It is difficult to drive conviction home to a waiter who has been trained to think differently to us. You study the menu and you order two items—let us say a mutton chop and a cauliflower. You instruct the waiter in your best French that you want these served together. He beams intelligently at you, as if he understood you all right and disappears. After an interval he reappears and places the cauliflower before you—*Voilà!* he says pleasantly, with all the consciousness of a good deed done. Tired of waiting, you begin on the cauliflower and finish it. He removes your plate with a flourish. Some minutes later the mutton chop is placed before you "*Voilà!*" again. It is not only the East that cannot be hustled.

Wine is as common and as cheap as water, that is mineral water, for which France enjoys a great reputation. Those who do not drink wine at lunch or at dinner are so unusual that they draw attention to themselves. Some restaurants notify their visitors that those who order nothing from the wine list are subject to the penalty of a special tax. Wine and women are sometimes linked together. So if in some countries they tax bachelors, why not tax also those who refuse wine? Under these regulations the philosophy of Omer Khyam is irresistible:—

Come fill the cup and in the fire of spring
The winter garment of repentance fling.

If you step into an ordinary restaurant and seek to slake your thirst with wines or beers, well and good. But if you carry your foreign habits about with you and ask for a whiskey and soda, you

are only looking for trouble. On one occasion I felt the East a-calling and I thought of the thirsty men who sit under the fan by the Bar at the Dutch Burgher Union Club, so I called for the wine list and looked for whiskey and soda. There was nothing doing under that item, but there was brandy. The next best thing surely would be a long brandy and water. So I placed it on order and waited, full of happy anticipation. After an unusual delay it came,—a small thimbleful of brandy with a lump of sugar by its side. Happy are those who expect nothing, for they are not disappointed. "Voila!" said the waiter, as he placed the brandy and sugar before me, but he was frankly puzzled. He could not understand why I ordered these before the coffee. No wonder the French think that some of these foreigners are mad.

At restaurants, you eat either by the card or at a fixed price. The cheap fixed price restaurants are marvellous and I have never seen anything like these elsewhere. Let me describe one where the fixed price for lunch or dinner is 3 francs and 50 centimes, or at the present rate of exchange, about 35 cents of Ceylon money. For 35 cents one might with luck get a decent plate of rice and curry in Ceylon. But for this money the French give you a meal of several courses with bread *ad lib* and a bottle of wine included. The meals are served at little tables with clean linen and by waiters and waitresses, whose politeness is proverbial. Among those who frequent these restaurants one sometimes notices quite refined people, who for reasons of their own do not want to spend too much money. I met a party of young men from Cambridge who were quite enthusiastic on the subject. "Where could you find such places in England?" one inquired. Of course there are none.

As one should expect there are rush hours at these cheap restaurants when it is exceedingly difficult to find a place and when the chatter and the clatter often combine to make a din which reminds one of the zoo at feeding time. But what one eats and drinks for the money is truly wonderful.

The French waiter wears a long white apron over his evening suit. He reminds one of the good old Sinhalese gentleman of a past generation, whose trousers peeped from beneath his distinctive national cloth.

Tipping is a custom ingrained in the life of the French people. You are expected to tip for all kinds of little services for which you would not ordinarily tip in England or Ceylon. For instance, the woman who shows you to your seat at a theatre or a cinema expects a tip, and, if you omit it, will remind you of it.

Tipping is not one of life's minor troubles. It is a real tyranny which often spoils the joys of your holiday and gives you anxious thought. Whom to tip, how much to tip, and finally when to tip are problems that often make the last few moments at a hotel acutely miserable.

The French plan is to add one tenth to your bill under the head of service. Simple as it seems, you are still unable to leave with the relief of discharged obligations. For there is the servant whose kindly attentions follow you up to your taxi and whose good wishes are expressed with such genuine concern. You say to yourself: "The management has charged me for these things, so why should I pay again?" But when attentions are so assiduous you find your resolution weakening, so there you are.

Once I steeled myself to principle. I said I would not pay twice over for the same thing. With a hardened heart I passed the phalanx of expectant waiters, chambermaids and porters and hurried into my taxi. But, though I had paid according to the regulations, it made me feel quite mean and I have never done it again. Great as the call for economy may be, the call for a comfortable exit from one's hotel is worth the difference.

If your knowledge of French is not extensive and money is any object to you, beware how you drop into a chair in a French barber's saloon. He receives you effusively and measures you up, while he washes his hands with invisible soap in invisible water.

You tell him that you want your hair cut. He bows intelligently. You then bury yourself in the English pictorial newspaper which he hands you. Occasionally he says something in French which you do not understand and the work proceeds. At last it is all over and the mirror shows that your hair is cut to your satisfaction. But a rude shock awaits you when you receive your bill. You wonder whether you have had your hair cut or whether you

have received your monthly bill from your grocer. And then, as you are incredulous, you have it all in detail, with gesticulations and shrugs of the shoulder to drive each point home. In other words, you have been shorn, singed, shampooed, massaged and anointed and you were informed at each stage of the proceedings silence on your part of course signifying consent. There were so many items of service and each item meant a separate charge. Is not Monsieur satisfied? There is nothing further to be said, but experience at least is valuable, even at this price. It is worth knowing that you can cut your hair cheaper in France than in England, that is if you know enough French to direct operations.

No one need be deterred however by a lack of French from going to France. Only a narrow strip of water separates England from France, but they are poles apart where language is concerned. It is true the French say "No" just as we do and "Papa" and "Mama" as we used to do, but there the resemblance ends. A scanty vocabulary, helped when occasion arises by dictionary and phrase book steadily expands. As the great French healer Coue would say "Every day and in every way I am better and better." Towards the end of one's stay in France one can speak French with fair ease.

The French are a highly cultured and artistic race and their Museum at the Louvre is one of the finest in Europe. It contains the famous Venus of Milo, the armless statue, which is the admiration and the model of every student of art. It shows the ideal feminine form divine, but the modern age is iconoclastic and shatters its images. Alas for the Venus of Milo—she would to-day be considered a substantial female, much too fat. Women now strive to attain streamlike figures, like racing motor-cars or yachts, and the Venus of Milo recedes into history.

The Egyptian collection in the Louvre is the most complete in Europe. There is a magnificent collection of Dutch pictures, including several by the great painter, Rembrandt.

Paris is a queen of cities, beautiful and nobly planned. A large area into which streets open out is known in England as a Circus, and as a Place in France. The Place de la Concorde is the finest place in Paris and indeed in Europe. On one side of it stands the garden of the Tuilleries with its rich statuary and

beautiful paths, on the other extends the Champs Elysees which reaches with its shaded walks right up to the Arc de Triomphe. In the middle of the Place de la Concorde there stands the great Obelisk of Luxor, of which the twin monolith known as Cleopatra's needle stands on the Thames embankment. The spot where the Obelisk stands is full of sad memories. Here was erected the grim guillotine on which Louis XVI, the gentle Marie Antoinette, and thousands of the noblest of the land perished, in the terrible birth pangs of the French Revolution.

Visitors to London who have seen Nelson's column in Trafalgar Square will see its replica in the Place Vendome, where on a column 142 feet high the statue of Napoleon, with the victor's wreath on his ample brow, overlooks the great city.

