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JANUARY, 1929.

[No. 3

# Journal of the Dutch Burgher Union of Ceylon.



*"Eendracht maakt Macht"*

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

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## IN THE PRESS.

Mr. R. G. Anthonisz's book on "The Dutch in Ceylon," being an account of their early visits, their conquest of the maritime provinces, and their administration, will be out shortly. 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 Union. 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.

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## THE BOERS AT DIYATALAWA.

BY E. H. VAN DER WALL.

The Victorian age ended in the crash and conflict of the Great Boer War. The youngest combatants in that war have reached the dignity of middle age. Most of the older men sleep with their fathers. It is a war that has now receded into history.

Diyatalawa was a creation of the Great Boer War. Before that period it was geographically known but not discovered. Smiling in the sunshine of the rolling patnas, it was the Happy Valley that lay beneath the Industrial Home, conducted by the Rev. Mr. Langdon of the Wesleyan Mission. It was just a glorious bit of landscape, only that and nothing more.

And then the opportunity came. Where were the thousands of Boer prisoners to be interned? The fertile brain of Sir West Ridgeway, Governor of Ceylon, supplied the answer. At Diyatalawa of course.

Here was indeed a suggestion of home for the prisoners of war. The distant mountains, the rolling veldt, the cold dry air—it was South Africa all over again. And besides, it was a land once colonised by men of their own blood and breed.

The suggestion was enthusiastically received by the authorities, but in Ceylon there were rumblings of discontent. The wise and the prudent scanned their kitchen accounts and shook their heads disapprovingly. Would not the cost of living rise? Sir West Ridgeway was a diplomat. He was also an orator. He made one of the most brilliant speeches in his brilliant career. The occasion was the Royal College prize distribution and the hall was packed. "Yes something might happen," he added after he had calmed all fears. "The price of pumpkins might possibly rise!" Nothing

after all is so effective a weapon as ridicule. The newspapers lost their latest sensation.

I was one of the first to see the Boers arrive and to visit them at Diyatalawa. The war had let loose a flood of literature and we had heard *ad nauseam* that the Boers were rough and uncultured, dirty in their habits, crafty and treacherous. The impressions I formed were of a totally different kind.

Taken as a whole it must be admitted the Boers were not tailor-made men. But their appearance and habits were not different to those of civilised farmers in any part of the world. Certainly there were some Boers at Diyatalawa whose culture and refinement would not have failed to make an impression on any assembly of men whatsoever. It must be remembered that the Boers constituted an entire race with necessarily varying types.

Let us try another source—the villagers who live round Diyatalawa, amongst whom the Boers moved for over two years and who were able to estimate their character. "Good men" is the unanimous verdict.

And so they were—simple, unsophisticated farmers most of them, deeply religious. It was pathetic to see them at camp poring over the Bible, drawing inspiration and comfort from its pages.

Among the prisoners of war at Diyatalawa were the two well known Generals, Roux and Olivier.

Paul Roux, the fighting parson, was a natural leader of men. Spare of figure, straight, tall, alert and well-groomed, he was destined to be great both as a spiritual leader and on the field of battle. He spoke English with the ease and grace of a cultured Englishman, and his light touch of humour made his conversation most attractive.

I asked him what he thought of Lyddite, a new form of explosive which was first used in the Boer War. "We don't like it at all" was his ready reply. "It spoils the colour of our trousers."

His occasional use of some Dutch word that was well known to us gave his conversation a special interest. "We were once trying to get the range of a gun that was worrying us" he observed "when we hit it and over it went like a *wafel*." And suiting the action to the word he turned the palm of one hand over on the other.

The good old town of Matara which has always borne a great reputation for its hospitality was more than once visited by General Roux. The hostess anxious to please reasoned in this wise. In the old recipes which have come down to us there are some highly seasoned curries. Let therefore a special effort be made to provide curries which are reminiscent of Dutch days. General Roux heroically stood his ground to the end of the meal and then observed:—"I have gone through many months of war without shedding a tear, but I very much feared I should do so today".

General Jan Hendrik Olivier was a magnificent physical specimen, tall, wide shouldered, clean limbed, with a great black beard slightly touched with grey. He had a fine head and forehead and searching dark eyes. He was responsible for the British reverse at Stormberg. "I had only one gun" he explained "which I quickly moved from point to point."

His knowledge of English was not extensive. One of the most respected members of our community requested him to be godfather to his infant son. He readily agreed, and when the infant Jan Hendrick Oliver, so named after him, was presented to him, he greeted him as follows, shaking him heartily by the hand:—"Hullo man (pronounced *mahn*) Goodbye! Goodbye!"

The greeting was sincere and came from the heart of the kindly man, though the phrasing was misconceived. What did that matter though? How many of us then could speak as much Dutch as he did English?

I was spending a Sunday afternoon at Haputale with some good friends of mine, a family from Colombo, who had come up for the two fold purpose of an up-country holiday and a visit to the Boer Camp. Seeing a party of Boers pass by along the road we invited them in.

The hostess asked them to sing and in response the Boers lifted up their voices and sang. It was a slow and monotonous tune, heartily and lengthily rendered. At the end of the performance our hostess felt she should say something and remarked it was very solemn. Ja! replied one of the Boers with surprise. It was a P-s-a-l-m (pronounced very much like solemn).

Later on, it was clear that something was troubling the mind of our worthy hostess. Her remark that the singing was solemn had been flung back at her by one of the Boers and now she had a new grievance. She had handed round cups of tea to the Boers



and every man on receiving his cup had said "Donkey". Alas! all they had said was "*Dankje!*" That was a quarter of a century ago, since which the Dutch language has made much progress in Ceylon.

About a hundred yards to the North East of the Survey Camp is the Boer Cemetery. It is sad to think that 140 Boers who had survived the dreadful tragedy of war and had arrived as prisoners of war in Ceylon did not live to return home when peace was declared.

There are 138 Boer graves marked by plain wooden crosses. Seven are unmarked as the great stone monument erected by the Government of South Africa in 1913 bears 140 names.

Some of these names, reminiscent of the great figures in the war or of special interest to Ceylon, are given below:—

Kruger, Oranje, Olivier, Roux, Steyn, Pretorius, Prinsloe, du Plessis, Van Rooyen, de Villiers, de Jonge, Laurens, Smith, Palm, de Klerk, Nel, de Bruin. The youngest in the roll of the dead is Douw van der Walt of Bloemfontein aged 16 years, and the oldest W. J. R. Bretz, also of Bloemfontein, aged 144 years. The latter's death is the last recorded with date 17th December, 1902. He had twice outlived the Psalmist's span of life. He had no doubt been in the Great Trek and had known the vicissitudes of good and evil fortune which his people had experienced during nearly a century and a half. And now that peace was declared, he had nothing left to live for. Like Simeon of old well might he have said "Lord now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in Peace; for my eyes have seen Thy Salvation."

Oh, the tragedy of those simple inscriptions on the plain wooden crosses. On the 23rd December 1900 there were six deaths and on the 24th December five deaths. An epidemic of enteric had broken out and the angel of death was busy. Public opinion was stired and Sir West Ridgeway took prompt action. Dr. T. F. Garvin, the ablest physician in the Government service, was immediately despatched in medical charge to Diyatalawa, and the prompt action he took saved the situation. But oh, the tragedy of it all and the thought of those brave men who never saw their homes again. One could weave such tragic situations. There are the two Prinsloes of Ficksberg, one aged 18 who died on the 15th March, 1901, and the other aged 51 who died on the 18th March. Were they father and son? And did the father not will to live when he had lost his son?

But let us leave the heroic dead there where they lie. Better there than in the congested area of a city, for they were accustomed to the silence of vast spaces in their homeland—

Under the wide and starry sky  
Dig the grave and let me lie!

## LIFE IN A THEOLOGICAL COLLEGE.

(By J. A. FOULIER, JNR.)

I wonder what the effect would have been if I had inserted the words "Medical College" instead of the last two words in the title of this article. I should have had no occasion to be surprised then, if, in the opinion of the majority of my readers the whole article seemed an unworthy encroachment-upon the valuable space in the pages of this magazine.

We know all about the Medical College and life there; we have heard much about it; we have experienced much of it, if not as students certainly as spectators of the Royal—Thomian Match on a dry, sunny March afternoon.

The Law College and its politics too are not unknown to many of us, but the words "Theological College"—seldom do we have occasion to use them. Yes, few of us have any definite ideas as to what a Theological College is like, the life there, the students, the professors, the studies. Perhaps at the very thought of such an Institution we at once get vague conceptions of some sombre, ivy-covered edifice somewhere in some unfrequented spot always to be avoided because of the odour of sanctity that meets one's nostrils as soon as he or she is in or anywhere near its precincts.

But if the reputation of a Theological College was so strange a one as all that it was not its fault. Those sane men were rather to blame whose Christianity it represented and who scoffed at the fruit of their blind Orthodoxy and narrowness of religious insight.

There is a proverb in Hindustani the substance of which is that when we hear stories about anything, we often like to clothe what we have heard with much that is drawn from our fertile imaginative powers to make the thing more attractive. Time goes on and these additions become so inseparable a part of what we have heard that we can hardly believe our eyes when on seeing the thing we discover it to be quite different to the mental picture we had formed of it. Yes, I who write this have often had this experience. My ideas of a Theological College which I had before I became a student therein had to undergo a thorough revision when I really became a member of it.

A Theological College to-day is not a refuge for the morose nor is it a haven for those eccentric hermits whose peculiar ways only excite the risible faculties of every sane person in whose company

they happen to be. The recluse-type has disappeared and instead we have now that type of theological student that likes to merge with rather than recede from society. Preachers of to-day want to *know* life, to enter into the various phases of it and study men therein; they want to know men as they are because they want to help men in their needs; if they fail in this then their existence might better be discouraged.

This is the spirit in any Theological College of repute, and I feel quite sure that in attempting to give an idea of life in a Theological College I am quite justified in citing the College at Bangalore as a fair example of a Theological College worthy of the name.

The United Theological College at Bangalore is modernistic, that it surely is, it wants to serve a modern world, a growing world, but it has yet another characteristic which renders it a certain type of modernistic institution—it is Indian. It represents a Christianity which besides standing loyally by the Church in meeting the world's problems, has set itself the tremendous task of meeting that Great Thirst after Truth which is everywhere active and ablaze in this Supreme Land of Marvels, Hindusthan.

Our College is Indian. It is run on Indian lines. Its students are Indians. It is to suit Indian conditions and needs. All our studies are in relation to the Great Culture and Philosophy of this Mighty Land.

The College is proud of having fostered within her graceful buildings representatives of almost all the parts of this little continent. We have had Maratas from the Bombay Presidency, Hindis from Allahbad, Bengalis from Calcutta, Telugus from the Andra Desha, Kanarese from the Mysore State, Tamils from the Madras Presidency, Malayalees from the Malabar Coast, and Sinhalese from South Ceylon—eight different races from eight different stocks, speaking different languages, used to different ways of thinking and acting, wearing different kinds of dress, accustomed to different kinds of diet. All these have lived together under the same roof as brothers of a family, studied, prayed, talked, eaten and shared experiences together. All have had to forgo much that they were accustomed to in their own homes and adapt themselves to their new surroundings, united under one Great Purpose—the building up of the Greater India—the Dharmaraj, the Kingdom of Faith and Love.

Perhaps in trying to give an idea of the life here I cannot do better than begin with a description of the beginning of the College Year.

College reopens as a rule on or about the 14th of July. One has only to arrive three or four days before the opening day; there is not a soul, the whole place is abandoned and desolate; the occasional cry of a screech owl might perhaps startle one who is not used to such a sound in other parts of the country. The whistling of kites on the roof above may proclaim that life is not extinct, and the howling of the jackals at night in the fields behind may remind one that nature is not asleep.

Gradually the Mali (Gardener) appears on the scene. The verandahs are swept and the garden tidied—the auspicious hour is at hand.

