

Journal of the Dutch Burgher Union of Ceylon.



"Eendracht maakt Macht"

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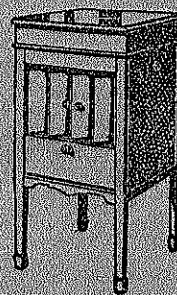
Contributions are invited from members on subjects calculated to be of interest to the Union. MSS. must be written on one side of the paper only and must reach the Editor at least a fortnight before the date of publication of the Journal.

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Journal of the Dutch Burgher Union of Ceylon.

VOL. XIX.]

JANUARY, 1930.

[No. 3.

THE JOURNAL.

Periodical literature in Ceylon has always had an uncertain career. Two or three school magazines now survive which have had a more or less regular course for twenty years or more. Half a dozen denominational religious magazines have with difficulty maintained a necessary existence. But periodicals which were meant to encourage the study of literature, history, or even politics, have not had any such good fortune. Such magazines as the Ceylon Miscellany, Young Ceylon, the Ceylon Quarterly Magazine, and the Orientalist, are mere names to most people. Not one of them lasted more than three years. Still, they were published when education in English was far less widespread than now. Periodicals nearer to our own time have been somewhat more successful, but they have not been able to win sufficient support from the public. The Ceylon Literary Register, the Ceylon Review, the Ceylon Antiquary—periodicals of the highest value—did not survive for more than a decade. It is not necessary just now to examine the causes of all these failures. With the growth of a better-educated and more public-spirited class of readers, magazines intended to serve the public are likely to have a more favourable prospect of success.

We have been moved to these reflections on realizing that this JOURNAL of the Dutch Burgher Union of Ceylon is now in its *nineteenth* volume. That is a surprising fact when it is taken into account that the JOURNAL appeals to an extremely limited public, and that even among the members of the Union, it is only a small minority who really appreciate its aims or understand its value. It is well, therefore, to point out that this current number is the *fifty-sixth* of the series, and that the prospects of the JOURNAL are much more satisfactory than they have ever been.

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When the Dutch Burgher Union of Ceylon was inaugurated in January, 1908, the first of three sub-committees then appointed was that for Ethical and Literary Purposes, and one of its duties was: "To publish a quarterly Journal, containing papers, illustrations, notes, genealogies, and letters, and a summary of the principal news of the Quarter relating to the objects of the Union." A yearly payment, fixed later on at Rupees two, was charged to those members who wished to have the JOURNAL, but only one hundred and twenty subscribers paid up. It was afterwards decided to issue the JOURNAL free to those members whose subscriptions to the Union were not in arrear. This practice was carried on for some years, but difficulties arose which prevented regular publication. Apart from the difficulty of paying the printer, it was not easy to get literary contributions which would be in keeping with the standard set by Mr. R. G. Anthonisz, the first editor of the JOURNAL. Writers who had no special acquaintance with the facts of Dutch history, or of the Dutch occupation of Ceylon, or even the antiquities of Ceylon, hesitated to send articles on general subjects. Accordingly, the volumes for 1910 and 1911 consisted of one "part" only, but a larger "part" than was usual. The volume for 1912 consisted of three parts, but again the volume of 1920 consisted of one part.

There were some readers and subscribers who wished the JOURNAL to be less special in character, with articles which would interest a larger number of readers. A sub-committee of eight members of the Union was appointed to consider the matter, and they agreed upon an experiment in that direction. The JOURNAL was to "contain articles of general interest, on such subjects as social life, education, literature, history, arts and sciences, etc., chiefly in their connection with Ceylon." It was to be issued to subscribers only, not excluding those who were not members of the Union. A supplement, containing news, notices, and other matter of interest to the Union, was to be issued to members only. But nothing came of this venture, and for two years, 1922 and 1923, there was no issue of the JOURNAL. It was out of the question for the Union to run both the Union and the JOURNAL on a subscription of fifty cents a month.

Early in 1924 a new arrangement was made. The JOURNAL was to be issued to those only who were prepared to pay for it, and the Union was not to be responsible for its finances. It was a bold

venture for a small Committee to undertake, but under the vigorous management of Mr. E. H. van der Wall as Editor, and Mr. J. R. Toussaint as Treasurer, the JOURNAL obtained a new start, and from July 1924 till now the quarterly issue in July, October, January, and April has been regularly and successfully maintained.

The list of Editors is as follows, some little overlapping not being taken into account:—Mr. R. G. Anthonisz (Volumes I—IV), Mr. Vernon Grenier (Volumes V—VIII), Mr. L. E. Blazé (Volumes IX—XIII), Mr. E. H. van der Wall (Volumes XIV and XV), Mr. J. R. Toussaint (Volumes XV—XIX).

Most of the papers printed in the JOURNAL are of lasting value, and will be better appreciated a few years hence than they are now. No student of the history of the Dutch occupation of Ceylon can afford to neglect them, and those members of the Union who are fortunate enough to own copies will be well advised to keep them carefully. A few subjects will indicate what has been done:—The Dutch Language in Ceylon, Our Names and Surnames, Some Old Houses, A Hundred Years Ago, St. Peter's Church in Colombo, The Burghers of Ceylon (*Mr. R. G. Anthonisz*), Sketches of Dutch History (*Mrs. R. G. Anthonisz*); Old Galle, The Dutch in the East Indies, The Good Old Days (*Mr. F. H. de Vos*); The Painters of Holland (*Mr. W. W. Beling*); Some Dutch Painters, Rembrandt, The Colour Problem (*Dr. H. U. Leembruggen*); Holland among the Nations, The Changing East (*Mr. L. E. Blazé*); Jacob Haafner, The Dutch Connection with Batticaloa (*Mr. J. R. Toussaint*); The Portuguese and Dutch in Ceylon (*Mr. Joseph Grenier*); The People who came to Ceylon (*Dr. R. L. Spittel*); A Visit to Holland, The Boers at Diyatalawa (*Mr. E. H. van der Wall*); Calpentyne—Arippe—Puttalam—and the Islands of Dutch Bay, Vestiges of Dutch Occupation in the Hambantota District (*Mr. R. L. Brohier*); Old Chilaw (*Mr. O. L. de Kretser*); The Netherlands in England (*Mr. J. P. Lewis*). These titles are only a selection from a list which might be largely extended. Then, C. A. L.'s lecture on "Holland", unknown to more than half a dozen people in Ceylon, was reprinted in the JOURNAL, which also had the distinction of publishing, as a Supplement, a new and independent translation into English of Haafner's "Journey on Foot through Ceylon", by Dr. L. A. Prins and Mr. J. R. Toussaint.

Mr. F. H. de Vos was responsible for the Genealogies which appeared, and for the lists of Settlers in Ceylon; Mr. C. E. de Vos

for the lists of Dutch Predikants. Valuable biographical sketches and portraits of several Dutch Governors have been published, as also accounts of Dutch Burghers whose names are held in high respect, the study of which will, it is hoped, inspire the younger generation to follow their example and win for themselves names as highly honoured. Looking back on all that has been recounted in this paper, it may fairly be said that the JOURNAL has been true to its aim, to "rouse in the members (of the Union) an interest in the past history of their race, and keep alive in their minds the best traditions of their ancestors; so that they might be encouraged to labour together to maintain the honour and dignity which has come to them as a heritage."

It is to the younger Members of the Union that those responsible for the JOURNAL must look for contributions. The educational, social and political changes that are taking place among us cannot have left them absolutely untouched. If they are indifferent to them, their fate and that of the Community must be considered hopeless. The young men—and young women—of the other communities are thoroughly alive to what is going on. They are studying economic questions, passing high examinations, and taking an eager interest in social and public concerns. They attend public lectures, form associations, and print magazines in which they give free expression to their views. There ought to be at least the same spirit of enterprise and investigation in a Community which has all along led and sustained public movements in this country. If education in Ceylon has done no more for our young people than enable them to pass examinations occasionally, and secure employment, then it has been a most unfortunate failure.

The JOURNAL is a link which should bind together more and more *all* the Members of the Union. It tells them what good work the Union is doing, and it preserves the honourable traditions and memories of the past. Subscribers get more than good value for the Five Rupees which they pay annually, and Members who are not subscribers will, it is earnestly hoped, realize their obligations and not leave to a few the responsibilities which ought to be readily and ungrudgingly borne by all, even if that involves a little strain on their resources.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ISLAND OF CEYLON.

BY M. ESCHELSKROON.

The island of Ceylan, or Ceylon, lies between the 6th and 10th deg. North lat. and between the 101½ and 104th E. longitude. It is a *Landvoigtey*, or *government*, belonging to the Dutch East-India Company. It is of a great extent, being in length 220 miles from North to South; and in breadth, measuring from East to West, in some places 120, in others 72, and at Jaffanapatnam but 28 miles; in circumference 790. To the north of it is part of the coast of Coromandel; to the East the Bay of Bengal; to the South the ocean; and to the West the Maldivia islands.

Ceylon is one of the most important of the Dutch possessions, and that not only on account of the cinnamon, which is not allowed to be peeled from the tree anywhere else, and for which the company has the exclusive privilege; but likewise of other precious articles brought from thence, as well as the considerable revenues arising to the company from other sources. This extensive island is divided into six kingdoms, as follows:

1. *Candi* or *Candia*, 2. *Cottù*, 3. *Sitavaca*, 4. *Dambadan*, 5. *Amorayapoere*, 6. *Jaffanapatnam*.

Farther, into six principalities, eleven counties, four marquises, and nine seigneuries or lordships. *Radia Singa*, emperor of Candia where he resides, bears the title of that of the whole island; though in fact his authority is confined to the internal part of it, and does not in the least extend to the coasts. The coast, indeed, all round the island belongs to the Dutch; and is fenced in, as it were, in such a manner, with forts and fences, that at present it is next to impossible to carry on a very illicit commerce; a caution, which the various and repeated attempts of the English to participate of the rich booty to be found here, have made necessary. In so late a period, as that between the years 1756 and 1760, these latter were at great pains to conclude a secret negotiation with the emperor, which, indeed, took effect, insomuch that they had begun to carry on a considerable trade in the distant bays on the eastern side of the island. The governor at that time was John Schroeder, a Hamburger, who, from the condition of a common soldier, had raised himself not only to this post, but likewise to that of one of the council of the Indies, in which latter office he died.

This man saw through the views and intentions of the emperor. He had intelligence, that this latter had infringed the treaty, and that he had dealings with the English, particularly in ammunition, cannon, arms and powder. He sent to him, desiring him to desist, and to call to mind the oath he had taken to deal only with his subsidiary allies. The emperor, however, set him at defiance, telling him, that he would not be dictated to any longer. This was the signal for war. M. Schroeder immediately gave orders to cruize in all the bays and mouths of large rivers, round the whole island, and to search every vessel, and on refusal, to make use of force; the consequence of which was, that he had sufficient proofs to produce of the emperor's treachery. Upon this, he ordered all the troops to be marched towards the mountains, in order, if possible, to bring the emperor to reason. This latter, who had plenty of ammunition, turned out likewise, and a war broke out that lasted seven years. As long as the governor-general, Van Mossel, who died in May 1761, was in being, Schroeder had every support he could wish from Batavia; but Van der Parra, who succeeded Mossel, wishing to get his own nephew into Schroeder's place, did everything he could to thwart this latter in all his schemes and intentions, so that he retired in disgust, recommending Baron Van Eck in his room. Van Eck followed his predecessor's plan; Candia, the metropolis of the island, was taken and plundered, and converted into one of the company's settlements. The emperor lost all his arms and ammunition, and was obliged to sue for peace. The conditions were consequently dictated by the victorious party. They were as follows:

1. The emperor shall keep within the mountains, and have nothing to do with the coasts, where the company may throw up as many fences as they please, and increase or diminish them at pleasure.

2. The emperor shall pay all the extraordinary expenses incurred by the honourable company during this war, and occasioned by him, the whole amounting to 10,000,000 of piastres.

3. And, whereas the emperor gives his word that he is not able to do this with specie, he shall therefore discharge it by three installations, partly in cinnamon, and partly in other articles of commerce.

4. The emperor shall by his subjects, the Cingalese, not only throw up again every fence, redoubt, &c., that has been destroyed, but shall likewise assist the Dutch, at his own expense, in every new fortification in future to be erected.

5. Candia shall be restored again to the emperor; and in other respects, all and every contract, made previously to this, is hereby confirmed and renewed.

The six principalities in Ceylon are,

1. *Oeva*. 2. *Mature*. 3. *Denuaca*, or the two *Corles*; by the word *Corle* is meant a government. 4. The four *Corles*. 5. The seven *Corles*. 6. *Matale*.

The eleven counties are,

1. *Trinkenemale*, or *Trincoenmale*. 2. *Batricalo*. 3. *Velase*. 4. *Bintene*. 5. *Drembra*. 6. *Panciapato*. 7. *Veta*. 8. *Putelan*. 9. *Velare*. 10. *Gale*. 11. *Billigam*.

The four marquisates are,

1. *Duranura*. 2. *Ratiamura*. 3. *Tripane*. 4. *Accipate*.

