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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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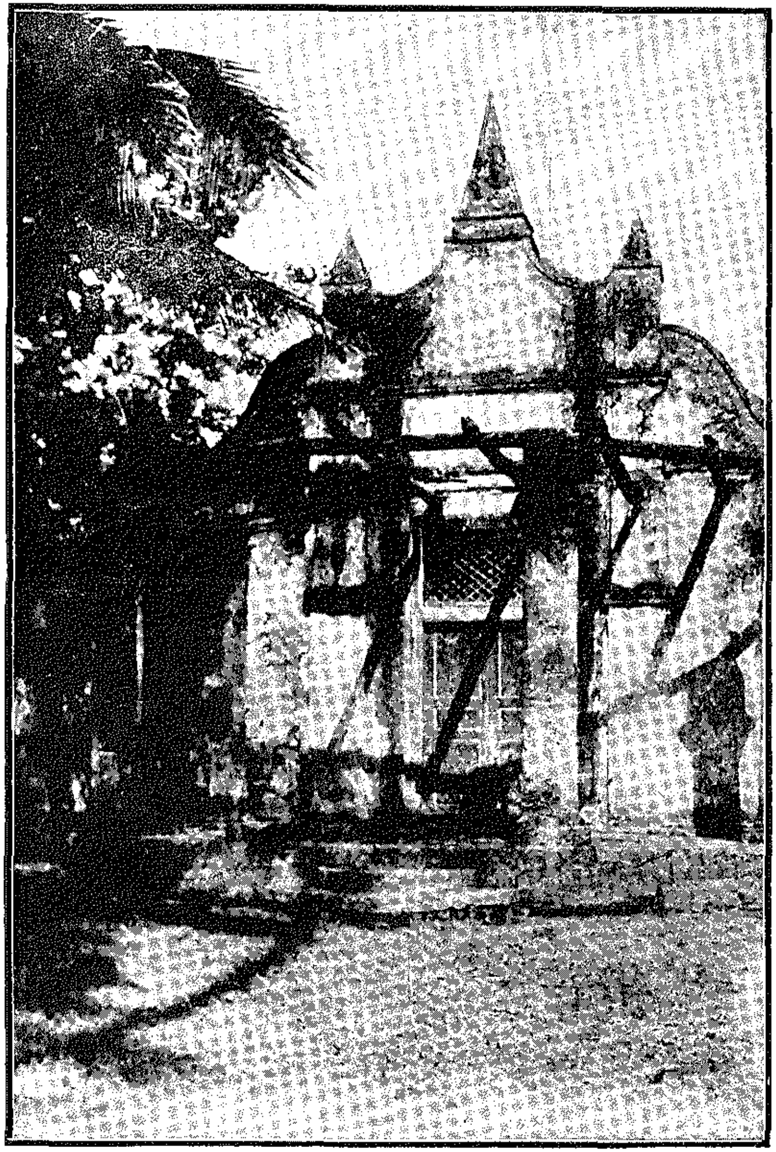

THE DUTCH CHURCH AT CALPENTYN.

(See page 106.)

Journal of the - - - -
Dutch Burgher Union of Ceylon.

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JACOB HAAFNER.*

A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

Haafner was not a Hollander by birth. His father, who belonged to a well-known Catholic family, and was the son of a councillor at Colmar, was originally intended for the Church, but before his novitiate was completed, he fled from the Monastery, and devoted himself to the study of medicine at Halle. Here he married a Lutheran young lady and adopted her creed, which resulted in a complete break with his Catholic relations.

Shortly after Haafner's birth his father left Halle and established himself as a Doctor at Embden, but being a stranger he had very little practice there, and so he departed eight years later to Amsterdam. Here Jacob Haafner attended school, where he learnt Dutch and Arithmetic, while his father taught him high German, French and Latin, in the study of which he soon shewed a special aptitude for languages. The stay at Amsterdam was, however, of short duration, for here, too, his father's practice was not very large, and he was obliged to take service as Senior Doctor on a ship of the East India Company proceeding to Batavia with troops. He took with him his eldest son, Jacob, who was still not eleven years old, leaving behind his wife and two younger children at Amsterdam. After a voyage of six months marked by accidents and misfortunes, the ship arrived at Cape Town with 61 dead and 130 patients. Among the dead was Haafner's father. So he was already, at eleven years of age, left alone, far from his own people, in a strange town, without friends and acquaintances, and bereft of everything. After a time he was employed as a teacher in a home at Batavia, then he took service under a slave-dealer at the Cape,

* Jacob Haafner: a sketch from the last years of the East India Company, by Dr. J. Ph. Vogel.

for about six months he was at Amsterdam learning painting, but the greater part of the time he spent at sea as Captain's clerk or cabin-boy on different ships of the East India Company

"So I had," he says in one of his works, "from my eleventh to my eighteenth year wandered almost through the whole of the Indies. Shipwreck, sickness, want, perils of death, and all sorts of adversities were part of my lot. The story of my adventures during these wanderings might appear to be incredible. Finally fate gave to the course of my life a different direction and placed me in a wholly different sphere."

In the year 1773 Haafner left Batavia as cabin-boy in the Company's ship "Cornelia Jacoba" for Bengal. He had spent a long time at the hospital in Batavia, and scarcely had he recovered than he went on board and was again attacked with fever, and found himself in a sad plight when the ship reached the mouth of the Hoogly. At that place a second mishap occurred. The navigation of the Hoogly, the western arm of the Ganges, was rendered difficult by dangerous sandbanks. Owing to the Captain and officers after their departure from Batavia having smuggled on board a quantity of arrack to be sold in Bengal at a profit, the ship was heavily laden and grounded. The crew saved themselves in a boat. Thirty-seven sick persons, among whom was Haafner, were hidden in the steerage, two of whom died in the night after the shipwreck. After six days the Bengal head-office, Chintsura, was reached. Here Haafner, whose condition had become worse owing to the bad food, was sent to the hospital.

That the care of the sick in the former century left a good deal to be desired appears from the following description given by Haafner of the Chintsura hospital:—"The whole place breathes of death, destruction and misery. A stupefying, nauseating smell greets you at your entrance into this den of misery. There lie in a double row of cots placed close to each other a number of unfortunate people, most of whom, but for their occasional movements, might have been mistaken for so many corpses. The shocking dirtiness of the sheets and mattresses, for the most part soiled by former patients, but above all the bad and inadequate food given to the poor people, kept many in a lingering state or left them in a state of sleeping sickness if they were fortunate enough to come out alive. This will cause surprise to nobody who knows how important cleanliness and suitable food play in the recovery of a sick person. In the mornings the patients each got the half of a small loaf of bread smeared over with a sort of white scum which was called butter. Those who wanted tea, coffee or the like were obliged to buy these, as well as the wood for cooking, with their own money, if they had any, or otherwise abstain from them. The midday meal consisted of a very small quantity of rice, with a thin soup of buffalo meat, hard as leather, and prepared in a nauseating manner. Those who were suffering from serious illness received pap from milk, flour and cooked rice. In the evening the remaining rice or again the half of a loaf of bread closed the day, without the unfortunate patients getting anything in the least degree strengthening or refreshing, except one or two in whom the Doctor took more than an ordinary interest. Every morning the Doctor comes round the wards, followed by a slave carrying a medicine chest and a large mug or bowl. Without much ceremony, and allowing no opportunity to the patient to explain his condition, he takes, after a superficial diagnosis, some medicines from the chest, mixes them in the bowl, and pours the stuff down the throat of the patient; and so he goes from bed to bed."

No wonder Haafner longed for an opportunity to leave this place of terror. Now, it was the custom, if a ship wanted to sail from Chintsura, and the crew was incomplete, to fill the vacancies from the convalescent patients who were in hospital. Haafner had already once offered himself, but was rejected by the Captain when the crew were mustered before sailing. Shortly afterward, however, he succeeded in getting taken on as a sailor on board the ship "The Temple", commanded by Captain Koelbier. This Captain was well-known among mariners for his cruelty, but Haafner preferred to expose himself to this treatment rather than remain longer in the hospital at Chintsura.

So he now departed for Negapatam, the Coromandel head-office. Owing to constant contrary winds the voyage was very unsuccessful, and they had to put in successively at Bimilipatam, Jaggernaikpoeram and Pulicat, but worst of all was the ill-treatment which the crew had to suffer at the hands of the Captain. It so happened that two lascars who had appropriated for their own use a part of the water intended for the cattle, received such a lashing from the Captain that they succumbed to their injuries the same day. This incident caused so much indignation that a charge against the Captain was secretly drawn up by Haafner and signed by several of the passengers and crew and delivered to the Court of Justice at Negapatam

Apparently this charge had no detrimental effect on Captain Koelbier. By bribing the Fiscal he was able to escape punishment, but it had important results for Haafner. When he was summoned as a witness, it appeared from the writing and style of the charge drawn up by him that he had had more than an ordinary education, and he was offered a place as junior assistant in the Trade Office at Negapatam.

Haafner was at first glad to be rid of Captain Koelbier but he says :—"I soon found that I had exchanged my former miserable state of slavery for another, and everything considered, I had not gained much by the exchange." Accustomed to a roving life and to the wide sea, he could hardly accommodate himself to a confined existence and monotonous office work. Besides, the pay was trifling (1 parra rice and f. 16 a month) and there was not the slightest prospect of an increase. At the most he could become full assistant on 24 guilders and finally nominal book-keeper on 30 guilders a month.

In these circumstances Haafner decided to make himself indispensable by learning book-keeping. Curiously enough, there was at Negapatam, the Coromandel head-office, only one person who understood this art, viz, Scheuneman, the Adigar or Chief Overseer of the villages belonging to the office. This man, who was nick-named "the Company's buffalo" on account of his bad temper kept the books on a remuneration of 600 pagodas annually, but when Haafner in six months' time, entirely through his own efforts, had learnt book-keeping, he gladly gave over his work to him, offering him 100 pagodas yearly, with a free table, and the promise that he should, at the end of two years, fill his place entirely. This agreement, by which he drew 500 pagodas and made Haafner do the work, suited the Adigar so well that he quite forgot his promise of payment and made himself scarce when he was reminded of it. After four years had thus passed

and Scheuneman had failed to pay the stipulated remuneration, Haafner refused to work for him any longer. When, on being summoned before the Governor Reinier van Vlissingen, he complained of the unjust treatment he had been subjected to, this official took Scheuneman's part, and as Haafner could not be persuaded either by kind means or by threats to continue the work on the old footing, he dismissed him from the service of the Company.

So Haafner became once again a free man, but his joy was soon turned to anxiety for the future. Where could he find work? At Negapatam he was given the cold shoulder by everybody since he had incurred the displeasure of the Governor. Nobody would show him any more hospitality. Embittered over this, he decided to take service under the English, the only nation under whom he had a chance of promotion, for in the establishments of the French and the Danes the trade was of little importance. He had now a good knowledge of French, German, Dutch and some native languages, but not of English, and a knowledge of this language was very necessary for the execution of his plan. This difficulty, however, Haafner knew how to overcome quickly. Among the garrison at Negapatam was an English deserter, and this man undertook to teach him his mother-tongue on payment of three pagodas a month. Although this new instructor could not teach him much more than the pronunciation, and he had to do the rest by self-study, he became, according to his own testimony, a perfect master of the English language before the lapse of five months.