Not very long more to wait; soon the sound of numbers of little bells seems to come nearer and nearer. Tongas (little pony carts) appear on the scene, then human voices suddenly rend the still air and human life is present once more in the sequestered edifice. Soon the verandahs are full of luggage—trunks, baskets, beddings, attaché cases and tennis raquets. Silence is no more. Loud cheers thunder in from every side, old pals meet again, many a warm shake of hands and then the noise and uproar which I must leave the reader to imagine. Soon the College becomes a repetition of Pentecost. It is not one language that strikes the ear, no, Indians are proud of their languages and will not let them be lost. Let people of the same district meet anywhere, it is the mother-tongue that must come out and not English, which is the language of the classroom and no more. Tamil, Telugu, Hindi, Marati, all rend the air.

Bashful cringing forms appear here and there amidst the portals of the buildings, never willing to be gazed at too long—new students baffled at the high spirits of theological students. Will we be made the victims before the others in this horseplay? Will we be ducked in the tank close by? But they must muster up courage to encounter the veterans, otherwise their fate will be a bad one. They are terrified and astounded at seeing such un-padre like behaviour. Of course many come from homes of the "old school," so such thoughts and opinions are excusable.

The hours fly while the students are busy putting their rooms in order, then the bell goes off for dinner and with loud yells all make for the dining hall.

There the poor freshmen have to face odds. They feel themselves dragged forward at last and make the best of a bad job to face the situation.

Night falls and then there is a resting of weary limbs and fagged brains—many have come distances varying from a thousand to two thousand miles.

The next day is the Interview. Each student is called before the Faculty where he is questioned by the Principal as to the plans he means to adopt in his studies. Ten minutes with the Professors and then in the Hostel again. Catechized there, catechized here again. What did they say? What course did they ask you to adopt? And so on.

The days pass, the tea party at the Principal's bungalow comes and goes, the usual chatting ceases, work begins, late into the night do the lamps burn and theological students at Bangalore study hard, great bookworms they are called by other Theological Colleges in India, but we are amply repaid because our results top the list of passes in Theology every year in Serampore University.

College days demand a lot from us. At seven in the morning the bell goes off for Prayers, then drill in the open air and then tea. At 9-15 classes begin and go on till quarter to five in the evening, and then we are quite exhausted. No life for cricket or football; just a little volley ball in which the Professors often take part with us, then dinner and again study.

And so things go on. Public holidays come and go but we never have the pleasure of enjoying them. Our College gives no holidays except two vacations a year. On Saturday mornings we have our sermon class. Each Saturday a student is appointed to preach on a text chosen by himself and then he is criticized—literally pulled to pieces by students and professors alike—it is a class that one would fain escape. But of course the criticisms are not destructive, but are calculated to encourage and help the budding prophets of the times.

On Saturday evenings students are usually invited, three or four at a time, by one of the professors for dinner. This usually means of course a good long time out of the bookish atmosphere, still it is not the only means of recreation we have. Being a big city, Bangalore has some good parks, in the largest and best of which we have the Police Band play every Saturday. Then there are picture houses and other places of entertainment so welcome

on a Saturday evening after a week of arduous study—remember padres are also human beings!

As the term draws to a close people are as a rule less and less inclined for fun. Everybody is easily irritated and lights are seen burning at night considerably later than usual. Then comes the examination and the usual excitement that such an experience brings. This is the time for the last look up of all the subjects, Greek, Hebrew, New Testament, Critical Introduction, Old Testament, Church History, Philosophy, Hinduism, Ethics and so on.

After the answering of the papers comes as a necessary consequence of course the comparing of answers. Disappointment, remorse, glee, satisfaction, all arise to greet each other as the whole atmosphere rings with arguments, entreaties, criticisms and applauses.

Every fortnight there is the meeting of the Carey Society, where after prayer and a little talk we disperse in little groups for social work. This gives us an opportunity of coming in contact with different classes and seeing conditions of life around us. We also have here an opportunity of influencing many a person to a more serious consideration of his life.

Annually we have our Extension Course when important personages in India are invited to come and deliver lectures on different subjects, especially social and religious problems in India, so that we are widening our outlook and coming to know and understand things as they stand in a way that will enable us to present our message in a more effective way. It is an interesting time, this Extension Course. In the first place we are not burdened with College lectures these days but have almost the whole day to ourselves. Sometimes some of those invited to speak prove to be such outstanding men that we lose all count of time during their flights of oratory, and when this is the case we are not fit for anything else the rest of the day. The end of the College year is usually a sad time for many of us. It means that the final-year students are to say good-bye. We come from different parts of this great land and it is doubtful whether we will again meet those who have left us.

Finally, there is just one point which I should wish to mention. We have no laws in our College. There are no rules that we must be in at such a time, that we must not go here or there, that we must attend lectures and take part in the College activities. We manage and run our Hostel ourselves without any interference on the part of the Professors. We work together for its upkeep with a harmony and unison that is remarkable.



## BELING MEMORIAL ART EXHIBITION.

An exhibition of the paintings of the late Mr. W. W. Beling was held at the Union Hall from 23rd to 28th October, 1928. The exhibition consisted of a representative collection of the works of this great artist covering a period of about twenty-eight years, which had been specially got together from private collections in Ceylon. In addition to these there were also exhibited paintings of Mr. E. G. Koch, Miss Grace van Dort, Mr. Sam. A. Koch, Mr. Ernest van Dort, Mr. George Keyt, Mr. C. L. Beling, Mr. W. J. G. Beling, and Mr. Otto Scheinhammer. A special section of the Exhibition was organised by the Young Dutch Burgher Comrades comprising sketches and studies by members in and friends of that organisation.

The exhibition was opened on Tuesday, 23rd October, at 9-45 a.m. by His Excellency Sir Herbert Stanley, K.C.M.G., in the presence of a large and representative gathering. Before calling upon the Governor to do this, Dr. H. U. Leembruggen, the Chairman of the Exhibition Committee, gave a short sketch of Mr. Beling's career as an artist and explained the scope and object of the Exhibition. He regretted very much that their venerable President was not there to receive His Excellency and show him round in his own happy way. He wished to say a few words with regard to the inception and scope of that Exhibition. The late Mr. W. W. Beling died a very few months ago and his death had been a great loss to art circles in Ceylon. A few of his friends thought that the occasion was one to be marked by a Memorial Exhibition of his work. Unfortunately the best part of his work was not in Ceylon, discriminating collectors having carried it away. Sufficient, however, was left to show the talent he displayed in life.

Mr. Beling started painting at a very early age, and he very early caught the judge's eye. Dr. Leembruggen said he thought he was right in saying that about 40 years ago Mr. Beling's first picture took the prize at the art show. His Excellency would be interested to know that it was a picture of a race horse. Since then Mr. Beling had never looked back and no exhibition of the Art Society had taken place in which he had not carried away prizes. It was a matter of pride, Dr. Leembruggen said, to show His Excellency the work Mr. Beling had put in during 40 years of his life.

They had also tried to add to the historic value of the exhibition by getting in some pictures painted about a hundred years ago or even fifty years prior to that. They had in the family of Van Dorts four generations represented there. They had tried to keep that historic continuity and also tried to bring in various styles of works showing the latest examples of art.

It afforded them the deepest gratification to see His Excellency there and they were greatly encouraged by his presence for which they were very thankful to him. (Applause).

His Excellency in reply thanked those present and Dr. Leembruggen for the kind words of welcome which he had offered him, and the Dutch Burgher Union for the opportunity they had afforded him not only of associating himself with the good work which the Union was doing in the world of art, but also for the opportunity of seeing for himself something of the work of a great artist commemorated in that exhibition.

He had seen one or two of Mr. Beling's pictures since he had been in the Island, but he had not had the opportunity of seeing such a large collection, and forming an estimate of what his work really was like. He looked forward with great interest to seeing for himself a fairly representative exhibition of his work.

He felt that the Dutch Burgher Union was doing very useful service to the public in holding an exhibition of the sort, and also in proposing to devote any profits which might result to the furtherance of art in the Island.

It would be a mere platitude for him to say very much on the importance of art to the life of any country. It was recognized by everybody that art was one of the ingredients which made national life complete and gave it the greatest dignity which otherwise would be lacking.

They knew at any rate that the material welfare of the people should go hand in hand with the cult of beauty, and of those who spread that cult of beauty the artist played a very great part.

He was glad to know that interest was taken in art in Ceylon, and that opportunities were afforded by that and other art exhibitions for young artists to show their work, and for the general public to see what work those artists were doing.

He was interested in all that he had heard and read of the late Mr. Beling. He was a many-sided man. He was a distinguished public servant, a great sportsman, a good shot, and he must have been fond of horses.

Those were the traits which most endeared him to all, and that day they thought of him specially as one of the leaders of the artistic movement in this country. They all regretted that death should have removed him before he had completed his life work.

He was only 60 or 61 years of age and there was no reason why he should not have devoted more of his leisure, after leaving the Public Service, to further works of beauty.

That, however, could not be and they were glad to know that some of his talent had been inherited by one or more of his sons, and they hoped that they would carry on the traditions and add to the name of Beling still greater lustre in the history of the Island.

Speaking for himself, he thought they had in Ceylon a very good field for art, not only in the Burgher community, which traced its ancestry to one of the most distinguished artistic peoples in Europe whose works were found in every gallery where works of art were collected, but also among the Sinhalese and Tamils, where there was great artistic feeling and artistic promise, which, if it had not achieved much in the creation of individual style, and had not displayed very much originality, was due to lack of opportunity and training.

The artistic sense, however, was there. He had seen it exhibited in school children's pictures. He had seen the sense of line, the sense of beauty and design. There was a great decorative taste in Ceylon.

He had been amazed on many occasions when he had seen the extraordinarily tasteful manner in which fishermen and villagers had decorated their houses, pandals and fishing boats. They had done it all in good taste, which showed a really artistic sense, which was capable of development.

He hoped that as education spread in the Island due attention would be paid to that side of the people's talent, and that they would be given greater opportunities of developing their artistic sense than they had been afforded in the past.

An exhibition such as that was an object lesson to many of them, and he hoped it would lead to still greater development in the future.

He wished the exhibition every success financially as well as in a more aesthetic sense. He trusted that they would not relax their efforts to carry out the proposed scheme which would give a real impetus to the study and progress of art in Ceylon.

He had great pleasure in declaring the exhibition open. (Applause).

His Excellency was then introduced to Mrs. Beling and Mr. C. L. Beling after which he was conducted round the exhibition by Dr. Leembruggen.

## FOLKLORE AND LEGEND.

### "SWAMY ROCK."

(By R. L. B.)

Looking across the maidan of Trincomalee, the effect of the serrated promontory known as Fort Frederick is that of some gigantic battlement. And so it was in the days gone past, as its very name implies. To-day—as a fortification it stands derelict.

If you will wander afoot with the writer over the narrow neck of flat land which connects this peninsula to the mainland, you first pass through an olden gate-way. Then climbing up a gentle slope you come upon a group of buildings used as residential quarters and offices by the Irrigation Department. Penetrating further over this rocky outcrop, you meet with gun-emplacements clothed in tanglements of scrub, empty barrack-rooms, an old Dutch burial-ground with tombstones moss-covered and disintegrated with age, and also a little patch of jungle which harbours a plentiful collection of semi-wild deer. Still further, and very near the extreme end, you come to a deep ravine, down which the monsoon winds rush howling.

If you enquire, this ravine you will be told is "Ravana's Cut," by which is meant that it is a cleft in the rock caused by the single sword-cut of a mighty mythical king called Ravana!

However, crossing over you stand on Swamy Rock. It affords a picture which no pen may adequately portray. On the one face of its precipitous sides the unchecked waves of the open ocean vent their fury and break in never ending melancholy four hundred feet below. On the other, there rises up the murmur of the ripples which sweep over the expanse of Dutch Bay.

As you gaze round, you see, beyond the green wooded islets which rise out from the waters of the land-looked harbour, little groups of hills culminating in the dim distance in the mountain frontiers of Central Ceylon. Overlook the town, and on all sides there stretches a sea of jungle as far as the eye can reach. Over all there reigns an immemorial peace. Little wonder that in such a setting, forlorn yet majestic, folklore and legend weave stories which breathe of adoration, romance and tragedy.