The nine lordships or large manors are,

1. *Alican*. 2. *Colombo*. 3. *Nigombo*. 4. *Ohilauw*. 5. *Madampe*. 6. *Calpentin*. 7. *Aripo*. 8. *Manaar*. 9. *The Pearl Fishery*.

Besides this general division, they reckon on thirty-four greater, and thirty-three lesser districts (*Landschaften*) in the interior part of the island, exclusively of the four peculiar districts of Jaffnapatnam. These are,

1. *Welligame*. 2. *Timmoratie*. 3. *Warmoratie*. 4. *Pachealapalie*.

In this island there are divers streams and rivers. The more considerable ones are as follows:—

Mavela-Ganga, a river that takes its rise from *Adam's-Peak*, and running northwards, empties itself into the bay of *Trinconomale*.

And *Kosdoeva*, near *Gale*, which springs out of the *Heu-berge*, (or Hay Mountain, as it is called) and flows into the sea near *Gale*, together with many small streams; such are those near *Alican*, *Catture*, *Colombo*, which all come originally out of the *Adam's-Berge*, falling into the sea in the places here mentioned.

The whole land is full of mountains and forests. Formerly, orders were issued by the emperor, that no one should presume, on pain of death, to cut any roads through the impassable forests,

wider than was sufficient for one person to pass : but at present all the roads are by the Dutch made wide enough for two or three waggons to pass each other. The seasons here differ extremely : for when the rainy season prevails on the western side of the island, it is the dry season and fair weather in the eastern, and vice versa ; a diversity, which ceases in the middle of the island. Earthquakes also are very common here, and sometimes very hard shocks, as is usual in hot climates. However they are [not] near so violent as in those countries that lie still farther to the eastward.

I now come to a more particular description of the island ; beginning with the country of *Gale*, on the south-west side of it, and the town or city *Punto de Gale*. This is situated in long. 102½ deg. N. lat. 6 deg. 5 min. It is above two miles in circumference, and is strongly fortified by nature as well as by art. Indeed, the chief and best fortifications are the *blind-rats*, as they are called, or invisible rocks in the bay. The principal buildings here are the magazine, the hospital, the commandant's dwelling house, and the Dutch church, where likewise the Cingalese in the morning and at noon perform their religious rites and worship.

In this town there is a great trade, as well on account of the inhabitants bartering their commodities with those of the neighbouring coasts, as also on account of the fleets which take their lading in here on their return to Europe, and are generally dispatched by the 25th of December. The factory here is, in point of rank, the second on the island. The Company keeps here a commandant as president, with a merchant for his deputy and assistant, and other officers, who compose the council. The military, which is generally stationed here to the amount of three hundred men, is commanded by a captain ; and the country round about is governed by a *Dessave*, or seneschal and his deputy. These, however, as well as all the other forts and factories, are all under the command of the governor of the whole island, residing at Colombo.

2. *Calicut* lies fifty miles to the north of Gale, and between these places there are a good many villages and unfortified towns, which are all invested by the Dutch with small detachments of the military. But Calicut is one of the principal fortresses ; it has double walls, and a good garrison. From hence, further on to the northwards, to the extent of thirty-five miles, are scattered several villages and small places, which are all likewise a kind of out-posts belonging to the garrison.

3. The beautiful and magnificent town of *Colombo*. It lies in lat. 6 deg. and long. 102 deg. 10 min. When the Portuguese were in possession of it, it was of a vast extent ; but after the taking of it in 1656, it has been very much diminished in its dimensions, and by this means is become very strong and tenable : it is defended by five large bastions, Victoria, Constantia, Concordia, Haerlem and Enkhuysen. In the town itself stands the beautiful edifice in which the governor dwells ; a magnificent hospital ; a commodious roomy orphan-house ; a large church for the Dutch ; a school for the Malabars ; and a spacious market. There is also a seminary here, of which the minister is always the rector, with two assistants. On this occasion it is worth remarking, that it is the only institution of the kind in the whole Indies ; even Batavia, to the great shame of the direction in Holland, not being provided with one. It is certainly much to be lamented, that the education of youth is so much neglected throughout the whole extent of the Company's possessions ; in all of which the children are suffered to grow up under the tuition of slaves, under their inspection, and in their company : consequently every good and generous sentiment is nipped in the bud, and a wide door is opened for the reception of every thing that is mean and base. The men of fortune, therefore, among the Europeans here, are all obliged, if they wish to save their children from destruction, to send them in their tender infancy to Holland, to be there educated, and be made useful citizens.

Even people of the first rank, who have not been able to persuade themselves to trust their tender offspring to the mercy of the sea, have, sooner or later, always had occasion to lament their excessive fondness : for, though they generally keep a tutor in the house, whom they procure at a great expense from Europe, yet the children have, after all, a miserable education ; their servile notions can never be eradicated, and the conversation they of course daily hold with their slaves, counteracts all the instructions they receive from their tutor. Add to this, that they are continually told that they are generals or directors' sons, that they will have large fortunes, and will certainly be *Orang Baazar*, or great men. All this serves to inspire them with an utter contempt for their inferiors, and a plenary conviction, that they are not under the least necessity to learn any thing, and consequently they remain stupid and ignorant all their lives. Notwithstanding which, they even in their early age attain to the

most lucrative employments, though many of these *lipplaps* (for so they here call such as are either born in Asia, or whose fathers are Europeans and mothers Asiatics) have scarce learned so much as to be able to write their names: thus much, however, cannot be dispensed with; as from the duties of their office they are obliged to sign their name frequently to instruments and official papers, at the same time that perhaps they are not able to read the contents.

The Majores themselves, which constitute the general direction (*die Vergaadering van 17*) in Holland, are so sensible of this, that they have made it a rule, that no native, or *lipplap*, shall rise higher than to the office of book-keeper; though the gentlemen at Batavia, out of regard to their sons, do not adhere quite so closely to this rule, as they do to the order, that no foreigner, *i.e.* no one that is not born in the Seven United Provinces, shall rise higher than to the employment of a factor. In fine, there are no schools here but those of the lower class; and the schoolmasters are either *kranken-troster*, *i.e.* chaplains, that come with the ships from Europe, or more usually still, broken mechanics, such as bakers, shoe-makers, glaziers, &c. who have no more book-learning than just to make a shift to sing the Psalms of David, and at the same time perhaps can say the Heidelberg catechism by heart, together with a few passages out of the Bible, and are able to read a sermon from some author; or else they are some wretched natives, that can scarce make a shift to read Dutch intelligibly, much less can they write a good hand, and in arithmetic are still more deficient. And so much for the state of learning in the whole of the East Indies in the possession of the Dutch.

Just before Colombo there is a large projection of the land into the sea, which bends towards the West, and with the bastion in the South-West composes the harbour; but the road here is extremely unsafe, the ships lying all exposed to the North-West wind; consequently they never make any long stay here, but make as speedily as they can for the Bay of Gale.

The town of Colombo is divided into the Old town and the New, both which are separated from each other by a latticed gate. Here is the principal factory, where the governor, and next to him a consul (that is to say here, but not in the regency of the country, for in that case the commandant of Gale takes the second place), a fiscal, or judge advocate, and the other officers of state reside.

There is likewise in this place, a judiciary council, or college of justice, where all matters of law are determined, and whither all the factories on the island may appeal; but they are still at liberty to appeal again from this court to that of Batavia, which is the highest in the Indies.

The military is commanded by a major, and is reckoned at this place to consist of four thousand men. The *Landvoigt* has a considerable revenue, and is the most respectable, in point of power and authority, of any governor in the Indies; having, besides a number of other factories, the two governments of Gale and Jaffanapatnam under him; and, though he is responsible to the Council at Batavia, corresponding directly with Europe, and likewise receiving the cargoes directly from thence, which still adds to his consequence. Till the year 1669, he was of still greater importance, as before that period the coast of Malabar was likewise subject to him; but in the year 1669, this coast became a separate government, and was placed under the control of Batavia. The fortresses and factories, without reckoning the garrisons and the smaller out-posts, are: Mature, Calpentyn, Manaar, Jaffanapatnam, Trinconomale, Coatjaur, Batticalo, Banua, the salt-pans, Magammc, Punto, Gale, Nigombo, with several out-posts under Colombo, Tutocoryn, and Punto Pedro.

4. The fortress of *Nigombo* lies above twelve miles from the principal fort, Colombo, and between them are dispersed many beautiful villages and unfortified towns. *Negombo* is particularly well fortified, for the purpose of protecting the cinnamon-country. The Portuguese had fortified it in a most extraordinary manner; but the fortifications are now very much diminished, partly to save the expence of a large garrison, and partly because the principal fort is so near it. Formerly here were a merchant as resident, an ensign with about a hundred soldiers, and officers civil and military; but now they are all reduced to the ensign with sixty men. This place is situate in the kingdom of Cotte, and has very fine woods belonging to it.

5. The island *Calpentyn*, and the fortress upon it, about thirty-six miles from the fort above-mentioned. The extent of this island is about twenty-four miles from North to South, and four in breadth. There are two villages upon it, the fort is on the eastern side of it, and is garrisoned by an ensign and forty men.

6. *Manaar*, likewise an island, twenty-five miles long, and eight broad. Here is also a fort, with a factor as resident, and a lieutenant.

enant with a hundred men to garrison it. This fort is in the eastern part of the island, and is very strong. Between this island and the coast of Madura, there lies a heap of sand-banks in a strait line, to the extent of fifty-two miles, which have some depth, and are therefore called *Adam's Bridge* by the inhabitants, who assert, that this was the dwelling-place of Adam and Eve, paradise being situated in Ceylon; and a heap of other fables to this purport. It is likewise supposed, not without reason, that this island was formerly united to the continent, and was by degrees, and in course of time, separated from it by the sea.

Here is likewise the famous *Pearl-fishery*, which was latterly neglected by the Portuguese, but is now carried on by the Company to great advantage. On the opposite coast of the continent, to the North-East of this island, is the extensive village of Matotte, and along the same coast are many places of some note, which are all garrisoned.

7. *Jaffanapatnam*. The whole of this kingdom is twenty-six miles in breadth towards the Northern part; on the South-East side, near Cattiani, twelve; and towards fort Calirauw, but two; and in length from East to West, eight miles. It lies at the distance of about ninety miles from Manaar. It is, as has been already observed, divided into four districts. The castle is in Welligame, very strongly fortified, and well garrisoned. There is a consul in the capacity of commandant, who has likewise his council to assist him, the same as at Punto de Gale; he having here, in a similar manner to that practised at all the other factories, the supreme command: a major by brevet commands the military. Besides the commandant's house there is a magnificent church here, and a handsome hospital. Round about in the neighbourhood there are many fortified places and out-posts, of which Ponto das Pedres is the principal. Higher up the country, in the three other districts, there is a number of inhabited villages, to the amount of a hundred and sixty. The natives are here, as well as in every other place, within the jurisdiction of the Company, and must pay all the imposts with cinnamon and areek. To the Westward of the fort lie three large islands, viz.

1. Amsterdam, formerly called *Corridiva*, twenty miles in circumference, uninhabited, and full of forests.

2. Leyden, formerly *Oerature*, sixteen miles from Jaffanapatnam, and four from Amsterdam, and has several villages

upon it. Betwixt these two islands there is a fort, called Hammenhiel, which is of great strength, and is considered as the key to Jaffanapatnam.

3. Delft, once *Pongardiva*, is, as well as the others, Middelburg and Horm, desert and uninhabited, excepting in so far as that a great deal of timber is cut here for the use of the Company.

At the utmost point or promontory of this kingdom, directly to the East, is,

8. (*sic*) † The fortress of Calirauw, under the control of Jaffanapatnam, and guarded by an ensign and about forty men, with gunners, &c.

9. *Trinkenemale*, or Trinco-enmale. Betwixt this bay and the fort Calirauw, is the country called *Bedas*, which takes in a space of a hundred and twenty miles, and is, the whole of it, a mere forest. The bay of Trincoenemale is the finest in the whole island, as the roads are very safe, and defended from the winds by small islands. Here is a very strong fortress, in which dwells a consul in the capacity of resident, who has under him a factor by way of administrator, a captain of the military, which consist of about two hundred and fifty men, and several other officers. This place was, as well as Batticalo, formerly a *commandery*, but is now converted (*sic*) into a residentship.

10. *Coticar* is merely an unfortified town, in which a few Europeans and Cingalese keep guard, in order to hinder any smuggling being carried on. A lieutenant has the command here.

11. *Batticalo* is, in like manner, a strong fortification, situated eight miles inland from the bay, and directly upon the river, whence it takes its name. A merchant commands here in the capacity of resident, and the military, which amounts to a hundred and fifty men, is commanded by a lieutenant. Here the Dutch made their first landing in 1682, (*sic*) and took it by storm from the Portuguese on the 18th of March, with the assistance of Radja Singa, who at that time was as weary of the Portuguese, as he soon after was of the Dutch.

