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VOL. XXXIV.]

OCTOBER, 1944.

[No. 3.]

Journal of the Dutch Burgher Union of Ceylon.

"Eendracht maakt Macht"

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

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Journal of the Dutch Burgher Union of Ceylon.

VOL. XXXIV.]

OCTOBER, 1944,

[No. 2.

C. D.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES

By L. E. BLAŽE.

The initials stand for Christopher Driberg, a name held in the highest regard by all who knew him and by many who have only heard of him. He might indeed have won a more prominent place in the estimation of our little world if he had been less comfortably well off, and had been disciplined into a more exact sense of values. He loved literature and music and good company, but he did not care, as a rule, to penetrate too deeply into the meaning of things. His unselfishness was remarkable; he was always willing and prompt to help in any way anyone to whom he could be of service.

He and I were friends, and our friendship grew more and more intimate as the years rolled on and we got to live nearer each other; for our duties usually kept us in different towns and different countries. This paper is meant primarily as some record of that friendship—not as a biographical sketch or a critical study or an "Appreciation", though necessarily partaking of all three.

First, a few facts about the family to which he belonged, as these facts explain a good deal of his general attitude to life. His father, John Driberg, was the outstanding Proctor of his time in Colombo. He married the sister of C. A. Lorenz and had sons and daughters. Of the daughters, one married Frederick Morgan, another J. W. van der Straaten, a third (Sir) Samuel Grenier, a fourth Francis Beven, a fifth Joseph Grenier, all well-known names. Of the sons, James Stewart Driberg retired from Government Service as Deputy Fiscal, Colombo. He was the father of Allan Driberg, K.C., and the legal guardian of his youngest brother, sixteen years his junior—Christopher, who was born on the 17th December 1862.

Anything was within the reach of a young man with these connections. C. D. was naturally proud of his uncle, C. A. L., of whom he says a little, but much too little, in his "Looking Back". In the Lorenz Centenary Celebrations in July 1929 C. D. took a leading part, and he gave me the honour of a place on the working Committee. It was a sore grief to him that the "Life" of Lorenz was not written, as proposed, and we had frequent talks on the matter.

In connection with him when he stayed at Edgehill, Peradeniya (1920), he suggested that I should write the "Life", or he and I together. There was plenty of material, he said, especially of C.A.L.'s letters, a bound volume of which was with the Driberg family. In his account of C.A.L.'s party ("Looking Back" page 1), C.D. omitted to say that his birthday gift was a red morocco Birthday Book with a Latin inscription.

We first met at Trinity College, Kandy, and there ours was little more than a "nodding acquaintance". He was a senior pupil in the Upper School, while I was a teacher in charge of the Lower School; we lived at the western and eastern extremities respectively of the town; he belonged to the Dutch Church, but was an Anglican in practice, while I was a Wesleyan—though religious differences never counted seriously with us. Indeed we knew so little of each other that we could not then suspect that we had anything in common.

It was in Calcutta that we really got together. He was there to read for the B.A. Examination of the University. I arrived there on the 12th December 1882, and on the 10th February 1883 I met him and Clement Edwards; our old teacher at Trinity College, who shepherded him for the time being, in a search for books. C.D. had arrived a day or two earlier, and had arranged to enter the General Assembly's Institution (Presbyterian). His first visit to me was on the 4th March 1883 when he called at the Campbell Hospital, Lower Circular Road, where I was staying with a Ceylon friend who was the apothecary at the Hospital. C.D. lived not far away at Durruntollah, (road, or street, sometimes added), with a family of Kochs also connected with Ceylon. We met frequently, either at each other's rooms, or in rambles in the city, or in trips to Serampore and other places. Together we visited Ballygunge, the Zoo, the Eden Gardens, the India Club, Chandny Chowk, Bow Bazaar, China Bazaar, and Radha Bazaar where Dave Carson's Bengali Babu "keepit shop". We had our photographs taken on several occasions in the Bazaar, when the glass negatives were handed to us in ten or fifteen minutes, at a cost of four or eight annas each. We were interested in the Great Exhibition then on, and occasionally in the theatres. Many a long tram drive took us to distant parts of the city.

C.D.'s musical attainments were keenly appreciated by those to whom he played in their houses—and even by me, to whom music without words conveys no real meaning. At Mrs. Koch's he once played to me a dreamy piece called "A River Song". It made a haunting impression on me, and I made him play it to me over and over again.

We read Horace together for his examination, but he was keener on Dickens. He would come to me with "The Old Curiosity Shop", and excitedly read pages out of it, till I was weary, and eventually promised to read the book myself. Another book he made me read, and read with more enjoyment, was "Lewis Arundel", the hero of which was C.D.'s ideal of a young man—at that time.

He wrote news-letters occasionally to the "Ceylon Examiner", and persuaded me to do the same both from Calcutta and from Lahore. "Lewis Arundel", by the way, was written by Frank Smedley, whose cousin was Judge Smedley in Ceylon.

We saw "Iolanthe" together on the 14th April 1883, performed by the Loftus Troupe. On the 23rd October "H.M.S. Pinafore" was performed by Pollard's Lilliputian Opera in the Corinthian Theatre. I cannot be quite sure if C.D. went with me to the Theatre when Dave Carson gave his farewell performance, and was hailed with enthusiastic applause.

Somewhere about this time he wanted a motto to add to the crest of his initials he had on his note-paper. After some discussion he selected *Non multa sed multum*—meaning that one subject learned thoroughly was better than a superficial smattering of many subjects.

