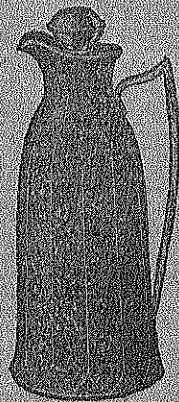


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# Journal of the Dutch Burgher Union of Ceylon.



"Eendracht maakt Macht"

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

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# Journal of the Dutch Burgher Union of Ceylon.

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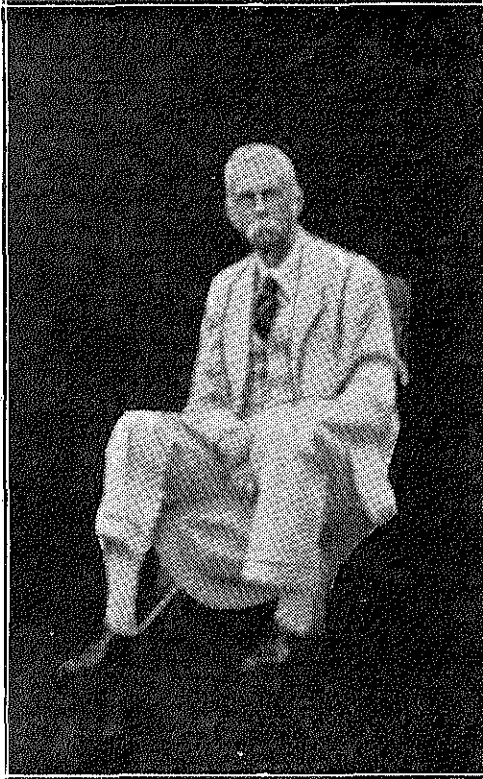
## MAJOR T. W. ROGERS.

BY J. E. TOUSSAINT.

In the year 1824 there arrived in Ceylon a young man who was destined not only to rise to high distinction as a civil and military officer, but also to achieve fame in a new sphere of activity as the largest slayer of wild elephants in Ceylon. This was Thomas William Rogers, who joined the Ceylon Rifle Regiment as Second Lieutenant, and in the course of time rose to be Major, which rank he held, in conjunction with his civil appointments, until his widely lamented death in 1845 under the most tragic circumstances.

There is very little on record as to the very early days of Rogers' career in Ceylon. He came out in 1824 in the same ship which brought Albert Watson, who afterwards rose to be Lieut.-Colonel, and who, as Capt. Watson, came into much prominence in connection with certain incidents which marked the suppression of the Kandyan rebellion of 1848. Rogers was closely associated with Major Skinner, the great road maker of Ceylon, who left behind a reputation for integrity and close application to duty which has never been equalled, before or since, by any officer in Ceylon. Coming, therefore as Rogers did, into close contact with Skinner, it is not surprising that he should have exhibited some of the great qualities which marked his distinguished friend.

At the time of which we write, they both held the rank of Lieutenant, Skinner being the senior. Those were the days when commissions in the Army could be bought, and as Skinner had not the necessary wherewithal to purchase his commission as Captain, his friend Rogers was promoted over him. "I never



ARTHUR WILFRED ANTHONISZ.

(See page 78).

regretted it or envied him his good fortune" says his large-hearted friend in his Autobiography. "We, i. e., his brother officers and friends, were very fond and justly proud of him. A nobler fellow, a finer soldier, or a truer friend could hardly be imagined." This was high praise indeed, coming as it did from one who united in his own person all the qualities that go to the making of a great and good man.

This admiration for Rogers, which was so feelingly expressed by Skinner, was shared even by men in high places. Sir Robert Wilmot-Horton, the Governor, was one day speculating on what would be the result of beginning life anew, with his matured knowledge of the world, and the privilege of personating any character he had met in his life. He was himself a most able and accomplished man, and to the surprise of his hearers he declared that if it were possible to adopt another's identity, that of Captain Rogers was the one he would select of all the men he had ever known. Major Skinner, who relates this incident, adds:—"This was a grand compliment, and as high a tribute to my friend as one man could pay another."

As regards Rogers' personal appearance, he is described by one who knew him intimately as being of very powerful build, about twelve stone in weight, and very active. He was quiet and unassuming in his demeanour, and there was a peculiar gentleness in him which one does not usually associate with a person bred to the profession of arms. This is borne out by Lieut. J. W. Grylls, the author of "The Outstation, or Jaunts in the Jungle" who served under Rogers. He describes him as being "one of the most excellent men that ever lived, whose exceedingly polished and unassuming manners would rather indicate him the destroyer of fourteen hundred hearts than the same number of elephants."

It is probable that the first two or three years of Rogers' service were spent in Colombo, for we find him officiating as Adjutant of his Regiment in 1825. He visited England two years later, for what purpose it is not known, and on his return was promoted to the rank of Captain. In 1828 he was appointed Commandant of Alupota, or "Alipoot" as the place was then known. This was one of the military posts which the British established at various strategic points in the hill country after

the conquest of the Kandyan kingdom in 1815. Alupota, which is situated at a distance of eight miles from Passara, was the principal military station in Lower Uva. Dr. John Davy, who was in medical charge of the troops from 1816 to 1820, visited the station in the course of his duties, and the following description of the place is from his pen:—"The post is situated on a hill, in a pretty populous neighbourhood. On one side it has a view of the lofty mountain chain of which Namina-cooli-kandy is the summit; and on the other, of the wooded hills and flats of the low-country. Its climate, like that of Nalandé, in its nature, partakes more of the climate of the plains than of the mountains, both in point of comparative temperature and salubrity."

Rogers was stationed at Alupota from 1828 to 1833. At that time the island was divided into five Provinces only, viz., Northern, Southern, Eastern, Western and Central. The Southern Province took in a part of the present Province of Uva, and the Central Province the other part. Alupota fell within the area comprising the Southern Province. It was the headquarters of an officer who discharged the three-fold duties of Assistant Government Agent, Commandant, and District Judge.

It was while serving in this distant outpost that Rogers made his first acquaintance with the elephant. The Badulla District, as indeed the whole island, was over-run by herds of wild elephants, whose depredations caused considerable damage to the crops of the poor villagers, and often resulted in loss of life among them. Lieutenant De Butts in his "Rambles in Ceylon," writing on this subject, says:—"The District around has always been famed for the multitude of elephants that in numerous herds wander over it and the adjacent Province of Bintenne. They chiefly abound in the neighbourhood of Alipoot, the most advanced post in this direction, where there is a small military detachment. It is not unusual to see ten or twenty elephants, followed by their young, in the same herd."

Miss C. F. Gordon Cumming, in her book "Two Happy years in Ceylon" paints a similar picture of the conditions which prevailed in the jungle districts in those early days. Speaking of Batticaloa she says:—"In these days when sportsmen have to pay ten rupees for a special license for each separate elephant

they shoot, those who cannot realise the totally changed conditions of these forest districts in the last fifty years are apt to talk about 'wholesale massacre' and 'useless cruelty'. If those who blame the pioneers so readily could have spent a few years with my brother at Batticaloa, and seen something of the ever-recurring, heart-breaking devastation of his coconut plantations by the elephant legions, they might understand why it was that in those days Government offered a reward of 10 shillings for the destruction of each of the great hungry creatures, whose carcasses helped to manure the crops they sought to devour."

It was owing to the prevalence of such conditions that Rogers began to wage an incessant warfare against the wild elephant. The duties of his combined offices as Assistant Government Agent, Commandant, and District Judge of Alupota did not impose a heavy strain on him, and he spent a good deal of his leisure in the forests surrounding his station, where he must have accounted for a fair proportion of the 1400 or 1600 elephants he is credited with having killed during the whole course of his service. It is said that he was a very indifferent shot at the commencement of his sporting career, having failed to bring down the first five tuskers he fired at. This so disheartened him that he almost decided to give up the sport for good.

After serving six years at Alupota, Rogers was transferred to Badulla in a similar official capacity. Here he opened the first coffee estate in that district, two miles from the town on the road to Batticaloa, and named it Ridipane. It afterwards came to be known as "Major Totum". Rogers is also credited with having been the first to plant coffee in Haputale. He continued in his new district his campaign against the elephant, and soon established his reputation as an intrepid hunter whose aim was unerring.

Not content with performing the varied duties devolving on him as Commandant, Assistant Government Agent, and District Judge, Major Rogers also took upon himself the task of opening out means of communication, and he either traced or constructed nearly all the roads in the District and took charge of them. He also framed the estimates for and supervised a large number of the public buildings erected during his term of

office. He built most of the rest-houses and kept in repair the civil and military buildings. In addition to all this, he carried out the difficult task of arranging the commutation of the grain tax. According to Major Skinner, the duties which Rogers performed single-handed were, after his death, entrusted to four men, with far less satisfactory results than before.

His Royal Highness Prince Waldemar of Prussia visited Ceylon in 1844, and being desirous of taking part in an elephant hunt, Major Rogers was instructed to make the necessary arrangements in his District. Dr. Hoffmeister, who accompanied the Prince in the capacity of physician, relates how at 5 o'clock in the morning of the day appointed for the start, Major Rogers, accompanied by Layard of the Civil Service, made their appearance in what seemed to the visitors a most extraordinary costume—large loose linen jackets, hats of basket-work plait, leech stockings reaching above the knee, and over these a sort of mountain shoes. Without delay the party mounted their horses, and were soon on their way to Taldena, where Major Rogers had caused to be prepared in readiness for the visitors a capital breakfast of eggs, roast fowl, curry and rice. Having done full justice to this repast, the party entered the jungle, where they were soon blazing away at elephants to their hearts' content. They spent several days in the jungle moving from place to place, and on one occasion Major Rogers' well-known reputation for coolness in times of danger, and accuracy of aim, were put to the test. The Prince and his party were standing on a slight elevation in the jungle when suddenly a crash was heard, and there appeared the head of a huge elephant stirring among the thick bushes. Major Rogers was fortunately close at hand. Without a moment's hesitation he sprang in among the elephants—there was a herd of them—and advancing towards the elephant nearest him on the right, to within the length of its trunk, he fired a shot into its ear; then turning with lightning speed to the one on the left, he discharged the contents of his other barrel into its temple. Both fell with a hollow groan as if blown down by a sudden whirlwind. Before the other members of the party could recover from their surprise, the rest of the herd had put a safe distance between themselves and the sportsmen.

It was in the course of this hunt that Major Rogers performed the seemingly impossible feat of bringing down two elephants with one shot. He fired at a female elephant which had a young one by her side, and in her fall she crushed the little one to death. A somewhat different version of this incident is related by Lieut. Grylls in his book. According to this veracious historian, the Governor, Sir Robert Horton, was present at a dinner given by some sportsmen at Wilson's Bungalow, and the conversation turned on elephant shooting, when, to the astonishment of the company, Rogers backed himself at odds to kill two elephants with one ball at one discharge. This feat being deemed impossible, the bet was taken up by all present, and Rogers accomplished the feat the next day in the manner already described.

Although Major Rogers spent so much of his time in the jungle, his sporting career was, with one single exception astonishingly free from those thrilling adventures which usually befall those who engage in the dangerous sport of elephant shooting. But as if to counter-balance this immunity, the horrors through which he went on the occasion referred to were such as to suffice for a lifetime. He had got in an oblique shot at the right ear of an elephant, which staggered and turned to the left, and as he faced Major Rogers, the latter fired his remaining barrel, the elephant being then about four yards from him. Instead of knocking him down, the shot seemed to have the effect of steadying him, and he charged at Major Rogers, who had scarcely started to run when he found himself seized by the elephant's trunk and flourished almost as if he had been an infant. The elephant carried him for three or four paces towards a stream, and just as he came to where the bank sloped, dropped him on the ground and tried several times to crush him with his head. The sloping ground, however, favoured Major Rogers, who, without any effort on his own part, slipped each time from under the animal till they both reached the bed of the stream. Here the elephant changed his tactics and attempted more than once to lift up Major Rogers by his clothes, but fortunately these gave way, leaving the Major nearly stripped. The elephant then dealt him a few kicks, sending him from his fore to his hind legs and back again. He then suddenly gave up this pastime and began pulling down some jungle creepers in which he had got entangled, Major Rogers meanwhile lying on his back between

the elephant's legs. He refrained from making the slightest movement, having frequently before contemplated the possibility of such an adventure, and decided on his course of action should he find himself, as he now did, at the mercy of an elephant. The ruse was successful. Having freed himself from the creepers, the elephant, believing Major Rogers to be dead, stepped over his body without hurting him, and entered the jungle, trumpeting loudly. His triumph was however short-lived. He had not proceeded more than thirty yards when a villager, who had been a witness of the whole scene, and had been hiding behind a tree, gave the elephant the contents of his single barrel, much to the alarm of the Major, who feared that the elephant might return to complete his fell work. The result of this skirmish was that Major Rogers' left shoulder was dislocated, the left arm broken in two places, two serious injuries were inflicted on the right side, and there was a general soreness all over the body. Major Rogers was 50 miles from his residence when this encounter took place. His men, however, soon arrived on the scene, and carried him safely to Badulla, which place they reached the next evening. Here Rogers received all the medical attention necessary, and was soon none the worse for his adventure.

Several stories are extant regarding the coolness displayed by Rogers in his encounters with elephants. Improbable as they appear, they are mentioned here only to show the lengths to which his admirers were prepared to go in order to support his character for intrepidity. An old Malay man, who claimed to have been a personal attendant on the great hunter, relates that on one occasion he saw his master on his little pony pursuing a frightened elephant through the town of Matale. The Major had seized the elephant by the tail and had kept up with him until his pony was exhausted, when he shot the elephant. According to the same Malay, Major Rogers was in the habit of going up to an elephant stealthily and tapping him on the back, and on the elephant turning round to discover who the disturber of his peace was, the Major would give him his quietus. On one occasion this man accompanied his master in search of a dangerous rogue elephant. On catching sight of the Major the elephant charged. Rogers, however, quite unconcernedly kept puffing away at a cigar, and when the animal was within a few paces from him, he quietly took the cigar out of his mouth, placed it on the ground, and shot the elephant dead.

