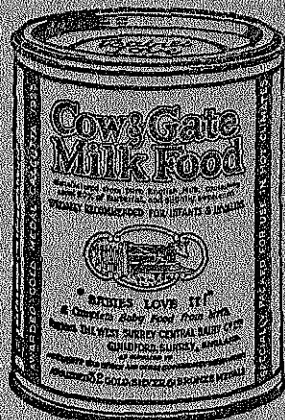


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VOL. XX.]

JANUARY, 1931.

[No. 3.

Journal of the Dutch Burgher Union of Ceylon.



"Eendracht maakt Macht"

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

Published quarterly. Subscription Rs. 5/- per annum, post free. Single copies, if available, Re. 1-50 to be had at the D. B. U. Hall.

— THE —
DUTCH IN CEYLON

VOL. I.

BY
R. G. ANTHONISZ, I. S. O.

*Copies may be had at the D.B.U. Hall
at Rs. 5 each.*

JOURNAL
OF THE
**Dutch Burgher Union
of Ceylon.**

VOL. XIX, 1930.

"Eendracht maakt Macht."

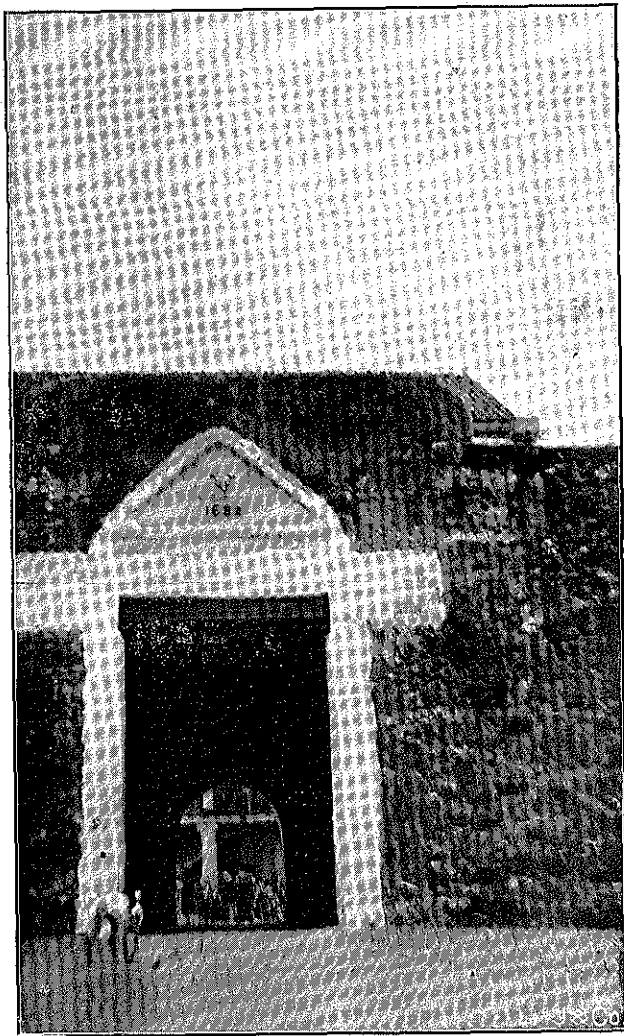
Colombo:

Printed by FREWIN & Co., FORT.

1930.

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BATTICALOA FORT, MAIN ENTRANCE.

(See page 102.)

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BATTICALOA BETWEEN 1766 AND 1796.

The Dutch occupation of Batticaloa extended from 1638 to 1796 with a break somewhere between 1643 and 1665. During the greater part of this period Batticaloa was not regarded by the Dutch as a station of much importance—in fact, it was admittedly maintained by them at a loss, the only reason for keeping it up being the necessity for controlling the mouth of the lagoon and the facilities which the station afforded for obtaining timber for public works in Ceylon and the coast of Coromandel. Trade was only carried on to a limited extent, the Dutch selling their merchandise and buying cinnamon, pepper, wax and grain. It was only during the last thirty years of the Dutch occupation that the station acquired some importance. Previously the Dutch territory comprised only the island of Puliyantivoe, but as a result of the Treaty of Peace with the Sinhalese on 14th February, 1766, the Dutch acquired a strip of land along the eastern coast extending as far as one Sinhalese mile inland, while the northern and southern boundaries also were extended up to the limits of the District of Jaffnapatam on one side and the Walawe River on the other. It was therefore only to be expected that the last thirty years of the Dutch rule in Batticaloa should exhibit traces of a more vigorous administration than the period which preceded it.

Batticaloa which was previously under a military head was, during the period under review, in charge of an Opperhoofd or Head Civil Servant. The first person to hold this office during the period under the new order of things was Adrianus Johannes Francké, who was born at Sluis in Flanders about the year 1734 and came to Ceylon in 1756 as Assistant. He rose to the post of Boekhouder in 1760 and was in the same year promoted Commissioner

of the Arecanut Department, Colombo. He married at Colombo on 18th May, 1760, Gustava Robertina van Lier of Trincomalee, daughter of Salomon van Lier, Fiscal of that place, and Adriana Kloecke, daughter of Hendrick Kloecke of Hamburg, Assistant, and Maria Kruysen. There were four children of the marriage. On 8th October, 1766, Mr. Francké was appointed Chief of Batticaloa.

It was during the administration of Mr. Francké that a notable event took place which had an important bearing on the subsequent policy pursued by the Dutch. At a meeting of the Political Council held on 8th October, 1766, the principal Native Chiefs submitted to the following conditions:—

(1) That they, together with all the inhabitants of the seven Batticaloa Provinces, acknowledge the Sovereignty of the Hon'ble Company and promise due obedience.

(2) That the tithes of the *Nely** harvest will be delivered by them yearly.

(3) That all subjects between the ages of 15 and 45 will be at the disposal of the Company for a period of three months in each year for the performance of Government Service without payment.

(4) That at their festivals they be allowed to follow their old customs, and that they be required to show obedience only to those appointed by Government as rulers over them.

(5) That they bind themselves to deliver to the Company, at a rix dollar the amunam of 10 parrahs, all the *Nely* they can spare after paying the tithes and reserving enough for their own needs, § also that they deliver at the usual prices as much pepper, wax, deerhorn and other products of the country as they can obtain.

As a result of this understanding with the Native Chiefs, the first eight years of Mr. Francké's administration were remarkable for the large quantity of grain delivered at Batticaloa in the way of tithes, but thereafter, seeing that there was very little check on the quantity to be accounted for by them, the Native Chiefs understated the crop production and delivered less than was due from them. It is estimated that in this way there was an annual loss of nearly 20,000 parrahs. There were also other defects in the administration, such as an unequal incidence of taxation, which accounted for a falling off in revenue.

* Tamil for paddy.

§ This was not insisted on after 1769.

Although Mr. Francké's administration was not characterised by much vigour in the collection of revenue, he did good work in the cause of agriculture. Mr. J. W. Birch, Government Agent of the Eastern Province, in a report made in 1856, says:—"Along the banks of the river are situated four natural hollow plains, each capable of containing a large quantity of water, here called "Villoos", viz., Condewattavan Villoo, Ambare Villoo, Ericamam Villoo, and Cudi Villoo. I have been unable to ascertain the history of these natural reservoirs previous to the Dutch dynasty, but it is certain that a Mr. Francké, when Chief of the District, erected certain dams at Cudi Villoo and Ambare Villoo, closing the debouchers of these reservoirs and rendering them capable of retaining a large amount of water, which was husbanded till the season of drought and then led off to the fields of Carrewagoo and Samantoere plains."

Mr. Francké retired after serving eighteen years in the responsible post of Chief of Batticaloa, and was succeeded in April, 1784, by Mr. Jacob Burnand, who came with special orders from Governor Falek to do all in his power to stimulate the cultivation of paddy, to introduce the farming out of all tithes, and to promote the cultivation of coconut, arecanut, and other fruit-bearing trees. How well Burnand justified the confidence reposed in him will be seen from this brief record of his services. With characteristic vigour he set himself the task of discovering the weak points in the previous administration. These he found were chiefly the system of collecting the tithes through the Native Chiefs, and imposing the burden of *Oeliam*† service on the smallest but most useful section of the inhabitants, viz., the paddy cultivators.

The land revenue at this period was drawn from two sources, both of which had their origin in the terms of submission of the Native Chiefs to the Dutch Government referred to in an earlier paragraph. These were—

(1) The Servitude on the land.

(2) The *Oeliam* or compulsory service.

† This word is probably derived from the Tamil "Uliyam" corrupted into *Oeliam*. Having originally meant the obligation of a slave to his master, it came in Dutch times to mean a compulsory service of a menial character which certain inferior classes were required to render. *Report on the Dutch Records by R. G. Anthonisz, p. 60.*

The servitudes on the land consisted of—

- (a) The delivery of tithes of the *Nely* harvest.
- (b) The land revenue of 12 stivers per annum on cultivated and 6 stivers per annum on uncultivated fields.
- (c) The provision of food for the military and the European and native Company's servants when on circuit.
- (d) The transport of the Company's cash and other goods by land.

(a) Owing to the dishonesty on the part of the Native Chiefs, to whom was entrusted the collection of the tithes, Burnand decided to farm out this revenue. This drastic action was resented by the irrigation headmen, who, to show their displeasure, resigned their offices and went over in a body to the Kandyan territory, leaving complaints behind against the new system. Burnand adopted conciliatory measures and prevailed on them to return, but he nevertheless persisted with the new system, and was gratified to find that the tithes collected in 1785 were considerably larger than they had been during the preceding six years.

(b) The tax of 12 stivers and 6 stivers on cultivated and uncultivated fields respectively was collected at the close of the harvest either in cash or in kind. In the event of poor harvests occurring, the cultivators were exempted from this impost.

(c) The provision of food for the troops and Company's servants while on circuit afforded opportunities for extortion on the part of the headmen, as they usually collected three times the quantity of food actually required and appropriated the surplus. Burnand took early steps to put a stop to this abuse.

(d) The transport of the Company's cash was not a very heavy burden and pressed lightly on the inhabitants.

Chena cultivation presented the same problems in those early days as they do at the present time. The objections to this form of cultivation were said to be (1) the destruction of timber trees in the forests, (2) the withdrawal of the inhabitants from the cultivation of paddy, and (3) the neglect of coconut cultivation. To counteract these baneful results, Burnand took possession of the forests on behalf of the Company and levied a fee of 3 rixdollars on each piece of land 20 by 40 fathoms used for chena cultivation. Care was taken to provide for an exemption of the tax in the event of a failure of the paddy crop.

Burnand devoted much attention to the planting of fruit trees, a branch of horticulture which was greatly neglected by the people. He distributed 100,000 seedlings throughout the District, but seeing that very little interest was taken in the matter, he appointed at his own expense an Arachchi to supervise the work, assisted by a Lascoreen. He caused a census of gardens to be prepared, which showed that there were nearly 10,000 gardens which were entirely neglected or contained no fruit-bearing trees. The work of re-planting was carried on with vigour and Burnand estimated that it would take several years to complete. The cultivation of pepper and coffee was tried but with little success. Coconut cultivation was not a success owing to the depredations of elephants.

The Batticaloa District was divided into three administrative centres—Batticaloa in the middle, Korlepattoe in the north, and Panoa† in the south. *The Civil Establishment* consisted of the following officers:—

- 1 Opperhoofd
- 1 Boekhouder, Negotie-overdrager, and Thombo-houder
- 1 Boekhouder, G'Authoriseerde, § and Secretary of the Land Raad
- 3 Absolute Assistants, of whom one was in the Trade Office, one was Resident of the Panoa District, and one was Overseer of Korlepattoe
- 2 Junior Assistants, of whom one was in the Trade Office and one at the Secretariat
- 2 Apprentices
- 1 Surgeon for the Hospital
- 1 Voorlezer and Schoolmaster

The Military Establishment consisted of:—

Infantry.

- 1 Lieutenant and Commandant
- 5 Sergeants
- 5 Corporals
- 2 Ordinary Europeans
- 52 „ Natives

† Panama.

§ An officer authorised to attest public documents. *Report on the Dutch Records by R. G. Anthonisz, p. 118.*

Artillery.

- 1 Bombardier, European
- 1 Gunner "
- 2 Assistants "
- 2 " Native

Local Company.

- 3 Officers, viz., 1 Captain, 1 Lieutenant, and 1 Ensign
- 5 Sergeants
- 7 Corporals
- 94 Men.

The last named Company was formed in the year 1788, the men, who were recruited from the descendants of Malays, being paid Rds. 4 a month or two-thirds of the pay of the other native troops in Ceylon. This Company was not bound to serve beyond the limits of the Batticaloa District. The Corps was successively reduced and increased until, after the departure of all Europeans from the garrison, a Company of 100 men was formed, consisting of Moors. These gradually resigned, their places being taken by Sepoys. This last Company was stationed at Arugam Bay.

In addition to the Opperhoofd, who was the principal revenue officer in the District, there were two Native Assistants charged with revenue duties stationed in the District, one at Panoa and the other at Korlepattoe. The former was assisted by a *Kangaan*[†] and two Lascoreens, and the latter by a *Cannecoppul*[§] and two Lascoreens, their duty being to collect the tithes and land revenue. It is stated that considerable difficulty was experienced in finding suitable persons to fill these two posts, which may be said to have corresponded in some degree to that of Assistant Government Agent of the present day.

The principal deliberative assemblies consisted at one time of the Political Council, the Court of Justice, and the Land Raad. The members forming the first two bodies were the same, viz., the *Opperhoofd*, the Chief Military Officer, and the Trade Accountant. These members also acted as Commissioners of Marriage Causes. The Land Raad consisted of the same members with the addition of the Native Chiefs appointed by the Governor. The two Assistants at Panoa and Korlepattoe were subsequently added as

[†] *Kangany*, Tamil. [§] *Accountant*, Tamil.

members, and on a later occasion this body was further strengthened by the addition of the officer designated the *G'Authoriseerde* and the Surgeon. The Land Raad dealt with all matters concerning the land Service and settled all disputes among the inhabitants in regard to lands. In the year 1789 the Political Council and the Court of Justice were abolished, leaving only the Land Raad to deal in the first instance with all disputes between the Burghers, the Company's servants, and the natives. A body called the *Lands-vergadering* then came into existence, to exercise it would seem the functions previously vested in the Land Raad.

The revenue collected by the Company was derived from the following among other sources:—

- (1) The profits of the trade in merchandise carried on by the Company.
- (2) Duty on arecanuts, liquor, etc.
- (3) Sale of stamped paper and duty on the sale of immovable property.
- (4) Salt revenue.
- (5) Customade money, being the amount paid by certain castes and trades as poll-tax
- (6) Paddy tithes.
- (7) Poll-tax.
- (8) Commutation of *oeli* service.

The difference between poll-tax and *oeli*-tax is a little difficult to understand, but broadly stated, poll-tax was levied from a whole caste collectively, the amount being fixed for all time, while *oeli*-tax was a personal obligation and was paid individually, the amount, usually Rds. 3, being fixed for two years. The following were some of the castes who paid poll-tax, which varied in amount from Rds. 2. to Rds. 2'8 per head:—Silversmiths, Weavers, Painters and Dyers, Fishers, Washers, Barbers, etc. One of the improvements effected by Burnand was to cause correct *thombos* or registers to be prepared of all those liable to these taxes, and to see that the burden of taxation was equally distributed. For the year 1793—1794 the amount collected as poll-tax was Rds. 1,913 and as *oeli*-tax Rds. 3,188.

As indicative of the spirit which animated Burnand in the discharge of his duties, it may be mentioned that in 1787 he applied for permission to proceed to Colombo in order to discuss personally

with the Governor his schemes for placing the system of taxation on a better footing. Owing to unavoidable circumstances he was not able to leave Batticaloa until March, 1789, when he met the Governor at Colombo and laid his plans before him. He returned to Batticaloa in June and was gratified to learn the following month that all his proposals had been approved.

The country to the South of Batticaloa, in the neighbourhood of Arugam Bay, is at the present time a flourishing coconut district. To Burnand belongs the credit of discovering the suitability of this product for this part of the country. In his memoir to his successor he says:—"The planting of coconut trees in the Panoa district, and especially in Aroegamme, must be diligently carried on and must be continued for many years. Only about a thousand trees will be required for this purpose in future."

The postal arrangements in Batticaloa at this period were, as may be readily supposed, very primitive. For the transport of letters and "olas," eight lascoreens were employed—four for the north of the district and four for the south. But they had not sufficient work to do, and to keep them busy they were made to perform other services for the Company. There was also a mail service of sorts between Batticaloa and Kandy, but it was discontinued after a time.

The perquisites of the Head Civil Servant were many and various. It was the custom to deliver to the King once a year a share of the produce of the fields, this being a survival of the old practice of not wishing to appear before the ruler without some small present. When the Dutch took possession of Batticaloa, these *pingosen** as they were called were delivered to the Head Civil Servant. It is said that during the first few years of Mr. Francké's administration, his house and the fort were filled with an abundance of "pingosen" in the form of vegetables which he could not make use of and which had therefore to be allowed to decay. Mr. Francké thereupon decided that this perquisite should be commuted by a money payment—an arrangement which was

* The Dutch plural form of Pingo=a pliant piece of wood about 5 ft. in length carried on the shoulders from the two ends of which burthens to be carried are supported by ropes. The term is generally used to signify the whole thing, poles, ropes, burthens and all. *Codrington's Glossary of Native Words*.

very much to his advantage. Mr. Burnand set his face against the practice on the ground that it was a burden to the inhabitants owing to the corruption which it engendered among the subordinate officers.