On the 5th July we went by train to Serampore for a view of the Juggernaut procession, and Walter Loos, then a teacher at Serampore College, returned with us to Calcutta. Loos practised as a doctor at Negombo when at last he returned to Ceylon. Other Ceylon people we used to meet were Clement Edwards, then head of the Welland Memorial School, F. Vethecan, medical student, E. K. Byers, usually referred to as "The Big Man", and his brothers Paul and Tom, both engineers or engineering students, and a van der Straaten who was interested in phrenology among other things. One Indian Brahman who took to C.D. heartily was Surendra Nath Mukerji of "Gup and Gossip", a weekly newspaper which he started, and to which he had already got me to write. To this paper C.D. contributed a weekly column of "Gossip" by "Margaret", while I did the "Gup" as "Diogenes". In the issue for the 22nd October 1884, C.D. forgot his feminine character in describing a railway journey when he was worried by newspaper reporters whom he tried to shake off. "I even tried to smoke them out. Within the space of twenty minutes I puffed through three cigars at steam engine rates. I then whistled 'Tommy make room for your uncle' as shrilly as possible." Neither C.D. nor anyone else noticed the slip till I chaffed C.D. about it.

He was with good reason proud of his Principal in the General Assembly's Institution. Dr. William Hastie, a man of exceptional ability, was an impulsive Scotsman, somewhat lacking in the philosophical temperament, though a specialist in philosophy and ethics. C.D. had an appreciative note on him in the "Ceylon Observer" of the 8th September 1903. With misguided zeal Dr. Hastie made statements against a missionary colleague which led to a defamation suit in August 1883. C.D. took me with him to the High Court to hear Dr. Hastie plead his own case and spoil it, especially by the introduction of irrelevant matter. The verdict was against him, but he was determined not to let the matter rest, as he told C.D. who called on him in February 1884.

Early in December 1883 C. D. proposed to visit Ceylon, and Clement Edwards went with him. I saw them off on the "Vesta" on the 10th December. Edwards returned on the 21st or 22nd January, 1884, and C. D. by the "Capella" on about the 23rd. He had had a good holiday in Ceylon where he arrived on the 17th December (his birthday anniversary) "I am quite happy here," he wrote "In this dear homely place".

His studies were resumed on his return to Calcutta, but his social engagements interfered so largely with them that he felt that something had to be done. On the 23rd September 1884 we again visited Serampore where he proposed to stay a fortnight. Three months after, I left Calcutta for a holiday in Ceylon, and there I heard from him that he meant to stay at Serampore till his Examination. "I am afraid it is impossible for me to do anything in the way of study here (Calcutta). I feel myself in a whirlpool among picnics and parties. Under the circumstances I have already decided to quit the City of Palaces and retire for the remainder of my days in this continent to Serampore. It is my only chance if I intend to mug at all" Meanwhile, he was best man to Clement Edwards who was married on the 18th December.

In March 1885 C. D. was at Serampore "mugging" for his examination. "I at last really believe that I am 'going to stand the B.A.'!" The examination began on the 15th April, and when it was over he left for Ceylon. It may have been at this time, rather than in 1883, that I sent him the "valedictory" verses which he has quoted in "Looking Backward" and elsewhere.

On the 6th July I had a long letter from him, from Rock House, Colombo. He said that his guardian-brother suggested three plans for his future: a place on the "Ceylon Examiner", which was shortly to be made a daily paper; the Civil Service; and the Bar. While these plans were being discussed he made a round of visits. In Kandy he called at Trinity College and was joyfully welcomed by Mr. Garrett, the Principal, who took him, robed in academicals, through the school, and afterwards actually suggested to him that he should be the College Lecturer in Philosophy. C. D. "thought it would be cruel"; but Mr. Garrett himself knew little of Philosophy, though he taught it.

On the 8th July 1885 he was to leave Ceylon for London. He proposed to enter Lincoln's Inn, but thought also of the Civil Service and even the English Civil Service.

"I was in London at an unfortunate time—it was in the depths of the Autumn vacation, and everyone one would care to see and hear was out of London. I did not see a single Ceylon man the day I arrived. I did the journey from Gravesend to London, as well as finding myself lodging and doing some business with my Agents—all by myself! I am quite proud of the fact, but will confess to you that my head was in a whirl during that first day in that great city."

It was no surprise to me that he gave up the idea of the Civil Service, but it did surprise me that in the end he preferred Agriculture to the Bar. Hard "grinding" did not appeal to him, and Agriculture was not then thought of as a career for Ceylon students. But the course at the Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester, Gloucestershire, was of only

two and a half years duration, and that decided the matter. This College he now entered, on the advice, as he writes, of men from India and the West Indies. In "Looking Back", to which these notes must be regarded as supplementary, he describes in detail the life of the college, but an extract from his letter may be added:—

"You will be surprised to see where I am. I suddenly made up my mind to come here, but I believe we spoke of Agriculture in Calcutta. My experiences here are certainly very novel. The theoretical part is of course all scientific, but there is a good deal of practical work, and if I referred to them I would imagine you holding your sides and rolling out your familiar guffaw. However, the College is a charming structure, and everything connected with it is first class. The students are a very gentlemanly lot, and we have some big swells among us. The Baboo is of course here too. There are about 6 Indians. I stay in Cirencester town about a mile from College. It is a dull hole. I was very nearly tempted to decide upon entering an Inn and doing nothing in London. You will admit that if I have not got complete control over myself, I at least have a little of what is called discretion, and this quality made me decide to leave London."

In 1885 he made his first visit to Edinburgh.

"As I had some time to spare and was anxious to see my brother I thought I could not do better than run up here, and also take this opportunity of seeing 'Auld Reekie' which I may not have again. I am immensely interested in Edinburgh, and for its size it has a wonderful deal to shew. Quaintness rather than grandeur is the characteristic of the sights in this city. I have also made trips with different Ceylon men, walking, by boat and train (travelling is absurdly cheap) to castles—Edinbro', Stirling, Craigie Millar, Roslin, and Melrose Abbey. To give you all the details of those which delighted me I would require to be peculiarly affected with the 'cacoes scribendi' which you know I am singularly free from. Pleasant trips too I have made to Aberdeen, Burnt Island, Porto Bells, across the Firth. I shall be leaving for London by another 10 days or 2 weeks, so that I may spend a fortnight in London before beginning work. I must, however, spend 2 days in going through the Trossachs and seeing some of the famous lochs before I leave. Last Sunday I heard Talmage the American preacher, and this morning Dr. Calderwood. I have not met Hastie yet, but hope to before I leave."