He then resumed his cigar as if nothing unusual had happened. These exploits caused such a deep impression in the minds of the villagers that they declared he bore a charmed life. "Nothing in this world can hurt that man" they said. "If he dies at all, it will be by lightning." And so it happened.

Another story of doubtful authenticity is told by Lieut. Grylls. It is to the effect that Major Rogers, on being pursued by an elephant, tried to escape by springing up a tree. He had almost succeeded in raising himself beyond the elephant's reach when the animal seized him by the legs. A struggle for supremacy ensued between Rogers and the elephant, which ended in the latter wrenching off the Wellington boots worn by Rogers, thus giving him an opportunity of using his feet to reach safety. Finding himself balked of his prey, the elephant vented his rage on the Wellington boots, and then took his stand underneath the tree, where he kept poor Rogers a prisoner for twenty-four hours, when a passing tappal cooly saw his plight, and with the assistance of villagers drove the elephant away.

A story with a more amusing ending is to the effect that Rogers accepted the invitation of a brother officer to try a few days' sport among the elephants. After a hard day's work Rogers set out to keep his appointment. He had almost reached the bungalow where his host and hostess were awaiting his arrival, when passing by a river, he thought a plunge would refresh him, so placing his clothes on the bank, he jumped into the water and swam some distance. On turning back he saw to his consternation a troop of monkeys carrying away his clothes. Poor Rogers had to remain in the river until his host, suspecting that some mishap had occurred, set out in search of him, and found him sitting up to his neck in the water.

As was only to be expected, Rogers' bungalow abounded in trophies of the numerous hunts in which he had been engaged. Dr. Hoffmeister, who saw this bungalow, describes it as "filled with ivory, for among the hosts of the slain, more than sixty were tusked elephants." At each door of his verandah there stood huge tusks, while in his dining-room, which was detached from the main building, every corner was adorned with similar trophies. The floor was covered with the skins of elk, deer, and bears, and the tails of elephants were scattered about in profusion.

Major Rogers spent more than ten years in Badulla, where he enjoyed the respect and esteem of all classes as a sympathetic official who thoroughly understood the needs and aspirations of the people committed to his care. Under his wise administration the resources of the District were developed, and prosperity and contentment reigned everywhere. He travelled about freely in his District in order to acquaint himself personally with the wants of the inhabitants, and it was while he was on one of these tours that he met his untimely death. The Government Agent of the Central Province, Mr. C. R. Buller, with Mrs. Buller, had arrived in Haputale, and Major Rogers had gone up from Badulla, to meet his chief. They had probably been doing some outdoor inspection work when a sudden thunder-storm compelled them to take shelter in the Haputale Rest-house. After a time Major Rogers stepped out to the verandah to see if the storm had abated. He had barely called out to Mrs. Buller, "It is all over now" (meaning the storm) when there was a blinding flash of lightning, and Major Rogers fell down dead almost at Mrs. Buller's feet. The lightning had been attracted by his steel spurs, one of which was twisted and the foot discoloured. The body was removed to Nuwara Eliya and was interred in what is now known as the old Cemetery. The inscription on the tombstone reads as follows:—"In memory of Major Thomas William Rogers, of Her Majesty's Ceylon Rifle Regiment, many years Commandant at Badulla. Striken to death by lightning at the Happootalle Pass on the 7th June, 1845, aged 41 years." A tablet to his memory was also erected at St. Paul's Church, Kandy, by his brother officers and friends "in testimony of their respect and regard for his integrity as a man, his ability as a public servant, his gallantry as a soldier, and his amiable, social qualities as a friend."

A third, and perhaps the most expressive, memorial to Major Rogers is represented by St. Mark's Church, Badulla, which bears the following inscription:—"This Church was erected to the honour of God in memory of Thomas William Rogers, Major, Ceylon Rifle Regiment, Assistant Government Agent and District Judge of Badulla, by all classes of his people, friends, and admirers. He was killed by lightning at Haputale, June 7, 1845, age 41. 'In the midst of life we are in death.'" A striking fact about this memorial is that people of all denomi-

nations joined in its erection. Writing on this subject, Miss C. F. Gordon Cumming says:—"So truly did they (the people of Badulla) appreciate his justice and ability, and so greatly was he personally loved, that at the suggestion of a Kandyan Buddhist Chief these very people (who had attributed his death to an act of retribution for his destruction of elephants) subscribed for, and erected to his memory, a pretty little Christian Church in the town of Badulla." This circumstance, that the Church was raised by persons of all denominations, was in later years advanced as an argument against the use of the building exclusively by one denomination.

Reference has already been made to the tombstone erected to the memory of Major Rogers in Nuwara Eliya. Some time after its erection, it was said that a crack shewed diagonally across the stone, leaving a gap which had to be filled in with cement. The existence of this crack gave rise to a legend, firmly believed in by some writers on Ceylon, that the tombstone, like the distinguished man whose remains it covered, had been struck by lightning. The story went that Major Rogers had incurred the abhorrence of the Sinhalese by his ruthless slaughter of elephants; that while out on a hunting expedition he was met by a Buddhist priest who denounced him and predicted his impending destruction by 'the lightning from heaven'; that Major Rogers was struck by lightning while shooting elephants a few months later; and that after his death lightning struck his tombstone at least a hundred times.

It was pointed out by the "Ceylon Observer" at the time that the story was "a tissue of impudent lies woven round a microscopical tissue of fact". The only germ of truth was that Major Rogers was killed by lightning. As regards the tombstone, there was reliable evidence to show that it had got broken at the wharf in Colombo.

The belief that Major Rogers was killed by lightning as an act of retribution has persisted up to very recent times. Mr. Frederick Lewis in his "Sixty-four years in Ceylon" relates that in a remote hamlet in the Badulla District he met a very old man who had seen Major Rogers. "One other white man have I seen here besides you" he told Mr. Lewis. "He came here when I was young to shoot elephants, and he would walk up behind the biggest elephant and pull its tail, or throw a stone at it, and when the elephant looked round, this gentleman would shoot it dead. He went after an elephant that belonged to the gods of Kataragama, and he killed that beast also, so the gods were angry, and one day, when he was at Haputale, he went out to see if it was going to rain, and the gods sent a flash of lightning and killed him." Mr. Lewis asked the old man whether the gentleman's name was Rogers. "Yes, yes," said he, excitedly, "that was his name. He stayed one day here and killed two elephants. He lived at Alupota".

## RAMBLES IN HOLLAND.

DELFT

*Its monuments—The Mausoleum of William the Silent.*

BY REGNEREB.

A visit to Holland is not only interesting but also instructive. It is, if one may say so, (like Esperanto in Philology) the only artificial country in the world, as it is a conquest made by man over the sea. "Nature", says the Dutch poet Hooft, "had refused all her gifts to Holland. The Hollanders had to do everything in spite of nature". Yes, even the bare soil which in other countries is a gift of nature, is in Holland the work of man's hand. The Dutch therefore may be rightly said to have made Holland, and Holland exists, and will continue to exist only as long as the Dutch preserve it.

Take for instance her great cities of Amsterdam and Rotterdam. Both are built upon piles driven in the sand, so much so that if either could be turned upwards, it would present the appearance of a vast forest of trees without branches or leaves. The land itself is lower than the sea, and is protected by dykes, the work of men's hands. The rivers are diverted from their natural courses, and made to pass in beds which men's hands have made, and the whole country is dependent for its very existence upon the unceasing watchfulness, the unrelaxing vigilance of the inhabitants to prevent its being carried off, and washed away.

Hence the official organisation for watching and controlling the water—*The Waterstaat*—is obviously the most important department in the country. It rightly stands first in the Public Service, and every person in the land is subject to its mandates.

Should an alarm be given of an impending inundation, no one is exempt from service. Old or young, rich or poor, soldiers, ministers, Public Servants generally, all are bound to gather together to fight the common foe. And so also in time of Peace, when no inundations threaten the country, the *Waterstaat* is employed in reclaiming the land, in draining the lakes, and rendering fit for cultivation and habitation morasses and waste lands. It is but recently that large portions of the Zuider Zee, divided into four zones and called by the Dutch Polders, have been reclaimed, and the soil rendered exceedingly fertile. This work of reclaiming the Zuider Zee

is still in progress, and in the not distant future the whole of an area of 2,000 square kilometres will be reclaimed and rendered fit not only for habitation, but much more for both extensive and intensive cultivation, owing to its rich loam.

Another characteristic, another feature of Holland is that whilst in most other countries, the history of great people and great events clusters round one or two of the chief cities, here, in Holland, obscure little towns and even seeming villages, have as much historical and biographical interest as the large political capital, or important commercial centre.

Wherefore let us skip over the big cities, such as Holland's capital, Amsterdam, with its special diamond cutting industry, where not only proverbially, but much more literally "Diamond cuts Diamond", and where even the world famous Koh-i-noor was cut and polished—or Rotterdam with its Boompjes (elms), equalled at most, but not surpassed by even the Lindens of Berlin. The Boompjes itself is a handsome quay extending for considerably over a mile along the bank of the river Maas, and is the fashionable centre of this fine commercial city.

Thus too shall we pass over the Hague—the seat of government—with its mediaeval, quaint looking official buildings, situated in the Binnenhof, and its world-famous 'Hague Wood,' chiefly oaks, beech and alder trees, wherein is situated the Royal villa renowned as the 'Huisten Bosch' or house in the wood, the chief room of which is known as the richly decorated 'Orange Saloon', in which the International Peace Conference, brought together by the late Czar Nicholas II. of Russia, had its sittings in the summer of 1899.

Neither shall we stop to glance at either of the Scheveningens—old or new—only a few miles from the Hague. The one a quaint fishing village still faithfully portraying old Holland, whilst the other is a popular seaside resort and looked upon to-day as the queen of watering places on the Continent.

Leaving then these more important places alone for the present, we will ramble over less known spots which awake many reminiscences. We can touch upon only a few here, although in the "Dead Cities" of the Zuider Zee, there is still a world of interest, especially for the lover of archaeology, or may I say, of old world lore.

A little to the north of Amsterdam lie Broek, Zandaam and Alkmaar.

### Broek.

Broek is one of the most curious as it is the cleanest town in the world. All the houses are of wood, and are painted in various bright colours, undefiled by any speck of dirt. All the roofs are of variegated tiles, upon which no unclean thing can rest. All the streets are paved with clean, small stones placed edge ways and arranged in a sort of mosaic patterns. All the few thousand people are very clean, and very well-to-do as they all occupy themselves in the manufacture of the clean, small, round, red, world-renowned, famous balls of Edam Cheese. It is said that the Dutch clean everything they possess once every day, and three times on Saturdays. Certainly one can truly vouch that there is never to be found in any of their houses a spot or stain or particle of dust. But of the Broeks, it is said that they furbish everything not once, but thrice each day, and not thrice but thrice thrice on Saturdays. Be that as it may, not even a cobweb is to be found in their quaint, though dainty houses. Boot scraping is a veritable science in Broek.

Again every day in every house in Broek, windows are polished, finger marks removed from the printed wood, every vessel tarnished by smoke or steam made bright, and a careful search for any wandering hair or speck of dust made from top to bottom of the abode. In addition to this, there is of course the great Saturday *Schoonmaken* (cleaning), when steps, doorways, walls and windows are scrubbed, mopped, brushed, burnished and the whole wooden exterior of the building deluged with water thrown up by a small engine-pump. Whilst it is no exaggeration to say that in all Holland cleanliness is a paramount duty, in Broek it is moreover a mania, a rage, a fury. The ceremony of *Schoonmaken* ends with the thorough cleansing of all brushes, brooms, cloths and other paraphernalia used in this very cleaning.

### Zaandam.

Zaandam is one of the most typical as it is also one of the wealthiest of the smaller Dutch towns, with its population of 30,000 and its 400 windmills along the banks of the Zaan, which work its industries of oil, corn, cement, saw and paper-mills.

It possesses what Napoleon called "the finest monument in Holland", viz., the hut of Peter the Great, in honour of whom this town was once called Czardam or Sardam. This hut or cabin, an



extraordinary historical relic, is still in good preservation, and the fireplace in which Peter himself cooked his food is still extant. In the outer division or in the first of the two rooms of this cabin—sacred to all tourists—are recorded round the walls the many visits of the Great, and in plaques or stones are inscribed their various sayings.

Among the latter is a stone recording the visit made by the Czar Alexander II in 1839, when hereditary prince or Czarewitsch, to this hut of Peter the Great, and the inscription—"Over this humble abode the Holy Angels watch. Here is the cradle of the Empire. Here was born the greatness of Russia".

It is also on record here, that Peter the Great himself visited Zaandam and this very hut or cabin eighteen years later in 1716, but now, not as an unknown workman, a humble dock labourer, but back now in the greatness of his power and glory, bringing his empress Catherine with him, and proudly showed her "the place where, while working as a labourer, I had learnt to be an Emperor".

Methinks the tablet which teaches us most is the one placed there by another Emperor—by Napoleon the Great when he visited this cabin in 1803. It bears this significant inscription in Dutch: "Nothing is too little for a great man". One wonders whether this refers to the meticulous care which Peter bestowed in mastering the details of ship-building, or to the military genius of the great emperor himself, so well known for paying the strictest attention to every single unit of the army in all his many victorious campaigns, not excluding Waterloo.

