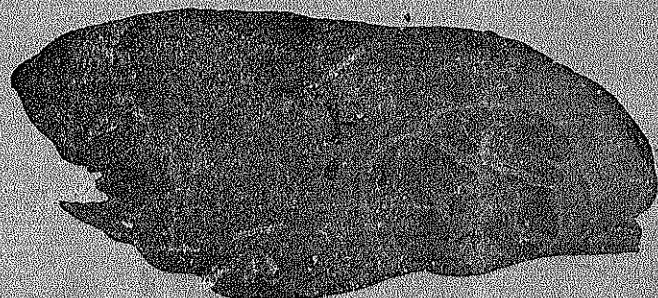


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Contributions are invited from members on subjects calculated to be of interest to the Union. MSS. must be written on one side of the paper only and must reach the Editor at least a fortnight before the date of publication of the Journal.

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A LORENZ BIBLIOGRAPHY.

BY L. E. B.

Charles Ambrose Lionel Lorenz was born at Matara on the 8th July, 1829 (next year marks the Centenary of his birth), and died in Colombo on the 9th August, 1871. His genius, his achievements, and his magnetic personality still continue to be the subject of interested conversation and writing among all the communities of the Island, and not least in the Community to which he belonged. He shone—the word is used advisedly—as Proctor, Advocate, Member of the Legislative Council, Editor, Artist, and *Litterateur*. Of him it may well be said, *Nullum tetigit quod non ornavit*. He lived in times when English literature was less widely diffused among the Island communities, but when it was better loved for its own sake; when local politics were less darkly embittered by racial antipathies and assumptions; and when inter-communal social life was less rigidly divided by differences of creed, politics, and race.

There is great need of an authentic and full history of those times, and the history may well move round the personal history of that genial soul whose memory is cherished by so many in our day and generation. The "Life" of Lorenz cannot be adequately written without circumstantial accounts of the various activities in which he was himself directly concerned, or which came under his notice; and to that "Life" might be appended what can be collected of his writings.

It is as a contribution to that suggested work that the following Bibliography has been compiled. Its imperfections are obvious, but it is at least a beginning which the efforts of others can help to complete. Corrections and additions will be gladly welcomed and acknowledged, and will, it is hoped, be readily supplied.

The names within square brackets [] are of those who are reasonably believed to have written the articles mentioned.

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1. Articles in "Young Ceylon"—

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Vol. II—1851. Bierman Jan's Opinions on Teetotalism; Governor Vuyst; A Christmas Story.

Vol. III
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2. Legal—

A translation of van der Kessel's *Theses Selectae*. 1855.

A volume on Civil Practice.

Law Reports.

3. Lectures—

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WILLIAM WRIGHT BELING.

On New Year's Eve, 1867, under the shadow of Wolvendahl Church, was born William Wright Beling (the second), his father being the first of that name, and his mother Maria Elizabeth Prins, daughter of H.C. Prins, Proctor of the Supreme Court. The Belings are the descendants of William Carl Beling of Aurich, who married at Colombo 30th November 1766, Maria Regina Swarts-Kop. William Wright Beling, the first, was born on March 5th 1841, of the 4th generation from this original progenitor, and he lives in my boyish recollection as one of the most romantic and dignified figures which we witnessed as he led the way to his pew every Sunday, followed by his troop of beautiful daughters (the three Graces) and four stalwart sons, and a little 'un.' He was one of the most respected Proctors of the Supreme Court of his generation, and of him it may be said that like Barneveld "his ambition was to do his work thoroughly and to ask God's blessing upon it, without craving overmuch the applause of men".

The hero of this memoir spent his infancy upon this eyrie of Wolvendahl, within sight and sound of the Sea and of the harbour of Colombo, which was to figure so much in his later life. His family then moved to Mutwal for a few years, where the bracing air laid the foundations for young William's stalwart physical frame. I doubt not that his nurse took him down daily to the Fishery harbour, where he steeped his infant mind with the sights and sounds pertaining to those "that go down to the sea in ships and that do business upon great waters." The sea was thus his first love, and like Drake he fed his young fancy on tales of the deep and acquired his enduring love of the open air, the spacious firmament, the melting sunsets, and the

tropic palms in cluster

Knots of Paradise!

When he was about ten years old, the family returned to Hill House, No. 48/49 Hill Street, which was purchased by his grandfather and which remains in the occupation of his brother, Mr. H. P. Beling, to the present day. Wolvendahl was a different place in those days, and provided a desirable residential area with its hill-top houses swept by the ocean breezes, its quiet streets filled with the residences of the many respectable families who lived



WILLIAM WRIGHT BELING.

there in social amity. Here were the Albreechts and the Belings, the Brohiers, the Foenanders, Schokmans, Kretzers, Siebels, Greniers, VanderStraatens, and many others of that ilk, whose daily avocations took them down to the Fort offices and the Courts, all within compass of a short walk for those whose means did not run to a family carriage. The open beaches of Modera provided their evening promenades, with excursions to Whist Bungalow and Rock House. The grand old Church of Wolvendahl with its storied past and its inspiring monuments to the glorious dead was packed with the Burgher families every Sabbath, and the gatherings at Eastertide and Christmas, and at the family festivals of marriages and baptisms were worth while going a long way to see, for the heartening pictures which they afforded of a Community living in warm-hearted social amity and goodwill.

In this pleasant social atmosphere grew up young Bill, whose talents, we are told, were early displayed in his passion for drawing and painting. The toy paint-box given by a fond father was a constant delight to the young artist, and a trial to his brothers. His *chef d'oeuvre* of this period is said to have been a "dun horse with black legs, one foreleg raised in spirited action," which sketch unfortunately has not been preserved for our delight. This reminiscence of his boyhood is interestingly re-echoed by a later effort of his. I am indebted to a gentle colleague of his for the information that the first prize picture that W.W.B. painted was a brown horse, one of the "Racers" from a Nuwera Eliya meet. This obtained the Governor's prize, though competing against the pictures of many senior artists, more than 30 years ago. That even at an early age the lad must have shown much promise is evinced by witnesses. It is related that Mr. Dorrepaal, a wealthy Dutch visitor to the Island, who came in touch with the Beling family and saw some of the boy's work, expressed himself feelingly with the words, "this boy is a bor-rr-n painter."

The late Mr. J. L. K. Vandort, the most celebrated painter that Ceylon has produced, also expressed the opinion that young Beling's work was of the greatest promise. Such talent as he had was natural and untrained as the lad had no opportunities of any regular art tuition.

In his earlier years he obtained his schooling at a famous private school in Barber Street, which was conducted by Mr. Egbert Ludekens, Voorlezer of Wolvendahl Church. This

pedagogue was, like Dominie Sampson, "prodeegious", and many were the Burgher lads that he literally "licked into shape" (the licking being of the variety well known to naughty schoolboys.) From this private school Bill passed on to Wesley College whence no word comes to us of any particular scholastic achievement of his. I cannot conceive of W.W.B. as a hardworking boy at any time. He had a natural lively intelligence, but the "midnight oil" was hardly in his scheme of things. Whatever interested him he "mopped up with avidity", and possessing a remarkable memory, such things were permanently stored up. In due course he left College and later joined the Survey Department in 1888 as a draughtsman. He was however a great favorite of Colonel Clarke, who took him much into his confidence, and made use of him as secretary.

It must have been about this period that he came into touch with Miss Barbara Layard, whose sketch club he joined, following which his art career began. The earliest sketches that I have seen in his sketch books are dated 1891, and these are mostly pen and ink studies of sea and sky, rocks, ships and small sailing craft, birds &c. The lines of modern fighting craft greatly attracted him, and he made many studies of the numerous British and foreign cruisers which came into Colombo harbour, expanding these sketches into pictures which had a great success. In 1894 he joined the Customs Department, and he served this great Revenue-collecting department up till the time of his death. Here was the happiest time of his life and career. To one so deeply interested in men and things, so strongly attracted by colour and light and movement, the moving Kaleidoscope of the harbour and Customs offices must have been a sheer delight, and I think it is in those years between 1895 and 1920 that his art was most fruitful and highest in expression. The earliest Art Exhibition Catalogue which I have been able to get is one of 1899, in which year he was one of the Judges and a member of the Hanging Committee, his associates being Mrs. W. E. Davidson, Miss Laura Cave, Mrs. T. A. Wylie, Miss Grenier, Mrs. Broun and Messrs A. F. Broun, H. W. Cave, W. Scott Given and A. E. S. Rost. He must have therefore had an established reputation as an artist at that time. Mr. C. Drieberg was the Secretary of the Society. Seventeen Burgher artists exhibited at this show, including the Vandorts, R. L. Spittel, and E. G. Koch. The largest exhibitor was Arthur E.

Scovell, who showed a number of pictures painted in Europe. W.W.B. sent in 11 pictures, 6 in oils, (3 seascapes) of which his "Japanese Warship airing clothes," took the Society's prize. He also got the Prize for the best Picture in water Colours, and for the best figure in water colour. Other European artists who competed were Mrs. A. C. Bonner, Mrs. Keith Rollo, Mrs. H. Hay Cameron, Miss Barbara Layard, Major Carey, to mention a few. That W. W. B. should have done so well in this company is a great tribute to his natural powers, and to the development of his talent unaided by any opportunity of technical training or of access to good models for study.