Another perquisite was the acceptance of *Parressen*† or presents on the appointment of Native Chiefs or Company's servants, on the taking up of office of the Land Regent, and on similar occasions. This perquisite was withdrawn during the administration of Burnand, who was so convinced of its baneful effects that he expressed himself very strongly on the subject in his memoir to his successor. "In my opinion" he says, "no administrator can be just and fair either towards the inhabitants or to the Company where this pernicious custom prevails, and no honest man would be tempted by only the partial observance of this rule in some places in Ceylon." Again, "Speaking in particular of the office Your Honour is about to enter upon, I would say that in the present circumstances the acceptance of even the smallest *Parresse*, however trifling it may be, will at once damage your authority here and weaken discipline as soon as the fact becomes known, which it is bound to be, sooner or later."

A third perquisite was that known as *Custumade* money. This was a tax paid to the Head Civil Servant personally by those castes and trades who were employed on work other than the cultivation of fields. Burnand made representations against this levy and succeeded in getting a fixed allowance for the Head Civil Servant in lieu of this perquisite, which was appropriated by Government.

There were other smaller perquisites, such as a share of the profits on the sale of merchandise by the Company, but these did not bring in anything appreciable.

The Dutch depended a good deal for their labour on slaves. The Company's slaves in Batticaloa in the year 1794 numbered 92, viz., 26 men, 32 women, and 34 children. These were the descendants of slaves kept by the Portuguese who were hereditarily bound in the female line to work for the Company. Most of them were employed as artisans, such as masons, smiths, turners, coopers, etc. The rest were employed on public works. They had no fixed days

† A Dutch colloquialism for *parresse pingoos*, that is, pingoos presented at the annual "*parresse*" or appearance.

or hours of work and might be called up at any moment. At one time the artisans received, in addition to their rations of paddy, pepper and salt, 16 stivers a month, but this was afterwards raised to 30 stivers. The women were given one parra of paddy and $4\frac{1}{2}$ stivers a month, but on representations made in 1786 they were placed on the same footing as the men in regard to paddy. Both men and women received once in six months 18 cubits of Tuticorin cloth and the children a smaller quantity. At one time, owing to the non-receipt of this cloth from Tuticorin, the slaves were given $1\frac{1}{2}$ Rds. in lieu thereof, which they accepted with much demur as they preferred the cloth although it is said to have been "coarse, narrow and of inferior quality."¹ Burnand advised his successor "not to force these people to consent to any changes in their allowances, as they easily turn to mutiny. They must be kept under strict discipline, but their allowances should never be interfered with."²

As the Dutch population in Batticaloa consisted exclusively of the officers of the Dutch East India Company and there were no private citizens, there is reason to suppose that the former were all accommodated within the Fort.* This structure is situated on an extremity of the island of Puliyantivoe and consists of four bastions each containing breaches for eight guns and joined by heavy stone work pierced for musketry. Its outward appearance is expressive of great strength, and it is protected by the lake on two sides and by a moat on the other two. It is entered by a spacious archway leading to a small courtyard, which contained a well of square shape strengthened by a protecting parapet of free stone, and a Church of which nearly every trace has now disappeared. The batteries are ascended by a flight of steps at one spot and a sloping way at another. The Fort provided accommodation for the troops and quarters for the Commandant and officers, besides a powder magazine. The batteries at one time contained a full complement of guns, but on the removal of the troops to Trincomalee they were taken away, four 12 pounders and a couple of small howitzers only being left behind.

There is a legend connected with the eastern curtain of the ramparts the truth of which I cannot vouch for, but I give it for what it is worth. It is said that on one occasion when a new Dutch

Governor assumed the administration of the Dutch possessions in Ceylon, one of his first acts was to deprive the old Commandant of Batticaloa of his command, and place in his stead one of his (the Governor's) satellites—a young and clever man whom he had brought out with him. This young man was married to a sprightly little woman who fell desperately in love with a good-looking Lieutenant, Van Petisser, who returned her good opinion of himself by sending her a *billet doux*. In answer to his gallant appeal, she promised to meet him at night on the eastern rampart curtain and faithfully kept her word. Her jealous spouse went in search of her and found her and the gallant lieutenant holding sweet converse together in one of the embrasures. In a fit of ungovernable fury, he ran his sword through his wife and her lover and pushed them over the embrasure into the river.†

From a social point of view Batticaloa at this time must have been a very dull place, and one cannot help speculating on the means employed by the Dutch to relieve the monotony of their lives. The number of Dutch people could not have been much more than thirty, and the number of Dutch women must have been very small indeed if there were any at all. Jacob Burnand himself, from all I have been able to gather, was unmarried. We know that our ancestors were not much given to athletics, and the pretty esplanade at Batticaloa could not have witnessed anything like the games of cricket and football and tennis which are such a feature of every outstation town at the present day. News from the outside world must have trickled into that part of the island very slowly, and we can picture to ourselves the Dutchmen in Batticaloa foregathering after the day's work at the house of the *Boekhouder* or the Commandant of the Forces and discussing with much gusto over their glasses news six months old. Fishing and boating on the lake must have provided them with their main sources of recreation, varied occasionally by a picnic to the Dutch Bar or a convivial gathering on some festive occasion.

An old writer, to whom I am indebted for the description of the Fort, draws a more fanciful picture than I have done of the life led by the Dutch in those remote days. He says:—"First by the earliest flash of dawn (for the Dutch are early risers), the sound of the morning gun awoke the garrison from its slumbers to a sense of

1. Burnand's Memoir. 2. Ibid. * See frontispiece.

† Ceylon Quarterly Magazine, September, 1871.

its duty, who, with its Commander at its head, would turn out for morning parade and march and counter-march on the esplanade to the evident gratification of the townsfolk, while the pipeclayed belts of the fat soldiery and their bayonets gleamed in the morning sun. Then, their morning's work over, they would soberly march back again, and refilling their everlasting pipes, saunter over the ramparts in undress, or comfort the inner man with a regular Dutch breakfast composed of milk, eggs, and bacon, and the never failing glass of strong Hollands, literally termed a "Schnaps." The rest of the day they smoked till all was blue and kissed their *frauwes*, being good creatures devoting much of their time to discussing scandal and quarrelling as soldiers' wives often do in barracks, and in a foreign colony, but on the whole at bottom good homely creatures, though amply possessing that gift which Mr. Samuel Weller describes as that of "the gab." When not on duty, the soldiers would turn out in pairs and saunter through the bazaars and ogle the black girls, or chat with the inhabitants at the corners of the streets, such as they used to be, while many a dollar would be amicably transferred from one party to the other; and the well-earned gains of the pipe-loving Hollander were well loved by the inactive and peaceful Hindoo, who followed the good-natured soldier about with great capabilities for ministering to his idle propensities. On the whole the Dutch soldiers seem to have been a peaceful set, and their merits are well borne in mind by many of the older natives now living here."*

The religious needs of the community were provided for by two Churches. The congregation numbered about 250, of whom the majority were natives. It is said that four fifths of these were only nominal Christians owing to the absence of proper instruction. Of the two Churches, one, which has already been referred to, was inside the Fort, and the other in the "Company's garden." The latter was evidently intended to serve the native Christians, as it was called the "Malabar Church." In the year 1784 this Church was still in course of construction, but the situation being unsuitable for a Church, Burnand purchased a piece of ground from Commandant Kahle on which he built a large Church and a house for the Clergyman at his own expense. The title deeds of the property, which were preserved at the Secretariat, contained the stipulation

* Ceylon Quarterly Magazine, 1871, p. 147.

that in the absence of a clergyman the house should be occupied by one of the Company's Civil Servants. Of the Church within the Fort no trace now remains except a stone with the words:—

DEZE KERK IS GESTIGT
DEN 13 FEB. A^O. 1740
WAAR VAN DEN EERSTEN
STEEN IS GELEYT DOOR
MEJUFFW MA. M. DE MOOR
HUYSV. VAN'T OPPERHT
DE E. MR. RD. BUYK.

The Church outside the Fort has entirely disappeared, and I am not aware whether even the site of it has been identified.

There was no regular Dutch minister stationed at Batticaloa. At one time the minister at Trincomalee used to pay occasional visits to Batticaloa, but when this post was abolished Batticaloa had to depend on casual visits from a minister from Colombo, Jaffna, or Galle, who visited the Churches and schools on the eastern coast once in two or three years. The last of such visits was made in 1787, and some years later representations were made to Colombo against the long interval. The authorities at headquarters replied that a minister would soon be sent, and Rev. Mr. Hoffman was in due course despatched, but owing to illness he could not get beyond Trincomalee. Burnand was fully alive to the value of spiritual ministrations, and in his memoir to his successor he impressed on him the necessity of requesting the Government to send a minister who could arrange to stay for two or three months at Batticaloa. In the absence of a permanent minister, the work among the natives was attended to by a Lay Reader and Schoolmaster, who was in the receipt of a small monthly allowance.

While matters in regard to the Reformed Church were not so satisfactory, the Roman Catholics had already firmly established themselves in Batticaloa and were forging ahead. According to Burnand, they were "more numerous, more zealous, and better instructed Christians than the Protestants (as far as concerned the dark people) and their number daily increases. This is due to the annual visits of their Missionaries, and perhaps it might be an advantage to the Company if these Missionaries (generally zealous and capable in the conversion of the heathen) could obtain some influence in the subordinate districts."† This expression of opinion,

† Burnand's Memoir.

coming from one who held high office under Government, ought in some measure to redeem the Dutch from the charge of religious bigotry that is so often levelled against them. If further proof of Burnand's broadmindedness in matters of religion is required, it is to be found in the fact that the Diaconry or Poor Fund established in Batticaloa was not confined to the relief of Protestants only.

Enough has been said to show how well Burnand justified the confidence reposed in him by Governor Falk. On the testimony of Sir Henry Ward and Mr. J. W. Birch, who held the office of Government Agent of the Eastern Province in the 1850's, Burnand was an officer of great zeal and ability, and it is not too much to say that he was qualified to rank with the most capable revenue officers of the present day. This view is strengthened on a perusal of the concluding words in his memoir to his successor dated 27th September, 1794. This is what he says:—"An experience of ten years in the office which I now resign to Your Honour gives me the right to suppose that success in administration is always connected with well-considered plans and a clear insight as to what constitutes the general welfare. It will always give me pleasure to think how the impoverished condition in which I found these districts in 1784 has changed to one of general prosperity, brought about (not always under the most favourable circumstances) by a change in the administration. As stated above, the interests of the inhabitants and those of the Company are closely connected; and I repeat that the present favourable conditions will be not only lasting so long as the administration is carried on in the same way, but that they are only the beginning of what may be attained in the course of time.

"The real liking I feel for a place where I have resided for a number of years will always preserve my interest in all that concerns this station and the districts belonging to it; and I close this memoir with the wish that Your Honour may contribute still more to the prosperity of it and the Company's interests than I have had the good fortune to do."

Burnand was succeeded in the office of Chief of Batticaloa by Johannes Philippus Wambeek, who, however, was not destined to hold the appointment long, for in 1796 the whole of the Dutch possessions, including Batticaloa, were ceded to the British, thus bringing to an end the rule of the Dutch in Ceylon.

J. R. T.

LORE AND LEGEND FROM JUNGLE VILLAGES.*

There are two reasons which have prompted me to address you on the subject of Lore and Legend from Jungle Villages. The first is my enthusiasm for the subject, and the opportunities I have had in the course of my travels over the back blocks of the Island for pursuing it. The second is my appreciation of the fact, which I feel sure you will share with me, that we do not do justice to ourselves as a community domiciled in Ceylon, if we fail to give thought to, or treat as trivial, the beliefs and customs of the early peoples who once inhabited the country. I should also wish to make it clear at the outset that it is not possible in a short hour to present any other than the more prominent aspects of the subject. To leave you with any other idea even for a moment would be to belittle the years of labour bestowed on the subject by eminent writers.

If you should stand on any one of the mountain heights which girdle the limits of Upper Uva, you will look out upon a perfect Ceylon jungle scene. Below you, the waving tops of forest trees reach away mile upon mile to meet the faint blue line of ocean. A few arterial roads break trail through these regions. Leave them, and the one aspect is a dreary wilderness through which one must of necessity travel very slowly.

It is just such areas as these which harbour the true jungle village. They stand as isolated units divided by barriers of thicket and forest and low-lying scrub.

Come, wander afoot through such regions, and see what there is to see. A narrow path carries us along an erratic course. Beneath the cool sanctuary of forest it is all but choked up by an undergrowth of *nellu* which reaches up to our knees. Nevertheless, more often than not denied this leafy canopy and carpet, the path takes us along its undisciplined course through a tangled growth composed of thorn and bramble and creeper which rises on each side ten to fifteen feet in height. An exhausting and pitiless sun beats down from a cloudless sky and throws up a blinding glare. It is a self-evident fact that one may not travel through jungles in comfort.

*A lecture delivered by Mr. R. L. Brohier at the Union Hall on 7th November, 1930.

And so, after a trek of ten miles, perhaps a little less, perhaps a little more, we stand nearly there, and run into Ukkubanda on the outskirts of the village, ready fitted out for forest travelling. Thrown over his shoulder is a small axe-head fitted to a springy handle. Without it he will never leave his village. In his hands he carries a large-bladed knife and a dry scooped out gourd filled with drinking water, for it must be remembered that one may travel for miles through these regions sometimes and not meet with water. He approaches us rather warily, but his self-consciousness soon wears off. As visitors from the outer world are few and far between, he leaves the *bambara* bees to store their honey unmolested for the day, and gallantly escorts us, taking his position in the van, while we follow strung out one behind the other in single file.

The path breaks away from a patch of forest on to an embankment. It is the bund of the village tank. The surface of the shallow water which it holds up is broken into by the great blue-green leaves of lotus. Above them, the flowers—white, yellow and pink—present a contrast in pleasant splashes of colour. In one corner a herd of buffalo, with merely their nostrils out of the water, lie immersed in the muddy ooze. In the far distance, on the high ground past the water's edge, a crocodile, maybe many, lies basking with jaws agape and still as the proverbial log. Cormorants and egrets and many other species of aquatic birds present a varied form of bird-life, but having reached the end of the walk along the bund, we swing back our gaze on to the path, and following it, skirt the edge of the paddy field which lies below the tank, and emerge on to an open space cleared of jungle and undergrowth.

This open space, we will be told, is the *tis-banba* or the communal reserve, which lies around the huts of the inhabitants. The huts lie clustered together—crude simple structures, built with mud and roofed with thatch. In the quadrangle facing them some women are pounding grain; others squatting before a fire-place are preparing a mid-day meal. Troops of mongrel dogs raise a chorus, which breaks into greater volume of sound the moment one and another of them peep out from their hiding place and sneak a glimpse at us. Realising the reason for this commotion, the women scamper away and seek the scanty protection of their huts. A few children, presenting pathetic figures, stand as it were petrified, completely overcome by indecision as to whether they should rush away to their mothers, or join the dogs in the persistent wail.

With these meagre impressions, which give some small idea of a typical jungle village and possibly help to create a fitting atmosphere, we must pause a while to add to it two opposite phases of life. Perhaps in the one case misfortune had come at different stages to the inhabitants. Maybe, it was unseasonable rains or prolonged drought, severe outbreaks of sickness or the ever encroaching jungle. Maybe all in succession have wrought the havoc, and left a handful of people faced with no prospect other than that presented by the pressure and strife of life. Taking up the opposite case, we find prospects bright, a thriving population and plenty—measured naturally in comparison with the simple wants of these village inhabitants.

Leaving the former engaged in that ageless struggle for food, we will presume that the excitement caused by our arrival has died down, and that our green Wellisden canvas tents stand erected on the fringe of the clearing girdling one of the more prosperous villages. The evening hours have drawn all the children of the settlement beneath a gnarled tamarind tree, which showing evidence of having weathered many a decade, has presumably also served to shelter the village play-ground used by successive generations. As their fathers did of old, the children amuse themselves in various boisterous ways, and when tired out, forming themselves into little groups, seek diversion in a milder form of amusement.

Sometimes, holding the backs of each others' hands with thumb and fore-finger, they will keep moving them up and down, singing the while:

*Kaputu kah kah kah, Goraka den den den, Amutu va va va,
dohorakoda gahe puwak puwak, butapandura bulath,
bulath, usi kaputa usi!*

At the end of the refrain, suiting action to words, they let go each others' hands, and make believe they are chasing away crows from the *goraka* tree.

Perhaps this jingle is followed by another which runs:

*Aturu muturu demita muturu Rajakapuru hettiya, aluta gena
manamalie hal pathak garala, ihale getath bedela, pahala
getath bedela, us us dharamatti paliyaya, miti miti
dharamatti paliyaya, kukula kapala dora pille, kikili
kapala weta mulla, sangam palla!*

We might take it to mean: "The new bride which the merchant Rajakapuru brought, having taken a handful of rice, washed it and divided it between the upper and lower houses. A row of tall faggots, a row of short faggots, the cock which was killed is on the threshold, the hen which was killed is near the corner of the fence. Go and hide!"