### Alkmaar—All Sea.

Alkmaar—All Sea, originally only a fishing village, developed into a considerable market-town, and to-day has a flourishing trade in butter and cheese. It is in fact the greatest centre of cheese export. As everyone knows, a market is held here weekly, frequented by peasants of the whole province of North Holland in their picturesque costumes. Every street is full of primitive country folk, be it noted, not in modern cars, but in old-fashioned gaily painted wagons. All wend their way towards "the town of Weighing House", a fine old building with a quaint gable and handsome tower erected as early as 1682. A curious spectacle is presented in front of this weigh-house every Friday (market-day), when the whole space is covered with huge piles of red and yellow

cheese, which are quickly and dexterously weighed and sold and exported to all parts of the world. This is a wonderful sight, a memorable incident, and alone well worth a visit to Holland.

I must pass over Volendaam and Marken, where the Zuider Zee is seen to advantage. The one a fishing village remarkable for its quaint buildings and for the singularly dark complexion of its people, who are of a very robust type. The other Marken, a singular island, famous for the curious costumes of its still unspoilt, primitive people, and for its houses built on artificial mounds or "hills of refuge" as they are called. These two island villages are still the show places for visitors, anxious to get a genuine glimpse of real old Holland—which naturally leads me to mention Schiedam, where there are well over 200 distilleries where are manufactured the world famous "Hollands" and "Geneva", which when imbibed give a genuine glow of real satisfaction to every true Hollander; and engender, awaken, arouse, in all others what is commonly called Dutch courage.

### Delft.

*Revenons à nos moutons.* I make no apology for my long digression, except to plead with Virgil—"Haec olim meminisse juvabit". To Delft then, a few miles to the South-east of the Hague, with a population of nearly 50,000. It is a quiet charming town with clean canals bordered by lindens or lime trees, pleasant houses, well kept streets. It was long most intimately associated with the manufacture of the beautiful faience pottery, known as majolica, and achieved an unrivalled position for its ceramics, popularly known as Delft-ware, in the 17th century. This industry has almost vanished in modern times, except for a species of rough earthenware not unlike what one sees at Kelaniya or at the fairs at Dondra Head.

Delft has had many vicissitudes and has witnessed a series of mishaps. It was almost entirely destroyed by fire in 1536, and was in 1654 largely ruined by the explosion of a powder magazine, and again in 1742, hundreds of its houses with their occupants were shattered to pieces by a similar catastrophe, by such another explosion. And yet nothing daunted Delft continues to be Holland's State Arsenal.

Delft is "holy ground" to Dutchmen, for here rests the body of William the Silent, her greatest hero, the fourth centenary of

whose birth was celebrated this year; and here stands the house too in which he was foully assassinated by Balthazaar Gerard at the instigation of Philip II of Spain in 1584. Here too are gathered together in their final rest some of the greatest men of Holland, in arms, in literature, in science, in law.

It is with these great men and their tombs that I should like to associate Delft. And first in the Oude Kerk (old church), which like Pisa has a leaning tower, consequent upon the sinking of the ground, there is a monument to the veteran Admiral Maarten Harpertsz Van Tromp (1598-1653), Holland's greatest admiral, and in fact one of the greatest in the world. It was Van Tromp who in 1639 blockaded the Spanish fleet under the Spanish Admiral D'Oquendo at the Downs in the English Channel, and challenged him to come out and fight. This D'Oquendo refused to do, when Tromp daringly attacked and practically annihilated the Spanish squadron.

It was Van Tromp too who again in 1652 met the redoubtable Blake off the coast of Deal, and completely vanquished and defeated him, and as is well-known, hoisted after this singular victory, a broom at his masthead to signify that he would sweep the Channel of the English, inasmuch as that then, the English only fought for victory, but the Dutch for their *very existence*.

On the monument to Van Tromp, erected on the North side of the choir of the Old Church, it is recorded that the fathers of the United Netherlands have erected this monument in honour of this highly meritorious hero, and that "he left to posterity a grand example of mastery in naval warfare, of fidelity to the state, of prudence, of courage, of intrepidity and of immovable firmness".

The memorial itself was designed by the celebrated Amsterdam Architect, Jacob Van Campen. The carving of this rich tomb was executed by the equally celebrated sculptor Rombout Verhulst of Breda; whilst the cornice, the trophies and the marble slab representing the naval battle in which Van Tromp, though victorious, lost his life, are by Wilhelm de Keyser, son of Hendrik de Keyser.

The mausoleum has a high pedestal on which lies the figure of the hero in full armour, excellently carved in white marble. The whole is expressively symbolical, and at the top on a Dinant stone is inscribed in gold letters his epitaph, enumerating his many noble deeds and his many victories and ends, with these significant words

in Latin:—"On the 10th of August 1653 of the Christian era "he ceased to live and conquer".

Near to the tomb of Van Tromp is that of another great naval hero—Pieter Pieterszoon Hein (1578-1629)—known as the admiral of the Indian Company, and who like Napoleon's soldier carried his Field Marshal's baton in his knapsack, inasmuch as he rose to his high position as admiral from the ranks of a simple fisherman. Hein is chiefly renowned for his capture in 1628 of the Spanish "Silver Fleet" that carried in the side of the ships, over twelve millions of silver florins—an enormous amount at that period.

The memorial itself is the work of Pieter de Keyser, the eldest son of Hendrick de Keyser, who succeeded his father as the architect and sculptor of the town of Amsterdam. The admiral is lying in full armour on a beautifully carved mattress, with his left hand resting on his helmet which lies adjacent. The figure, the mattress, and the helmet are all marvellously sculptured out of one piece of white marble. The whole is very allegorical, as for instance at two corners, celestial and terrestrial globes are found, as emblems of his skill in astronomy and in navigation. But what strikes you most is that a huge slab of Dinant stone is held up by four pilasters, and on this stone in golden letters is inscribed in Latin what is probably the longest epitaph historically known. I translate just one passage into English—"...As a modern Argonaut from the new Colchis of the new world, he has transported the Golden Fleece of Spain—formidable to the princes of Europe—not towards Greece, but towards the United Netherlands—a deed hitherto without example—and has procured for the West Indian Company immense riches: for the *Spaniard* poverty: for his country *Strength*, for himself immortal *Glory*.

But what struck me most was the last line in Greek:—

—*Tomen thanein oik aiskero non, all aiskroos thanein*—"It is not shameful to die, but to die shamefully". It is most impressively significant in the original Greek and gives one food for thought, especially in these hectic days of modern existence.

We now come to the west side of the Oude Kerk where is found the memorial erected by his daughter Maria to the learned naturalist, or should we say the great Dutch microscopist, Anthony Van Leeuwenhoek (1632-1723). He is equally renowned as a naturalist, as also the inventor of the microscope, and is known to posterity as "the father of the science of the infinitely little".

The memorial itself is comparatively simple, though extremely expressive. On two plinths of Escosine stone rests a pedestal, in the middle of which is a wreathed skull of white marble. On both sides of it are found two spheres bearing an obelisk, which in turn sustains the bust of the deceased carved in white marble. Underneath is a lengthy epitaph in Latin, a sentence in which reads:—"who has disclosed the mysteries of nature and the secrecies of physics, by means of microscopes invented and constructed in a wonderful manner by himself".

At the bottom of the monument is placed his escutcheon on which a sphinx is depicted, as a symbol probably of his gift of disclosing the secrets of nature—"Lucus a non lucendo".

We now come to the *Nieuwe Kerk* (New Church), which was the church of St. Ursula as early as the 14th century, in which are the Royal mausoleums of the House of Orange-Nassau, as also the memorial of Hugo de Groot (1583-1645). Architecturally the *Nieuwe Kerk* is nothing much except that it has a fine tower and an equally fine chime of bells. Its crypt below, moreover, contains the ashes of nearly all the princes and princesses of the House of Orange-Nassau, right up to King William III who died in November 1890.

The memorial to Hugo Grotius—*Prodigium Europae*, as he is called in his epitaph—is simple compared to his greatness in life. He was the great juriconsult of the seventeenth century, and his great treatise '*De jure belli et pacis*'—the right of peace and of war—written when imprisoned and shut up in the castle or fortress of Louvenstein, near Gorcum in the province of South Holland, was for a long time the exemplar of all the publicists of Europe, and the codex of international law.

Grotius was indeed a remarkable man who combined a wide circle of general knowledge with a profound study of law. History, theology, politics, classics, astronomy, poetry, and above all law,—all these fields he assiduously cultivated, and it is not surprising to know that when at the age of barely eighteen, he accompanied the illustrious Barneveldt in his embassy to Paris, Henry IV of France, presenting him (Grotius) to his court, said:—"Behold the miracle of Holland".

This monument in honour of the great statesman was made by the clever local Delft sculptor H. Van Zwooll. It is of polished fire-

stone and consists of a pedestal in which rest two pilasters inlaid with white marble. Over these pilasters is a frontispiece in which a fine white marble crowned skull is resting on two crossed trumpets and branches of cypress. Between the pilasters there is a niche adorned with caissons, and within this niche there rises a pyramid of black polished Namur stone and covered with a snow white marble-cloth. In front of this pyramid is the finely chiseled bust of De Groot—surrounded with many emblems and allegorical figures. Underneath is a simple white stone in which is inscribed his epitaph in Latin in ordinary black letters, a portion of which translated into English reads:—"The wonder of Europe: The sole astonishment of the learned world: The summit of genius: The image of virtue: The ornament raised above mankind" etc., etc., and concludes with these memorable words—"Grotius hic situs est. Tumulo discedite quos non, musarum et patriae fervidus urit amor"—which may be translated:—"Here lies Grotius, shun this tomb, ye who do not burn with love of the muses and of your country".

The memorial itself was erected by the De Groot family in 1781, but since 1886 the piazza, the great market place at Delft, glories in the possession of his statue erected in bronze by his grateful countrymen, on which only the simple name of Hugo Grotius in golden letters revives the memory of a man, such as has seldom been found on earth.

#### 1533.—WILLIAM THE SILENT—PRINCE OF ORANGE-NASSAU—1584.

But the monument of the greatest interest, the *Chef-d'Oeuvre* in Delft and indeed all Holland, and which, like the *piece de résistance*, I have reserved for the last, is the mausoleum of William the Silent.

By order of the States-General of Holland, the celebrated Dutch architect and sculptor Hendrik de Keyser commenced this unique mausoleum in 1616, and Pieter de Keyser his eldest son finished it about 1620 after the death of his father.

This magnificent mausoleum '*en renaissance*' is in white Italian marble, with the effigy of the prince lying in full length in a gorgeous robe on a beautifully carved mattress, and at his feet the figure of his favourite dog which saved his life from assassination by two Spaniards at the siege of Malines in 1572. The figure, the mattress and the dog, are all made out of one piece of pure white Italian marble.

The sarcophagus itself is of black Sicilian marble, encircled by 22 Doric-renaissance columns, supporting a canopy. In the four outer corners of the monument there are four pedestals of Dinant stone, on each of which a female figure is standing before a niche of the same Dinant stone. These four figures or statues of unrivalled workmanship represent Justice, Liberty, Religion, and Prudence or Valour.

JUSTICE stands with her left hand akimbo, and holds in her right hand a pair of gilt scales, whilst her eyes are fixed on the tongue of the balance. Near this figure of Justice is a device represented by a halcyon sitting quietly in its nest, and a rock beaten by the winds, with these words; "*Saevis tranquillus in undis*"—calm in the midst of the wild waves.

LIBERTY holds in her right hand a gilt sceptre, and in her left hand a gilt hat, on which hat in large black letters we read: "*Aurea libertas*"—Golden liberty. Underneath the sceptre we discern: "*Je maintiendrai*"—I shall maintain (justice, liberty).

RELIGION holds in her right hand an open book (the Holy Bible) which she seems to read with attention, and in her left hand she carries a little temple, adorned with the name of Christ in gilt letters.

PRUDENCE, *valour* or *strength*, bears a lion's hide as a shield or covering from the shoulders. As the lion is supposed to join prudence and caution to strength, this figure also represents caution. And as valour and strength without prudence and caution are sometimes ruined by too much zeal, so to show this, she holds a thorny branch in her right hand. The left arm is akimbo.

The mottes and allegories of the prince are curiously carved in eight square slabs of white marble placed over the heads of these four female figures. There are also four obelisks in black veined marble which support an elegant white marble roof in the middle. On each of these pedestals a metal figure of a weeping child is standing and pointing at a slab of Dinant stone, on which is engraved in gold characters a lengthy epitaph of the prince in Latin by order of the States-General:—..... "An eternal memorial of William Van Nassau, Prince of Orange, father of his Fatherland" etc.

At the head of the recumbent marble figure of the Prince there is a second statue cast in bronze, representing the prince in full military accoutrements, consisting of his armour, his sword, his sash, his truncheon with his head uncovered, the helmet lying at his feet.

Vis-a-vis, just opposite, yet another bronze figure of Fame rises with outspread wings. This figure of Fame or victory is supposed to be the greatest masterpiece of the whole monument.

It weighs over two tons, and yet rests with nothing but the toes of the left foot on four metal masks representing the four winds. This Fame blows a trumpet which she holds in one hand, whilst the other hand too holds a second trumpet. This is typically expressive, as Fame after all is the noise of a moment to be lost in silence. And finally another Latin inscription on the canopy pointed out again by weeping genii, sets forth that this monument was raised by the States of United Holland "To the eternal memory of that William of Nassau whom Philip II, scourge of Europe, feared and never overcame or conquered, but killed by atrocious guile".

The house in which William the Silent, Prince of Orange—*Pater Patriae*—and the founder of Dutch Independence was dastardly murdered in cold blood by the astute and designing Gerard, who assumed the name of Francis Guion, on the 10th of July 1584, is still extant. It is a gloomy looking place with arched windows and a narrow door, forming part of the ancient convent of St. Agatha. It still bears the name of the Prinsenhof, and was used for some time as a cavalry barrack, though it is now known as the William of Orange Museum.