\* \* \* \* \*

Long, long ago, a Hindu king who reigned over a territory in the Dekkan was warned by an oracle of a great calamity which was to befall his kingdom. This same oracle also decreed that the only means of averting it was by offering the king's infant daughter as a sacrifice to the gods of the seas. Rather than that the whole kingdom should suffer, the infant princess was set adrift at the mercy of wind and tide, in a boat constructed of fragrant sandal wood.

Notwithstanding all the dangers of the deep, this frail craft was cast ashore on the coast of Ceylon, at a spot in the vicinity of Trincomalee which bears the name Pannoa, meaning "the smiling infant." Here she was found, tells the legend, and was forthwith carried to the palace of an aged and childless king who reigned over the territory. This monarch was so pleased at what, he felt convinced, was a gift from the gods, that he adopted the child, and later, on his death, left to her the care of his kingdom.

About this time, a Hindu Prince happened to read in the "Puranas" or sacred books, of the wonders of "Trukkonatamalai" or the city over which the god Konata reigned as tutelary deity. It was in that city he learnt there stood a fragment of the sacred mountain of Meru, flung to its present site in the course of a mighty conflict between the gods. Pondering over it, he decided to make a pilgrimage to worship the relic and to build a temple on the spot. The princess of our story, resenting the intrusion, sent an army to expel him. Yet, it would appear that matters ended very happily, and the hostile force was withdrawn on her accepting him as her husband.

In this manner, recounts tradition, there came to be erected on Swamy Rock the "Temple of a thousand columns," with a spire in bronze three storeys high, a pavilion, and a sacred cistern.

But we have digressed from the story which, skipping over many years, tells that in the fulness of time the princess died. The prince, bowed with grief, repaired to the temple. "Having performed ablution at the sacred pool and wearing round his head a wreath of *uruttiradcha* beads, and having painted his forehead with the holy ashes, walked round the court-yard of the temple holding in his hand a nosegay of flowers. He then entered into the most sacred sanctum for oblation and prayer." He remained there so long that it aroused the apprehensions of his courtiers, who, on

going in to look for him, found that he was transformed into a golden lotus which rested on the shrine of the god.

However, of these things we are only told. They appear as tantalising shadows which flicker through the mists which obscure the centuries that have elapsed since the year 512 of Kaliyuga or 1589 B.C. Yet, we may rightly believe that kings and courtiers and devout pilgrims continued to worship at this shrine, which might have remained to the present day as a venerable relic had not the misguided religious zeal of the Portuguese razed it to the ground.

With its material they built themselves a fort against their enemy the Dutch, in the year 1622. One of its carved stones is set in the old gate-way, many are possibly buried away in rampart wall and bastion, while what would appear to be yet another fragment of a pillar crowns the highest point of Swamy Rock.

\* \* \*

This takes us over to another story. So, climbing up to the singular monument directly overlooking the sea, we trace out the following inscription scratched over its weather-worn face:—

Tot Gedachtenis  
van Francina van  
Rhede vrouw van  
Mydregt Desen  
A<sup>o</sup> 1687: 24 April  
Opgeregt.

Francina was the daughter of a gentleman of rank in the service of the Dutch East India Company, and belonged to one of the noblest families of Holland. She was engaged to be married to an officer of the Company who was stationed in Trincomalee. His term of foreign service was nearly over and they possibly intended to sail home together. Yet, for what reason we are not told, when the time for his departure eventually drew near, he embarked alone.

Francina had however not said her last farewell. From the summit of the basalt cliff she watched the movements of the ship which carried away her fickle lover. On, on, came the vessel, close in and parallel to the precipice on which she stood silhouetted against the blue sky-line.

Standing on deck, he no doubt saw her as they drew nearer and nearer in, to tack and then make sail for the open sea,



She gazed distractedly, watching every movement of the vessel, the end of a fluttering kerchief clutched tightly in her raised hand. Then, at the moment it turned and with bulging sail swiftly lurched forward, she plunged from the dizzy height.

Down, down she fell through intervening space, within sight of her faithless lover, until the tumultuous waves, roaring out a peal of satanic laughter, hid her for ever from view.

\* \* \*

"Whatever may be the Ceylon tradition," states "X," a correspondent to the Ceylon Literary Register of 1886, "this Francina, lady of Mydrecht, was married to Anthoni Karel Van Panhuis in Voom, so that at the time of her death she must have been a fair impulsive widow. Her father was Hendrik Adrian van Reede, Lord of Drakestein, afterwards in 1680, Knight, *beleend met de Ridder-schap des Lands van Utrecht*."

"Francina was an only daughter. Sergt. Major Hendrik van Reede was in Ceylon in 1668, when in October of the same year he was sent with a force to Ruenella (Ruwanwela) to wreak vengeance on the king of Kandy whose emissaries had suddenly attacked the Company's servants.....In 1687 we find him *Commissaris of the Coromandel coast* and it was during his tenure of office as such that Francina took the fearful leap."†

\* \* \*

One evening, a few years ago, I was wandering over the dismantled fortifications of Fort Frederick, when a strange assembly which had gathered on Swamy Rock caught my eye.

As I drew nearer, there floated down the monotonous, rhythmic intonations of a strange litany. It was a priest who was chanting

† Mr. R. G. Anthonisz in his "Report on the Dutch Records" states (p. 39):—"It seems a pity to destroy the foundations of an interesting legend of this kind; but I fear that the facts disclosed by the records and other authentic authorities do not support the story in any way. Francina van Rhede appears to have been the daughter of Hendrik Adriaan van Rhede, Lord of Mydrecht, but she did not die as stated; because she long survived the erection of the monument, having in fact outlived her father. She was twice married, viz., first to Maurits Cesar de la Boye, Captain in the East India Company Service, who died at Colombo, 14th February, 1793; and secondly, in 1694, to Anthony Karel van Panhuys, son of Bartholomeus van Panhuys, Lord of Voorn. Some other explanation would therefore have to be found for the monument."—*Ed., D. B. U. Journal.*

—a Brahman, girded in a loin-cloth of the palest dirty pink, with string upon string of *wuttiradcha* beads thrown over his shoulders. Carefully observing a ritual, he raised the offerings which the faithful gathered round him had brought as gifts to their god. Then, proceeding to the edge of the crag, he cast them one by one into the ocean below, cocoanuts and bags of paddy, betel, plantain, curd and ghee.

Next, they kindled a fire on the summit, which cast a ghostly lurid light over the gathering gloom. Using the ash from this fire, they smeared their bodies, one and all. Then leaning over, some holding burning torches in their hands, the priest swinging a brass censer which emitted the fragrant odour of incense, they gazed into the seething waters far below.

The temple rises reconstructed, they say, in the bed of the ocean, and that betwix the twilight and the murk, the rays from its brazen pagoda are reflected in the sky in flashes of gold.

And moreover, if one were to look when it is dark or nearly dark, it would appear that the ghostly form of an European soldier, who once entered and defiled the temple and thereby met with his death, may yet be seen by the faithful, down under the sea.

Thus is the story of Swamy Rock, told and retold. By this simple ritual it lives enshrined in the hearts of conservative traditionalists.

To visit Trincomalee and not to visit this historic rock, "is to be mighty self-denying of one's pleasures."



## GLIMPSES OF HOLLAND.

It was spring in England, and, like many things there, much overrated. Sunless, cold, and damp, we decided to fold up our tents and journey to the land of delectable green levels, broken only by homesteads and windmills and an occasional mysterious sail, of gleaming waterways, of black and white cows, and last but not least, of galleries filled with an astonishing wealth of superb paintings—Holland.

Our journey from Victoria to Gravesend was uneventful. We went on board "The Batavier IV", one of the famous Batavier line which has been plying between Gravesend and Rotterdam since 1865. We stayed on deck for an hour or so to watch the sun set on the Thames, then went below to get some dinner and broach our Dutch. We were four at table—a Pole, a Scotchman and two Dutchmen from Ceylon. The others fearing rough weather were already in their bunks. The Pole, knowing no language but his own, was silent; the Scot, with a like qualification, kept us thrilled with his experiences. At fourteen he ran away to sea and worked for two and a half years in a windjammer. That was many years ago. He is now Chief Engineer of an oil boat. Though a typical Highlander, he hated the winter cold. "Me and my engines work best in a temperature of 110 F., but as for being in Sauciehall St., in December, why I'd rrrather be wrrecked in a desert island on New Yearrr's Day than thaat" he was heard to say when discussing the condition of the British Isles under the recent winter snow.

Next day we were up at six to watch the scenery of the Maas. To bring before the reader's mind Rotterdam as seen from the Maas, to describe the wide stretches of water, the wide stretches of masts, the ships of all description, is beyond me, and besides, an attempt to do so will make this article, which is really supposed to give a few glimpses of Holland, much too long. So let us hurry out of the good ship "Batavier IV" and see what there is for us in the land whence our fathers came. When we had left the boat and finished with the Customs officials, who scarcely looked at our things, we came in contact with one trait in the Dutch character that we met again and again throughout our visit, that is, their solicitude for strangers. We have travelled a good bit on the Continent and lived off and on for some years in the British Isles.

We are used to the sullen English porter, the brusqueness of the French porter, the civility of the Swiss porter, but nowhere have we met with such eagerness and anxiety to minister to every need of the stranger than among the Dutch porters and indeed among all Dutchmen and women.

We were taken in charge by a railway official. We did not think of him as a porter for all he did for us. He took us and our baggage to the *tram halte* where we were carefully instructed as to what tram we should take, how much we should pay, where we should alight, the land marks on our route, how we should know when we arrived at our destination. This little talk was really a ten minute-lecture on the sights of Rotterdam. Just then our tram came in. We were given in charge of the driver. It was an "*een man wagen*." He drove the tram and collected fares as well. Busy as he was he found time to chat to us, and when we arrived at the Central Station, to walk with us up to the booking office. Reader, I don't think you believe us. Go to Holland and convince yourself.

In the railway we revelled in an atmosphere which was essentially Dutch. The odour of good cigars, which are as common in Holland as wine in France, filled the compartment. The Dutchman is as careful of his cigar when it is reduced to ashes as when it is in his case; for when one of us in an unguarded moment flicked the ash off his cigar on the floor, he was politely shown the neat little black box that hangs from the arm of the seat.

In our railway journey to the Hague we again experienced the kindly courtesy of the Dutch. We fell into conversation with two men in the compartment, and when they left us at Delft, they took off their hats, shook us warmly by the hand, and wishing us "*bon voyage*" went their way.

One thing that impressed us much in Holland is the means of transport used by the man in the street. The first thing I saw in Holland was a bicycle, the last thing I saw in Holland was the pilot who was to take our boat down the Maas riding up on a bicycle. A bicycle is called in Holland a "*fiets*" which implies swiftness and lightness. It sounds so much like the sound made by a puncture, perhaps that is its true origin. These rotary machines are used by everybody. The University student rides to and from his lecture on a battered but still serviceable one. The sportsman

goes to watch a football match on one. The prosperous business man has probably several, one for everyday use, one for going to church on Sundays. Every *meisje* has one, so has her *jongen*, and it is not an unusual sight to see the *jongen* riding by her side with one hand on the handle bar and the other on her shoulders.

Next to the *flets*, one sees when wandering about the fields of Holland another means of conveyance, not of humans but of produce, which corresponds to the bullock carts of our country. It does not however travel on the Queen's highway but in canals—the barge. These are to be seen everywhere like the Ford car or perhaps now the Austin 7. Proudly they move with sails set or towed by horse or man carrying the produce of the farm to market in the cheapest and most effective way. In years past these barges were used to a great extent in Ceylon too, but with the disappearance of the Dutch power, the canals constructed by Dutch Engineers have disappeared or are fast silting up, and this form of conveyance is now little used.

Good wine needs no bush and Dutch cleanliness needs no advertisement. It is apparent everywhere. The Englishwoman says: "It is a fine day, let us go shopping" The Dutch *vrouw* says: "We have half an hour to spare. Let us clean something." If cleaning is the sign of spring, then spring is perpetually in Holland. We received these general impressions on our taxi drive from the Hague Station to the *Bureau van Vreemdelingen Verkeer*. This institution, which corresponds to the French *Syndicat d'initiative*, has no counterpart in England. It is an office generally found near the station, which supplies the tourist with all information that he may need. Here we were most kindly given the address of a good pension where we obtained a double bedroom, a private sitting room and bath, and all food for 5 gulden a day per person. I give these figures as a contradiction to the statement that hotels and pensions are expensive in Holland. If a little care is taken beforehand and the good people at a *Vreemdelingen Verkeer* office consulted, comfortable rooms can be obtained at a moderate price. Of course there are expensive hotels, but they are run for rich Americans.