His heart was in London, and he rushed down to it at every opportunity. Besides the usual attractions of the city he would meet there Ceylon friends whose company he enjoyed. He writes; "How I wish we were together, to pry about the City. All alone, I have been knocking about a great deal of the past week, looking at a hundred things I longed to see so long". He spent hours at St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, frequented the theatres, and heard Joseph Chamberlain speak at a political meeting. He was in London on the last day of the year (1885), and described his experience of a first winter there with exceptional vividness and depth of feeling:—

"So far, they say, we have not had very much of a winter. There have been about half a dozen falls of snow, but not sufficiently heavy to lie. I remember my first sight of the snow at Cirencester. It was a beautifully bright night, and the effect of the moonbeams on the falling flakes was a charming novelty to me. But of frost I experienced more than sufficient to leave a very definite impression on my mind. To be tramping over the Cotswold Hills at 7 every morning, on a road become as hard as cast-iron, in water freezing to 10 inches depth—not to speak of a cutting wind blowing over from the Bristol Channel—will be, I think, as hard a condemnation for a tropical criminal as can be imagined. One peculiar result is a notion that you have dropped your hands and feet somewhere. This is sometimes inconvenient. During the frost I imitated my friends by trying to gain warmth by movements on the ice, which however sometimes took a rather erratic form. The fact is, as Artemus Ward would say, the blocks of ice

got up and hit me on the back of my head. The result of my attempt, however, was tolerably successful, and if once you get to skate with ease you will find there is no more delightful pastime and none better adapted for the season. Since my arrival in London there have been what the Scotch would call "Thick days". There was a terrible fog on Christmas Eve. Oxford Street was one dense crowd of ghosts going about making up the Christmas hamper. The shops were of course brilliantly lit, and the wares were most seductively arranged, decorated with holly and mistletoe. Christmas Day, however, was a little better. We were able to recognise the man passing by as a friend and wish him a Merry Christmas. The morning was ushered in by the Waits to every variety of musical accompaniment from a penny whistle to a German band. The barrel-organs seem to have multiplied in a marvellous manner, and Punch and Judy were inclined to be more sociable than ever. Then there is the dark side of the picture—the poorest and the poor trying to collect a few pence for Christmas cheer; but it is gratifying to see how readily the coins drop from above as they sing some appropriate song of the season. One of the most touching groups of these wandering singers I noticed, was a band of the wretchedest of men who marched down the streets in file, singing out their story in the most perfect harmony of glee music.

'We want some work to do,
There is no work in view,
Poor vagrants we, as you will see,
Who've got no work to do.

Refrain:—

Yes, there's no work to do,
And so we sing to you,
For idlers we are forced to be,
Since there's no work to do."

"There is not much variety, you will say, in the words, but then neither is there in our grandest anthems. The effect, I say, was very impressive. There was more argument, I thought, in the sight of that poor band of singers than in many columns of newspaper controversy on the depression of trade."

On the 10th February 1889, having returned to Ceylon, he took up duties as the Superintendent of the School of Agriculture in Colombo. The following from the "Ceylon Observer" of May 1888 is an useful summary of his qualifications which are not generally known, and are too easily forgotten by those who have known:—

"The first Ceylonese who has gone through a regular course of scientific regular training in the mother country is, we suppose, Mr. Christopher Driberg, youngest son of the late Mr. John Driberg, the well-known and much-esteemed Colombo Solicitor. The record of the son's education is as follows:—Christopher Driberg, B.A. Calcutta 1885, proceeded to the Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester, remained there for about one year and obtained many class distinctions at the College examinations. From Cirencester proceeded to Edinburgh, taking classes at the University, and during the holidays working on a farm at Locherbie. In 1887 obtained the Medal in Veterinary Science, in the new Veterinary College, Edinburgh; and at the Edinburgh University, a First-Class certificate of merit in Agriculture, and Rural Economy; and at the School of Medicine, Minto House, Edinburgh, a Class certificate of merit in Agriculture at the Edinburgh University, and the diploma of the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland, being first in the order of merit of the seventeen successful candidates. Mr. Driberg has taken out classes in book-keeping, land-surveying, and a complete course in chemistry, working in a private laboratory. He intends competing next month for the diploma of the Royal Agricultural Society of England; has also been reading for the B.Sc. degree, Edinburgh, with a view to competing for it hereafter when in a position to comply with certain regulations as to residence."

On my return to Ceylon from India in 1891 I found him well established at the School of Agriculture, Thurstan Road, Colombo. He had married, on the Easter Monday of the previous year, Miss Florence

Barber, daughter of Mr. J. H. Barber of Blackstone, Nawalapitiya. We were now again in personal touch, meeting in Colombo and in Kandy, and corresponding freely. In May 1891 I started the Boys' High School, afterwards named Kingswood, in Kandy. To its Magazine, "Our Boys", C. D. wrote papers on Botany, while I contrived to satisfy him with one or two papers for the "Ceylon Agricultural Magazine". This magazine started by him, promised well, but was later made a supplement to the "Tropical Agriculturist" published by the Fergusons.

We corresponded freely; I have over 350 letters and postcards of his to me. It is like re-living the past in his company, to read again these letters. Letters of congratulation and of condolence, of information and of inquiry. Letters of his doings and of his intentions; of the friends he met and the acquaintances he made; of apology for engagements that could not be kept and of reproach for visits that were not made. Letters of mere gossip, or casual comment, or critical argument. "Criticism", he wrote, "should generally be judged on its own merits. If we value it according to our estimate of the critic, what critique would be worth the reading"—a debatable point. Letters about books, his own writings among them, the books he read and meant to read. Letters about Music, his own compositions included, and the music examinations he supervised. Letters on local journalistic plots and combines, and on local politics and social relations and conditions. Hurried letters, most of them, some mere notes, direct and to the point; or rather, letters "written in the intervals of business", for in Ceylon he was altogether an overworked officer; but all letters without the semblance of gush or insincerity, and on both sides with that restraint of expression which marks mutual respect and mutual understanding.