I hope these disjointed and fragmentary notes filched from here, cribbed from there, plagiarised from everywhere, and connected together at haphazard, will stir up the members of the D. B. U. in Ceylon, and awaken in them the urge, I may almost say the necessity, of visiting and revisiting the land of their ancestors, the soil of their distant forbears, and force them as it were to take a pride, a legitimate pride, in that land which is best presented to them in the graphic, in the historical words of the Italian traveller, Edmund de Amicis:—"This small territory, invaded from the beginning by different tribes of the Germanic races, subjugated by the Romans and the Turks, devastated by the Normans and the Danes, desolated by centuries of civil war with all its horrors, this small people of fishermen and traders saves its civil liberty and its freedom of conscience by a war of eighty years against the formidable monarchy of Philip II, and founds a republic which becomes the ark of salvation to the liberties of all the world, the adopted country of science, the Exchange of Europe, the station for the commerce of the world—a Republic which extends its domination to Java, Sumatra, Hindoostan, Ceylon, New Holland, Japan, Brazil, Guiana, the Cape of Good Hope, the West Indies and New York,—a Republic which vanquishes England on the Sea, which resists the united arms of Charles II and Louis XIV, and which finally treats on equal terms with the greatest nations, and is for a time one of the Three Big Powers that decide the fate of Europe". What a glowing tribute! Most of this though written sixty years ago, even today holds good of Holland. *Floreat ad multos annos, plurimosque annos.*

## ARTHUR WILFRED ANTHONISZ.

Very few members of his own community enjoyed the privilege of knowing Arthur Wilfred Anthonisz intimately owing to the fact that practically his whole life was spent far away from the larger provincial towns. Small outstations generally allow but short acquaintanceships, which might remind one of ships that pass each other in the night.

Arthur Anthonisz can be pictured as tall and lithe in body, with a soft voice and kindly blue eyes. A predominant impression was that of simplicity and friendliness, which made one feel that one could unfold all one's trials and difficulties to him and be sure of receiving wise counsel.

It was in 1922 that I first met this Grand Old Man, who had the inimitable gift of blending the buoyancy of youth with the sobriety of age. Many a time since, and more particularly in 1927, when I had the good fortune to be closely associated with him for a period of three years, I marvelled at his happy knack of holding together a company of young and old and making them all feel at ease.

He lived in the days of a spacious past, but was not afraid to abandon old moorings. In doing this he exemplified the truth that danger lies not in leaving old moorings but rather in going too far from them.

Arthur Anthonisz belonged to a family sprung from an ancestor originally settled in Jaffna early in the seventeenth century. His great-grand-father moved to Galle just before the island was ceded to the British, and gave to that town the heritage of a name borne by an illustrious roll of gentlemen, scholars, scientists and historians. It is not necessary to repeat a genealogy which is well-known. Arthur Anthonisz was the second child in a family of six boys and four girls, and was born in the Fort of Galle on Michaelmas Day, 1854. With his elder brother Richard, the founder of the Ceylon Dutch Burgher Union, and for many years its respected President, he mastered the three R's in a school kept by the Misses Wood, and completed his education at the Galle Central School. We need not dwell on his school career, beyond stating that the education given at the Galle Central School was reputed to be particularly thorough in mathematics, and fitted him for the career which he later sought.

Arthur Anthonisz was the perfect outdoor man. In hours of quiet conversation I have heard stories of his boyhood from which it may be inferred that he loved the wide open spaces. When Galle was the chief port of call in the island, the suburbs consisted of the gardens and villas of Old Dutch Burgher families, and in order to get to the country one had to go a great distance. Consequently those boyhood adventures occurred around Wackwella, where the treacherous waters of the Gin Ganga might have claimed him for their own had he not been saved by his elder brother. The jungles of Watering Point and the marshes of Unawatune were familiarly described in his stories. It was natural that his way of life should have eventually brought him in manhood to a career which appealed so much to him in his youth.

At the early age of 19 he was selected by the late Mr. C. P. G. de Vos, Deputy Postmaster General of Galle, to fill a vacancy in the local Post-Office as a Junior Clerk. Shortly afterwards, on the introduction of the Licensed Surveyors Ordinance, he was one of the first candidates to qualify as a Surveyor, and to join the fraternity which is described as the brotherhood of the chain and arrow, under the new system of recruitment. His reminiscences as a surveyor went back to the early eighties, when the main line of the railway was opened from Nawalapitiya to Nanu Oya; to the days of the pioneer, when the marking of boundaries in the backwoods of Udugama in the Southern Province had to be undertaken in consequence of the rush to open out land in tea.

Much might be said in this connection of the trials of the surveyor who had not the advantage of the modern network of roads, or the facilities for moving from one place to another. But the person sitting comfortably in his arm-chair can form no conception of the inhospitable jungle. It is equally difficult for the town-dweller to take measure of the heavy toll which a lengthy stay in the jungle demands. But the experienced reader can readily understand what the life of a surveyor was half a century ago. Facilities for travelling may have improved, but the backwoods remain the same. A tent, soaked by the monsoon rains, chilled by the dews of night, or, on the other hand, a veritable furnace under the rays of a tropical sun; furniture consisting of a narrow camp-bed, a camp-stool, and a camp-table; the eternal problems of the commissariat; a companionship with leeches or ticks which passes over from familiarity to contempt and irritation—these considera-

tions are sufficient in themselves to suggest why sometimes the romance of the jungle-life departs, and a longing for more congenial surroundings takes its place.

Arthur Anthonisz solved the problem by a happy compromise. He accepted an appointment as Superintendent of minor roads of the Hambantota District, combining the life in a town with the lure of the jungle. Thus it was that he took up his residence in Tangalle over forty years ago. The minor roads of Hambantota District were at that time under construction. The Urubokka and Kirama Irrigation Schemes in the West Giruwa Pattu, the growing citronella industry, the agricultural activities which followed the restoration of the ancient irrigation work at Tissamaharama, and the salt pans at Hambantota and Bundala, Kirinda and Palutapana—all these needed roads.

A. G. A.'s came and A. G. A.'s went—some of them gluttons for work, others who moved more cautiously in the march towards progress. A standard of work commensurate with their own high ability was demanded. Many a friendly act or written note would testify that Arthur Anthonisz did not fall short in their estimation. He spent days and often weeks on his circuits. His journeys were made in a bullock cart, moving from place to place by night, working in the cool hours of the day, and resting under the shelter of a wayside tree during midday hours.

I could call to my mind many a story I heard of adventures on the grassy margin of open *lewayas*, under the shelter of the Hambantota dunes, and in the park-like *palasses* or open glades of the East Giruwa and Magam Pattus. There was one excursion in particular which he never tired of recalling—a happy holiday trip with his family which took seven days by cart travelling on the outer fringe of his District: Walasmulla, Katuwana, Middeniya, Angunakolapalasse, Hambantota, Ranne, and back to Tangalle. It was typical of the man that he would make excellent use of these opportunities for jungle travel. He combined the sportsman's instinct with an understanding of wild life. His knowledge of the habits of the wild animals and of the birds found in the District proved him to be a keen observer trained in the school of experience.

One of his many remarkable gifts was his power of ingratiating himself with the village people. On some of the trips he made with me I had the opportunity of watching him as he listened to their stories with unwearying patience, piecing together the invaluable information they gave him on many subjects, by a combination of humour and bluff, and occasionally playing off a practical joke on some to the great merriment of the others. I recall one of these practical jokes. While passing through a village he was attracted by the lumps of white clay deposited by crocodiles on the bund of the village tank. Collecting some of these and some leaves from a pepper vine, he passed them round the gathering which

came out to meet us at another village, declaring them to be very fine betel and chunam! Only an expert could say that he is being duped before he begins his chew.

After retirement from his semi-government post in 1899, Arthur Anthonisz continued to reside at Tangalle, practising as a licensed surveyor and architect.

As an indication of his ability as a designer and builder, it is only necessary to mention that the plans of the present Wesleyan Chapel at Galle were prepared by him. His technical advice and help in this direction were given gratuitously in memory of his grand-father, the Rev. Abraham Anthonisz, who was a Wesleyan Minister.

Bred to be hardy by an outdoor life, Arthur Anthonisz was able to keep to his vocation till the very twilight of his long day. During this period he devoted much of his time to painting and sketching—one of his varied accomplishments. The walls of his picturesque home, perched on the edge of a cliff overlooking the Tangalle bay, were adorned with many a beautiful sketch of places he had visited. Besides a talent for capturing shades of colour and laying them on canvas, he was able to convey in black and white many a vivid reproduction of the more interesting places in his district. Among these were sketches of the old Dutch fort at Katuwana and of the historic temple at Kataragam.

His *magnum opus* will ever appeal to the reverence of the worshipper who enters the little Church in the town he loved so well. Two life-size canvases, one in crayon the other in colour, depicting the Nativity and the Crucifixion, which in their due seasons alternately adorn the chancel, are the work of his hand. The offering of these works of art to the Church makes it almost unnecessary to remark that Arthur Anthonisz was a devout Churchman. For over a greater part of a century he was the Bishop's Trustee, and for an equal length of time the organist of Christ Church, Tangalle.

He chose as his wife Angelina Jansz, a member of a family well-known in old Galle. They were both spared to celebrate their *Zilver Bruiloft* and their *Goude Bruiloft*, the latter with time-honoured ceremonies, on the 27th December, 1930.

His death, which took place on the 19th of May, 1933, at the ripe age of 79, was not entirely unexpected by his friends, but even those closing scenes gave no indications of trembling hands, or tottering footstep, or dimmed eye, or enfeebled limb. To end so would not have been an appropriate close for such a life as his.

There are many standards by which we measure a man as being one of the foremost of his kind. Peace to the ashes of one who was great and good, a Grand Old Man of a past generation.

R. L. B.

## MEMBERSHIP RALLY.

A Membership Rally and Social was held on the 15th July and proved a great success. There was a large attendance of members and friends. The proceedings commenced with the singing of the D. B. U. Anthem, "*Het Lieve Vaderland*". The President then delivered a short introductory address and was followed by Mr. E. H. Vanderwall, who made a spirited appeal to those present to preserve the good name of the community. The next item on the programme was the recitation of an ode "Let us take hands" specially composed for the occasion by a well known member of the Union. The dramatic and thoughtful manner in which little Miss Doreen Vanderstraaten delivered this appropriate plea for unity charmed the audience. The stewards and stewardesses then got busy in attending to the creature comforts of the guests, and the social evening which followed was enlivened by a programme of musical items which was much appreciated. Dancing came next, and was kept up with spirit till a late hour.

### The President's Address.

THE PRESIDENT said:—"Ladies and gentlemen, friends and fellow members, it gives us great pleasure to see you here to-day in such large numbers and to welcome you to our 25th Anniversary Rally.

"Mr. Vanderwall was the originator of the brilliant suggestion that we should use the occasion of our special general meeting to invite our friends and well-wishers to a Social Rally, so that we may take counsel together with regard to matters which deeply concern the welfare of us Dutch Burghers. Before calling on Mr. Vanderwall to address you, I should like to sketch in outline the background of our history as a Union. I ask you to go back with me 25 years, to the time when this Union was inaugurated at the Pettah Library Hall, on the 18th January 1908, with Dr. W. G. Vandort in the chair. The Union was formed with the object of promoting the moral, social, and intellectual well-being of the community. The late Mr. R. G. Anthonisz, who was the chief founder of the Union, in one of his earliest addresses pointed out that the Union was formed to remind us constantly of our origin and to make us live up to the traditions of our ancestors. It was to inspire us with courage and confidence in ourselves, loyalty to our rulers, and feelings of friendship towards our fellow countrymen.

"The foundations of the Union were laid by the enrolment of all the staunchest and worthiest members of the community as original members, with the Hon'ble Mr. F. C. Loos, C. M. G., as our first President, Mr. R. G. Anthonisz as our first Secretary, and Mr. Sam de Heer as our first Treasurer. It was a good omen of success that we should have had the support of some of the most outstanding members of our community".

Dr. Leembruggen then proceeded to review the work done by the various gentlemen who held the offices of President, Secretary, and Treasurer, and continued:—"After the adoption of the Constitution, one of the chief aims of the Union was to prepare a Register of the Dutch Burghers, to sift the claims of applicants for membership, and to publish the genealogies of Dutch families now in Ceylon. We were fortunate in having had two enthusiastic antiquarians and students of Dutch history in the persons of Messrs. R. G. Anthonisz and F. H. de Vos. Mainly through their efforts, there have been published in the D. B. U. Journal the genealogies of a great many of the Dutch Burgher families now existing in the Island, and a mass of material has been accumulated, in the applications of membership filed in our records, to form a reference library for the community in regard to their ancestors. Nearly every family of note in our community who could establish a claim to the appellation of Dutch Burgher, has at one time or another been enrolled in the Union, and the description Dutch Burgher is one universally recognized in Ceylon to-day. This is no mean achievement, since the question "Who is a Burgher?" was asked as a conundrum within the memory of our own times, and a great many were in ignorance of the answer."

Dr. Leembruggen next proceeded to review the activities of the various Sub-Committees, and concluded as follows:—"I have now given you an outline of our progress, which should afford us great cause for thankfulness, but much remains yet to be done. The purpose of this meeting is to rouse our community from the apathy which is so prevalent in our midst, and to bring them to realize the difficult times through which we, like the rest of the world, are going through. 'Let us take hands' and combine to succour the poor and needy who haunt our doors, and worse still, are sinking unseen into degeneracy and evil. We are striving at present to urge on Government the need to provide free elementary education for our community as a great and pressing need.