We reached the Hague in the forenoon and settled ourselves comfortably with the help of the *Bureau van Vreemdeling Verkeer* in 13/16, Naussau Zuilenstein Straat, owned by Mevr. Nusse, and

this good landlady helped us greatly in the work we had to do and in sight seeing. In the afternoon, after a good Dutch lunch, we set out to visit Maurits Huis. On the way we noticed a crowd outside a house on the Lange Voorhout, the Place de la Concorde of the Hague, so we waited to see what was coming. Soon a stately old lady walked out of the house into her car, a soldier presented arms, and the car drove off. The men among the crowd removed their hats and so did we. On enquiring from an old gentleman as to who she was, we were surprised to hear that she was the *Koningin Moeder*. The Dutch take their Royalty very sensibly and calmly.

We then walked along the Vijver till we reached the Maurits Huis. The first picture we saw as we entered the gallery was Rembrandt's Anatomy lesson—Hermanzoon Rembrandt van Rijn to give him his full name. He is Holland's greatest painter—he dominates the whole Dutch School. Every method of art practised at that time reached in him its highest expression. He paints the real while suggesting the ideal. This is one of his great works. In this we see his wonderful fidelity to the real. On the table is a dead body—a medical man will appreciate the reality of the painting, the subject being one he has seen so often in the anatomy room. The professor has picked up a dissected muscle with the forceps and is evidently giving its relations or its actions, and you almost see the other hand emphasising his words by its movements. Here we see the wonderful treatment of light and shade. He focuses the light on the body and the hands of the Surgeon and brings out in relief the faces of the pupils and their character. Look at the hands of the professor—they are fine and delicate but firm and quick. They are the hands that painted the splash of yellow on the Lieutenant's coat in that great picture, the *Nacht Wacht*, they are the hands that painted the wrinkles in the forehead of the old man whose portrait is one of the gems of the National Gallery. In fact no more can be said of them, they are Rembrandt's hands. Look at the face of the professor—calm and full of knowledge. A contrast to those of the students around him. Some are amazed, some, keenly interested, grasp fully the master's meaning, some are doubtful, some follow him with difficulty. Each one though a portrait in itself combines with the others to form a superb work of art.



After passing through the hall of Rubens, whose florid colouring and exaggerated Anatomy limit his appeal, we come on Paul Potter's Bull. This picture is of a totally different kind to the Anatomy lesson. Here we are in a little corner of Arcadia. An old farmer looks over the hedge at his cattle, a fine spirited young bull, a placid cow and a few goats. The bull is standing up with head erect. He stands for youth, conscious of strength and self-confident. Life lies before him and he is ready to grasp it with both hands.

Then we notice the cow. She is lying patiently under the shadow of the tree. The resting body and the calm eyes portray the traveller who has passed through many accidents on the journey of life and is now calmly awaiting the end of all things. The old farmer is proud of his possessions and thinks what a large sum of money he will get when all these beasts have gone to the butcher.

With great reluctance we left these two beautiful paintings with the resolution to see them again soon. We then wandered along the banks of rivers and lingered for a short while in the fields of Cuijp and Ruijsdael. We met the austere Princes and Stadholders by various painters and suddenly found ourselves with Jan Steen. He is full of humour, he laughs loud and joyfully, and considering we spent so many minutes in the Anatomy Class, we required an antidote to our spirits and we found it in Jan Steen. He does not introduce you to saints on clouds, nor to royalty on horse-back, nor to palaces of the mighty, but takes you gently by village paths to the humble cottages of peasants, to their sick rooms and to their banqueting hall, the village taverns. Jan Steen is the greatest painter of Dutch peasant life. He is thoroughly open, hides nothing, there is nothing of the hypocrite in him and in his painting. A spade is called a spade. He is the painter without equal of unrestrained mirth. of "laughter holding both his sides." One of his paintings is "Zoo d'ouden zongen, zoo pypen de jonghen," where he has painted himself laughing while teaching his son to smoke from his father's pipe.

An epitaph has been written of this painter, and as most of our community is familiar with Dutch of the 17th and 18th centuries, I do not hesitate to quote it here without translation. As you see, it plays on the name Steen.

Deze Steen dekt Jan Steen  
Van de Konstenaars geen  
Zoo geestig in 't schilderen;  
Zijn Penceelkonst berucht,  
Toont, hoe menschen de Tucht  
Ontwent, Steets Verwilderden.

We know now that he was an honourable man, a good citizen, a jolly father of a happy family.

We have stood long by the pictures of Jan Steen, for we felt that here was a man who lived in the time our fathers came out to this Island who in character resemble him. Happy go lucky, cellars full of wine, store rooms full of foodstuffs from the homeland, house full of slaves. They enjoyed life, for life was very short then in the tropics, and gave no thought for the morrow, for they knew not what the morrow would bring. Who can blame them.

Just before we left we found the third jewel in the crown of the Mauritshuis. It was discovered by my companion and this is how he writes of it: "Except for the Italian Dutch School at the Rijks Museum, Amsterdam, Vermeer's 'Head of a Girl' is the only portrait by a Dutch painter that is not essentially Dutch. No other Hollander ever infused such cool freshness into his paintings. When I looked at the blue of the girl's head dress, which in itself is worth a journey to Holland, I heard the tinkling splash of fountains, the murmur of streams running by green ferns and over mossy stones. When I looked into the eyes of the girl I looked into depths of silent pools stirred by no breeze. She is one of the most beautiful girls ever painted." We do not know if we can subscribe to this rhapsody, but you must remember it was spring, real spring in Holland.

After we left the Mauritshuis we collected our bewildered thoughts over Dutch beer and cheese, both excellent things as you know. Then we went out for a walk. We strolled through the Lange Pooten and the various *Grachts, Kades, Straats* and *Wegs* that lead into and away from it till we obtained a good impression of the town as a whole. In the neighbourhood of the *Gevangen poort* the buildings were in the orthodox style, but elsewhere the new architecture had taken a firm hold. We know nothing of Architecture, but the straight lines, the plain walls, the peculiar windows and the flat roofs seemed more beautiful than the tawdry ornamentation of the typical Victorian mansions. The new buildings are massive castles adapted to peaceful times.

The next morning we set out for a walk in the *Haagsche Bosch*. As we approached the entrance, we heard a sullen growl which grew to an angry snarl till we reached the Bosch, when it burst into the furious barkings of battalions of dogs. The sight that met our eyes was indescribably strange. A number of market

carts had been left in rows while their owners were resting after the early morning march into the town. Underneath these carts dogs were harnessed, a pair to each cart. These impatient animals were rending the air with roars fit to wake the dead, which however did not rouse their stolid masters, who evidently were drinking their coffee in a Café nearby. When one did eventually leave the Café to wend his weary way home, the faces of the dogs were lit up with such serene rapture and with such eagerness, that we thought each pair was a reincarnation of Cleobis and Bito, who drew their mother in a chariot five and forty furlongs to a feast of Juno.

Leaving the dogs behind us we entered the famous Haagsche Bosch. The Dutch are a methodical race; their trees are allowed to grow only if they grow regularly. They plant them in straight rows equidistant from each other, and prune them to a standard size. The Haagsche Bosch is the only place I know where they have kept their hands off their trees, but even here they run scores of straight gravelled paths under the trees.

After walking for a while in the glorious Bosch, turning green in the sunny spring time, we turned into *Het Huis ten Bosch*. This is a small but well arranged and interesting museum. We were first shown some astonishing pictures by de Witt. These at a distance of ten feet look exactly like bas relief of a kind that are commonly seen over mantle pieces and ceilings, but when they are touched they turn out to be ordinary flat paintings. There are also at *Het Huis ten Bosch* some beautiful Chinese and Japanese rooms. In one of these we saw a chandelier made up of a tea service, the cups and saucers being used for the candle stands and the tea-pot as the main stem. The central room of the *Huis ten Bosch* is the Peace Room. This is a circular domed room, not very big, whose walls are entirely covered with paintings by Rubens' pupils. There was one painting by the well known Flemish painter Jacob Jordaens "de Triomf tocht van Frederik Hendrik," but its actual position is gone out of memory.

Out of this room we pass through a doorway which had an interesting history. It was a double doorway; on one portal was a picture of Hercules and on the other one of Minerva, the motif being that Strength and Wisdom should open the door for the entrance of Peace. Isn't that typically Dutch?

Readers, if we have bored you we apologize. If we have interested you and turned your thoughts to the land of your fathers, we are happy.

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

(Compiled by R. G. ANTHONISZ)

(Continued from page 91.)

A.D. 1711.

- |           |   |
|-----------|---|
| 20 Jan.   | —Frederyck Wevels van Munster, jongman met Susanna Joncker, jonge dogter van Colombo.   |
| 31 do     | —Joannes Muyskens van Colombo, adhist. jongman, met Agnita Schot van Colombo, jonge dogter.   |
| do        | —Angelo van Geysel, onderchirurg. weduwenaar, met Anna Solter van Colombo, jonge dogter.  |
| 8 Feb.    | —Frederyck Swertse van Bremen, adhist. jongman, met Catharina Heydelbergh van Colombo, jonge dogter.  |
| 15 do     | —Daniel Prior van Heydelbergh, coster, jongman, met Florentia de Zuar van Colombo, jonge dogter.  |
| 1 Maart.  | —Anthony Sicket van Hesse in Lombardye, corp. weduwenaar met Isabella Vaas van Colombo, weduwe.   |
| do        | —Nikolaas Martyn van Colombo, Kuyper, jongman, met Marya Gerrits van Colombo, jonge dogter.   |
| 15 do     | —Lambert van Samper, adhist. jongman, met Susanna Verbiest van Colombo, jonge dogter.   |
| 29 do     | —Dirck Mauritsz van Bergen, quartiermr. jongman met Anna Foyt van Negombo, jonge dogter.  |
| 19 April. | —Louis Tosyn van Colombo, soldaat, weduwenaar, met Marya Cornelisz van Colombo, jonge dogter.   |
| 3 May.    | —Kornelis Galekam van Colombo, adhist. jongman, met Magdalena Stadlander van Colombo, jonge dogter.   |
| 24 do     | —Frederyck Sweet van Ceulen, vaandrigh, jongman, met Marya Thilo van Colombo, weduwe van wylen Bavo Elsearius Pool in syn leven vaandrigh.                                |
| do        | —Pieter Byl van Colombo, busschemaker, jonghman met Abigail Flock van Colombo, jonge dogter.  |
| 7 Juny.   | —Jodions Wilhelm Hildebrand van Batavia, boekhouder, jongman, met Geertruyda de Haan van Colombo, weduwe van Johannes Kroytsman, boekhouder en commissaris van den areek. |
| 21 do     | —Jan Juriaan Ripmeyer van Minden, stalmeester alhier, jongman, met Elizabeth van Halen van Colombo, jonge dogter.   |

- 23 Augustus.—Anthony de Cauw van Colombo, jongman, vryburger alhier, met Adriana Blume van Colombo, jonge dogter.
- 25 October —Dirk Bierens van Tutucoryn, boekhouder, jongman, met Catharina Toorzee van Colombo, jonge dogter.
- 1 November.—Ryklof Kriekenbeek van Nigombo, adsistent, jongman, met Adriana Elisabeth Pluymert van Colombo, jonge dogter.
- 8 do. —Joan Pegalotti van Colombo, jongman, met Rebecca Schot mede van Colombo, jonge dogter.
- 29 do —Henrick Henricksz van Colombo, soldaat, jongman, met Pasquella Tissera van Colombo, jonge dogter.
- 27 December.—Daniel Backker van Colombo, vryburger, jongman, met Ursela de Broeder van Colombo, weduwe van wylen den swaartveger Robert Siliaansz.