The unfortified towns of Patenuad, Aragone, Raddele, Colahawyle de Pagodi van Trinkoli, whither the Cingalese go upon pilgrimage in great numbers, Comene, Pomene, Mandagli, Patten, Pattane, Oekandi, Andenove, Memene, Mandegelle, Jalepat, Cate-

† Nos. 4—7 are not given in the copy.

nagon, Leawaica, Transalier, Magami, Condeli, Killigamna, Kolk-galle, Anakenwelle, all along the shore, from the stream of Cerinde, to the river Walluwe, which latter likewise has its source in Adam's Mountain, offer nothing worthy our observation, but high mountains and the Salt-pans, as they are called. Between Maluwe and Tangale, there is a large plain, thirty-two miles in circumference, where they hunt the elephants. The places called Ajale, Halpilane, Huwacora, Tanidar, Galuettes en Dondore, lie in a circle from Batticalo to Matura, about ten or twelve miles distant from each other; and are all so well guarded, being at the same time provided with flags for the purpose of making signals, that on the first appearance of any vessel at sea, they are all immediately brought under arms; and on the least commotion in the interior part of this extensive island, they are in a condition to make preparations for defence all over it. In consequence of the island's being thus encircled with forts and out-posts, there is nothing that can escape the observation of the governor at Colombo; it being from hence, that the emperor is watched with the greatest care, and indeed is so narrowly observed by his own subjects, that all his words and actions are minutely reported in the governor's cabinet.

12. *Mature*, situate on the river Melipa, directly in the south, is a fort built of stone, in which there is a consul in the capacity of resident, who at the same time is *dessave*, or bailiff of the circum-jacent country; he has a factor to assist him, and a lieutenant with a hundred and forty men, besides necessary officers.

13. *Billigam* has an excellent bay, called the Red Bay. It is merely an out-post, like the Pagode of Tanaware, and the village of Curaca between this place and Mature. Sixteen miles to the Westward is seen the beautiful village of Coddogore, and four miles farther on, that of Oenevatte. Here the land bends towards the North, forming the bay of *Punto de Gala*. All these posts on the shore, and several other districts besides on this island, are the property of the Dutch Company, first by virtue of their contract, and afterwards, as the emperor Radja Singa thought proper to infringe the treaty, by force of arms. The Company exercises here all the powers of a sovereign, erecting and destroying fortifications when and where they chose; laying imposts on the subject, and levying customs, excise and poll-taxes, and prohibiting the importation or exportation of any article of commerce they think fit; passing

sentence of life and death not only on their own natural subjects, but on the natives; and lastly, giving to Caesar that which is Caesar's, or just as much as they think proper: and in general, they have at present brought matters with the emperor to such a point, that whenever he is under the necessity of asking any favour of them, they never grant it to him without his having first ceded to them some of the remaining part of his dominions.

Besides this great island, the Company has still on the *Coast of Madura*, to the westward of Ceylon, in a large bay to the south of Kaypatnam, and to the north of Cape Comoryn, 8 deg. 40 min. N. latitude, and likewise subject to the control of Colombo:—

14. *Tutocoryn*, which is a large open borough, without either gates, walls, or moat; most of the houses are of stone. The Company has a factory there, over which presides a consul in quality of resident, who has under him a factor, a lieutenant with eighty soldiers, and other officers. It was not before the year 1658, that the Company took this island, as well as that of Ramanocoyee, Adam's Bridge, &c.

The town of Tutocoryn brings in a large sum to government, on account of its valuable pearl-fishery, pearls of a tolerable size being got there, though not to be compared with those of Ormus and Bahrein, either for whiteness or polish. Süankos or oblation-horns, which are in great request among the Moors, who make rings of them, are likewise taken out of the water here in great abundance; as likewise the famous muscles (*sic*) called cowries, which the Indians use as small money, though most of these latter are brought from Maladiva islands.

15. *Salt-pans* are low lands on the strand, which are overflowed twice a year by the sea; this is retained by the means of dams and dykes, and being dried up by the heat of the sun, produces salt enough for the consumption of all India. There are some of these salt-pans—

1. Between Chilauw and Putelan: 2. between Cotjar and Baticalo: 3. between Leawawar and Waluwe.

When the Company first made themselves masters of this coast, they had only the two former in their possession, and the latter was under the direction of the emperor's subjects; now they all belong to the Dutch, and are, in fact, in their hands become the most powerful weapons they can use against the emperor; as neither

he nor his subjects can at present have the least particle of salt without the permission of the Company: for as soon as the most trifling suspicion arises, either of an insurrection, or of disgust on the part of the emperor or the natives, immediately all sale or delivery of this necessary article of life is prohibited; and a very accurate account is taken every year, of the quantity which must necessarily be consumed in the interior part of the island. In proportion to the result of this calculation orders are issued for the salt to be delivered out, in order to prevent the emperor, or anybody else, from laying up a store of it against the following year, or longer. As it is impossible either to make use of, or to sell all the salt that is produced in these salt-pans, as they are called, what remains, after a determinate portion is sent to the mountains, and to the Company's servants and own subjects, likewise after the magazine is filled, and the ships that come to buy it up, have got their lading, all the remainder is mixed with sand, and thrown back into the sea.

The Company has several salt-works of this kind, particularly at Tutocoryn and Java, at which places there is likewise an amazing quantity of this article, and that much superior in quality to the produce of Ceylon: and in order to raise the price from three rix-dollars the *last*, weighing 4,500 lb. to fifty rix-dollars the *last* of 3,000 lb., they have prohibited the boiling, or otherwise making of any salt in any way whatever, in all the coasts and places whither their dominions extended, e.g. in Sumatra, Malacca, Amboyna, Banda, &c. With a view to enforce this prohibition, certain *riders* are kept to visit the coasts in every part of their dominions without intermission, with orders to prevent the making of any salt there; and, if they find any works of that kind, to destroy them, and take up the offenders, that they may undergo the punishment ordained by the laws in this case, which is transportation to some very distant coast.

Not content with having erected forts all round the coast, the Company has likewise many fences and out-posts in the interior part of the island, which, since the conclusion of the last peace, are much increased, as the limits of their possessions were then greatly extended. Such are, Alauw, the key to the three principalities; the two, three and seven Corles, and ten more places, which close up the way into the country, making a circle of about eighty miles.

The fences and out-posts along the coast form a circuit of more than a hundred and sixty miles.

The cinnamon woods are thirty in number; all these are the absolute and entire property of the Company; and besides these, there are many more woods in the middle of the country, which the emperor orders to be barked, and is obliged to deliver the cinnamon of them to the Company.

The *cinnamon-tree*, called by the Cingalese *curindogas*, and which produces the cinnamon, (in the Cingalese language *curindopotto*), for which this island is so famous, is frequently of a great size: some trees are, however, middling. The leaves bear a great resemblance to a limon or laurel-leaf, in thickness and colour; these latter, however, have but one rib, but the leaves of the cinnamon-tree three. The leaves, when they first burst forth, are as red as scarlet, and smell, when rubbed between the fingers, more like cloves than cinnamon. This tree is very thick set with branches and leaves, and bears a white, sweet-scented, agreeable blossom, which is followed by a fruit of the size of an olive; this is of a yellow colour, and is ripe in the month of June; but neither in smell nor taste at all resembles the inner bark. However, the ripe fruit being boiled, yields a very fine oil, which, when cold, has the appearance of tallow, and is used in medicine, as well as to burn in lamps; though none of the natives dare use it for this latter purpose but the emperor himself.

This tree grows wild in woods, like other trees, and is indeed in no higher estimation among the Cingalese. It has a double bast: the outer rind having not the least flavour, or other properties of cinnamon, is previously taken off with a knife; but the inner, which is the real genuine cinnamon, is with a crooked pointed knife first cut circularly, then longitudinally, and after being peeled off, is laid in the sun, by which means it becomes rolled up, and takes the form in which we have it in Europe.

When the tree is once deprived of its bark, it never grows again; but from the fruit that is fallen off, new trees shoot up in its stead, which in the space of six or eight years may be peeled again. The wood of this tree gives not the least smell when burned, being soft and white like our fire-wood. The inhabitants make use of it for their houses and furniture: from the root their physicians draw an excellent camphor-water, nay, they even understand the method

of extracting the very best camphor from it ; but this must be done with the greatest privacy, as it is prohibited by the Company under the heaviest penalties, in order to prevent the camphor-trade in Borneo and Sumatra from being hurt by it.

There are three sorts of cinnamon.

1. The *fine*, which is peeled off from the young and middle-sized trees.

2. The *coarse*, which is taken from the large old trees.

3. The *wild*, which likewise grows in Sumatra, Borneo, the coast of Malabar, and other places, and costs but the fifth part of what the fine sort does. The Company in the mean while is in possession of all these places, and the finest sort grows nowhere but in Ceylon ; though it must be owned, that much depends on the management of this drug ; for I have more than once seen cinnamon in the possession of the English at Sumatra, that they have peeled off in great quantities, and which, in point of colour, taste, and fineness, did not yield in the least to that of Ceylon. In the bay of Tappianoli, on the western coast, they have several *Chialiasses*, or cinnamon-peelers, whom they have enticed away from Ceylon, and persuaded them to enter into their service : these men bark the young trees there in such a manner, that there is no better cinnamon produced in the whole world. And in general, the English hurt the Dutch greatly by this method of procedure ; for though the wild cinnamon should not be quite so fine as their's, yet it may very well be used as a spice for the table, and is likewise just as good as the other for medical purposes.

The cinnamon is delivered out in Baharas, each of these weighing 744 lb., the price of the wild being ten rix-dollars, and that of the fine, or genuine, fifty.

The men, that have learned the art of barking the cinnamon, being brought up to it and nothing else, are commanded by their Malabaddes, and are called *Chialiasses*. The time for barking the tree commences in the months of June and July, and sometimes even in August : now as soon as they come out of their villages for this purpose, every district sends a detachment of Dutch soldiers, and another composed of the natives themselves, called Lascaryns, along with them, in order to guard the wood where they are to work ; and this partly on account of the roving Cingalese mountaineers, which sometimes fall on the barked cinnamon, and make it

their booty, but still more for the purpose of having an eye upon the *Chialiasses* themselves, that they may not be able to conceal any of the cinnamon, and afterwards carry it off.

The bark that is peeled during the day, must be carried every evening to the Dutch guard belonging to their respective districts ; there cleansed, well dried, and made up into bundles, and afterwards taken in close cases to the factory, where they are weighed, and received by the Company as payment of the assessment or tax imposed on these people by government. A man must be a very good hand indeed, that can gather 30 lb. of cinnamon in a day ; whence it is easily calculated, how many persons it will take to gather 10 or 12,000,000 lb. and that too of the best ; for what is brought in, is looked over before it is weighed, and the refuse of it burned.

The best and finest cinnamon is brought from *Nigombo*. At the time for gathering this drug, the Company are obliged to draw out a *cordon* of seventy-two miles in circumference ; and as there are a great many of these *corps de garde*, it follows, that the Company must pay a great many Europeans, as well as Cingalese. As soon as the cinnamon is weighed at the factory, it is divided into bales of 100 lb. each, packed up very close, and rolled up in a *Gongi*, or strong packing cloth woven for the purpose, instead of which they formerly used cows—or buffaloes—hides. The fine and whole cinnamon may be known from the coarse and broken, at first sight, and without opening the bale ; the former bales being much smaller and more curiously packed, while the coarse is covered only with mats, though by no means in a slovenly or unhandsome manner.

These cinnamon-barkers are under the command of a captain, called a Malabaddes, and are distributed into four different classes, *Chialiasses*, *Coelis*, *Lascaryns*, and *Thandarias* ; all these have their particular villages appointed for them, where they are to live ; though there is yet another sort, called *Rani-Chialiasses*, or single barkers ; these originate from the genuine *Chialiasses*, but are dispersed all over the island. Under the captain are five *vidans*, or lieutenants, and under these again, sixteen grand officers, or ensigns, and thirty-four petty officers, called *Durias*. The business of these is, exclusively of their ordinary duty, to keep an exact register of the number of persons to be assessed (*Tombes*), as every *chialias* is bound to pay a poll-tax and other assessments to the company : the

poll-tax (deccum) is levied upon them according to their respective strength of body and their age, rising from three stivers for eleven years of age, to a rix-dollar for forty, and from this age falling gradually to one stiver. These imposts, as well as all the others, must be paid with cinnamon, or else with the value of that cinnamon in money.

All the Chialiaasses must be ready at all times to work at the governor's command, for on him it depends how much is to be barked and delivered in; and this again depends on the demand for it from Europe. When the cinnamon-tree is not in blossom, it is very easy to strip it of its bark; but in the flowering season, this latter adheres strongly to the tree, and is not easily taken off.

Not only all kind of commerce in this article, excepting the delivery of it to the Company, is prohibited on pain of death, but also all distillation or expression of its oil; and in consequence of this prohibition, whenever any stills or other instruments for these purposes are found, not only the owners of them are strictly punished, but all their works entirely destroyed.