Just when he was ready to try his luck in Madras another event occurred. The Warehouse-keeper Daniel Simons offered him employment under his brother, the second in charge of the office of the Company at Sadras or Sadrapatam, a village situated not far on the south of Madras. This person appeared to understand about as much book-keeping as the one at Negapatam, and Haafner was just the man to help him. He gladly accepted the proposal made through Simons and betook himself immediately from Negapatam to his new station.

Here dawned for Haafner a time of prosperity. The days in Sadras were the happiest in his life. He describes in detail the beautiful village situated in the midst of magnificent scenery, with its bleaching and indigo works, its noisy school and lively market, with its many diversions and outlets. This is how he describes a festive evening at the house of one of the residents, apparently a person of Portuguese descent named Thomasio de Cruz :—"The Company is already numerous, a motley crowd of persons. Everyone bids us welcome '*Folga muito, Senhor Thomasio! Folga muito, Senhora de Caza. Deus de mille anos da vida!*' sounds on all sides and there is no lack of handshaking. '*Como esta meu amigo, como esta*' cries one here and another there."

"Cigars are lit, one takes off one's coat and makes oneself free and easy. Small beer, punch, arrack, lemonade—everything stands in a special room on a large table. One drinks what one likes and as much as one wants. One seeks among the ladies for his lover, his friend, an acquaintance, or something more than that. One waits on her for the time being, one serves her, one tells her all sorts of pleasant things, one tries to outbeat the other in witticisms, humourous stories and jokes. The laughter does not cease—everything is life and joy—one gives oneself over to enjoyment without the slightest reserve.

"Meanwhile the evening meal is brought in. The ladies seat themselves on chairs along the room; the gentlemen stand round the table, each serving his lady, first providing her with everything she wants, then taking what he can get for himself and sitting down with his plate at her feet. Forks and spoons are never used for eating curry and rice. One eats with the fingers, and whatever one may say of the custom, the rice and curry tastes very well when eaten this way.

"In this and numerous other ways I enjoyed myself. Now we had a hunt, again a fishing party. Another time we rode on horseback with a whole party towards the oyster rocks where we remained several days in succession. Then there was a feast given by the Chief, and another by the Second in Charge; then a wedding party by one and a christening feast by another; clubs, dance-paties—every day there was something new—a continual variation. I was invited to all these and was welcome. Without me the joy seemed incomplete."

Thus does Haafner present to us the jovial life of the Dutch at Sadras. His intercourse with the native population afforded him particular pleasure. On one occasion he betook himself to a

chauderie or public resthouse on the way to Maveliwarom where a *jogie* or penance-doer had established himself and shewed hospitality to travellers. This man instructed him in the secrets of his religion and in the ancient history of the land. At another place it was a *Sanniassie* (Sanscrit: *Sannyasin*, a sort of hermit) with whom he lived, and who, by his conversation, inspired in him an aversion for the pleasures of the hunt and also imparted to him a smattering of Sanscrit.

So passed the two or three years since Haafner's arrival at Madras when a sudden change occurred in his fortunes. A war broke out between the English and the Nawab of Mysore, Hyder Alichan Bahadoer. This man, who was the most formidable enemy that England ever had to fight against in India, over-ran the Carnatic with his troops of horsemen, and brought ruin and desolation everywhere. The rumour gained ground that this attack was also intended for the Dutch, and this caused no little uneasiness among them. Their fears, however, appeared to be unfounded, as an envoy from Hyder Ali appeared with an assurance of his master's friendship, provided the Dutch remained neutral.

After the capture of Sadras by the English, all the Dutch who were made prisoners-of-war were sent to Madras and among them was Haafner. The Dutch prisoners at Madras were given complete freedom of movement, but this was accompanied by a great disability: they were obliged to fend for themselves. So Haafner found himself in great difficulty, as he had been obliged to abandon his furniture and other possessions to the value of 3,000 pagodas on his hurried departure from Sadras. It is true that private property was taken into the stores then on promise that it would soon be sent to the prisoners, but instead of that, and in spite of the stipulated conditions of surrender, Captain Mackay is said to have taken possession of the property after their departure and forwarded the same to Chinglepet, the fortress of which he was Commandant. Besides this. Haafner had, shortly before the English attack, advanced 1,000 pagodas for the payment of the garrison of Sadras, and the Chief, de Neys, had neglected to pay him this in time, although, when the English seized the Company's money, he had kept back 10,000 pagodas, and had pursuaded Haafner to write this sum off the books on the promise that he would re-pay out of it the 1,000 pagodas due to him.

So Haafner found himself in possession of 120 pagodas only when he came to Madras as a prisoner-of-war. He rented here together with the Sergeant of the garrison at Sadras a small house, but when the Sergeant died in a short time he found himself saddled with the maintenance of his family. With great difficulty he succeeded in finding work. First he became clerk to an Englishman, Advocate Popham, after that, book-keeper to a Portuguese merchant, Antonio de Souza, a man of great influence but of a very fickle and peevish disposition.

Meanwhile the state of things in Madras was far from agreeable. Since the beginning of the war and the incursion of the Mysore troops, the refugees from the whole of the Carnatic had poured in there, so that the town was crowded with people. As we have already seen, the Dutch who were taken prisoner at the different places on the coast were also conveyed to Madras. In the whole of the outlying country the crops had been destroyed by Hyder Ali's troops, and the despatch of provisions was prevented by the French fleet under de Suffren, who since February 1782 was patrolling the Indian Ocean.

Thus it came about that a terrible famine broke out in Madras of which numberless natives were the victims. The English suffered less—indeed Haafner relates that they were in a position to give banquets in celebration of the fall of Negapatam and the conclusion of peace with the Mahrattas. "I declare" he says "that in 1782 there were in Madras 500 deaths daily from hunger, while the Englishmen in that town had their stores full of grain and gave feasts and dance-parties daily."

Of still worse things does Haafner accuse the English. A provision fleet of eighty ships managed to escape the vigilance of the French cruisers and cast anchor before Madras. It now appeared as if there would be an end to all the misery, but through the alleged inconceivable negligence of the English Government these ships were allowed to lie there for three days without discharging any part of their valuable cargo. The consequences were inevitable. On 2nd October, 1782, a hurricane arose and destroyed the whole provision fleet. Haafner accuses the Government of having purposely allowed this calamity to take place in order that the price of grain which they had in store might go up still higher.

After this calamity and in spite of the driving out of a few thousand natives, who succumbed outside the walls of the town, the misery within Madras reached such a pitch that further stay in that town became unbearable to Haafner, and he decided to take refuge in Tranquebaar, the Danish Settlement on the coast of Coromandel. He provided himself with a *chialeng* or native craft and four rowers and took to sea on 24th November. But a few cannon-shots from Fort St. George forced him to turn back, and returning to land he ran great risk of being hanged as a spy. Fortunately he was known to several notables of Madras, and as he asserted that his only object was to escape from the famine-ravaged town, he was brought before Governor Macartney, who gave him permission to depart provided he undertook to deliver despatches to General Coote, who was encamped with the English army near Tranquebaar, and to whom it had not been possible to send orders for a long time. As a reward he was to receive 1,000 pagodas immediately on delivery, while Macartney at the same time promised to look after his future. Haafner, who was only anxious to leave Madras, undertook this mission and put out to sea again. As the *chialeng* was not suited for a journey on the high seas, he hugged the coast, and so ran less danger of being observed by the French ships. He thus had an opportunity of visiting Sadras, but how sadly changed did he find this once flourishing place: the fort destroyed by the English, the houses partly fallen in, the inhabitants fled, his own dwelling decayed, the garden a wilderness, and in the kitchen two skeletons of a woman and a small child, who had apparently died of hunger. The appearance of the desolate Sadras, where the happiest period of his life had been spent, awoke all his hatred against the English, and when he had again put out to sea his resolution was taken. He decided not to deliver to the English General the letters given to him by Lord Macartney but to hand them to the Commander of the French fleet, justifying his conduct by the fact that as the promise had been extorted from him, he was under no obligation to render a service to the English who were his enemies, as by delivering the letters he might become a traitor to his own country. Rather would he willingly forego the promised reward and break his pledged word.

Before his arrival at Pondichery Haafner had an adventure which nearly cost him his life. Barely had he escaped from a terrible storm than he was captured by Mysore troopers who took him for an Englishman. By adopting a fearless bearing and pretending that he was an enemy of the French Admiral, Haafner was able to save himself from immediate danger. He would not, however, have been able to escape imprisonment were it not that he had the luck to meet the same officer who had previously saved him from the designs of the English at Sadras. So he was able to continue his journey unhindered and soon reached Pondichery. As the fleet of de Suffren had already left that place and was anchored in Trincomalee, Haafner handed over the English letters to the Master Attendant, Monsier de Salmiac. He learnt later that they related to the designs of the English on the harbour of Jaffna among other places, and he had therefore the less cause for regret that he had broken his promise to Lord Macartney.

Haafner quickly continued his journey to Tranquebaar, where he met his former house-companion, the widow of the Sergeant Widder, with her daughter and two younger children. This daughter named Anna is already familiar to the readers of Haafner's "Journey on Foot through the Island of Ceylon" as she accompanied him to Ceylon and was his companion during his residence in Jaffna.

Haafner travelled from Tranquebaar to Ceylon in the company of a strange French Count, and his description of his journey on foot from Jaffna to Colombo and his adventures in search of hidden treasure have thrilled our readers. In September, 1783, he again returned to India owing to the infidelity of his lover with whom he had spent a short but happy time. He decided to go to Calcutta and try his fortune there. On his way he touched at Madras where he could have found some work to do, but the recollections of that place, added to the incidents connected with Lord Macartney's letters, made a stay there undesirable. Meanwhile the war had come to an end. At Madras Haafner found the English fleet ready to return to Europe. He also met there the captured officers of the Dutch ship "Liberty" which the English had taken at Cuddalore. "I knew some of them" he says "and there quickly came on the table a welcome bowl of punch which kept us occupied the greater part of the night. Finally towards morning I went to bed, not without difficulty, and did not wake up until midday. I had intended to do some business and pay some visits that morning, which I was now very sorry to omit, but I could not avoid making merry with these gentlemen."

When Haafner arrived at Calcutta after having experienced a violent storm, he soon observed that it might be useful to look out for a job here. After great difficulty he succeeded in getting a temporary appointment as book-keeper through the good offices of Mr. Fowke, an English jeweller and a man of great influence, who had been for a long time Governor of Benares, and which post was now filled by his son. Haafner had the good fortune to secure the esteem of his new patron, so that his temporary appointment soon became permanent and he was treated not as a subordinate but as a friend. In course of time his patron proposed to take him into his business on very favourable terms, which offer Haafner gladly accepted. Mr. Fowke also introduced him to several eminent residents of Calcutta, among whom was Sir William Jones, a well-known translater and one of the founders of the Asiatic Society.

But here too the days of rest and prosperity were of short duration. When Haafner had been two years at Calcutta difficulties arose which obliged him to part company with Mr. Fowke. From the little which Haafner has left behind regarding the reasons for his departure, it appears that owing to certain remarks reflecting on his character which were made by persons inimical to him, of whom Mr. Fowke's son was one, he decided to prevent further trouble by leaving of his own accord. Haafner found it difficult to part from his benefactor, who shewed him further kindness by giving him a free passage on one of his own ships which was about to sail for the Coromandel coast.

Haafner had not been long at sea when he fell ill, and as the sea voyage made his condition worse, and the season was unfavourable for a trip to Ceylon, he was forced to change his plans. Having arrived at Masulipatam, he sent the ship back to Calcutta with a letter to Mr. Fowke informing him how he had fared and asking for further instructions. Instead of an answer he received news of the death of his benefactor. This occurrence, and more especially the thought that perhaps he had been the cause of

Mr. Fowke's death, grieved him deeply, and in order to shake off his depression he decided to travel to Negapatam in a palanquin.