## A.D. 1712.

- 3 Jan. —Hendrik Willemse Koetz van Colombo, scheepstimmerman, met Maria Casperze van Gale, vryevrouw.
- 24 Febr. —Thomas Santyn van Colombo, boekhouder, wedr., met Adriana de Kretser mede van Colombo, jonge dogter.
- 28 do —Jochem Dirkze van Gale, soldaat, met Rebecca Clement van Colombo, jonge dogter.
- 6 Maart. —Barend Harmenze Dykhoff van Osnabrugge, procur alhier, jongman, met Elisabeth Borman van Colombo, jonge dogter.
- 27 do —Matthijs Zeylder van Colombo, vrybr. jongman met Catharina van Dorth van Colombo, jonge dogter.
- 10 April. —Barend Samlant van Colombo, adsistent, en jongman in dienst der E. Comp. met Johanna Clara Emansz, van Colombo, jonge dogter.
- 15 Mey —Abraham de Ligt van Rotterdam, jong hoog-bootsman in dienst der E. Comp. jongman, met Margarita de Jas van Colombo, jonge dogter.
- 19 Juny. —Michiel Panneel van Middelburg, onderkoopman en pl. Fiscaal alhier, weduwenaar met Sophia Weyns van Haarlem, wed. wylen den boekhonder Jan van Dam, saliger.
- 26 do —Jochem Rombout van Stavoren, baas molenaar, jongman, met Jebel Wingelhof van Colombo, jonge dogter.
- 24 July. —Willem Kruyce van Middelburg, boekhouder, jongman, met Helena Elisabeth van den Burg van Colombo, jonge dogter.

- 7 Augustus.—Adriaan van Langenhoven van Amsterdam, onderchirurgyn, jongman, met Andresa de Kretser van Colombo, jonge dogter.
- 14 do —Andries Simonsz Schynvoet van Amsterdam, corporaal weduwenaar, met Elsie Arentsz van Hangwelle, jonge dogter.
- 12 do —Direk Hannarius van Cassel, sergt. jongman met Ursula van Gubick van Colombo, vrye vrouw.
- 1 October. —Harman Smit van Colombo, lademaker, jongman, met Maria Marchiant van Colombo, jonge dogter.
- do. —Barent van Kestelen, geelgieter, jongman, met Maria Prince van Colombo, weduwe.
- 23 do —Hendrick van Ryschooten van Batticalao, boekhouder, jongman, met Marciana Ledulx van Colombo, jonge dogter.
- 30 do —Anthony Siquet van Normandyen, Corporaal in dienst der E. Comp. weduwenaar, met Helena de Mel van Colombo, weduwe.
- 27 November.—Jacobus de Jong van Uytrecht, bosschieter, jongman, met Helena Cassier van Colombo, jonge dogter.
- do —Harman Gerritze van Colombo, jongman, met Anna Noppeny van Tutucorin, jonge dogter.
- 18 December.—Frederik Walraaven Necker van Sevenbergen, weduwenaar, en luytenant van de Artillery, met Anna Grel van Colombo, jonge dogter.
- do —Hermanns Hendrikse Hekman van Amsterdam, gerechtsbode alhier, jongman, met Anna Mons van Colombo, weduwe van Joannes de Wit.
- do —Jan Jansse Kroon uyt de Haag by Lyden, provis. onderstierman, jongman, met Magdalene de Wit van Jaffanap., jonge dogter.
- do —Cornelis Quickelenburg van Amsterdam, onderstierman, jongman, met Anna de Wit van Jaffanap., jonge dogter.
- do —Pieter Borgmolen van Rotterdam, adsistent, jongman, met Cornelia de Boot van Colombo weduwe van den Vryburger Joannes Baak.
- 25 do —Josin Pelle van Nimwegen, sergiant, jongman, met Anna van Ravensway van 's Hertogenbosch, weduwe van wylen den boekhouder Martinus Leermans.

(To be continued.)



## DESCRIPTION OF A DUTCH EAST INDIAMAN.\*

Dutch East Indiamen were not all the same size. If they were to be really serviceable for the Company's purpose, the first essential was that they should be strongly built. This was necessary to enable them to withstand wind and weather and also that they may carry a large amount of cargo. The normal cargo of an East Indiaman was 700 lasts, each last being reckoned as equal to 4,000 Dutch pounds, but consisted in actual practice of as much cargo as occupied 42 cubic feet of space. There were, however some kinds of cargo that differed markedly from the ordinary type, in proportion of size to weight, being either light but bulky or the reverse, and for goods of this sort there was a separate scale. Thus, for example, eight hogsheads of wine were reckoned as a last, so also five casks of brandy, five casks of dried prunes, twelve tuns of herrings, thirteen tuns of tar, three thousand six hundred pounds of almonds, seven *quarteels* of blubber (a *quarteel* was a measure used by the Dutch East India Company for determining the quantities of liquids—for wine pipes, casks or hogsheads (ten Dale)) four pipes of oil, two thousand pounds of wool, etc.

The following measurements represented the size of a ship that could take 700 lasts of cargo:—

The width of the ship at its broadest point above water ... ..	42 feet
The length of the keel ... ..	182 "
The breadth of the keel ... ..	2 "
The thickness of the keel ... ..	2 "
The height of the cargo space ... ..	17 "
The height of the second deck ... ..	7 "
The height of the third deck ... ..	5 "
The height of the bulwarks ... ..	5 "
The length of the galleon in the fore part of the ship	32 "
The breadth of the galleon in the fore part of the ship ... ..	28 "
The height of the stern from the keel to above the rudder or below the cabin ... ..	28 "
The height of the cabin ... ..	9 "

\* See "Notes and Queries."

The height of the deck house above the cabin (where the Captain's quarters are) ...	7 feet
The height of the mainmast, in all ...	170 "
The height of the foremast ...	140 "
The height of the mizzen mast ...	70 "
The length of the bowsprit ...	80 "
The breadth of the crows-nest on the main mast ...	18 "
The weight of each of the three large anchors ...	38-40 cwt.
The weight of the largest sheet anchor ...	45-46 "
The anchor cable was 18-20 inches round.	

A ship of this size in time of peace usually carried between 280 and 300 men. The following table shows the different ranks together with the pay each one received:—

### Officers.

	† Gulden per month.
The Captain—according to the length of time he has commanded a ship ...	recd. 50—80
The first mate ... ..	40
The second mate ... ..	30
Two third mates— <i>derde waacks</i> —each of whom ...	20
The seur or book-keeper—when there is not an undermerchant on board ...	30
The doctor ... ..	30
The domine or sick comforter ... ..	20
The boatswain ... ..	20
The schiemann or boatswain's mate ... ..	20
The gunner ... ..	20
The upper ship's carpenter ... ..	24
The commander or sergeant of the soldiers ...	20
The botellier or steward ... ..	20
The cook ... ..	20
The upper sail maker ... ..	20
The upper cooper ... ..	20
The second doctor ... ..	20
The master carpenter ... ..	20
The under ship's carpenter ... ..	20
The trumpeter—when there was one ...	20

† The Dutch Gulden = 20 Stuivers = 1s. 8d.

**Petty Officers.**

	Gulden per month.
The under-boatswain ... ..	recd. 14
The under-boatswain's mate ... ..	" 14
Three under-gunners, each of whom ... ..	" 14
The under-steward ... ..	" 14
The under-cook ... ..	" 14
The under-sailmaker ... ..	" 14
The under-cooper ... ..	" 14
The under-carpenter ... ..	" 14
Two under-ship's carpenters, each of whom ... ..	" 14
The under-doctor ... ..	" 14
The ship's corporal—who was either a smith or a locksmith ... ..	" 14
Four quartermasters, each of whom ... ..	" 14
Two soldier corporals— <i>landspassate</i> —each of whom ... ..	" 12
The provost ... ..	" 12

**Soldiers.**

Six, eight or ten adelborsts—who were in fact nothing but common soldiers, but who were favoured and received extra pay—each of whom ... ..	" 10
Fifty soldiers, each of whom ... ..	" 9

**Sailors.**

Forty to fifty experienced sailors—able to perform all the work of a ship—each of whom ... ..	" 11
Forty to fifty experienced sailors, each of whom ... ..	" 10
Forty to fifty less experienced men—but having a knowledge of the compass and able to steer—each of whom ... ..	" 9
Twenty to twenty-four hooploopers—boys gaining their first experience of sailor- ing—each of whom ... ..	7—8
Ten cabin boys, each of whom ... ..	" 5
Ten scrubbing boys, each of whom ... ..	" 5

The relative proportions of the three classes of sailors were not always the same, for if the Company could not get enough men of one type, it was obliged to take on more of another.

Of the experienced men, nine or ten were allotted to the "*schuit*," and eight or ten to the "*boot*"; it was their duty to man these boats at the word of command and either row or sail them. They were called "*schuitsvolk*" and "*bootsvolk*" respectively. Six experienced men were stationed in each watch; it was the duty of two of them to stop in the "*kabelgat*"—that is the place where ropes of all sizes were stored, besides other things such as tar, pitch, etc. They had to be always ready to give out any of these things as they were wanted and to be able if necessary to find them in the dark. They were called "*Kabelgaste*" and were under command of the boatswain, who had in his charge everything of this sort except the heavy anchor cables. The latter were under the inspection of the gunner. The other four men were called "*Ruimwerkers*"; their duty was to work for the *bottelier* when victuals, wine or brandy were fetched out of the "*ruim*" or hold. Finally, the gunner chose from among the experienced men his "*bosch-schietter*," that is, the assistants who helped him in all the work connected with the guns, the gunners' room and the powder room.

The young sailors or "*hooploopers*" were divided among, and had to work for, the various deck officers, such as the boatswain, the cooper, the gunner, the steward and the carpenter. The cabin boys, who were usually children of a good type, eager to follow the sea, waited upon the officers of upper rank. The scrubbing boys on the other hand, were all of a more common type: they were not employed much and only went on board to accustom themselves to life at sea, with a view to becoming sailors in due course. They had to serve for seven years, and though at first they were not very useful and did not really earn the wage they were paid, made up for that in the later years of their service by earning twice over.

The following were the doings on board a ship ready to sail and the duties of the officers and crew on the voyage:—

When a ship was ready and about to leave the Texel, where it was at anchor, a couple of Commissioners came on board, mustered the ship's complement, and read the roll in order to make sure that

all men were present. When the Commissioners left the ship the crew gave them three cheers and waved their hats, the Commissioners duly returning the compliment. Shortly afterwards the powder was brought on board, and the pilot who was to take the ship out of the harbour came on and took command. Then, as soon as the wind was favourable—that is, E., S.E., or N.E.,—whether it be day or night, the anchors were hoisted, the sails unfurled, the cannon fired an adieu, and the ship set sail.

Up to this point the men have earned nothing; their pay had not yet begun. At the mouth of the Texel, however, lay three great casks bound with iron-hoops and securely attached by iron chains to anchors sunk in the ground. Their use was to mark certain shoals which lay hidden under the water at that spot. As soon as the ship passed these casks, pay began, and even if the ship was forced by adverse winds to return and re-enter the Texel, it made no difference. The pay continued once the third cask was passed on the outward journey, although the ship had to wait a month in the Texel for a favourable wind.

As soon as the ship emerged from the Texel into the North Sea the crew said one to another: "*Welkoom in de zee!*" From this time forward their life was entirely changed. The whole crew was divided into two watches which were called the Prins and the Graaf Maurits Quartier respectively. This was as a reminder that once a Prince of Orange and a Graaf Maurits of Nassau were on a ship together and took command alternately.

On the first day of the voyage the men worked until eight o'clock in the evening. Then the provost came up to a scaffolding on the main mast, called the gallows, and struck upon it with a stick three times.

Then in a loud voice he cried out:

"Hoort manne hoort—  
de een segh den andern het woord—  
van de Wacht all naer de Cooy—  
om daar te rusten mooy—  
die de Wacht niet en heeft die vertreck van hier—  
het is nou avond Prins Quartier—  
Prins Quartier heeft de eerste Wacht—  
Godt verley ons eene goede Wacht—  
eene goede nacht en eene behouwe reys daar mée  
Luy je klok, en keer uw glass."