Exclusively of cinnamon, the Dutch have several lucrative articles of commerce in their own entire possession; as,

1. Areek, 2. the pearl fishery, 3. the elephants, 4. the five manufactories for dying red, at Jaffanapatnam, and other kinds of manufactories. Besides all these, the net income arising to government from stamped paper; from a tenth on the sale of all fixtures; from certain duties farmed out; from the monies paid for passes taken out by every Moor and other merchant dwelling on the island, which is still more increased by the continual passing to and from Manaar, is considerable. The customs likewise produce a large revenue, as all the rice brought in by the Moors pays five per cent. and all other commodities imported by them, ten. All commodities brought into the island must be paid for with the produce of the country; and great care is taken, that no cash is carried out by the Moors, or other traders: on the other hand, the merchants exclusively of areek, elephants, and other commodities of the country, which they contract for, must pay for every thing they want, with specie, a regulation which certainly is not a little in favour of the Company.

[The following is the letter-press on the title page of the work of John Christopher Wolf to which the above article is a

supplement:—The Life and Adventures of John Christopher Wolf, late Principal Secretary of State at Jaffanapatnam, in Ceylon; together with a Description of that Island, Its Natural Productions, and the Manners and Customs of its Inhabitants. Translated from the Original German. To the whole is added a short, but comprehensive Description of the same Island by Mr. Eschelskroon. London. Printed for C. G. J. and J. Robinson, in Pater-Noster-Row. MDCCLXXXV.

The translator of Wolf's article concludes as follows:—

"As the author, willing to advance as little as possible on any subject, to which he was not an eye-witness, has confined his remarks chiefly to the province of Jaffanapatnam, the place of his residence, the translator has endeavoured to supply this deficiency, by inserting at the end of these sheets, a *Description of the Island of Ceylon*, written last year in the German language, by *M. Eschelskroon*; a gentleman who has lately visited that quarter of the globe, and gained great applause from the learned on the continent, by the accurate accounts he has given of Sumatra. This of Ceylon seems to be in some measure an abridgement of the celebrated *Valentyn's* description of the island, but is enriched with many new and curious articles, so as to form, with the preceding work, a tolerably complete treatise on the subject."—ED. D.B.U. Journal.]

A ZILVER BRUILOFT (SILVER WEDDING) OF OLDEN TIMES

BY A. N. WEINMAN.

In these prosaic days when the members of our community celebrate their Silver Weddings by a formal "At Home" at the Public Hall or some such place, if they are able to afford it, or in the case of those not over-burdened with cash, by a family reunion at their homes, the following account, by our illustrious countryman (of whom we are so justly proud), of a Silver Wedding in the good old days, ought to be found interesting by the readers of the D.B.U. Journal, and in fact, should not be without interest to every member of the Dutch Burgher Community.

There would be something peculiarly appropriate in the publication of similar articles from the brilliant pen of Lorenz from time to time in this journal, particularly just now, when we have so recently celebrated the Lorenz Centenary, and memories of our distinguished countryman have been revived.

C. A. Lorenz has been aptly described as the Dickens of Ceylon, and his geniality and versatility are more than evident in those delightful sketches of days gone by. It was in the exercise of social virtues that Charles Lorenz was ever at his best, and the gift he had of portraying in these inimitable pen and ink sketches the idiosyncrasies and peculiarities of the various characters depicted in them should provide a fund of enjoyment to every reader. The subjects of his burlesques most often enjoyed them most, we are told, and bore him no malice at all, because he never said anything with a sting in it, or calculated to give pain. He has been truly described as "a man good, generous, joyful and true, with charity towards all and malice towards none."

In vividness, beauty and effect, the description of the time-honoured custom of celebrating a Silver Wedding, more especially a Silver Wedding of the good old days, is most fascinating.

It conjures up pictures of the lives our ancestors lived in the Pettah, the "Oude stad," or old city, which was the residential area of the Dutch Burghers in those days. A very different Pettah no doubt to what it is now, when the heat and dust and noisy crowds give it an unsavoury reputation. Gone are the pretty

Oleander and the shady *Sooriya* trees, no longer are the wide verandahs alive with Burghers and their numerous little ones, the sounds of song and music and merry laughter are to be heard no more. At the happy period to which I refer the picturesque had not yet given way to the practical, and the Pettah still consisted of a number of shady streets with rows of typical Dutch Houses, gables and all.

To return to the Silver Wedding as described by Lorenz, with visions of musical expeditions on moonlight nights, casements gently opening, glances of bright eyes, and on the other hand irate old papas; reminiscences of fiddles scraping and tambourines thumping; of pastelles and ginger beer, sandwiches and congratulations. We dream of the days that are gone, and recall stories of those times, related to us when we were yet children.

Though those who have taken part in all this innocent fun have gone where no earthly serenades can ever disturb them, we feel happy in these recollections which never brought sorrow or remorse for any evil done, but are purely recollections of innocent amusements when youthful spirits were high and sorrow undreamt of.

There is something undefinable in the memories of past joys never to be realized in our experience, of social customs prevailing at a time when life was hedged in within stricter limits of conventional propriety than those which prevail in our go-ahead modern times, of usages which the rising generation would regard as old and absurd, but which nevertheless were based on juster views of human nature, and a more correct estimate of the duties connected with the varied relationships of life.

As we cast our minds back, in reading this sketch, on days that are past, do we not, somehow, feel with Wordsworth "that there hath passed away a glory from this earth"? With this suggestion I cannot do better than leave you with Lorenz's account of "How Uncle Arnoldus spent the 25th Anniversary of his Wedding Day," which it will be agreed is a brilliant piece of word painting, and which I might add has been extracted from "Young Ceylon", a periodical which ran for a couple of years commencing from February, 1850, with Frederick Nell as Editor.

Now my uncle Arnoldus was not supposed to know anything about the state of public feeling in regard to the expected Anniversary. His behaviour abroad was as correct and regular as ever, and Mrs. Hansman, my respected Aunt, sat daily at the window hemming her handkerchief, or making her purchases, as if nothing was about to happen. It is true some daring individual once, some three weeks before the terrible day, made an impertinent remark about a certain silver bruiloft'sfeest which was expected to come off shortly; but my Uncle Arnoldus, with becoming good humour, smiled and pretended to believe the intelligence.

My Uncle's personal appearance was imposing, and this combined with the circumstance that he was 25 years married, rendered him an important personage at that time. He had a double chin, grey whiskers, and was on the whole a man whom an impartial physiognomist would declare incapable of standing any nonsense. The great peculiarity in my Uncle's dress was, in the eyes of the rising generation, his shirt-collar, which consisted of a parallelogram on either side of his face, one of the angles whereof reached the nostril and the other concealed itself behind the tip of the ear; leaving the nape of the neck to shift for itself. His cravat was of unimpeachable whiteness and his waistcoat of unquestionable regularity.

We will not speak of tortoiseshell spectacle and gold seals, and a shirt-pin, the presence of which might be calculated upon wherever my Uncle went, with the same certainty with which some people speak of our inability through life of meeting with the corpse of an Ass.

My Uncle one evening laid down his pipe and addressed Mrs. Hansman, my respected Aunt; "Mentjie," said he, as if he—the sly old fellow—knew not that Thursday next was the 5th of February—"how many years married are we?"

"Who *we*?" enquired the innocent old lady, as if she had not for the preceding six months had the 5th of February topmost in her mind.

"Yes, *we*" said my Uncle, pretending to believe my Aunt's innocence; and, in the fulness of his heart, passing his fingers two or three times carefully through his whiskers.

My Aunt calculated time not by dates, but by reference to certain events in her life, by means of which successive additions were made to the Hansman pedigree; or as my Uncle would facetiously term it, successive olive twigs.

"Why," said my Aunt, "James (meaning the first twig that blossomed) is twenty four next June."

"Hem,"—my Uncle Arnoldus coughed, "Mentjie" said my Uncle Arnoldus, "give us a tune."

My Aunt, who at any other time would have strenuously demurred to the proposition, engaged as she was deep in the hole of one of my Uncle's socks, rose, and sitting at an antiquated Clementi, played "The Copenhagen Waltz, with Variations."

Then, in the neighbourhood, just about the same time, certain individuals most unaccountably (so my Aunt remarked) took it into their heads to meet together and practise three tunes secretly; that is to say, in such a manner as that their intentions and their preparations should not be known abroad, an object which inasmuch as they were frequently seen in the neighbourhood with certain musical instruments in their hands or peeping out of their pockets, and further inasmuch as Music consists of sounds which in order to be appreciated should be heard, was found difficult to be attained. However they continued to practise the three tunes for three or four successive evenings, flattering themselves that no one knew of it. But *we* knew of it, and Uncle Arnoldus and my Aunt Mentjie also knew of it, but of course we all pretended to be innocent. How clever we were!

There was a first fiddle and a second fiddle. One of them wore spectacles, and the other wore a red wig; but the Red Wig was the cleverer of the two and never looked into his book, but always played *seconds* off-hands. Then again the first fiddle was a most unfortunate being, whose catgut broke oftener than was consistent with the idea of an accomplished musician; and the red wig with horrible coolness always produced from his waist-coat pocket a spare bit of catgut just to suit the necessities of the moment. Then there was the treble Flute and the tenor Flute. The former always insisted that a little brandy and water was better than oil to wet his instrument with, and never missed an opportunity as a preliminary step, whenever a new tune was to be played, of mixing a grog for "self and partner"—that is, for himself and his instrument. The tenor flute, that is the instrument itself, was a very long flute, with holes at a great distance from each other: and the performer was ever anxious to impress upon the minds of the public that he was a clever fellow in being able to play it, and he stretched his fingers as wide as nature would allow, and raising the flute to his lips, would try to convince his hearers that without him the Band would be worthless. Then there was a Clarionet, which did not always play, but as a general rule stopped to beat time at a difficult passage, and when the difficult passage was got over, began at a wrong bar. But that was nothing in our eyes, because he had a grown up son, who told us that his father was the best *Clarnet-player* in the whole *Island Stone*, "not because he is my father, but I d'shure" &c. The next was the Basshorn, the wonder of us all: but the basshorn never joined, because he was sure of his *part*, and possessed the confidence of the public in that respect. So the basshorn was allowed to stand in a corner: and it always stood in a corner so temptingly, with its mouthpiece staring point-blank at us, that a little urchin one night quietly stepped up to it and whilst the Serenaders were at the 4th bar of the "Garb of old Gaul," placed his mouth to the instrument and—but there issued such a bray out of it, that the musicians simultaneously stopped, and stared round: so that the little fellow was obliged instantly to sneak out of the room in a most ignominious manner. And last and not the least was John the Rider, a professional Tambourine hired for the occasion: all the others who practised there being amateurs, or as a wrongheaded friend of ours termed them, musicians on their own bottom:—John the Rider, the man with the turned-up nose—a

nose so inveterate in its upward tendency as to lead people to suppose him the greatest sneerer living. If you meet him in the Fort, you will find him sneering either at the Library clock, or at Sir Edward Barnes' Statue, or at Mr. Daniel's sign board. If you see him at the Pettah you will find him sneering at the inscription "Blessed are the dead" in the Burial Ground. If he attends an auction the witty Auctioneer will be disturbed by the most unmerciful sneer ever seen on a human face. At Church he sneers at the Minister, at home he sneers at his dinner—at court he sneers at the Judge, the jury and every individual member of the Bar in succession; and when asked to give an opinion on a horse, he leaves a most unfavourable opinion of the animal on the mind of his customer, by sneering at the beast as if he were the veriest hack in existence. At the first "practice," John the Rider sneered the "Red Wig" out of the third bar of the "Garb of old Gaul" into the fifth bar of "Haste to the wedding," and led the Clarionet-player to suppose that John thought him a big Humbug. At the second concert, the tenor flute having a plug in a disordered condition, John volunteered to set it aright, but only sneered at it for a long time, turning it round and round so that every side of it received a full share of the sneer. At the third and last meeting John left a conviction on the minds of all the performers that he thought the whole proceeding a great farce, and the first Fiddle actually conducted the Basshorn player out to the verandah and looking at him over his spectacles seriously suggested to him his fears that John the Rider was playing a deep game.

Then came the day—the 4th of February—the Anniversary eve. The musicians were assembled in their practice room at 9 o'clock, all dressed in white, with silver cockades on their hats. There was a packet of brown paper taken carefully out of the Tenor flutes pocket, and amidst sundry whispers and mysterious looks it was laid on the table. The two violins had silver ribands tied round their necks. The basshorn had a silver streamer dangling from its crook. And John the Rider had the rim of his tambourine silvered over, Mr. Jacobsz was there too with a square piece of network fixed on a long pole, whereon were painted a crown and two doves billing; with the initials of my uncle and aunt in gay flourishes, and the duration of their married life inscribed in Roman numerals. The first Fiddle was barely ready for action; and the Red Wig with his wonted coolness produced a piece of resin and laid it on the table; which reminded the first Fiddle that he had forgotten to bring his own resin. The first flute had forgotten all about the silver, but made up for it by administering a stronger grog of Brandy than usual to his instrument. The musicians then sat down and opened their books; (of course the Red Wig scorned to open his and volunteered to play by heart). The Clarionet player introduced his middle finger into the cap of the Clarionet, and rapped the table with it; the two Fiddlesticks were brandished in the air, the Basshorn slowly rose to the level of the performer's mouth, the two flutists adjusted their embouchures, and as the Clarionet player jerked his instrument forward and applied its reed to his lips, a string of the first fiddle snapped. A delay of some minutes took place. John the Rider sneered full at the face of his tambourine. Then the Clarionet player again rapped the table, and jerked his instrument forward.