This journey is especially remarkable in that it gave Haafner an opportunity to describe the condition of the Dutch Settlements on the Coromandel coast a few years after the war with the English. These possessions had again been reduced by one: Negapatam, the head office on the Coromandel coast and at the same time the key of Ceylon remained by the Treaty of Paris in the hands of the English.

Although the remaining offices of the Company had been restored to them, they were according to Haafner of little use. The villages lay in ruins, the inhabitants had fled, and trade had become impossible. The southern part of the Coromandel coast especially had suffered terribly.

" What a difference from former times" cries Haafner, " I could not believe that I was in the fruitful and populous Coromandel and felt as if I was in a strange land. The rich vegetation, the boundless fields of grain, the numerous pretty villages teeming with inhabitants—all had disappeared, and only desolate and burnt-up villages and hamlets met the eye. Even the inhabitants of these miserable villages appeared to be starving, insufficiently clad, and in dire distress."

On this journey Haafner visited Pulicat situated to the north of Madras, where he met many old acquaintances who had fled from Negapatam and other establishments of the Company. Pulicat, the only place besides Negapatam, the fort of which had not been destroyed by the English, was made the head office after the loss of Negapatam. " Of what use was a head office on the coast" asks Haafner, "when all the trade was destroyed? Why not break up the whole establishment at once and carry on in Ceylon, as the Dutch were subsequently obliged to do?"

Haafner was also moved very much on seeing the condition of Sadras where he had formerly lived. He found this once-flourishing village no better than when he had visited it the last time during the war. But the Government at Batavia had already taken steps to put the establishment in order, and to that end had sent Count W. van Byland as *opperhoofd*. It was natural that this good gentleman, suddenly finding himself in this wilderness, in the midst of a heap of ruins wholly unacquainted with the Company's former trade on this establishment, without books, without paper, without anybody to instruct, advise, or assist him, should be at a loss to know what to do. When Haafner arrived at Sadras and the *opperhoofd* came to know that he had already kept the books of the Company there, he took advantage of the opportunity to ask Haafner to help him. Haafner declared himself quite willing to do so. After a tour of the whole village, which brought back to his mind the happy days he had spent there, he visited the new *opperhoofd*, who received him with the heartiest expressions of joy and placed at his disposal the country house of the former Chief, de Neys.

The journey by palanquin along the coast brought Haafner's wanderings to an end. His original intention was to return to Europe but he seems to have temporarily abandoned this, and the object of the journey along the coast was to find a suitable place where he could spend the remainder of his days in peace. On this journey he met someone who appeared to be destined to share this idyllic existence with him—an Indian dancer to whose fidelity he owed the safety of his life on two occasions. But her sudden death before he could carry his plans into execution made a further residence in India abhorrent to him, even if he had not been obliged on the advice of an expert French physician to seek a change of climate.

On 17th October, 1786, Haafner left India on board a French ship from Pondichery, and after spending two months at Mauritius he resumed his voyage. On his arrival at the Cape he took the opportunity of visiting several of his old acquaintances. Learning that the former Chief of Sadras, J. P. de Neys, had settled down in Stellenbosch, Haafner wrote to him asking him for the return of the 1,000 padogas he had advanced him, but he only received a polite reply without the money. After spending a pleasant time at the Cape he resumed his journey and arrived at Lorient in Brittany on 25th May 1787. After seeing his brother, the minister of a flourishing parish in East Friesland, and his sister at Maagdenburg, he spent some time at a German watering-place and then returned to Holland, where he married Mrs. A. M. Kreunink. That the last years of his life were not happy is apparent from several of his writings. He spent his remaining years in literary pursuits, publishing two accounts of his journeys. While the third —his journey through Ceylon—was being got ready for the press, death claimed this intrepid traveller, who, we may be certain, went to meet his last enemy with the same courage that he had shewn during the whole of his chequered career.

J. R. T.

CALPENTYN—ARIPPO—PUTTALAM—AND THE ISLANDS OF DUTCH BAY.

By R. L. B.

The maritime possessions over which the Dutch held sway were divided into six administrative areas. Of these, one "extended from the river of Chilaw to the limits of Manaar"—and included the three principal stations—Puttalam, Calpentyn and Arippo.

Long, long ago, in a period anterior to historic times, tradition tells us that there reigned over the north-western shores of this island an amazon princess.

From the same source we learn that Alliarasani was as amorous as she was beautiful, for she often proceeded by land from her capital sheltered beneath the cliffs of Kudramalai, to the palace of a Malabar prince at "Arasadi", which is the ancient name for Calpentyn.

Later a flood came. It burst through a narrow channel which communicated with the sea. It covered the low-lying lands and formed a large lagoon, a peninsula, and a group of picturesque islands.

It was in this manner, if we believe tradition, that Calpentyn became a sea-port—situated at the end of the peninsula and near the opening of the gulf, to both of which it gives its name.

The proximity of this sea-port to the neighbouring continent soon raised "Calpetty" to a position of importance. But the approach to it was tortuous owing to shoals and sand-bars thrown up by monsoon tides, consequently only small craft could avail themselves of the harbour. With the advent of the Dutch, their fighting ships and merchantmen were obliged to lie a few miles north. The modern maps describe this roadstead as Dutch Bay.

It is wonderfully pleasant to sail over the waters of Dutch Bay—provided that this is done when the N.E. winds bring with them calm and glassy seas on the western shores. It is a fascinating experience to visit the places along its shores, where one may yet find monuments which recall the stirring times they have been through in the centuries past.

We left Puttalam in a laden car, with camp equipment and everything necessary for a stay extending over many days. A motorable road runs up the entire length of the Calpentyn Peninsula. We sped along through groves of cocoanut, which gradually gave way to open sandy wastes with glimpses of vast mangrove swamps growing luxuriantly on the shores of the gulf. Their gnarled and knotted roots lay exposed. In a few hours the incoming tide will have covered them up completely.

Calpentyn is twenty-three miles distant from Puttalam. It was coming on to noon when we reached the resthouse, so in the evening hours we set out to see the town. Passing down its streets we noticed many houses old and typical of the Dutch style of building. Turning into one of these, our guide summarily left us standing on the roadway. Coming back, he beckoned us to follow. We mounted on to the *stoep* and passing through the open doorway with its heavily panelled shutters, its lintel surmounted with the usual monogramed fanlight, we walked through to the back of the building. It was easy to picture the house of old, and to associate with it the *kleine zaal* and the *zaal*; yet, instead of *mevrouw*, a Chetty lady received us in the *halve dak* (back verandah) She was apparently used to these flagrant intrusions, for putting us quite at ease she pleasantly watched the enthusiastic manner in which we admired her vine. It grew luxuriantly—raised up on a flat bower and weighted down by great big bunches of grape. We were fortunate to see it at its best.

Tennent records with reference to Calpentyn that the Dutch "constructed a fort and introduced the vine." It is more definitely asserted by another writer that "the inhabitants are indebted for their introduction to Major Paravacini du Capelli, while he was Directeur Opperhoofd of the place." We next took our way to the Fort. Close to the modern pier the blackened granite walls, time-worn and fast crumbling to ruin, stood out majestically in silent grandeur. A massive door marked the entrance, and passing through, we came to a series of barrack rooms which ranged themselves on right and left. Yes—there were in them even trivial mementoes of the later British occupation, slabs of plank let into the floor to hold the butts of muskets, and iron pegs on the walls which even through a liberal crust of rust suggested that they at one time held up a neat array of accoutrements.

We breathed in an atmosphere old and mouldy. No word of command floated in from the open quadrangle within the walls, which no doubt served as a parade ground. The firm tread of the sentry as he pased the ramparts was for ever hushed in a deathly stillness. Barrack rooms had given way to barns for the storage of salt, told all too plainly by the presence of large machines for weighing this same commodity.

It repays a visitor to climb on to the ramparts. The gun-emplacements, yet intact, tell what a sinister and threatening aspect the batteries must have presented to a hostile intruder. But the view over Dutch Bay—it captivates the beholder as it is so strikingly uncommon. Bathed in the glory of a setting sun it was as enchanting as a fairy dream. The innumerable little wooded islets studded the expanse of water and reached out till they finally merged into wistful blue specks on the horizon. The forest-fringed mainland was defined by a silvery line of fore-shore. From the sublimities with which nature has endowed this seaport, we turn to its history as it is worth a few moment's consideration. In the year 1640 the Dutch occupied Calpentyn by stratagem, wresting the post from the Portuguese who had held it from very nearly a century earlier. Twenty-six years later realising its importance "as the trade in arecanuts and cotton goods had produced 3,000 rixdollars in taxes within eight months", their Excellencies in Batavia made known in a letter addressed to Governor Ryckloff van Goens, that Calpentyn should be fortified.

Inasmuch as the main purpose of this strongly garrisoned Fort was for the protection of trade, which according to Haafner "was carried on from the straits of Calpentyn along the whole Island and the coasts thereof", it also effectively blocked the inner port of Puttalam, controlled the shipping and thereby curbed the independence of the Sinhalese Emperor. One instance of many recorded is sufficient to exemplify how this was done and smuggling discouraged. "A vessel arrived at Calpentyn from the coast bringing some curiosities for the king; but on being searched was found to contain a large quantity of clothing, Coast cloth, etc., for some private persons. The vessel was allowed to depart after the private property was taken out."

Vigorous protests appear to have been urged from time to time by the Sinhalese king against the closing of the inner port. In the year 1675, Tennikoon, Dissava of the Seven Corles, marched against the fortress at the head of a Sinhalese force "furnished with necessary tools, such as *inchiados* (mattocks or hoes), hatchets, spears and thongs." Effecting little "except maltreating the Company's people, close to *Calpetty*...they departed."

For nearly a century the Orange flag floated from its battlements, till the fort surrendered to the British troops of the 52nd Regiment under the command of Sir John Bowser, on the 5th of November, 1795.

On the following morning, while our luggage was being conveyed to the boat which was to take us across the Bays, we visited the church. It is emblematic of its builders. The structure is described by a writer as "solid but exceedingly ugly." The roof over the porch had crumbled into ruin. The bell-less belfry emphasised the little necessity to maintain a church on the spot. In its neglect, it was redolent of an odour of by-gone sanctity. Calpentyn to-day is purely a Moorish town. The resounding cry of the muezzin echoes where at one time a resonant clanging called the faithful to prayer. The old Dutch furniture and the bell have been removed to the Anglican church at Puttalam, and all that is left as a memento of Dutch times are the tombstones and mural tablets which bear eloquent testimony to those who entered their rest in a soon to be forgotten age.

The edifice is at the present time known as St. Peter's, no longer Dutch Reformed but Anglican. Historical reference to this church at Calpentyn is conflicting. Possibly the present building was raised on the site of a more ancient one, soon after the Dutch made themselves masters of the place. There is a quaint belief that an under-ground passage connected the church with the fort. To give substance to the tale, a gaping hollow within the rampart walls is pointed out as the spot from which the passage started. Leaving our guide wondering how he might spring this legend more effectively on the next visitor he takes round, we walked away to the pier.