Thereupon the ship's bell was rung, the hour glass by the rudder was inverted and half the crew—the Graaf Maurits Quartier—went to rest.

At midnight, or about a quarter of an hour before, the Graaf Maurits Quartier was awakened and relieved the first watch, which then went below. At a quarter to four o'clock, the "*Quart-singer*," as he was called, had to chant a song, beginning "*Hier Seylen wy in Godes naame*." He got a glass of brandy for his pains; while he was singing, the Prins Quartier had to relieve the Graaf Maurits. When this had been done and the ship's bell had rung four o'clock, each of the crew received a glass of brandy. At six o'clock an allowance of water was doled out to each man: at seven, morning prayers were held; breakfast came directly after. This breakfast consisted, six mornings a week, of peeled barley; on Sundays, however, there were baked prunes and rice. From eight o'clock till mid-day Graaf Maurits Quartier was on duty: then came dinner. This consisted on Sundays and Tuesdays of salt beef, and on Thursdays of smoked pork. For vegetables, there were yellow or grey peas and white beans; on Sundays, however, there were big Prussian peas, called ortges. On the meat and pork days every man received a mug of wine, the depth of the mug being quite as much as a Silesian quartial (5 Silesian els = 3 English yards, so a quartial =  $5\frac{1}{2}$  inches.)

From noon until six o'clock in the evening, Prins Quartier was on duty; evening prayers were held about five: then the men had their evening meal, which consisted of what had been left from mid-day. From six o'clock until eight was called *Platt-voet*; during this period all the crew had to hold themselves in readiness, for it is the time when wind and weather are apt to undergo very sudden and dangerous changes. If however the weather was clear and the moon shining, the crew made merry during these two hours; some of them played various games, others passed their time with music if their talents lay in that direction. At eight o'clock the Provost came and went through the same ceremony as on the first night, the Graaf Maurits Quartier this time having the first watch. Thus it went on during the whole voyage.

There was an arrangement by which the men ate and slept together in groups of eight or nine. Each of these groups was called a "*Backsvolk*." During mealtimes some men had to be in readiness, in case some work may have to be done: hence it was arranged that two sailors and two soldiers of one Back were always on hand during meals: they had their meal when the rest had finished. This is called the "*Kessel Quartier*," and the backs took it in turn, week by week, to keep it.

## A DUTCH SCHOOL IN SINGAPORE.

The issue of "Neerlandia" for September contains an interesting account of the opening of a new school-room at Singapore for Dutch children. The ceremony was performed in the forenoon of 21st June, 1928, by the wife of the Dutch Consul-General. The forty children who were to attend the school were drawn up in a double row opposite the new building, and when Mrs. Lechner ascended the steps they sang lustily the first verse of the Wilhelmus. At the top of the steps stood the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Huiskens, who, in a short pithy speech, presented Mrs. Lechner with a pretty bouquet and a silver key. The latter then opened the school-room door, and the children, led by the teachers, and singing the second verse of the Wilhelmus, walked through the school towards the covered playground, where the parents and other guests had assembled. Here the President of the Association called "The Dutch Lower School" delivered an appropriate address, and was followed by the Consul-General, who, speaking in English, thanked the English school authorities, who had been invited to be present on the occasion, for their interest and co-operation. After this, the third verse of the Wilhelmus was sung, and the children were treated to cakes and lemonade, which they fully deserved for their good singing.

The school is an up-to-date building and supplies a long-felt want. Long before the war, an attempt had been made to establish such a school, but it met with no success owing to the fact that most of the heads of the great business establishments were able to afford the luxury of employing governesses. During the war years, however, the need of primary education began to be more and more felt, and in the beginning of 1919 the President of the Dutch Club, Mr. L. van Eendenburg, together with a few other gentlemen, formed a Committee for the purpose of carrying the plan into execution. Although several firms contributed large sums monthly towards defraying the expenses, it was not possible to rent or purchase a separate building for the school, and from 1916 up to the date of the opening of the new school building the school was held in the premises of the Dutch Club in Cairnhill Road. That this was a very poor make-shift was evidenced by the difficulty experienced in getting suitable teachers for the school. At the start there was some difference of opinion as to whether the school

should be a Christian School or "School with the Bible" as it is called, or an ordinary school. It was contended that if it was to be a Christian School, great difficulty would be experienced in getting teachers from Sumatra and Java. It was finally decided that it should be an ordinary school. Owing to the difficulty of getting good teachers, it looked at one time as if the whole scheme would fall through, but this was prevented by Mr. Daubanton, who, being on leave in Holland, engaged the services of Miss Kat, now Mrs. Speyer, for the school. This lady has since 1920 done a great deal for the education of the Dutch children. She was for the first six years Principal of the school, but owing to the increasing number of pupils in the higher classes, her place has now been taken by a male teacher. This year four pupils took up the test examination for the H. B. S. and all passed. Mrs. Speyer deserves the highest praise for her patience and perseverance during the early years of difficulty.

A better time is now dawning. Thanks to the liberal contributions of the large Dutch firms established in Singapore and the subsidy obtained through the good offices of the Committee of the Algemeen Nederlandsch Verbond, it was possible to erect the beautiful building referred to, with large and airy class-rooms and a covered playground. There is still sufficient ground for extension if this should be necessary in the future.

This building should do much, says the writer of the article, to promote solidarity among the Dutch settled in Singapore and assist in the establishment of a branch of the Algemeen Nederlandsch Verbond.

## MOUNTAINEERING IN SWITZERLAND.

Cornelis—he is my brother, a foot taller and two years younger than myself—and I left our Hotel at quarter to three one Tuesday afternoon in September last, to meet our guide Pernet, at his house. We each carried a Rucksack filled with our provisions and a spare sweater. I had a stout climbing stick with iron point, Cornelis a "piolet" (ice axe). Our costumes were simple and light. Cornelis wore plus fours, sweater, thick woollen stockings and short woollen socks turned down over his climbing boots and a cap. I wore a navy-blue skirt, short, full, and light, a white silk blouse, sweater, a pair of thick woollen stockings over thin cotton ones, and climbing boots. I carried a light felt hat in my rucksack which however was hardly used. Of course we both had snow glasses. The hotel provided food for the three of us; it consisted of two dozen eggs hard-boiled, two kilos bread, cold veal and butter. We arrived at the guide's house, which is also an equipping house for climbing parties, at three. The guide thought we should carry more food, so we added to our stock tins of jam, tongue and "thon" (fish not unlike Salmon) and large slabs of chocolate. My brother and the guide put the provisions into their sacks. I had no extra weight to carry, for which I was very thankful. My mother, sister, and a friend had accompanied us so far, my mother watching our preparations with anxious eyes and asking the guide to take great care of us. I believe up to the very last moment she was undecided whether she ought to let us go.

At last we all set out to the Col du Pillon, my mother and party intending to accompany us to the Col where begins the real climb to the "Cabane des Diablerets." But once the guide set the pace which we were going to keep all the time, we outdistanced the others and did not see them again till our return. The road to the Col is the main road to Gystaad in Canton Berne, and as it climbs up steadily and the sun was hot, we found this part very trying. We reached the Col at 4.30. Here we stopped for 5 minutes and drank some excellent tea prepared by mother. Then began the climb to the "Cabane" where we were to spend the night. We kept up a slow and steady pace and neither of us was allowed to talk much. The guide told us of his family, his mountaineering experience, and how difficult it was to gain a guide's certificate. A candidate has to spend twelve days in climbing to

allow the Examiners to judge his powers of endurance, quick judgment and steady nerves. He has to pass in first aid and geography. He must be 22 years old and have spent at least three years as a guide-porter, that is, climbing with other guides but acting as a porter. Women are not admitted to the fraternity of guide—why I do not know.

After 50 minutes' steady climbing we reached the "Reposoir" (resting place) where we halted ten minutes and drank some tea. At this spot ended what little grass there was on the mountain side, the rest of our climb being over rocks and loose stones. As we drank our tea we saw two other caravans (climbing parties) coming up, and we knew that we would not be the only occupants of the Cabane that night.

From the "Reposoir" on the climbing was steeper and more interesting. We walked on a narrow path with precipices on our right. About half an hour from Cabane we reached the "Vire au dames" (the place where the women's heads turn!) Here the track a few inches broad went across the face of a rock with a precipice on one side. After this we reached the "Canopy". The path runs under a projecting ledge of rock, which looks just like a Canopy. Here we rested a few minutes and drank more tea. Then we came up to a small chimney up which we scrambled, and rounding a rock we came in sight of the Cabane.

We were the first arrivals there, so we got the best places everywhere, the warmest places by the stove in the common room, and the three mattresses nearest the door in the dormitory. There was a short red faced guardian, who lives in the hut the whole summer, to keep the wooden stove alight and to collect the hut fees. He had a sandy coloured moustache and a vicious temper. This hut or Cabane, to give its Swiss name, consisted of four rooms, a common room downstairs where meals were cooked and eaten, opposite it a dormitory containing a dozen mattresses, and up a very short flight of stairs, a second dormitory with mattresses and the guardian's room.

After we had unlaced our boots and taken off our sweaters, we went down to see if we could help our guide prepare our supper. But he had almost done it. He was just preparing soup out of "maggi" tablets. We insisted on helping him, so he made me tea-maker and my brother he told off to arrange our foodstuffs in a



large wicker basket which was on the ledge near the roof. Alpine tea making is something different from what takes place in a bungalow in Ceylon. Here there is no China or silver tea pot. An enormous tin jug is filled with hot water (not boiling). A metal egg shaped tea holder is filled with tea and dropped into it. *Voilà, Messieurs et Mesdames, le thé est servi.* Now the supper was ready. From a cupboard by the stove the guardian, equivalent to our Rest-house keeper, produced tin plates, cups, spoons, etc. We began our supper of pea soup, cold veal, bread and butter, and tea. After supper I went to the 'phone. Now, are you surprised to hear of a 'phone in an Alpine hut? Not all huts are provided with such luxuries, but where possible you will find electric lights and telephones. So unlike Ceylon. When do you expect your Hydro-Electric scheme to be *un fait accompli*? Do I hear you say in another fifty years? You are an optimist! Well, I went to the 'phone and 'phoned up my mother to reassure her of our safety.

The other two caravans had by this time arrived and been installed. One consisted of two girls, one Swiss, one Scotch, and a guide, the other of three Swiss boys and a guide. We were a very young party. After supper all the guides washed up. At ten o'clock we all went up to our mattresses. The guide Pernet slept nearest the door, my brother next to him, and I next; the three Swiss boys slept on the opposite side and the three girls went up to the top dormitory. We had our boots off and slept in our clothes and had as many blankets as we liked. We intended to start at 4-30 the next morning for the summit of Les Diablerets, but in the middle of the night a storm broke. I never heard such loud thunder nor had seen such brilliant flashes of lightning.

The next morning the weather was too bad to permit anyone leaving the hut at 4-30. We got up at six and had breakfast. The guide thought we might be able to start at 8 o'clock, but if the weather did not clear up by then, we could not leave the hut that day. What our guide said was law to the other guides, because he was the oldest and most experienced and was considered the chief guide in Diablerets.

The weather got worse and heavy mists kept coming up from the valleys, so we all decided to spend that day and night in the hut. While the guides washed up we all looked disconsolately out of the windows. Imagine a hut full of people, all strangers to each

other, and not a pack of cards or a newspaper to be found. Suddenly the guardian produced a pack, but alas, it was a Swiss pack of 35 cards. My brother and I and another played Yass—a Swiss game—then we lent the pack to the others. A Swiss boy showed us some clever card tricks.

Thus we whiled away a few hours. Then two guides went back to the Col du Pillon to fetch more provisions. Our boredom gradually wore off as we began to fraternize and also the telephone proved a great source of amusement. My mother 'phoned up first and asked me awkward questions as to the sort of people who were in the hut, my evasive replies and patent discomfort highly amusing the rest. Then the maiden aunt of one of the girls gave her careful instructions as to wearing apparel, which was also embarrassing. Under these trifling but amusing incidents we thawed towards each other and soon were talking merrily.