The Place d'Etoile is appropriately so named, because, star-like, as many as twelve avenues radiate from it. At the highest point of the Place d'Etoile there stands the Arc d' Triomphe, the finest triumphal arch in the world. It was designed for the great Napoleon, but it was destined for a higher honour, as more than a century later, it received all that was mortal of the French unknown soldier. A curious phenomenon in connection with the Arc d' Triomphe is worthy of notice. As we all know the apparent path of the sun in the heavens is from North to South and vice versa. On the 5th of May, the anniversary of Napoleon's death, crowds assemble at the Champs d'Elysees to watch the setting of the sun. As the glorious orb sinks below the horizon, the great arch of the Arc d' Triomphe fits it exactly like a frame. To the emotional and artistic Frenchman the phenomenon is of special significance. It is fitting that the forces of nature should co-operate with his own to pay appropriate honour to his great national hero!

In the matter of women's clothing Paris sets the fashion for the whole civilized world. There are two things that the French woman knows how to do. She dresses and she walks with exquisite taste. Even the common woman who sits at a roadside booth has paid some attention to her dress. No visitor would fail to observe the natural grace with which the French woman carries herself.

The queue seems to me to furnish proof of a nation's capacity to govern itself. So far as I have observed the ideal queue exists in England. The right of the man who forms up first to precedence is scrupulously upheld, be he prince or peasant. In France the queue, which is often controlled by policemen, falls short of this ideal. It is true the French have long governed themselves, but they have had a few revolutions too, to keep things going.

The Boulevards of Paris are one of its distinctive features, which make it so beautiful a city. These Boulevards are noble streets with wide pavements, shaded by avenues of trees. At night these Boulevards are lit by brilliantly coloured electric signs, which astonish and delight the visitor. Miles and miles of these Boulevards are so lit, whereas in London, it is only here and there that one sees these.

It is now time to leave Paris, though to me the subject never grows stale. The strip of the Mediterranean coast known as the Riviera is one of the loveliest places I have seen. It stretches—that is the French Riviera—from Marseilles eastwards to St. Raphael, Cannes, Nice, Monte Carlo and Mentone. A clear sky, the blue Mediterranean broken into endless creeks and bays, the purple Alps away in the distance, and the air like champagne—what wonder is it that people from all parts of the world are attracted to it. Nice, the Queen of the Riviera, is an ideal holiday resort. The great Parade by the sea front is, in the height of the season, packed with a dense cosmopolitan crowd.

Monte Carlo is within an hour's drive of Nice and is without doubt one of the loveliest places in God's creation. It seems strange that such a place should be one of the greatest gambling resorts on earth. I visited the Casino at Monte Carlo to study expression—grief, despair, eagerness, hope, triumph, are all exemplified here in a remarkable manner, also the impenetrable mask, which in strong characters, completely hides expression. I have seen a man gamble away what was practically a fortune, without the least quiver of emotion.

A most interesting French custom is the celebration of St. Catherine's Day on the 25th November. On this day every unmarried woman who reaches the age of 25 years is presented with a bonnet. These bonnets, which may be made in any shape or style, are always in green and yellow. I think the French idea is beautiful. The English term old-maid is cruel and I would almost add unmanly, but that women use it perhaps oftener than men. France elevates the unmarried woman to sainthood. She has had her chances of marriage but has chosen the better part. All honour to France and to St. Catherine.

DUTCH HISTORY IN OUR SCHOOL BOOKS.

In the January number of *History*, the Journal of the Historical Association (England), there is a valuable article on "The History of Holland in English School Books." The writer, Professor P. Geyl, points out how inadequately, and sometimes how unfairly, Holland and her relations with the rest of Europe have been treated in books for English readers and pupils in English schools. Something of this we must expect, for a chronicler of the past glory and greatness of any nation is not likely to do strict justice to the rivals or enemies of that nation; and the old rivalry between Holland and England was often acute. But historians, in Europe at least, are supposed to have outgrown the mental condition of children, and to have accustomed themselves to regard and to weigh historical events and tendencies with the cool judgment and austere impartiality of men of science.

A brief summary of Professor Geyl's paper will be of considerable help to us. The Professor complains that the only period of Dutch History to which adequate space is given in English books is that of the rising against Spain, a struggle which a recent English writer describes as "the most heroic episode in all the history of modern Europe." That struggle took place towards the end of the sixteenth century, but of the important doings in the next century nothing is said, though the relations at the time between Holland and England deserved a record, "even apart from the fact that at no time of her history did Holland occupy a position of such power in European politics or make such an important contribution to European civilisation. It is not, I think, too much to say that a text-book of European history can hardly be adequate when Oldenbarnevelt, Coen and Frederick Henry, De Witt, De Ruyter, and William III, Grotius, Spinoza and Rembrandt are not shown against their natural backgrounds of Dutch political or cultural life."

One of the puzzles which disturb us in our study of early Dutch history is the exact relation in which Holland and Belgium stood to each other. We know that in the days of William the Silent and his struggle against Spain, Holland and Belgium formed together the seventeen provinces of the Netherlands, and were

united against Spain, but they separated and even became unfriendly. Brussels was then the capital, but Brussels is now the capital of Belgium. We claim Flanders and the Flemish as Dutch; but Flanders is now part of Belgium. Professor Geyl's explanation in regard to this matter is illuminating. The text-books tell us, as to the causes of the separation, that the Southern states were mainly Catholic, the Northern Protestant; the Southerners spoke a dialect of French, the Northerners a dialect of German.* The South was Celtic by race, aristocratic in social structure.

But Flanders and Brabant have always been Dutch by race and language, except in their Southernmost districts. "The language spoken in what is now the Northern half of Belgium is commonly called Flemish, but this, unless one of the numerous local dialects is meant, is merely another name for Dutch." Brussels, Antwerp, Ghent, and Bruges, are all within the Dutch-speaking area. Race and language, then, were not among the causes of the separation from Holland. Nor was the difference in religion a cause. One-third of the people of Holland to-day are Catholics. When Calvinism began to establish itself, it spread from France to Belgium and was stronger in Belgium than in the North. The Professor quotes H. G. Janssen: "In Flanders the Reformation received the first impetus; it was there that the blood of a thousand martyrs sealed it, that the oldest of our Confessions came into existence, that the most famous preachers worked; nowhere did the Reformation prosper so much, and there was a time when the whole of Flemish Belgium adhered to it." Professor Geyl holds that the religion of the various provinces was the outcome of the struggle rather than its cause. As Parma and the Spaniards took one Flemish or Brabant town after another, the Calvinists were driven out of them, to find refuge in the Northern Provinces. Here the new faith had time to settle and to maintain a hold on its adherents; hence it was not so easy to displace.

Again, the social differences between North and South were not a cause. The nobles in Flanders and Brabant were more

* "To call Dutch a dialect of German is about as correct as to call Italian a dialect of French, or Portuguese a dialect of Spanish."—Note by Professor Geyl.

powerful than in Holland and Zeeland, and thus a source of weakness; "but so they were in Gelderland, which ultimately threw off the Spanish dominion."

The separation is explained as the result of the war. As the Spaniards advanced from the South, they were checked by the rivers. Flanders and Brabant were subdued by the enemy, but Holland and Zeeland held their position until about 1590, when they were able to take the offensive and to re-take the eastern provinces north of the rivers.