The refrain is generally repeated by a leader, who strokes the hands of all the players which lie placed on their laps, palms downwards. However, gradually as the twilight gives way to dark, all this activity ceases. The bigger children finish their play, and wander indoors or to the compounds facing the huts, and there either amuse or tease their baby brother or sister by holding the fingers of the little hands as they repeat:—

This says he is hungry, this says what is to be done, this says let us eat, this says who will pay, this says though I am the smallest I will pay—

whereupon they tickle the little mites saying the while:—"Han kutu! Han kutu!"

Here we must leave the children and turn our attention to the men of the settlement, nearly all of whom have congregated round our tent and sit cross-legged on the ground. Very few people know them—these children of a larger growth. The dormant note in their character is a merry one, could we but draw it out. But, from the period of their early childhood, when they sported the live-long day on the fringe of the village tank wearing their native nothingness, to the time they are carried away to be buried in the jungles, they are beset with hard conditions of life. An expression of mingled melancholy and dour indifference comes to stay. Yet treat them kindly and a gleam of animation spreads over their faces, and the merry twinkle shines out of many a wistful eye.

In these simple minds, if we could but appreciate it, there lies cradled a legacy of the past handed down for the delight of posterity. A conservative traditionalism and what may be described as an ebb-tide of civilization have combined to confine to these back-blocks the early conventions and principles, ideas and beliefs from which we may derive the unwritten thoughts which deeply influenced past generations. Remembering also that these simple mental possessions are beyond the scope of accurate

analysis, and that they defy close observation, we have fitted ourselves to venture into the realm of lore and legend.

Intimate contact with the jungles would naturally raise into primary importance the vague shadowy company of unknown powers and influences which make for evil and good. Each rock and stream and spreading tree is the abode of godling or devil presided over by a local tutelary divinity. In the villages hidden beneath the rain-sodden forests of Sabaragamuwa, they will tell you that this tutelary god is Saman. To him the beautiful red rhododendron stands sacred, and after him the butterfly takes the name of *samaneliyo*.

In like manner, the tangled land which spreads itself over the south-eastern regions of the island stands dedicated to Kartikeya, or to give him a more familiar name, Kataragam Deviyo. A desolate forest-shrine and a lonely hamlet girdled by seven nipple hillocks stand named after him in the not too easily get-at-able regions fifty miles distant from Hambantota.

Legends tell that in a far dim distant age, this Mars of Hindu mythology halted on the top of the highest of the seven hills while on his way to the abode of his father, Siva, in the eternal snows of the lofty Himalayas. This event is said to have taken place on his return after the long and terrific wars waged against the Asuras—an order of beings of supernatural strength and power, who are said to have at one time inhabited this island and were constantly opposed to the Devas or gods. In the very same spot he is later said to have met his consort, Vallai Amma, a Veddha princess, whom he first spied as she sat watching her chena lands and baking cakes of millet and honey. When in the guise of a mendicant he made advances which were scornfully rejected, his brother, assuming the head of a man and the body of an elephant, appeared on the scene. The terrified maiden rushed into her suitor's arms for safety. The god then revealed himself and she became his bride.

But this god, Kandaswamy, to give him yet another name, is not loved but feared. He stands depicted with six faces and twelve hands, riding a peacock which is his charger, and carrying a "vel" or javelin with which he defeated his enemies. The annual festival, which is named after and commemorates this mythical-weapon "the vel", is familiar to all of us. To the shrine where he and his

consort reign supreme devotees flock twice each year in their thousands, and offer homage in most barbaric ritual. For miles around this shrine tradition fosters the belief that the forests and all that therein is belongs to him.

Not long ago, one of the most intrepid of the few male inhabitants of a jungle village in this area, occupied a lonely watch-hut, and sat guarding the paddy crop by night. The pale light of a silvery moon lit up a golden expanse of slender stalks bowed down with the weight of matured paddy, ready to be garnered. There was a rustle in the scrub nearby and the crackling of undergrowth. Into the arena, without heed to barrier, fence, or scare-crow, a huge elephant made its way and immediately settled down to a luscious evening meal. Cries from the lonely watcher or the reports of the blank charges in his muzzle-loading gun were of no avail. Driven to desperation by the devastating attack on his crop, up went the gun to shoulder loaded with slug. Regardless of aim, there followed a louder report and a thud. Away went the lumbering mass, and down in the thicket bordering the field it collapsed, its career ended.

They showed me the spot. A heap of charred bones was all that had been left by the fire they had kindled to get rid of the putrefying carcase. But the hero—what of him?

The necessity for his action bore no weight. His one idea was that he had slain a "Maligawa" elephant, a sacred animal which roamed the territory of the mighty god of Kataragama. Bowed with remorse, he sickened, and while his fellow-villagers were conveying him to the nearest hospital, he died in the forest. Medical opinion had it that he fell a victim to pneumonia; the jungle-dwellers think otherwise.

Apart from its simplicity, this story helps us readily to appreciate all the more the ideas of a simple mind and the flights of a simpler fancy.

All ailments bodily or mental are attributed to the influence of disease-bearing spirits, and of these demons Sanni Yakka is considered the deadliest of them all. It is told that at one time long ago there was a queen who was put to death by her husband on the plea that she was unfaithful to him. Vehemently did she declare that she was innocent, and as evidence of this she vowed that her unborn child would wreak vengeance on the king and all

his people ever after. This then is the origin of Sanni Yakka, born of the corpse of the queen. He causes coma and all the malignant ailments which are liable to depopulate a country. Sannipatha, the Sinhalese for enteric, is so named after the demon Sanni Yakka.

The second of these more important demons is Maha Sohona, a vampire which presides over grave yards, haunts the junctions of roads, and inflicts cholera and dysentery. He is pictured as a superhuman being 120 feet in height, with the head of a bear, and bearing an elephant in his hands the blood of which he squeezes out to drink.

Riri Yakka, has a corpse in his mouth, is ever present at death-beds, and causes fevers.

The uncanny combination stands complete with Kalu Kumara Yakka, the personification of desire, depicted as a swarthy young man embracing a woman. It is said of him that at one time he was a holy Buddhist Rahat—a sect of priests who by pious meditation had attained supernatural powers which permitted them to tame wild beasts and serpents, walk over the water, or travel through the air. In one of his aerial travels he is said to have met a beautiful princess. He fell in love with her, lost at once that mystic power, and dropped to earth—dead. He was reborn the demon Kalu Kumara Yakka, and in token of the cause of his downfall, aids and abets in that curse cast on all daughters of Eve which stands depicted in a parallel connection in the early chapters of the book of Genesis.

Other malignant spirits are represented by Huniyan Yakka, which brings misfortune to the healthy and death to the sick. He stands incarnated as far as belief goes in the magpie, or, as the bird is known in the low-country *Pol-kieha*, meaning coconut-bird, and in the Kandyan Provinces, *Pahan kicha*, meaning the dawn-bird. In consequence of this it is by no means an uncommon occurrence to see a villager drive the bird away from the vicinity of his abode.

Among lesser malignant spirits we have the "Spirit of the Water", which under various names in various districts stands personified in the fevers which at certain seasons lay waste the habitations on the banks of sluggish streams and marshy wastes. In acknowledgment of his power and to avert his wrath, the simple

believer floats a miniature canoe which bears such offerings as betel, rice or flowers as the donor may think acceptable to this elusive, yet none the less tangible object of terror.

The Spirit of the Forests is invoked by travellers who are called upon to negotiate perilous regions, and by the hunter who wanders in the jungle in search of game. Sometimes the ceremony takes the form of merely breaking a twig, and suspending it with an expression of homage on to the low branch of a neighbouring tree. At other times the twig is hung on to a string suspended from one tree to another, which furnishes a more or less semi-permanent shrine marking the entrance to and exit of a road which traverses lonely forest-bound regions.

If it be a hunter who makes the offering, he will take a few drops of blood from the animal he has shot, smear them on a leaf, and with a brief earnest prayer indicate respect to a spirit which has neither established shrine nor image.

If you are not new to the jungles and forests of the island, it follows that you do know that much depends on the manner you accept these traditional beliefs as to whether you will, or will not be told of many another secret. Nevertheless, having lent a sympathetic ear, you will hear of other deities called Gale Banadara, or the god of rocks; of the god of Tanks; of the god of Agriculture, and of godlings whose number is legion.

The prescribed forms of exorcism practised to counteract evil influences are naturally many and varied. I once saw a man carrying home a little black-bird, or *Kalu-polkichia*, as he called it, which he had killed. He was not going to cook and eat it. Oh! no, it was to serve as a charm known as the *Maha-Sohon-bandana*, meaning the binding of Maha Sohona, the vampire demon. He was going to cut open a king-coconut, empty it of water, place the dead body of the little bird therein, and then bury it in the earth. At the end of three months he proposed to disinter the cocoanut, to remove the putrid pulp within the shell, and to wander away with it and a chatty to a grave-yard, there to make a fire and extract the oil. This last process would appear to be a most difficult undertaking, for it is declared that the devil endeavours somehow to overturn the chatty!

But all such are merely minor forms of exorcism. The one of primary importance is the Devil Dance over which there will hover

that most essential member of a village community—the Kapurala, or shall we call him the devil priest. It would be an impossible undertaking to present any adequate idea of this ancient custom visualised in a lonely jungle setting. Like most songs of the East, its elusive meaning and finer points may not be captured. Consequently, we must leave the Kapurala to his night-long vigil, making supplication before a decorated altar of tender plantain stems, and in the lurid, smokey flare of little wicks and torches dipped into crude, improvised vessels containing coconut oil. We must leave the dancers clad in hideous masks to their gyrations, first moving slowly and keeping tune to the rhythmic sound of the tom-toms, next in sudden and apparent alarm executing more lively motions with feet and arms as the throbbing drums increase in beat and volume, and finally to movements of frenzy when amid the deafening thunder of music and a mighty crescendo of voices they reel and sway, till, at a given signal, they freeze into immobility of sculptured bronze. And, as a central aspect, surrounded by a motionless body of spectators, who contribute to the uncanny and ghost-like scene, never to be forgotten, we must necessarily leave the unfortunate patient who has been afflicted by a demon, and in whose interests the ceremony is conducted. Maybe more often than not we possibly leave him to die.

With these impressions we will take one other brief glimpse into the tangled, vague beliefs which a simple mind cherishes, though as a matter of fact it knows little about them, and pass from this aspect of our subject. In some jungle villages you will hear of a god named Bahirawa. Village mothers hush troublesome babes to sleep with vivid pictures of the most barbaric acts of propitiation in his interests, and with threats that they will be thrown to Bahirava. Nothing less than human sacrifice would satisfy the blood-lust of this god, and tradition tells that at a temple dedicated to him on the outskirts of Kandy, it was the custom to offer a young woman annually to gain his good-will. The custom we are led to believe was conducted even into the closing years of the eighteenth century, for the story is told that in the reign of Rajadhi Raja Singha, a pretty young lady, the prettiest in the Kandyan kingdom, was selected for the offering, and that dressed in rich apparel, heavily bejewelled, she was conducted towards evening to Bahirava Kanda. There, opposite the temple, she was tied to a stake, to perish through fear, cold and hunger.

However, in this instance the particular lady had a lover, a young Chieftain who by reason of the displeasure of the court was banished from the city. He dwelt in hiding on the further side of the Mahaweli Ganga. The news that his lady-love was to be offered at the altar of Bahirava reached him in his banishment. He determined to save her. From a point on the opposite bank of the river, he watched the procession conducting his sweet-heart to the dread shrine. Under cover of dusk he swam across and joined her.

Through the terrors of the night which were interwoven with memories of previous happenings at this ominous spot, they kept each other company. And when the purple banks of cloud in the Eastern sky told their tale of approaching dawn, he left her and recrossed the river, but not before he had taught the girl to say to the king's ministers who would arrive in the course of the day, that Bahirava had answered her prayers for mercy and had set her free—forbidding any similar sacrifice to gain his pleasure.

The news startled the ministers. They immediately carried it to the king, who was also astounded at the turn of events which would involve the reversal of a custom hoary with age. Nevertheless, what he thought to be a supernatural behest prevailed. He made order that the girl should be conducted back to her home in procession, and further, that no more human sacrifice was to be made to Bahirava.

Home stories and sayings exercise no little influence on the mind of the Ceylon villager, and offer another view-point of Lore and Legend. More often than not, it falls to the lot of the Gamarala, or village grand-father, to relate these to the others gathered around. Who could doubt that during the long hours of darkness, when two or perhaps three villagers sit in scantily protected watch-huts guarding their crops from the inroads of elephant, buffalo or boar, stories told and re-told help to while away a weary vigil. Thus then, does tradition live.

The hermit life which they in common with generations past have led, their intimate contact with the wild life of forest and glade, would also go to explain why so many of their delightful stories centre round a simple forest setting. Inasmuch as they are myths, legends or folk-tales, they also present a crystallised precept or moral.

Thus, for instance, we find a vivid picture of the retribution which comes in the wake of cruelty and primitive passions illustrated in the story of the elephant who trampled to death the young of the quail merely because the nest happened to be in his track. The mother bird, distracted with sorrow, carries her tale of woe to the crow, the fly and the frog. The crow helps to wreak vengeance by pecking at the elephant's eyes. The fly, by depositing her eggs on the wound. Blinded, in the grip of agony, and tormented by thirst, the elephant hearing the croaking of the frog is enticed on to the brink of a precipice, and falling headlong over its steep side pays with his life for the unwonted cruelty.

The story also tends to present the truth that tyrants may come by their deserts even from sources which they might be inclined to treat with scorn.

Again, in a folk-tale which introduces the antics of the monkey, we are told that a troop of them took it into their heads once upon a time to do some work. Approaching the King's gardener, they offered to help him, and were told that they might do so by daily pouring water on the plants. The monkeys however soon found that the supply of water was not sufficient to go round. Consequently they took counsel among themselves, and were mighty happy when he whom they declared the wisest of them all suggested as a way out of the difficulty that they should divide the water in proportion to the length of the root. Accordingly they set about rooting up each plant before watering it. At first sight there would appear to be nothing but naive simplicity in the story. Behind this there lurks a moral: "Kindness backed by ignorance generally produces more harm than good."

Rather a quaint story drawn from bird-lore is that concerning a water-fowl, the common *Coravakka*, who once went across a river to procure a supply of arecanut. Having completed the purchase and filled the nuts into bags, he arrived at the bank of the river with the load, and arranged for the wood-pecker's boat to convey it across. In mid-stream the boat capsized. The water-fowl's appeal for help brought a flock of geese on the scene. They immediately set about to dive after the bags, but try as they would they could not raise them to the surface on account of their weight. In the vain effort they are said to have overstrained their necks, and even to this day are always trying to rid themselves of the twitch.

The wood-pecker still flies from tree to tree, tapping in search of a suitable piece of wood to build another boat, while the *Corawakha* continues to complain to the world at large of the loss of the arecanuts. From the fringe of any marsh one may hear its persistent cry, "*Puwak! Puwak! Puwak!*"

The sad note of the dove has given rise to another story of a similar type. It is said that a woman placed some berries to dry in the sun and cautioned her little boy carefully to guard them. When she returned some time later she cast her eyes on the spot and could not see the berries, so, thinking that the boy had been neglectful and that some birds had carried them away, she dealt the boy a blow that killed him. Her grief knew no bounds when later she found out that the berries were on the spot, but that she had failed to see them as they had been scorched and shrunk by the heat. In her remorse she put an end to her life and was turned into a dove. Through the wide world she now flies mourning for her son, and cries: "*Pubbaru putē pu pu!*" which means, "Little son—oh! oh!"

One of the commonest of all jungle cries is that of the lapwing. Strangely no village lore stands associated with it, which as plain as the human voice could utter constantly enquires: "Did you do it?—Did you.....do it?" From the circumstance that this alarming question is raised in daylight or in the still night hours from the fringe of every marshy stretch even in most remote parts of the Island, the bird has commonly come to be called the hunter's curse. Its reputation in this respect is not one whit lowered from that which it commands in folk-tales. One such story tells that the mother bird lies on her eggs with feet raised to the sky. She is afraid that the universe will fall and crush her treasure. Another declares in token of her watchfulness that he who eats the eggs of the plover, that is, the *Kirala*, wards off sleepiness.

From bird-lore, we wander into animal-lore, and by way of introducing it we cannot do better than start on the jackal. A cycle of stories cluster around this animal which fills the part played by the fox in Western tales, and in like measure to it has been assigned the craft and stratagem usually associated with the fox. Perhaps one of the best stories illustrating this feature pictures him at a trick to rid himself of the fleas in his shaggy coat. Wading into a sheet of water with a bit of soft coconut husk in his

mouth, he lies submerged with merely the tip of his nose and the fibre out of the water. The drowning fleas scramble for refuge on what they take to be the tip of the jackal's tail. When the husk is black with the blood-sucking pest, he lets go his hold, and quickly wades back to shore.