A number of *dhoneys* lay at anchor, moored to beams and capstans. It was plain that Calpentyn had not yet entirely lost its reputation as a trading centre. The ports of South India, the Maldives, and the Jaffna Peninsula were all represented by the craft which floated alongside. We felt that it was here that one may ponder on the true simplicity of the sea, listening to thrilling tales of life and death struggles with monsoon winds and tides, breathless stories of the elements pitted against masts and sails. Comfortably settled in one of these *dhoneys* we set sail.

Most of the islands in the bay are uninhabited. Their names are of Tamil origin and typify the size of the island, in some instances by the prefix *periya* or *sinna*. The first one we sailed past of any note is Erumaitivu, famous for its luxuriant pasture. The inhabitants on the mainland find in it a sanatorium for sick or emaciated cattle. The animals are left to cure themselves, and if rumour may be believed are transported back as likely prize-winners in a local show! Kakkaitivu is heard, if not seen, in the late evening or early morning hours.

A grove of cocoanut throws up a different splash of colour on the island of Ippantivu. A few years back it was the busy scene of a scientific party associated with the Pearl Fishery Company, who were experimenting on the possibility of locating pearls in live oysters without opening them, aided by the Rontgen ray. Dutch Bay point is a sandy waste. Till quite recently it was connected to the peninsula. The Dutch had a little outpost here and called it Mutwal.

From this point we sailed northward over the calm waters sheltered by the island of Karaitivu, depicted on the maps as Portugal Bay. On the barren shores of this island there are a number of scattered fisher settlements, while a more striking feature is the presence of large herds of wild deer in the shelters afforded by the mangrove swamps and wooded areas. There are no springs on the island, and consequently these animals depend on their fore-feet to quench their thirst. Strangely, if one were to dig on the fore-shore ever so little, there is fresh water. This occurrence is peculiar to most of the islands and the neighbouring coast.

We cast anchor that evening below the cliffs of Kudremalai, a place brimful of historical allusion and legend. The coast-line

which sweeps to right and left is possibly the most desolate section this island can offer, yet, from ages past it has enjoyed world-wide renown for the precious pearls the shallow seas produce. Sixteen miles to the North is the village of Arippo, where the Dutch built a lonely fort and garrisoned it for the protection of the pearl-banks. It is referred to as Arippa by Robert Knox, who found a hospitable shelter within its walls, following on his "flight through the woods" from a captivity of nineteen years in the territory of the Sinhalese king.

Buried away in the dense jungle beyond the cliff-bound coast are a number of lakes, called in these parts *Villus*. From this feature the division takes its name, Villpattu, the greater portion of its limits proclaimed as a sanctuary for game. Starting from Kudramalai, we trekked through this sanctuary, but, as our experiences are too lengthy to relate, and besides, belong to another story, we take up the thread when many days later we arrived at Pomparippu. It was an insignificant little resthouse which offered us hospitality for a night, yet, after nights more or less in the open, the general effect of its tiled roof raised in a wild waste was very pleasing. The name signifies the "Golden Plain," perhaps given to it on account of its excellent soil and rich harvests. Yet to-day the operation of the plough is confined to a very limited area on the outskirts of a small village virtually struggling for existence.

Following the coast-road we began our trek to Puttalam. The solitary line of telegraph posts loomed up like sentinels proclaiming a link with civilization. The pools on the roadside were dry, their beds of black mud baked and cracked by the scorching April sun. We often left these open spaces and entered on a delightful length of cool forest, where the branches met overhead and formed an enchanting avenue. At last we saw the salt-water marshes of Puttalam, the buildings of the town away in the distance, the waters of the lagoon shimmering like a sheet of glass.

The Dutch established themselves at Puttalam in the year 1766, under Captain Imhoff. They built a mud fort surrounded by a moat on the south side of the town; the site is marked by traces of the latter to this day.

Percival suggests that "*Putallon* was pitched upon by the Dutch for manufacturing the salt with which they supplied the king of

Candy's dominions, according to the articles of their treaty with him .... They looked upon it as of the highest importance to their interests in the island, and the most formidable weapon which it was in their power to employ against the native king."

Half way between the Fort and the town there stood in Dutch times a large Government house in which the *Landraad* was held. It was a tribunal established by the Dutch for administering justice, and was composed of twelve Wannias under the Presidency of the *Opperhoofd* of Calpentyn. Six of these Wannias were later dismissed as they were considered too many, the remainder continued to receive in acknowledgment of their services exemption from tithes in their cultivation.

In a letter dated the 15th July, 1802, signed by Robert Arbuthnot, Chief Secretary to Government, and directed to Lieutenant Arthur Johnson, of the 19th Regiment, Commandant of Chilaw, it was directed by Governor North that this officer "should proceed to *Putlam* and give orders for the construction of *mandoes* for the Provincial Court, the *Cutcherry*, your own residence and that for Messrs. D'Oyly and Brohier, Judges of the Provincial Court."

The old Dutch Government house was razed to the ground and two of these new buildings, one of them the *Cutcherry*, was erected on the site. With the advent of the officials referred to, the *Landraad* ceased to function and the town was well established under the British regime.

DINNER TO H. E. THE GOVERNOR.

The members of the Dutch Burgher Union entertained H. E. the Governor to dinner on Saturday, 26th November, 1927. Mr. R. G. Anthonisz, I.S.O., President of the Union, took the chair, having the guest of the evening on his right, and the Hon. Mr Justice Schneider on his left. The others who sat down were:—The Hon. Mr. Allan Drieberg, the Hon. Mr. L M. Maartensz, the Hon. Mr. G. A. Wille, Mr. R. C. Byng, Dr. E. W. Arndt, Capt. C. E Arndt, Messrs. M. M. Anthonisz, H. C. R. Anthonisz, E. L. Albrecht, P. E. Anthonisz, S. A. L. Anthonisz, H. H. Bartholomeusz, W. W. Beling, C. P. Brohier, L. E. Blazé, H. O. Beven, W. W. Beling (Jr.), W. S. Christoffelsz, I.S.O., M. S. Christoffelsz, Capt. C. C. Schokman, Messrs. T. K. Carron, H. P. Christoffelsz, C H. Deutrom, Basil Drieberg, W. O. Edema, E. F. Ebert, Dr. F. Foenander, Messrs. E. O. Felsinger, Vernon Grenier, H. E. Grenier, Capt. G. H. Gratiaen, Messrs. F. C. W. van Geyzel, C. T. van Geyzel, C. C. Gauder, W. H. Hepponstall, Col. E. H. Joseph, Lt.-Col. A. C. B. Jonklaas, Major S. P. Joseph, Capt. Mervyn Joseph, Messrs. A. E. Keuneman, F. H. B. Koch, Gladwin Koch, John de Kretser, P. H. de Kretser, Denis Keegel, L. B. Kelaart, O. L. de Kretser, Denzil Koch, Col. V. vanLangenberg, Capt. H. U. Leembruggen, Dr. H. Ludovici, Messrs. F. E. Loos, S. M. Leembruggen, Dr. I. E Meier, Messrs. T. D. Mack, W. G. Mack, T. R. Modder, Major E. L. Mack, Dr. A. Nell, Messrs. Wace de Niese, J. G. Paulusz, G. W. Prins, Lt.-Col. W. E. V. de Rooy, Dr. A. Rode, Messrs. E. Reimers, H. C. Raffel, Dr. R. L Spittel, Messrs. J. T. M. Swan, S. J. C. Schokman, E. A. vanderStraaten, I.S.O., Neil Schokman, G. V. Schokman, J. R. Toussaint, J. T. van Twest, W. L. Thomasz, C. E. de Vos, R. A. H. de Vos, H. C. de Vos, E. H. vanderWall, Lionel Wendt and H. L. Wendt.

H. M. the King.

After dinner the CHAIRMAN proposed the toast of His Majesty the King, which was drunk with musical honours.

The Toast of H. E the Governor.

Rising again amidst applause, the CHAIRMAN proposed the toast of H. E. the Governor. He said:—

Your Excellency and Gentlemen: It is now my duty and privilege to thank Your Excellency on behalf of the Members of the Dutch Burgher Union for the great honour you have done us by coming here to-night. I wish we could convey to you an adequate sense of our appreciation of this honour and show you how proud we are of the occasion. We have had the privilege of entertaining at this board other distinguished guests, but this is the first time in the history of the Union that our modest hall has been graced by the presence of the Representative of our King. We are, as you may have already observed, only a small though well defined community in the Island, but we yield to none in our loyalty to the Throne and our respect for the Supreme Authority in the land. (Applause.) We claim this as a traditional characteristic of our race. Respect for those placed in power and authority was a kind of religion with our Dutch ancestors. It was practised by them to an extent which nowadays would no doubt be considered extremely formal and ceremonious—perhaps by some people with very modern ideas even as somewhat ludicrous. But we, even if we have not been able altogether to follow their practice, have always regarded their old-fashioned ways with pious admiration. Parents exacted this homage from their children and old age from youth. In public life the subordinate approached his superior with great deference and addressed him by an imposing title; and when it came to the Governor of the land, his exalted position and awe-inspiring presence demanded a form of address so elaborate and grandiloquent that it would be considered highly inconvenient these days. (Laughter.) We have become less formal and ceremonious now, and intercourse between ruler and ruled has become less restricted, but the Governor of the Colony is still to us a very exalted personage.

I hope, Sir, you will pardon me if in your presence here I venture to discourse a little on Governors—or at least on some of them. There were during the rule of the Dutch in Ceylon some thirty or more governors, mostly men of great ability and high character. Some of them were valiant soldiers, for the times had need of such men to enforce authority in the country. Others were skilled politicians and diplomats, who had to reckon with the presence in the interior of the Island of a native monarch whose uncertain and varying moods it was no small difficulty for them to

cope with. In paying this tribute to the wisdom and ability of the Dutch Governors generally, it is but fair that I should refer to one who proved a memorable exception to the rule. His name was Petrus Vuyst, a young man scarcely 30 years of age, who, by a strange want of discrimination on the part of the supreme authorities, was sent to govern this Island. When he landed at Galle, so great was his silly conceit, that he put a plaster on one of his eyes and declared that he had no need of two eyes to govern so insignificant a land. (Laughter.) He proclaimed that he would rule "with the wisdom of a Solomon and the courage of a Vuyst," which was expressed in a rhyming couplet:

Met Salomons wysheid
En Vuysts dapperheid.

But of course he soon came to grief and it is well to throw a veil over the end of his career. The only memorial of his rule which we now have is the stone slab let into the outer wall of a building in Baillie Street with an inscription which reads:

Destroyed by might
Restored by right.

It commemorates the compensation made by the Government to one of the victims of his tyranny. Happily no other Governor was as bad as this: most of our Dutch Governors were conscientious, God-fearing men, who sought to do their duty by the light vouchsafed to them. (Applause.)