In 1830, Belgium separated itself again from Holland, to which it had been united in 1815. English historians, who have been entirely pro-Holland in its warfare against Spain, become entirely pro-Belgian in their treatment of the crisis in 1830. The Belgians revolted, it is declared, because they were opposed to the Dutch in race, creed, and historical tradition. They "hated the harsh accents of that Dutch tongue which was heard in the law-courts and in the States-General of the Kingdom." Professor Geyl pointedly retorts: "The harsh accents of that tongue which was, and is, the mother tongue of a majority of the Belgian people!" The truth is, that the Belgium provinces had long been "subjected to an intensive process of gallicisation," and the "denationalised middle classes" resented the restoration of the popular tongue, which also had developed dialectical differences from the original Dutch. But then it was the Flemish who resisted the policy of gallicisation which would ultimately have made Belgium a province of France.

The Dutch wars of the seventeenth century are not adequately, or accurately, treated in English text-books, though only one book, a "Cambridge Historical Reader, Intermediate," is nationalist enough "to distort the facts in such a way as to make the English play the part of heroes to the bungling cowards of the Dutch." In the Dutch raid on the Medway, the actual number of English men-of-war burnt was six, while two were captured, one being the *Royal Charles*, the most powerful vessel in the navy. De Ruyter's defence of Holland in 1672 was not only his greatest achievement but also "a factor of the utmost importance for the event of the war"; but it is hardly mentioned. There was no Dutch admiral

named "Van Tromp," though there were two Tromps: Maarten Harpertzoon Tromp, who was killed in 1653 off Terheide, and Cornelis Tromp, his son, who fought in the later wars.

Professor Geyl rejects the assumption that it was the wars with England which caused the decline of Holland in power and prosperity. He claims that it was the wars with France. It was the Peace of Utrecht in 1713 which created intense bitterness against England. "The story of the diplomatic negotiations from 1709 to 1713, in which England first kept Holland at war with France by holding out the promise of a very comprehensive barrier treaty, and then suddenly turned round, leaving Holland to shift for herself and making peace with France to her own exclusive advantage, does not yet seem to be very clear to the English historical conscience."

L. E. B.



COMPLIMENTARY DINNER TO DR. L. A. PRINS.

On 29th August, being the eve of his departure on leave for England and the Continent, Dr. L. A. Prins was entertained by his intimate friends in Colombo to dinner at the Galle Face Hotel as a mark of appreciation of his great services to the community for a long period of years. Mr. R. G. Anthonisz, I.S.O., presided and had on his right the guest of the evening and the Hon. Mr. G. A. Wille, and on his left the Hon. Mr. L. M. Maartensz. The others who sat down were:—Messrs. D. V. Altendorff, M. M. Anthonisz, Dr. E. W. Arndt, Messrs. H. H. Bartholomeusz, W. W. Beling, Dr. J. R. Blazé, Messrs. L. E. Blazé, W. W. Beling (Jr.), W. S. Christoffelsz, I.S.O., W. O. Edema, Dr. F. Foenander, Messrs. H. E. Grenier, A. C. B. Jonklaas, E. H. Joseph, A. E. Keuneman, Gladwin Koch, F. H. B. Koch, Dr. H. U. Leembruggen and guest, Messrs. F. E. Loos, Wace de Niese, W. E. V. de Rooy, H. C. Raffel, Dr. R. L. Spittel, Messrs. E. A. VanderStraaten, I.S.O., Alex. VanderStraaten, J. R. Toussaint, J. P. de Vos (Jr.), A. N. Weinman, and E. H. VanderWall.

After the loyal toasts had been pledged, the Chairman rose amidst applause to propose the toast of the guest.

The Chairman's Speech.

The Chairman said:—Gentlemen, I am sure I cannot quite convey to you the pride and pleasure I feel in the duty that has devolved on me to-night. Dr. Prins has not only been a very old friend of mine, our friendship having begun when I was quite a young man and he a boy, but we have been associated together very intimately for a number of years in an object which we had very much at heart and to which we have devoted much anxious thought and labour. That is why I am here to-night, feeble and broken in health, to join you in conveying to him a token of the great regard in which he is held by his friends. (Applause.) Considering how long he has interested himself in some of our undertakings, this may seem rather a belated opportunity for this manifestation of our feelings. We should have entertained him on more than one previous occasion if he had only let us do so, but he resolutely objected to any demonstration of this kind, and I am rather puzzled how some of our friends have prevailed on him to come here tonight.

Let us ask ourselves why it is that we, his clansmen, should regard him with feelings of particular good fellowship. Most of us have enjoyed his warm-hearted friendship and know well his fine qualities of head and heart, his amiability, and his sociability, but there is something above all this, and that is his active interest in the welfare of the Dutch Burghers. (Applause.) He has shewn this interest in a modest, unpretentious way of his own. He is one of those who believe that the integrity of our country will be best preserved by our maintaining those old traditions of our ancestors which give us our distinctive character. He has interested himself in infusing the Dutch sentiment among those with whom he came in contact. When quite a young man he applied himself to the study of the Dutch language, in which he has gained such proficiency that he speaks it with the greatest fluency, and I am sure that any day he will find himself quite at home in the old Fatherland, which he has already visited and which I know he is going to visit again. (Applause.) Perhaps most of you are not aware of the fact that when years ago he married in England, it was to Holland that he went with his bride for their honeymoon.

I do not know whether there are any here to-night who despise or depreciate such sentiments as these—those who prefer to look to what they consider the more practical or essential character of things, and smile at us who endeavour to draw inspiration from the past. Let us leave them to their superior wisdom. I know that Dr. Prins is one who believes that while we can keep abreast of the present times, we must more or less bear in mind who and what we are and whence we came. (Applause.) He has consistently adhered to the principles of the Dutch Burgher Union. I shall not dwell on the actual part he took in launching this Union twenty years ago as this is a subject which had better be discussed within the precincts of our own Hall, but I may tell you that Dr. Prins has throughout his life been a loyal member of the community, —(applause),—never at any time losing sight of the fact that he belonged to it and that he owed it certain duties. I know his mind has been exercised a great deal on some of the movements, political and social, that are now going on in our midst, movements which we all know must in course of time affect our Dutch Burgher Community of Ceylon for good or ill. It is very little that indi-

vidual effort could do to stem the tide, but I may tell you that Dr. Prins, mindful of the future, has in his quiet way done what he could to inspire some of the youths of our community. He has endeavoured to bring some of our lads together and to make them organise among themselves for their mutual improvement on the lines of the Dutch Burgher Union. Let us hope that these efforts will bring forth fruit, if not at once, at least in the near future, so that before some of us old folk are called away hence we may at least comfort ourselves with the assurance that the future of our Community is not so insecure as we hear it nowadays asserted on all sides. (Applause.)

While interesting himself in his own community, and doing what was in his power to do, we must also remember that Dr. Prins has been a public man, and in his long professional career as a physician he has also placed the general community under a deep obligation. I shall not speak of his various appointments in different places and stations, such as at the Boer Camp at Diyatalawa, at Galle, Tuticorin and elsewhere, but I would remind you of his long and useful career at Nuwara Eliya, where he was brought in contact with all classes of people and with persons in every station of life, from His Excellency the Governor down to the humblest subordinate. Of his activities and benevolent services there in relieving suffering and saving life, as well as the excellent social work organized and carried out by Mrs. Prins, his able and willing co-adjutor, there has been ample testimony in the demonstrations made at the time they left the station. I am sure that those testimonials were such as would ever remain in their minds and be a source of pride to them and from which we, their friends, should also derive no little gratification.

It now remains for us to bid him God-speed in the voyage before him and in his sojourn in Europe; but chiefly to felicitate him on the joyful re-union he must look forward to with Mrs. Prins and his dear children. Personally his departure just now is a great loss to me. I shall feel it very keenly and I am sure we shall all miss him very much. But he has inspired others with some of his zeal and that gives us a certain amount of confidence and assurance. We hope that the Dutch classes and other activities started by him will still be continued and prove of great advantage to future generations.