The jackals once upon a time waged war against the wild-fowl. The latter summoned to their aid a party of men who, wandering into the jungle, captured the king of the jackals, and to teach his tribe a lesson dashed him on a rock and broke his jaw. As the king received this blow he set up a howl: "*Apoi magé hikka.*" Oh my jaw. This note it is declared is echoed even to-day in the jackal's howl.

Other glimpses into animal lore from village stories picture the belief that the grey mongoose before and after its fight with the cobra rushes back to the jungle to ward off ill effects by taking a bite off a herb known as the *visa-kumba*, an infallible antidote. Should the mongoose find itself unmatched in strength, it retires, so we are told, to the jungle, and brings on its back the king of its race, a pure white animal, against whom no cobra has ever yet stood a chance.

The cat and the leopard were at one time master and pupil. Making sure of always maintaining its superiority over the pupil, the cat taught the leopard to climb up a tree, but left him ignorant as to the way of climbing down. Here we have the traditional theory as to why the leopard is always compelled to spring down from a tree, and also why he ever bears a hatred for his tutor. He will kill the cat should he ever get the chance, but remembering that the cat was master he is reverent enough not to make a meal off the body, but is believed to place it on an elevated spot and to worship it.

We might open into snake-lore with by no means a rare story which recounts the origin of the bad feeling between the cobra and the polonga. The two of them once met at the height of a drought, and perceiving that the cobra had evidently slaked his thirst, the polonga enquired of the other where he might find water. "Out in that direction" said the cobra, "you will find a little child at play, and nearby a basin of water, but mind you do not harm the child." The polonga followed the direction and found both the child and the water, but enraged at a playful smack which the child gave it,

he turned round and bit the child. Fully aware of the vile temper of the polonga, the cobra felt that all might not be well, so going back to the spot he saw what had actually happened. Blinded by rage, he hunted out the polonga. The two of them settled down to a terrific fight and sowed the seeds of a hatred which is cherished to this day. In this memorable battle the cobra is said to have bitten off the end of the Polonga's tail. This then is the reason why all polongas have short stumpy tails.

Reference to the cobra leaves us with a few other interesting beliefs, one of which is that the snake loses a joint of its tail on every occasion it expends its poison, and that it is able to fly when its length is reduced in this manner. Equally fascinating is the theory that when about to make a meal at night, the cobra ejects a luminous stone which gives out a bluish light and thus attracts the flies on which it feeds. It is however said that the jewel is only ejected by the cobra of royal caste, and that the only fly it preys on is the male fire-fly or "white-food." The female fire-fly, being accepted as a wingless insect, finds itself in consequence out of the picture.

Further enquiry in this direction brings to light the existence of a recognised belief that there is a cobra of the Brahman caste, which feeds on fragrant flowers and lives in temples; a cobra of the "Vaisya" caste which feeds on sweet-meats and dwells in houses; and a cobra of the Govie or peasant caste whose habitation is a den and which feeds on rice.

The "Mapilla", is reputed to be a serpent which sucks the blood of its victim, and jungle lore has it that they travel in parties of eight. This circumstance has given rise to a further belief that they help each other to reach a sleeping person by suspending themselves in succession from the roof of a house.

The more dreaded "Karawela", is supposed to coil itself up in some hiding place and to haunt the spot after it has stung any person until the victim dies. Consequently, to rid themselves of its presence, the villagers set up a series of mock lamentations immediately they suspect that the patient has been stung by this species of snake. The sounds of mourning are really what the reptile waits for, they declare; and having heard them, it wanders away satisfied.

Plant-lore offers another avenue through which we may wander, but the subject lies more or less centralised in the value of plants and herbs for medicinal purposes and as valuable assets in the preparation of charms. However, it is said of certain fruits which sometimes have a bitter taste, and on other occasions are quite pleasant to eat, that the bitterness has been introduced through the name having been pronounced before the fruit was cut or eaten. This peculiarity is particularly attributed to all species of *Kekiri* or cucumber and to certain species of yams.

The rasping sensation sometimes brought on by the edible species of the *habarala* yam will not occur if its name is not pronounced by the eater or anybody in the eater's hearing. It is declared that as soon as the name is uttered the rasping sensation comes on.

In a village right away in the "blue", I met an old man who told me the story of *Kalu Nika*, a certain root with which is associated such properties as confer eternal youth. I had heard of the plant *Sansevi*, the tree of life and immortality which sanyasis continue to search as did their forebears on the slopes of Ceylon's holy mountain—Adam's Peak. I had also heard it said that the forest-capped promontory off Galle, which we call Buona Vista, stands nursed in the lap of legend as a fragment of the lofty Himalayan heights, and in consequence grew a herb possessed of various sovereign powers. But *Kalu Nika* falls outside the scope of these legends of Indian origin, and lends itself to an entrancing story which relates how this valuable root may be procured.

First and foremost, the nest of an *atti-kukula* must be found, and this nest must have young in it. Since it is peculiar to this bird that it does not build itself a nest but is traditionally believed to lay its eggs on the sand, the requirement naturally presents an insurmountable difficulty at the very outset. Nevertheless, having found such a nest, it must be borne in mind that a lesser virtue of the *Kalu Nika* root is its power of snapping a bar of iron by merely applying the root to it. Consequently, the next step to be taken is to fasten one of the young birds in the nest to the bottom, by a small chain attached to one of its legs. The parent bird eventually discovers why its fledgling cannot leave the nest, and well versed in the properties of the *Kalu Nika*, it wanders off into the jungle, procures it, releases the captive, and

marches off triumphantly leaving the root in the abandoned nest.

There is nothing special in the appearance of the root to set it apart from many another. But there is one other infallible test. Carefully collect all the fragments of roots and twigs which served as the nest and carry it to a spot where four streams meet. There, scatter them on the water. All the common twigs and roots float away with the current down-stream; the *Kalu Nika* sails away by itself up-stream against the current. Naturally it is then an easy matter to pounce on this inestimable treasure and to live to be as old or older than Metheuseloh.

To present to you an illustration of the strange manner in which some jungle beliefs take origin, I can do no better than recall a peculiar statement which I heard in one village, which suggested that the *wali-kukula* or the jungle fowl was blinded by eating *strobilanthis* seed, and that under such circumstances it could be knocked down with a stick.

In another village, up in the hills, I picked up such information as suggested that a certain species of the *strobilanthis*, or to give it a more familiar name, *nellu*, broke into bloom once in seven years, and that its seed was a delicacy which never failed to attract all the jungle-fowl into the regions where the plant grew. They gorged themselves to such an extent and grew so fat, so declared my informant, that their eye-lids drooped and half covered their eyes. In such a condition, it followed that they were not blessed with normal alertness or power of sight, and they were easily approached and killed. Nevertheless, this latter circumstance and theory was a closed book to my former informant—consequently, without rhyme or reason, he as well as generations to come will tell the tale that the wild-fowl are blinded by eating the seed of the *nellu*.

I find I must confine myself to one short home-story, although as a matter of fact, this side issue forms an enormous outlet for village lore. A man once said to a king, "Feed me for six months and I shall remove a mountain." The king agreed, and at the end of the specified period summoned him to a hill and asked him to fulfil his part of the contract. "If all of you will just place it upon my head, I will carry it away", said the man.

Typifying home sayings and the power of a woman's tongue, there is the suggestion that: If one woman speaks the earth will shake; if two women speak the stars will fall; if three women speak

the sea will dry up; if four women speak—what will become of the world?

"Why let the country-side know what you mean to sell your ghee at, before buying the buffalo"? This is merely a proverb which finds a parallel in the English version—"Do not count your chickens before they are hatched."

Neither does time permit me to recount the many aspects of village lore presented by omens and dreams, which as a matter of fact in the estimation of a simple mind are infallible sign-posts on the journey of life.

Should a crow caw or a lizard chirp, it is regarded as being a warning note which forebodes evil or good. A villager will take his way back after covering many weary miles of a journey if anything turns up to indicate some impending misfortune, and when at night he composes himself to sleep, he is left wondering whether by accident his head lies in such a direction which would adversely affect him. The South is the abode of Yama, the God of death. The North is the happy hunting ground of malicious evil spirits. A villager will not, if he can help it, lay his head down in these cardinal directions. The East, dedicated to the Sun-god, Suriya, is emblematic of life, light and vitality, while the West, drawing on the setting sun, is symbolical of darkness and the end of all things. To sleep with head placed in the latter direction, they say, drains life and vitality.

Dreams, in common with a similar belief all the wide world over, are considered to portend health or wealth or happiness; equally sickness, sorrow and misfortune. Should a villager dream of snakes or scorpions or centipedes and awake with a start, he will possibly laugh and maybe, turning to his sleeping spouse, will bawl: *Ah-ha! gedera-atto*, is that so? Little does it worry him as to whether it will be a boy or girl or both, which will in due course add to the number of his family!

There remains yet one other branch of our subject which perhaps from the point of view of interest and importance surpasses all others. I refer to the lore and legend associated with the origin of place-names. The quest after this fascinating pursuit leads into stories whose number is perhaps legion. Some of these have been told, yet others stand veiled in obscurity. I shall merely leave you with two of these stories which claim for themselves peculiar originality.

On the slopes of the Uva mountains, below Haldumulla, there is a village called Horaguna, and within its limits an ancient temple. Reckoning on the fact that the priest of this institution might possibly throw some light on the origin of this strange name, I put it to him one day, and heard him tell the following story:

"Long ago, in the distant past, there reigned over a principality in the Southern regions of the Island a prince whose name was Tissa. A reputation which marked him out as a firm and vigorous ruler found echo in a well governed state the fame of which had been wafted far and wide. There however came a time when this prince was laid low with a strange ailment of the throat, and consequently in this state of impaired health he lost that grip he held over his subjects, and with it there came the realisation that the government was falling upon bad times. One day, while disconsolately wandering in the gardens which girdled his palace, he came upon a beggar who, instead of slinking away as he might be expected to do, boldly addressed the royal personage. "O Prince," he said, "why remain in this place and watch your power wane? Why do you not take your way up to the hills and there seek the advantage of a better climate and build yourself a new capital?" Enraged at this impertinence from one whom he considered to be one of his meanest subjects, the angry prince raised his stick to strike him. But, lo! the speaker vanished into space, and left the prince bewildered. Pondering over the incident, the prince came to the conclusion that the advice was of divine origin. So, leaving his palace and taking with him a few of his trusty followers, he built himself a new city."

Alut Nuwera, meaning a new capital, not many miles from Balangoda, witnesses to the truth of the legend to this day. Here, we are told, the prince, who was slightly benefited in health, was once again accosted by the beggar, who revealed himself as the mighty Kataragama god. At Alut Nuwera, the prince built and dedicated a temple to this deity, and further up, on the slopes of the Uva mountains, he built another. When he had finished this second temple he was completely cured. To commemorate his recovery he called the place "*Sora-Guna*" meaning "Cured of illness." In course of time the name was corrupted to Horaguna. At the temples at these two places, time-worn ritual with a Buddhistical atmosphere is in consequence rendered to this Hindu

god. The ceremonies reach a climax when the festival comes round. They take place annually following on the celebrations at the mother shrine in distant Kataragama.

For the second example of the association of legend with place names I shall take a village in the North-Western Province, called Udabaddawa. It is a queer name which at first does not lend itself to any likely derivation. And so it remains until one hears the legend.

A certain king who reigned in troublous times was marching through the village with his army when he came to a fairly broad yet shallow stream. He was about to lead his men across it when, being a keen observer, he noticed a swarm of dragon-flies resting on the surface of the water. On this flimsy circumstance he suspected treachery, and on searching he found the bed of the stream snared with pointed spikes some of which were all but covered by the muddy water. The village was inhabited by his subjects of the Padduwa caste, and knowing them to be a community of humble folk he realised that the trap was not laid by them. Further enquiry disclosed the fact that it was his Dissava who was really the traitor. Biding a night in that village, by way of preliminary punishment he nominated the low-caste headman of the villages as Chief, and placing him on the top floor of a two-storied house, ordered that the traitor of noble birth should be compelled to spend a night on the floor below.

Uda-padduwa-dawa, corrupted to its present-day name, stands to recall the legend.

To conclude, I have merely told you what has been told me in my wanderings and of beliefs which I have personally made enquiries about and have consequently verified. Jungle villages in Ceylon, apart from what they have to offer by way of lore and legend, present a mysterious fascination. Once fall to its spell and you will ever remain a victim to its alluring charm.

R. L. BROHIER.

CHRISTMAS THAT WAS AND CHRISTMAS THAT IS TO BE.

BY A. N. W.

I have had so many grateful appreciations for having introduced readers of this Journal to articles by the well known C. A. L. which otherwise would have remained unknown to them, that I make no apology for reproducing yet another, and this time it is a story with the above title taken from an old periodical called "*Young Ceylon*" which was started in 1850 by G. F. Nell and ran for a couple of years.

The story is drawn from real life and deals with a community at one time forming a very distinct class of the inhabitants of this Island, but now more or less losing their identity as such, and gradually disappearing. The Mechanics of Ceylon are descended from the Portuguese settlers, but they are really a mixture of several nationalities. The Portuguese, who largely married native wives, left a considerable number of "mixed" descendants, and these, who on account of their adherence to the Catholic faith, were not allowed to hold office under the Dutch, were obliged to have recourse to the humbler callings and became shoemakers, tailors, blacksmiths, etc. The term "Mechanics" it will thus be seen has come to be applied to them because they are artisans of the lower class, engaged in what might be called the mechanical arts.

By race they are very conservative, and for years and years have handed down their trade from father to son, few if any departing from their ancestral callings. They have preserved an individuality of their own in that they have retained the use of the Portuguese language, of which Cordiner¹ in his book on Ceylon says: "There is still a large body of inhabitants at Colombo and the other settlements in Ceylon known by the name of Portuguese. A corruption of their original Language is still spoken all over the sea coasts. It is very easily learned and proves of great utility to a traveller who has not time to study the more difficult dialects of the natives."

1 Cordiner's Ceylon, 1807, vol. 1, page 89.

Practically every Mechanic is poor, and being thus compelled by circumstances to associate with the lower classes of the native population, they have naturally contracted marriages with them, borrowed certain of their manners and customs, and absorbed a large number of Sinhalese and Tamil words into their rather musical language. It is also suggested that these "Portuguese descendants" mingled with the soldiers of the Caffir regiments in the service of the Dutch, and with whom they no doubt intermarried. There is evidence which seems to show that the national music of the Ceylon Mechanics comes from the Caffirs, as the word "Cafferina" rather clearly indicates. Bertolacci who wrote in 1817 says it is "a very remarkable fact that of about 9000 Caffirs at different times imported into Ceylon by the Dutch Government, no descendants are remaining—at least they are in no way to be distinguished among the present inhabitants." Mr. C. M. Fernando, to whose paper on "The Music of the Mechanics of Ceylon" I am indebted for a good deal of interesting information, says that these Caffirs were undoubtably absorbed among the Mechanics of Ceylon.

Another writer has remarked that it is a very curious fact that not one of this class has ever reached anything like prominence, which he points out is all the more strange, considering that the population of Ceylon all started equal when the British came into occupation at the end of the 18th century, and English became the language of the Government. The reason for this is not far to seek, when one considers how utterly devoid of ambition this class are, and also how easily contented and very improvident. They are firm believers in "eat, drink, and be merry for tomorrow we die," and the very slightest excuse is sufficient for them to let themselves go and "anjoy properly" as they say.

Song and dance the Mechanic dearly loves, and his appetite for pleasure, like his thirst, is really insatiable. The "*Cafferina*" and the "*Chikothi*" we have all heard of, but it is extremely unlikely that they are anything more than words to the rising generation. A wedding, a christening, a birthday, a holiday, or an anniversary of any kind, is ample excuse for a celebration, and on occasions like these the "*Cafferina*" and the "*Chikothi*" are very much in vogue. Capper refers to the "*Cafferina*" as a "tropical cancan" and says it is a dance "admitting of considerable latitude

to the arms and legs." The difference between the "*Chikothi*" and the "*Cafferina*" is that the former is slower and more graceful, while the latter is not so dignified but very much livelier. Those who do not wish to join the dancing always sit round in a circle and sing, beating time by clapping the palms of the hands together. The best known of the "*Cafferinas*"—"Cingalee Nona"—survives to this day and it must be conceded that it has a very jolly tune.

Another institution long preserved by this class of people were *al fresco* picnics on moonlight nights, when the lads and lasses, chaperoned of course by their elders, would meet under the straggling branches of the *Sooriya* to celebrate what they styled an *Appa Surei Partei*, so called from the "hoppers" and toddy with which they were wont to regale themselves. Music of course there was in plenty, and nimble feet danced "*Cafferinas*" and "*Chikothis*" to the haunting strains of the *Viaule*,² the *bandarinha*,³ and the *rabana*⁴ with intervals for hot "hoppers" and fresh drawn toddy by way of refreshment. The *Appa Surei Partei* is at the present time not so popular as it was in days gone by, but this happy-go-lucky community have discovered a new form of amusement and betake themselves on feast days to Hendala, Ragama and other Catholic churches, usually in double bullock carts. They make a regular picnic of it, singing and dancing to the music of violin, accordion gramophone, or mouth organ, feasting on various dishes in which pork plays the most prominent part, and frequently quenching their thirst with something stronger than water.