He had a keen sense of humour. He could tell a story, or describe a simple incident most effectively. Beginning with an air of mystery, he would excite, first your interest, and then your curiosity, working from point to point to the dramatic climax.

So unwonted was C. D.'s choice of a profession that I did not at first take him or his work as seriously as I should have done. I still have a feeling that he could not have been quite happy in the work, especially as the conditions in which he worked were hardly congenial; but no man was more conscientious or hardworking than he. But who in Ceylon in those days thought that rice cultivation here could or would be improved by Western scientific methods? Who believed that young men who had passed the Eighth Standard in English, or the Cambridge Junior Local Examination would give up the town and town life to plough lonely furrows in their village fields? It was C. D.'s task to teach the "dignity of labour" and the value of agricultural training, and the task was more strenuous and far-reaching in its results than I or anyone else imagined. A dispassionate review will shew that his work has been inadequately recognized, for what he accomplished made an essential difference in our outlook on Agriculture in Ceylon. His School was the Cinderella of the Education Department, and by the public in general it was just tolerated. It was only C. D.'s personality that compelled any recognition the work received. He was left practically to himself, to organize, to plan, and to educate not only his pupils but also the apathetic public.

"There was no Agricultural School then," said Mr. Petch, acting Director of Agriculture in 1919, "but Mr. Driberg made an agricultural school. Unfortunately that agricultural school was born out of due season. It was too early. The official mind was not prepared for it. Now, a long time after, we have a School of Tropical Agriculture, run on the lines laid down by Mr. Driberg. Mr. Driberg was the pioneer."

The school did not provide future employment for qualified pupils, but it qualified them for employment elsewhere, or to cultivate their own lands. There were no openings, such as the Legal, Medical, and Teaching professions offered, for prominence in public estimation. Our Superintendent, like the Heads of other schools, had abundance of routine work, correspondence, and interviews of many kinds. Passing visitors from other lands called to learn how Agriculture was carried on here. Others would write for information. It was possibly in this way that he became acquainted with Colonel Legge of the "Birds", between whom and C. D. there was a genuine friendship.

There was much talk in 1893, and after, of moving the school to Peradeniya, or of closing it down. It had done excellent work, and some of its pupils had done excellently—Mudaliyar A. E. Rajapakse, W. A. de Silva (afterwards M.S.C.), C. C. Barber, Alfred Driberg, and others. The Government Dairy was due to it, and it had added Forestry and Veterinary Departments to its more direct work. When the school was eventually closed down, C. D. was appointed (1902) Superintendent of School Gardens, the purpose of which was in his own words, "to develop a taste for rural pursuits in the children attending our village schools, till such time as the country was ripe for special instructions for imparting an agricultural training." In 1919 when C. D. retired from office, there were no fewer than 400 school gardens. Mr. Stockdale, Director of Agriculture, said that the school gardens in Ceylon were the best he had ever seen, and he had seen school gardens in various Colonies.

"But they must consider Mr. Driberg's greatest triumph the Agricultural Society",—again Mr. Petch.

"Mr. Driberg took over the Agricultural Society in 1907 when the novelty of it had worn off. Mr. Driberg found his feet at once and made the Agricultural Society what it is to-day. Anyone who would take the trouble to study the history of Agriculture in Ceylon, would feel that Mr. Driberg made agriculture in Ceylon a success. Mr. Driberg founded the School of Tropical Agriculture; he founded the agricultural Magazine. Agricultural instructors, agricultural shows, demonstration plots and model farms were all incidents in Mr. Driberg's useful career. Mr. Driberg's work had earned the well-merited approbation of successive Governors. We may recollect Sir Henry McCallum saying, 'Well may we have a Driberg in every Province.'"

To so restless a disposition as his, long accustomed as he was to the discipline of official routine, and to duties which took him continually from place to place, regular work of some kind was a necessity as much as a benefit, now that he had retired from office. He would not seek work, but he would not refuse it, if the work was congenial. For three years after his retirement he lived at Peradeniya, with visits to Lindula, and was busily occupied in preparing an agricultural "Reader" and helping in bringing out a special number of the "Tropical Agriculturist". Then, in January 1923, he took up the editorship of the "Ceylon

Observer" which had come under the syndicate which now controls it. "You have, of course, heard the news by now, that I am going to 'try my hand' [C. D. loved to quote odd phrases] at the C.O. It was quite an unexpected call to Cincinnati in his exile! I hope you will do what you can to make the paper what it was in the old days of J. E." As Editor he was cautious as well as progressive in his policy, but he alienated many of his faithful supporters by the publication of a Sunday morning issue which was a novelty in Ceylon. "How do you like the Sunday edition? A padre preached against it in Ceylon last Sunday. What an advt.!" Sending me a copy of his "Musings" as a Christmas gift in 1924, when I edited the "Ceylon Independent," he wrote: "We have been verse-writing for many a year now, and to-day we find ourselves in editorial chairs! It looks as though our lines of fate are running in parallel lines!"

His editorship of the "Observer" ceased at the end of May 1925, and in January 1926 he appears to have edited the "Ceylon Morning Leader" for a very short time. It was while at the "Observer" that he was invited to stand for election to the Burgher seat in the Legislative Council. On consideration he refused. "You say nothing", he wrote, "of the unsought-for prominence to which I have been brought in connection with the Burgher seat. Have I your sympathy?" Ten days later: "I greatly appreciated your letter, and was glad to find you approved of the step I took. I had to keep off the mud! When we meet I shall a tale unfold."

C. D. was a member, an active member, of several scientific and literary Societies, including the Ceylon Society of Arts, of which he was Secretary (1900-1904), and the private "Twenty Club", at which he read a paper (May 1928) on "The Romance of the Honey Bee" Literature, that is, English Literature, and Music, "an universal language", were his chief delights. He was not only an omnivorous reader; he himself wrote freely for publication, both in prose and verse. Over a number of pseudonyms, (Delta, Lubia, Endimeus, etc.) he wrote numerous articles, paragraphs, and verses to newspapers and magazines on a considerable variety of subjects. What he happened to read at the moment stirred him to write just what he thought about it. Neither in his reading nor in his writing had he any definite plan, except of course in writing on Agriculture. At one time he was full of Richardson's "Clarissa", at another Oliver Wendell Holmes would prompt him to lectures on the poet.