What success we shall meet with at this period of financial chaos we cannot prognosticate, but let us not sit with folded hands as so many do in this country, and wait for Government to be the universal provider. Let us remember the example of our glorious ancestors and their spirit of self-sacrifice and self-help. Let us recall the dauntless courage of the poor Burghers of Leyden, the remnant of conquerors who survived the horrors of the seven months' siege, and who, on being offered the choice between their being relieved from the burden of taxation, or being given a University of learning, chose not the path of ease, as well they might have done, but clamoured for upliftment—for the power to rise and to progress.

"With the narrowing of nearly all avenues of employment, the destitution of so many of our people, and the inability of so many families to feed and clothe and educate their children, it is our duty as good citizens to organize our resources and to bind closer the bonds of unity and good-will, to bring practical help and personal service to the many who are sinking in the mire of poverty and despair.

"Unless our more fortunate, influential and intelligent members come forward and volunteer to investigate the needs of our weak and needy brethren, and to put forth helpful hands, who will help "God's poor" in our midst? Our ancestors have been famed for their spirit of large-hearted and practical benevolence in the support of the poor and the aged. Let us recapture some of their traditions of good-will and mercy. Let us not remain content with mere lip service and pious aspiration, but convert our good-will into little deeds of kindness and humble service." (Loud applause).

### Mr. Vanderwall's Address.

MR. VANDERWALL said:—"Shakespeare says:—

'Who steals my purse steals trash,  
But he who filches from me my good name,  
Takes that from me which not enricheth him,  
And leaves me poor indeed.'

"We have received the traditions of a name, rich in honour and rich in achievements, and it is our duty to preserve that name unsullied. Nothing has done more in recent years to preserve our name from undeserved reproach than the Dutch Burgher Union. Bear with me while I read to you an extract from 'Ceylon and the

Cingalese," a work by H. C. Sirr, M.A., of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister at Law, and late Deputy Queen's Advocate for the Southern Circuit in the Island of Ceylon. [The passage was then read].

"This description of the Burghers of Ceylon is obviously false, prejudiced and malicious, but it was possible for such a publication to see the light of day. But that was before the Dutch Burgher Union was founded. The qualifications for membership in the Dutch Burgher Union are well known and are entitled to the respect and the confidence of the public. Many of you will remember how the riots of 1914 led to the formation of Town Guards on a racial basis. There was a Burgher Section of the Town Guard in Kandy of which I was the officer in charge. A question arose regarding the admission to the Burgher section of some persons, who were not regarded as Burghers. When the matter was referred to the Commanding Officer at Kandy, who was an English planter, he said: "Your men claim to be Dutch Burghers. Are they members of the Dutch Burgher Union?" That was the test. I could have taken my hat off to that man.

"A man's first duty is to look after himself and to provide for himself, so that he may not be a burden to his relations, his friends or the public. His next duty is to look after his wife and children. But a third duty remains. He must look after his community. A man must do some work for the public good, and what section of the public is there that deserves his attention and service more than his own community.

"It is not enough then to be a Dutch Burgher, but public opinion requires one to be a member of the Dutch Burgher Union. If you are not a member, the inference is either that you are ineligible for election, or that you are one of those soured persons, who shun the society of your fellow men, a rogue elephant in human shape.

"It is not enough to be a respectable unit in society. You must be a respectable unit of a respectable community.

"At 50 cents a month you can be a member of the Dutch Burgher Union, and preserve the honour of your name. I recommend it to you as the cheapest form of insurance society you can find.

"Reference has been made to the Pan-Burgher Union. I think it is not sufficiently realised that the Dutch Burgher Union is the Pan-Burgher Union. Dutch Burgher is identically the same as



Burgher, but is a more intensified form. The term Burgher as used in Ceylon has a Dutch origin, and can be correctly used only in the sense given to it by the Dutch. Neither ethnologically nor historically can it be made to bear any other meaning. It is significant that in India, in which there is a large population of mixed origin, the term Burgher is unknown.

"Let me now deal with some of the objections commonly urged against the Dutch Burgher Union. It is sometimes stated that the Union is meant only for the well-to-do classes, those who can afford to drive in motor cars. This is very far from the truth, for the typical Burgher is a man of moderate means, and if the Dutch Burgher Union is to represent our community, we essentially need such men. We cannot exclude any class of men and claim to be a representative Dutch Burgher Union.

"Then again it is said, some are not made sufficiently welcome when they come to the Union Hall. This is by no means the experience of those who are frequent visitors. But I would say to the diffident, 'Make yourselves at home, for this is your home in which you are hosts yourselves and not guests. Find your own intimate circles. It is not possible for a couple of hundred persons to throw their arms round each others' necks, every time they meet.'

"I shall not refer to the activities of the Union in its literary, historical or social service aspects, or to the facilities it affords for pleasure and pastime. These are matters to which the President has made full allusion.

"I shall conclude my address by asking you to remember that the race from which we spring has done more for the civilisation and progress of the world than any other race, and that our ancestors in this island held honourable positions which should inspire our own lives to leave as shining a record. I cannot close better than with the stirring lines of Kipling:

"Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget! Lest we forget!"

(At the conclusion of his remarks Mr. Vanderwall was heartily applauded).

## THE DUTCH CEMETERY AT KALUTARA

By E. H. V.

One would hardly notice the Dutch cemetery at Kalutara as one passed along the busy thoroughfare by which it lies. It is a small grass-grown plot, adjoining the Police Court and is surrounded by a high wall, secured by an iron gate, which is kept locked.

There is only one tombstone with a Dutch inscription:—

Balthazar Rock  
Geb. te Mosbach  
A<sup>o</sup> 1751 D<sup>1</sup> 10th April  
Overl: 1803 D<sup>1</sup> 10th Juny.

Balthazar Rock of Mosbach (a town close to Mannheim) was married on February 5th, 1786, to Elizabeth Kerkhoven of Kalutara, daughter of Tobias Kerkhoven and Gertruida Gysbertsz. Maria Rock was the wife of George Wendt of Grosse Breesen (Lauenburg Prussian Pomerania) who came out to Ceylon from Amsterdam in 1792 by the Ship *Vasco da Gama*. He was the ancestor of the Wendt family in Ceylon.

The above tombstone finds a place in Lewis' "Tombstones and Monuments," but the following, which are left unrecorded should be of interest to our readers:—

Sacred  
to the  
memory  
of

Rykloff Johannes Ebert Esq.  
Born 16 January 1758  
Died 17 April 1833

Aged 75 years 3 months and 1 day.

Rykloff Johannes Ebert was Sitting Magistrate of Kalutara and the ancestor of the Ebert family of that town.

Another descendant of Rykloff Johannes Ebert was John William Ebert, who married at Matara on the 26th November 1840, Adriana Charlotta Lorenz, sister of Charles Ambrose Lorenz.

In  
 loving memory  
 of  
 Eliza  
 and  
 her husband  
 Petrus Henricus  
 van Cuylenburg  
 died 6 June 1869 aged 51  
 and  
 22 June '87 aged 72  
 also their sons  
 Frederick Clarke  
 and  
 Richard Abraham  
 died at Colombo  
 9th February '79 and 15th September '86  
 aged 27 and 38.

Petrus Henricus van Cuylenberg was for many years the Government Medical Officer stationed at Kalutara. He was among the first batch of pupils trained by Dr. Kevett, an army Surgeon, in Medical Service in Ceylon. A fellow-student of his was the famous E. F. Kelaart, the author of *Prodromus Faunae Zeylanicae*.

Dr. van Cuylenberg married on the 29th December 1841, Eliza Morgan, sister of Sir Richard Morgan. They were the parents of Sir Hector van Cuylenberg and Mrs. F. C. Loos.

In memory of  
 Johonna Christina Dieffenbach  
 Beloved wife of  
 Peter Christian Scharenguivel  
 who died  
 8th June 1864  
 aged 79 years  
 Also of her beloved  
 Husband  
 who died  
 25th March 1868  
 aged 74 years.

Peter Christian Scharenguivel, who was a wealthy land-owner at Kalutara, was great-grandfather of Dr. J. A. Scharenguivel, who is now settled in medical practice at that town.

In memory  
 of  
 Fretz Peter Scharenguivel  
 of Kalutara  
 Born 20th February 1820  
 Died 21st August 1896  
 I will wait for you at the golden gate.

In memory  
 of  
 Jeseline Aurelia de Neys  
 wife of  
 F. P. Scharenguivel  
 Born 15th December 1832  
 Died 20th February 1912  
 I will rejoin you within the golden gate.

Fretz Peter Scharenguivel was for many years connected with the staff of the District Court, Kalutara.

## GENEALOGY OF THE ERNST FAMILY.

George Nicolaas Ernst, from Neustadt on the River Aisch in Bavaria, married Gertruida Podree, 31 March 1771.

He had by her :—

- I. Nicolaas Christiaan Ernst b. 12 July 1772.
  - II. Helena Catherine Ernst b. 29 March 1775.
  - III. Michiel Johan Ernst bap. 25 Feb. 1781.
  - IV. Petrus Wilhelmus Ernst bap. 13 July 1783.
  - V. George Johan Ernst bap. 17 July 1785.
- I. Nicolaas Christian Ernst married twice. By his first wife, Carlotta Helena Grosman, whom he married 31 May, 1795, he had :—
1. Nicolaas Philippus Ernst bap. 29 April 1798.
  2. Ernestus Martinus Ernst bap. 24 May 1800.
  3. George Edward Ernst b. 19 Sept. 1800, d. 31 Aug. 1884.  
By his second wife Maria van Dort, he had Johonna Leonora Ernst, who married Charles Daniel Vollenhoven.
- II. Helena Catherina Ernst b. 29 March 1775 m. 29 May 1791 Johan Gabriel Smith, Surgeon. She was grandmother of Charles Lorenz.
- III. Michiel Johan Ernst married twice. By his first wife, Frederica Louisa Pannes, he had Johan George Ernst b. 23 Sept 1821. m. A. Altendorff.  
By his second wife Maria Elizabeth Ludovici, whom he married 16 Jan. 1833, he had :—
1. Henrietta Drusilla Ernst, m. 17 Nov. 1859 Leopold Ludovici, Editor "Ceylon Examiner".
  2. Francis Ernst.
- VI. George Edward Ernst (see I. 3 above) m. Petronella Gerardina Vollenhoven. He had by her :—
1. John Henry Ernst b. 21 May 1826, d. 1864.
  2. Alethea Elizabeth Ernst b. 28 March 1828.
  3. Emilia Felicia Ernst b. 19 May 1835.  
m. John Buultjens 1856.
  4. George Edward (Charles) Ernst b. 13 June 1851.

- VII. John Henry Ernst (see VI. 1. above) m. Amelia Sophia Frederica Jansz, who was born 6th June 1832 and died 29 April 1895. He had by her :—
1. Emily Harriet Ernst m. 3rd May 1869 Wilfred Charles van der Wall, d. 31st May 1871.
  2. John Henry Ernst b. 15th July 1852.
  3. Alice Harriet Ernst b. 3rd May 1855 m. Gerald Edward Keuneman 14th Sept. 1876, d. 31st Dec. 1886.
  4. William Henry Ernst.
  5. Charles Henry Ernst b. 1st Feb. 1857.
  6. Margaret Harriet Ernst b. 12th March 1860,  
m. Casper Thomas Leembruggen, Sept. 1878, d. 14th Dec. 1882.
- VIII. John Henry Ernst (see VII. 2 above) m. Rose Marion Vollenhoven 14th Feb. 1889, d. 2nd Feb. 1900  
He had by her :—
1. Arthur Henry Ernst b. 10th Dec. 1889 d. 26th June 1908.
  2. Noel Edward Ernst b. 25th Dec. 1891.
  3. Gerald Frank Ernst b. 22nd Jan. 1894.
  4. Hazel Alice Ernst b. 19th March 1896.
  5. Edna Marguerite Ernst b. July 1899.
- Noel Edward Ernst (see VIII. 2 above) m. 4th Sept. 1916 Margaret Henrietta de Vos. He had by her :—
1. Gertruida Joan Madge Ernst b. 27th July 1917.
  2. William Henry Ernst b. 16th Oct. 1924
- Gerald Frank Ernst (see VIII. 3 above) m. 22nd Dec. 1921 Esme Edith Victoria Jonklaas. He had by her :—
- |                           |                      |
|---------------------------|----------------------|
| Noel Leonard Gerard Ernst | } b. 25th Dec. 1924. |
| Bryan Frank Henry Ernst   |                      |
- IX. Charles Henry Ernst (see VII. 5 above)  
m. 28th Jan. 1885 Galla Victoria Altendorff, d. 27th Nov. 1930. He had by her :—
1. Charles Henry Evan Ernst b 13 Jan. 1886.
  2. Alick Hilton Ernst b 12 March 1888.
  3. Adalbert Henry Ernst b 2 Sept. 1890.
  4. Laurence Conrad Ernst b 21 June 1896.
  5. Gerald Eitel Ernst b 29 March 1899.
  6. Owen Mauritz Ernst b 6 June 1901, d 24 May 1905

7. Rita Victoria Ernst b 16 Sept 1902.
8. Alton Victor Ernst b 9 April 1905.
9. Maureen Victoria Ernst b 26 May 1907, m 8 Dec. 1932 Wilhelm Augustus Carlyle Smith

Alick Hilton Ernst (see IX. 2 above) m Blanche Mildred Anthonisz 21 Dec. 1916, d 3 Sept. 1921. He had by her:—  
Galla Mildred Catherine Ernst b 10 March 1918.

Adalbert Henry Ernst (see IX. 3 above) m Dec. 1918 Phyllis Helen Maud Anthonisz. He had by her:—

1. Derrick Vernon Ernst b 18 Sept. 1921.
2. Alexander Henry Ernst b 11 Nov. 1924.
3. Galla Phyllis Jean Ernst, b 6 Nov. 1931.