With regard to religion, they are nearly all staunch Catholics, and it is worth noting that they clung to their creed in spite of over a century of religious intolerance at the hands of the Dutch. Amongst the Legislative Acts of the Dutch Government may be found *Plakaats* prohibiting the harbouring of priests, attendance at religious worship, solemnization of Catholic marriages, open observance of their religious ceremonies, etc., but they were not deterred.

Most of the Mechanics are miserably poor, and with all their conservatism are ignorant, and have little regard for cleanliness and sanitary rules. They have sufficient Western instinct in them to make love marriages, and when the olive branches begin to grow—curiously enough the Mechanic has invariably more than his share

2 Tenor violin. 3 Mandoline. 4 A small drum

of olive branches!—life becomes one long struggle and full of trouble and hardship for the miserable family. Things do not seem to have changed very much in the last fifty years, though the Portuguese language is gradually giving way to what is commonly known as "Broken English," and is intermingled with numerous "aiyos" and anes," amusing certainly, but not half as musical as the Portuguese patois of old.

It is not surprising that a man so kind hearted as Charles Ambrose Lorenz should have had the widest sympathy for these unfortunate people. He was so anxious to do something for their advancement that, although himself a comparatively poor man at the time, he offered the Government of Ceylon a property of his in Colombo, now called S. James's, on condition that Government would establish a school for children of this class, but the offer was not accepted and the proposal fell through.

I shall now leave you to the interesting account of how Christmas was spent by a poor Mechanic family of Colombo in the years 1849 and 1850.

CHAPTER I.

WHAT LEONARDUS PIETERSZ, THE SHOEMAKER, DID ON CHRISTMAS EVE, 1849.

He was a man determined to assert his rights against all the world and his wife, (meaning Mrs. Pietersz). He had unlimited regard for himself—that he had; and carried his head as high as most other folk, and upon it there was a nose set with pimples and carbuncles that glittered in the noon-day sun, like the interior of a ripe Pomegranate. His wife used to sing a song to the tune of *Villao di Mozambique*, the chorus of which rang to variations on

"Bagoe de Roeman, Sinh' Lendo,
Bagoe de Roeman."

He would lay his two fingers athwart his crackt lips, and would turn round with an air of defiance, as if Leonardus Pietersz would like to see the man who'd do the like,—which he doubted. He, with his bottle-green *flieger* out at elbows and grown brown and greasy at the collar; he with his old drab of the time of Terry

the Auctioneer, but now grown bald, and crumpled and smashed into a thousand shapes, as if hats were then formed by crystallization; he, with the remnant of a pair of suspenders strapped round his loins, to protect an unstable Trousers in a state of decline and of motion downwards: he?—Leonardus Pietersz, Bass Sappeteer, would be anxious to see the fellow who dared insinuate a doubt as to the propriety of providing six bottles of arrack and a Christmas cake to treat his friends withal on Christmas eve. Indeed he would—wouldn't he?

Christmas eve was going towards dusk. And pitching his quid of tobacco violently into the gutter, and plucking his declining breeches upwards, Leonardus the Christmas hero, bent upon drowning his wrath in a glass of the *Boujee*, strode up the steps of his house and entered it.

Inauspicious moment for Mrs. Pietersz! Who, as she sat at the door of the room, combing her *Cavalero*, sung *Bago di Roeman* in her sweetest voice. For, in his meandering course inwards, he hit his foot against her foot-stool, and fell over the devoted wife, nearly burying the segment of the pomgranate in the socket of her left eye. "Drunk, drunk" muttered—Sinh' Lendo to himself—"she's drunk as a fish, poor woman, and can't walk—on Vesper de Nataal—she's drunk!" shouted he, confounding persons in the overwhelming confusion of the fall.

Leonardus Pietersz rose from the ground, and by dint of tacking round the room and under the guidance of an indulgent wife, reached the corner where stood the six gallant bottles of the *Boujee*. For a minute he swung over the bottles, and his hand hovered over their heads as if uncertain which one to take up—(he was choosing, perhaps?) and having at last picked up one, he extracted the cork with his teeth.

The smell thereof was delightful.

He drew forth from his fliager-pocket a wine glass, bottomless, and crackt, and patched up with sealing wax; and he emptied half a pint of the bare liquid on the floor, ere he was aware that his right hand which held the bottle was far in advance of the left hand which held the glass.

Half a pint of the "old stuff" gone!

"Sinh' Lendo, my Love," said the good woman at his elbow—"you are spilling it, no, dear?"

The ocular delusion was perceived; and in a minute, three wine glasses-full of arrack streamed forth from the bottle, one-third thereof filling the glass, and the other two-thirds overflowing. And then, laying the bottle down on the table beside him, and raising the sparkling glass on high, he cast a look full of love and affection on the wife of his bosom.

"Sinh' Lendo!" said the affectionate woman, sympathising.
"Minhe Pombe Branco,"

said the loving husband,—*"my snow-white Pigeon,"* said he—and he embraced the bird.

A tear trickled down the slice of pomegranate, skipping from pimple to pimple on its descent. *"Bon entregoe de Nataal"* said he, growing poetical at the interesting moment.

Bon entregoe de Nataal

Coen Coroue regeladoe:

The latter is untranslatable. "A merry entrance into Christmas" said he again, most emphatically clasping his wife with both hands, (the glass was shattered into atoms on the floor.) But the toast was to be drunk, in spite of the glass;—and grasping fast the bottle, he carried it first to his right ear, then spilt half its contents down his shirt collar, and finally placing it over his mouth gulped down a draught huge and mighty.

"A mer-r-r-ry enter-r-!" he resumed, as he transferred the bottle to his wife; and stepping back, back, back-fast-fast-faster, he reached the opposite corner of the room and slumped down at the angle with a "merry entr-r-r-he, he, he!"

The affectionate wife was standing with the bottle in her hand.

Sinh' Lendo's head dropped on his breast—and the slice of pomegranate was snoring itself out of Christmas eve.

CHAPTER II.

WHAT SOME WICKED FELLOWS DID THAT NIGHT.

Mrs. Pietersz drew a long, long, waking breath and opened her eyes.

And as sure as she was alive, there was the twang, twang, twang of an ancient *Viola Portuguesa*, and the Took-dum-dum of a

very loose tambourine at the window. Was it possible? Mrs. Pietersz rubbed her eyes smartly and listened, and then there rose on her attentive ear the distant sound of a neighbouring clock striking twelve.

And this was really Christmas morning? She blessed herself fervently, and cast a look towards the corner whence Leonardus continued to send forth a volley of husky suores.

Then came a ferocious rap at the window, and a hoarse voice muttered emphatically "*Dajjie Sinh' Fecko!*" which being rendered into English signifies "Go it, Mr. Frederick!" and twang-twang and toock-toock-dum they began again, the crakt viola and flabby tambourine; and on the cold breeze of Christmas-morn there floated the dulcet tones of a voice weakened and grown tremulous on Christmas-schnaps, and it sang in the silence of the night:

*Amor, te droemie sonoe regeladoe,
Anjoes rodiandoe folga juntadoe.*

which may be correctly rendered in the words of good Dr. Watts:

Hush, my Love, lie still and slumber,
Holy Angels guard thy bed.

And then the viola rung forth bravely in accompaniment; but the tambourine being perhaps too flabby, some inventive genius used the window shutter as a substitute, and bang went two industrious fists at it. Other hands too beat time by finger-snappings and other appliances. And this was a serenade from some worthy neighbours! and oh, if the modesty and dignity of a master-shoemaker's wife would admit of it, how the poor woman's little heart beat with a desire to annihilate those wretches with an extempore verse in reply.

The voice rang forth a second time, in a more lively strain:

*Batti, batti aase, enjoes visia,
Bon entregoe de Natal, nos te desia.*

Which, under submission to the critics, a friend of ours being poetically inclined has thus versified into English:

Angels flutter round our mistress
Wish you all a merry Christmas.

Mrs. Pietersz scratched the blood out of her right cheek in sheer spite at the untoward position she was placed in, having no

"right of reply." Twang went the wretch of a guitar, and the window-shutter groaned under the treatment it was receiving. And did they expect a reply?—Just think!

The voice rose again, but now in tones of disappointment and anger, and the air changed from the out-pourings of a loving heart to a slow, firm and deliberate expression of opinion. Why shouldn't the stingy old shoemaker open his door and admit us to a slice of cake and a sip of the old stuff?

*Amor te droemie oen sonoe senten caboe;
Ne soe cabesa setie miel diaboe—*

Good gracious me! Could Human Nature stand such a phillipic?

In sleep everlasting my Lady Love reveals:
Her head is infested by seven thousand devils!

and with a farewell rap at the window, which sent Mrs. Pietersz senses to Halifax, the Serenaders departed.

* * * *

The following autograph inscription, left by the Bard as a trifling token of remembrance, graced the walls of the shoemaker:

1849, CRISMIS MORNING, LENARDIS PAREYAH.

"How very foolish!" said the injured shoemaker next morning to the facetious tailor over the way who had winked a wicked wink at the inscription—"How insignificantly ridiculous! as if we didn't do such things ourselves when we were young."

But Leonardus Pietersz, if he could have caught the scoundrel that did it, would have beaten him into the middle of the next week. So he vowed privately to himself.

CHAPTER III.

THE DRUNKARD.

One evening, in the month of August, Leonardus Pietersz returned from a meeting at the Wesleyan Chapel at Small Pass. He entered his poor, dark, sorrowful room and sat him down at the bedside of his wife, who, grown lean under the load of her misery, lay sick and wretched.

He sat there, with the thin, bony hand of an affectionate wife clasped in his own—brooding over his vices, brooding over his miseries and privation the Drunkard sat by her bedside. No more the vain, pragmatist shoemaker of Christmas eve; but now grown serious with the thought of his wretched condition. And as he looked upon the wife that was once so beautiful, whose merry voice once seemed like music to his ear, whose bright eyes beamed with love and contentment—as he looked on her lying there, care-worn and broken-hearted, but yet affectionate to *him*, the Drunkard's brow contracted and his hands trembled. He rose, and as he laid down the hand he held, she looked upon him—not with anger or reproach, for she feared her husband; but she looked with fond eyes upon the man, who, though he had often abused her and beat her, was yet dear to her—was yet her husband, the same she had loved so fondly in former years. He walked up to the favorite corner of the room, where stood of yore the six Christmas-bottles of arrack, and deliberately taking up the solitary pint that stood there half-empty, he raised it on high, and dashed it on the ground, and vowed he'd drink no more. It was the vow of the ruined drunkard to return to virtue, and to sobriety.

"I'll drink no more," said Leonardus Pietersz turning to his wife who raised herself on the bed, alarmed at behaviour which seemed so strange to her—and turned away to hide a tear that glistened in his blood-shot eye.

CHAPTER IV.

CHRISTMAS EVE IS COMING ROUND. LEONARDUS PIETERSZ IS DETERMINED TO ENJOY IT—BUT HOW?

Let us dive for a moment into the future.

Peace and contentment in the house of the Drunkard! His wife is happy again—she has regained her health and spirits, and is beautiful, as she was long, long ago. The house has been cleaned and white-washed—the doors and windows have been painted, and the bricks on the floor look bright with their milk-white borders. The table has got a clean new cover, and the plates have no cracks on them, and silver tea-spoons glitter in the light from the lamp that burns cheerfully above them. The teapot sends forth a glorious

cloud of steam, and a busy fly is whirling joyfully round and round the saucer of sugar. Doesn't he wish Mr. Pietersz would allow him to perch upon it, the dirty little fellow?

Pimples and Carbuncles are no more on the nose of the goodman! He never turns aside now to drop off his quid, for he takes none.

And now his wife tumbles in from the Kitchen, with a steaming hot pudding; and laying it on the table sits down with a hearty "Now, Sinh' Lendo;" and Sinh' Lendo sets to in earnest. And as he hands over his wife's share of the jolly dish, faintly in the distance are heard the sounds of the neighbouring clock striking twelve.

Christmas, 1850!

They have risen from their seats, and with a fond embrace Leonardus Pietersz has clasped to his breast the affectionate wife.

Let them flow on—the tears that stream from their eyes; for they tell of peace and contentment and of hallowed joy; they speak of ancient sorrows now forgotten, of ancient sins now forgiven; they speak of the days gone by, wherein were joys that have fled past away, and sorrows that have strengthened the mind against adversity and taught it the value of virtue and contentment.

Twang, twang, twang!—They have begun at the window:

Amor si ten Sonoe, Amor,

Nos nao fai aballoe;

Mais, si ten cordadoe, Amor—

but Leonardus had opened the door before they could complete the stanza. It is pitch dark without: but a hoarse voice whispers distinctly "*Dajjee, Sinh' Fecko;*" and crash the Serenaders go at the Viola, and the tambourine-voices accompany with verses highly appropriate to the occasion. And now they have succeeded in igniting a blue-light—and another, and another—and helter-skelter they crowd in.

"*Sinh' Lendo, Bon entregoe de Natal—Non Janatjee, bon entregoe de Natal!*"

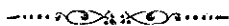
And blue-lights are blazing and swarthy faces are beaming with joy; and the viola pours forth mighty crashes, and the tambourine, now tight and grown musical with jingling appendages, standeth

hard knocks most bravely, and one of the party, of middle age, runs up to wish Mrs. Pietersz "*A Merry Crismis*," and insists on attesting the sincerity thereof with a kiss; and then there's a struggle, and a loud clap of the hand, and a "go it, old chap" issues from the crowd; and old Pietersz is delighted with the whole affair, and is running about for chairs; and all of them are happy.

* * * *

And did they dance that night, I wonder?—Bless you, my dear young Lady, what a question! Mrs. Pietersz had three additional corns on her feet before dawn; and the *Viola Portuguese* went home with only four strings out of nine; and the tambourine had a hole in it so large that you could pass your little head through and through.

And now to thee, dear Young Lady, and to every gentle Reader, who has borne with us thus far, we wish A Merry, Merry Christmas—and many happy returns of the interesting day: and may we be all spared for many years to come; and live to know also how Leonardus Pietersz will behave himself this day, next year.



MAJOR JAN VAN DER LAEN.

Considering what a lot of fighting the Dutch did in Ceylon, first in expelling the Portuguese and afterwards in their wars with the Sinhalese, it is surprising that so little prominence has been given to the exploits of their military officers. Apart from a sketch of the life of General Hulft, we have no connected story of the lives of several other brave Dutch soldiers who fought and bled in the service of the Dutch East India Company. A case in point is that of Major Jan van der Laen, who early in his career was associated with Hulft in the military operations against Colombo, and afterwards took an important part in the conquest of the maritime districts.

Jan Symondsz van der Laen, who was born in Vianen, first arrived in the East in the year 1635 in the ship "*Hollandia*" as *Adelborst* or Cadet. He seems to have been a young man of daring and resource, and from a very early stage in his career was employed on hazardous enterprises, in nearly all of which he acquitted himself with credit. We have unfortunately no record of his doings during the first few years after his arrival in Ceylon, but there is no doubt that he displayed qualities of a very high order, for as early as 1641 we find him occupying a Seat in the Political Council of Galle. The following year he was selected to take part in the projected attack on Negombo, which, however, was postponed for a more favourable time. He was at this time a Lieutenant holding the provisional rank of Captain, and in connection with the contemplated attack on Negombo he was temporarily promoted Sergeant-Major—a rank in the Dutch army at that time nearly corresponding to that of General at the present day. The following year he was confirmed in the rank of Captain, "in consideration of the excellent services rendered by him, and still to be rendered, and of his activity and zeal in matters of war."¹ The ceremony of "installation" was performed on 23rd February, 1643, at a parade of all the soldiers of the garrison, when the Honourable Commissioner Pieter Boreel, installed Captain Paulusz Donck (another distinguished officer) to be first Captain of the garrison, and Captain Jan van der Laen to be full Captain of his Company.

¹ R.A.S. Journal, Vol. 53, p. 389.

At about this time the Council received intimation that the negotiations at Goa with the Viceroy had resulted in a renewal of the war with the Portuguese, in consequence of which the Dutch were directed to attack the Portuguese in Ceylon. It was accordingly resolved to send to Weligama, where it was understood the enemy intended to throw up a fortress, a party of 300 soldiers in charge of Captains Doneq and van der Laen to prevent these operations and "to harass the enemy everywhere and in all possible manners, on the understanding that they shall every day let us know what is going on, and where the said enemy is lying, and other things worth knowing, to the intent that we in this town may be well informed of everything, and in case of need may assist them with advice and reinforcements."² It would seem, however, that these two officers allowed their zeal to outrun their discretion and exceeded their orders by engaging the enemy at Akuressa, 10 miles from Weligama, with disastrous results to the Dutch, who lost nearly 100 men in addition to the wounded.³

The political Council took a very serious view of this breach of discipline, but as the officers concerned were holding high rank in the Service and were also members of the Council, they did not wish to deal with the matter themselves, and accordingly decided to send the two Captains to Batavia, together with the documentary evidence, "to the intent that they may there render an account of their doings to the Governor-General and the Council of India, who may then finally decide the matter in such way as shall to them appear suitable."⁴ Captain Doneq left at once for Batavia, but Captain van der Laen, who, as already stated, was wounded in the engagement at Akuressa, did not leave until some

² R.A.S. Journal, Vol. 53, p. 413.