From Bangalore, (1917):—I have been pottering about some of the book-shops here and felt so tempted to purchase that I had to leave them precipitately. The cheap editions are most seductive, e.g. Emerson and Macaulay (Everyman's Library) for 13 annas, Historical Mysteries (Lang), and My Confidences (Locker-Lampson) in Nelson's Library—Modern Views on Education (Thistleton-Mark) Collins Nation's Library, and a great many more I would dearly love to possess."

Five years later we were somehow interested in Hannah More, or in her poem, of which he sent me a copy.

I have at last been able to get a copy of Hannah More's poem on the Abolition of Slavery in Ceylon. I copied it myself from W. A. De Silva's original publication, for which he paid a good price in London; and am sending you a copy of my copy for your collection of 'Literary curiosities', feeling sure you will reckon it as one of the most interesting of them. What impresses me most about this 'find' of mine is the villainous character of the poetry. It will be interesting

to discover how the Wesleyan body, at whose instance the poem appears to have been written, came to select H. M. for the job."

C. D. pointed out to Dr. De Silva that "the chief characters in the poem—Silva and Lorenz—were indubitably ancestors of ours, who who both hailed from Matara!"

His own verses had the same general characteristics as those of his great uncle, C.A.L.—ease and pleasant phrasing, but also occasional seriousness and a flash of insight. Neither he nor any other of us believed that we were writing *poetry*, or that we were capable of writing it. But we were so steeped in English Literature that we could not but follow where it led. C. D. practically thought in verse. A wayside flower, a chance meeting, a passing incident, a casual remark, a birthday, a happy memory—anything like these would tempt him at once into ready rhyme. To a lover of music there is music in rhyme and rhythm, in accent and scansion, in the careful disposition of words. His kindly nature delighted in rhyming compliments, some of which may be read in his published booklets. More is one, hitherto unpublished, which he sent me as a New Year greeting on the last day of 1905, and which represents one kind of his verse:—

I do not play at cards (of any kind)
Or you'd by this have had a pasteboard chit,
Bearing some time-worn X'mas legend—thus
"To you my dearest friend, kind thoughts I send."
But kindly thoughts—like hearts—are rarer far
Than coronets. To send them through the post
Would be too risky. So I'll keep them safe,
And thus retain my kindly thoughts of you
Now and always.—C.D.

Five small collections of his verses were published: Flotsom (1918), Jetsam (), Sun and Shadow (1919), Drift (1921), and Musings in Verse (1924); to these must be added a handsomely got-up selection, privately printed by his son Fritz in 1938. A larger collection may well be published by his friends as a tribute to his memory.

C.D.'s musical gifts have been referred to. From what he said to me I gather that he had no special training or regular instruction in the more intricate details of musical science. But he loved music, and loved to express himself in music. Among his published compositions were:—

Twiglees (published in Scotland, and dedicated to Professor Wallace); Day Dreams (published in America); Memories, Storyette, and Nautch Dance (published in Ceylon). His printed songs were:—Lullaby, The Singer, The Glorious Time of Youth, Tinkites (Marching Song), Bubbles (words by "Excelsior"); many remain in manuscript. Sending me the words of "Thy Will be Done", written by an English lady resident in Ceylon, he set them to music at her request. The words, he thought, were "very beautiful."

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the Colombo Public Hall in November 1901 by Miss Whitehead, at a Concert organized by her. C. D. "accompanied" on the piano. This was the occasion of a characteristic comment.

Delhurst, Havelock Town, 31-12-5.

"Mr. Dornhorst, whom I met at the Lawyers' Dinner, said that in writing to his son in England he felt bound to record the fact that a song written by a Ceylonese, and set to music by a Ceylonese, had been sung in public by a Medallist by the Royal Academy of Music. The fact must have appealed to Mr. D.'s patriotism, no doubt".

The other three pieces were sung at the Prizegivings of the Associated Board of Music in Colombo:—"In Dreams," sung by Miss Etta Keith (1909); "Love", by Miss Mabel Keith (1910); and "The South-West"; "The Message of the Winds", also by Miss Mabel Keith (1911). At my request he wrote the music to my words of the School Song of the Princess of Wales College, Moratuwa, and both music and words for the School Song of S. Clare's College, Wellawatta. His interest in my verses in other ways was most kind. A year after my return to Ceylon from India, he, of his own thought, sent some in manuscript to Dr. W. G. van Dort, who wrote about them in kindly appreciation. When printed, my booklet was sent to the Directors of Education and others.

The last letter of his that I can find is dated the 17th November 1935, and is about a photograph wanted by a friend from India. It shews no sign of ill-health or weakness, and it gives no hint of a mental agitation which apparently troubled him early in the year, and even before that. The death of his son Frank who died in the War of 1918 was a bitter trial to him. This may have contributed to the doubts that now assailed him about religion and Christian beliefs. There is nothing surprising in that. They were the ordinary difficulties which occur to thinking men, and often to unthinking men when confronted by an unexpected calamity; to old men over sixty, as well as to young men of twenty who meet such questions in casual reading or conversation. C. D. and I discussed these questions in our talk and in our letters.

On Christmas Day that year (1935), after attending a morning service, I went to Mutwal to see the Rev. J. Simon De Silva, who had just come through a serious illness. I intended to call on the way back at Mile Post Avenue, Colpetty, where C. D. lived. But the Mutwal visit was unduly prolonged, and the visit to C. D. was put off. That afternoon, however, his daughter, Mrs. Grenier, came over to tell me that her father had just died. He was quite cheerful, even happy, all the morning, with music and games in a full house, but at lunch he appeared to be ill and was carried to bed. This was a week after his 73rd birthday. The Rev. W. C. Fleming of the Dutch Reformed Church officiated at the funeral next day, when the hymn "Thy Will be done" was sung to his music.

to discover how the Wesleyan body, at whose instance the poem appears to have been written, came to select H. M. for the job."