I cannot conclude without tendering a message from us all of kind remembrance and greetings to Mrs. Prins which we must ask him to carry to her. No one knows better than myself how loyally Mrs. Prins stood by us in the early years of the Dutch Burgher Union, how she even shared in a manner some of the burden that fell on the pioneers of the movement. I wish I could indulge the hope that we may all meet again at some time or other, but I am now stricken in years and the hope is a distant one, yet all things are possible with a kind Providence, and perhaps even this wish of mine may be realised.

And now, gentlemen, I must ask you all to join in drinking the health of our friend.

Then turning to the guest of the evening the Chairman concluded thus: *Een veilige zee-reis, goed gezondheid, en dagen vol geluk en rust in de toekomst, en ik moet voegen er een spoedige terugkomst by naar ons.* (Loud applause.)

The toast was pledged with enthusiasm.

Dr. Prins' Reply.

Dr. Prins said:—Mr. Anthonisz and gentlemen, there are occasions in every man's life which make one of his days a sort of red letter day, a day to which his mind turns with pleasure and which he loves to think of when he has reached the 'sere and yellow' of life. To-day, gentlemen, you have given me such a day, and I thank you most gratefully for the honour you have done me. I wish I had a better command of the English language to express to you my feelings this evening, but unfortunately I have not that gift, and just at this moment thousands of thoughts are crowding in my mind and it seems to me as if my mental outlook has been choked—not with champagne, however—(laughter)—and you must be content with the simple words of gratitude I offer you for what you have done for me to-day. Mr. Anthonisz, I can call you my master, my instructor, I am deeply grateful to you for leaving your country home and the work to which you are devoting all your time now, and coming here to-day against the advice of your doctors, of whom I am one, to pay me this honour. I am afraid you think too highly of me. That comes from your kind heart.

You have been so kind as to refer to the work that my wife and I have done in Nuwara Eliya. I am afraid I thought along narrow communal lines, but my wife thought in the broader sense of humanity, and I quite agree with you that she has done some work there which still exists to-day through the kind agency of many liberal-minded men and women of all communities, and it gives me indeed great pleasure to hear you speak of her work. I shall not fail to convey what you have said to my wife and I am sure it will give her great happiness to hear it.

Gentlemen, you will bear with me I hope for a few minutes while I speak of our much maligned community—of the community which is said to be without backbone. I am afraid some of us must have felt rather depressed on hearing this said of our community. I have heard it said:—"Oh! the community is hopeless. We can never raise it up again." I had been many years out of Colombo, and when I came back and heard these things I felt very depressed, but when I got to know the community better and came in contact with the younger members, I changed from a pessimist into an optimist. (Applause). Our community is a fairly small one, it is true, but look at the number of men present here to-day who have excelled in different walks of life. Take the men of letters whose writings are read by other communities besides our own. Take the legal profession. Look at the men who have risen to high office and now occupy seats in the highest courts of the land. Take our Lawyers, our Advocates, and look at the famous cases in which they appear. Take our proctors, and see the big firms which they have established. Take our Engineers and see what they do. Take our Doctors. We have Surgeons here whose work is admired by the most renowned Doctors. Take our Civil Service. We have a few men who have got in by examination, but there are others who by sheer hard work, by perseverance and brilliance have forged their way into that famous service. Take Art. Have we not the best artist in this land? (Applause). Take the Education Department. Have we not men here who are holding the highest positions in that Service? Take our soldiers. During the Great War did not our youths go out to fight? Some of them were blown to pieces, but the others stuck to their posts and came back, and it is with the greatest difficulty that we can

extract from them the deeds that they have done, and the sights that they have seen. Take our citizen soldiers. They have shown such powers of organisation that the highest military authorities in the land have given them the most responsible positions.

Considering all this, gentlemen, do you think that we ought to be depressed with regard to our community? Not at all. (Loud applause and cries of 'Not at all'!) We have learnt how a handful of men by sheer self-sacrifice obtained that freedom which we have all longed for, and we will follow their example. We do not want any preference. Preference we never had and we do not ask for it. We do not want to cringe to those above us. We do not want the crumbs that fall from the majorities' tables, but we want what we deserve and we hope we will get it. (Applause).

Gentlemen, Mr. Anthonisz has spoken of my knowledge of the Dutch language. Shall I tell you why I learnt this language? I learnt it because I felt that it was the Dutch sentiment that kept us together as a community. Just think for a moment of the Portuguese community when the Dutch took possession of the island. We know that there were at that time a good many white Portuguese, but in 100 years they have all disappeared, and why? Because they lost touch with their motherland. What is that which has kept us together as a community? It is the Dutch Church. The feeling that we are the descendants of the Dutch who once ruled in this land—it is that that has kept us together. We were like a ship in Eastern Seas. The cables that have kept us secure are our Dutch sentiments. I feared that our cables were weakening, and that is why I thought that we ought to strengthen these sentiments, especially among the younger men of our community. That is why I learnt the language and that is why I wish each one of you would learn the language, and teach those young men and young women of our community to talk and think in Dutch. Strengthen these feelings, and we will weather all storms and exist as a community so long as this island lasts.

Gentlemen, I thank you very much indeed for all the good wishes that you have conveyed to me through Mr. Anthonisz. I am extremely grateful to you. I really do not think I deserve the honour which you have paid me to-day. I am but a humble worker. I have only done my best to keep the community to-

gether. A good many have accused us of being disunited, but here is an example. Are we not united here to-day, and can we not be united in all our thoughts and in all our deeds for the welfare of our community? I think we can. Then why need we fear the future? We see clouds gathering and danger ahead, but we must remember that we are the children of those hardy pioneers who left Holland in mere cockleshells and came out to the East and fought against the mighty power of Portugal and exacted homage from every nation that came into the Eastern Seas. We are the children of those pioneers who came out to Ceylon and Batavia and Africa. We are the children of those men who have written some of the finest pages of Dutch Colonial history. They came out having no fear, and we are their children and should have no fear. Our children in the last great war shewed no fear, and we have no fear for our community.

I am afraid I have spoken too much of the community and you must be tired of hearing me, but community is a theme which makes one eloquent and gives one plenty of food for thought. But I have now done. Gentlemen, I thank you once again for this very pleasant evening. I am specially grateful to the gentlemen who got up this function. They have not given me their names, but I think I can guess who they are. When I am in the home of my birthright and in the land of my adoption I shall think of you all and of the happy time I spent among you this evening. (Loud applause.)

The Toast of the Chairman.

The Hon'ble Mr. L. M. Maartensz, in proposing the toast of the Chairman, said: Gentlemen, I am very glad to be allowed to make a speech to-night. In my line of work I am not usually allowed to make a speech. The legal profession is very jealous of its privileges, and like the children of the olden days I am only allowed to be seen and not heard. I am therefore glad of this opportunity of making a speech, because I wish to pay a tribute to one whom I hold in the highest honour and esteem (applause), and, if you will allow me to say so, affection (renewed applause). It is very many years since I first met Mr. Anthonisz. I still recollect the day. I met him in the street in the Fort and we got into conversation. At that time I was very ignorant in regard to

families and traditions, but Mr. Anthonisz took me in hand firmly but kindly, and in many a conversation and at many a meeting he taught me the advantage of knowing the traditions of the community to which we belong, not for the purpose of pride or snobbery but in order that we might learn to live up to the traditions of the country from which our forefathers came. And I have learnt from him that we cannot live our lives worthily if we spend it mainly for our own advancement. Our lives must be spent as far as possible for the community to which we belong and for all the communities with whom we are associated in this island. Mr. Anthonisz is not one who has not practised what he preached. He has devoted his whole life to the community to which he is so proud to belong.