Gerald Eitel Ernst (see IX. 5 above) m 27 April 1929, Wilhelmina Henrietta Schokman. He had by her:—  
Isobel Dorothy Ernst, b 16 April 1930.

Alton Victor Ernst (see IX. 8 above) m 28 Dec. 1927, Hazel Rose Ludowyk.

X. George Edward (Charles) Ernst (see VI. 4 above) m Catherine E Sela, 25 April 1878. He had by her:—

1. William Edward Ernst b 4 May 1879
2. Hugh Victor Ernst b 31 July 1880.
3. Catherine Vivienne Ernst b 24 Sept. 1881, d April 1882.
4. Amelia Irene Ernst b 28 July 1883, d 31 May 1900.
5. Claire Elaine Ernst b 10 July 1885, m 12 July 1910 Fred Arnold Altendorff.
6. Lionel Claude Ernst b 3 May 1887, d 26 Jan. 1889.
7. Catherine May Ernst b 31 May 1889, m 23 Nov. 1911 Reginald Ridley Ludakens.
8. Carl Ambrose Ernst b 19 Jan. 1892, m in England.
9. Lena Violet Ernst b 15 Jan. 1895, m 30 Oct. 1912, Dunstan de Niese.

William Edward Ernst (see X 1 above) m 24 March 1909, Millicent Auwardt. He had by her:—

Edward William Clifford Ernst b 28 Feb. 1913.

Hugh Victor Ernst (see X 2 above) married twice. By his first wife Eugenie Buultjens he had:

1. Rene Ernst b 4 Jan. 1904.
2. Owen Ernst b 13 March 1906, m 3 April 1929, Cornelius Stewart Dickman.
3. Hugh Maurice Ernst b 27 Jan. 1908.

By his second wife Erin Vera Vollenhoven he had:

1. Veronica Victorine Ernst b 3 July 1915.
2. Vernon Lindsay Ernst b 19 Dec. 1917.

E. H. V.

## GENEALOGY OF THE VOLLENHOVEN FAMILY.

Henricus Vollenhoven from Utrecht, who came out to India in 1766 in the ship "Borselen," married Elizabeth Moorman, widow of Johan Momeyer. He had by her:—

- I. Henricus Albertus Vollenhoven, bap. at Galle, 1st April, 1771.
- II. Anton Albertus Vollenhoven, bap. at Galle, 4th April, 1773.
- III. Mathijs Abraham Vollenhoven, bap. at Galle, 4th July, 1775.
- IV. Johannes Vollenhoven, bap. at Galle, 13th March, 1777. d. at Galle, 1st Nov. 1818.
- V. Lambertus Vollenhoven, bap. at Galle, 13th March, 1777.
- VI. Petronella Henrietta Vollenhoven, bap. 12th Aug 1781. m. Joseph Smitz.
- VII. Carolina Constantia Vollenhoven, bap. 12th April, 1784.
- VIII. Johannes Vollenhoven (see IV above) m. Johonna Leanora Altendorff 1st Dec. 1799.

He had by her:

1. Henricus Johannes Vollenhoven, bap. Nov. 1800, d. 4th Feb. 1852.
2. Petronella Geradina Vollenhoven, m. George Edward Ernst.
3. Leonardus Vollenhoven, bap. 25th Nov. 1804.
4. Geradina Carolina Vollenhoven, b. 25th Sept. 1812, bap. 29th Nov. 1812, m. Jurgen David Bartholomew Keuneman.
5. Benjamin Charles Daniel Vollenhoven, bap. 19th May, 1816.

IX. Benjamin Charles Daniel Vollenhoven, see (VIII 5 above) m. Johonna Leonora Ernst.

He had by her:

1. James Edward Vollenhoven b. 24th April, 1838, d. at Matara 16th June, 1879.

X. James Edward Vollenhoven (see IX. 1 above) m. 29th March 1860, Emelina Louisa Andree who was born 29th March 1841 and died at Matara 17th May 1929.

He had by her:

1. Arthur Lindsay Vollenhoven b. 11th June, 1861, d. May 1928.
2. Wilfred Ernest Vollenhoven, b. 21st June, 1862, d. 28th March 1881.
3. Alfred Morley Vollenhoven b. 11th June 1864, d. 23rd Aug. 1865.
4. Rose Marian Vollenhoven, b. 29 July, 1865, m. 14th Feb. 1889, John Henry Ernst.
5. Elwin Scott Vollenhoven, b. 16 Aug. 1867.
6. Laurence Arnold Vollenhoven, b. 22nd Feb. 1869, m. 30th July 1902, Georgiana Augusta Koch.
7. Ellen Marian Vollenhoven, b. 21 Nov. 1870, m. 24th Jan. 1895, James Owen Oorloff.
8. Linda Vollenhoven b. 6th Dec. 1872 m. (1) 16th Sept. 1894, Joseph L. Altendorff, who died 1st Dec. 1914. (2) Jan. 1920, Lionel Mellonius.
9. Frances Louisa Vollenhoven b. 18th Sept 1874.
10. James Edward Vollenhoven b. 5th March, 1876.
11. Lionel Gordon Vollenhoven b. 3rd Nov. 1877.
- XI. Arthur Lindsay Vollenhoven, (see X. 1 above) m. 8th May 1884, Evelyn Maud de Zylwa.

He had by her.

1. Erin Vera Vollenhoven. m. Hugh Victor Ernst.
2. Neil Lyle Vollenhoven, b. 29th March, 1887.
- XII. Neil Lyle Vollenhoven, (see XI. 1 above) m. Rita Belle Meynert.

He had by her.

1. Iris Belle Vollenhoven b. 4th June, 1918.
2. Doreen Phyllis Vollenhoven b. 6th Sept. 1919.
3. Arthur William Neilson Vollenhoven, b. 25th May, 1921.
4. Elmo Lyle Vollenhoven b. 17th Mar. 1930.
- XIII. Elwin Scott Vollenhoven (see X. 5 above) married in England, Miss O' Brien.

He had by her.

1. Ellen Vollenhoven.
2. Charles Vollenhoven.
- XIV. Lionel Gordon Vollenhoven, m. 18th Dec. 1911. Alice Foender.

He had by her:

David Alison Vollenhoven, b. 22nd Feb. 1920.

E. H. V.

## HET WAFEL MEISJE.

THE WAFEL GIRL.

*Translated from the Dutch by Dora Anthonisz.*

*(Mrs. Denzil Koch.)*

Who does not know the Wafel Girl, the neat, clean, lovely Wafel Girl, with her Frisian Cap and silver earrings, gleaming jacket, her clean pinafore, green slippers, and the plate in her hand, over which a white napkin is spread so that the

“Wafels diep gherupt

Wel ghesuychert, wel ghecrupt

Wel met boter over droopt”

may be protected from the effects of the light and flies. When the stork or swallow comes back, which is to us a harbinger of spring, so also comes the Wafel Girl annually, at the same time, the same place, in order to build her dwelling, and to announce to the people that the Christmas festivities have begun. Everything in this world is changing, and ageing quickly, but though Time changes other things, towards the Wafel Girl is his hand not extended, neither has he withered the lilies on her cheeks nor put wrinkles on her glistening forehead. The lightness of her step has not changed, nor has the spotlessness of her clothes been soiled. With every circle of the year she treads as merrily and gracefully as the rosy flowers in the meadow; but she is not short lived like them. Sometimes at Christmas and Annual Fairs, our attention is drawn of the changes that take place. So many have gone away to other places, but the Wafel Girl remains always there, always young, always giving her gifts, unchanging, imperishable as Destiny. And not she alone, but all that you find in her tent, which she uses in her business. Ask yourselves, you Christmas Visitors, is not that Wafel booth always in the same place, green outside, and canary-coloured inside. Cross the wooden floor, and you see, as you did years ago, a smoothly wrought chiffonier, having on left and right engravings in yellow—“The Calamity of Leiden”, “The Flood”, or “The History of the Lost Son”. On the chiffonier you remember the white cups with gold handles and the nosegay of paper flowers, the chairs with mat seats, and in the corner, the little songster in his cage. On the right is the oaken wainscoting of two archways, shut off inadequately with curtains, in

Eastern fashion, which lead to two rooms. If you enter the cabin of one of these, you find a small table and a round bench. On the left sits the nurse by the fire. She has always sat there, and never leaves her place. Near her sits the Wafel Girl. When I say Wafel Girl, I mean the three Wafel Girls, for just as there are three Graces and three Furies, so there are also always three girls who call the nurse *moeder*. How she always happens to have three daughters, neither more nor less, will always remain a mystery. It is sufficient that she and her girls and her booth will always be there, like the myrmidons of old. Of the three girls, I shall only write of one, for when you have seen one, you have seen them all, for they are all alike as the flowers in the meadow, or the Wafel that they serve round. The Wafel Girl has well-formed limbs, regular in figure, somewhat inclined to stoutness, and her movements have a charming grace. Her skin is white and shining, soft as silk, but not very elastic. Her light blue eyes have a calm, soft expression, that is proof of a heart that beats calmly, and where no passions and storms have raged. I cannot describe her hair, whether it be black or fair, from the little which is visible under her neat cap. From the dark tint of the eyebrows I should say the former. The character of the girl is altogether passive. She is obedient to the commands and wishes of the nurse. She brings the wafels where they are needed and covers the tables. She serves the visitors, and if she has no one to attend on, she sits by the chiffonier, in front of the entrance, but sitting or standing, walking or resting, busy or idle, nothing rouses her face from its placidity, and *nothing disturbs the quiet calm of her courage*. She listens with the same smile to the requests of the guests, the tactless witty expressions of the jolly maid servers, the abusive words of the drunkard, and the sweet flattery of the older lover. With the same indifferent look she sees the caresses of a friendly pair, and a quarrel between two pack porters over a new Helena. Then a youth bolder than the rest, not pleased with being treated indifferently, and in order to give his protestations greater weight, seizes her soft hand. She does not take it back, but the pressure is not returned. The youth, more audacious, covers her face and hands with kisses. She does not repulse him, but the youth suddenly finds to his surprise and disappointment, how little he has captivated her. He is treated like a shadow, while she is busy offering a glass of Anis Wine to a seamstress, or serving an office boy with a second Wafel. From all this, it is quite evident that a Wafel Girl stands apart by herself, not subject to the usual weaknesses of human nature, and only resembling the daughters of Eve in form. Nevertheless there are sceptics, who have dared to maintain, that at midday a wafel booth goes by, and the nurse and her maids have been seen sitting round a dish of green earthenware eating potatoes, as calmly as any other mortal, but there is no positive indisputable evidence about this.

## REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

### "THINGS SEEN IN HOLLAND."

BY CHARLES E. ROCHE.

[Seeley Service & Co., Ltd., 196 Shaftesbury Avenue, London].

This delightful work in the "Things Seen" series should appeal to all readers who are interested in Holland and its people.

The author says of the Dutch that they are "Truly a wonderful nation, which for eighty years struggled with all-powerful Spain, which was run over under Napoleon, accomplishing the while marvellous triumphs in drainage and land reclamation, producing the foremost scholars in Europe, a body of almost unparalleled painters, revealing remarkable colonising and commercial aptitude, and the founders of the United States, to a far greater extent than the Pilgrim Fathers."

Amsterdam is a grave, old city—the Venice of the North. "As one wanders along its thoroughfares, the names of the streets, *grachten* (canals) *singels* (moats, girdles or encircling ditches) and *kaden* (quays) tell the city's history to those who care to delve into it."

The Hague is a beautiful city, well laid out and "its citizens consider themselves vastly superior to the rest of the Dutch nation."

The Mauritshuis is a treasure of historical art, and in its Royal cabinet of curiosities "is the sword of De Ruyter, the bullet-riddled cuirass of Tromp (so often wrongly styled van Tromp), a lock of hair of the heroic Lieutenant van Speijk, who in 1831 blew up his ship at Antwerp to preserve the honour of the Dutch tricolour, the clothes worn by William the Silent at the moment of his foul assassination, and a miniature Dutch house, made for Peter the Great, who refused to pay its cost, whereupon its architect Brandt, presented it to the museum."

Our readers have probably heard of Peter Mikhailoff, known among his fellow workers in the Dutch ship-building yard as Peterbaas (Boss Peter in America), who was in reality Peter the Great, Czar of Russia.

His hut at Zaandaam is a centre of interest to hundreds of tourists.

Our Malibaan Street in the Pettah of Colombo probably derives its name from one of the glories of Utrecht "the famed Malie baan, a triple avenue of magnificent lime-trees."

There is not much drinking in Holland. As the author points out, "In Holland, as with ourselves, the habit of taking something

before dinner is dying out, and so is that of wine-drinking when ladies pay an afternoon call. In fact, the afternoon tea has swept all before it."

Dutch cheese is of course, well known to our readers. The red "cannon balls" we use are cheese marked for export, as they are "painted with a deep claret-tinted pigment to enable them to stand the sea-voyage without detriment to their quality."

The author's observations on the cutting of Dutch cheese should provide useful hints to our housewives.

"In regard to the cutting of cheese, every stranger will have to learn how to perform the operation without cutting himself, and more especially how to avoid disfiguring it, an unforgivable sin in Dutch eyes. The *Edammerkaas* (Edam Cheese), the one with which we are so familiar, must be sliced crossways into transparent slices, but never be dug into or scooped out, for then it ceases to retain its moisture and freshness."

We sometimes hear that the Burghers are not "clubbable" persons. It is interesting to know that "club-life in the shape of *societeiten* flourishes in the Netherlands, the smallest towns boasting of one or more of these social circles."

Visitors to Holland from Ceylon and elsewhere will heartily endorse the following:

"Throughout Holland, the stranger who has been properly introduced, or who knows how to ingratiate himself with the people, is sure to be treated with extreme kindness."