³ *The Portuguese historian De Queyroz gives a very quaint story of an incident which took place just before this engagement. The Portuguese had taken up their position at a spot where the road turned into a narrow passage. At the entrance to this passage the Portuguese Captain Pedro de Souza met Captain van der Laen, and after drinking to each other's health, the latter is said to have fired on Pedro de Souza with a carbine, wounding him badly in the temple. The Portuguese Captain retaliated by hurling a javelin at van der Laen which hit him on the left breast, his life being saved by the defensive armour which he was wearing. But in the engagement which followed he was wounded in the leg and was conveyed to Weligama.*—"The Temporal and Spritual Conquest of Ceylon," p. 871.

⁴ R.A.S. Journal, Vol. 53, p. 422.

time after. The former returned to Ceylon in August, 1643, and the latter at a later date. The instructions received from the authorities at Batavia were to the effect that the two officers were to remain suspended from their rank, pay, and rations during the pleasure of the Council, "until such time as they shall by good conduct have made good the faults by them committed; and to give them an opportunity for so doing it is understood that also while suspended the said officers shall perform their accustomed duties, until as aforesaid they shall have amended their misdemeanours by better services, or Your Lordship and the Council shall think fit to reinstate them as before."⁵ The authorities in Ceylon valued the services of these officers so highly that they re-instated Captain Doneq immediately, and would doubtless have done the same in the case of Captain van der Laen had he been in the Island.

The Dutch attacked and retook Negombo in January 1644, and marched on to Colombo "in order to make an attempt against the said town, with the help of God."⁶ Captain van der Laen appears to have returned to Ceylon about this time and been re-instated, for we find his name mentioned in connection with a party of men sent up the river "in order to ascertain whether there may be any fitting place for crossing the river there, and approaching Colombo from behind."⁷ The Dutch, however, found that their forces were not strong enough for an attack on Colombo, and wisely withdrew for the time being, van der Laen being placed in charge of the Fort at Negombo for some time.

The next objective was Kalutara. Adrian van der Meyden who had succeeded Kittenstyn as Governor of the Dutch possessions in Ceylon, with head-quarters at Galle, was in charge of the operations at Kalutara, with van der Laen, now promoted Major, as second in command. In May 1656 van der Laen attacked Kalutara and severely damaged the fortress, but was forced to retire on the arrival of reinforcements for the Portuguese. It was at this stage that Hulft appeared on the scene and took supreme command, his object being to reduce Kalutara and then proceed against Colombo. The siege of Kalutara lasted over a fortnight and the fort capitulated on 15th October, 1655, for want of provisions.

⁵ R.A.S. Journal, Vol. 53, p. 444.

⁶ R.A.S. Journal, Vol. 53, p. 481.

⁷ R.A.S. Journal, Vol. 53, p. 493.

Major van der Laen took a prominent part in the operations, and his name appears as one of the signatories to the terms of capitulation, along with those of General Hulft and Governor van der Meyden.

The Dutch now lost no time in pushing on towards Colombo. On 16th October Major van der Laen marched with his forces in the direction of Panadura, being followed by General Hulft and Governor van der Meyden with the rest of the forces. Van der Laen encamped at a spot between Panadura and Galkissa where there was a good spring and awaited the arrival of the others. The following day information was received that the Portuguese were approaching, whereupon Major van der Laen and Captain Kous were posted, with five companies and two field pieces, to engage the enemy, who received such a warm reception that they fled in confusion and were pursued by the Dutch as far as the present Milagriya Church. In this engagement Major van der Laen was wounded in the cheek and four Dutch soldiers lost their lives, while the Portuguese loss was 150 men.

Elaborate preparations were now made for the assault on Colombo, and it may well be supposed that an experienced officer like Major van der Laen took a prominent part in the deliberations. General Hulft issued detailed instructions for the assault, and the part assigned to van der Laen was to assist Captain Kous and Captain Kuylenburgh if required in their attack on the bastion of St. John and the gate of Rajuha. On 12th November the attack was launched, Hulft leading ten Companies in person and van der Laen being in charge of nine Companies. The latter handled his men with such skill that they soon effected a breach in the wall, but the Portuguese resistance was so stout that van der Laen could not push his advantage home and was forced to retreat. The whole enterprise ended in disaster.

The Portuguese account of the part played by van der Laen redounds very much to his credit. To quote from De Queyroz:—"Joan Vanderlaen intended to carry the breastwork Xavier, and on being descried within the ditch, the three companies of the redoubt opposed them, and a fierce fight ensued for a long while, till in spite of all perils, and though many were killed and wounded, they made their way to this breach and attacked the low and ruined breastwork. They planted ladders, hurled innumerable

grenades and other fire darts, in the attempt to gain it. Our men who were in it, before they could be attacked, did great havoc on them with three pieces of artillery which swept the breach, and with the arquebuses which they plied dexterously; and when they drew near they threw much fire, whereby everything within and without the breastwork was burnt, and as the smoke enveloped both the defenders and the assailants, only the blows and the report of musketry were heard. . . . And when the battle had been fought with extraordinary bravery for the space of two hours without the enemy giving in, one of them succeeded in jumping in but was promptly killed. . . . Finally when many had been killed, burnt, or wounded, the remainder took to flight leaving the breach strewn with dead bodies and arms of all kinds." ⁸

The Dutch now laid siege to Colombo, and hostilities continued until April 1656 when Raja Sinha, who was closely following the operations and had fixed his temporary Court at Reygamwatte, a short distance from Colombo beyond the Kelani River, expressed a desire to see General Hulft. The General accordingly set out on his journey with a large train, and accompanied among others by Mr. van der Meyden and Major van der Laen. The interview took place on 8th April, and the following day Hulft and his retinue returned to camp. Hulft's quarters were on the summit of the hill which to this day bears his name, while van der Laen took up his quarters in the Church of Agoa de Loupe, where the Wolvendaal Church now stands.

The 10th of April was a sad day for the Dutch forces encamped around Colombo. The men were engaged in trying to make a breach in the wall so as to plant a cannon which could be made to play on the Portuguese entrenchments, and General Hulft had visited the work in progress and given certain instructions. Towards evening he returned to the same place to encourage the men both by word and example when a shot fired by the Portuguese struck him in the breast. Major van der Laen, who was by his side, helped to carry him to a bed, where he expired. His body was conveyed to Galle and laid to rest in the Dutch Church there, but the following year the remains were removed to Colombo for burial.

⁸ "The Temporal and Spiritual Conquest of Ceylon," p. 952.

On the death of Hulft the command of the army devolved on Adrian van der Meyden, Governor of Galle, and Major van der Laen continued to render equally loyal service to the new General. He seems to have made a very favourable impression on Raja Sinha, for in a letter written by that monarch to the new General, dated 22nd April, 1656, the following passages occur:—"Out of your letter dated the 19th of April I have (with a great deal of satisfaction) understood your good health and good inclinations for my service, as well as of Major John van der Laen and the rest of the chief officers. . . . The said Major John van der Laen has done me considerable service ever since his coming into this isle; and therefore I declare that since the late Dutch General appeared at this Court, I did lay aside all animosity in consideration of his great qualities and services; so that now the said Major, who has spilled his blood more than once, and been wounded with bullets in my service, shall be made sensible of the love and affection I bear him, whenever he comes into my presence." 9

The Dutch were now ready for a second assault on the fort, and on 27th April written instructions were given to the Commanding Officers as to the manner in which the attack was to be conducted, the part assigned to Major van der Laen being to attack the gate of Rajuha, but the actual operations did not begin until 7th May. This attempt was crowned with complete success, but in the fight Major van der Laen was wounded by a splinter on the shoulder. The wound was not serious as we find him conducting the negotiations for capitulation between the Portuguese and the Dutch Commanders. After the Portuguese had evacuated the fort the Dutch troops marched in, followed by the General, Major van der Laen, and the rest of the officers.

Major van der Laen appears for some reason or other to have incurred the hostility of the Portuguese, for in their version of the siege there occurs the following reference to an alleged outrage, which, judging from what we know of the character of van der Laen, is somewhat surprising: "On the other hand the Dutch purchased this victory with very little loss on their side, notwithstanding which Major van der Laen (a mortal enemy of the Portuguese and a zealous heretic) having received a wound in the cheek, took a most barbarous revenge from all the Portuguese he met

with, who were all massacred in the woods (sometimes 20 and 30 together) by his orders in cold blood, he having often been heard to say that if the Portuguese were at his disposal, he would cut them all off at one stroke. Their General Mr. Hulft, being of a more compassionate temper, ordered quarter to be given to the new lifted forces, but this heretic told him that they ought to be cut to pieces, in retaliation of what they did to the Dutch, whom they never gave any quarter. However, through the General's mercy, about 60 of the new lifted men had their lives given them." 10

The Dutch were now in possession of Colombo, but they were not destined to have a very peaceful time. Differences arose between themselves and Raja Sinha, who proceeded to open acts of hostility and even entered into negotiations with the Portuguese. The Dutch had therefore to keep a watchful eye for any signs of danger, and Major van der Laen was ordered to scour the country with 300 men. On 16th December, 1656, he was sent to Batavia with despatches from the Governor, and accompanied Rijklof van Goens on his appointment as Admiral of the Fleet and High Commissioner over the Governments of Coromandel, Ceylon, and Malacca, the Directorates of Surat and Bengal, and the factory at Vingurla, his special mission being to complete the destruction of Portuguese power in Ceylon and on the coasts of India. The fleet set sail on 4th September, 1657, and after a long cruise it was decided to attack Tuticorin and Mannar, after which the whole force should concentrate on the taking of Cochin and Cannanore so as to completely isolate Jaffna. In furtherance of these plans van der Laen was ordered to sail for Cape Comorin with the "Salamander" and "Naarden," wait there for the "Botterblom" from Ceylon, open the advices from the Governor, and take any steps he considered necessary pending the arrival of van Goens, who was forced to remain for some time at Goa in order that his ships might be supplied with fresh water from Wingurla. Van Goens sailed at length on 9th December, but found on his arrival off Cape Comorin ten days later that the "Botterblom" had been unable to sail for Ceylon owing to contrary winds, and that van der Laen with the "Salamander" and "Naarden" had not yet arrived. Being anxious for the safety of van der Laen, van Goens remained three days at Cape Comorin and then decided to sail towards Tuticorin,

but contrary winds and the continued absence of van der Laen induced him to relinquish his designs on Mannar and Tuticorin for the time being and to sail for Colombo, where on arrival he found to his dismay that nothing had been heard of van der Laen.

Van Goens now proceeded with his plans for reducing Mannar and Jaffna, and while at Negombo on 16th January, 1658, he received the glad intelligence that the "Naarden" had appeared before Tuticorin, having parted from her consort the "Salamander" earlier, that van der Laen had attacked that place unsuccessfully, and that he was now blockading the port. Van Goens therefore decided to proceed to Tuticorin instead of Mannar and attack that place first. Van der Laen was censured for attacking Tuticorin without orders, but this mark of disapproval could not have been seriously intended as it does not appear to have had an adverse effect on his subsequent career. Tuticorin was in due course taken and van Goens then turned his attention to Mannar.

It was decided that the fleet should spread out and sail southwards past Adam's Bridge, and that a landing should be made at Narcoura on the south coast of Mannar. Van der Laen was to lead the attack supported by van Goens and Hendrick Gluwinck. These plans, however, could not be carried out, for when the Dutch arrived on 19th February off Narcoura, they found the Portuguese ready with ships to prevent their landing. After an unsuccessful attack on the Portuguese vessels the Dutch sailed away out of sight, giving the Portuguese the impression that they had given up the fight. The Portuguese, elated at their fancied success, set out in pursuit, but the Dutch, veering round at midnight, sailed back with a favourable wind and succeeded in placing themselves between the Portuguese and the shore. A fight followed which ended in the destruction of the lighter Portuguese vessels. While the fight was in progress, van der Laen and his men succeeded in effecting a landing in 30 dhonies, followed by van Goens, but before Gluwinck could land the Portuguese were in full flight, having apparently lost heart on seeing the annihilation of their fleet. Van der Laen set out immediately in pursuit, but the Portuguese, owing to their knowledge of the country, succeeded in making good their escape.

The Dutch now marched towards Mannar, passing on their way a small fort situated on the south-eastern corner of the island which

the Portuguese had hurriedly evacuated. They reached Mannar the next day and captured the fort after a feeble resistance on the part of the Portuguese. Jaffna still remained to be taken, and on 25th February van der Laen set out with the main body of the troops, followed by van Goens. The city was invested, van Goens directing the attack from the north and west and van der Laen from the east. After some fighting the Dutch made themselves masters of the city on 18th March and next proceeded to attack the fortress. The Portuguese offered a stubborn resistance, and it was not until 23rd June that the keys of the fortress were handed to van der Laen.

De Queyroz has another quaint story to tell about van der Laen in connection with the capture of Jaffna. "When the praça was about to surrender, some naked and ill-dressed soldiers begged a casado, who had much clothing and jewellery, to give them something to clothe themselves with. He replied by asking, 'What will be left to give the Hollanders?' And Joan van der Laen, coming to hear of this, valiantly thrashed him on the back with a rattan. Never did the Hollander affront the Portuguese nation in India with greater insults, a clear proof of how little they fear it now. He took the casados to Batavia with some soldiers, leaving the widows and maidens for some time in Jaffnapatao in order to reduce them to his purpose, and they say that some daughters of prominent men were driven by these means to marry heretics, and that some slaves apostatized."¹¹

There is no doubt that Major van der Laen inspired his enemies with a wholesome dread of himself, and he was known among his countrymen as the "Terror of the Portuguese." After the capture of Jaffna attempts were made by the Portuguese prisoners to take his life. Ryckloff van Goens considered van der Laen well-fitted to take charge of Jaffna, but his services as a military officer were so useful that he could not spare him for civil duties. Writing to the Governor-General and Council of India on 6th July, 1658, van Goens sent a list of the soldiers who would be left in the garrison at Jaffna, with a request that their wives might be sent from Batavia to join them. He added: "If you desire Major van der Laen to remain in Ceylon, he would also wish his wife and family to come over."¹²

¹¹ "The Temporal and Spiritual Conquest of Ceylon," p. 999.

¹² "The Rise of the Dutch Power in Ceylon," p. 261.

Ryckloff van Goens now turned his attention to the capture of Negapatam. His original intention was to despatch Major van der Laen to attack the town and himself follow later. On further consideration however he decided not to imperil his small force by an attack but to lay siege to the place. This was accordingly done, and the town capitulated to van der Laen without striking a blow.

Major van der Laen seems to have returned to Batavia after this and remained there for some time, for we find his name mentioned as one of the witnesses on the occasion of the baptism of the twins of a Mr. Vlaming van Outshoorn on 16th June, 1661. Two years later his name occurs in the Council Proceedings at Batavia in connection with an application regarding his subsistence allowance and a request that he should rank next after the Councillors of India, but the Council could not see their way to comply with his request.¹³ In August, 1664, van der Laen returned to Ceylon and ranked next to the Governor in respect to the administration of the District of Colombo. Towards the end of the following year we see him receiving in audience an ambassador from the Kandyan Court, and on the occurrence of a vacancy at about the same time in the office of Commandeur of Jaffnapatam he was considered to be the most suitable for the post, but his services could not be spared. Whether he was piqued at not receiving this appointment or for other reasons it is not possible to say, but shortly afterwards he complained of the indignities and affronts to which he had been subjected, and requested that he might be allowed to return to Batavia. His request was granted, and pending the arrival of a ship he seems to have been placed in charge of the Pearl Fishery held in 1666.¹⁴ An opportunity for returning presented itself towards the end of 1666, and van der Laen left for Batavia by the Fluitschip "Hasenberg" en route to Holland. We have not been able to trace the subsequent career of this distinguished soldier.

J. R. T.

THE THRONE OF THE KANDYAN KINGS.

The following note on the above Subject was read by Dr. Joseph Pearson at a meeting of the Royal Asiatic Society (C. B.) held on 31st October, 1930 :—

When the Kandyan Provinces were subjugated by the British, and Sri Wikrama Rajasingha, last King of Kandy, was deposed in 1815, the Golden Throne was removed from Kandy to Colombo, and later to England, where it now rests in Windsor Castle. In another paper in this Journal I have commented on the fact that very few pieces of old furniture in Ceylon possess an authentic history. One would have thought that an important chair such as the Kandyan Throne would have proved an exception to this rule, but I find that nothing has been placed on record regarding the origin and history of this chair and footstool.

My earliest notes on the chair read as follows : "The origin of the Kandyan Throne appears to be unknown. I suggest that it was made either by Dutch or French prisoners in Kandy and was decorated by the Kandyans, or that it was made by the Dutch in the Low-country and decorated by Low-country Sinhalese and presented to the King of Kandy. The chair belongs to the period 1690-1700 and is in the Baroque style of Louis Quatorze.....The elaborate carving, in which acanthus ornament is abundantly used, is Sinhalese." The throne is an interesting adaptation of a European design to conform with Eastern conceptions. The basic style is undoubtedly Louis XIV, but the decorative motif is Eastern. The general design of the back and the arms is also Eastern. The French influence is not surprising, as Dutch furniture craft at the end of the 17th century became profoundly influenced by French designs and ideas owing to the influx into Holland of Huguenot Ebenistes, who had been obliged to leave France after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. After having made many fruitless enquiries into the origin of the Kandyan Throne, I appealed to Mr. Reimers, the Government Archivist, who was good enough to look up the Dutch records of the period 1690-1700, with the result that definite information on the subject has now come to light.