C. D. pointed out to Dr. De Silva that "the chief characters in the poem—Silva and Lorenz—were indubitably ancestors of ours, who who both hailed from Matara!"

His own verses had the same general characteristics as those of his great uncle, C.A.L.—ease and pleasant phrasing, but also occasional seriousness and a flash of insight. Neither he nor any other of us believed that we were writing *poetry*, or that we were capable of writing it. But we were so steeped in English Literature that we could not but follow where it led. C. D. practically thought in verse. A wayside flower, a chance meeting, a passing incident, a casual remark, a birthday, a happy memory—anything like these would tempt him at once into ready rhyme. To a lover of music there is music in rhyme and rhythm, in accent and scansion, in the careful disposition of words. His kindly nature delighted in rhyming compliments, some of which may be read in his published booklets. More is one, hitherto unpublished, which he sent me as a New Year greeting on the last day of 1905, and which represents one kind of his verse:—

I do not play at cards (of any kind)
Or you'd by this have had a pasteboard chit,
Bearing some time-worn X'mas legend—thus
"To you my dearest friend, kind thoughts I send."
But kindly thoughts—like hearts—are rarer far
Than coronets. To send them through the post
Would be too risky. So I'll keep them safe,
And thus retain my kindly thoughts of you
Now and alway.—C.D.

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Some lines (hitherto unprinted) which he addressed to me on my birthday in 1929 have an undertone of farewell, and may therefore find a fitting place here:—

Friend of my youth! We meet and greet to-day
As passing ships hail in the fading light;
Long years we've travelled on life's ruffled way—
Till now our port is very near in sight.
In other lands we worked and played together,
With hearts enfouled by a prospect rosy,
Feeling life's burden lighter than a feather:—
To-day we needs must seek for corner cosy!
We revelled in the joys of happy youth,
We toiled unblenchingly, though not for gain;
And having ever battled for the truth,
I think, Old Friend, we have not lived in vain.—C.D.

He did not live in vain. Our world has been all the better and the richer for his living. We shall add his name to the long roll of those of his Community who faithfully served their day and generation, and left a lasting record of invincible integrity and memorable achievement.

GLIMPSES OF OLD SOCIAL CUSTOMS.*

By R. L. BROHIER, F.R.G.S.

Would it not be fascinating, if only we could read what people will write of our present day Social Customs a hundred years hence, and see the present in perspective!

The next best thing, perhaps, is to take a look at old-time Social Customs, and place them in their proper niche.

Very many of our commonest Social practices are directly due to traditions based on superstition. One of the customs which has crept into Social usage through this avenue and is not generally discussed too freely, is that of consulting the "Light Teller", or *Angenam Eliya*. It is believed to obtain for you temporarily, the gift of second sight. Who amongst us has not heard of this custom? It is practised even to-day by all classes of Society, and was done much more so in the past, even by members of families who would have stoutly resisted any impeachment of their intelligence.

But what few people do know is that this popular art of divination, elsewhere attributed to the magic mirror or crystal gazing, is believed in Ceylon to be aided by *Angenam Devi*, a female demon, who is the chief of 700 other female demons. Could there be any better medium for finding out what Social customs existed, say, a hundred years or more ago, before the times which come within living memory, when our people in Galle, or Colombo, or Jaffna, enjoyed the amenities of social life, and interchanged civilities with their friends?

*A Paper read at a meeting of the Discussion Circle of the Dutch Burgher Union on 27th July, 1944.

And so, I betake myself to the "Light Teller", and enter a dark, musty-smelling room, illuminated by a single light whose naked flame flickers in uncertain fashion, accentuating the gloom which its feeble ray is unable to penetrate. The medium is seated in a far corner, with a lamp between himself and the chair on which I sit. The seance proceeds to the lilt of a low chant and incantations, the light teller swaying to and fro, while I stare fixedly into the heart of the flame.

There, before me, materialises an atmosphere of domesticity which the world of to-day knows not. I see a gathering of people, the ladies clad in crisp gingham skirts and long white jackets of spotless linen, seated grouped together on a row of high backed chairs; the men, more at ease, on chairs of diverse shapes and sizes, some broad and roomy, some small and low. Others crowd in the door-ways and passages of the zaal, or great hall of an early 19th century Dutch House. It is built with wide doors in massive frames of wood, with heavily panelled shutters and surmounted by fan-lights filled in with a huge cypher monogram. The windows are lofty and about four feet from the ground. The furniture of the room is heavy, fastened by brass clasps and corners. A couple of brass candle-sticks, a couple of tall spittoons of the same metal, a *kantoorje*, or writing desk, and a book-case are other objects which catch my eye.

A large variety of porcelain jars, ivory boxes, and brass articles of various shapes and sizes lie about on tables. On the walls are pictures, large oil paintings, not on canvas as we have them now, but on broad wooden panels. On a rack on the wall are a number of swords of various sizes and shapes, from the long sword of brass and steel to the slender weapon, silvermounted and gold chased, which the fashion of the day required every gentleman to wear as a part of his full dress. On the same rack are also displayed several three-cornered hats and a wig or two. Hanging from the ceiling are large square lamps. These are made of four panes of glass mounted in brass, with a centre support for a burner.

And why the round of congratulations and welcome smiles that does one's heart good to witness? Quietly lying swaddled, on a wooden platform in the corner of the room, is an infant no more than a day old. The uncles and aunts and cousins and near relatives and friends of the happy parents have forgathered to show their interest in the glad event.

Various indeed are the speculations concerning the infant stranger. "I think it will be a fair child", remarks one of the visitors. Responding to the observation, a more sagacious and more experienced matron comments complimentarily, perhaps with many a qualification. Every feature of the little face has passed under review, the brow, the nose, the eye, the mouth, the chin. All have had their prototype attached to them in the corresponding facial peculiarities of the father, or the mother, or the grandfather or the grandmother, or some near connection of the family.