At about 4 p. m. our guide took us out for a scramble in the rocks near by to hunt for edelweiss. We did pick up a little, but September is not the best month to collect them. We came back hungry for dinner or rather supper. Our good guide Pernet gave us a change in the menu. He had stolen a little macaroni from the guardian and made a nice cheese macaroni—this together with soup, veal, bread and butter and tea satisfied our hunger. After supper my brother, two Swiss boys and I played Bridge. None of us were experts, so it was really fun and no one had that "play a wrong card and I will murder you" look in his face.

At ten o'clock every one sought their mattresses. It is the unwritten law in an Alpine Cabane to go to sleep at ten. After that hour no talking is permitted.

We were called at four next morning, and after a light breakfast of coffee and bread and butter and jam, we packed some food in the rucksacks and set off for the glacier which goes up to one of the summits of Diablerets. My brother and I were feeling quite excited setting out in the soft misty twilight with the prospect of treading a glacier. We reached it after an hour's stiff climbing on the moraine left by the glacier. We rested while the guide roped us together. I was between the guide and my brother. At almost the first step I took on the glacier I slipped and was immediately pulled up by the guide. This was a good omen—so said the guide. My brother and I were thrilled. We were longing to climb a glacier

since we came to Switzerland. Pernet, the guide, understood our feelings and pointed out the interesting things in a glacier and where to look for them. The crevasses were wonderful and awe inspiring. Very often you could not see the bottom, and when we threw things down we did not hear them strike bottom. They seemed to be bottomless pits of blue ice—I have never seen such a wonderful blue as one sees on the sides of a crevasse. It looks evil but inviting.

We soon reached a pole sticking out of the glacier which Pernet told us was used for measuring the depth of the glacier. It seems in winter the pole is covered. Unfortunately I have forgotten the actual height of the pole—something stupendous I know. Then we came to an ice slope along which we had to walk. The ice was hard and very slippery, so the guide had to cut a few steps. If either of us made a false step and slipped we would all have fallen into an immense crevasse which yawned below. However there was no great danger as Pernet was a reliable guide, and my brother and I were pretty sure-footed. In these expeditions even the novices are not nervous and betray no fear. The guides have a peculiar faculty of inspiring confidence. At the end of the ice slope we came to a crevasse which had to be crossed by an ice bridge. I thought it would not bear the weight of a cat, yet it bore each one of us in turn. After this the glacier became steeper. When we were nearing the summit of Les Diablerets and after we had left the glacier and unroped, I found great difficulty in breathing, but this lasted only a very short time. Pernet gave me lumps of sugar with kirsch on them to suck. They were delicious and stimulating. When we reached the summit he told us that the spot where I had experienced difficulty in breathing was over 10,000 feet. We were the first arrivals on the summit, but the others soon followed us. We spent half an hour taking photos and refreshing ourselves with food and drink. This was the first and last opportunity we had of using the camera, because the sun never came out entirely after that.

Leaving the summit of Les Diablerets we retraced our steps across the glacier as far as the ice slope, and enjoyed for the second time the distant views of Mont Blanche, La Dent Blanche, the Matterhorn and other famous peaks. On passing through the ice slope we branched off to a different part of the glacier to get to La Quille du Diable (the devil's skittle), which is a mass of rock

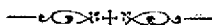
standing vertically out of the glacier. When we got to it, the rain poured, and as there were two caravans before us, a Dutch couple and some Swiss boys, we had to wait our turn in the pouring rain. We were then roped again, and though it was sheer rock climbing, we had to use the rope and be pulled up by the guide in places where we could find no foot hold. While waiting my brother tried to persuade me to stop behind. One of the Swiss boys would not climb but the Dutch girl did. So when our turn came, I thought what one Dutch girl does could be done by another, and I said I would climb. I was glad I did though at first it was with a quaking heart. It was the most interesting part of the whole expedition. As we crawled slowly up we could see the Rhone shining like a silver hair through the thin mists of the valley far far below us. On the other side we saw the glacier like a white sheet with the Bernese Alps as a background. The most difficult and arduous part of La Quille is the steep narrow long chimney. Here the guide helped us. What to us seemed smooth rock with no foot-holds was to him full of likely foot and hand holds. Carefully observing him we went on till we had almost reached the summit. He then decided to return as the rain had now increased and we were all sopping wet. Had we reached the top we would have been obliged to wait till the other two caravans had retraced their steps, and the waiting in the cold wet clothes was not to be thought of.

We reached the foot in safety, and quickly swallowing some drinks and food we trudged back to the Cabane. The guide made us walk fast because of the rain and mists rising from the valleys. The glacier finishes in a slope and by this time the rain had made it very slippery. The guide did not wish to slacken the pace, so we began a perilous slide down. My stick unfortunately got entangled in something and I slipped and fell dragging my brother down. We caught the guide unawares and dragged him down too, so we ended our expedition on the glacier by a glorious slide. Luckily there was a bank of loose stones at the foot, or else it would not have ended so happily. I was sorry to leave my stick behind as I had hoped to keep it as a souvenir of my climb. The guide was very concerned about my wet clothes, so he made us hurry. As soon as we reached the Cabane I was asked to change completely, which I did; the guide taking the wet things away to dry them. When I went down to my lunch, to my horror I found all my garments ornamenting the warmest parts of the common

room, before all the assembled company. However as everyone seemed to take it as a matter of course, I tried to look as unconcerned as possible.

The Swiss boys returned a little time after and brought my lost stick with them, for which I was most grateful. An hour later, wearing my half dried clothes and accompanied by a very damp looking brother and guide, I descended to Les Diablerets. The descent was very slippery and the foot hold insecure, but the nails in our boots bore us bravely up and we managed to reach the Col du Pillon by three in the afternoon. We sat in the Inn at the Col for a short time and had drinks to celebrate our return. There we met two mountaineers who were going up to the Cabane that evening. They enquired from Pernet about the glacier, etc. They both seemed surprised that a girl with a skirt should have climbed La Quille. Wasn't I proud! Cornelis they took for quite an old hand at the game. For by now he had observed and aped a few mannerisms and talk of the Alpine guides. We walked back to Les Diablerets and met the rest of the family half way. They were delighted to see us on our legs instead of on stretchers. After a hot bath in the Hotel we celebrated our return by a gorgeous tea in the one and only tea house in the village.

L. P.



## OUR DUTCH CORNER.

Colombo, 25 November, 1928.

Geachte Redacteur,

Eindelijk heeft de D. B. U. maandschrift haar naam verdient. Met een brief uitgezondert, heb ik nooit tevoren iets in Hollandsch gezien. De reden ervoor is niet dat de taal uitgestorven is, maar omdat men in een Engelsche Kolonie wat verlegen voelt een vreemde taal te gebruiken en ook dat er weinig voordeel uit te trekken is.

In het verleden jaar is een Directory door een welbekend Engelsche firma uitgevoerd waarin o. a. een kort geschiedenis van Ceylon to lezen is. Daarin zegt de schrijver, ook een Hollandsche Burger, dat de taal geheel uitgestorven is zelfs "in the most conservative families". Er is nooit een tijd gekomen dat ons gemeente mannen met kennis van Hollandsch ontbrak. Als bij een bewijs wil hebben, nodig ik hem uit een bijeenkomst van de Hollandsche spreken in the D. B. U. zaal to bijwonen. Ik geef hem toe dat de taal ondergaan is, zelfs kwijnend, maar nooit uitgestorven. Wat Hollandsch is sterft zeer langzaam.

Wat zijn de oorzaak waaruit die staat ontstaan is? Ik zal U zeggen wat onder ons door overleveringen bekend is. Na de overgave van 1796 weigerden de meerderheid Hollanders (Kompanie's dienaren en hunne afkomelingen) dienst te nemen onder een vreemde regeering. Hardnekkig geloofden zij dat in de vrede maken Ceylon weer aan Holland zal komen. Om het leven te onderhouden verkochten ze hunne goederen, meubels, zelfs de juweelen der vrouwen, de hoop koesterend spoedig de Hollandsche vlag boven de Kasteel te zien wapperen. Dan kwam de ellendige vrede van Amiens. Razend van toorn, dol van smart, ellende en armoede, verlaten door de V. O. Compagnie, zelfs door Hollandsche predikanten (zoo ongelijk de Roomsche priesters), een deel die nog gold had, ging geheel en al aan de Engelschen, en werd verengelscht. Een deel, nog aan de gewoonten en taal hunne ouders geheet, leerde Engelsche, en werd in de Engelsche dienst als commies, klerken, onderofficieren opgenomen. Zij waren weinig betaald maar slaagden er in hunne kinderen een Engelsche opvoeding te geven. Dus ziet men in de laatste vijftig jaren de kinderen van de oude Com-

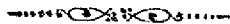
panies dienaren zoo goed in het Engelsch vooruitgegaan dat zij de hoogste ambten in de Regeering, de Rechten, medicijn en zoo meer bekleeden.

Onder deze omstandigheden natuurlijk ging de taal onder en kwam het Engelsch boven. Komt tijd, komt ook veranderingen van toestand, politiek zoo wel als maatschappelijk. Met de invoeren van de algemeene stem recht en uitbreiding van Engelsch onder de andere Ceylonese gemeenten spoedig breekt een tijdperk aan wanneer onze jongen met moelijkheid onder de Inlandsche rassen zullen concurreeren. Nu komt de waarde van Hollandsch. Zuid Afrika, een Engelsche bezitting, waar twee talen in gebruik zijn, is wijd en breed. Zullen wij niet onze kinderen daarnaar sturen om in de Zuid Afrikaansche cultuur opgevoerd te worden en eindelijk een blijvende plaats daar te nemen?

Ik zal graag uw opinie hebben over die vraag. Is het beter voor ons hier te blijven en langzamerhand onder de andere rassen te verdwijnen, of in een andere Kolonie te verhuizen?

Hoogachtend

V. O. C's dienaar.



## BY THE WAY.

(NOTES BY NIEMAND.)

There have been so many local references of late to the Dutch that we must confine ourselves to these for the present. First of all, there is Dr. Pearson's lecture to the Ceylon Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, on "European Furniture in Ceylon in the 17th and 18th Centuries." The European furniture of those centuries means practically Dutch furniture, for of Portuguese furniture there is hardly any available, and it was only at the end of the 18th Century that the British came to Ceylon.

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Some of the finest examples of Dutch furniture are to be found in the Church at Wolvendaal—which, by the way, was built in 1757, not 1750. The chairs in the Church were probably brought from the older church which occupied the site of the modern Gordon Gardens. The leather coverings of Dutch chairs were the result of Dutch intercourse with Spain. "Holland was in those days considered the centre of Europe," and contact with Portugal, the East, and, as His Excellency the Governor remarked, the French Huguenots, strongly influenced Dutch art and industry.

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But, said His Excellency, "even under French influence the Dutch retained their national characteristics, reproduced in especial solid furniture, and simplicity of lines which gave so much beauty to their works of art, not only in furniture, but also in painting and architecture."

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Dr. Pearson warns us that there is very little furniture now in this country which dates back to the 17th Century, though a good deal of the style is 17th Century.

\* \* \*

A London correspondent of the "Ceylon Independent" spent a holiday in Holland in September. In his impressions confided to that newspaper, he notes with surprise that more Ceylon people do not visit Holland. He was told that Holland is "the dearest place in Europe," meaning of course the most expensive to visitors; but he says that if this is true at all, it may be true of the large cities only.

He writes:—"One seldom meets with a cleaner kept country or more courteous people, many of whom there I have met evincing considerable interest in Ceylon and its people. I make this statement advisedly as there have been some people and even a Ceylonese novelist to boot who has sought to belittle the connection between the Dutchman of the Netherlands and the, as he termed it, 'brown' Burghers of Ceylon. In spite of such inuendoes there are many families in Holland who refer to their social connection with your island, and if the Dutch Burghers in Ceylon have lost touch with the land of their forefathers it is solely due to their own apathy; but the present 'out of sight, out of mind' condition can be remedied if only the Dutch Burghers who come to Europe would visit the land, in so many cases, of their forebears."