Dr. Prins has in the course of his speech referred to the achievements of the members of our community. I think we ought to realise that a good deal of credit is due to Mr. Anthonisz, who brought together the scattered elements of a community which was fast disappearing into space and incorporated it into a whole, so that it might work for the advantage of all the members of the community and for the island (applause). I say the island, because I feel that this community to which we belong is an integral part of the community at large, and that it must work shoulder to shoulder with all the communities of this island for the sake of the general good.

Gentlemen, it gives me the greatest pleasure to ask you to drink to the health of one who has devoted his life and is still devoting it to the community to which we belong, and who has come here to-day at the risk of his health to pay a tribute to one whom we are so pleased to honour this evening. (Applause).

The toast was drunk with enthusiasm.

The Chairman in acknowledging the toast said that he felt much flattered at the manner in which his health had been proposed and expressed his gratitude for the honour.

Other Speeches.

In response to insistent calls, the Hon'ble Mr. G. A. Wille said:—Mr. Chairman and Dr. Prins, being amongst friends I should have expected that you would have treated my tongue with more

consideration in view of the fact that nowadays it has to do almost incessant service. In fact, it is undergoing a good deal of wear and tear and I am afraid you cannot expect it to function efficiently always. The only consolation is that the subject round which it will wag for just a minute is one as pleasing to myself as it is to you. I should not have risen at all this evening, considering the excellent speeches we have already heard, but for the sake of Dr. Prins, to whom one cannot refrain from paying a tribute. (Applause). I have not had the pleasure of his acquaintance for as many years as some of you might claim, because I first came to know him merely through hearing of him. We were both contemporaries as he reminded me a few minutes ago, although we attended different colleges—he St. Thomas's College and I the Royal. But unfortunately it was at a time when I think St. Thomas's was just beginning to wrest from the Royal what seemed to be up till then its exclusive honours, so that there was not a very friendly feeling shewn by the students of the two Colleges to each other, especially where, as in the case of Dr. Prins, the students took honours in the public examinations, and so regarded each other as rivals for the open prizes and scholarships. But my feelings towards Dr. Prins I can assure you even at that time were far more angelic than they were for instance towards Mr. Vander Wall, and that is because, although circumstances did not allow Dr. Prins and myself to be friends, our parents were very close friends, and I used to hear in the family circle things that made me think very kindly of him. Since that time I have watched his very steady ascent in his profession, and I think it must have delighted the hearts of every one who knew him to see that his merits were recognised, and that he has succeeded in being placed on one of the highest rungs of the local official medical ladder. And our pleasure is all the greater because, as our Chairman has pointed out, in addition to all his other qualities of head which have enabled him to do so much for the community, he is possessed of personal qualities which endear him to all who have the privilege of his friendship. All these qualities have endeared him not only to his friends but I have no doubt also to his official colleagues and even to his superiors, who must have had the added advantage of being in a position to appreciate his professional and adminis-

trative talents. All I can wish for you, Dr. Prins, is in the same spirit in which the Chairman has expressed it, that you will have a very safe and pleasant voyage and a happy re-union with your family, and that you will come back to us again and win even greater *kudos* than you have won already in your Department. I need hardly assure you that men like you who are in Government employ are rendering an immense service to the community by having their good qualities of head and heart appreciated by those who are in a position to appraise the community at its true worth. I am sure I am expressing the sentiments of all when I say that we are exceedingly sorry to lose you even for a time. I hope you will come back refreshed by your holiday, if possible accompanied by Mrs. Prins, who is appreciated very much amongst us. I can assure you that when you come back you will have an even heartier welcome than the send-off we are giving you this evening, although that send-off is tinged with some degree of sadness. (Applause).

Dr. Prins briefly thanked Mr. Wille for his kind references to himself and his wife.

At the request of the Chairman, Mr. J. R. Toussaint then rose and made a speech in Dutch. He said: Den heer voorzitter and heeren, op dit gelegenheid het is geschikt dat een ten minste der toespraken zoue in het Hollandsche taal gesproken worden. Ons eerwaardige voorzitter heeft gezegd bijna alles er is te zeggen omtrent Dr. Prins en ik zal daarom niet veel uwer tijd opnemen behalve te zeggen hoe veel wij zullen Dr. Prins van onze Hollandsche klassen missen. Dr. Prins heeft gedurende het laatste drie jaren een wonderlijke aansporing tot het studie van het Hollandsche taal gegeven, en voor het eerst sinds de oprichting der Unie men hoort het Hollandsche taal gebruikt als een middel van conversatie binnen de Unie zaal en ook buiten hetzelfde. Dit uitvoering alleen zou Dr. Prins een aansprak gegeven hebben op het dankbaarheid van de leden der Unie, doch hij heeft veel meer dan dit gedaan. Door zijn bekoorlijke manieren heeft hij een betere gevoel opgericht onder al graden van leden, en dit diner is een teeken van de waardeering en achting waarin hij hield is. Na verscheidene jaren van ijverige arbeid gaat Dr. Prins nu naar Engeland en de vasteland om een korten tijd in de boesem zijner

familie door te brengen, en wij wenschen hem een gelukkige re-unie. Gedurende zijn verblijf in Holland is Dr. Prins van plan de belangen der Unie te bevorderen, en wij wenschen hem al succes in zijne bemoeiingen. Wij hopen dat hij zal een aangename tijd doorbrengen en naar Ceilon terugkomen om zijne goede werk voort te zetten. Heeren, ik roep u op de gezondheid onzer gast te drinken.

The toast was enthusiastically pledged.

Dr. Prins replied in perfect Dutch and surprised the gathering at the ease with which he spoke the language. He thanked Mr. Toussaint for his good wishes and expressed the hope that the Dutch classes would be kept up during his absence and that larger numbers would join them.

Other speeches then followed. Mr. Wace de Niese thanked the Dinner Secretaries for the excellent arrangements made by them, and Dr. H. U. Leembruggen and Mr. E. A. Vander Straaten, I.S.O., replied. Mr. F. H. B. Koch also spoke, and finally Mr. E. H. Vander Wall made a humorous speech which was punctuated with applause.

The gathering then broke up.



SOME MARRIAGES IN COLOMBO FROM A.D. 1700 TO 1750.

(Compiled By R. G. ANTHONISZ.)

This is a continuation of the series contributed by me to the Journal D.B.U. Vols. I and II. (1909—1910). There I confined myself to cases in which both the parties had come out from Europe, with a view to contradict the oft repeated assertion that no unmarried ladies came to Ceylon in those early years. The list now given will not be so restricted as it must be presumed that the Dutch community here had been increased in the meantime to some extent by ladies born in the Island.

A.D. 1700.

- 7 Feb.—Gerardus Willemsz van Colombo, soldt., jonkman, met Gratia Barents van Candia, jonge dogter.
 21 Feb.—Matthys Abrahamsz van Geleyn v. Colombo, weduwenaar, met Joanna Caldekerke v. Colombo, jonge dogter.
 28 Feb.—Jan Hendriksz Westervelt van Lupke, vryborger, met Maria Joosten van Colombo, jonge dogter.

A.D. 1701.