Like other writers on the Dutch, the author is impressed with the cleanliness in Holland and the incessant polishing and scrubbing that strike the eye. He adds that "rain does not stop the Dutch maid from her outdoor work, which she will engage in while holding an umbrella over her head."

The author observes that the dog works hard in Holland. In England one works "like a horse." The equivalent saying in Holland is to work "like a dog."

Those who are interested in Dutch costumes may find it strange to be told that "the national costume, except on market days and festive occasions, is a curiosity even in that very Dutch town, Amsterdam."

"Although Queen Wilhelmina and the dowager Queen Emma strive to encourage the wearing of the several local costumes, the custom, sad to record, has died and is dying out in many localities. A sign of this is that ladies wear these costumes for a *bal costume*, as if they were truly a thing of the past. On certain occasions the Queen affects the garb of the women of Friesland."

Among the delicacies offered for sale at Kermis time the author mentions *poffertjes* (the American pop-overs) and *wafelen* (waffles).

In his reference to St. Nicholaas' day, the author states that it is kept on December 5th, the eve of the Saint's name-day. He adds that the legend of St. Nicholaas is widespread as shewn in Winchester Cathedral and in many parts of France. The "Knickerbockers" who went to America imported the celebration of the feast into that country, where it still flourishes as Santa Claus, but is kept on Christmas eve.

The author believes that there are some reasons for supposing that the game of golf may have been borrowed from the Dutch.

In Jan Steen's picture "Feast of St. Nicholaas: a Family Group" is the figure of a little boy who holds in one hand an undoubted golf-club and in the other a golf-ball.

For several centuries there was a game known as *het kolven* played in Holland. This closely resembles the modern game of golf. There is a Dutch proverb *Dat is een kolfje naar mijn hand* (that lies to my hand like a golf club), which is said of something which exactly suits the speaker.

The Dutch never nurse old enmities. The author points out that De Ruyter died fighting the French as an ally of Spain, and that during the Spanish-American war, Dutch national sentiment lay with their ancient foe. It was the national sympathy for a small nation fighting for the preservation of their rights against a larger one.

The author states that when the Dutch sing "Voor Vaderland and Vorst" and "Wien Ne'erlandsch bloed door d'aderen vloeit, van vreemde smetten vrij" their blood may well glow with pride in the deeds of their race "in Java, Sumatra, the East and West Indies, New Netherland, Japan, Brazil, Guiana, the Cape of Good Hope and New York."

On the subject of the Dutch language, the author provides an excellent exercise in the pronunciation of the Dutch g: *Grietje, gooi geen goeje groente in de gracht*, i.e. Maggie, don't throw any good vegetables into the canal."

He also points out that both the English and the Dutch hail a cat in exactly the same way, the English spelling the word "puss" and the Dutch "poes," an imitative word derived from the spitting of a cat.

There is an enormous export trade from Holland into the British Isles amounting to over £35,000,000 in butter, cheese, sugar, fruit, fish and eggs. More than 12,000 tons of Dutch butter come into the British Isles every year.

The book is well illustrated and is highly interesting and instructive.

## THREE BOOKS AND A BOOKLET.

### A REVIEW.

Within the last twelve months there have been published by members of our Union three books and one reprint relating to far off things in Ceylon. These are Dr. Spittel's "Far off Things", the Government Archives' publication of Mr. Reimer's translation of the Memoirs of Ryckloff van Goens, Mr. R. L. Brohier's "Golden Age of Military Adventure in Ceylon", and Mr. J. R. Toussaint's reprint of his article "Batticaloa in Early British Times".

Nearly all Ceylonese writers of note have chosen historical subjects for investigation and study. The only exception has been Dr. E. F. Kelaart, who published his "Prodromus Faunae Zeylanicae" in 1857. Mr. L. E. Blaze's "History of Ceylon", Mr. R. G. Anthonisz's "The Dutch in Ceylon" and the numerous articles published in the D. B. U. Journal by Messrs. R. G. Anthonisz, F. H. de Vos, E. H. Vander Wall, and J. R. Toussaint have been mostly on Historical subjects. From one point of view, it is desirable that Ceylonese should delve into their history and take a share in glean- ing the lessons of the past.

Dr. Spittel's new book is described as a "Panorama of Ceylon history from earliest times up to the present". What interests us most in this work, however, are the first hand observations of a mind attuned to romance and beauty, and ever searching for something new out of the misty past. The author has first briefly sketched the history of the Island from the earliest times, and then presents to us fascinating vignettes of the people who roamed about the forests, of the animal denizens of the forests, with the legends about them which have grown up in the course of centuries. He pictures the Veddas to us against the background of the legend of Vijaya and Kuvani. For many years Dr. Spittel has made a hobby of visiting every Veddah tribe and settlement that he could hear of and of studying all the Veddah lore published by previous students of ethnology. The result is a most sympathetic and interesting account of the remnants of this vanishing race, illustrated by many excellent photographs. The tales that he gives us and his description of their ways of living are full of lively touches. The tale of Kaira and Haidi is a poignant tragedy of real life among these primitive people which brings the veritable atmosphere of the wild before

us. That atmosphere is kept up in the succeeding series of trackers' tales and elephants and men. The poems which follow some of the chapters in the book are full of colour and feeling, notably that addressed to elephants doomed at Kraals, the Goiya, and the ode to the monsoon.

The author next rides his second hobby horse, the devil bird, which has allured him by its ghostly mystery. He has solved the mystery to his own satisfaction and produces chapter and verse (imprecatory) in proof. Four photographs of claimants to the title of devil bird are given. We are now treated to a disquisition on snakes and gipsies, and then accompany him to far off Kumana, this chapter being adorned with some excellent photographs of wild life, from elephants to nestlings in the sanctuary. The little tales which enliven this chapter conclude with a touching love story of village life, entitled Hudha and Hudi, reminiscent of Woolf's village in the jungle. We finally have a vivid description of Kataragama. The author's description of the self-inflicted tortures of the devotees will be startling to those who have not visited Kataragama or Mandur, or gone further afield to South India and seen the Hindu festivals.

"The Memoirs of Governor Ryckloff Van Goens", translated by Mr. E. Reimers, Government Archivist, is a book for the student of history. It should have a special interest for members of our Union since it embodies the ripe wisdom of a Governor who served in Ceylon for 17 years. The translation made by Mr. Reimers, with its lucid introduction and explanatory foot-notes, gives us a full and vivid picture of the difficulties which our ancestors had to overcome, and the efforts which the Dutch Governor had to make to ensure peace and prosperity in the Island. He states at the end of his second memoir that he "found Ceylon for 17 years in such a condition that one dare not pass Caliture along the Coast without a large number of soldiers, and the city of Colombo was full of disorderliness for man and brute both by day and by night. I leave it now to you, as the city of Galle and other forts in the Island, with gates closed and bolts shot, the land in peace and cleared of enemies." The reader must remember that while the administration of the Island had to be conducted to show a favourable balance of trade to satisfy the "Honourable Company", the Governor had to have his 'ear to the ground' to catch all the rumours of intrigue and conspiracy of the Portuguese, who had been dispossessed and driven out from Ceylon,



but who were still supreme in Madura and on the Malabar Coast. The Governor had also constantly to guard the conquered places against the King's troops and other enemies. The extent of their pre-occupation with trade is striking. This was not limited to Ceylon and the Malabar Coast, but extended to Persia, to Bengal, to Siam, Burma, Annam, Japan to Malacca and Batavia. Mr. Reimers gives us a picture of the form of Government and the establishment, Military and Civil, the rules made for the Burghers, and a number of other details. Van Goens' connection with Ceylon was from 1658 to 1675 and "his restless energy and masterfulness" are evident in his detailed instructions. He describes the factories and important places in the Island and the policy to be adopted, how the military should be distributed, agriculture promoted, and everything encouraged which may tend to the welfare of the inhabitants.

Much there is of interest with regard to the Burghers, which the reader should study for himself. The only suggestion I would offer is, that a sketch map showing the roads existent in Ceylon at the period under reference, would be of considerable help to the reader. The identification of the places mentioned by giving their modern names would also be desirable.

Mr. R. L. Brohier's "Golden Age of Military Adventure" treats of a period 142 years later than Van Goens, when the British had displaced the Dutch as rulers of the land. The easy period of almost peaceful succession which gave them possession of this "famous Island" was soon disturbed by the Uva rebellion of 1817. The wilds of Uva ramparted by its protecting girdle of mountain and trackless forest, had never felt the yoke of Portugues or Dutch, as pointed out by the author. The people lacked therefore the experience of their Kandyan brethren—of the futility of untrained and unorganised bodies of men attacking disciplined troops. Aided however by the rugged nature of the country and the lack of roads, the rebels were able to continue a desultory guerilla warfare with the British troops for 15 months. The author has well termed this period the golden age of military adventure, as the fighting was mostly done by quite small parties of British and native troops, officered by young Captains and Subalterns who were thus enabled to show their mettle.

The author has gone to original sources for his data, viz., General Orders of Military Headquarters, gazetteers, almanacs, magazine articles, etc., and manuscript notes made by the late Mr. Frank Modder, who was an authority on matters connected with the Kandyan Provinces.

The writer traces the origin of the insurrection and the early incidents connected with it, and then describes the military organization and the centres from which operations were conducted. He gives us interesting glimpses of encounters between the opposing forces in the Matale foot-hills, and the forced march by Captain Fraser on Anuradhapura—a distance of 34 miles in 24 hours—through rough and wild country.

The author's personal knowledge of much of the country traversed by these troops enables him to put before us much of the natural difficulties which must have been experienced by small bodies of foot soldiers traversing hostile country with no baggage trains, no Intelligence Department. It is a pity that he has not given us a few sketch maps showing the routes taken in these expeditions. Of actual hand to hand fighting there was little; the enemy was generally invisible and almost invariably fled after the first discharge of shots, but the deadly nature of the country in which the operations were carried out took heavy toll of the British troops.

With the depletion of the forces by disease, the difficulties of the country, and the inability to come to grips with the enemy, the issue of the contest seemed very doubtful for a period. After a year of this guerilla warfare the tide turned and events moved rapidly. Some of the chief conspirators were captured and executed after trial, and Pilama Talawa himself by a lucky accident fell into the hands of Lieut. O'Neill. The crowning stroke of luck was the casual capture of the Kandyan palladium—the sacred Dalada—which was found in the possession of a Buddhist priest who was run to earth by Ensign Shoolbraid and a small search party.

There is much of dramatic interest in the tale of this rebellion, and the author has described events clearly and succinctly, in spite of the difficulty of making a connected narration out of a numerous series of isolated incidents. We are glad to find Mr. Brohier joining the small band of keen students of Ceylon history, and we shall look forward to yet more important work from his sympathetic pen and keen spirit of research.

"Batticaloa in early British Times" by Mr. J. B. Toussaint is an interesting pendant to the works mentioned above. This intimate description of Batticaloa has been a labour of love to the author, whose knowledge of the old historical town is minute and

comprehensive. Within the slim compass of 19 pages he has packed a most varied collection of thumb-nail sketches of "men and manners". He brings the life of the period under reference very vividly before us. He quotes Cordinier's account of an outbreak of small-pox in Vandaramulai and Eraur. "On such occasions the husband forsakes his wife, the mother her children and the son his father, often leaving them in their miserable huts to the ravages of famine and the wild beasts of the forests". The Collector of Batticaloa estimates that in the years 1803 and 1804 the district lost nearly one half of its inhabitants by small-pox. We may compare present times with the past. Last year there was another outbreak from an imported case, but not more than 7 cases occurred, thanks to the modern methods of dealing with epidemics. It is difficult for us to-day to realize conditions a hundred years back, but the statement of the Collector that one-fourth of the population of 40,000 fled to Kandy, from fear of the small-pox and famine and the war of rebellion, and another fourth died of want and disease, gives us some idea of the state of things in those early days.

The arrival in Batticaloa of the first Baptist Missionary in 1814 and the vicissitudes of this unfortunate pioneer within 8 months are chronicled, giving us a picture of the hardships experienced by such pioneers.

As a contrast follows Colour-Sergeant Calladine's account of the jolly times the regular soldiers had in Batticaloa (1816), and the virtues of toddy and arrack which he recommends as a specific for "berri berri". The Uva rebellion in the following year broke up these happy times, and the devastating effects of the climate and exposure are depicted. Malarial fever is described as "jungle or putrid fever".

The author brings the history to the period of the arrival of the Athertons in 1825, and the Sortains who were pioneers in opening the Eastern Province to the cultivation of coconuts. I have only sketchily indicated the vivacious narrative of our chronicler, and would advise the reader to possess himself of a copy of this interesting contribution.

We are fortunate in having such keen students of history in our community as the writer of this pamphlet, and we look forward to further publications from his lively pen.

H. U. L.

## NOTES AND QUERIES.

*The A. N. V.* : We are glad to note the kind references made to the UNION and its PRESIDENT in the Annual Report of the Algemeen Nederlandsch Verbond for 1932. "This review would not be complete" says the Report "were no reference made to the Dutch Burgher Union of Ceylon, the newly elected President of which, Dr. H. U. Leembruggen, still maintains the connection which he established with the Verbond on his last visit to our Headquarters. Our relations with the Dutch Burgher Union have always been of the happiest character. The Union celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary at the beginning of 1933 on which occasion the Verbond was not forgotten."

*The Polonnaruwa Statue* : The identity of this statue has at last been definitely fixed. The Director of the Colombo Museum, Dr. Joseph Pearson, in his Administration Report for 1932, summarises the opinions of some of the leading eastern archaeologists, and expresses the view that the statue represents a *rishi* and not Parakrama Bahu the great. The process by which he arrives at this conclusion is so interesting that we make no apology for giving his remarks in full.