He was one of the most loveable and outstanding personalities of our time. Nobody who had met W. W. B. and conversed with him failed to take an instant liking for his breezy personality, his genial good nature, and his unaffected sincerity. His broad humanity appealed to all classes and his cheery outlook enlivened all his intercourse with his friends. My earliest boyish recollections of him were of his upstanding figure surrounded by a small crowd of amazed onlookers in the Pettah shop verandahs, watching him absorbedly sketching some "type" that had caught his fancy. A few years later I knew of him mostly through my visits to our local Art Shows, where he generally "swept the board" with his charming pictures. It is as an artist of individuality and merit that he was most widely known to a large circle of admirers. His pictures were typical of the man; they were not the result of painstaking and laborious effort, but little gems of poetic conception and charming colour, full of restrained beauty, thrown off "at a heat" from his teeming brain when the mood seized him. His earlier work was chiefly seascape and studies in the Harbour of Colombo, as I have mentioned above. Later, he developed into an unrivalled landscapist, whose pictures were eagerly snapped up by discriminating collectors. It is a regret of his friends that he was never able to publish a book of his sketches. Growing up as he did in the midst of a family circle, nearly all the members of which were richly gifted with artistic and musical talent, W. W. B., in spite of the lack of any special art training, soon made a name for himself, which will not be easily effaced. He loved art for its own sake, and never did a foreign Artist of any merit visit these shores, but Bill was soon on his track and comparing notes with him as with a friend and brother.

His powers of observation and quick deduction are amusingly exemplified by the following charming incident. He was strolling down Pettah one evening when he spied an Artist seated on a camp stool before an easel, sketching absorbedly. W. W. B. promptly tiptoed across and watched him quietly for a few minutes, taking in the sketch and the figure of the stranger. The style of the sketch seemed familiar to one who was ever a keen student of modern Art. Searching for another clue to identity his eyes fastened on a partly-upturned trouser disclosing a sock with the initials A. E. "Pardon me Sir, but are you not Alfred East?" were the words that greeted the astonished visitor.

David King was another artist whose pictures carried off many a prize at our Ceylon Art Shows; to which he was introduced through W. W. B.'s instrumentality, and his unselfish help. Mr. Hudson and the brilliant Russian painter Kalmykoff were two others who had a high regard for "Our Bill" in recent times.

I have dwelt mostly on the artistic side of our friend, as that was his "grande passion", but "*Nihil tetigit quod non ornavit*". Guns and game-shooting sometimes even overmastered his love for Art, and on this topic also he had an extensive and peculiar knowledge. Gifted with a keen intelligence and a marvellous memory for things which interested him, there are few in the Island who had a closer knowledge of the details of this branch of sport. Many an informative article has "Elbing" contributed to the Shooting Times and to our own "Ceylon Times". I have been privileged to look through some of his sketch books and memoranda, and it is interesting to note how these twin passions alternately swayed him. I can recall the first shooting trip I took with him in my "salad days," over seventeen years ago. Motor cars were not heard of in Ceylon then, and even if they had been, such luxurious transport was beyond our dreams. The railway train took us three Musketeers to Matale, from whence I scouted ahead on the homely pushbike with a scanty change of linen strapped behind me, and a blunderbuss tied on to the frame of the machine. N. and a moiety of W. W. B. were packed into a travelling cart of sorts, with an ambling bullock in place of horse power. Room for all of W. W. B. could not be found within the exiguous capacity of the bullock bandy, so for long weary miles his long legs waved outside in the breeze.

In those far-off days, the road to Pollonaruwa was full of the adventure of the wild and the unknown, especially to a lonely cyclist, and Minneriya burst on my entranced gaze like a vision of fairy land. I was so struck with its beauty that I pencilled a note to W. W. B. recommending him to chuck shooting for a day or two, and stay at Minneriya to paint, while I pushed on to our objective, ancient Topare, which I reached in the gloaming. After a sleepless night spent in the mud-hut called a circuit bungalow, which at that time formed the only Traveller's Rest available at Topawewa, I had a scratch breakfast and a walk round the tank. On my return I was surprised to find the "rearguard" arriving, after a forced march by night, from Minneriya. Though the glories of Minneriya had also enthralled the artist, the sportsman was in the ascendant at the moment, and sketching was relegated to a more convenient season, which came many days later when we returned and camped on the bund of the tank. His jottings made on this trip describe in detail all the little incidents that linger in one's memory, with Nature notes based upon his own keen observation. That the artistic sense was not in abeyance is shown by the sketches and colour notes made in his sketch books, from which I transcribe the following entries which jostle a "list of expenses of the trip," notes of the Journey, and other domestic details. He made several sketches both in colour and in pencil of different aspects of this lovely lake, and against one of the sketches he records as follows:—

"Distance

Morning effect. Pure colour, sky luminous,

Hills cobalt and rose, madder, with yellow light, very pale.

Middle distance—Stronger but delicate in colour.

Foreground—Very interesting; a mass of tangled foliage against the sky, reeds in foreground, paler than those beyond. Tree forms in full light, but strongly blue with reflected light."

These sketches and notes he elaborated later into some of the finest landscapes which he painted of Minneriya, which carried off the Governor's prize for the year, as well as several other prizes.

One of these sketches in my possession shows a wonderful amethyst sunset over Minneriya, which sank into our memories as we rowed across the liquid mirror of this wonderful lake, a "scene of gramarye" which I have never seen the like of since. No wonder that our artist notes here:—"Sunset (at Minneriya) No palette can do it justice. It must only linger in memory while it may".

To his wonderful photographic memory and innate sense of fine colour we owe the beautiful pictures which this trip inspired him to paint for the following two years. It is wonderful how this sense of colour continued to possess till the last. Only a short ten days or so before he died, he had come back from Bandarawela to bid goodbye to one of his sons who was returning to Bombay, and he was trying to express what was in his mind. His brain could not find all the words which he wanted but he gripped my hand and murmured to me in poignant tones, pointing to his head:—

"This is full, full of colour, full of pictures, just now. I want to live a little longer, to put these down."

"And look, a thousand blossoms with the day
Woke, and a thousand scattered into clay.
And this first summer month that brings the rose
Shall take Jamshyd and Kaikobad away"

In all the trips which we took together at various times, he was the soul of our party, full of good humour, fun and comradeship. He always savoured the moment to the full.

My memory goes back to another evening on the borders of Yala, when I had come back after a grilling day, and a 20-mile tramp in the jungle. Having gone out at early dawn with W.W.B. and N., after a mile or two I had pushed off with a shikari, and had a most interesting day out, including a peep at the Sanctuary. I had my first shots about 5 in the evening on the return trip, and with two good 32" and 33" heads, we started back heavy laden, and were benighted about 10 miles from camp. However I had left orders for a cart to wait for me 4 miles out from camp, and the thought of the 4 miles saved made us step out cheerily. Nearing Butawa Tank, the shikari spied a dark bulk in the middle of the jungle track and murmured "there's the cart at last". I thought it funny that no lights were shown, but thought to myself:—"Bill is probably having a pull at the flask with N. inside the cart!" A few paces further almost brought me up to the dark shadowy bulk in the road, and I was about to call a cherry "Halloo" when the bearers behind me shouted "Sir, Sir, elephant, elephant!" at which the bulk crashed away into the jungle! A collision with an elephant in the dark is rather more than a joke, so we had to pull up for a minute or two and fire off a shot to clear the road. To make a long story short, we trudged every step of our weary way

back to camp, only meeting the cart about half a mile away. I was in fighting mood, and just ready for our "contractor's" blood, for letting me down. It was nearly nine p.m. when we reached our camp-fire around which were W. W. B. and N. and T. and H., all seated comfortably and drinking healths!! It happened to be Bill's birthday, and with a long drink hastily poured down my throat, my wrath against our caterer soon evaporated and he escaped with a very modified wiggling. After a quick bath and change we gathered round the hospitable board, arranged by our Artist who was also something of an epicure. The menu was as follows:—

Marrow bone soup (sambhur)
Roast peacock and wild pork
Roast wild duck, green peas
Venison pasty
Raspberry pudding
Pêche Melba
Coffee and liqueurs.

Not so bad for the jungle!

It was past midnight when we rose from table, and stretched ourselves to pull at pipes and swap yarns round the camp-fire till about 3 a.m., seeing old Bill's birthday out and the New Year in, with the occasional trumpet of an elephant and the plaintive call of the deer and other jungle noises about us to lend spice and colour to the glorious night.

Postumè, Postumè, Anni labuntur
Nunc est bibendum cras iterabimus
Ingens aequor.

He has now crossed the "Ingens aequor", and to us remain but fragrant memories, the tradition that he left behind, and inherited gifts to his successors, to carry on the torch. Can we do aught to foster the talents that have been handed down?

Of his family ties I have said little in this sketchy memoir of personal and transmitted reminiscences.

W. W. B.'s family life began a few years after he joined the Customs. His first wife was Charlotte Eliza Conderlag, whom he married on the 24th February 1897, and who died in 1902 leaving as issue two sons and one daughter. The eldest son, William Wright the third, worthily carries on the paternal tradition in the important Customs Department of which his father was the head.