- 23 Jan.—Abraham Beerenstraat v. Mannar, Scheepstimmerman jongman, met Dona Maria Pereira van Colombo, jonge dogter.
 23 Jan.—Claas Hart v. Stokholm, vryborger, jonkman, met Susanna de Vlaming v. Colombo, jonge dogter.
 30 Jan.—Æmilius Verlee van Amsterdam, onderkoopman in dienst der E. Comp., jonkman, met D'Eerbare Jufvrouw Elisabeth van Dyk mede van Amsterdam, jonge dogter.
 6 Feb.—Salomon Riers v. Colombo, Boekhouder in dienst der E. Comp., jonkman, met Willemina Jans v. Colombo, wed. van Pascoal d'Orta, in syn leven soldt.
 7 Feb.—Cornelis Cornelisz v. Colombo, slotemaker, jongman, met Helena Jansz v. Gale, jonge dogter.
 28 Maart.—Abraham Wyns van Hougty in Bengale, Provisioneel Adsisent, jongman, met Maria Cornelia Wighelhuizen van s'Gertogenbosch, jonge dogter.
 10 April.—Harmanus Harkenburg van Amsterdam, Sergt. in dienst der Ed. Comp., jongman, met Francina van de Rondewerken van Colombo, jonge dogter.

- 24 April.—Jacobus Emans van Amsterdam, Adsisent, jongman, met Maria Magnus van Colombo, weduwe van den Luytenant Fredrik Schroder, saliger.
 8 May.—Hendrik de Vos van Arlebeek, vryburger, jongman, met Maria de Silva, vryevrouw.
 19 Juny.—Hendrik Gerrits van Colombo, vryborger, jongman, met Maria Giel van Colombo, vryevrouw.
 10 July.—Pieter Caesar van Deventer, geweldiger in dienst der E. Comp., jongman, met Adriana de Schepper van Colombo, jonge dogter.
 24 July.—Jan Rodolf Geel van Bystervelt, vryburger, jongman, met Anna Willemse Luyk van Colombo, jonge dogter.
 7 Aug.—Sr. Pieter Bont van Alkmaar, ondercoopman, en opperhooft op Manaar, weduwenaar, met Juff. Agnita Ram van Amsterdam, weduwe van den Eerb. Predikant Arnoldus Volteler, saliger.
 28 Aug.—Sr. Joannes Dykman van Amsterdam, ondercoopman in dienst der Ed. Comp., jongman, met D'Eerbare Juff. Maria Henrietta van Vliet, geboortig tot Tutucoryn, jonge dogter.
 23 Sep.—Samuel L.—st van Stokholm, boekhouder, in dienst der Ed. Comp., jongman, met Juff. Elisabeth De Hees van Vlissingen, jonge dogter.
 23 Oct.—Hans Pieter Gyselaar van Jisten, baasmetselaar in dienst der E. Comp., jongman, met Christina Abrahamsz van Colombo, jonge dogter.
 6 Nov.—Joannes Crytsman van Breslauw, adsisent, weduwenaar, met Rachel Hoogelinde van Colombo, jonge dogter.

A.D. 1702.

- 15 Jan.—Arent Meyer van Braamsche, Sergt. jongman, met Christina Beekman van Colombo, jonge dogter.
 29 Jan.—Dirk Tempesel van Deventer, vendrig, jongman, met Petronella van Gysel van Colombo, jonge dogter.
 do.—Jan Hendrik Holmholst van Holmstede, vryburger, jongman, met Louisa Martynsz van Colombo, jonge dogter.

- 29 Jan.—Robbert Pieterse van Gale, vryburger, jongman, met Anna Magnus van Colombo, weduwe van Joost Rutgers, in syn leven soldaat.
- 5 Feb.—Emanuel Jansen van Amsterdam, Schryver de Smits en Timmermans Winkel, jongman, met Geertruy Dunissen, van Colombo, jonge dogter.
- 5 Maart.—De E. Hr. Carel Bolmer van Dantzic, Commandeur der Stad en Landen van Gale en Mature, weduenaar, met De Eerbare Juffr. Susanna van Schaik van Colombo, laat weduwe van den Eerw. Hr. Harmanus Specht, saliger, in syn leven Bedienaar des H. Evangelius ter deser plaats.
- 23 April.—Dirk Cartens van Hamburg, vryburger, jongman, met Sara Gerrits van Colombo, laat weduwe van den Chirurgyn Jacob Michon.
- 7 May.—Hans Sybrants van Hyburg, kruytmaker in dienst der Ed. Comp., jongman, met Cornelia Nagel van Colombo, jonge dogter.
- 4 Juny.—Marten van der Schaaf van Vlaardingen, onder chirurgyn in dienst der Ed. Comp. jongman, met Maria d'Almeda van Colombo, jonge dogter.
- 25 Juny.—Adam Bansem van Negombo, vryburger, jongman, met Maria Hendriksz, weduwe van Thenis Michiels, pyper, in syn leven Vandrig dezer stede.
- 23 July.—Willem Rex van Gale, adsistent, weduenaar, met Agnita van Lee van Mature, jonge dogter.
- 4 April.—Jacobus Swart van Amsterdam, adsistent, weduenaar, met Anna Elizabeth van Reyssel van Amsterdam, weduwe van den Vendrig Marcus Corts, salgr.
- 18 April.—Coenraat Janbeek, weduenaar, bottelier, met van Colombo, jonge dogter.
- do —Jan de C.—van Colombo, vryburger, jongman, met Isabella Meyer van Colombo, weduwe van den overleden soldaat Jan.—
- 6 Juny.—Jan Beekman van Minden vaandrig, jongman, met Catharina Loots van Colombo, jonge dogter.
- 20 Juny.—Jacob Dirkse van Colombo, vryburger, jongman, met Catharina Valcan van Colombo, jonge dogter.

- 20 Juny.—Lourens Matthys van Colombo, soldaat, jongman, met Dominga Perera van Colombo, jonge dogter.
- 8 Aug.—Jan Nagel van Colombo, jongman, met Catharina Verscheiven van Colombo, jonge dogter.
- 15 Aug.—Barent Harmensz van Kiel, vryburger tot Negombo, weduenaar, met Maria Melcaan van Colombo, jonge dogter.
- 12 Sept.—Daniel Callaard van der Nisse, Patroontas-maker in der E. Comp. weduenaar, met Cornelia Byl van Colombo, jonge dogter.
- do —Barent Hendriksz van Colombo, vryborger, jongman, met Pasquella Michielsse van Colombo, vrye vrouw.
- 31 Oct.—Paulus Dybertsz Visser van Amsterdam, meesterknecht der scheeps timmerliden, jongman, met Maria Fransz, van Colombo, jonge dogter.
- 5 Dec.—Jan Ger . . . van Velsen van Dansig, vryborger, jongman, met Elsie Huyberts van Colombo, weduwe van . . . p. corporaal.

N. B.—Op versoek van Juff van den Burg is de onderstaande in ons Trouwboek ingeschreven.

Verscheide extracten uit het boek der ledematen, mitsgaders trouw en doop boeken der Kerke Jesu Christi tot Brenkelen in Nieuwe Netherland:

Den 19 Dec. 1660 is Jan Martyn van Campe lidmaat geworden.

Den 10 April 1661 is Fytie Dirks van Amsterdam lidmaat geworden.

Den 26 Feb. 1662 is Petrus gedoopt, soon van Jan Martyn en Fytie Dirks.

Den 12 May 1663 is Jan Martyn overleden.