The names in the long list of British Governors are, I believe, familiar to you as to most of us. They begin with the Honourable Frederick North, who subsequently became Earl of Guilford. He was followed by Sir Thomas Maitland, a son of the Earl of Lauderdale. These eminent men lived in times somewhat different from ours, and the quaint stories which have come down to us of their days are interesting to dwell on. Governor Maitland was a distinguished soldier and a parliamentarian before he came here, and he proved a bold administrator. He had the reputation of being a *bon vivant*—kept a splendid table and entertained largely. His manner and deportment earned for him the *sobriquet* of King Tom, a name which he carried with him when he went away from Ceylon to be Governor of Malta. Readers of Captan Marryat's novel "*Mr. Midshipman Easy*", a favourite book of our boyhood, will find him portrayed there in the character of King Tom, the Governor of Malta, who befriended the hero of the novel. Here in Ceylon Governor Maitland lived, as I have said, lavishly. He kept his own fine plate, crockery and glassware at each provincial town he used to stay in, and on his departure, many of these articles appear to have made their way into the hands of the public. More than once in recent times have I had a Moorish dealer in curiosities bring me a porcelain dish or a plate, in the belief that I would be able to estimate its value as a bit of ancient china. I had no difficulty at once in identifying some of these articles as relics of the days of King Tom, for they bore the well known crest and motto of the Maitland family. Matara, down south, was a favourite resort of this Governor, and there he discovered a species of fish which became a constant delicacy at his table; so much so, that the fish acquired the name of and is known to this day as the "Maitland Fish." Governor Maitland was followed by many other eminent men, such as Sir Robert Brownrigg, Sir Edward Barnes, Sir Robert Wilmot Horton, and somewhat later, Sir Henry Ward. I need not go any further, as the names that follow, although no less eminent, are of comparatively recent date.

I should perhaps apologize to you for going into this ancient history, but the subject has appealed to me this evening with irresistible force, and I have felt that I might be indulged a little on the score of my years. Although yet a little short of being an octogenarian, I have had the privilege of seeing no fewer than fifteen British Governors of Ceylon come and go (Applause): from Sir Henry Ward, of whom, as a little boy, I had but a glimpse when he was embarking at Galle, to Your Excellency, whose gracious presence here to-ningt has been the occasion for me to let loose the flood gates of my memory and to inflict on you some of these odd reminiscences of bygone times.

And now, Sir, though you have already been among us for several months, this is our first opportunity to offer you our distinctive welcome to Ceylon. We also heartily welcome Lady Stanley (applause) and we wish both her and Your Excellency a happy and pleasant sojourn in this beautiful Island, which has been our home for several generations and of which, I may say, we are justly proud. (Applause.) It will be found that its inhabitants, composed

of different races, are, generally speaking, an orderly, law-abiding people, whose religions, though of various forms and practised in various ways, all aim at the betterment of life and character. We, who are of European descent and of the Christian faith, and who have lived here among these diverse races, in sympathy and fellowship with communities of every class and creed, feel indeed that our lot has been cast in pleasant places. It is well known and acknowledged that the Dutch Burghers have done their bit in the service of the country and of their countrymen of every community. (Applause). As Ceylonese they have also had a share of benefits, but at no time have they had any undue preference over others. This seems but fair, and they are in a manner thankful for it, since it has proved that, in an open field with no favour, members of their community have been able to rise by personal merit, high character, and ability to posts of trust and responsibility in every department of the service, while some have been chosen to fill offices of great eminence in the administration. Even so in these days one has but to cast his eyes around this table to find the proof of my statement. (Applause.)

We venture to hope, Sir, that you will find your rule here pleasant and agreeable, and that in the high functions of your office you will receive the unwavering support of all His Majesty's loyal subjects, to whom the British rule has brought so many blessings and privileges. (Applause.)

Gentlemen, I now call upon you to drink to the health of His Excellency the Governor.

The toast was enthusiastically pledged.

H.E. the Governor's Reply.

His Excellency, on rising to reply, was greeted with loud applause. He said:—Mr. Anthonisz and gentlemen,— I really find it difficult to express what is in my heart, and that is my grateful appreciation of the welcome you have given me here to-night. It is a pleasure to find myself among you, not only because I have a high appreciation of the importance of the Burgher Community and the great services which it has rendered to Ceylon, but also on personal grounds. Since I have been in this Island, for a little more than three months, it has been my fortune to meet many members of the Burgher Community, and—I do not wish to flatter you, but perhaps you will allow me to say so—I have found them all "jolly good fellows." I have met them in various capacities and in various spheres. I have met them on the Turf, I have met them on the football ground, I have met them in the boxing ring, and I have met them in the more serious occupations of life, and wherever I have met them they have stood forth as good men and good sportsmen. (Applause)

It is a particular pleasure, Sir, if I may say so, to have my health proposed by you in such very kind and felicitous terms. I listened with special interest to your references to my predecessors in office. You were introduced to me at the Wolvendaal Church not long ago as the one member of the Community, and probably the one person in Ceylon, who knew most about the antiquities there, and it was therefore very interesting to learn some of the results of your researches. You have given us a list of a great many distinguished Governors and some of the less distinguished ones. You have told us who were the worst of the Dutch Governors, but with great tact and discretion you refrained from telling us who was the worst of the English Governors, and I will not pursue that aspect of the matter further. (Laughter.) At any rate, whatever place I may occupy in that category, it is I think pleasant to feel that even if one is the worst Governor, one is at least one of a distinguished lot of men—distinguished at any rate by the office they have held—and I am very proud indeed to be the Governor of Ceylon. It came as a great surprise to me about nine months ago when I was offered the appointment. I was away on the continent of Europe at the time trying to get a holiday, but I was pursued by official letters. I happened to be staying in Paris in a Hotel, and I was just about to go out with my wife sight-seeing when a letter in a large official envelope was handed to me. My wife said:—"Bother these official letters. Can't you leave it till we come back?" I opened it, however, forthwith, and to my surprise I found that it was the offer of the Governorship of Ceylon, which I was no more thinking of than I was thinking of being appointed as Governor-General of India (laughter). It was a great surprise and I can assure you a very pleasant one, because though I had never been to Ceylon before, I had heard much about the Island and its attractions, and there was

also the feeling that Ceylon was the premier Crown Colony, and that it was a great honour to be selected to govern the premier Crown Colony. (Applause).

In due course of time I came out here, and from the first moment of my landing until now I can honestly say that I have received nothing but kindness and nothing but the most cordial welcome wherever I have gone. That is not of course due to any personal qualities of my own, but it is due to the high office which I hold and to the respect for His Majesty the King whom it is my honour to have been chosen to represent (Applause). I do appreciate, and I think everybody who has held this office of mine has appreciated, the intense loyalty of the Ceylonese people, and it is well known that among the Ceylonese people none are more loyal than the Burghers. (Applause).

If I look round this table I see some gentlemen of great distinction in various spheres of life. I see three judges of the Supreme Court, I see one of the Heads of the Medical Department, I see a great sportsman in Colonel Joseph. (Applause). I was very glad the other day when I was present at the finals of the Boxing Championship to see that a son of Colonel Joseph was a chip of the old block, that he fought a good fight and won a good fight in the way I am sure his father did when he was a few years younger. I have also on various occasions seen a son of Dr. van Langenberg distinguish himself in the boxing ring. But I will not attempt to enumerate the achievements of my hosts to-night. The Burgher Community has undoubtedly furnished some of the best sportsmen and the greatest athletes in this Island, such as Mr. van Geyzel, who is I suppose one of the finest jumpers that has been known anywhere. It is remarkable that a Community so small in numbers should have produced so many men of such varied distinction in different spheres of activity. Whether at the Bar or in Medicine or in the Public Service or in the field of sport or athletics the Burgher Community has not only held its own but it has done a great deal more than hold its own. And I am sure that every good Ceylonese would be sorry if the Burgher Community were to lose its sense of the value of the services which it has rendered and its pride in its past achievements, as well as its confidence in what the future holds for it—opportunities for perhaps even greater achievement. (Applause).

I notice that at the present time, when we have a Special Commission in our midst, a certain amount of anxiety seems to be felt by some of the smaller Communities of the Island lest they should become the nether millstone and ultimately disappear. I have no anxiety at all on that score. So far as the Burghers at any rate are concerned, I do not think that they need any special clauses in the Constitution to enable them to hold their own. I think they can hold their own on their own merits (Applause). I should be very sorry indeed if anything should happen to prevent the Burgher Community from continuing to perform that great public service in various departments of the state which it has performed in the past and which it is performing at present. I do not believe that among any section of the whole Ceylonese Community there is really a desire to prevent the Burghers from obtaining their just due. In Ceylon as everywhere else in the world a man rises to distinction on his own merits, and if any section of the Community is to be judged by that test, I am confident the Burghers have no reason to fear the result. (Applause).

To-night will be a memorable night to me. I have had the privilege of dining with you all in your own Club House. I think it is a beautiful Club House and it is creditable to your Community to have built it. It will be a pleasure to me always to remember this evening. Naturally, having lived in South Africa, I have seen a good deal of the descendants of the Colonists who came forth from the Netherlands in the 17th Century. It so happens that I have married a daughter of one of the Dutch families which came to South Africa with the earliest Dutch Settlement in the very ship which brought out Van Riebeek (Applause) and probably I am one of the comparatively few persons here present who can read a book in Dutch and can understand a speech in Dutch. Your Chairman of course would have the better of me in five minutes if I attempted to talk Dutch with him, but I am speaking of the audience generally, and I believe I could hold my own with most of them in an examination in the Dutch language. In South Africa where I have spent many happy years the Dutch have done splendid work in colonisation and in the spread of civilisation, and are a very important factor in the future of that great country. I know that in this country also the Dutch have done a great work,

and I am confident that an equally important part in the future history of the country is reserved for them. It is a fine stock, the Dutch stock, and it has done great things in the world. We, the English, in our colonisation, have, after all, followed in the main in the footsteps of the Dutch, and have inherited from them Colonies where they had laid the foundations, and I think it is only right that we should acknowledge what we owe to the Dutch, our predecessors in this Island as in so many other parts of the British Empire. Any feelings of animosity which may have existed at the time when the control of these Colonies passed from their hands to ours have now disappeared, and we all as loyal subjects under one Crown can work together for the good of the territories where they laid the foundations, and where we with their help are now trying to build a worthy superstructure. (Applause).

I do not know whether it will be permissible for me to depart from the toast list to any extent. Perhaps I may claim the privilege of a Governor, or a guest at any rate, and ask you to allow me to drink to the health and success of the Dutch Burgher Union, and to wish them and all the members of the Community which they represent everything that is good. (Applause).

Reply to the Toast of the Union.

THE HON'BLE MR. G. S. SCHNEIDER: Your Excellency, Mr. Chairman, and gentlemen, it gives me pleasure, and I reckon it an honour, to reply to the toast of the Dutch Burgher Union which Your Excellency has been pleased to propose. Your Excellency honoured us by your acceptance of our invitation, and by your presence here to-night, and by proposing the toast of the Union, you have added another reason for our feeling of gratitude. Your words of kindness and of encouragement will live in our recollection, and will I am sure be repeated to those members of our Union who for one reason or another have, unfortunately for themselves, been prevented from being present at this dinner, which will be one of the best treasured memories of the members of this Union. On behalf of the Union I tender to Your Excellency our sincere thanks.