His second son Christopher Lorenz, who has inherited his father's artistic talent, has added to these gifts a remarkable power of initiative and foresight and sustained effort in carving out an original career for himself, which his friends are watching with the greatest interest and confidence in his success.

Of Amybel his charming and accomplished daughter, it does not become me to speak aloud.

In 1906, W. W. B. had the good fortune to go Upcountry, and his good fate leading, he married in December 1906 Eleanor Frances Morgan Swan, whose talents and amiable character would entitle her to be called the "Mother of the modern Gracchi". By this marriage he had two sons, William James Geoffrey, born 22nd Sept. 1907, and Bertram Wright, born two years later. The elder of these two sons is studying art and architecture in Bombay, and he has already produced pictures of the greatest promise. What is extraordinarily interesting, though very regrettable from another point of view, is that neither of the two sons who have inherited the artistic talent of the father, has had any art training worth speaking about. It is indeed a reflection upon our Community and on this Island that there is no worthy Art School yet in this Island, though there have been praiseworthy private efforts to provide this. But an Art gallery with standard models to study from, and a training school where adequate training in modern technique could be provided by fully trained and gifted teachers, are not yet to be found in this Island. What is even more melancholy is the fact that in our own Community which may justly claim to have many cultured sons, many men of light and leading and quite a few with wealth and taste, none have been found to come forward as patrons of Art and Culture.

We have no endowments, no scholarships for poor and deserving students of promise, except one medical scholarship. Our Community has produced a great many men who have left their mark in our history in British times, but what permanent memorials of public utility have they left? We have not arrived at the "giving stage" yet, and have no Carnegies, no Rockefellers even in a small way, to be proud of. This is a great reflection on our public spirit, our lack of vision and liberality. It is to be hoped that a pioneer or two will arise to wipe away this reproach of being a selfish community, unable to progress beyond individualism.

We cannot progress as a community if the spirit of altruism is not fostered among us.

Mais revenons a nos moutons !!

I was saying that what was most interesting from the point of view of heredity is this transmission of talent. This untrained lad who had done little painting until a year or two ago breaks out into a new vein, which his father had never worked, by portrait painting, produces as one of his first efforts a portrait in oils of the President of our Union which has been greatly admired, and goes on to perfect his technique and to produce the portrait of Captain Freeman shown at the last Art Show. This picture has been pronounced by many to be the standout picture of the Show, and even more valuable and interesting from the promise it displays, than from the vigour and vitality of its treatment. It is up to us to see that this promise is helped to reach its fulfilment.

The youngest boy is following the tradition of his grandparents, and has taken to the Law, in which we hope he will make the great career of public service that we expect him to.

I have said nothing of W. W. B.'s career in the public service. In all his 40 years of service under Government he maintained the traditions of loyalty to his superiors, unquestioned probity and intelligence, which we are proud to think have been the tradition of the Burgbers in Ceylon. It was only when he reached the Appraisers' Department (of which he was the head, for a few years before he died) that his special gifts had their full scope. His keen observation, marvellous memory, and his "bonhomie" which made him "persona grata" with all classes, and his gift of lucid and picturesque expression made him invaluable in this Department, and his place can scarcely be filled in the same way for years to come. He was held in the highest regard by such doyens of the Civil Service as the late Mr. W. H. Jackson, Mr. Bowes, and Mr. Southorn, and the tribute paid to his memory by his latest chief, Mr. Wait, must be a great source of pride and consolation to his widow and children, and his brothers and sisters. He had a great gift of friendship, and a host of people of all communities bemoan his loss. He was a true democrat at heart and fulfilled Kipling's test in that he

.....could walk with Kings,
And yet not lose the common touch!

To many of his friends it was a wonder and an amusement to see the quaint specimens of humanity with whom he hobnobbed with perfect ease and unconcern. A true Bohemian at heart, he could never look beyond the present, nor consult his own interest in life. I think of him as, in some sense, our edition of Frans Hals, built on large lines, full of natural gifts, and prodigal of them, one who

..... ever with a frolic welcome took

The sunshine and the thunder!

Withal, deep down in his heart he had his own religious faith, not of the conventional type, but nevertheless quite definite and strong.

May the earth rest lightly on his beloved ashes,

Take him all in all we shall not look on his like again.

Vale atque vale!

H. U. L.



"AT HOME" TO SIR STEWART AND LADY SCHNEIDER.

The Members of the Union entertained Sir Stewart and Lady Schneider to an "At Home" on Saturday, 1st September, in honour of the Knighthood recently conferred on the former. The Union Hall wore quite a festive appearance, while a large table groaning under the weight of cakes and other toothsome delicacies bore ample testimony to the arduous labours of the Committee of ladies who had kindly undertaken to look after the comforts of the inner man. By 5-30 p.m. the hall and grounds were filled with a large and representative gathering of members and their families, reinforced by the Young Dutch Burgher Comrades. On arriving at the Hall, Sir Stewart and Lady Schneider were received by the President and the Secretary, and a pretty bouquet was presented to Lady Schneider by the little grand-daughter of the President, Miss Cecile Anthonisz. After exchanging greetings with those present in the Hall, the guests were conducted to the lawn, where the bulk of the members and their families had assembled. Sir Stewart and Lady Schneider moved freely among them, shaking hands with every one and having a pleasant word for all. Refreshments were served in abundance, while the C. L. I. band stationed on the lawn helped to enliven the proceedings. As the shades of night began to fall, the more serious business of the day was entered upon by Mr. Anthonisz addressing a few words of congratulation to Sir Stewart and Lady Schneider.

Addressing Sir Stewart Schneider **Mr. Anthonisz said:**—I should have thought that this large gathering which has assembled to meet and greet you on this auspicious occasion would sufficiently convey to you the feelings of gratification with which we heard of the honour which has been conferred on you—an honour which I need hardly say is reflected on the whole community to which you belong (Applause). But our friends here seem to think that a few words expressing our sentiments are necessary to give emphasis to our feelings on this occasion, and so I would ask you to permit me to say a few words. I have come here in feeble health, not to inflict a speech on you, but to show you by my presence how anxious I am to take part in this demonstration. I will not weary the gathering with a history of our past relations with each other. I will merely say that our acquaintance with each other goes back to a very distant past when we were both very much younger than we are now, when you had your whole life before you, and I had just entered upon my career. I have followed with interest and pride the various stages

by which you have risen to your present exalted position. I have also had the honour of a long acquaintance with Lady Schneider, and I must say that my recollections are of the happiest nature. The honour that has been conferred on you, Sir, did not come to us as a surprise, because we regarded such a recognition of your services as in the natural order of things. You have earned it not only by the exalted position to which you have attained, but by your high character and agreeable social qualities. We feel assured that this dignity will sit well on both of you, and that in the high position which you now occupy as leaders of our community, you will reflect some lustre on this poor community of ours—poor in certain respects, but rich in others—for we are a proud community. I am sure that it is the wish of us all that you should be spared long to enjoy this distinction, and the rest and felicity of an honoured and peaceful future.—(Applause).

Three cheers were then called for Sir Stewart and Lady Schneider and lustily responded to.

Sir Stewart Schneider said:—Mr. Anthonisz, ladies and gentlemen, I really did not think that I would be called upon this evening to make a speech—in fact, I have got one of my lock-jaw fits (laughter), but the words of Mr. Anthonisz do call for an expression of thanks from me. As he has told you, we are very old friends, and he occupies a warm corner in my heart. It seems to me that speech-making on an occasion like this is superfluous for the reason that your presence is more eloquent than words, but I quite understand that you wish to show how much you rejoice with us in the good fortune that has come our way, and I thank you very much for giving us this opportunity of meeting you all. When I look round this gathering, I see a large number of charming young ladies present, and that is a great compliment to a man of my age. I thank you once again.—(Applause).

Lady Schneider then very graciously responded to a call for a speech and said: I should just like to say that it is exceedingly kind of you to have had this lovely party for us. A sentence in a book I was reading the other day struck me very forcibly:—"A joy expressed is a double joy." Therefore our joy to day is a double joy, and I hope yours is also so. Thank you very much indeed.—(Applause).

After the speeches dancing was indulged in for a little while, and the gathering then dispersed, voting the function a very pleasant one indeed.

The arrangements were in the hands of a Sub-Committee consisting of Mrs. Rosslyn Koch, Mrs. C. C. Schokman, Mrs. E. L. Mack, Mrs. Mervyn Joseph, Dr. H. U. Leembruggen, Mr. A. C. B. Jonklaas, Mr. Mervyn Joseph, and the Hony. Secretary.

LEOPOLD LUDOVICI.

In our last issue there appeared a group photograph of five bygone worthies, together with a short sketch of each of their lives by Mr. R. G. Anthonisz. Perhaps of these five, the one concerning whom least is known is Leopold or "Lep" Ludovici as he was familiarly known among his friends, not because he was less famous than any of his distinguished contemporaries, but because of his comparatively early demise. This article is therefore an attempt to bring before our readers some incidents in the career of one who in his day occupied a large place in the life of the community, and lived and moved and had his being in the company of such giants as Lorenz and Samuel Grenier.