Den 16 Sept. 1663 syn getrouwt Pieter Lambertsen de Heeft en Fytie Dirks weduwe van Jan Martyn.

Onderstond t'oirconde deser hebbe dit verzegelt en onderteykent.

(Was geteykent) Henricus Silvius, v.d.M.

Op syde stont het segel van gemelde
Heer Predikant in rood lak gedrukt.

30 July.—Illegible.

do —Jacob Moensen van Colombo, coperslager, jongman, met Cecilia Verhagen van Colombo, jonge dogter.

17 Sept.—Hendrik Pietersen Byl van Loosdregt, Hoogboodeman in dienst der Ed. Comp. weduwenaar, met Maria de Fretie van Colombo wed. wylen de vaandrig Hendrik Sager, saliger.

3 Dec.—Illegible.

17 Dec.—Lambert Albertsz Loovink van Amsterdam, jongman, met Annetie Michielsz van Colombo, jonge dogter.

A.D. 1703.

4 Feb.—Nicolaus Martensz van Hamburg, Huistimmerman, jongman, met Joanna Voorts van Colombo, weduwe van Adam Nagel, in syn leven lademaker.

18 Feb.—Balthazar Coster van Kleynvoede, grofsmit in dienst der E. Comp. jongman, met Elisabeth Almede van Colombo, jonge dogter.

do —Willem Voerts van Colombo, bussemaker in dienst der E. Comp. jongman, met Maria Theunis van Colombo, jonge dogter.

25 Feb.—Claas Tieleman van Coxhove, grofsmit in dienst der Ed. Comp. jongman, met Elisabeth de Mist van Negombo, jonge dogter.

4 Maart.—Mons. Willem van Gens van Amsterdam, ondercoopman in dienst der E. Comp., jongman, met Juff. Anna Catharina Coop a Groen van Palicatta, jonge dogter.

25 Maart.—De Eerw Heer Nicolaas Riemezma van Bolsmaat, Bedienaar des Heyligen Evangeliums, jongman, met De Eerbare Juff. Abigail van der Parra van Colombo, jonge dogter.

do —Hans Jochem Knox van Revel, tassemaker in dienst der Ed. Compag., jongman, met Christina Wittebron van Colombo, jonge dogter.

8 April.—Sr. Pieter Visscher van Vollenhoven, Opperechirurgyn of Gale, jongman, met Juff. Livina de Haan van Colombo, jonge dogter.

(To be continued.)

BY THE WAY.

(NOTES BY NIEMAND.)

It is hoped that the authoritative and detailed account, published in the last number of the *Journal*, of the Dutch Burgher Community in Ceylon, has been freely read and carefully studied. That account was written at the request of certain prominent persons outside the Community, and for a special purpose: not so much for the information of people in this Island, where the facts are known or may be easily ascertained by any one who care to know them; but primarily for the information of others who are perplexed by the indiscriminate use of a term not used in its special local sense in other British Possessions.

* * *

Readers of the *Journal*, or rather, those who subscribe to it, should be careful not to overlook the value of the Haafner translation which is completed in this number. As the supplement which contains this translation is separately paged, the complete work can be bound into a volume and placed on the library shelf. If not valued now, it will certainly be valued some years hence as a distinct contribution to our stock of information on Ceylon history.

* * *

There happen to be members of the Community who seem to be altogether unaware of the interest in Ceylon antiquities which now prevails in the Island; or if aware, they appear indifferent to it. It is scarcely necessary to point out how fatal this indifference or ignorance is in its results. The history of Ceylon is studied now not only in schools and colleges, but in adult classes and societies, and the desire for more knowledge is fast increasing. Each community is eager to know the truth about itself and its historical relations to other communities; and then to insist upon that truth being made widely known.

* * *

Ancient Jaffna has just had a new interpreter. A new History of Ceylon—an excellent one, too—has been published by Mr. Codrington of the Civil Service. The newspapers and periodical magazines of our day are keen on publishing articles of antiquarian

interest. Lectures on such subjects find interested audiences and are even broadcasted. Old books and pamphlets and pictures are dragged out of lumber-rooms and sold at fancy prices.

* * *

The so-called "practical" man laughs at all this, and rather prides himself on his escape from these obsessions. What he wants is a sensational novel, or a newspaper article which will summarize and level things down to his understanding. There is nothing to be done, if he will not be convinced, but to leave him to his own fancy. But ignorance and indifference cannot check the flood which is now swelling.

* * *

It is re-assuring to know that a good deal—though not half enough—has been done by our own Community to add to the volume of information which is daily being collected. This *Journal*—the staid, dry, uninteresting *Journal*—has in almost every number maintained its intended character as a medium and exponent of research in matters primarily affecting the Community, and coming generations will be grateful for the standard it has set and the facts it has brought to light; for the coming generations will be compelled by the stress of circumstances to take an interest in matters about which many of the present generation are cynically callous.

* * *

A lady correspondent in England has drawn attention to an article, in the *Times Trade and Engineering Supplement* of the 2nd April, in which the Dutch are referred to. In the Netherlands there are practically no illiterates, the result of a wise system of compulsory education. The Dutch give more than devotion to any task they undertake. "They give conscientiousness, capability, and efficiency without exception." The reference is particularly to the artificial silk industry, in which perhaps Holland has the largest market.

* * *

"From earliest years", says Mr. Hartog in the article mentioned, "the Dutchman is conscious that the struggle for existence is going to make considerable demands upon him....It is a pleasure to find throughout the Dutch industrial and commercial world

constant evidence of the same sense of duty, the same quiet activity, intelligence, and efficiency among even those whose allotted tasks are of the humblest order." However, "the national characteristics of the Dutch occasionally have the drawback of fostering the bureaucratic spirit—they are afraid of creating precedents."

* * *

"The Dutchman is conscious that the struggle for existence is going to make considerable demands upon him": is that why so many of us shirk our duties and obligations here?

.....

NOTES AND QUERIES.

The late Revd. A. J. K. de Klerk.—The July number of the "*Neerlandia*" contains a reference to the death of Mr. de Klerk, a translation of which we give below:—

The Ceylon papers bring the sad news of the death of Revd. A. J. K. de Klerk who went to Ceylon from South Africa two years ago. He was only twenty-seven years of age. He, as well as his wife, who was recently obliged to return to South Africa for reasons of health, had apparently made too heavy a call on their strength. The new Church at Dehiwela, which will stand as a monument to their arduous labours of hand, head, and heart, has just been completed. Revd. de Klerk and his wife counted a wide circle of friends in Ceylon, who shewed their sympathy by attending the funeral at Kanatte. In the list of those present we come across real Dutch names such as Van Houten, Stork, Van Hoff, Van Cuylenberg, Drieberg, Loos, Modder, Jansz, Woutersz, Leembruggen, VanderStraaten, Wollen Hoven* (this last mis-spelling leads one to suppose that this family has long been resident in Ceylon), etc.

* The name is spelt Vollenhoven in Ceylon. "Wollen Hoven" must have been a printer's error.—Ed., D. B. U. Journal.

Dutch Words in English.—The same periodical comments favourably on Mr. L. E. Blaze's article on "Dutch Words in English" which appeared in the April number of this journal and goes on to say:—"Our language should not therefore be allowed to fall into desuetude in Ceylon. Enthusiastic supporters (like Dr. L. A. Prins) are of opinion that the language is easy to learn, and they are strengthened in this view by the translation of Haafner's "Journey on foot through the island of Ceylon" which appears as a supplement to the Journal. Chiefly as a result of Dr. Prins' tireless efforts Dutch classes are being regularly held, while through his assistance the members are able to provide themselves at cost price with copies of Hugo's "Dutch Simplified"—a good help towards learning Dutch in an easy way.