As Mr. Anthonisz is our Chairman, I feel that I shall not have wholly fulfilled my duty in replying to this toast it I ended with these words of thanks. From what I know of Mr. Anthonisz, it must have cost him a great effort, because of his extreme bashfulness and his love of retirement, to leave the quietness of his house in the country in order to be present here to-night. It is that bashfulness and that love of retirement which would not permit him to say what I must crave your indulgence to say in regard to the inauguration of this Union. In a sea-girt Fort, one of the strongholds of the Dutch during their occupation of this Island, and where even up to the present day every street and building is a reminder of their occupation, there lived, if I may use the words of our nursery tales, once upon a time, a romantic Dutch young man. The very atmosphere of his surroundings made him highly interested in the conversation of his elders about the ancient days and ways of the Dutch. Like the monarch in poetry, he "heard with ravished ears", and as he grew from youth to manhood, the study of the Dutch language, the history of the families of the ancient Dutch settlers in Ceylon, their institutions, and everything connected with the conquest and occupation of this Island by the Dutch became to him a fascinating study. He watched the trend of events and saw where they were leading to, and the call came to him to make an effort for the spread of a wider knowledge of the noble and good qualities of the Dutch, and for a united effort on the part of their descendants to create a sense of kinship and to serve one another. (Applause.) Much spadework had to be done. We know that when a man is possessed with an idea, or rather when an idea takes possession of him, it ever enters into his conversation. My youthful Burgher lad, who had now become a young man, seized every opportunity for disseminating his views for a union of the Dutch descendants. Years rolled on and his labours bore fruit. Prominent members of the Burgher Community were converted to his views. A meeting was held in Colombo. In the year 1907 the Dutch Burgher Union was inaugurated, and early in 1908 its constitution was adopted. That constitution defined the objects of the Union. I need not say what they are. Sufficient that I should say that the constitution is broad-based upon two objects: service to one another and the conservation of all that is great and noble in the Dutch ancestors of the members of the Union. (Applause.) The fundamental part of that constitution has remained untouched up to the present day, and Social Service has been the leading feature of the Union. I think the Union might fairly claim at the present day to include within its membership nearly every descendant of the old settlers of the Dutch community. From its earliest days the Union did not concern itself with politics. It is so even to-day. Its members, the greater number of whom are employed in Government Offices or in Mercantile houses, are not concerned with politics but only desire the continuance of the British Government. As our Chairman to-night said in 1907 at the inaugural meeting for the formation of the Dutch Burgher Union: "There were two unalterable facts which they were to face: they were the descendants of the Dutch, and at the same time were the born subjects of the British throne. While the one claimed their filial regard, the other claimed their loyalty."

The early manhood's dream of my Burgher lad of an association for uniting the scattered Dutch descendants he lived to see come true in his middle age. The Dutch Burgher Union was the realisation of his dream. You will not ask me who he is. To-night he is sitting on His Excellency's left hand. He has now been our President for many years. Over twenty years ago he had the pleasure of seeing his life's dream come true, and to-night he has had the added pleasure of hearing the benediction of the Governor of the Colony upon the accomplishment of his dream. (Applause.)

Your Excellency, once again on behalf of the Dutch Burgher Union I offer to you our heartfelt thanks. (Renewed applause.)

The Chairman's Reply.

THE CHAIRMAN: Your Excellency and gentlemen, I am very grateful for the kind remarks made by my old and valued friend Mr. Schneider. I can only say that I thank you from the bottom of my heart for the kind sentiments in which you have joined. What little I have done for the community was done under a strong sense of duty. If you are prepared to estimate my work more highly than I do myself, I am certainly very grateful to you for it. I must say that I have been very much embarrassed by having my health proposed in this august assembly. What service I was able to render with the help of others was really nothing more than what I think was due from any loyal member of our community. I thank you once again from the bottom of my heart. (Applause.)

The gathering then rose.

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

(Compiled By R. G. ANTHONISZ.)

(Continued from page 84.)

A.D. 1703.

8 April.—Jan Arentz van Amsterdam, baas der scheepstimmerlieden weduwenaar, met Franscina Cornelisz Luyk van Colombo, jonge dogter.

do —Pieter Wingerlof van Nieustad, grofsmit, weduwenaar, met Johanna van der Jogt van Colombo, jonge dogter.

22 April.—Francois Aymans van Breda, beeldhouwer in dienst der E. Comp. jongman, met Nathalia Martis van Colombo, weduwe wylen den soldaat Dirck Jansz.

6 May.—Cornelis Dominicus van Swol, onderstuurman weduwenaar, met Joanna Heerdingh van Colombo, jonge dogter.

do —Jan Hendrick de Jager van Colombo sergiant, weduwenaar, met Catharina Leusekam van Tutekoryn wed. wylen den vryburger Pieter Witbergen.

24 June.—Hans Jacob van Surich soldaat, jongman, met Agnita Busco van Colombo, jonge dogter.

do —Joannes Barck van Colombo vryburger, jongman, met Cornelia de Boot van Colombo, jonge dogter.

1 July.—Gerrit Kirckhoud van Lunenburg soldaat, jongman, met Magdalena Hendriksz van Colombo, vryevrouw.

15 July.—Henrick Jansz van Armuyden quartiermeester, jongman, met Clara Jorisz van Colombo.

22 July.—Joris Abels van Norden, smitsgezel, weduwenaar met Elisabeth van Colombo, weduwe van Laurensz Matthysz, in syn leven corporal in dienst der E. Comp.

5 Aug.—Jacob Nassons van Breda soldaat, jongman, met Anna Faber van Colombo, jonge dogter.

2 Sept.—Francoys del Val van Melde sold., jongman, met Louysa Anthonisz van Candia, jonge dogter.

do —Nicolaas Sixen van Colombo sold., jongman, met Anna Vulcaan van do., jonge dogter.

16 Sept.—Jan van Beeck van Brugge soldaat met Clara Erasmus van Colombo, jonge dogter.

30 do —Martyn Bondesteyn van Servist corp., jongman, met Anna Marya de Boer van Colombo, jonge dogter.

do —Andries Weber van Bronswyk corp., jongman, met Johanna Rodrigoo van Maluwake, vryevrouwe.

21 Oct —George Alberti van Insterburg, sergiant in dienst der E. Comp., jongman, met Elisabeth Chia van Colombo, weduwe wylen de vryburger Cryn Goutier.

do —Jan Meendertsz Cloppenburg van Colombo, jongman, met Philippa Nicolasz van Colombo, weduwe ven Salmone de Rosaire vryburger.

do —Rudolf Pyselaar van Zurig, corporaal, weduwenaar, met Simonia Alvis van Colombo, jonge dogter.

do —Guilliam Pellegri van Switserland, soldaat, jongman, met Jacomyntie Grynberger van Colombo, jonge dogter.

18 Nov.—Albeert Becker uit den Haag, jongman, soldaat met Alida Lourentsz van Negombo, vrye dochter.

do —Adriaan Wouterse van Aauschot corporaal, met Gertrui Vernie tot Colombo, jonge dogter.

25 Nov —Sr Willem Jacob Weyland van Malacca, adsistent, met Juffr. Adriana Maarts van Batavia jonge dogter.

do —Hendrik Tynder van Soest, corporaal, jongman, met Maria de Cauw van Colombo, weduwe wegens de serg. Jan Pieters Broer.

16 Dec.—Godfried Elberstyn van Conigsburg, capitein des armes alhier, jongman, met Maria de Neck, jonge dogter, Colombo.

23 Dec —Mons. Thomas Santyn van Colombo weduwanaar, boekhouder in dienst de E. Comp., met D'Eerbare Cornelia Jonker van Paliacotta, jonge dogter.

do —Jasper Thennisse van Steenberg soldaat, met Anthonia van Pasarge van Paliacotta, wed. ven de Corpor. Pyller Arentsz.

30 Dec.—Adriaan Noe van Gent, jongman sergeant, met Catharina Stern, jonge dogter van Colombo.

do —Michiel Backer, jongeman van Colombo, huystimmermann, met Susanna Noppere, jonge dogter, van Negapatnam

A D. 1704.

27 Jan. —Barent Hoeting van Aarnhem, sergeant in dienst der E. Comp, met Rebecca Hilo van Colombo, jong dogter.

9 Maart.—Gerrit Hoenderlaag v. Amsterdam, tamboer majoor in dienst der E. Compagine, jongman, met Maria Olphers v. Negombo, wede wylen Jan Gerritsz in syn leven soldt. in opgemelte dienst.

do. —Jan Hendriksz v. Emmerik, Corporaal in dienst der E. Comp., jongman, met Elizabeth Speelman v. Colombo, jonge dogter.

20 April.—Henrick Meyer v. Roos, onderchirurgyn, jongman, met Joanna van de Rondewerken van Colombo, jonge dogter.

11 May.—Hans Sybrants Bruyn van Wyburg, cruydmaker, weduwenaar, met Catharina van der Byl van Colombo, jonge dogter.

20 July.—Anthony Duree van Colombo, Bussemaker in dienst der E. Comp., met Maria Rodrigo van Colombo, jonge dogter.

27 July.—Dirk Truwel van Colombo, soldaat, met Urzela de Zoisa, jonge dogter van Colombo.

10 August.—Pieter Francois Bis van Ondenaar, corporaal, jongman, met Anna d'Aroesie van Colombo, jonge dogter.

do. —Jan Passchier Bussemaker van Colombo, jongman, met Urzela Jorisz van Colombo, jonge dogter.

17 August.—Johannes Verbrugge van Trincqumale, onderchirurgyn, jongman, met Maria Heidelberg van Colombo, jonge dogter.

31 August.—Jan Leendertsz van Colombo, zadelmaker, jongman, met Maria de Carew van Colombo, jonge dogter.

12 October.—Jan Alders van Breda, Corporaal, jongman, met Adriana Albertsz van Colombo, jonge dogter.

19 October.—Jan Claasz de Vos van Colombo, vryburger jonkman, met Nathalia Rodrigo van Colombo, jonge dogter.

28 December.—Anthony Gysbert van Gelder uit de Nederbetuwe Vaendr. in dienst der E. Comp., met Juffr. Geertruyda de Haan van Colombo, jonge dogter.

(To be continued.)

PRINCE FREDERICK HENRY.

A Biographical Sketch by Professor (Dr.) P. J. Blok in "Voortrekkers van den Nederlandschen Stam".

(Translated by C. E. de Vos.)

The youngest son of Prince William by his marriage with the ....good Louise de Coligny was born in the last year of his father's life (29th January, 1584). The care of his early youth was not unattended with anxiety. After the murder of his father his mother was placed in sad financial circumstances from which only the help of the States of Holland could gradually relieve her. At first she retired to Zealand, and then at the request of those States who wished to keep the family of the Prince under their influence, and hoped to be able to utilise his youngest son also in their service, she returned for good with her little son to the Hague, where both were offered a stately residence in the North End, the present Royal Palace, and an adequate yearly pension.

His mother gave him a careful training before long under the guidance of her Court Chaplain Johannes Uitenbogaart, and generally in accordance with the principles explained to her at her request by the celebrated French Hugenot Duplessis-Mornay, the theologian statesman. She did not readily acquiesce in the plans of the States concerning her son, but rather looked forward to his taking service under Henry IV of France, her admired friend, and following in the footsteps of her renowned father Admiral Gaspard de Coligny. Had not the States her step-son Maurice to inherit the dignities of his father? What could Frederick Henry be next to or under him in the United Provinces? She did not give up those ideas even as late as in 1599, and Henry IV encouraged her, amongst other ways, by conferring on the stripling in 1594 the privilege of French nationality, and holding out to him the prospect of a brilliant future in the French Service. His training took from the start a French complexion, and ere long under a French tutor, the Hugenot nobleman Dommarville.

But the States did not neglect to draw the very promising youth to the new republic. They were able to persuade Princess Louise to send him in 1594 to the University of Leyden; they bestowed on him the rank of Colonel in the army of the republic with a suitable pay, but at the same time stipulated that he should now be surrounded by the youthful Dutch Noblemen in order that he may the better become acquainted with the character of the inhabitants *(te beter het naturel van de inghesetenen)*. Yet once again, in 1598, did Princess Louise, who with her son had journeyed to France with the sanction of the States and was under a pledge to return after a year, seriously attempt to keep him there, but, notwithstanding the pressure exercised by Henry IV, the States insisted upon his return at the expiration of the time, and despatched a warship to Dieppe to fetch him back before the campaign of 1599 in which his famous brother was to participate.