In the Dutch Council Proceedings of October, 1692, reference is made to a number of articles collected from various quarters by Governor Thomas van Rhee (1692-1697) for the King of Kandy. Mr. Reimers' translation of the Proceedings is as follows : "The question of sending the gifts lying in the warehouse here for the King of Kandy having been resumed, it was resolved to select such of them as may make up a regalia for his Majesty, as those noted below. It was also understood that by their being kept longer in the warehouse they would altogether lose their colours, depreciate and perish and finally be of no use whatever."

After giving a list of the articles, Dr. Pearson said: It would appear then that the Throne was presented to King Wimala Dharma Suriya II (1687-1707) by Governor Thomas van Rhee, probably in 1693.

The actual origin of the Throne is still in doubt, but its Kandyan origin may be rejected quite definitely. It is probable that the chair was made either in Colombo by Sinhalese workmen under Dutch supervision or in one of the Dutch Settlements in India. The decoration does not help us to decide this point as the carving might be either South Indian or Sinhalese.

As I have not examined the chair I quote from Pridham's description: "The ancient Throne of the Kandyan sovereigns for the last century and a half resembled an old chair, such as is not infrequently seen in England. It was about five feet high in the back, three in breadth, and two in depth, the frame was of wood, entirely covered with a thin gold sheeting (studded with precious stones), the exquisite taste and workmanship of which did not constitute the least of its beauties, and vied with the best modern specimens of the works of the goldsmith.

"The most prominent features in this curious relic were two golden lions or sphinxes, forming the arms of the Throne or chair, of very uncouth appearance, but beautifully wrought, the heads of the animals being turned outwards in a peculiarly graceful manner. The eyes were formed of entire amethysts, each rather larger than a musket ball. Inside the back, near the top, was a large golden sun, from which the founder of the Kandyan monarchy was supposed to have derived his origin. Beneath, about the centre of the chair, and in the midst of sunflowers, was an immense amethyst, about the size of a large walnut; on either side there was a figure of a female deity, supposed to be the wife of Vishnu or Buddha, in a sitting posture, of admirable design and workmanship; the whole encompassed by a moulding formed of bunches of cut crystal, set in gold; there was a space round the back (without the moulding) studded with three large amethysts on each side, and six more at the top. The seat inside the arms, and half way up the back, was lined with red velvet. The footstool was also very handsome, being ten inches in height, a foot broad, and two feet and a half long; the top was crimson silk, worked with gold, a moulding of cut crystal ran about the sides of it, beneath which, in front, were flowers, studded with fine amethysts and crystals. The Throne behind was covered with finely wrought silver, at the top was a large embossed half moon, of silver, surmounting the stars, and below all was a bed of silver sun-flowers. The sceptre was a rod of iron, with a gold head, an extraordinary but just emblem of his Government."

ST. NIKOLAAS AT THE D. B. U.

The annual celebration of the Fete of St. Nikolaas took place on 6th Dec. at the hall of the Dutch Burger Union. No pains had been spared to ensure the success of this event, the children of the members being specially catered for. The hall had been transformed into a thing of beauty by the artistic and unique decorations and a profusion of up-country flowers.

As this annual foregathering generally taxes the accommodation of the D. B. U. Hall to its utmost extent, the Union having outgrown its original home, arrangements were made to relieve the congestion in the main building by providing seats on the lawns. This was greatly appreciated, as the weather was in its best mood, and there was the romance and charm of the moonlight later in the evening to add to the day's attractions.

Before the children's tea hour, timed for 5 p.m., their interest was centred in the performance of an Indian juggler, and a camel in the background suggested the possibility of camel rides.

After tea, during which a variety of Dutch sweets were served, in addition to the usual refreshments, in a large marquee down the length of which ran a long buffet laden with all the good things calculated to delight the hearts of children as well as the older folk, an adjournment was made to the hall to welcome St. Nikolaas in the person of Mr. Hans Lourensz, who was expected to arrive at 6 p.m. He came at the psychological moment in his stately attire, followed by his diminutive negro attendant, and after being greeted in Dutch by the President, was welcomed very tunefully by a bevy of Dutch girls and boys in national dress, with a charming little song entitled "St Nikolaas." The venerable prelate took his seat on the throne made ready for him, and "Het Lieve Vaderland" (The Dear Fatherland) was then sung, at the conclusion of which St. Nikolaas proceeded to perform the business of the evening—that of distributing the toys to the children. This very pleasant duty being over, and after a short interval devoted to the children, dancing began at 7 p.m. (with the departure of the majority of the little ones), to the inspiring music provided by Oscar Dender and his band, and was carried on till about 11 p.m., when those present began to leave after having spent a most enjoyable evening.

The whole entertainment was voted one of the best ever held in the Union Hall, and the following Committee, who were in charge of the arrangements, deserve to be heartily congratulated on its success:—Dr. L. A. Prins, Dr. and Mrs. F. Foenander, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Loos, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Toussaint, Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Weinman, Mr. E. A. van der Straaten, Mesdames T. D. Mack, H. U. Leembruggen, Mervyn Joseph, Hilton de Hoedt, C. C. Schokman, Misses R. Blazé, G. Leembruggen, A. Weinman, Ella Brohier, Olive Rodé, Muriel Mack and Ethel Kriekenbeek.

Another account, in Dutch.

St. Nicolaas te Colombo.

Op Zaterdag Avond den 6den December werd in de zaal van de Dutch Burgher Union het St. Nicolaas feest gevierd. Deze datum was gekozen omdat op den 5den December de meeste scholen hun prijsuitdeeling hadden.

Voordat St. Nicolaas arriveerde hield een goochelaar de kinderen bezig en er was ook een kameel waarop zij een toertje konden maken door den tuin.

Precies ten 6 ure kwam St. Nicolaas en werd ontvangen door een groep jongen en meisjes in Hollandsche kleederdracht. "Zie de maan schijnt door de bloemen" werd in 't Engelsch gezongen, hetwelk St. Nicolaas de gelegenheid gaf de opmerking te maken dat hij hoopte het volgende jaar het lied in 't Hollandsch te hooren.

De President der Vereeniging die hem in 't Hollandsch welkom heette leidde daarop St. Nicolaas naar zijn troon, waarop "Het Lieve Vaderland," een gedicht van wijlen den Heer Anthonisz, President en stichter van de Vereeniging, werd gezongen.

De goede sint vroeg de dames van het Committee het lekkers en de cadeantjes voor de kinderen uit te deelen en gaf zelf eenige presenten weg.

Vergezeld door zwarte Piet in Moorsch kostuum deed hij de rondte en sprak woorden van aanmoediging tot de kinderen en dames om de taal hunner voorvaders te leeren.

De geheele gebouw was vol van kinderen en hun ouders die in de zalen door den Secretaris zoo smaakvol decoreerd, op vroolijken met hun blijde gezichten en vreugdevolle introepen.

De avond werd besloten met een danspartij voor de oudere kinderen.

A LETTER FROM HOLLAND.

Enschede, 30th Juli, 1930.

Een Hollandsche jongen—een meisje óók—werd een halve eeuw geleden onmiddelyk na zyn geboorte, zoo styf ingepakt in allerlei dekens en doeken, linnen en katoenen en wollen—dat er niets van te zien was dan een stukje gezicht. Een goed ingebakkerd kind moest je over een huis kunnen gooien, zeiden onze vaders en moeders. Die proef, of het wel goed ingepakt was, namen ze evenwel nooit.

Zoo langzamerhand is dat anders geworden. Nu heeft zoo'n kleine Hollander niet heel veel meer aan. Als hij tandjes krygt, is hy byzonder lastig. Vooral 's nachts. Moeder zyn lykt me altyd nog al een inspannend werk—moeders zelf mopperen daar nooit over, die vinden het blykbaar erg prettig—maar dan wordt ook de vaderlyke nachtrust menigmaal verstoord.

Als hy een jaar oud is, behoort hy zoo langzamerhand te gaan loopen. Doet hij het vroeger, dan loopt hy gevaar kromme beenen te krygen. Voor het meisje was dat vroeger zoo erg niet, maar in den tegenwoordigen tyd nu ze de beenen zoo aan de lucht bloot stellen, zou dat een „strop" zyn.

Het is beslist niet waar, dat hy dan klompen aankrygt en een heele wyde broek en een pyp in den mond. Die meening, zeer verbreid in de wereld, stamt af van prentbriefkaarten, reclameplaatjes, reis beschryvingen, enz. Evenmin staat Holland vol windmolens. Ze zyn helaas aan 't verdwynen: de Electriciteit! Maar zooveel, als buitenlanders meenen, zyn er toch nooit geweest.

Nu, als hy een jaar of vier, vyf is, wordt hy ondeugend. Dikwyls heeft moeder dan ook nog een of twee kleinere exemplaren te verzorgen. Hy moet dus naar een „bewaarschool"—een inrichting, die jelui wel kindergarten zult noemen.

Wat—dit tusschen haakjes—een volkomen Duitsche naam is (kinder—children, garten—garden). 't Is evenwel geen tuin, gewoonlijk is er jammer genoeg geen tuin by. 't Is een huis—een school. In de steden is de grond te duur voor een tuin, op de dorpen zyn geen bewaarscholen noodig.

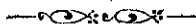
Nu daar zingt hy en speelt en vlecht matjes van reepjes gekleurd papier. En als het mooi weer is, speelt hy er in een héél

klein tuintje of op een speel plaatsje. Nu is 't hier lang niet altyd mooi weer. Mopperaars beweren, dat het hier eight maanden winter is en de rest slecht weer. Maar dat is lichtelyk overdreven. Een feit is intusschen, dat een Hollander voortdurend over het weer moppert en dat hy daar gewoonlijk reden toe heeft. Intusschen: het regent in England nog meer.

Enkele ses jarigen hebben al een fiets. Een fiets is een „bike.” Hier heeft 80% van de bevolking een fiets. Vader, moeder, kinderen, boeren, arbeiders, professional people—daar is geen Hollandsche woord voor—alles en allen hebben een fiets. Een boer gaat per fiets naar 't hooiland, een arbeider naar de fabriek, een jongen naar school. Ja, van de school gesproken. Als hij ongeveer ses jaar is, gaat onze jonge heer naar school. Volgens de wet moet elk kind 7 jaar naar school, op zyn minst.

Alle scholen worden door staat en gemeente betaald. Het onderwys is kosteloos voor wie het niet betalen kan, en is in elk geval evenredig met de inkomsten van den vader. Er zijn geen afzonderlyke scholen voor armen en ryken—jongens en meisjes gaan op dezelfde school en zitten door elkaar (niet naast elkaar) in hetzelfde lokaal. De school, waarop een kind gaat, wordt bepaald door zyn woonplaats in de stad. Alleen door die omstandigheid is er een zekere mate van „soort by soort.” Op kleinere plaatsen: alles by elkaar.

J. D. ERDMAN SCHMIDT.



THE QUARTER

NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

At Home.

Registration for the new electorates was to close at midnight on the 11th November, and by 7 p.m. on that date some 400,000 applications had been received, one-tenth of these being from women. It is well to consider what that means. Not less than two-sevenths of the entire population of the Island will be on the electoral roll! And this assumes that the next Census will estimate the population at five and a half millions. One by one the registers of the various electorates are being completed and several (including those for Colombo Town, North and South) are now ready for inspection.

“Retrenchment means unemployment,” and the dismal consequences of both are being felt. The reduction of postal services and the cancelling of a few trains might not be severely felt, if they did not involve the dismissal of the lowest-paid servants of Government, who possibly need more consideration than others in these days of adversity. How these dismissals, and other dismissals from the offices and estates of private employers, will affect Mr. Justice Akbar's campaign against crime, it is difficult to conjecture.

Would it be really an impracticable scheme if the rich in this Island should meet in conference and devise plans for relieving distress by providing employment? The “minor industries” might be encouraged, and set upon a remunerative basis, markets being found for them. Some of our rich people are among the “brainiest” in the Island, and there is no better object on which they can employ their gifts. After all, patriotism demands something more than talking and grumbling.

The revolt of the Planters is a remarkable sign of the times, and the seriousness of it is shewn in the efforts made by the Colonial Secretary to enlighten and conciliate them. But the efforts have been, so far, in vain. The Planters are all against the Income Tax and for Retrenchment in the Public Offices and in public schemes. An “All Ceylon Mass Meeting” was held in the Colombo Town Hall on the 23rd October, and protests were registered against the financial policy of the Government and the introduction of additional taxation. There was an idea of forming a general

political association at this meeting, but nothing was done towards that end. An opposition meeting, under the auspices of the Ceylon Labour Union, was held in the same place on the 15th November. The proposed Income Tax was warmly approved, but retrenchment, involving drastic reductions in civil establishments, was strongly insisted upon.

A systematic attempt is being made to encourage the extensive cultivation of paddy. "Eat Country Rice" is an attractive watchword, and has many supporters. Still, there is no indication of anything more than an academic interest in the matter, and we are as far off as ever from making the Island a "Granary of the East."

Abroad.

The Round Table Conference, opened at noon on the 12th November, will, it is sincerely hoped, arrive at a satisfactory solution of the Indian problem. No representatives of the Indian National Congress attend, and in fact the Congress is opposed to the Conference. But if England and India can come to terms, the Congress will probably accept the new situation. Too much can be made of the Hindu-Moslem disunion, and the ruling Princes of India are not likely to prove hostile to the ambitions of their countrymen. The chief danger seems to be in the opposition of the Tory Die-hards, if any scheme involving Dominion status comes before Parliament. His Majesty the King himself opened the Conference, and the speeches were broadcasted to India. "So vociferous," says a message, "was the cheering in London that one high Official in the Delhi audience also cheered."

Trouble is reported from Egypt, where the King has dismissed his parliament and published his own orders. In Palestine also recent events have aroused and alarmed the Jews, who believe that the Balfour Declaration has been set at naught. The resulting official explanations have created disaffection among the Arabs. The Labour Ministry has thus had an anxious time, and is chafing under its obligations to the Liberals whose votes prevent Mr. MacDonald's downfall.

But the Conservatives are almost as unhappy with Mr. Baldwin, against whom a dead set is made by the united Empire party. Free Trade is denounced as a fetish, and under the disguises of Regulated Trade and Imperial Preference, a system of tariffs is clamoured for. What the result will be is doubtful.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Ancient Dutch Coins.—4075 coins of the Dutch East India Company were recently found at Nabalagahatenne in Walapane, Nuwara Eliya District. They are all copper coins of various dates and bearing the Courts of Arms of different Provinces of Holland.

Queen Wilhelmina.—We regret that owing to a misunderstanding we did not mention in our last issue that the copies of the photograph of Queen Wilhelmina and her Consort received from Mr. E. Reimers were sent to the Union by the Algemeen Nederlandsch Verbond. We offer our apologies, and at the same time thank the Verbond for their kind gift.

A Dutch Tombstone.—Dr. Paul Pieris sends us, through Mr. A. N. Weinman, a copy of an inscription on a tombstone in the Kalutara Cemetery of Balthazar Rock, born at Mosbach on 10th April, 1751, and died on 10th June, 1803. Dr. Pieris is under the impression that this inscription has not been published before, but that is not so. The late Mr. J. P. Lewis has included it in his list of Tombstones and Monuments, and gives the following interesting particulars regarding the deceased:—"Balthazar Rock of Mosbach (a town close to Mannheim) was married on February 5, 1786, to Elisabeth Kerkhoven of Kalutara, daughter of Tobias Kerkhoven and Gertruida Gysbertsz. Maria Rock, the daughter of Balthazar Rock, was the wife of George Wendt of Gross Breesen (Lanenburg, Prussian Pomerania), who came out to Ceylon in the year 1792 by the ship *Vasco de Gama*. He was the ancestor of the Wendt family of Ceylon."

Freemasonry and the Dutch.—In our issue for October, 1930, "Niemand" in his Notes drew attention to the fact that freemasonry was introduced into Ceylon by the Dutch. We are now able to give some further information on this point. Three Lodges were formed under the auspices of the Grand Lodge of Holland, viz., Lodge Fidelity at Colombo in 1771; Lodge Sincerity at Galle in 1773; and Union Lodge at Colombo in 1794. Little is known of Lodge Fidelity beyond the fact of its foundation. It is thought that it ceased to exist at or about the time that Union Lodge was founded as there could hardly have been room for two stationary Lodges in Colombo in those early days.

Of Lodge Sincerity there are two certificates extant, one issued to Bro. J. H. Pfyll on 24th January, 1775, and signed by J. H.

Franken (Grand Master), J. H. Franken, Junior (Secretary), J. A. Hormost 1st Warden, and P. Jn. de Moor, 2nd Warden; the other issued to William Fuchs in 1790, and signed by Zehn, Gd. Archit. (Secretary), Schede, C. K. S. (A. Magist.), Estanden, Chev. D'Occident (First Warden), and Croyshalow, Pet. Archit. (Second Warden).