But what can that group of primitive matrons, sitting closely together on a side of that platform, and talking in whispers as if the very walls have ears, be saying? Observe how intently, and with what avidity they drink in every word of that evidently interesting narrative, emphasising their astonishment with the expression, *nan!*—the equivalent of: "You don't mean to say—so!" I listen. Were the social customs connected with the birth of the child properly observed? Was the copper pan or basin continuously struck, like ringing a gong, at the moment of the birth of the child? Was the infant's mouth besmeared with a little gold rubbed in the mother's breast-milk? Was a Bible placed near the pillow of the child or over the baby linen near it? Was the little one fumigated with the incense of Benjamin? Why has Mooy Justino, who has had a visit of condolence on hand that day not put off her visit for the morrow? Does she not know better than to defile the house in which there is a new-born baby by coming straight from a house where a body awaits burial?

Many scenes pass quickly before my eyes: the christening, two gentlemen and one lady have been selected to be God-parents as baby is a boy, I hear it remarked that it would have been two ladies and one gentleman if a girl. These festivities are over, and I see the mother with a fat and fair and happy child, standing on the stoep, or open paved platform between the street and the house. Why does she start like a scared bird? Why hasten into the room taking her infant with her? Listen, and you hear the directions to the nurse that the child must on no account be brought out unless by her express command.

The old man who had turned the corner and was advancing with feeble step is an old friend of the family. He was doubtless coming to see them. He is a kindhearted and genial old soul, but Oh! the baleful influence of his evil eye. Did he not, as he sat talking one evening on the stoep of her Papa's house, remark of a beautiful custard-apple tree: "What clusters of fruit!" and was that tree not found the next morning to have shed all its fruit, and to gradually wither and die? However glad it would make that mother to hear people say how well her little baby is looking, it seems very evident she would rather avoid the compliment than risk the dreadful influence of the evil mouth and evil eye.

Another scene of celebration now materialises. Baby has cut his first tooth. A few friends have been invited, and are partaking of a peculiar pudding or roll prepared in honour of the event. They are made of rice-flour sugar or jaggery, compressed between the palm of the hand and the fingers. Each roll is depressed in the middle lengthwise by a gentle pressure with the knuckles, so that an aperture is formed like two lips, and under each of these lips, a row of little pieces of cocoanut cut in the shape of teeth, are inserted.

Half a dozen years have passed by, and the mother now shows anxiety that the new set of teeth which is gradually replacing the milk-teeth should not degenerate into the category of verbs, regular,

irregular and defective. To obviate this the child is directed to take each tooth as it falls off and throw it on the roof, repeating three successive times: "Squirrel, Squirrel, take my tooth and give me one of yours!"

But the scenes go leaping before me in the flickering flame. The actor who plays the principal role has put away his frock, and that personal habiliment of later years, which combined in one cheap, durable article of dress all the separate advantages of shirt, jacket and pantaloons, which they called an *Apperbroek*. He is now clad in more suitable garments made of material whose durability and quality his mother has tested by diverse manipulations—garments which were not meant to be worn for a twelve-month and laid aside as unsuited to the fashion of the day. Now comes the scenes of another celebration. There can be no occasion more appropriate for a gathering of friends, than when the young man finds himself introduced to the privileges of social life by having the down shaved off his chin and cheeks.

It seems to be a gala day for his parents and friends. The barber of the family has come on the appointed morning, not unmindful of the bonus he will receive after the small master has had his first shave. I see the whetted steel wander over that lathered face, I see many expressions pass over that countenance, excitement, perplexity, a streak of fear. The operation however, is now over. His father and mother have kissed him, the brothers and sisters have kissed him, one has given him a gold chain, another a gold ring, and another and another have given him a trifling memento of the occasion, and the young man is happy, and the parents are happy, and everybody seems happy.

In the afternoon there is a tea-party to celebrate the occasion. Little plates are laid out on the large round table in the *zaal*, two or three large Delft tea-pots on which I see blue mosques suspended in mid-air, gigantic bridges like equilateral triangles spanning boiling seas, and a bit of twisted copper wire connecting the lid to the handle, stand in the centre. Diminutive cups and saucers surround them. I see large jars of *Jaucke Frietoo* prepared from breadfruit cut into thin slices and fried into brittleness, plates of soft *sabell-inges* and hard *pentifrietos*. There are hard-boiled eggs divided into two in the shell and sprinkled over with salt and pepper and a companion dish of pickled cucumbers and onions.

The young ladies did not allow their modesty to interfere with the claims of a healthy appetite, nor did they venture to give thought to associations of food and slimming. The old gentlemen kept up a running fire of jokes, and the old ladies took pleasure in reproaching them. The tea was first-rate, so one old gentleman observed, as he leisurely crushed a bit of sugar candy which rolled into his mouth undissolved. The housewives talked of household affairs, of turkey cocks and turkey hens and poultry in general, of planting and transplanting trees which grew in the limited spaces of the gardens at the back of their houses, of the price of market things, and the villainy of servants.

Everything seemed to be nice and comfortable, unmarred even by the story which the garrulous member of the party had to tell, adding his observations, to a certain offer made to the elder of his daughters, which made the young lady in question so uncomfortable that she nearly swallowed an egg, shell and all, and upset her cup of tea on to the saucer. It was not too late when the guests departed. They rose the next morning without a head-ache, and were all in praise of the happy evening they had spent.

The seance now brings before me other scenes. I find a certain street possesses a witchery for our young man, and as he nears a certain favourite window in that street, how he ogles the bamboo blind whose overlapping ribs, half opened, gradually collapse as he passes on. He spends much time writing sonnet's to Delia's eyebrows. There were nevertheless few fears of disappointments. Wiser heads had considered the possibilities of bringing these young people together, and so strict were the notions of propriety those days that there were no indiscriminate admissions to those social functions where the young folk met each other. Oh, those artful mothers, they had made up their minds that there should be a match and a match there was sure to be, though a blind man might have seen through their harmless artifice. When the formal proposal arrived, they were, of course positively astounded! But, strange to believe, no marriage could in the olden times be celebrated in the Community without a licence for the same under the sign manual of the Governor.