The young prince himself wished for nothing better than this: the choice of his life's motto at this period, "for father and father-land" gives proof of his love for the father-land. With his return in 1599 was his life's career decided upon, fortunately for the father-land which he was to serve in so brilliant a manner.

We now find him before long in the republican army in the immediate entourage of the brother he admired, in whose school he developed into the great general he became. His mother vexed herself over the ceaseless admiration he showed of the former. She complained often and often in her letters about his increasing "Teutonic" coarseness as a consequence of the rough life of the soldier in which there was not only hard fighting but hard drinking and a certain coarse giddiness became not unusual in her son—"the ape of his brother"—as she says in her vexation. She tried her best to keep him to the principles of his more refined French up-bringing, and thereafter to see him married to a French bride. "Pretty Henry" to be sure never forgot that training, still less did he disown his Dutch birth. His fashionable clothes, his charming manners, his taste for art and culture always remained with him: but side by side with these there asserted itself a passionate attachment to his father-land, and it was with pride that he styled himself a Dutchman born at Delft. At Nieuwport he begged his brother, who had intended to place him in the ship for safety, to be allowed to share his lot, and later on we find him always by his side.

Since 1603 he stood, 19 years old, a general at the head of the republican cavalry, which position he made good with distinction in

the war against Spinola. Then came the twelve years' truce, not exactly to hinder his military career but to delay its brilliant progress. He did not however think of pursuing it elsewhere, and rejected pressing invitations from Venice and Geneva. He remained in the service of the republic and was always by his brother's side, content with a second or third place in the army next to him and Field-Marshal Ernest Casimer van Nassau. He took part in the manoeuvres against Spinola in Guelderland and, in 1615, led an expedition to Brunswick to assist that city against its bishop.

The domestic quarrels during the truce allowed him no leisure. His moderate opinions were a good deal in accord with those of the Remonstrants amongst whom he counted great friends: he, as well as his mother, remained true to the preaching of Uitenbogaart in the Court chapel, whereas his brother supported the opposite side. But, with great tact, he knew how to avoid the dangerous conflict with Maurice who finally threw his weight entirely against Uitenbogaart and on the side of the contra-Remonstrants. During these quarrels he knew more than his impetuous brother how to follow the moderate opinion of the Church which his father too at one time had favoured. But he remained by his brother when the conflict between the parties began to become bitter, and when his Remonstrant friends were pressing him to espouse their cause and were asking him for public sympathy and help. He retired cautiously and in this difficult situation displayed a diplomatic adroitness which many admired later on, but which others were wont to censure as weakness, indifference or even dissimulation. Even the judicial murder of Oldenbarnevelt, the prosecution, imprisonment and exile of his best friends, could not take him away from his brother's side. When his passionately-loved mother, with whom he lived for long, unmarried, in spite of her continual pressure and of others, embittered by and sad after the unhappy quarrels, left the land in 1620 to return to her beloved France, he accompanied her for the first part of her journey as far as Belgium and even received Uitenbogaart kindly at Antwerp, but returned thence and joined Maurice in the renewed struggle against the arch-enemy.

Then came the last years of Prince Maurice. Frederick Henry still remained always in the background even when his brother no longer seemed able to lead the republican army in the attempts to relieve Breda successfully besieged by Spinola. It was only when the dying Maurice at last acquiesced in the express wish of the States to entrust his brother with the post of Captain-General that he put an end to his reserve. He allowed himself to be persuaded by Maurice even before his death to marry Amelia van Soms, maid-of-honour of the Queen of Bohemia who had fled hither, and, as far as possible, to assure the continuation of the House of Orange in the line of Prince William. When Maurice died (25th April, 1625) he readily acceded to the wish of the States that he should take his place in the army and in the government. Acting with tact and caution, he soon won the general confidence which was at first hesitatingly given to one who had always kept himself in the background. He however continued cautiously to abstain from taking sides on behalf of the Remonstrants, and pledged himself to support those views of the church then in the ascendant, advising his old friends of the opposite side to be patient, to "go quietly" as he would say, hoping to restore the " unity of the land ' by moderation on both sides. He placed himself above parties and declined, on the one side, to use his soldiers "to harrass" "peaceful citizens" and, on the other side, to embitter their opponents by untimely regulations in favour of the Remonstran:s. As regards these perilous quarrels he hoped for everything from time. Even against the Catholics he adopted a benevolent attitude so much so, that men began to apprehend his going over to Rome, which fears he would treat with good-humoured scorn.

But the war he carried on with energy. Grol, Hertogenbusch, Maestricht—their names alone signify success and fame—and the fatherland felt that in him it had found a leader of great talents, of more versatile talents than Maurice had possessed. For Frederick Henry proved himself to be not only the great " reducer of towns," the circumspect—perhaps all too cautious—general who with glory further developed the military plans of Maurice, but also a great statesman both at home and abroad.

At home, about 1630, he succeeded in establishing his authority with adroitness, to suppress or to soften the quarrels, to push aside opponents with tact, to lead with a soft but firm hand in the States-general, in the provinces, in the towns and in the country. As for the grand-pensionary Pauw who, along with de Bickers at

Amsterdam and other regents, attempted to thwart his wishes through fear of his power which was gradually bordering on Kingship, and from which they apprehended danger to their commercial interests and their cherished aristocratic rule—he was able to win him over cleverly without at all destroying his influence.

Abroad, he succeeded, in co-operation with Richelieu, in effecting a close alliance with France for carrying on the struggle with Spain, the enemy of his country, whom he hoped in this way to coerce into an honourable peace advantageous to the Republic. It was such a peace that he aimed at from the very beginning. The war was to him only the means by which to achieve it, the only means by which to attain his object—the object that was at one time also present to his father's mind. Although a great general and brought up from his youth in the army, he loved war not for its sake but as the road to peace. As a diplomat he always strove towards peace as the great end, he the peaceful (*Vrederyck*) of whom Vondel and Hooft sang and to whom Rembrandt dedicated his " Unity of the father-land." Even here he showed himself the Hollander whose disposition least of all leaned towards militarism, so much so that the means to carry on the war were repeatedly if not refused at least withheld as much as possible from him, the commander-in-chief, to his chagrin, a circumstance which frequently vexed him greatly, as if the world seemed to mistrust him and his policy and even to treat him and his aims with suspicion, as though directed towards dynastic objects and monarchical schemes, to the detriment of the jealously guarded "civic freedom" of the republic, under which watchword the regents attempted to establish their sway in the government.

His prestige in the State, his personal ascendancy in the executive between 1630 and 1640, gradually equalled, indeed exceeded, his father's. He felt himself to be continuing his father's policy and plans From the very beginning we find his efforts directed to the ideal that was his father's: the reunion of the whole of the Netherlands in one state. From the very beginning we see him engaged in pursuing this ideal: the capture of De Bosch in 1629, of the Maas towns in 1632, of Breda in 1637, the persistent attempts to take possession of Antwerp stubbornly carried on till the very end of his life, the capture of Sas van Ghent in 1644, that of Hulst in 1645—all pointed to the same end. The negotiations with France about the joint capture of the southern provinces, about the partition of them between the two allies whereby at least the Dutch speaking portions were to be allotted to the republic: the plans for forming those provinces into a cantonal state closely allied with the North: the negotiations with the discontented nobles of the South, vividly recalling the efforts of Prince William with the pacification of Ghent and, as is well-known, developed by his son in the same direction—all these were directed to the self-same object.

The period of his life which ended with 1640 was his time of splendour. Universally recognised as a great general and a great statesman, since 1637 no longer "His Excellency" but "His Highness," admitted as almost of equal status by the oldest princely families since the marriage of his son with the daughter of the King of England, he set up a brilliant Court at the Hague in the Binnenhof, where the flower of the young European nobility who studied the art of war in his army surrounded him during winter. He caused his castles at Honsholredijk, at Rijswijk, at Buren, at Breda to be built and decorated by the first Dutch architects of his time, such as Post and Van Kampen: he decorated them with the finest products of brilliant Dutch painters, with the most exquisite furniture, with the most beautiful handicraft in gold and silver, in embroidery and upholstery which Holland was then able to produce. There he felt at home in Holland and in its natural atmosphere, amongst his happy family, surrounded by his Dutch lanes and flower-gardens which he—so testifies his Secretary Huygens—never ceased to think of both in his time of rest as well as in the busy camp. His collections of paintings, to a great extent out of the contemporary Dutch school, he enlarged with loving care, his well provided libray he added to without ceasing: in the midst of war tumults and court banquets he was engaged with "a vigorous hand" at his historical work which would make mention of his feats of war. A Hollander he showed himself to be in his scrupulous concern about his fortune, at first in a little niggardliness in this matter, later on in his intense regard for its methodical control on which he kept his eye in the midst of the costly life of the Court for which his income

though ample was scarcely adequate. His own simplicity, his kindly disposition, attracted all hearts towards him, gave him a popularity beyond comparison, and silenced the objections of predikants who were alarmed at his immoderate luxury and princely magnificence. In short he was the most Dutch of the old princes of Orange, more so even than his grandson William III.

Thus at the beginning of forty he reached the summit of his life's happiness. Then however his star began to set. And, alas, it set swiftly, more swiftly than the time of his life warranted.

Extraordinarily robust Frederick Henry never was. Severe attacks of fever had already affected him in his youth. And since 1549 he never spared himself in the annual campaigns—on the contrary be exerted himself severely and without remission. To be sure, we find him about 1620 portrayed as a dapper warrior. Of spare and elegant build, he moved amongst the heavy Dutch and English officers of Maurice's retinue, the weather-beaten warriors whom van Ravensteyn's brush has painted for us. A few years later still Van Dijk has permitted us to see him rather as a man of spare and elegant build than robust at his time of life. But after 1640 portrait-painters and engravers exhibit him as ageing fast. Gout contracted in the marshes around beseiged fortresses in the chilly spring and autumn nights when he personally inspected the sentries and spied out the chances of the enemy—attacked him severely, for he in no wise spared himself. Huyghens relates how his prince with a calm determination applied himself incessantly to his task on the battlefield, gave himself no rest, exposed himself in spite of all warnings to the enemy's fire and to the risks of temperature and environment. And it also happened that he—again like his father—was fond of excessive enjoyment of the table and was not used to deny himself this even on the battle-field.

Even during winter when he used to reside at the Hague, he was there always busy in the room inaccessible to others with the most complicated negotiations as well as with the careful and secretly planned preparations for the campaign in the spring. In the meanwhile he neglected not for a moment the exacting claims of the gay and busy court-life and the concerns and the pleasures of his affectionate home-life, when the strong mother of his children, his tenderly loved consort—he never was accustomed to use the

German word when he spoke of his wife "vrouw"—preserved order in the midst of the frequently noisy, nay, unruly company of the princely household.

Since 1644 the attacks of gout became more alarming, and soon a partial though temporary paralysis disabled him. His strong will too was sorely tried when affected by those frequent attacks. It became apparent that his prestige was beginning to wane and his opponents to raise their heads. And even his foreign policy began to weaken after the death of Richelieu, after the disappointments of the English civil war just begun which was to ruin the closely related Stuarts. Everywhere disappointment, everywhere increasing opposition, and he himself unable to make head against them as before, the sport of conspiracies at home and abroad and of court intrigues on every side. The loving attentions of his own, of his Amelia in particular, availed not however to induce him to rest, to hand over to his youthful hopeful son at least some share of his numerous responsibilities, not even when signs of dotage began to show themselves. In the winter of 1646-1647 his condition steadily became more critical, and those around him saw with uneasiness his faculties giving way. During the wedding ceremony at the marriage of his much loved eldest daughter with the Elector Frederick William of Brandenberg he was only able to appear seated in a chair. In the beginning of March, 1647, his condition visibly grew worse, and he died on the 10th of that month quietly and calmly surrounded by his own, after a touching farewell both to the states as well as to his officers and servants. So ended the career of the noble prince whose name is rightly ascribed to the period of prosperity and fame in every direction which the young republic enjoyed under his rule.