"*The Polonnaruwa Statue*.—There has been considerable doubt regarding the identity of the magnificent rock statue near the Potgul Vehera at Polonnaruwa a cast of which is to be seen in the Colombo Museum. For many years the Museum cast was given the traditional identification of Parakrama Bahu the Great. About two years ago I altered the label and stated that it was a statue of Agastya, as it possesses a distinct resemblance to the traditional portrayals of Agastya. As the Museum Committee felt that it would be as well to discover, if possible, the precise identity of this statue, I obtained the opinions of thirteen of the leading authorities on eastern archaeology on this question.

"It is not difficult to understand how the popular imagination has seized upon this colossal statue as being an effigy of the greatest King that ruled at Polonnaruwa. The tradition is very firmly established and will be abandoned with great reluctance. Even Coomaraswamy, who in the first instance, suggested that the figure represents the Saivite Saint *Mānikka Vāgagar*, was inclined later to adopt the traditional view, and suggested that the sculptor may have adopted the symbolic form of a sage in which to present the great King whose services to Ceylon were marked by such outstanding wisdom. Dr. Waldschmidt of the Staatliche Museum für Völkerkunde, Berlin, is also inclined to this view. Dr. Vogel of the Kern Institute, Leyden, thinks, however, that the style of the figure points to a period anterior to that of the great King.

"I give below a summary of the weight of opinion expressed by some of the leading eastern archaeologists :—

1. The statue does not represent a king because of—
  - (a) the absence of costly ornaments and royal dignity.
  - (b) the presence of the book.
  - (c) the presence of a beard.
  - (d) the upper part of the body is bare.
2. The statue probably represents a brahminical *rishi* because—
  - (a) he is holding a book in both hands.
  - (b) the presence of a beard.
  - (c) the plaited hair-tresses.
  - (d) the serene appearance.
3. The possibility of its being the *rishi* Agastya cannot altogether be excluded, but some of the essential attributes of Agastya are missing, namely the rosary in one hand and the water vessel in the other. It has a distinct resemblance to some of the known statues of Agastya in the presence of a beard and the corpulent waist.

"To sum up, it would appear that the statue represents a *rishi* and not a king. The identity of the *rishi* is uncertain, but the weight of evidence is against its being Agastya."

*Historical Manuscripts Commission:* On 6th February, 1931, a Commission consisting of Professor S. A. Pakeman, the Hon. Mr. D. B. Jayatilaka, the Hon. Mr. E. W. Perera, Dr. P. E. Pieris, Mr. H. W. Codrington, Mr. C. H. Collins, Father S. G. Perera, Dr. A. Nell, Mr. E. Reimers, and Mudaliyar C. Rasanayagam was appointed by His Excellency the Governor—

- (1) to inquire into the existence of unpublished manuscripts in the possession of private persons and in institutions calculated to throw light on the civil, ecclesiastical, literary or other scientific history of the Island, and to give advice as to the housing and keeping of valuable papers and the repair of any that may be in a state of decay ;
- (2) to make recommendations as to the housing and preserving of public records, and how to make them easily accessible and readily available in order to facilitate and encourage research; and
- (3) to make recommendations regarding the translation and publication of unpublished documents.

The Commission after prolonged investigation issued its report in June 1933 (S. P. IX of 1933). The following extracts from the

Report may be of interest to our readers :—

*Accessibility of Documents.*—

(1) *In Government Archives.*—(a) The Commission examined the quarters of the New Secretariat building allotted to the Archivist's Department. Owing to the fact that no convenient separate room was available for the purposes of a search room, they recommended that a space in the Archivist's office be reserved for the purpose. This has since been done; a space has been screened off and provided with a table and chairs where students may undertake research. All possible assistance is rendered by the Government Archivist, and a small library of reference books is also available. The issue of documents to inquirers must continue to be under his direct supervision, and the utmost care must continue to be taken to avoid damage to the documents, or their illegal removal. The Commission is satisfied that precautions now taken are adequate.

(b) The existing scale of fees charged for search in the Dutch Archives appeared to be excessive. The Commission recommended that the following scale be substituted :—Rs. 5 search fee, Re. 1 stamp fee on the application, Re. 1 stamp fee on extract and a copying fee of Re. 1 per 120 words. This has been approved by the Chief Secretary.

(c) The Government Archivist's Department will proceed with the cataloguing and, where necessary, calendaring of documents, and will at intervals publish the results of its researches. Owing to the wealth of documents available, and the inadequacy in the number of the present staff, this will necessarily be a process extending over many years, probably beyond the lifetime of any individual now existing.

(2) Documents not in the Government Archives may be made accessible in the following ways :—(a) They may be sent to the Government Archives on loan, and may, subject to consent of the owners, be copied by photostat (see section 3 below) or otherwise, or studied by the inquirer as they stand.

(b) It may be possible to have them copied in their existing situation by photostat or by photograph or by hand: and if necessary they may be translated into English.

(c) Arrangements may be made through the Government Archivist, or direct with the possessors or custodians of documents, for the visit of approved research students. Such visits must necessarily be made under conditions laid down by the possessors, who may make any stipulations they choose as to the manner of handling their documents, the use to be made of them and their subsequent publication (if desired).

(d) To facilitate the above, an adequately catalogued and, where necessary, calendared list of documents discovered by the researches of this Commission will be published when the Commission makes its final report.

(3) The purchase of a Photostat apparatus is recommended. By this means clear negative impressions of important documents, or of documents which will not permit of any handling, may be obtained. It is considered, however, that owing to the high cost of this apparatus, the purchase should be deferred until the general financial situation improves. It is further

recommended that a list of the important documents of which photostat copies may be made available be sent to the important research libraries of the world, which may desire to obtain some of them on payment or in exchange. It is also recommended that photostat copies of documents bearing on Ceylon History, where existing in foreign libraries, be obtained, and placed in the Government Archives and/or in the Colombo Museum Library and/or in the Library of the University College (as a foundation for the manuscript department of the future University Library). G. P. Malalasekera, Esq., Ph. D., has been asked to examine the Sinhalese documents in the British Museum (pending the reissue of this section of the British Museum catalogue), and to recommend a list of manuscripts of which photostat copies should be obtained. The presence of such copies in the Ceylon Archives and Libraries will make existing collections much more useful to research students.

*Translation and Publication of Documents.*—(1) In the Government Archives. By far the greatest number of important historical documents from the time of the Dutch occupation onwards (also including the Portuguese Thombos) are to be found in the Government Archives; the number of these relating to the preceding period is relatively very small indeed. It is hoped that some of these important documents will be edited and published from time to time. At present the unfavourable financial situation appears to render this impossible; but it is recommended that the following documents be published as soon as it is financially possible:—

(a) List of documents recommended for publication by Dr. E. G. Godee Molsbergen, Government Archivist at Batavia.—(1) The proceedings of the Political Council, omitting list of ships' cargoes, list of slaves, verification of stores, &c.; (2) Memoranda written by retiring Governors for their successors; (3) Reports of tours of inspection; (4) Reports of Ambassadors to Kandy; (5) Official Diaries and Compendia; and (6) Letters dispatched to Batavia or Holland with explanatory references from letters received.

(b) List of documents recommended for publication by Mr. E. Reimers, Government Archivist, Colombo:—(1) Memoir of Jan Maatzuyker to Ryckloff van Goens 1664, (2) Memoir of Lourens Pyl to Thomas van Rhee 1692, (3) Memoir of J. V. S. van Gollennesse to G. J. Vreeland 1751, (4) Memoir of Jan Schreuder to Baron van Eck 1762.

(2) The translation and/or publication of documents in other hands will be recommended in the final report of the Commission. At present no recommendations are made.

## NOTES OF EVENTS.

### SUMMARY OF PROCEEDINGS OF THE COMMITTEE.

*Tuesday, 27th June, 1933*:—(1) Resolved to purchase 100 chairs for the use of the Union. (2) The following were admitted as members:—Miss V. Vander Straaten, Messrs. H. L. Bartholomeusz, E. S. de Kretser, S. E. O. Joseph, J. A. Piachaud, and E. W. Poulter. Messrs. Neil Schokman, F. P. H. Speldewinde, C. Crozier, and C. W. Bartholomeusz were re-admitted as members. (3) The following Sub-Committee was appointed to report on any desirable alterations to the rules regarding re-admission:—Mr. R. S. V. Poulter, Mr. O. L. de Kretser, and the Honorary Secretary. (4) Mr. Rupert Wagn was allowed the use of the Hall for orchestral concert practice provided the proceeds from any charity concerts held in the Hall are paid into the Social Service Fund. (5) The Honorary Secretary reported that the Building Company was willing to reduce the rent to Rs. 125 a month on condition that Rs. 75 a month was punctually remitted towards the arrears. It was resolved to accept this offer. (6) Miss B. Rode and Miss E. Swan were granted permission to use the hall for dancing lessons on payment of Rs. 10 each provided the classes were confined to those eligible for membership in the Union. (7) Resolved to hold a Membership Rally on 15th July and that Mr. Alex Vanderstraaten be asked to organise the function.

*Tuesday, 25th July, 1933*:—(1) Mr. R. S. V. Poulter outlined the Government scheme for the sale of land in the Dry Zone to middle-class Ceylonese, and offered to give fuller information to those interested. (2) The following were admitted as members:—Miss M. Vandendriesen, Messrs. A. C. Vandendriesen, A. P. de Zilwa, A. W. Ludekens, C. G. A. Felsing, W. H. Siebel, S. M. Leembruggen, Jr., O. C. Thomasz, Dr. J. A. Scharenguivel, Dr. I. E. Direkze, Messrs. V. P. Van Langenberg, L. W. Fretz, I. O. Hepponstall, E. Q. O. Conderlag, H. D. Smith, E. C. Ebert, E. A. H. Ebert, and B. M. Christoffelsz. (2) The following were re-admitted as members:—Messrs. E. W. Foenander, S. A. Perkins, and Fred Van Langenberg. (3) Read letter from Mrs. F. E. Loos forwarding a cheque for Rs. 280, being the proceeds of Variety Entertainment. Resolved that Mrs. Loos be thanked for her services, and that Rs. 200 be placed in fixed deposit in aid of the Social Service Fund,

the balance Rs. 80 being credited to the Entertainment Fund. (4) Resolved that Mr. E. J. Meurling be thanked for his services in connection with the formation of a sewing class of fourteen ladies at Matara in aid of the D. B. U. Social Service work.

D. B. U. LECTURES:—Mr. S. P. Foenander delivered an interesting lecture on "Impressions of a visit to Australia" at the D. B. U. Hall in July. The Chair was taken by Dr. H. U. Leembruggen, and at the close of the lecture several members offered remarks.

MR. F. H. B. KOCH:—We congratulate this gentleman on his appointment as Acting Puisne Justice of the Supreme Court.

FREE ELEMENTARY EDUCATION:—It has been an anomaly in the educational system of this island that while free education in the mother tongue is given to Sinhalese and Tamil children, the same advantage is denied to English speaking children, among whom the Burghers are the most significant. With a view to removing this anomaly, Mr. E. H. Vanderwall, at a Committee Meeting of the Union held on 16th May, 1933, proposed the appointment of a Sub-Committee to take the necessary steps in the matter. The motion was agreed to and the following Sub-Committee was appointed:—The President, Sir Stewart Schneider, Messrs. L. E. Blazé, E. H. Vanderwall, G. A. Wille, R. S. V. Poulter, and J. R. Toussaint.

The Sub-Committee met on two occasions and went into the question fully. At the first meeting Mr. Wille drew attention to the recommendations of the Education Committee (S. P. XXVIII of 1929) in which the principle of free elementary education in English for English-speaking children had been admitted. The Sub-Committee decided to invite Dr. V. R. Schokman to be present at the next meeting.

At this meeting it was decided that a Deputation should see the Minister of Education, and press their claim for free elementary education, the following gentlemen being appointed to form the deputation:—The President, Sir Stewart Schneider, Dr. V. R. Schokman, Mr. E. H. Vanderwall, Mr. G. A. Wille, and Mr. J. R. Toussaint. The Minister of Education was pleased to fix 26th July for seeing the Deputation. Sir Stewart Schneider and Dr. V. R. Schokman were unfortunately unable to be present. The other members met the Minister, with whom was the acting Director of Education, and received a very sympathetic hearing. It is hoped that some good will result from the action taken.

THE LATE MR. C. H. KRIEKENBEEK —With the death of Mr. C. H. Kriekenbeek, there has been removed one of the most important links which connected the history of education in the past with present times. There has also been removed one of the most famous men in the illustrious roll of Burgher schoolmasters, who did so much to raise the standard of education in this country. The Burgher schoolmaster is rapidly disappearing, and we can only bemoan the fact, as Mr. Charles Hartley, late Principal of the Royal College did some years ago, in one of his annual reports.

Mr. C. H. Kriekenbeek, who was son of Dr. C. A. Kriekenbeek, Colonial Surgeon, by his second wife Emelia Lucretia VanderStraaten, received his early education at the Colombo Academy under Mr. George Todd. He then proceeded to England to complete his education.

Returning to Ceylon, he joined the staff of the Royal College, where he served for many years under Principals Cull, Harward and Hartley.

He was one of the finest Fifth Form Masters the Royal College ever had, and year after year the boys trained by him topped the lists at Public Examinations.

In 1904 he was rewarded for his 23 years of excellent service by his appointment to be an Inspector of Schools. He served for 14 years as such, and shortly after his retirement he returned again to duty as Supervisor of Examinations, holding this responsible office for a number of years.

Mr. Kriekenbeek was a loyal member of the Dutch Burgher Union and served on the General Committee, before failing health compelled him to withdraw from public activities.