Lep Ludovici was the eldest son of Johan Hendrik Ludovici by his marriage with Sophia Veenekam, daughter of Lieutenant Carl Lodewyk Veenekam of Macklenburg and Maria Elizabeth Weerman, and was born at Matara on 11th April, 1833. He married on 7th November, 1859, Henrietta Ernst, the daughter of Johan Michael Ernst and Maria Elizabeth Ludovici. He had no children, but adopted the two daughters of his brother James Rudolph Ludovici, both of whom are still living. Lep Ludovici is described in the genealogy of the family compiled by the late Mr. F. H. de Vos as a Proctor, but whether he ever practised as such the writer does not know. He spent the earlier years of his life as a Government Surveyor, and has left a record of his experiences which is well worth quoting. "It was nine years ago", he says, "that with several others, some of them old friends—old as regards the date of our friendship—that I joined the Surveyor-General's Department. Looking back on the interval of time since then, what vicissitudes of place and fortune have befallen us! The gay rollicking band of young men that formed our mess has been broken up. Some have sunk under the "onerous and arduous duties" of the field; and two poor fellows, jolly good souls, as could sing a good song and "take sights" with anybody, have paid their debt to dame nature, and now lie quietly under the Churchyard sod. One whose Milesian fire not even the strict discipline of the strictest disciplinarian could smother, finding the limits of his island home too circumscribed for the exercise of that spirit of hare-brained adventure so characteristic of his father-land, has carried his talents beyond seas for

Continental action. Some have left the Department, and have found easier if not richer pasture in other branches of Her Majesty's Service; while a few like myself are still holding on to the *old love*, from sheer love of the wild roving life we have been so long used to lead. It is seldom that we old companions of the chain and arrows now meet; but when a re-union does take place, what rare fun do we not enjoy! What questions are put, what answers given, and, shall I say it, what an evening do we not make of it! The reminiscences which we call up of the past serve as a link to bind us to old associations and to each other; and the *esprit de corps* which then animated us is still ready and able to carry us through a bout of innocent mischief."

There is a good deal more written in the same inimitable style. It is probable that at this stage of his career Ludovici was still unmarried, for he writes with all the abandon of a bachelor, but there is reason to believe that he was contemplating marriage if the allusion in the article from which the above quotation is taken to "sundry epistles and mementoes from the 'girls we had left behind'" means anything. He gives a graphic description of the trials and tribulations of a surveyor in the hilly regions of Ceylon, who, he says, has often "to ascend Alpine heights, ford mountain torrents rushing down like mad, scramble over rocks, or scale precipices." He seems to have had a bad time with the leech, which he describes as "a pertinacious little reptile" and "a sanguinary little varmint" who had often "sucked at my veins and tapped my best blood."

Ludovici must have made the acquaintance of Lorenz at some time or other in Matara, and the latter could not have failed to be struck with Ludovici's high literary gifts. When therefore the young Benedict reluctantly made up his mind to exchange the roving life of a Surveyor for a more settled existence in town, what more natural than for Lorenz to offer him an appointment on the staff of the "Examiner" of which he was the Editor. Ludovici was as much in his element here as he was in the field with his theodolite, and his virile style of writing contributed not a little to the high regard in which the "Examiner" was held in those days. Gigantic in stature, he had a heart as tender as a woman's, and was always ready to take up cudgels on behalf of the weak and oppressed. It happened that about this time he had taken under his wing a lad named Donald de Zilva, who is happily with us still,

though now in the sere and yellow leaf of life, and to whom we are indebted for much of the information on which this article is based. On one occasion Zilva appears to have overstayed his holidays by a week and on his return to College was given a sound caning by the Principal, Mr. J B Cull. Whether this drastic treatment was deserved or not we cannot say, but it stirred the indignation of Ludovici to its very depths, and he took the somewhat unusual step of applying to the Police Magistrate of Colombo for a summons against the Principal for assault. The Magistrate, whose name happened to be Penny, took a common-sense view of the case and refused process, probably arguing that the caning the lad had received would do him all the good in the world, and needless to say, the lad's subsequent career has more than justified the soundness of this view. But Ludovici looked at the matter in a different light, and feeling that there had been a failure of justice, he went straight to the "Examiner" office, and gave vent to his burning indignation in an editorial which is remarkable for its plain speaking and is quoted as a "classic" up to this day. Writing under the title "Two-penny-half-penny Justice" as a pun on the Police Magistrate's name, Ludovici poured the vials of his wrath on the head of this offending official. The Editorial displays Ludovici's style to such good effect that we make no apology for reproducing it *in extenso*.

"Cheap Justice," he said, "is no doubt a very desirable thing, and as one of the primary factors of good government, cannot be too highly recommended. And yet justice may become too cheap, indeed so very cheap as to be nasty. We shall not enter here into the particulars of the vagaries indulged in by raw young Magistrates, who without the restraining fear of an immediate higher authority to advise and control them, 'play such fantastic tricks before high heaven as make the angels weep'. Our present purpose is to draw public attention to the high-handed manner in which the Police Magistrate of Colombo dispenses his Pennyworth of justice. We had occasion more than once to comment in no favourable terms on the doings of this little Radhamanthus, but we certainly had no notion that so supreme a combination of pig-headedness and impudence could ever have found its way to the magisterial bench of the metropolis, until it was our misfortune to present ourselves before Mr. Penny this morning in the character of a complainant. We ought to have known, and indeed we did, that personally he would not look upon us with what is called a favourable eye, but we cared not for his personal likes and dislikes, and we approached him in the full confidence that as a judge, and presumably a gentleman, he would not belie the estimate of his character we had formed. That we were disappointed, however, is not so much a matter of personal regret, for

we are sure of our legal remedy against his arbitrary decision, but as a sample of the kind of justice meted out in the generality of the smaller courts, and as confirmatory of the numerous complaints which are made against the arrogance of bumptious 'boy magistrates'. It is now time to examine those causes, and whatever offence we may give to the *amour propre* of these 'gentlemen', to declare our firm conviction that it is all owing to the indiscriminate manner in which young men who manage to pass a specified examination are admitted into the Service.

In the olden times, when the British Raj was but newly established, the men who entered the Civil Service were gentlemen born, and they had the instincts of gentlemen, and any one comparing the Civil Service lists of 30 years ago with those of the present day, cannot fail to be struck with the preponderance of aristocratic names then, and the anything but paucity of plebs now. Any green-grocer's or market gardener's son, who may happen to have been the head butler or steward of an aristocratic establishment for a patron, can get a nomination to the Ceylon Civil Service, and if he succeeds in passing the Examination, as he generally does with the aid of coaches and crammers, he comes out to Ceylon as a writer, and once amongst a lot of cringing natives the idea dawns upon him that in the midst of such a degenerate race he must be a demi-god. In their own little Courts they are all in all, and though a cat may look at a King, let none dare to cast a glance of remonstrance at a Magistrate. This is unfortunately not the experience of Ceylon alone; it is exactly the same throughout India. But whatever may be the case in India, the natives of Ceylon are a tamer and milder race than even the proverbially mild Hindoo, and if they do not grow noisy and bluster over their grievances, it is not to be presumed they have none, and be it said to the honour of the Supreme Court, that august tribunal has never been slow to redress their grievances, or to mark its sense of indignation at the high-handed doings of 'boy magistrates' when they come up in appeal.

On one occasion Ludovici by his outspoken utterances incurred the wrath of a planter by the name of Cruwel, who, arming himself with a riding whip, went to the "Examiner" office to administer condign punishment to the offending Editor. Ludovici and Eddie Poulier, the latter a nephew of Lorenz, happened to be in the office at the time, and when the planter had made his mission known and demanded to see the Editor, Ludovici, rising from his chair, and displaying his full proportions, (he was unusually tall and none too good looking) informed the planter, in a stentorian voice, that he was the gentleman whom he desired to see. The sight of Ludovici so terrified the planter that without more ado he turned and incontinently fled downstairs, and that was the last seen or heard of him. Ludovici was quite conscious of his lack of good looks, and used to tell people that he had been dubbed "The Missing Link" by the Editor of the "Ceylon Observer."

Journalism in the time of Ludovici had not reached that state of perfection which it has attained at the present day, and so we find Ludovici officiating as "London Correspondent to the Ceylon Examiner" in addition to his duties as Sub-Editor. It is said that on the arrival of the English Mail, he used to collect the newspapers, read them quickly, and then sit down and write what he called "Our London Letter—from our own Correspondent." One evening, owing perhaps to Lorenz having been detained in Court or in the Legislative Council, there was no Editorial ready, and the Manager came to Ludovici in great perturbation and asked him to supply this indispensable article. "Give me a subject for an editorial" said Ludovici, "and I shall write you one." The worried Manager racked his brains for a subject but could not think of anything. "Get me a bottle of brandy for inspiration" said Ludovici, and the bottle was speedily procured. Having taken a long "pull" at the fount of inspiration, Ludovici's eye caught the words "Eau de Vie" on the label of the bottle. "I have it" he cried with great glee, and he immediately sat down and wrote a scorching article on "The Liquor Traffic," which gained for him high encomiums. His *penchant* for strong writing however brought him within the meshes of the law of libel in connection with a defamatory article which he wrote either against Mr. (afterwards Sir William) Twynam, Government Agent of Jaffna, or one of the Cappers of the "Times of Ceylon" and he was fined Rs. 1,000. His friends rallied round him with offers of assistance but he kindly but firmly declined them all.