In three articles in this year's Christmas Number of the "Times of Ceylon" are there references to the Dutch. The Tombstones in Ceylon give "Theophilus" scope for a very readable contribution. He tells us that at Jaffna "the Dutch broke up Portuguese tombstones, put the fragments into their guns, and bombarded the Portuguese with these relics of their own past." One realizes the grimness of ancient warfare on coming across such an incident as that. The Dutch Churches of Jaffna, Galle, and Negombo receive mention, and three monumental tablets in Wolvendaal are pictured with great clearness.

"My most enjoyable Trip," by Mrs. G. M. Henry, takes us through many parts of the Island. But it was impossible to escape the Dutch. "On entering Fort Frederick one has to pass through an old Dutch gate over which a Dutch Coat-of-arms bearing the date 1676 shows when the Fort was built. Some of the old guns are still standing on view, and funny old specimens they are, too. One wonders what damage they were able to do beyond a range of a few yards." One may still wonder.

Lastly, R. H. B. has a sympathetic reference to the various "Peoples of Ceylon." The more numerous communities have their due, but room is found for the smaller ones whose essential characteristics are touched off lightly but effectively. "The Dutch Burgher, preserving a dignity apart, prides himself justly upon his

descent from the stalwart old Dutchmen who ousted the Portuguese from the Island. Among the numerous domestic virtues which grace the Burgher ladies, the foremost is their cooking; a dream of culinary succulence."

At the Galle Planters' Association meeting in October they were discussing a new road, or rather, a deviation of the existing road, at Balapitiya. The Chairman said a deviation had been practically settled when it was found that the ruins of an old Dutch chapel would have to be demolished. "I would object to that," said Mr. Winter, "for the remains of a great many old and very much respected Ceylon residents are lying there."

A few months ago an article in a local newspaper drew attention to the gross neglect of old Dutch remains, such as churches, forts, belfries, and cemeteries. "All this is very sad," says the writer, "and reflects no credit either on the administration or the Dutch Burgher Community. Such people as have taken an interest in the preservation of Dutch remains, were of a different community"—Sir William Gregory and Mr. J. P. Lewis, for example.

All this is very true as well as "very sad," but a protest of this kind does not lead us far enough. What action is possible in this matter? Obviously it is the duty of the Dutch Burgher Community, by itself or with the assistance of a not unsympathetic Government, to examine the whole question and devise some remedy. But it is only in recent years that a racial consciousness has awakened and taken form among the Dutch Burghers generally, and we must give it time to develop more fully.

If the writer of the article referred to is a Dutch Burgher and a member of the Union, he ought to put the case clearly before the Union. He evidently has the facts and can point to specific instances of neglect. It cannot be doubted that his statement will be carefully considered, and that steps will be taken to do what can be done.

An interesting glimpse of past times is given in one of P. M. W.'s clever contributions to the "Times of Ceylon." The new fashion of shortening the hair of ladies is still looked upon unkindly in certain quarters. But is it a new fashion? "When William of Orange came over," says P. M. W., "the court ladies 'bobbed' their hair—it was called 'the Dutch cut.' That was in the 17th century."



## ST. NICOLAAS EVE CELEBRATIONS.

This festival was celebrated in the usual way on 5th December, the arrangements being in the capable hands of Mrs. H. P. Joseph, who was assisted by a Committee of ladies and gentlemen, each and every one of whom worked hard to ensure the success of the function. Several new features as well as variations of old features marked the celebrations this year. The scheme of decorations was entirely novel, and was carried out by a specialist in this art in the person of Mr. C. L. Beling, whose work received the unstinted praise of every one present.

There was also a change in regard to the impersonation of the good Bishop. We have been accustomed to see this high ecclesiastical office filled by persons of all sizes and ages, from portly Markie van der Straaten to youthful Leon Paulusz, but never before did the Bishop's vestments clothe a real representative of the Church, and for this we were indebted to Miss Grace van Dort. Having with the generous help of Mrs. E. O. Felsing provided a new mitre and vestments to take the place of the articles which had done service for the last eighteen years, Miss van Dort was anxious that no one but a real Bishop, or the nearest approximation to one, should wear these garments for the first time. She accordingly induced the Revd. Leslie Toussaint to play the role of Bishop, and right well did he act his part. Having made his entrance with due solemnity, he proceeded to move among the little ones, asking a question here, patting another there, in true ecclesiastical fashion. He then addressed the children, explaining to them the significance of the festival they were celebrating, and finally gave away a prize presented by Dr. L. A. Prins to Casparus Paulusz for being the first candidate in Ceylon to pass the Junior Cambridge Local Examination, with honours.

But we are anticipating. Previous to the visit of St. Nicolaas, the children had been regaled with a variety of cakes and sweets and aerated waters under the superintendence of Mrs. Rosslyn Koch, assisted by Mrs. C. C. Schokman, Mrs. Kalenberg, Mrs. J. R. Toussaint, and Mrs. Hilton de Hoedt. Then followed the distribution of toys, those in charge of the various sections being Mrs. T. D. Mack, Mrs. Mervyn Joseph, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Loos, and Mrs. E. L. Mack. After each child had received his or her toy—and in passing we may mention that as a result of the

splendid response made by members this year for subscriptions, the toys were well above the average—an adjournment was made to the lawn, where the judging took place for the prizes offered for the best costumes of a Dutch boy, a Dutch girl, and for ordinary fancy costume, the judges being Mrs. H. P. Joseph, Mrs. E. H. Joseph, and Dr. L. A. Prins. The task of selection was by no means an easy one owing to the care and attention bestowed on most of the costumes, but the verdict of the judges met with universal approbation.

The rain which had been threatening all the evening now came down and necessitated a hurried entry indoors, where the children played musical chairs to the strains of the C.L.I. Band, which was in attendance from an early hour in the evening. When the little ones had had their fill, their places were taken by the Young Dutch Burger Comrades, who danced the latest dances, while their fathers and mothers looked approvingly on. As the night advanced the gathering began to thin, and soon St. Nicolaas Fete of 1928 was only a very pleasant memory.

## NOTES AND QUERIES.

**"Description of a Dutch East Indiaman."**—Dr. S. P. Joseph, who has kindly sent us the article bearing the above title, writes as follows:—"This description is taken from 'Life at the Cape in mid-eighteenth Century,' being 'The Biography of Rudolf Siegfried Alleman, Captain of the Military Forces and Commander of the Castle, in the Service of the Dutch East India Company, at the Cape of Good Hope' by O. F. Mentzel, 1784, translated from the German by Margaret Greenless, M.A., Lecturer in the English language at the University of Cape Town, and published by the van Riebeeck Society, Cape Town, and which was kindly sent to me by a Dutch friend, who is a member of this Society and interested in our Union and in the ancient history of our Island.

**Ceylon in "Neerlandia."**—The September number of "Neerlandia" contains some interesting comments on articles appearing in the July issue of our Journal, which is described as "specially interesting." The writer then goes on to say:—"First and foremost it contains a lecture delivered by Dr. H. U. Leem-bruggen, who views the colour problem and world politics from a high point of view. Following this is an amusing description by Mr. C. A. Lorenz of a journey through Holland, in which occur all sorts of Dutch names and words, some of them very funnily Anglicised. The writer makes some very original observations. He was taken aback at the politeness of the Dutch. 'Their courtesy, their hospitality, their anxiety to make you comfortable' he says 'is not to be measured by words. You are only to tell them you are a stranger and you are at home with them'. The remarkable preference of our people for everything that is foreign comes in here. As regards the charitableness of the Dutch, their moral greatness, their industry and their piety the writer has some very kind words to say. 'Endeavour to follow in the footsteps of your forefathers' he says in conclusion to the Ceylon Young Men's Association."

"In 'Notes by Niemand' continues the writer, "the advice is given to invest in a copy of Fruin's book on 'The Siege and Relief of Leyden in 1574'.....'Some one must get this book out for our comrades to read and study' says the writer, who quotes van der Werff's well-known courageous words to the dissatisfied ones,"

"Mention is made of the congratulations offered by our Committee of Management to Mr. W. S. Christoffelsz on the occasion of his golden wedding and of the making over of the gift of f. 800 from an anonymous donor through the good offices of the A.N.V. for the repairs of the old Dutch Church at Galle. In conclusion, reference is made to the promise of a present of books made by us on hearing from Dr. Prins that the Dutch Burgher Union would like to have a small Dutch library. We have sent a few parcels of books and Dr. Prins himself purchased quite a hundred books by old and modern writers, so that there is enough to read for the present. Dr. Prins expressed the hope in a letter that these books would in some measure help 'to revive the almost forgotten mother-tongue'—a wish with which we heartily agree."

**The Algemeen Nederlandsch Verbond.**—We mentioned in our last issue that the Committee after hearing Dr. Prins, had decided that the Union should as a body become a member of the Algemeen Nederlandsch Verbond. The Honorary Secretary accordingly addressed a letter to the Verbond, enclosing a remittance of £1-10 as a first subscription, and asking that the Union might be admitted to membership, if that was possible. The following reply has now been received.

It gave us much pleasure to learn from your letter of 20th September that your Union wishes to come into closer connection with the Algemeen Nederlandsch Verbond.

We thankfully received the contribution of £1-10, which we gather from your letter is to be an annual one.

You will perhaps consider the question of forming yourself into an independent branch of the A.N.V., or, if that is not possible under your constitution, of inducing as many as possible of those who are speaking and learning Dutch, to become individual members, after which it would be possible to form a branch.

We send you herewith some literature bearing on the subject.

You will of course discuss this matter with our representative in Ceylon, Mr. E. Reimers, Government Archivist.

We would refer you to the November number of "Neerlandia" in which mention is made with gratification of the Dutch Burgher Union having joined the Algemeen Nederlandsch Verbond.

The question of forming a local branch of the A.N.V. will in due course come up before the Committee of the Dutch Burgher Union, who, we have no doubt, will give the proposal the consideration which it deserves.

**Our Dutch Corner.**—As we expected, the inauguration of our Dutch Corner has given great satisfaction to our friends in Holland, judging from the references made to it in the issue of "Neerlandia" for November. After quoting our remarks in which was expressed the hope that our Journal would in the near future be published entirely or almost entirely in Dutch, the article goes on to say :—

This longed for consummation may be hastened, now that the Dutch Burgher Union has become a member of the Algemeen Nederlandsch Verbond, and the members urged to join it individually. This is however only the beginning: the establishment of an independent branch of the A.N.V. in Ceylon must necessarily follow. Dr. L. A. Prins, who in the October number (of the D.B.U. Journal) describes the old Dutch Church in London, has returned to Ceylon after a visit to Holland with his hands full of books from the A.N.V. and full of trust in the future. He is making arrangements for starting classes in different places. We congratulate ourselves in having this apostle in a matter which the A.N.V. has so much at heart: the extension of the sphere in which our language is spoken.

## NOTES OF EVENTS.

### SUMMARY OF PROCEEDINGS OF THE COMMITTEE.

*Tuesday, 2nd October, 1928.*—1. Mr. A. C. B. Jonklaas was appointed Secretary of the Entertainment Committee, *vice* Mr. Mervyn Joseph, resigned. 2. Mr. Gladwin Koch gave notice that he would move at the next meeting that a wireless set with loud speaker be installed in the Union Hall. 3. Read letter from Mr. E. A. van der Straaten stating that a sum of Rs. 557 66 is lying to the credit of Debenture A/c. The full sum required to pay debenture holders being Rs. 1,225, Mr. van der Straaten suggested that the Union should take over the liability and find the balance Rs. 667 34 from Union Funds. The meeting having agreed to this, it was resolved that Rs. 557 66 be paid *pro rata* and the balance as funds permitted. 4. Resolved that Dr. J. R. Blazé's Education Scheme as amended by the Sub-Committee appointed to consider it be circulated and brought up at the next meeting.

*Tuesday, 6th November, 1928.*—1. Mr. A. C. B. Jonklaas informed the meeting that he was making arrangements for a Union Dinner. 2. The following were admitted as members :—Mr. A. E. Buultjens and Mr. P. C. Ebell. 3. The question of a wireless set was deferred owing to the absence of Mr. Gladwin Koch.

*D. B. U. Lectures:*—The following lecture was delivered during the quarter :—"Some Exquisite Nonsense" by Dr. J. R. Blazé. *Chairman:* The Hon. Dr. V. van Langenberg.

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.