Cordiner in his "Description of Ceylon" refers to two "gentlemen's villas" in Slave Island, one of which he describes as "a neat house of two stories, which was erected by the Dutch as a freemason's lodge, but has now become the property of a private person."

Sitting Magistrates.—Mr. E. F. Ebert writes:—"I was very much interested to read the contribution on "Sitting Magistrates" by J. R. T. I fear he is, however, not correct in saying that "In the year 1805 the Courts of Justices of the Peace were abolished" as my grand-father, the late R. J. Ebert, was appointed a "Justice and Conservator of the Peace" in June 1812. In the same month and year he was also appointed as a Revenue Magistrate. His first appointment by the British Government as a member of the Land Raad of Negombo was in May, 1801, and he retired in June, 1815, as Sitting Magistrate, Pantura, when he was succeeded by a Mr. Reckerman, whose name I see has been omitted by J. R. T.

[We are glad to add the name of Mr. Reckerman to the list of Burgher Sitting Magistrates, as well as that of Mr. C. A. Prins, who, we find, also was a Sitting Magistrate. There is however, no doubt that the Courts of Justices of the Peace were abolished in 1805. A Regulation promulgated on 19th November of that year runs as follows:—"As the number of Civil Servants in His Majesty's Service is too small to admit of the establishment of Courts of Justices of the Peace consisting of three members at all the stations where their superintendence would be required, and as the convenience of the native inhabitants will be better provided for by vesting the Provincial Courts with a criminal jurisdiction by directing them to go circuits through their several Provinces and by appointing all the Agents of Revenue and Commerce and their Assistants Sitting Magistrates, and further as a very considerable expenditure may be saved to Government by making the Agents of Revenue and Commerce instead of the Provincial Judges Fiscals of their respective Provinces, the Governor in Council has accordingly enacted as follows.—1st All Courts of Justices of the Peace shall cease The abolition of these Courts, however, did not dispense with the necessity of Justices of the Peace.—ED.]

Ceylon Literary Register.—We are glad to see that the Ceylon Literary Register which was started in 1886 and ceased publication after running for ten years, is to be revived from

January, 1931. It will be conducted on the same lines as the previous issues. We wish the new venture all success.

Openings in South Africa.—Dr. Adalbert Ernst, whose lecture on "Some Impressions of South Africa" was published in the October issue of the *Journal*, writes as follows to a friend in Ceylon:—"It is nothing but a just and laudable pride that has kept us more than a generation a proud and distinct community. But I do think that the time has now come when the more wealthy members of our community should take some interest in the welfare of the younger generation. It was only too obvious to me that owing to the enormous competition and stress of life in Ceylon at present, there is no opening for our young men except for the favoured few who have either influence or wealthy parents, or owing to exceptional ability are able to fend for themselves.

"I made it a point to come in contact with several of our young men in Ceylon. Many of them were very ambitious and well educated, and a generation or two ago there would have been a fine future for them in the island. But it is too obvious that there is no real future for them to-day. They cannot to-day have those comforts and social amenities which is their due by working in an office for Rs. 100 or even Rs. 250 per month.

Given the necessary capital and a good start, these lads will flourish in South Africa. It is for the leaders of our community to undertake this mission, and to raise the necessary funds. You who have done so much in your quiet retirement for our Church would, I feel sure, be able to make our more wealthy members interested, say through the medium of the D.B.U. Journal, with this very praiseworthy object. The business minds in our community may be able to devise other means of making money. The capital required is so large—not less than £1,500—that it will not be possible to send out more than one settler once in three years, but even this will be a great achievement.

"Why not form an Association in Ceylon on the lines of the 1820 Settlers Memorial Association, which has for its object the sending out of settlers from England to South Africa, and call it, say, the Dutch East India Company Settlers Memorial Association? Such a movement will no doubt interest the Dutch South Africans, and financial support will also be available from this side.

"If you think it will serve any useful purpose, you can have this letter published in the next issue of the D.B.U. Journal."

[We should like to hear what our readers have to say to Dr. Ernst's proposal.—Ed.]

"The Dutch in Ceylon."—The following review of the late Mr. R. G. Anthonisz's work appears in Luzac's Oriental List, July—September, 1930:—"This book by a distinguished authority

on the archives of Ceylon, whose recent death we regret, is the first attempt to tell the story of the Dutch occupation of Ceylon. It is a history of the early Dutch navigators who came there, and is based as a rule on their own accounts, supplemented by information from more general works. The book opens with a brief sketch of the Dutch East India Company, under whose auspices—for the Company was formed essentially for commercial purposes—the first Dutch merchants visited Ceylon. The story of the first of these, Joris van Spilbergen, is told from the journal of his voyage, followed by the tragedy of Sebald de Weerd, which did not deter the Dutch from the attempt to establish commercial relations with the island.

"The negotiations with the Singhalese, which culminated in the treaty with the western world, are next dealt with by Mr. Anthonisz, who has judiciously sifted the abundant material available for this period. The remainder of the book deals fully with the Dutch operations on the island under Thysz, Maatsyker and van der Meiden, and goes fully into the fighting between the Dutch and the Singhalese, alongside of which there was the more or less active hostility of the Portuguese. The volume ends with the success of Dutch arms and the capture of Colombo. A second volume will deal with the remainder of the seventeenth and eighteenth century. The concluding chapter in this volume gives a sketch of the organisation of the civil side of Dutch administration on the island. The index is very full and useful. The uncouth spellings of names in the originals might have been modernised. Mr. Anthonisz has given us an eminently original and useful piece of research, and we regret it is the last work from his pen. The twelve illustrations are chosen with great care from old prints, and add much to the interest of the book."

[We understand from the firm of Messrs. Luzac & Co., that inquiries are being made by their customers regarding the second volume of this book. Here too in Ceylon the reading public are eagerly awaiting the appearance of this volume. We regret we are not yet able to make any announcement on this point.—Ed.]

Ancient Holland in Ceylon.—The following is the translation of an article appearing in the newspaper "Het Vaderland" of 6th September, 1930:—Mr. W. S. Christoffelsz of Colombo, in Ceylon, writes to us a detailed letter asking for pecuniary help in order to repair the old Dutch Church at Galle, a small town in the South of Ceylon. The old Dutch Churches there are the principal monuments of the time of the Dutch rule.

As is well known—and as our correspondent reminds us—it was on 31st May 1602 that Admiral van Spilbergen appeared on the coast of Ceylon in his ship the "Schaap." Before landing, a thanksgiving service was held on deck, and with that the Church

in Ceylon may be said to have been established. The East India Company built the first Church in 1744 in Colombo. This was during the administration of Governor J. Valentyn Steyn van Gollenesse.

The building at Colombo is one of the oldest Protestant Churches in Asia; it is very large, with seats for 1,000 persons, and contains several monuments and grave-stones of Hollanders who were employed in Ceylon, notably of a number of Governors. Twenty five years ago the building was completely repaired, so that it is now very strong and requires very little for maintenance.

It is different with the Church at Galle which was built in 1752—1754 by Geertruyda Adriana Le Grand, wife of Gasparus de Jong, Lord of Spanbroek, as a token of her gratitude for the blessings she had enjoyed. Some years ago this church threatened to fall in ruins; all the wood-work required to be removed as quickly as possible; an appeal was made for funds, and soon the required amount was received; many in the Netherlands especially contributed towards the repairs of the old church.

Shortly afterwards the organ gallery fell down; fortunately the organ was not on it, having been taken down for repairs. The gallery had to be removed, but for that too money was necessary. An appeal was again made to the Dutch, and this time too it was not made in vain.

Her Majesty the Queen, the Queen-Mother, and Princess Juliana set the example, and contributions were also received through the Group Nederland-India of the Algemeen Nederlandsch Verbond, through Professor Knappert at Leiden, and through the Committee of the Protestant Church Federation in India. A substantial contribution was also sent anonymously from the Netherlands.

The organ gallery can now be repaired,¹ but the authorities are faced with another difficulty. Owing to recent heavy rains the church-yard wall has come down. In this churchyard numbers of Hollanders are buried. The wall must be repaired, and without Dutch money this seems impossible. If any of our readers are willing to help, the Dutch Consul at Colombo, Mr. W. S. Christoffelsz,² will be glad to receive contributions.

Mr. Christoffelsz has sent us a list of the contributions made by residents of Colombo in 1927. They are nearly all good Dutch names: de Vos, vanderStraaten, Spittel, Anthonisz, Koe,³ vander Wall, Loos, Schokman, etc.

¹ This has already been repaired.—Ed.

² This is a mistake on the part of the writer of the original article.—Ed.

³ This refers to Lt.-Col. Koe.—Ed.

Occasional Verses by "Bel"—A Review—The pseudonym "Bel"—which, when read backwards, reveals the initials of a writer of elegant prose and engaging verse, who is, moreover, a *persona grata* in literary circles—is familiar enough to most people. He is not a prolific writer, but his output in verse makes up in quality for what it lacks in quantity. As the head of a College which in his day turned out men of distinction and character, our author indited a series of prologues, which were spoken at the annual prize-givings of his school; and these used to be keenly looked forward to by the public as chronicles of the times, whose delightful rhymes and rhythm and subtle humour combined to make them peculiarly attractive.

Some years ago "Bel" brought out the first edition of his occasional verses, the second of which is further enriched by the addition of the author's later poems, the whole consisting of some 50 odd pieces of high merit. If one may venture to differentiate between them, special attention must be drawn to the following: "The Gap", "The Mist", "When I Consider" and "To C. D." Some of the poems, such as "Love", "The Lights of the Distant City" and "In Dreams" are well adapted to musical setting.

The dedication "To R" breathes a fragrant love for one to whom the author offers his chaplet of verse in the following moving lines:

"But take this; and take these; believing still
That thro' life's changes love alone endures;
That my poor best of effort and of will,
What years have brought or left me,—all are yours;
My hopes, my toil, my love, are all your own,
And all life's good; yours first and yours alone."

That is a tribute as beautiful as it is sincere. One cannot but wish for more of these poetical gems, chiselled by a literary genius in the midst of a busy and serious life, scintillating as they do bright thoughts and noble sentiments that illumine the heart as well as the mind of the reader.

The booklet is a chaste little volume turned out by the Colombo Apothecaries' Company, and is obtainable from the publishers for the modest sum of Re. 1.

C. D.

NOTES OF EVENTS.

SUMMARY OF PROCEEDINGS OF THE COMMITTEE.

Tuesday, 26th August, 1930 :—(1) Mr. Murugesu was appointed Clerk on Rs. 50 per mensem, security in the sum of Rs. 500 being furnished by him. Mr. Sathasivam was appointed to act in a supervisory capacity on an allowance of Rs. 25 per mensem. (2) Resolved that the rule with regard to posting up of members whose accounts were overdue be enforced immediately. (3) Resolved that a sum of Rs. 137'79 shown in the accounts as standing against the Butler be wiped off. (4) The following new members were admitted:—Dr. F. E. R. Bartholomeusz, Miss Zillah Naldera Weinman, Mr. Victor Marshall, and Mr. S. J. Meynert. (5) Resolved that the "Ceylon Observer" be purchased for the Reading Room. (6) Resolved that the Sweep on the Manning Cup be restricted solely to members, and that Sweeps should not be organised in future.

Tuesday, 23rd September, 1930 :—(1) Resolved that the St. Nicolaas Fete be restricted solely to members on the active list, and that those whose names are on the non-active list be not invited. (2) The name of Dr. Adalbert Ernst was transferred to the active list.

Tuesday, 14th October, 1930 :—(1) Resolved that in future the Treasurer should table a statement shewing not only those whose bar accounts were overdue, but also those in arrears with their subscriptions for over three months. (2) The resignation of Mr. D. L. Albrecht from the Union was accepted with regret. (3) A Sub-Committee consisting of the President, the Honorary Secretary, the Honorary Treasurer, Dr. H. U. Leembruggen, Messrs. O. L. de Kretser, A. E. Keuneman, and Gerald Mack was appointed to draw up a set of rules for the guidance of the Young Dutch Burgher Comrades. (4) A letter from Lady Schneider suggesting an alteration in the usual St. Nicolaas Fete programme was considered. Resolved to adhere to the customary programme.

Successes of Our Young Men and Women.—Mr. C. J. Oorloff has been appointed a Cadet in the Ceylon Civil Service.

Messrs. F. C. W. van Geyzel and C. van Langenberg have passed the Advocates' Final.

Messrs. P. S. de Kretser and A. J. A. Drieberg have passed the Proctors' Final.

Messrs. Douglas Koch and Hans Lourensz have passed the B.Sc. Examination, Special, Chemistry; with Second Class Honours.

Mr. D. St. C. Budd Janszé has passed the B.A. Classics with Third Class Honours.

Mr. L. N. Bartholomeusz and Miss E. M. Siebel have passed the First Examination for Medical Degrees.

Mr. H. M. VanderWall has passed the Second Examination for Medical Degrees, Part I.

News About Our Members.—Dr. J. R. Blazé has succeeded in adding to his other degrees that of M.R.C.P. London.

Mr. F. H. B. Koch has been appointed to act as Solicitor-General from 28th October.

Col. E. H. Joseph, V.D. has, on retirement from the Reserve of the Ceylon Garrison Artillery, been granted the honorary rank of Colonel, with permission to wear the uniform of the Ceylon Garrison Artillery.

Dr. L. A. Prins, our esteemed President, has been appointed Assistant Director of Medical Services.

Dr. V. van Langenberg has retired after a distinguished service in the Medical Department, in the course of which he acted as Director of Medical and Sanitary Services.

Mr. J. G. Paulusz, Senior Master of the Royal College, has retired after a service of more than forty years in that institution. Our best wishes follow him in his retirement.

Marriage.—At St. Pauls' Church, Kandy, on 8th November, Mr. Justin Meynert to Miss Alma de la Harpe.

Obituary.—We regret to record the death, which occurred on 27th November, 1930, of Mr. C. H. Ernst of Matara. Mr. Ernst was an original member of the Union.

We regret also to record the death of Dr. E. A. de Kretser (Botha), son of the late Dr. Edgar de Kretser and Mrs. C. Barber, which occurred on 26th October. The deceased was an old boy of the Royal College, and excelled in cricket and athletics.

Variety Entertainment.—A Variety Entertainment organised by Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Mack, assisted by a few other members, was held at the Union Hall on 25th October, 1930. The entertainment consisted of vocal and instrumental items, recitations, humorous sketches and eccentric dances, finally ending with a play entitled "Between the Soup and the Savoury" which caused roars of laughter. The hall was crowded and the Entertainment was pronounced a distinct success.

Auction Bridge.—A Bridge Tournament organized by Mrs. Gerald Mack was worked off on Friday the 14th November, and was voted a great success. Twenty-four members took part and the prizes were won by Mr. Christie Wambeek and Miss Muriel Mack. The arrangements were all that could be desired, and very great credit is due to Mrs. Gerald Mack, whose reputation as an excellent organizer is now well established.

This function was enjoyed so much that a general desire was expressed to have Bridge Tournaments more frequently, and in fact it was even suggested that monthly drives be held in future, our Bridge enthusiasts among the fair sex taking it in turns to organize Tournaments.

D. B. U. Lectures: "Slavery in Dutch Times and After" was the subject of a lecture delivered by Mr. J. R. Toussaint at the Union Hall on 26th September, Dr. L. A. Prins presiding. The lecturer began by shewing that slavery in Ceylon did not originate with the Dutch. They found this institution in force among the Portuguese, who had themselves adopted this custom which they found prevailing among the Sinhalese and Tamils in those parts of the island which they occupied. The recent opposition in Jaffna to equal seating accommodation in schools, and the refusal of certain classes of people to allow the depressed classes to carry umbrellas or wear sandals or draw water from a common well were all traceable to the old system of slavery. The lecturer then proceeded to deal with the importation of slaves, the works they were employed on, the treatment accorded to them, the conditions governing their marriages, the system of buying, selling, mortgaging and emancipating them, the rules governing the devolution of their property, the punishments meted out to them, the educational facilities provided for them, and the gradual steps taken for the final abolition of slavery in 1844.

"Lore and Legend from Jungle Villages" formed the subject of Mr. R. L. Brohier's lecture delivered on 7th November, the full text of which appears elsewhere.

"My Experiences of Holland and South Africa."—This was the subject of an interesting lecture delivered by Mr. A. M. K. Cumaraswamy at the Union Hall on Wednesday, 17th December, Mr. Mervyn Joseph presiding. Mr. Cumaraswamy, in the course of his remarks, dealt with the relations subsisting between the various peoples making up the South African Commonwealth. Owing to want of time, Holland was touched upon only very lightly. Several of those present offered remarks or asked questions, and the lecturer was congratulated on the very tactful way in which he had handled the subject.

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, Arthur's Place, Bambalapitiya.

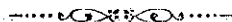
The Journal will be issued at the end of every quarter, post free, to each member of the Union who pays a subscription of Rs. 5/- per annum towards its cost of publication. Literary and other contributions are invited and should be sent to Mr. J. R. Toussaint, "Muresk", Clifford Place, Bambalapitiya,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

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. Rosslyn Koch, Skelton Road, and not to the Hony. Secretary.

Remittances on the account of the Social Service Fund must be made to Mr. Wace de Niese, Bambalapitiya, the Hony. 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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