Contemporaries and posterity, countrymen and foreigners have accorded to him a leading place among the great men of the seventeenth century. He himself with remarkable modesty and humility and without any self-praise thought that he only tried as much as he could to do his duty to God and man. He attributed his success meekly and humbly to God's help alone. He deserves a place of honour in the roll of eminent patriots who will be commemorated in this collection of sketches, for an eminent patriot indeed, a pattern of genuine Dutch virtues, was this Prince of Orange.

THE DUTCH REFORMED CHURCH IN CEYLON.

An article on the above subject appears in the October number of "Neerlandia." It says that the Consistory of the Dutch Reformed Church at Wolvendaal commissioned Mr. H. H. Collette in 1925, on the occasion of a visit paid by him to Holland, to sound the Church authorities there regarding the establishment of closer relations with the daughter Church in Ceylon. As a result the Consistory in May officially attached itself to the General Synodal Committee of the Dutch Reformed Church in Holland.

The writer of the article goes on to say that in the letter written by the Consistory a short account is given of the history of the Dutch Reformed Church in Ceylon, which was established during the time of the Dutch occupation and was in direct contact with the mother Church. When the island was ceded to England in 1796, most of the Dutch families and predikants departed to the fatherland or to Batavia. But there remained behind a large Dutch Community, and up to about 1851 the preaching was done in Dutch. The last predikant who was able to preach in that language was Rev. J. D. Palm, Jr., who retired in 1864. Owing to the predominance of the English language, Dutch was ousted from the Dutch Reformed Church, and when a predikant was sought for from Holland, it was necessary that he should be one well acquainted with English. As such a person could not be found, it was necessary to turn to English-speaking countries like Scotland, Ireland, America, and recently South Africa.

This was disappointing, says the writer. Nevertheless, the Ceylon Consistory was able to write as follows in their letter referred to :—"We have preserved our traditions as a Dutch community, held fast to the belief of our fathers, and have remained an independent, self-supporting, and self-governing body." It has even been possible to build new churches for the scattered flock. This is all the more praiseworthy when it is remembered that when the law regarding independent Church Sects was introduced in England, the state subsidy was withdrawn, and the community had to depend entirely on its own resources.

At present, says the writer, this separation and the want of guidance is very strongly felt. "Therefore" writes the Consistory "we wish to call the attention of the mother Church to our existence, and to remind the Church in Holland that we have to thank her for our existence. We regret that *no connection at all* exists between us, and this regret is strengthened by the circumstance that no Church can take a greater interest in our welfare than the Church which brought us into being. We fervently wish for nothing more than to promote lasting and friendly relations with the Church in Holland, and to create mutual interest in each other's welfare."

With this declaration, concludes the writer, the Consistory leaves the matter with confidence in the hands of the Church in Holland.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

The Burghers of Ceylon.—Should the Dutch language become extinct in Ceylon? inquires a writer in the issue of "Neerlandia" for September, 1927. In the Dehiwela Church, the edifice which owes its origin to the late Rev. A. J. K. de Klerk, a marble tablet has been placed to his memory with an inscription in which not a word of Dutch occurs. Yet this revered clergyman with his Dutch name had come from South Africa but two years ago and he was manifestly of as good Dutch descent as the Dutch Burghers to whom he ministered with such devotion. A single line in the terse language of the Dutch Bible or from a Dutch poet would have been a welcome proof of the regard of the Burghers for their traditions. So also their organ, the *Journal of the Dutch Burgher Union*, uses a Dutch motto (*Eendracht maakt macht*) although it is but seldom an article in Dutch appears in it.

That the journal in question has some partiality for our language we observe, says the writer, with pleasure from an English translation in its July number of our Dutch side note "What use has our language?" which appeared in *Neerlandia* of May last. We note also with delight mention made in that number that Mr. R. G. Anthonisz, President of the Union, who has made an extensive study of the history of the Dutch rule in Ceylon, is occupied in writing a book on that history and on what yet may be traced in the institutions of the Island of that rule.

Mr. Anthonisz is, with Dr. Prins, the founder of the Union, and in his honour the latter, in the beginning of this year, at a ceremonial gathering, unveiled a painted portrait of Mr. Anthonisz which has been placed in the hall of the Union.

Although, concludes the writer, these descendants of our forefathers have adopted the language of their domicile, their attachment to the land of their origin has been again and again manifest both in the *Journal* as well as *The Herald*, the monthly magazine of the Dutch Reformed Church of Ceylon. A concise account of the Burghers, an article on Rembrandt, and other tokens of interest make the monthly journal (D. B. U.) again on this occasion pleasant reading.

The Dutch Reformed Church in Galle.

The Burghers of Ceylon have celebrated with ceremony and festivity the 175th anniversary of the establishment of the Dutch Reformed Church at Galle, says a writer in "Neerlandia" for November, 1927. Mr. C. E. de Vos, Advocate, who is an elder of the Church, and one of its oldest members, gave on that occasion an interesting account of the history of this Church, derived from the "Galle Dagboek" which is found in the Dutch archives. The building of this Church was begun in 1752 and completed two years later. Extensive repairs having become necessary in the 20th century, generous assistance was rendered among others by the late Dr. P. D. Anthonisz, Messrs. Arthur Ephraums and W. S. Christoffelsz, and Mrs. F. C. Loos, while gifts also came from Holland and Java.

It came as a surprise to us, says the writer, to receive in connection with this celebration a letter *in Dutch* from Mr. C. E. de Vos. It is well known that the Burghers, although proud of their descent, do not for the most part read or write our language. We cannot therefore help quoting a part of the letter:—

"Allow me to take this opportunity to thank all friends who have sent us money through the co-operation of Mr. W. S. Christoffelsz, the respected elder of the Wolvandaal Church at Colombo.

The celebrations were well attended and were a great success.

We, Dutch descendents, have no opportunity of talking in our mother tongue except now and then. You must not therefore be surprised to read these faulty sentences. Please do not look at them with a critical eye."

It seems to us, says the writer, that this Dutch from a person who has no opportunity of conversing with others, is deserving of all praise.

The "Ceylon Daily News" gave a report of the celebrations covering a whole column. It described it as an important event, and so apparently thought all the ministers and laymen of different religious denominations who assembled from all parts of the Island to celebrate the occasion.

NOTES OF EVENTS.

SUMMARY OF PROCEEDINGS OF THE COMMITTEE.

Monday, 3rd October:—(1) Read minutes of a meeting of the Sub-Committee appointed to consider the question of Burgher representation in connection with the amendment of the Constitution and a memorandum which the Hon. Mr. G. A. Wille had addressed to the Commission in his private capacity. Resolved that the Commission be informed that the Committee have seen the recommendations sent in by the Hon. Mr. Wille, and that they adopt these recommendations as their own. (2) Read petition from the Billiard Marker asking for a re-consideration of the decision to prosecute him. Resolved that the decision already arrived at be adhered to. (3) Resolved that the Union do entertain H.E. the Governor to dinner and that the following Committee be appointed to take the necessary steps and report at the next meeting:—Dr. H. U. Leembruggen, Mr. E. A. vanderStraaten, I.S.O., Mr. F. C. W. vanGeyzel, Mr. A. N. Weinman, the Hony. Treasurer, and the Hony. Secretary.

Monday, 7th November:—(1) Resolved that the Hony. Secretary do write to the Hon. Mr. Allan Drieberg on behalf of the Committee, congratulating him on his appointment as a Puisne Justice of the Supreme Court. (2) Resolved that a rule be introduced exempting members from the payment of subscriptions during their absence from the island. (3) Mr. E. A. vanderStraaten informed the meeting that the Balance Sheet furnished by the Union would shortly be submitted to the Committee of the Club and thereafter to a general meeting of the proprietory members and that a reply regarding the amalgamation would be sent as soon as possible. (4) Dr. Leembruggen detailed the steps taken by the Sub-Committee in connection with the dinner to H.E. the Governor. Resolved that it be left to the Sub-Committee to summon a special meeting of the Committee to consider the question of the introduction of guests in the event of a sufficient number of members not joining. (5) Read letter from Miss Alice Maartensz forwarding a cheque for Rs. 45 which she had collected towards the improvement of the Library and a list of books presented to the Library by Rev. D. E. Joseph and Mr. Lionel Wendt. Resolved that Miss

Maartensz and Miss Blazè be thanked for their services, that the sum of Rs. 45 be expended on the purchase of another almirah, and that a Sub-Committee consisting of Dr. Spittel and the Hony. Secretary be appointed to submit proposals for placing the Library on a better footing. (6) Mr. A. N. Weinman having resigned the Secretaryship of the Entertainment Committee, it was resolved that Mr. Rosslyn Koch be asked to take up the duties. (7) Resolved that the money realised from the Concert be utilised for the purchase of furniture for the reading room and linoleum for the staircase.

D. B. U. Lectures :—"China" was the subject of a lecture delivered by Mr. A. M. K. Cumaraswamy, B.Sc., at the Union Hall on 4th Nov., 1927. The chair was taken by Mr. L. E. Blazé, who briefly introduced the lecturer. Mr. Cumaraswamy wisely decided upon a light treatment of his subject, and kept his audience in roars of laughter by his humourous description of the peculiar manners and customs of the Chinese. At the conclusion of the lecture Dr. Spittel and Dr. Leembruggen offered some remarks, and the latter gave expression to the general feeling when he said that the members of the Union would like to have more of Mr. Cumaraswamy.

The next lecture will be by Mr. L. E. Blazè on 26th January, 1928, the subject being: "The Debt of the West to the East."

St. Nicolaas Fete :—This celebration took place on 5th December, and proved a great success. The organisation of the function was very kindly undertaken once again by Mrs. E. H. Joseph, assisted by a band of willing workers. Special mention must be made of the decorations, which were entrusted to Mr. Frank Loos, who has already gained a reputation for this kind of work, and who conceived and carried out an entirely new scheme this year, which won general admiration. Thanks to the generosity of members, Mrs. Joseph was able to provide better toys this year.

Notice to Correspondents :—Owing to pressure on our space we have been obliged to hold over interesting articles kindly sent to us by Mrs. L. M. Weinman, Mr. A. N. Weinman, and Dr. S. P. Joseph.

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.

Dr. de Hoedt Medical Scholarship.

(Open exclusively to the children of Members of the Dutch Burgher Union of Ceylon.)

NOTICE.

Applications for the above Scholarship, to be awarded in May next, will be received by the President of the Union, Mr. R. G. Anthonisz, Toniston, Henaratgoda, up to and not later than 31st March next. Candidates must furnish the following information :—

1. Full name
2. Names of Parents
3. Date of birth
4. Educational qualification
5. Present occupation
6. Residence.

A copy of the Rules and Regulations for the Scholarship may be obtained on application to the Hon. Secretary of the Union, at the Dutch Burgher Union Hall, Reid Avenue, Colombo.

31st December, 1927.

Frewin & Co., Printers.