Dr. L. A. Prins.—This staunch supporter of the Union left Ceylon on 1st September by the s.s. "Comorin" on a well-deserved holiday carrying with him the good wishes of a wide circle of friends. Of his great services to the Union and to the community at large little need be said here in view of the high tributes paid to him by the speakers at the dinner given in his honour at the Galle Face Hotel, a report of which appears in this issue. That Dr. Prins' genial presence will be greatly missed at the D. B. U. goes without saying, and while wishing him a pleasant holiday and a happy re-union with his family, we look forward to his return on the expiration of his holiday, when he will resume the good work done by him. We were very pleased to receive a wireless message despatched by him on 4th September from the "Comorin" stating that he was having a splendid voyage and sending greetings to his friends.

Jacob Haafner.—This issue of the Journal sees the conclusion of the translation of Haafner's "Reis op voet door het eiland Ceilon" which has been running as a serial since April, 1926. The interest with which the readers of the Journal have followed the adventures of this intrepid traveller has afforded much gratification to the translators, and arrangements are being made to take in hand the translation of another of Haafner's works. In the meantime a sketch of his life, which will appear in the next issue of the Journal, will, we hope, whet the appetite of our readers for more of Haafner.

"Remember your Descent."—This is the title of an article in the August number of the "Neerlandia" in which the writer refers to Mr. L. E. Blaze's lecture on "Holland among the Nations" which appeared in the issue of this Journal for January, 1927. "These stimulating words" says the writer "form the gist of an article entitled 'Holland among the Nations' which appears in the Journal of the Dutch Burgher Union of Ceylon. The writer, Mr. L. E. Blaze, summarises in a few pages recollections from the history of our fathers which show how the world is indebted to Holland."

"What is a great nation? Not one, says the writer, like Russia, which has an enormous territory, or like China, which counts her population by hundreds of millions. It is the nation which gives mankind new modes of thought, new ideals of life, new hopes, new aspirations. And then he explains why Holland must be called great—on account of her inventions and discoveries, her services to art and science—the well-known story under which the eighteenth century wrote the words 'to be continued.'"

"As regards the question as to what special contribution Holland made towards the progress of the world—like the Jews who taught the truth of the unity of God; the Greeks the idea of beauty, the Romans the discipline of law and order, the English the system of representation of government—the writer answers that the Dutch taught the world the lesson of freedom—'free thought and free government,' religious and political liberty. The Spanish world-power meant stagnation and coercion. The Dutch broke the fetters that bound civilisation. And the foreigner is still surprised that a country not larger than the half of Ceylon, should have dared to fight against a power in whose territory the sun never sets."

"You, Dutch Burghers of Ceylon"—so concludes Mr. Blazé his lecture, of which this article is clearly a report—"remember that you belong to the race who so greatly served mankind. You are the descendants of a race who saved and maintained for Europe and humanity the loftiest ideals of nationhood and law and liberty."

NOTES OF EVENTS.

SUMMARY OF PROCEEDINGS OF MEETINGS
OF THE COMMITTEE.

Monday, 4th July, 1927:—1. The Treasurer stated that the books were being written up so as to meet with the requirements of audit and that he would shortly be communicating with the Auditors. 2. Read letter from the President regarding the amalgamation of the Union and the Club. As the matter was an important one, the feeling of the members was that it should be brought up after due notice had been given. 3. Resolved that the work of installing the telephone be not proceeded with at present. 4. Resolved that pictures for sale may be sent to be hung up in the gallery by those who are eligible for membership although their parents may not be living. 5. Read report from Miss Alice Maartensz regarding the steps taken by her and Miss Blazé to reorganise the Library. 6. A hearty vote of thanks was passed to Mr. E. A. VanderStraaten, I.S.O., for his successful organisation of the function in connection with the unveiling of the President's portrait.

Monday, 1st August, 1927:—The Treasurer reported that the Auditors had stated that their maximum fee for auditing the accounts would be Rs. 200, but that if the accounts were well kept, their charge may be as low as Rs. 100. (2) The Treasurer was asked to furnish certain information to the Club to enable them to decide whether they are prepared to confirm the amalgamation. (3) Resolved that the amendment of the rules suggested by the President to provide for defaulters being transferred to a non-effective list instead of being struck off the roll be deferred until the question of the amalgamation is settled. (4) Resolved that Miss Grace Van Dort be informed that while all reasonable care will be taken of the pictures in the gallery, the Union will not be responsible for any loss or damage caused to them. (5) The Treasurer reported that the collector had misappropriated some of the collections and asked for permission to prosecute him, which was granted. (6) Resolved that the Union Hall should not be used by the Young Burgher Comrades Club after 7-30 p.m. except on special occasions.

Monday, 5th September, 1927:—1. The Treasurer reported a misappropriation of subscriptions by the collector. Resolved that the collector be prosecuted, and that the Treasurer be allowed to make his own arrangements for collecting subscriptions on his own responsibility. 2. The Treasurer stated that the information required by the Club to enable them to decide whether the amalgamation should be confirmed or not would be ready by 15th September. 3. Resolved that Sub-Committees should be requested to furnish monthly reports in future of the work done by them. 4. Read letter from Dr. Van Langenberg thanking the Committee for their congratulations to him on his appointment as Deputy Director of Medical and Sanitary Services. 5. The following were admitted as members:—Messrs. L. G. H. Wendt, H. L. Wendt, R. T. Paulusz, L. L. Hunter, C. C. Gauder, P. J. S. Kalenberg and F. P. H. Speldewinde. 6. The question of reviving the study of the Dutch language was discussed and the matter was referred to the Literary Committee. 7. The question whether the Union should submit any proposals in connection with the revision of the Constitution was considered and the following Sub-Committee was appointed to draw up a Memorandum for submission at the next Committee meeting:—The President, the Hon. Mr. G. A. Wille, Mr. L. E. Blazé, Mr. E. H. Vander Wall, Mr. W. E. V. de Rooy, Mr. Gladwin Koch, Dr. H. U. Leembruggen, Mr. A. E. Keuneman, Mr. J. R. Toussaint, and Mr. Wace de Niese as Secretary and Convener.

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

8th July.—“A Motor Tour in France.” Lecturer: Dr. R. L. Spittel. Chairman: Dr. F. Foenander.

2nd Sept.—“Some Impressions of a Holiday in Europe.” Lecturer: Mr. E. H. Vander Wall. Chairman: Mr. R. G. Anthonisz, I.S.O.

The following lectures have been arranged for:—

4th Nov.—“China.” Lecturer: Mr. A. M. K. Cumaraswamy, B. Sc.

1928

13th January.—“The Debt of the West to the East.” Lecturer: L. E. Blazé, E.A.

2nd March.—“The Colour Problem and the World To-day.” Lecturer: Dr. H. U. Leembruggen.

BIRTH.

Conraad Everard Hatch—Born 6th July, 1927, at Matalo.

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. J. R. Toussaint, Honorary Secretary, Dutch Burgher Union, to whom also all remittances on account of the Journal should be made. Dr. L. A. Prins has been made a member of the Board of Management.

Changes of Address.—All changes 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.



A Journey on Foot Through Ceylon

BY

H A A F N E R.

A Translation from the Dutch.