The Garb of old Gaul was excellent; but the Red Wig requested the tenor flute to widen his embouchure a little.

Haste to the Wedding was first-rate, only John the Rider had grown a little too violent on the Tambourine.

Napoleon's Grand March, with a solo on the tenor flute, was highly exciting and was intended to revive recollections of Jena, Austerlitz and Marengo in the hearts of all the by-standers.

God save the Queen needed not a practice, but with the assistance of the Basshorn who was a great hand at the grace notes, would come with a stunning effect after the recollection of the engagements just spoken of.

So it was arranged:—and when the practice was over and all misgivings as to John the Rider's good faith had been removed by his holding the Tambourine over the lamp to improve its tone, and by respectfully retiring to a corner to adjust his shirt collar and set his mind at rest as to the appearance of various other portions of his dress; the Clarionet player solemnly rapped on the table and the musicians armed themselves for action.

It was John's opinion that the gentlemen looked *grand* in their silver wedding costume, and he was about to speculate as to the appearance of musicians at a golden-wedding, and to mourn over the degeneracy of the times which could not boast of an occurrence of the latter kind; when it was proposed that they should *start*. John sneered at his Tambourine, and placing it under his arm followed.

The moon was shining in all her silvery loveliness as if in compliment to the occasion—John thought so, but was too respectful to suggest any remark to that effect, but merely contended himself with sneering at the innocent satellite.

They approached my uncle's house. Of course the doors were closed against all night intruders—of course he was asleep, and my aunt was also asleep; and of course they would take it amiss to be disturbed at this late hour of the night. But come what may, they stealthily crept up the Verandah.

* * * * *

John the Rider's shoe creaked; and a general "Hush!" proceeded from the company, and the unfortunate criminal instantly felt the necessity of preventing a similar breach of the peace by drawing off the rebellious shoe and depositing it in his pocket.

The family should not be disturbed. Wake them only with music, with soft music at the midnight hour. They are all asleep,—(But *we* knew better—how clever we were.) The performer on the Clarionet held his watch to the end of his lighted sheroot, and turning round enquired in a whisper if everything was in order. The first Fiddle attempted to satisfy himself that his instrument was, and in a moment of unpardonable oblivion placed his leg against the port, and erecting the instrument on his knee, sounded his A. This proceeding was, in the opinion of the Clarionet player, enough to

damage the harmony of the whole evening; and a unanimous vote of censure arose in a buzz from the company. The Red Wig, the cool old fellow, scornfully snatched his instrument from the criminal, and delivered his own perfect Fiddle to him: which was, we thought, unquestionable evidence of the Red Wig's ability to play on a Fiddle with one string loose; a fact which the Bass-horn afterwards remarked was only two fiddle strings removed from Pagmini.

All right again?—enquired the Clarionet.

All right, proclaimed the silence of the company.

He stepped forward, jerking his Clarionet, and as my Uncle's Dutch Clock from within proclaimed the awful moment, he began "The Garb of Old Gaul."

It was delicious music!

Then opened, on various sides, as if at a magic touch, the doors of the neighbouring houses—then stepped forth into the silvery moonlight my Uncle's old friends, lean gentlemen and fat ladies, fat gentlemen and lean ladies, handsome young ladies in white dresses, with gay ribbands floating on the midnight breeze; grandmammas in lunar combs and high-heeled slippers; with little maidservants behind, carrying beetle boxes; young men in red caps, blue caps, Glengarry caps and Turkish caps, fliegiers and monkey jackets; little children with crackers and bluelights, screaming with joy at the arrival of the long-expected moments;—And one good old friend shook hands with another good old friend; and old ladies began to kiss each other in the streets and there were witty old fellows with their jokes among the ladies: And one young man ran up to one young lady; and another young lady had her bouquet rudely handled by another young man; and a third left father and mother and clave to her sweetheart: and hearts went pit-a-pat all round.

The *Garb of old Gaul* swelled in animation, and the company were fast gathering round the musicians, whose silver trappings glistened in gay rivalry with the bluelights held around them. Then the doors were thrown open: and in the blaze of the lights without and the lights within—for the house was lighted as if for a ball—stood my respected Uncle and his beloved Wife, in full dress.

My Uncle bowed; and my Aunt, tho' a wife of 25 years' standing, blushed.

It struck us, in our youthful innocence, that the musicians stood like criminals, playing for nothing, when they ought to have thrown their instruments into the streets and jumped forward to congratulate the happy pair: for they stood with downcast eyes, motionless and serious, deep in the concluding crash of the old Scotch march.

It stuck us, in our youthful modesty, that after the bow and the blush were quite over, the brother of my Father stood quite awkward; and his beloved wife looked as if she wanted something to do: either to compliment the musicians, or to receive some friendly congratulator into her arms.

Why, thought I, did not the Red Wig arrange that the *Garb* should be over at the nick of time!

But, thank our stars, it is now over; and they are rushing in; literally rushing; lean gentlemen and fat ladies, fat gentlemen and lean ladies, young ladies and young men, and little children screaming.

Ja folga muito—Ja folga muito—Give you joy, give joy, respected friends—give you joy, good old pair; (give you joy, old Red Wig, for your owner is looking for you on the floor—give joy, John the Rider—may be you may not sneer a minute longer, with your poor nose buried deep in Mr. Van Blinker's stomach.) Silver Bruiloft—Waarde Vrienden—Five and twenty years—Many happy returns—Twenty-five years more—God preserve you all—health, wealth and prosperity—Thank you my dear—God bless you, old chap—*Deos da inde vinte cinco annos*—Pastélles—Ginger-Beer—Music—music!!

My Aunt was receiving the company profusely into her arms: all the old ladies kissed her—all the young ladies kissed her—many an old gentleman kissed her—my Uncle kissed the young ladies—and the old ladies—and some of his old friends too; and old friends wiped tears from their eyes, and then kissed my Uncle again.

Pastélles—Pastélles—Ginger Beer. Music.

The Red Wig was picked up—John the Rider could still sneer at his Tambourine: The Clarionet-player jerked his instrument: and in the din of haste to the Wedding, they walked in.

The order of the procession was as follows:

Mr. Jacobsz, bearing the standard.

A host of little children gazing at the standard.	Some servants and more children admiring the standard.
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An Appoo with a plate of Pastélles, who got into the procession by mistake. Some more children.

My RESPECTED UNCLE and His BELOVED WIFE.

James, the oldest Twig.

Elizabeth, (the second Twig) and her husband.

Some more Twigs.

Their families.

THE BAND.

One fat gentleman and three lean Ladies	Three lean gentlemen and one fat Lady.
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Two old ladies.

OUR HUMBLE SELF.

One maid servant, bearing a beetle box, ornamented.	Another maid servant bearing another beetle box, plain.
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Some Ayahs; bearing children in arms.

One young lady, one young gentleman in a glengarry cap.	C o u r t i n g	One young gentleman, one young Lady in a crimson shawl.

Some more children.
 Some more young gentlemen { looking sentimental } Some more young ladies
 Some more young people in irregular numbers.
 Some servants.
 Some street boys.
 My Uncle's Manservants. | My Aunt's Maidservants
 The common people.

My Uncle said he felt ten years younger: my Aunt was never so gay, even after she had accomplished the fifteenth variation of the Copenhagen at the Christening of her seventh twig. There was a desperate onslaught on the side board and the pastélle-trays: and the ginger-beer bottles shot off their corks like musketry.

Haste to the wedding—Haste to the silver wedding, they should have called it; they were playing it with all the animation, which friendship and respect towards my Uncle could inspire; when someone whispered something, and some one else whispered something else; and so it went round, till the company fell back as if it were by universal consent, and my Uncle and his beloved wife alone were standing in the centre of the room. My Uncle advanced to my Aunt to say something, when Mr. Jacobsz advanced with something in his hand; and Mrs. Elizabeth also advanced, and a fat gentleman came forward plunging his hand into his pocket; and one old lady likewise stepped forth, unfolding her handkerchief, which contained something heavy: and then the music stopped.

Mr. Jacobsz had on his spectacles, and drawing a paper out of his pocket unfolded it carefully, and read:

All the rest of the company formed a ring round my Uncle and Aunt, and listened:—

Mr. Jacobsz read out his speech, which contained a congratulation, that it should have pleased Heaven to preserve their joint lives till the present day, on which they enter into the 25th anniversary of their wedding day; that it was flattering to their friends and relatives to observe, that they had *so far* deserved (the words *so far* came like distant thunder from Mr. Jacobsz, who turned and looked round as he rolled them out into existence) *so far* deserved the favor of Heaven, as to have lived a quarter of a century in peace, prosperity and contentment. Blest (said Mr. Jacobsz, solemnly turning round and pointing to my Uncle's descendants), Blest with good and obedient children; surrounded, (said Mr. Jacobsz, waving his hand to the ladies and gentlemen, the band and the children, and bowing for himself) surrounded by so many dear friends, who would sympathise with a happy family like my Uncle's, and who smiled when he smiled, and wept when he wept; possessing the confidence of his superiors, and respected by his inferiors; what more could his friends who had come to him this night, on such a touching occasion do but wish him joy, health, wealth and prosperity. *Thus far* (said Mr. Jacobsz, absolutely stopping to look around and see the impression of the two words on the company) '*Thus far* they would go in their sympathy: but if it were allowed them to go a little

further, to hope to an extent, great 'twas true, but yet pardonable when feelings of friendship prompted the wish, they would hope, *they would pray*,' (Mr. Jacobsz's voice trembled and he solemnly turned up his eyes to the globelamps over his head), '*pray*' (said he—*fervently*): 'that their lives might be spared for another period of twenty-five years, when what was silver now would be turned into gold, and what was joy now would then be seraphic transport. Accept then, my friends', said Mr. Jacobsz, folding his paper carefully, and drawing out from his pocket a chain and medal—(there was a general drawing forth of medals and chains and jewellery all round) 'accept then, these tokens of our warmest love to you both, and take, with them, our sincerest wishes for the health and welfare of Mr. and Mrs. Arnoldus Hansman and their beloved family.'

Mr. Jacobsz drew off his spectacles, bowed low, and advancing, dropt the chain round my Uncle's neck, and shook hands with both of them. Mrs. Elizabeth stepped forward and pinned a diamond brooch to my Aunt's stomacher, and kissed her Father and Mother. The Red Wig hopped forward and introduced another chain and medal over my Aunt's neck. Mrs. Van Blinker took hold of my Uncle's right hand and selecting his third finger inserted it into a ruby ring, and kissed Mrs. Hansman's; &c., &c., &c. But as a general rule, my Uncle got the best part of the jewels, and my Aunt the best part of the kisses. Then my Uncle took the hand of my Aunt, and he bowed and she curtsied: and my uncle said that after the fine things that had been said of him, he knew not how to express his thanks to his kind friends and relatives who had so agreeably disturbed them that night; (*we knew better*). He could, without fear of contradiction from his beloved partner, say that if it was possible for a married man at any time to feel greater happiness than the happiness he feels on the day of his marriage; it was the happiness of meeting his old friends and his family on his silver wedding day; and that although it might be extravagant, in the face of his wrinkles and his grey hairs, to hope that they could live to see their 50th anniversary, yet if it were so ordained, then would his next earnest wish be that all those, who had so agreeably surprised him this evening, would live to surprise him again on that evening.'

Then came Napoleon's Grand March, with recollections of Jena, Marengo and Austerlitz; and another scramble at the side-board. And, with the reader's permission, we shall for the present leave the Happy Company, drinking the health of the Bride and Bridegroom with three times three and nine times nine, with occasional assurances from the younger part of the company, that they would not leave my respected Uncle and his beloved wife till morning, "Till Daylight did appear."

A GLIMPSE AT SOME INDIAN PEOPLES

BY J. A. POULIER, (Jnr.)

Midway between the Land of the Pharaohs on the West Egypt, enshrining within the depths of her bosom the wonders of a mighty past, and on the East China, guarding with jealous care a civilization and a culture wonderful and strange as old, lies a land in a sense more marvellous than any of these—Hindusthan—a land that has for years cherished with motherly devotion that faculty embedded in the human breast which enables man to rise above the hardness of Nature's grim laws, and be cooled and refreshed by the balm of divine bliss—Religion. India has been, is, and shall be a land of spiritual thirst, and already shows signs of being resolved ever more than before to feed the flame of spiritual knowledge which in many another land flickers by reason of the winds of Scepticism, Malice and Pride.

It will doubtless be a digression to sing the praises of the thousands of her saints, devotees, and mystics, who, sacrificing home, friends, and riches, chose to tread the paths of prayer and meditation in solitude; of Prince Sidhartha, who, abandoning the pleasures of palace and chase, turning away with deep sorrow from father, spouse, and infant son, sold himself to the task of discovering a way of release from the dread chain of Karma—a way, a "marga," not to be the prerogative of Brahmin or Kshatri, but the solace of both king and peasant, yea, the salvation also of the millions of depressed outcasts wallowing in the swamps of superstition and demonolatry.