There is a good story told about Ludovici's surveying days which is worth repeating. He once bought a condemned horse belonging to a cavalry regiment and on his transfer to Kandy he performed the journey on horseback. Being anxious to witness a Queen's Birthday Parade, he mounted his steed and rode down to the parade ground. While waiting for the manoeuvres to begin, the sound of a bugle roused the dormant martial spirits of his old war horse, and to the surprise and amusement of the spectators, this animal, with lanky Lep Ludovici perched on his back, galloped up and took his place with the other horses in the ranks. Observing this strangely clad figure, the officer in command shouted out:—"Get out of that and take that horse away," but Ludovici's horsemanship was not equal to the task, and he was therefore obliged to dismount and lead his horse away, amid the laughter of those assembled.

Another incident in connection with Ludovici's life as a Surveyor has come down to us. He was on one occasion instructed to make a survey in the Caffir village near Puttalam, where Government had given free grants of land to Caffir pensioners of the Ceylon Rifle Regiment. On approaching the village, he observed a large concourse of people advancing towards him in a state of great excitement. Apprehending a tumult, he hastily formed up his gang of coolies into a defensive position, and advanced towards the villagers on his pony, when, to his agreeable surprise, he found that what he had mistaken for an aggressive mob was nothing more than the entire body of villagers who had assembled to give him a rousing reception. Ludovici, who was much relieved at this, was carried in triumph to the village on the shoulders of the men, who treated him with every mark of deference and respect.

As has already been stated by Mr. R. G. Anthonisz, Lep Ludovici was a self-taught man. He acquired all his learning by reading Blackwood's Magazine, which he did lying full length on the floor. He is best known to fame as the author of a *monumental* work entitled "*Lapidarium Zeylanicum*," being a collection of monumental inscriptions in the Dutch Churches and Churchyards in Ceylon. The following is a description of the book taken from an advertisement which appeared in the "*Ceylon Examiner*" of 31st October, 1876, of which Ludovici was now the Editor:—"The work will consist of about 400 pages of lithographed plates and will be preceded by a chapter on the history of the Dutch Reformed Church in Ceylon. The paper, printing, and general get up will be such as to render it an ornament to any drawing room table. As a large number of copies has been already bespoken at Batavia, the Cape, and in Holland, Ceylon residents desirous of possessing copies are requested to send in their names for registration. The price of the work has been fixed at three guineas, and though this may seem prohibitive, it is due to the author to state that, if all the 400 copies struck be sold, the amount will barely cover the expenses incurred, not to mention the labour bestowed on the collection and arrangement of the materials during the last four years." In the preparation of this book, which Ludovici dedicated to Sir William Gregory, he had the assistance of Richard Henrius, the "*Examiner*" artist, who did the lithographic work, while his Fidus Achates, Donald de Zilva, was responsible for the painting. Copies of this work are now very scarce.

Ludovici also brought out a periodical called "*The Ceylon Puck*," which he conducted on the lines of the London "*Punch*." Another of his publications was a pamphlet on "*Paddy Cultivation*," and it is believed that he was engaged in writing a book on "*Batticaloa*," but whether this work ever made its appearance in print we cannot say. Ludovici was a prolific writer, and the pages of the literary supplement to the "*Ceylon Examiner*" bear testimony to his versatility, his articles covering a wide range of subjects. Ludovici died in Colombo at the age of forty-nine and was buried in the General Cemetery.

J. R. T.

THE PETITION-DRAWER*

Some imaginative mind might fancy that I am about to write of that limbo where Petitions, Memorials, Representations, etc., undergo the incubatory process of consideration, while others might think I am about to descant on that useful appendage to a table, where papers, important or not, find repose. But both these notions would be wrong. The Petition-Drawer I mean is that individual who makes it his business to write out Petitions. He is generally found about the purlieus of our Law Courts, seated at a small table in some corner of the outer-verandah, or in a stall of his own hard by. A China inkstand, a few quills, and a few sheets of paper, are all the material with which he engages to fight the battles of his numerous Clients. In days of yore, before those of Caxton—he would have taken rank with the writers—not the Writers of the C.C.S.,—but the honourable class of Scribes. In these degenerate days of ours, scarcely any rank and very little importance attaches to his profession. The Proctors and Government Clerks cut him at every turn, and he is just tolerated as an evil that they can't well get rid of. Even his own Client rates his profession so low, that the remuneration he gets—in banking

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language—is merely nominal. But with all this he wields a power that commands respect.

In our outstation towns he is the only medium of communication between the rulers and the ruled; and judging from the number of sheets that he writes off daily, both he and his clients would seem to take the utmost advantage of that privilege of every British subject—the “Right of Petition.” He is well grounded in the local Ordinances, and is quite up in the use of the honorifics, which he bestows rather lavishly. He has true Oriental faith in the power of flattery, and lays it on thick, when he thinks it will serve his purpose. There is a good deal of independence too in his composition, and he is always ready to write against any body and on any subject. His acquaintance with the sinuosities of the English language is not great, but he can be eloquent in his way. When some cause of oppression or injustice has to be brought to the notice of the higher powers, the Widow and the Orphan always find in him a ready and willing advocate; and the “humble Petition” in which he states their case, is an impassioned statement of a few facts supported by moving appeals to “his Worship’s high sense of Justice and Honor.” If it be a case of oppression where some petty headman has to be held up for condign punishment, he assumes a more argumentative tone, quotes Ordinances and precedents, and boldly challenges enquiry. But should abuse of power by “someone clothed in authority and sitting in high places” form the theme, it is then that he brings all the artillery of big words, and convincing arguments, to bear upon the subject. His love of fair play, and his confidence in the ultimate triumph of truth and justice, is so unbounded, that he fears not to make enemies of the great and powerful, by the outspoken way in which he writes of them; and instances have been known in which he has risked commitment to jail on a charge of contempt. He is a great admirer of the British Constitution too, and loves it if only for the amount of liberty it secures to him in the exercise of his vocation. He also supports the local papers, if not with subscriptions, at least with vehement articles on the ruling evils of his district. He sits on all the juries he is summoned to, puts no end of questions to the witnesses, gets complimented by their Lordships for his intelligence, and exercises the independence of his nature by voting his own way, against both majority and minority.

Petition-drawers form a class *sui generis*, and there is a great deal in common between them. “A fellow calling makes us wondrous like”, seems to be their motto. Who in this blessed little Island of ours can plead innocent of any knowledge of them as a body? We in our greatness may look down upon them, but are they not in almost daily and familiar correspondence with the great of the land? Is not His Excellency familiar with the handwriting and the composition of that individual who does all the Petitions from the North? Then, again, what tales of wrong and oppression, what prayers for pardon and mercy, have not the flowing manly hand of the great Petition-drawer of the South, submitted for the gracious consideration of His Excellency and their Lordships? And so from East and West, and the centre of the Island, solemn assurances that the Petitioner “as in duty bound will ever pray” flow in, and prove that the natives are not only loyal, but that they take a personal interest in the well being of their rulers.

One of the local papers has confessed to a “sneaking regard” for the Petition-drawer; but would it be going too far to characterise the class as a noble and useful institution? Indeed, in point of usefulness, the profession, at least in outstation towns, answers a higher purpose than would at first sight be conceded. The Petition-drawer there acts the part of conservator of public right, and with whatever impunity wrong and injuries may have been practised, the moment he enters the field, the great evil-doer begins to tremble in his shoes, (that is supposing he wears any) and is sooner or later brought to grief.

The social standing of the Petition-drawer in nine cases out of ten is very difficult to define. He is generally a disappointed, objectless man, whose best hopes and highest aspirations have been blighted in the bud. There is that something too about him, that speaks of the better times he must have known. Perhaps in his younger days, when youth and beauty inspired his breast with visions of a happy home, he too dressed as smartly and looked as spruce as that young clerk who enjoys his £30 per annum, and his “Superior’s confidence.” Like him too the Petition-drawer had looked forward to a government situation,—salary no object—as the foundation upon which to build that visionary home of his. But, as it too often happens, he was disappointed; the happy consummation of his fondest dreams was never to be realised. The

fair Angelina who had given him her promise true, thought better of it, and transferred her affections to his successful rival—rival not only in love, but in the more important question of the Government service also. The Petition-drawer had perhaps done all the drudgery of the Government offices of his town. He had been admitted and enrolled a volunteer, and had calculated on the first eligible vacancy, for it had been promised him. For full seven years, like another Jacob for his Rachel, did he work hopefully and uncomplainingly at his desk. It was so long waiting that he almost wished something may happen to one of the fixed clerks. At last the senior clerk, who wanted but another three months to complete his fifty years' service, was recommended for pension, and the vacancy in the establishment, filled up by a series of promotions, left the last clerk's place with a salary of £18-0-0 per annum for the acceptance of the volunteer. How he bowed and thanked his "Superior", and even cried for very joy at the near prospect of the realization of all his hopes! That evening he went home a happy man, but the following day's tappal brought a communication from head quarters which proved that after all he had drawn a blank in the lottery of life. The vacancy had been filled by the appointment of Bill Stamps, a perfect outsider. There was never such a slip between cup and lip! The quondam volunteer heaved a deep sigh, and would have fainted away in the anguish of his soul. He dashed off one manly tear, spoke of jobbery, favouritism, ingratitude, to relieve his wounded feelings, and left the office in disgust. Bill Stamps was soon after formally inducted into the £18 clerkship; and still later, when he was introduced to the fickle Angelina, it resulted, as he afterwards exultantly declared to a fellow-clerk, in a case of "*Veni, Vidi, Vici.*"

So the Volunteer gave up dreaming of Government situations and happy homes, and took to Petition-drawing: and the once tidy clerk gradually and imperceptibly rose to the eminent position of Petition-drawer of his district. But some people could not see any greatness in this position, and just because the poor man dressed in a slovenly style—looked restless, and had transferred his unreciprocated attentions to the bottle, augured ill and pronounced him going to the bad. It is true that he now dresses shabbily, and if there is anything more remarkable than another about his outward man, it is the supreme contempt for the conventionalities of

dress which his entire getting-up indicates. His hat is a battered down—knocked into all sorts of possible shapes—brownny white affair, surmounting an unkempt head of hair; a black China silk handkerchief loosely tied round his throat in a straggling bow and disclosing the points of a dog-eared collar rather the worse for dirt; a checked coat, ink-stained and out at elbows (the consequence of much friction against the small table), check unmentionables that have bid eternal farewell to four holes, and kept together with a piece of old driving reins and a brass buckle strapped round the waist, and down-at-heel shoes that have never been acquainted with blacking polish or brush, complete a tout ensemble, which while it betrays a culpable disregard for the social amenities, is still withal in the mannerism of its shabbiness, more indicative of contempt for the opinion of the world, than of poverty or want of better knowledge. When his friends advise him to pay more attention to his personal appearance, he declares his is a "soul above buttons", and quotes Pope that "man was not meant to be the slave of buttons and tight breeches."

When thinking of what he is, and what he might have been, the painful contrast drives him to the bottle for consolation. But such reminiscences and their invariable concomitant of drink never visit him during business hours. From six in the morning till five in the evening his time belongs to the public. It is only after a very successful day, and when a fellow craftman of the quill makes an evening call, that he resolves on "making a night of it." On such occasions many a merry song, most of them bacchanalian (and among which the stave commencing, 'the Pope he leads a happy life,' from its frequent and enthusiastic reception would seem to be a special favorite) is trilled forth to the intense disgust of his elderly neighbours. A home, in the proper sense of the word, he has not. He just manages to rub on thro' life as best he can, careless and regardless of the opinion of the world, and few when they see this slovenly individual, could guess of the deep devouring sorrow that has made him what he is. With all his failings and frailties there is much that is good and estimable in him, and tho' few would suspect and fewer still admit this, the Petition Drawer, to say the least, is a useful member of society, tho' he may choose to walk outside its pale.

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

(Compiled by R. G. ANTHONISZ.)

(Continued from page 52.)

A.D. 1709.

- 6 January.—Abraham Emans van Amsterdam, Capit. Luytenant der Caneelschilders, weduwnaar met Alida Brouwer, weduwe wylen Joannes de Haan, Coopman en Fiscaal van Colombo.
- 3 February.—Jacob de Vroom van Amsterdam, adsistent jongm. met Petronella Snarts van Amboina, jonge dogter.
- 10 do —Jan Leendertsz van Colombo, sadelmak. weduwen. met Dominga d'Almeyda van Colombo, weduwe van den Corporaal Hendrick Schoer.
- 24 do —Dirck de Herkel van ter Schelling, ond stuurman jongman met Elizabeth Renckels van Antwerp jonge dogter.
- 10 Maart. —Jan Pieter Zeslius van Bazel, luytent. jongm. met Marya Kell van Batavia, weduwe van d'Capit. Jacob Jansz de Rooy.
- 28 April. —Roelant de Lameer van Colombo, adsistent in dienst der E. E. Comp. jongman, met Joanna Pieris van Colombo jonge dogter.
- 2 Juny. —Gerrit Valk van Colombo, Boekhouder, jongman met Anna Pegalotti van Colombo, jonge dogter.
- 2 do —Caspar Spitsbaart van Driebeek, Corporaal, jongman, met Regina Smits van Colombo, jonge dogter.
- do —Jacob Joncker van Palliacotta, soldaat, jongman met Francina Jaspersze van Negombo, jonge dogter.
- 23 do —Godfriet Swellengrendel van Oldenstettyn, Corporaal met Adriana Luval van Colombo jonge dogter.
- do —Magnus Schot van Colombo adsistent, jongman met Elisabeth Abrahams van Colombo jonge dogter.
- 14 July. —Thomas Santyn van Colombo, boekhouder, weduw. met Elisabeth Schroder van Colombo, jonge dogter.
- 27 do —Jacob van Dorpe van Gent, jongm. met Elisabeth Hartkamp van Jaffanapatnam, jonge dogter.
- 28 September.—Daniel de Jongh van Malacca, adsistent, jongman, met Aletta Trendel, weduwe wylen den onder apotheker Niklaas Schryver.

- 13 October. —Louys Tosyn van Colombo, soldaat, met Anthonia Correa van do. jonge dogter.
- 20 do —Nicolaas Moor v. Colombo vryburger, jongman met Sophia Giethoorn van Colombo, jonge dogter.
- 26 do —Cornelis van der Parra van Colombo, adsistent, jongman, met Geertruyda Susanna Spnuyt van Amsterdam, jonge dogter.
- 3 November.—Anthony Snaats van van den Briel, Coopm. Soldy boekh., weduwnaar met Marya de Haan van Colombo weduwe van den Onderkoopm. en Dispencier Allard de Keyser.
- 10 do. —Barent Juriaansz de Witt van Groeningen ondst. jongman met Agyda Pietersz de Leeuw van Colombo, jonge dogter.

A.D. 1710.

- 9 Maart. —David Otmaar van Colombo boekhouder weduwnaar, met Maria de Vos van Colombo, jonge dogter.
- 30 do —Jan Aldertze van Holstyn, boekhouder, jongman, met Christina Janssen van Hangwelle vrye vrouwe.
- 28 April. —Carolus Wyns, onderkoopman en dispencier, jongman, met Johanna de La Haye jonge dogter.
- do —Andries Erasmussen van Tongerop, jongman, met Anthonia Peglotti, jonge dogter van Trangabar.
- 4 May. —Hans Caspar van Colombo, lademaker in dienst der E. Comp. jongman, met Angela Christoffelze Luyk van Colombo, jonge dogter.
- 18 do —Joost van de Rondewerken van Colombo adsistent jongman, met Francina van Gyzel mede van Colombo, jonge dogter.
- 30 August. —Martyn Willemsz van Stettyn, Constabelsmaat met Francina Pereira van Colombo, jonge dogter.
- 14 September.—Barent Tissera van Colombo, soldaat, jongman met Joanna Malisarte van Colombo jonge dogter.
- 2 November.—Andries Simonsz Schynvoet van Amsterdam, Corpor. jongman, met Maria Willemsz uit den Bogaart van Colombo jonge dogter.
- 15 do —Steeven Galicam de Jonge van Colombo, soldaat jongman, met Elisabeth Lievers van Colombo wed. wylen der Vryborger Carel du Port.
- 23 do —Jan van Leeuwen van Amsterdam, meester knecht der Scheeps timmerlieden alhier, jongman, met Marya Fransz van Colombo, weduwe van den overleden meesterknecht Paulus Visscher salr.
- 28 December. —Jan Hansz van Colombo, soldaat, jongman, met Marya de Kroes van Colombo, jonge dogter.

(To be continued.)

OUR DUTCH CORNER.

Colombo, 10 September, 1928.

Mijnheer de Redacteur,

Het komt mij zoo vreemd voor dat in een tijdschrift gedrukt met het doel over de belangen van de Hollandsche gemeente te waken een stuk in het Hollandsch zoo zelden te zien is. Maar nu met meerdere beoefening van de taal en met een toenemende kring van ernstige studenten van Hollandsch zal dit ongewenschte staat spoedig verdwijnen. Wat is uw ras en wat uw taal? is een vraag soms ons gericht. Gaan wij dit met stilzwijgen voorbij? Laat ons door schrijven, lezen en spreken bewijzen dat wij beiden een ras en een taal hebben—Hollandsch. Voortaan hoop ik dat in elke nummer de Hollandsche lezenden onder ons een blad of twee in de moeder taal zullen vinden.

Met het doel om de jonge leden aan te moedigen, neemt een oude heer in zijn bevende hand de pen op een stukje te schrijven hoe hij eens een bezoek aan de oud Hollandsche kerk te London bracht en wat hij daar bemerkte.

Aan een deel van de lezers van dit tijdschrift, voornamelijk die zich tot oudheden aangetrokken voelen, mag het van belang zijn te leeren dat in het midden van de groote stad London, in een drukste deel van deze woelige hoofdstad, een zeer oude kerk staat, die sinds 1500 aan Holland behoort, dien Holland nimmer verloor. Daar iedere Zondag de gereformeerde Godsdienstoefening gehouden wordt als in onze Wolvendaal, niet in Engelsch als gebeurd het in Ceylon maar in de Hollandsche taal. Tachtig jaren is er geen Hollandsch gehoord in onze kerken. Wanneer komt zij terug?

De kerk is niet ver van de Imperial Bank of India, in Old Broad Street, daar velen uit Ceylon aan den Bank moet gaan om geld te krijgen, is het niet moeilijk een kijkje in Austin Friars te doen, waar deze kerk staat.