Let us proceed to catch just a glimpse of those whose ancestors have made Hindusthan what she is. India, as has often been said, is not a land of one race, but a little continent nourishing as her sons representatives of every type of mankind—Aryan, Semitic, Mongolian, Dravidian, Negroid, and Australoid. For countless ages India has thrown her doors open to all peoples. Many have come, numbers have made India their home, some have been grateful to her hospitality, others have not. All these have contributed something social, political, or religious for the building up of the Modern Hindusthan.

India has been described as a "land of contrasts." Stretching from the palmy shores of Comorin over the grassy plateau of the

Deccan, then the sandy barren Thar, it rises through the lofty heights of beautiful Kashmir to the austere Himalayas crowned with celestial, sparkling white, and finally loses itself in the bosom of mighty Asia.

Like country, like people; for while one often meets with intellects towering aloft upon the highest pinnacles of human wisdom and understanding, he also hears the din of many a savage orchestra that brings into his startled mind grim visions of the head-hunters of Borneo or the cannibals of darkest Africa. And it is with some of those belonging to the latter that we shall begin—those in the rear of the army that is marching towards the goal of Progress in Hindusthan. These are the aborigines of the land, the original possessors whom the invaders dispossessed.

Of these aborigines extant we shall now proceed to consider some of the most important—the Yanadis and the Kader Forest men of the South, the Villis, the Todas of the Nilgiris, the Bhils, and some others in the forests of the Southern Ganjam in the Ooriya Country. Many of these tribes live in deep jungle, the inaccessibility of which is perhaps the principal cause that has led to these people being for so many years out of the reach of the civilizing influences around them.

The Yanadis and the Kader Forest men are distinctly Negroid in their features—woolly hair, prominent cheek bones, thick protruding lips, unusually broad noses. The Kader Forest men, as the name implies, are a tribe of jungle folk rather similar in customs and behaviour to the Veddahs of Ceylon, although the latter are usually classed by ethnologists among the Australoids.

The Villis, unlike the Yanadis, have little of the Negro about their personal appearance. When I happened to see some of them I thought they reminded me very much of photographs I had seen of Tasmanian and Australian natives. The hair though inclined to be very curly is free of that spring-like appearance characteristic of that of the Negro. The Villis however present a very sharp contrast, both in colour and features, to the Tamils amongst whom they live. Unlike the latter their skins are of a deep black colour generally, so very different from the dark brown of the South Indian cooly. Their features too betray them.

They live in little colonies into which they do not as a rule admit strangers. They wear but little clothing, though of recent

years the women are inclined to affect the "sari" of their Hindu sisters. The Villis have almost completely come under Brahmin influence, and a friend of mine gave me the interesting information when talking about these people, that since they have begun rendering services to the priestly caste, they inbibe the prejudices of their masters very readily, for Villis have often been heard boasting that they will not so much as touch a morsel from a Christian's house.

Ever beholding, ever drinking in the charms of the lovely Nilgiris, the blue tops of the mountains, the grassy slopes, the forested valleys, lulled by the ceaseless flow of many a mountain stream, live the Todas—good natured, humble, simple-hearted. No national literature, no history of a past glory, but thankful for the good gifts of beauty and romance that Omnipotence has endowed their country with.

Possessing a higher standard of life than many other Aborigines of the land, the Toda adapts himself to, instead of shrinking away from, the beautiful in life and thought that God sends him through others. The Toda is an animist; he believes in and fears the spirits of the stream, of the mountain, and of the beautiful trees, and to these he offers buffaloes in sacrifice, that his abode might be blessed and the life of his people spared. Family relationship the Toda believes in, and is more sensitive to the need for clothing than other Aborigines, wrapping himself in long white pieces of rough, coarse cloth with broad stripes of dark hue running across.

Like the Swiss herdsmen the Todas graze their beasts on the steep mountain slopes, some near the foot of the valley, others higher up, and they signal to each other by uttering a long shrill "hoo", which resounding amidst the hills, is heard for miles. The Todas have a language of their own, but no script. Of recent years, however, they have the Holy Scriptures presented to them in their own language, but written in Tamil letters.

The Bhils of the North are known for their archery. Living in rude huts, men of excellent physique, they are dark brown in complexion, rather different from the Aborigines of the south.

There are many more aboriginal tribes scattered in different parts of the country. In Assam and the other parts of North India one often meets these tribes. Many are in the dawn of civiliza-

tion, while others continue in their own semi-ape fashion, caring little for friend or foe. Sometimes, however, their religious zeal leads them into serious trouble with the Government, and they find themselves in a very awkward position. This usually happens when one of their medicine-men sees a vision in which he is instructed by the spirits to sacrifice a child, so as to appease the wrath of a deity who happens to be very badly put out, and is wondering whether he should not visit his slavish worshippers with famine and pestilence.

All these tribes, together with the Muslims, the Parsis, the Eurasians, and all other communities, racial or religious, live in India alongside another community—another people, it might be said, who are quite apart from and exclusive in their attitude to all these. If we were to think of all these communities as water in a pail, then that other community just referred to can be likened to some oil poured into this water—conspicuous by their refusal to merge with the water. These people represent the complex system of Hindu Society consisting of five castes—Brahmana, the Priest, the highest, Kshatri, the warrior, Vaishya, the Cultivator, and the Sudra or Dravidian who has come under Aryan influence—one who is forbidden to enter the inner sanctuary of the Temple, and who is prevented from reading a single line of the Holy Scriptures. Below these four comes the fifth class called by Indians "Panchama," which is the Sanskrit for fifth—these are the untouchables, the defiled, the wretched, whose very shadow defiles the holy Brahmin, and it is a common sight in cast-ridden districts to see a Brahmin shouting to an approaching Panchama to get out of the way, lest the Panchama's shadow fall on him, and he be instantaneously defiled. A Brahmin will not accept a morsel from the hands of anyone except a fellow Brahmin, lest he be polluted. He will not utter a word of the sacred Lore if a Panchama be within hearing.

The Panchama caste consists of a number of sub-castes, the lowest of which is the Paryah, for whose habitation a special portion of the village is assigned, called a "Cheri" which no caste Hindu will approach. The Cheri consists of a group of rude mud huts with thatched roofs. The lives of the inmates are most pitiful and miserable. Ill-fed, poorly clad and unhealthy, they eke out an existence on a cheap kind of grain called "ragi" or sometimes a

little inferior rice with water. The carcase of a goat or ox is a god-send to a Paryah, and when such is found, the Paryahs render thanks to the Powers above.

Paryahs are not classed as Hindus. They cannot come within the precincts of the Temples and the "Vedas" are a closed Book to them. Not having access to the religious services of the Hindu system, the Paryahs have a religion of their own, and all the Panchamas in fact; they worship seven malignant goddesses, called the seven sisters, and they are supposed to have one brother who is only a minor deity. They have no temples in which to locate these deities nor images to represent them, but a few upright stones arranged in different ways satisfy this need. The most terrible of these goddesses is "Mariamma", the small goddess, and when a village is afflicted with plague, elaborate ceremonies in which the whole village takes part are gone through accompanied with numerous barbaric rites.

It may be interesting at this point to enquire as to the origin of the "caste system." In the dim dawn of History, a fair, stately, and civilized people migrated from the valley of the Oxus in which they had previously settled, through the bleak passes of the Himalayas into India. They soon established themselves in their new abode, and began to dispossess the indigenous peoples of their lands, and to spread themselves out in different directions. These indigenous peoples the invaders called "Dravidas," and the earlier records suggest that the conquerors (Aryans) had a rather difficult task in trying to suppress their stubborn, dark-skinned foes.

Soon however friendly relations grew up between the two peoples, who amalgamated to a great extent. Just at this time the Aryans, whose early nature-worship was being drawn up into a definite religious system, felt the necessity of setting apart a class of men who would be solely responsible for the offering of the sacrifices and the repetition of the necessary prayer-hymns, which were afterwards collected and written down in book form, and formed the nucleus of sanskrit literature. This collection was known as the "Rigveda" to which other parts, namely the Yajurveda, the Samaveda, and the Atharvaveda, were afterwards added, consisting for the most part of explanations of the hymns. The Atharvaveda abounds in magic spells and bespeaks the growth of a theurgic belief in prayer, when the

priests were coming to be looked upon as indispensable for the rites of the sacrifice, and they in their turn assumed special powers and prerogatives, and ultimately came to be regarded with reverence and awe. Thus grew the Brahmins; so priestcraft was born in India; thenceforth India was doomed.

The Brahmins quickly set themselves to make their power felt far and wide. They accompanied kings on their excursions, and became advisers in state matters. They further foresaw that the "bonds of ancient corporations might be drawn together more closely if the fusion of the Dravidian and Aryan elements be checked." They therefore first separated the unmixed Aryans from the Dravidians of pure blood; the Aryans they called Brahmins who entered the priesthood, and Kshatriyas those who took to fighting. The Dravidians they cast aside as Sudras, while they invented numberless other classes in which to place the mixed elements. The more Aryan blood the higher the caste. It was the work of the priests, and it received common assent, and so "Caste" was crowned in India with priestly hands, and has ever since become the tyrant that Hindusthan finds difficult to depose.

Years rolled on, and the simple nature worship developed into an intricate system of philosophy with conflicting schools of thought. The doctrine of transmigration crept into the hearts and minds of rich and poor, noble and rustic, and gripped India with a death-grip which is as deadly to-day as it was years ago.

To crown everything else, caste came to be connected with "Karma." To be a member of a high caste meant not only respect but also reverence, for it is only as a result of a virtuous life in the past existence that such a rank is attainable in the present one, and so the autocratic Brahmin cannot understand why he should think little of his reward by being the friend of a Paryah, nor can he realize why he must suffer for the vices of a Paryah in the latter's former birth. And the Paryah on the other hand is content with his lot. "My status in life my previous birth is responsible for; how can I blame the proud Brahmin?" So he philosophizes as he sits by the drain he has washed by the street of a large city.

(To be concluded).

BY THE WAY.

NOTES BY NIEMAND.

A young Sinhalese student going to Germany from England writes:—"I have taken the opportunity to visit Holland on my way. I have already been to the Hague, Delft, and Leiden. I found them full of interest. The canals and some of the buildings reminded me of Ceylon. Holland is a clean and pretty country. The people are very courteous. One of the most interesting of modern features is the big housing schemes for the workmen who seem to be happier here than elsewhere in Europe."

Note here the reminders of Ceylon, the courtesy shewn to a Sinhalese visitor, and the happiness of the workmen. Clearly, Europe and Asia have much more to learn yet from the Dutch than how to grow rubber and how to govern native races.

The inevitable conflict of racial ideals and interests, to which attention was drawn four years ago in this JOURNAL, is reaching an acute stage. It will require the most serious thought and the most delicate tact of statesman to avert, not so much a disastrous war, as a continued state of hostility, or even enmity, between peoples who should find no real difficulty in living together in amity. But more than statesmanship is needed. The education of the peoples of both East and West is a much more difficult matter, but it should be the chief concern of those who have at heart the welfare of both East and West.

Ordinarily, one would expect that the growing embitterment of feeling on both sides must end the war, and one cannot but feel that the immense superiority of the Western races in military equipment, efficiency, and experience will succeed in defeating the Oriental peoples. But that success can only be temporary, and military force is not now the only weapon by which power or authority is maintained.

The promotion of a right understanding on both sides is the first essential. There are defects and there are excellences in both Eastern and Western peoples. The trouble is that there are cranks,

bigots, and myopes in all races and communities, who, being the loudest shouters, appeal most strongly to the primitive instincts of the ignorant and those already prejudiced.

In this connection it is an immense satisfaction to note His Excellency the Governor's repudiation of sympathy with anti-Ceylonese feeling. Into the merits of the Baker's Ward question there is no need to enter. But His Excellency, by his prompt and deliberate expression of opinion, has done a good deal to prevent estrangement of feeling in Ceylon. It was a wise and courageous exposition of true statesmanship.

By the way, His Excellency made use of a striking phrase in a recent speech, in which he referred to those who took the "bread and butter" view of Education:—"He knew of very many people who said there was not much use in learning Oriental languages, and what they wanted their boys to learn was something to make money. That was a very narrow and almost *uneducated view of education.*"

A Society of French Literature and Art was established in Colombo this year, of which the French Consul is President. On its Committee of eleven members there are three Ceylonese, of the Burgher, Sinhalese and Tamil communities. The proceedings at its *réunions* are in French, and the membership is naturally restricted to those who have a working acquaintance with that language. The first *réunion* was held in the house of the French Consul.

Considering the strenuous efforts made by the Union to maintain the traditions its members have inherited from their Dutch ancestors, it is not yet too late for the Consul for the Netherlands to follow the encouraging example of the Consul for France. It is not likely to be a heavy strain on his leisure or the demands of his representative position.