Eens nadat ik mijn zaken in de Bank behandeld had, kwam het in mijn hoofd deze belangrijke plaats te bezoeken. Ik was met mijn vrouw en toen wij de Bank verlieten was het zoo druk en de geraas van autos en busses zoo oordovend dat het ons onmogelijk was door verwardheid de rechte weg naar Austin Friars te nemen. Zoo sprak mijn vrouw een boodschapjongen aan en vroeg hem de

weg naar Austin Friars. "Straight on till you come to a gate on the right. Go in and in two minutes you will be before the Church." Zoo gezegd zoo gedaan.

Een beschrijving van de kerk zal ik nu niet geven. Iemand die haar geschiedenis wilt leeren, raad ik hem de belangrijke artikel van de pen van den Heer Oudschans Dentz in de Neerlandia (September, 1905) te lezen en ook "Old London" by Stowe. Het kerk gebouw is zoo groot dat slechts een gedeelte voor godsdienstoefening gebruikt is, die afgesloten is. Wanneer iemand te laat komt voor de dienst, moet hij daarbuiten staan. Dit kwam mij vreemd voor daar wij in Ceylon gewoon zijn de kerken altijd open te zien. De rede is waarschijnlijk om storing in de dienst te voorkomen.

Daar is ook een verschil in dienst. De gewoonte daar is voor de vrouwen te zitten terwijl de mannen gedurende de zangen en gebeden staan. Hier is het anders: de mannen zoowel als de vrouwen staan voor de zangen en zitten voor de gebeden.

Van waar is deze verandering ontstaan? Ongetwijfeld was in vroegere tijd de dienst geheel de zelfde, maar door de invloed van Britsche predikanten, die de Hollandsche verplaatsten, zijn deze verandering ingeslopen. Een ander verschil heb ik opgemerkt. De preek is door een gezang in tweeën verdeeld, zeker voor predikant en toehoorders wat rust te geven.

Tot mijn verwondering was de bijeenkomst, toen ik een dienst bijwoonde, niet zoo groot. Men zegt dat 15—20 duizend Hollanders in London wonen, dus verwachtte ik Zondag een groot vergadering. Maar de gemeente, hoewel klein, scheen mij zeer aandachtig en eerbiedig.

Ik hoop als leden van onze gemeente naar London gaan, zij de kerk in Austin Friars zullen bezoeken en ook een godsdienstoefening bijwonen. Zij zullen niet teleurgesteld worden. Mischien zullen zij in verbeelding keeren naar de dagen terug toen in onze kerk ook de taal onzer ouders gebruikt werd. Dan als zij terug komen zullen zij ons helpen om de taal te doen herleven.

Hoogachtend,
de Oude Heer.

BY THE WAY.

(NOTES BY NIEMAND.)

There are many references to Holland and the Dutch in English newspapers, magazines, and books; and some are found in the Ceylon newspapers also, apart from the criticism of Dutch policy in regard to Rubber Restriction. I gather, though I do not profess to have the slightest acquaintance with these things, that the fall in rubber shares and the consequent impoverishment of people in Ceylon, is due to the ungenerous policy of the Dutch in the matter of restriction. But that's as may be.

* * *

We all know Marjorie Bowen, who has written some fine novels connected with old Dutch history. She has now published, at 7s. 6d., a volume on Holland in Harrap's "Kit-Bag Travel Books." Here is another book for a liberal-minded patriot to present to our Library. One was referred to in the *Journal* for July.

* * *

Which are the most civilized countries in the world? But, first, what is civilization? Mr. Stacy Aumonier says that the test is the citizen's attitude towards his neighbours. That sounds good Gospel, and we may keep it in mind and refer to it at some other time. Meanwhile, judged by this test, the civilized States of Europe are (in order of merit)—Sweden, Scotland, Denmark, *Holland*, England, Norway, Hungary, Switzerland, Germany. Mr. Aumonier names five Semi-civilized States, of which two are Belgium and Australia; and seven Barbaric States, with Italy at their head.

* * *

The whole Bible has now been translated into Afrikaans, which is the dialect spoken by the South-African Dutch. A correspondent to the "Church Times" thinks that this translation may have the effect of stabilizing and settling the language, which "is in a stage of fluidity." We know that the translation of 1611 had this effect on the English language, and, generally speaking, there must have been a similar effect in other Christian countries where previously the language was "in a stage of fluidity."

Such a statement would probably not apply to the Tamil language. Lecturing in Jaffna, in August, the Ceylon Secretary of the Bible Society, referred to the translation of the Bible into Tamil by Philip De Melho, "the first native minister under the Dutch Government. He was a great orator, and the great Church at Wolvendaal was filled to overflowing whenever he preached in Dutch or in Tamil."

* * *

Let us return to the "Church Times" whose editor is not afraid to point out the prominent place which Holland holds among civilized peoples. I quote an entire paragraph, for more reasons than one:—

* * *

"From another angle it can be seen that the study of art develops a spirit much akin to patriotism. It must show our Cathedrals and monuments to be part of the country's past, to be treasured accordingly. Holland supplies an example of this manifestation of art. Painting is her chief glory, and the names of her great painters are household words. Picture galleries are everywhere, and children are taken to see, and to learn to understand their works. The Dutch know intimately all their painters, and have perhaps the most cultured taste of any people in the world. Likewise, they are the most consciously patriotic. Whereas our young people leave school, matriculated, it may be, but totally ignorant of architecture, and not knowing even the names of great painters and craftsmen. And here we have, perhaps, the ugliest houses in the world, chockful of rubbish." ("Church Times," 13th July, 1928).

* * *

Art, paintings, conscious patriotism, cultured taste, ideals in education—these are the points to notice in the paragraph quoted.

* * *

A correspondent to the "British Weekly" describes his visit to the "Groote Kerk or Church of St. James" at the Hague. "As I entered the vestibule the verger, in a severe tone, remarked in German, 'Kein Herumlaufen'—no running round, evidently having in his mind recollections of tourists who had done sight-seeing in spite of the fact that a service was going on." The sermon was "very lengthy," but the audience was held spell-bound. The women

sat throughout the service, and the men stood during the very long prayer. "Three collections were taken up in the space of ten minutes, one following the other."

* * *

Let me turn to matters nearer home. Some little—very little, as a matter of fact—excitement was caused by certain remarks made by Mr. A. E. Goonesinghe, usually referred to as the Labour leader. Mr. Goonesinghe's political ideal is a Ceylon Nation, and he pats the Donoughmore Commission on the back because its recommendations will help to evolve that Nation. Nobody should blame any man for his ideals, even if the ideals are fantastic.

* * *

Such an idealist, however, is apt to lose patience with those people who do not fall in with his views, and in his rebukes Mr. Goonesinghe appears to have spared no community, except perhaps his own. That was not difficult to do, for in a reformer's view, all communities have their peculiar defects. Of the Burgher he is reported to have said, "The Burgher thinks that he is one of the European classes, wears the dress of the European, and struts about like a peacock in European dress."

* * *

There is nothing in this that we should be angry about, even without Mr. Goonesinghe's ready apology for words spoken in haste. It is only the peacock strut which looks to us like ridicule; the rest is quite true. And unfortunately there are a few, very few, Burghers who will trip it as they go, to the great joy of lookers-on. But there are also others, who are not Burghers, who are inclined to the peacock strut, and who even wear the dress of the European in defiance of the traditions of their "nationality." But why should this cause a rise of temperature?

* * *

Speaking for myself, I find much to admire in Mr. Goonesinghe's courage and his laudable efforts to improve the lot of the labouring poor. His national ideals of a blended Ceylonese race and of a self-governing Ceylon, leave me cold. But I am attracted by a man who stands for the weak against the strong, and for the ignorant against organized capacity. If he makes mistakes, he can mend; if he sometimes exaggerates or "talks big," experience will teach him better.

I have recently come up again against the old delusion that the Dutch Burgher Union was intended to be a sort of Freemasonry, where all the members are brothers from the mere fact of membership, bound to help one another (chiefly with cash), and to push one another up the steep path of social success. It would be a fine thing if that ideal could be reached, and it is good that we should strive to reach it. But even the Christian Church has not been able to attain to that height, and it is hardly fair to expect it of our Union.

* * *

The Union is meant for those who have inherited certain traditions of race, customs, history, and character, and members are expected to do their utmost to maintain those traditions. Though it does what it can, the Union was not intended as an agency to provide jobs or pecuniary assistance for those who might get either in the usual way. On the contrary, it was intended to teach and encourage the virtues of self-respect, independence of character, and that wise unselfishness which subordinates the interest of the individual to the general good of the Community.

* * *

No one ought really to join the Union whose aim is to get something out of it. The members wanted are those who are ready to *give*, not to *get*, and a little reflection will shew that those are the members worth having. To criticise the Union is easy enough; but before criticism it is advisable to enquire, from responsible members rather than from the crowd, what the Union stands for, and what it has done and is doing to attain its aims; also how much each critic has helped who could have helped, and ought to have helped.



NOTES AND QUERIES.

"The Dutch in Ceylon."—We are glad to inform our readers that the first part of Mr. Anthonisz's work on "The Dutch in Ceylon" is now in the hands of the printer and will be out shortly. The book deals with the early visits of the Dutch, their conquest of the maritime provinces, and their administration of the country. Mr. Anthonisz is unquestionably the highest authority on the subject, and a copy of his book should therefore be in the hands of every member of the community. The book, which will be copiously illustrated, will be prettily bound in blue cloth, the title being printed in gilt letters. The price has been fixed at Rs. 5/- so as to bring the book within the reach of all members of the Union. As only a limited number of copies is being printed, early application is desirable. A form of application goes out with each copy of this Journal.

"The Petition Drawer."—We make no apology for reprinting this article from the pen of Mr. Leopold Ludovici which appeared in the Literary Supplement to the Ceylon Examiner in the 'sixties. Nowhere is the Petition Drawer so much in evidence as in Matara, where he can be seen carrying on his avocation within the purlieus of the Law Courts seated under the shade of some friendly tree bordering the little green, with a small knot of villagers standing round him and giving him "instructions." One cannot help thinking that Ludovici must have drawn his inspiration for this article from the scenes he had witnessed in Matara. While his description of the Petition Drawer is true to life, it also serves to bring out Ludovici's keen sense of humour, and the close affinity that exists between his style and that of the immortal Charles Dickens is very remarkable indeed, the article reading exactly like one of the chapters appearing in "Sketches by Boz."

The Library.—We would draw the attention of members to the facilities which the Library affords in the way of light as well as serious literature. Three new bookcases have recently been purchased and installed in the vestibule of the Union Hall, and the books cannot therefore fail to catch the eye of any one entering the Hall. Some valuable works have been presented by Miss Grace van Dort, Dr. R. L. Spittel, Rev. D. E. Joseph, Mr. Lionel Wendt, Dr. L. A. Prins and Mr. J. R. Weinman, while the first-named has spent a great deal of time in arranging and cataloguing the books.

There is therefore no reason why members should not take the fullest advantage of the opportunity afforded them of obtaining the best literature practically free of cost.

Thanks to Miss Grace van Dort, the reading room upstairs too has received a fresh accession of periodicals, and a further addition is contemplated.

The library of Dutch books is also expanding, the latest additions being the books recently received from the Algemeen Nederlandsch Verbond through the good offices of Dr. L. A. Prins.

Our Dutch Corner.—We have much pleasure in publishing a letter in Dutch from "de Oude Heer," whom our readers will have no difficulty in recognising as our good friend Dr. L. A. Prins, who writes very interestingly about his visit to a Dutch Church in the heart of London. We are sure that Dr. Prins is not serious when he refers to himself as "*een oude heer met bevende hand*," for he has returned to Ceylon looking as fresh and vigorous as ever, and we look forward to his co-operation in extending the knowledge of Dutch—a work which he has so much at heart. Dr. Prins wants a page or two in each number of the Journal to be devoted exclusively to Dutch, and we may say at once that nothing will give us greater pleasure than to comply with his wishes. We hope that those who already know something of the language will contribute to "Our Dutch Corner," and that others will take up the study of Dutch so as to be able to read our Dutch articles. Is it too much to expect that our Journal will, in the not distant future, be published entirely or almost entirely in Dutch? We think not.

NOTES OF EVENTS.

SUMMARY OF PROCEEDINGS OF THE COMMITTEE.

Tuesday, 3rd July, 1928.—(1) Passed vote of condolence on the death of Mr. W. W. Beling. (2) Read letter from Sir Stewart Schneider thanking the Committee for their congratulations on the honour conferred on him. (3) Read letter from Mr. W. S. Christoffelsz regarding the disadvantages of the present site of the Union Hall. A Committee was appointed to consider and report upon the possibility of remedying these disadvantages. (4) Mr. Keuneman informed the Committee that Mr. J. R. Weinman had

presented three books (including Lorenz's "Christmas Debates" in the original) to the Union Library. Resolved that Mr. Weinman be thanked for his gift.

Tuesday, 24th July, 1928.—Resolved that Sir Stewart and Lady Schneider be entertained to a Garden Party and that the arrangements be in the hands of Dr. H. U. Leembruggen, Mr. A. C. B. Jonklaas, Mr. Mervyn Joseph, and the Honorary Secretary.

Tuesday, 7th August, 1928.—(1) The Chairman proposed a vote of congratulation to the Hon'ble Mr. C. E. de Vos on his appointment as a member of the Legislative Council. (2) Accepted Mr. G. Leembruggen's resignation as clerk. (3) Resolved that the Young Dutch Burgher Comrades be allowed the use of the lights till 7-30 p.m. (4) Mr. Mervyn Joseph having expressed a desire to be relieved of his duties as Secretary of the Entertainment Committee, Mr. J. G. Paulusz, who was invited to take up the appointment, desired time till the next meeting to come to a decision. (5) An education scheme propounded by Dr. J. R. Blaze was considered and referred to a Sub-Committee consisting of Mr. L. E. Blaze, Mr. E. H. Vanderwall, Dr. R. L. Spittel, Mr. O. L. de Kretser, Mr. W. E. V. de Rooy and Dr. J. R. Blaze.

Tuesday, 4th September, 1928.—(1) Passed a vote of condolence on the death of Captain J. W. Ohlmüs. (2) Read letter from Mrs. W. W. Beling thanking the Committee for their vote of condolence in her recent bereavement. (3) Read letter from the Hon'ble Mr. C. E. de Vos thanking the Committee for their congratulations on his appointment to the Legislative Council. (4) Read letter from Mr. Mervyn Joseph regarding the Secretaryship of the Entertainment Committee. As Mr. J. G. Paulusz who had been invited to take up the appointment had not given a reply, it was resolved to defer the appointment of a Secretary. (5) Read letter from the Hony. Secretary, Comrades Art Sub-Committee asking for permission to hold in the Union Hall a Burgher Youth Art Exhibition from 20th to 24th October, and a Beling Memorial Art Exhibition from 29th to 31st October. Dr. H. U. Leembruggen mentioned that he was organising a similar exhibition between 20th and 30th October. Resolved that the Committee approves of the proposed exhibitions, the nett proceeds to be divided equally between the two.

Dutch Visitors at the D. B. U.—On Thursday, 13th September, a party of Dutch ladies and gentlemen, consisting of Dr. and Mrs. Loeff-Hooijkaas, Mr. and Mrs. J. Th. Dorrenboom, Miss E. Nittel and Miss Josephine Baerveldt arrived in Colombo by the s.s. "P. O. Hooft" on their way from Java to Holland. The visitors were met by Mr. E. Reimers, Mr. H. H. Collette, Mr. B. M. Christoffelsz, and the Honorary Secretary, and after being shown various places of interest, including the Wolvendaal Church, they were taken to the D. B. U. Hall, where they spent some time in conversation. On their way back to the steamer they stepped in at the Government Archivist's Office and were shown the old Dutch records, in which they were much interested. They spent a pleasant time ashore and expressed their great pleasure at the opportunity afforded them of seeing something of the town and of the remains of the Dutch occupation of Colombo.

Dr. L. A. Prins.—We extend a hearty welcome to Dr. L. A. Prins, who returned to Ceylon on 1st September after a year's holiday in England and on the Continent. While in Holland Dr. Prins took the opportunity of calling on the authorities of the *Algemeen Nederlandsch Verbond* and interesting them in the activities of the Dutch Burgher Union. He was promised all the support they could give on condition that the study of Dutch was seriously taken up by the members of the Union, the spread of the Dutch language being one of the main objects of the *Verbond*. As an earnest of their good intentions, they forwarded through Dr. Prins a large consignment of Dutch books suited to the requirements of beginners as well as those more advanced, and are quite prepared to send further books if there is a real demand for them. They assured Dr. Prins that any members of the Union visiting Holland would receive a warm welcome from them, and that every facility for seeing the country would be placed in their way.

As a first step towards coming into closer touch with the *Algemeen Nederlandsch Verbond*, it was decided at the Committee meeting held in September, at which Dr. Prins addressed the members, that the Union should as a body become a member of the *Verbond*, and also that individual members should be induced to join it. The annual subscription is five guilders (about Rs. 6/- in local currency), in return for which members receive the *Neerlandia*, the official organ of the *Verbond*. Dr. Prins is full of enthusiasm and hopefulness for the future, and is making arrangements for starting Dutch classes at more than one centre. Those wishing to join the classes are kindly requested to communicate with him or with the Honorary Secretary.

D. B. U. Lectures—The following lecture was delivered during the quarter:—

"Some Aspects of Modern Poetry" by Mr. A. F. Anthonisz.
Chairman: Mr. E. H. Vanderwall.

THE JOURNAL OF THE
EDITORIAL NOTES.

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

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

The Journal will be issued at the end of every quarter, post free, to each member of the Union who pays a subscription of Rs. 5/- per annum towards its cost of publication. Literary and other contributions are invited and should be sent to Mr. 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, Dr. J. R. Blazé, Havelock Town, and not to the Honorary Secretary.

Remittances on the account of the Social Service Fund must be made to Dr. J. R. Blazé, the Honorary Treasurer of the Standing Committee for purposes of Social Service.

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



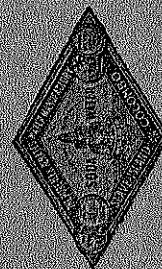
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