The long-expected Despatch on the Report of the Donoughmore Commission has arrived, and was published in the evening newspapers of the 29th October. As anticipated, the Secretary of State has accepted the scheme of a new Constitution, with a few modifications. The Council is to consist of fifty elected members,

instead of sixty-five; there are to be eight nominated members instead of twelve; women are given franchise on the same terms as men, at twenty-one years instead of thirty; a residence of five years is necessary to qualify for a vote, and that residence entitles one to a certificate of permanent settlement.

The intricacies of the scheme need not be touched upon here. Expert knowledge is indispensable; and perhaps Mr. Wille or Mr. de Vos may be prevailed upon to tell us what it all means—the Committee System, the Portfolios, the Governor's powers, and all the rest of it.

What the plain man understands is that there is no separate representation for the Burghers, except by grace of nomination. There is to be none of that vile thing called Communal representation, except—but this is no place for political theories and discussions. The Burgher Seat, which has existed from the very beginning of the Legislative Council, has been abolished with a stroke of the pen.

It is good to know that this loss has been borne by the Burghers with befitting dignity, though they remain utterly unconvinced by the statements made in regard to it, and by the sympathetic references to their case by His Excellency the Governor in his Despatch. They are aware that in the great experiment their claims are of little account.

Curiously enough, in Sir Reginald Craddock's "The Dilemma in India," the following passage occurs: "And the irony of the whole thing is that the only people who can get no value from this universal suffrage are the Europeans and the Dutch Burghers, namely the only people who are fit to put the ballot box to its proper use..." This remark is open to some criticism, but not here.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Our President.—Our readers will, we feel sure, be glad to learn that Mr. R. G. Anthonisz has now almost completely recovered from his recent illness and will shortly be resuming his literary work.

The Algemeen Nederlandsch Verbond.—The number of members of the Verbond in Ceylon is, we are glad to see, gradually increasing, the latest to join being Dr. H. U. Leembruggen, who is spending a part of his holiday in Holland with the laudable object of acquiring a knowledge of Dutch.

Ceylon in "Neerlandia."—The September number of "Neerlandia" contains references to Dr. E. C. Godee Molsbergen's report on the Dutch Archives, to his lecture on "Peeps into the Past," and to Mr. E. H. Vander Wall's article on the late Mr. Robert Leembruggen, which appeared in the July number of the *Journal*.

Obituary.—The death occurred at Galle during the last quarter of Mr. Owen de Vos, an original member of the Union. Mr. de Vos was a brother of the late Mr. F. H. de Vos, a former President of the Union, and although he was not able to take an active part in the working of the Union, he yet followed its fortunes with interest, and did what he could to further its objects.

"The Dutch in Ceylon."—A very favourable review of Mr. R. G. Anthonisz's work appears in the September number of "Neerlandia." "The first part" says the writer "of an important historical work about the Dutch in Ceylon, written by Mr. Anthonisz, the late (sic) meritorious President of the Dutch Burgher Union, has just been published. Mr. Anthonisz, during his tenure of office as Archivist in Ceylon, thanks to his excellent knowledge of the Dutch language, has consulted all documents left behind by the Dutch, and may truly be said to bring to light in his book hidden treasures. He has collected a wealth of material pertaining to the history of the Dutch colony, and has with a deft hand put it into an exquisite form. The part just published covers the years 1640 to 1765. The parts to follow will cover the period up to 1796, the year which ended the Dutch occupation. The most attractive characteristic of Mr. Anthonisz's work is that he describes the good and bad qualities of the Dutch. 'The Dutch' he

writes 'were then commercially on the War path: it was the century of adventure, discoveries, and commercial industry: firmly resolved to maintain their position as the greatest maritime power, and to possess the best fleet in Europe, they were prepared to undergo great dangers, hardships, and privations: nay, if that too was necessary, to use force to achieve their aims.' Such was the spirit of the age. One does not need to represent that age as more glorious than it was to appreciate the great deeds of our ancestors. In this respect it may be said that Mr. Anthonisz shows himself a trust-worthy and reliable historical writer in a book which can be of great use in the study of Dutch history in foreign lands."

NOTES OF EVENTS.

SUMMARY OF PROCEEDINGS OF THE COMMITTEE.

Tuesday, 2nd July:—1. The Treasurer submitted a list of members who owed large sums as arrears. Resolved that efforts be made to collect the arrears and that the Butler as well as members concerned be informed as soon as individual arrears amount to Rs. 20. 2. A sum of Rs. 100 was voted towards the Lorenz Centenary Celebrations. 3. A proposal by Mr. A. C. B. Jonklaas to have a ladies' day once a month was approved.

Tuesday, 6th August:—1. Dr. J. R. Blazé having resigned the post of Honorary Treasurer on his departure for England, Mr. J. Ludovici was unanimously elected to succeed him. 2. The Treasurer reported that there was a sum of Rs. 475-86 to the credit of the Beling Memorial Fund, and it was resolved that Mr. C. L. Beling be requested to formulate a scheme for a suitable memorial. 3. A Sub-Committee consisting of the Hon. Mr. G. A. Wille, Messrs. A. C. B. Jonklaas, A. N. Weinman, E. A. van der Straaten, I.S.O., and Dr. L. A. Prins was appointed to consider and report on the offer of the Government Agent, Western Province, of a block of about 8 acres in Jawatta Road for the purposes of the Union. 4. Read letter from Mr. Basil Driberg resigning his appointment as Secretary of the Entertainment Committee. Resolved that Mr. Driberg be asked to reconsider his resignation. 5. Resolved

further that the Clerk of the Union be informed that he must perform any work entrusted to him by the Secretary of any Sub-Committee, subject to the power of supervision by the General Secretary. 6. Mr. Douglas Koch was elected a member of the Union.

Wednesday, 11th September:—1. Owing to the unsatisfactory state of the accounts, a Sub-Committee consisting of Messrs. E. A. van der Straaten, I.S.O., Wace de Neise, and F. E. Loos, with the Honorary Treasurer as Convener, was appointed to look into and report on the accounts. 2. A vote of condolence on the deaths of Messrs. A. W. Metzeling and W. P. D. van der Straaten was passed. 3. Resolved that Mr. C. L. Beling be requested to call a meeting of the original members of the Beling Memorial Committee for the purpose of formulating a scheme to be submitted for the consideration of the General Committee, and that the Memorial Committee be asked to submit the names of any members of the Union for carrying out the scheme. 4. Mr. A. C. B. Jonklaas reported that the Sub-Committee appointed to secure new grounds had met the Government Agent, who promised to communicate his decision to the Hon. Mr. Wille. 5. Dr. F. Foenander was appointed Secretary of the Entertainment Committee, *vice* Mr. Basil Driberg, resigned. 6. Mr. Wace de Niese was appointed Treasurer of the Social Service Committee.

Tuesday, 1st October:—1. A vote of condolence on the death of Mr. Owen de Vos was passed. 2. Mr. A. C. B. Jonklaas was appointed Honorary Treasurer, *vice* Mr. J. Ludovici, resigned. 3. Resolved that new books be opened from 1st October and that Mr. Sathasivam be appointed for the purpose. 4. Read letter from the late Clerk, Mr. S. Perumal, admitting the misappropriation of certain moneys. Resolved that he be asked to render all assistance to Mr. Sathasivam in unravelling the accounts, the action to be taken against him to await Mr. Sathasivam's report. 5. Messrs. J. H. O. Paulusz and Hans Lourensz were admitted members of the Union.

Special General Meeting:—A Special General Meeting of the Union, on the requisition of 14 members, was held at the Union Hall on Tuesday, 5th November, 1929, at 6 p.m. The Hon. Mr. G. A. Wille presided, and a large number of members was present. The Hon. Mr. L. M. Maartensz moved the following amendment

to the rules:—"That the following rule, viz. "All charges on account of Billiards and Cards, and all orders for the Bar shall be on a cash basis; and no credit shall, under any circumstances, be allowed. Any member failing to settle his chit for the day, before leaving, shall not have his further orders executed until the outstanding chits have been settled. Provided, that any member desiring to make payment in advance may deposit such sum with the Treasurer to be credited to his account, against which he will be entitled to sign chits until the deposit is exhausted" be substituted for rule 6 (g), namely, "No credit shall be given to any member who is in arrears, or who is in debt to the Union to a greater amount than Rs. 20."

Mr. E. H. van der Wall seconded. Messrs. E. H. Joseph, W. E. V. de Rooy, E. A. van der Straaten, I.S.O., N. E. Ernst and Neil Schokman spoke in support of the motion, while Messrs. A. C. B. Jonklaas and J. G. Paulusz opposed it. After a few remarks by the Chairman, the motion was put to the meeting and lost, 20 voting for and 22 against it.

The Social Service Fund:—Very few members are aware of the useful work performed by the Social Service Committee with the limited funds at its disposal which are contributed exclusively by a small band of members of the Union, who, recognising the claims of their more unfortunate brothers and sisters on their generosity, have for a number of years ungrudgingly helped to keep the fund alive. Owing to a variety of circumstances, however, the receipts have latterly not been keeping pace with the payments, and it was feared that if a special effort was not made to get in funds, a good deal of the work done would have to be suspended. At this critical juncture Dr. F. Foenander, the new Secretary of the Entertainment Committee, conceived the happy idea of organising a Variety Entertainment in aid of this good cause, and with the assistance of Mrs. Foenander and a willing Committee of workers a very successful entertainment was held on Wednesday, 30th October, at 6 p.m. Despite the inclemency of the weather the Hall was crowded with an appreciative audience, who thoroughly enjoyed the high-class entertainment provided for them. The takings both by the sale of tickets as well as by the sale of refreshments should go a great way towards placing the fund once more on a satisfactory footing.

OTHER DAYS.

RECOLLECTIONS OF ST. NICOLAAS.

BY R. L. B.

In early times, in a certain land, a rich young man was one day walking through the streets of his native town. When passing the house of a nobleman, who was at one time rich but had subsequently lost all his money, he was attracted by the sound of weeping which carried to him across the road.

Approaching nearer, he listened. Between the sobs he heard a girlish voice say: "Father, let us go into the streets and beg, for it is hard to starve."

Touched to the heart, Nicholas hurried home. "There are three girls there"—he mused; "and among the treasures I have inherited are three bars of gold."

At night, under the cover of darkness, he was back at the nobleman's house. Quietly approaching an open window he dropped one of the bars into the room.

Coming a second night he left a second bar, but on the third, while in the very act of standing on tip-toe to thrust in the last of his bounty, he was discovered. The nobleman who had believed the gold had come from heaven, was kneeling at his feet.

Gently lifting him up, Nicholas said: "Give thy thanks to God, for it was He who sent me to you."

The legend is simple, yet it is worth knowing, for around this mythical saintly character there lives enshrined the treasured memory of child-hood's days—beautiful, even if simple and merely legendary.

Saint Nicholas, whose Dutch name San Nicolaas has prompted the later American corruption Santa Claus, is a delightful figure, familiar in every country to-day.

Although, with slight changes in detail, we under one name clothe him in red fur-tipped coat and place him in a reindeer sledge, or under another bring him out as a Continental Bishop with long white beard, robes of scarlet, mitre and golden crook—he remains essentially the same, the friend and protector of little children.

As most of us know, in all and every country where the Dutch hold sway, or where Dutch customs prevail, the "feast of St. Nicholas" is marked by the custom of making gifts to good children on the eve of his birthday, the 6th of December. In other lands where such a love of conservative traditionalism was absent, the identical custom was gradually adapted and associated with the festival of the Christian Nativity.

However, not being in this instance very specially concerned with Santa Claus, we leave this determined old man to his annual task of forcing a way down grimy chimneys into the bedrooms of sleeping children, whose tiny socks have been hung up to receive the delectable presents he may bring for them on Christmas eve, and turn to San Nicolaas whose coming is looked forward to nearly three weeks earlier.

In the wake of old traditions, we are told, the little children in Holland place their wooden shoes upon the hearth on the eve of St. Nicholas' day.

It is believed that in the night the holy man rides over the house-top on a snow-white steed, accompanied by a little black servant, and that he will throw presents in passing down the chimney, into the shoe. The shoes are generally stuffed earlier with a handful of straw by the children for the white horse.

Turning from this general impression, suppose we draw on an article published in one of the early issues of this journal, and conjure up a more vivid and slightly different version of the customs which prevail on a day of tremendous excitement for big and little ones alike, in Holland.

It is St. Nicholas' eve. Dinner is over an hour earlier than usual. The children sit expectantly—rather impatiently perhaps, around a table over which a cosy red cover lies spread.

Father then says: "Children, I think San Nicolaas may be here now at any moment, let us sing him a little song", whereupon the lights are turned down, and in the dimness, midst throbbing moments of anticipation, the rhythmic tune of quaint little folk-songs break on the stillness:

"Sinta Klaas, goed heiligman,
Trebt je beste tabberd aan, etc., etc."

which runs:—

"Santa Klaus, good holy man,
Put on your finest robe,
And ride in it to Amsterdam,
From Amsterdam to Spain;
Bring little apples from Orange,
And little pears from a high tree,
Dear Santa Klaus, our Godfather....."

A ring at the door-bell, a shuffling of feet, and Old Father Nicholas with his little black boy is there. Silence falls on everyone as he enters the room. He holds a hand out first to mother, then to father, and clasping them both asks if all the children have been good.

He has left his bounty and has gone away. The lights are turned on again. Alternate hopes and fears are set at rest as strings are cut and parcels opened, and then in honour of the great occasion the merry peals of laughter, the sparkling boisterousness of childhood, and a wealth of innocent fun have died down behind: "a later than usual" bedtime hour; the day begins for the grown-ups.

But stay, why need we exercise imagination to raise up pictures associated with this time-honoured fete, even though admittedly such a pursuit has its own peculiar attractions. Any such necessity remains effaced by recollections of "other days" dating two decades and two years back.

Tradition, we are told, dies hard. Watch it then smouldering among a small community of Dutch descendants in this Island, as over the years which elapsed since "night closed on the descending standard of Holland" new customs rose to displace old ones in which they were wont to take delight.

Generation made way for generation which followed, yet notwithstanding the cold blast of nearly a century which had more or less swept away a language, many a characteristic was preserved by the promptings of this same spirit of tradition.

Thus in the atmosphere of two unalterable facts raised on the one hand by latent national characteristics, and on the other by an inborn loyalty to the British throne, the revival of the picturesque ceremonies associated with the "Feast of St. Nicolaas" would naturally constitute a red letter day in the history of a community.

Associated with this unique event of twenty years ago, many a reader will recall the genial personality of two friends without whose aid the details befitting the occasion, forgotten in that long lost touch with Holland, might not have been followed so truly to custom.

One of them, Mr. Maurits Wagenvoort, a writer and traveller of note, who was on a visit to the Island "tracing the footsteps of his fore-fathers", filled the role of St. Nicolaas; while the other—

Miss Pieters, who in later years was bound by such close ties to the community as to render introduction unnecessary, initiated both grown-ups and children alike into the significance of the event.

Let recollection recast that scene. Though it may vary in as much as one builds up on childhood's visions, another on fleeting fancies of youth, yet others on mature facts—the foundation on which to build remains unchanged.

See then the old Public Hall in festive garb, one of the largest gatherings of adults and children which ever assembled there, two long tables with a goodly array of toys, voted by at any rate one section of the assembly as the most attractive feature of the display.

Feel for a moment that undercurrent rightly calculated to bring confidence and pride, which springs from something common to all—community of race and unity for a common purpose.

And then, as one of many of a newly formed Union, hear Miss Pieters, who, standing on the steps leading up to the stage, says:

"My dear children—

I would wish to explain to you briefly why you have been called here to-day. This day in Holland is a very happy one to all children. For a whole month and more beforehand every child in Holland is very good, because on the 5th of December a great Bishop comes flying through the air from Spain, on his white horse, descends through every chimney, and brings each child a present.

He comes always with an attendant carrying a big bag. All naughty children are put into this bag and taken to Spain.

If they have been naughty but not quite so bad they are given a birchrod instead as a present. This is a thing you do not know here; but in Holland naughty children are whipped with it. Sintertclaas had heard of the Dutch Burgher Union which has just been formed. He was told there were here the descendants of Dutch people who remained long years ago, and so he asks: Are there any good children? He will be here directly He is not like the English Santa Claus, a funny man; but a very stately Bishop, whom you must receive very respectfully Now I think he is coming"

St. Nicolaas or Sintertclaas as he is generally called has paid his annual visits for twenty-two years since he was first introduced on this occasion. To one and all of us he is consequently a familiar figure. But give a passing thought to the impression he must have created when he appeared before the assembly, attired in the full vestments of a Bishop, with mitre and crook. Then follow him as he mingles with the children who receive him with awe-struck reverence, while possibly impelled by qualms of conscience

their attention is directed in furtive glances at the Negro attendant in mediaeval Spanish costume, carrying a sack on his shoulders and a bunch of birchrods in his hand, who walks behind the Saintly figure.

No more unique memento of this memorable event may be picked up than a copy of the photographic group which was later taken of the children, with Sintertclaas and the Negro slave as central figures.

It appears as a frontispiece in the first number of the Journal and readers fortunate enough to possess it have undoubtedly the most eloquent testimony of "Other days." All those who sat around—a striking study of mingled expressions cloaked in fashions of a by-gone era—are to-day the men and women of that new generation who compose the assembly of onlookers as their children participate in the time-honoured fete.

And together with this thought there rises yet other memories of "other days", created by one year which has followed another pregnant with the relentless pursuit of working change. Picturing that original crowd of onlookers one sees faces flicker and fade leaving many a gap, some deep, some less so, as that unseen hand of time has made it.

So shall we fade—while tradition and customs prevail; and perhaps, some sentimental child will in years to come pay just as much passing homage, taking up the subject with fresh young eyes and looking at it through the light of a later past.

Turning however from this nebulous aspect of other days, we re-enter the hall to witness the concluding portion of the evening's programme.

Many a reader will possibly recall the marionette show—the stage, the quaint figures, the entire get-up and manipulation of which stands associated with possibly the most versatile member of the community, Mr. Ernest van Dort.

* The performance we are told was so enjoyed by the little folk that one and all wished for more of it, but presumably it was time for the smaller folk to go and for the bigger folk to complete the day's festivities.

A spark of interest might be kindled by reminiscences of such an institution as the Coronation Orchestra, which was in attendance, and we are reminded, contributed a select programme of music.

There remains yet one other point to touch on before we round up recollections of the first children's fete on the eve of St. Nicolaas, organised by the Union.

More often than not, very few of us appreciate the amount of labour and service put in by the few for the entertainment of the many, at one and all of these functions. May we not then tune into a note of appreciation generally, and in particular pay a passing tribute to that first committee of management.

Among those who helped in the distribution of the toys we find the names of Mrs. F. C. Loos, Mrs. Hector van Cuylenburg, Mrs. R. G. Anthonisz and Mrs. L. A. Prins. The thanks of the community are due in a great measure, we are told, to Mr. Maurits Wagenvoort, but for whose co-operation in the movement the arrangements would never have been *un fait accompli*. The committee of management was composed of Mrs. Edwin Joseph, Mrs. R. A. Brohier, Miss Pieters and Miss A. van Dort, with Dr. Prins and Mr. P. D. Siebel as Entertainment Secretaries.

One other name, not mentioned in the record from which we draw, springs into prominent focus between the lines of print.

The invaluable service rendered by Mr. R. G. Anthonisz in the formation of the Union and his great interest in its welfare, is fittingly enshrined in the sense and instinct of nationality which he has revived and cultivated. It will ever live as a later tradition. His contribution to the success of the event in the capacity of the first elected General Secretary is but a fractional part of that monument of invaluable service.

The celebration of the national festival the following year (1908) was marked by two advances. One was the remarkable increase, both of adult members and children, over the attendance of the previous year; the other, the organisation of a similar celebration at Kandy.

Once again we find Mr. Ernest van Dort contributing in no small way to the programme organised by the Colombo committee, by providing a lantern exhibition with a series of cinematograph projections. The role of St. Nicolaas was filled by Mr. Alfred Brohier, while Miss Pieters, present in her national costume (Frisian), addressed the children.

The celebration at Kandy took place in the Pavilion grounds, lent for the occasion by H. E. the Governor.

Revd. J. A. Spaar acted the part of St. Nicolaas, while Mr. G. H. P. Leembruggen, in explaining the significance of the event to the children, concluded with a stirring address to the adult members of the gathering. Directing a few words by way of disposing of ill-advised criticism and comment bearing on the formation of the Union, he said:—

".....we are told by some that it is too late in the day for this movement, or that ours is a hopeless task. I say that it is quite in keeping with our traditions. I would point to the dykes of Holland for our inspiration. The history of Holland is the history of *Reclamation*. ...Had the Hollanders said, It is too late; the sea has encroached too much, and the water is too deep now for anything to be done—there would perhaps be to-day no Holland worth speaking of.

In the same way let us do the work of reclamation, reclaiming from oblivion those customs and traditions that will help us, reclaiming to general use the lost art of our language and literature, and bringing together our people, till we have established in Ceylon a Holland of men and women who will be true to our traditions and to our nation—a Holland guarded by the dykes of unity and honour and national instinct and true patriotism, and of loyalty to the King under whose rule our lot has been cast."

Twenty-one years have gone by since these words were uttered, yet they come to us to-day with an equal measure of force and weight of expression.

The annual function of 1912 took place for the first time in the Union Buildings erected in Serpentine Road—Serpentine no longer, and in keeping with change and reconstruction, known to-day as Reid's Avenue. The good Bishop on this occasion appeared on his white steed attended by his black servant carrying bag and birch-rod.

The "Fete" of 1916 springs into prominence on the drab sky which overcast the years of the Great World War. By general acceptance no toys were distributed on this occasion, their value being sent as a contribution towards the fund raised by children throughout the British Empire for the relief of the Belgian children.

Glancing down the records of the celebrations in the years which follow there would appear to be nothing new to add.

Maybe, true to the suggestion that time, like space, lends enchantment, we have arrived at a limit which establishes a distinct mark of demarcation between "these" and "other days".

Here then we might fittingly leave our subject. But as we renew afresh, year after year, acquaintance with this link which recalls many a joyful anticipation of childhood's days, may we not claim some symbol which crystallises its many-sided appeal.

Saint Nicholas, San Nicolaas, Santa Claus—symbolical of kindness and charity, reminds us that no thought, no act on our part, no observance is new. Nothing in this world is so rare as originality.

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. L. E. Blazé, O.B.E., Alfred Place, Bambalapitiya.

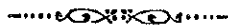
The Journal will be issued at the end of every quarter, post free, to each member of the Union who pays a subscription of Rs. 5/- per annum towards its cost of publication. Literary and other contributions are invited and should be sent to Mr. J. R. Toussaint, "Muresk", Clifford Place, Bambalapitiya, to whom also all remittances on account of the Journal should be made. Dr. L. A. Prins has been made a member of the Board of Management.

Changes of Address.—All changes of address (especially within the last three years) should be notified without delay to the Honorary Secretary of the Union, Dutch Burgher Union Hall, Reid's Avenue, Colombo, or to the Honorary Treasurer of the Union. This will ensure the safe receipt by members of all notices, invitations, reports, etc.

Remittances.—Remittances, whether of subscriptions due to the Union or contributions for special objects, must be made to the Honorary Treasurer of the Union, Mr. A. C. B. Jonklaas, Dickman's Road, and not to the Honorary Secretary.

Remittances on the account of the Social Service Fund must be made to Mr. A. C. B. Jonklaas, Dickman's Road, the Honorary Treasurer of the Standing Committee for purposes of Social Service.

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



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instead of sixty-five; there are to be eight nominated members instead of twelve; women are given franchise on the same terms as men, at twenty-one years instead of thirty; a residence of five years is necessary to qualify for a vote, and that residence entitles one to a certificate of permanent settlement.

The intricacies of the scheme need not be touched upon here. Expert knowledge is indispensable, and perhaps Mr. Wille or Mr. de Vos may be prevailed upon to tell us what it all means—the Committee System, the Portfolios, the Governor's powers, and all the rest of it.

What the plain man understands is that there is no separate representation for the Burghers, except by grace of nomination. There is to be none of that vile thing called Communal representation, except—but this is no place for political theories and discussions. The Burgher Seat, which has existed from the very beginning of the Legislative Council, has been abolished with a stroke of the pen.

It is good to know that this loss has been borne by the Burghers with befitting dignity, though they remain utterly unconvinced by the statements made in regard to it, and by the sympathetic references to their case by His Excellency the Governor in *his* Despatch. They are aware that in the great experiment their claims are of little account.

Curiously enough, in Sir Reginald Craddock's "The Dilemma in India," the following passage occurs: "And the irony of the whole thing is that the only people who can get no value from this universal suffrage are the Europeans and the Dutch Burghers, namely the only people who are fit to put the ballot box to its proper use..." This remark is open to some criticism, but not here.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Our President.—Our readers will, we feel sure, be glad to learn that Mr. R. G. Anthonisz has now almost completely recovered from his recent illness and will shortly be resuming his literary work.

The Algemeen Nederlandsch Verbond.—The number of members of the Verbond in Ceylon is, we are glad to see, gradually increasing, the latest to join being Dr. H. U. Leembruggen, who is spending a part of his holiday in Holland with the laudable object of acquiring a knowledge of Dutch.

Ceylon in "Neerlandia."—The September number of "Neerlandia" contains references to Dr. E. C. Godee Molsbergen's report on the Dutch Archives, to his lecture on "Peeps into the Past," and to Mr. E. H. Vander Wall's article on the late Mr. Robert Leembruggen, which appeared in the July number of the *Journal*.

Obituary.—The death occurred at Galle during the last quarter of Mr. Owen de Vos, an original member of the Union. Mr. de Vos was a brother of the late Mr. F. H. de Vos, a former President of the Union, and although he was not able to take an active part in the working of the Union, he yet followed its fortunes with interest, and did what he could to further its objects.

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