And now, the wedding day has arrived. What a bustle and stir and din adds to the confusion of the scenes I see on that eventful morning. The old ladies have clubbed together for weeks together to discuss the arrangements for the bride's toilet. And now at last the bridal dress is complete and fitted on, and pronounced to be inimitable. All invited guests have prepared special dresses and suits for the occasion. And on this happy morning, even the house in which the bride's parents reside seems to stand out more conspicuously forward, like an old friend in a new dress, its pillars twined with *badalwalanse* and *pamba* and festooned with tender cocoanut leaves. As the day wears on there is a peculiar feeling of expectancy among all the dwellers in that particular street in the town.

The roll of every approaching carriage start the sight-seers into activity. The best-men have each called at the houses of their respective bridesmaids and have escorted them to the festive mansion. And, at length, the beautiful creature, who is that day to become a wife, glittering in all the splendour of jewels, and the sheen of her bridal attire, comes out of her dressing room, supported by her two bridesmaids.

The assembled company now form into a circle, of which she is the centre. The brimming glass of wine goes round in silence. She feelingly kisses her father and her mother, her intimate friends and her relatives, her own fast falling tears mingling with theirs. But the cloud soon passes away, and the darkness is gone. A ceremony known as the *Corenchee* is being performed, and a beautiful piece

of silver jewellery, ornamented with brilliants, is being placed on the bride's head. The substitute to-day is the sprig of artificial orange blossoms. It was the duty of the chief bridesmaid to fix this ornament.

Standing before the pulpit from which the banns of their marriage had been advertised to the public on three successive Sundays, the happy couple have been duly pronounced man and wife. In triumphal procession they return to the bride's house. They are met on the stoep by the mother of the bride. She offers special congratulations to the brides-maids, expressing a hope doubtless that they will soon be filling a more important role in a wedding party. She then hands each of them a plate containing pieces of gold and silver and coloured paper, cut into the shape of lozenges and mixed up with gilded cardamom, and a sprinkler containing rose-water. The contents of the plate were called *Stroisel*, and it was the duty of the bridesmaids to sprinkle the rose-water and scatter the *Stroisel* over the newly wed couple.

A sumptuous repast is of course spread out for the guests, and the party eat, drink and are merry. The toast of the bride and bridegroom is in due course honoured with animation and cheering, and the rest of the day is devoted to dancing. Our ancestors did dance, but the very fiddles seemed to understand the rhythm of their movements, the stately Minuets, the jolly Polkas and Barn-dances, the Cotillons, and the dreamy Waltz.

The wedding is over, and now I see how this young man and woman get settled in life, sharing with each other their joys and cares and sorrows, rejoicing with each other in prosperity and sympathising with each other in adversity, I see them after nearly a quarter of a century looking with delight to the time when they will celebrate their "silver wedding". I reluctantly tear myself away from the pictures of this ceremony and of the Golden Bruiloft, to pick up a few old social customs which mark the finger post of time when rest must come to the trembling hands, the tottering footsteps, the dimmed eye and the feeble limbs, and "Man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets."

It does seem unmeaning and ridiculous, and out of tune with the solemn feelings when one stands in the presence of Death, to remind ourselves of the old time custom known as "Keeping the Wake" at a funeral. While the body is laid out in the zaal on a couch awaiting burial, the old women find themselves clubbed together again, and one would fancy a confectioner's shop was about to be set up in the house. Here again was an occasion for the preparation of *pentifrietoe* and *Jackefrietoes*, the hard boiled eggs and the *Sabballinies*, candied cashewnut and that untranslatable delicacy, *Aluwa de Muscat*.

And now the hour for the funeral procession has arrived. The Aanspreker, a petty officer of the Church, dressed in black with crepe round his hat, which falls over like a streamer, has arrived. He has been to every house in the town and announced the hour at which the funeral is to take place, and has brought with him the "Draggers"

or bearers. Half a dozen trays arranged with biscuits and confectionery and the various other eatables we saw being prepared, are now carried about and offered to the assembled gathering, but this is not all, there is gin, arrack and brandy carried about in plated stands holding four Dutch bottles, and plates containing cigars being offered round. In due course the body is confined by the paid personnel, and carried by them to the bier, there were no hearses in those days. I hear the Aanspreker announce: the "gentlemen relatives are requested to follow according to the recital of their names." Names are then read out in order of the various degrees of propinquity and the procession, headed by the Aanspreker, moves on. After the burial service and the lowering of the coffin, each of the bearers deposit in the grave, a lemon ornamented with cloves stuck into them, with which they had been served. The Aanspreker, thereupon concludes his official duties for the day, by requesting that the relations, the other gentlemen and the bearers, should return to the house of mourning. The return to the house is accordingly made and the beverage again circulated.

I would indeed see more in the ray of the *Angenam* light, but that same time, which ever rings changes, is passing. Back in the open air and the blessing of sunlight I find myself wondering where if at all, and to what extent we have benefitted by the displacement of some of these old customs. Are they any more ludicrous than the new ones which have been introduced? Inasmuch as one period of the World's history will be different from another, so every successive age repeals the dicta of the past.

The Light Teller must own tribute to old time records and most especially to Mr. John Eaton, a G. O. M. of the Community, for the scenes which he helped you to picture for yourselves this evening. Many of them are culled from a lecture on "Our Social Customs", delivered by Mr. Eaton eighty years ago, which he prefaced by a line from Byron: "There is not a joy the world can give like that it takes away."

GENEALOGY OF THE FAMILY OF ANTHONISZ OF CEYLON.

(Compiled by Mr. D. V. Altendorff.)

I.

Abraham Anthonisz, born at Amsterdam, son of Abraham Anthonisz and Magdalena Du Pre, arrived in Ceylon in 1736 in the "Westerwyk," died circa 1778, (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. I, page 37). He married:—

- (a) Maria Magdalena Scheffeler of Amsterdam.
- (b) Elisabeth van Dort, born 9th August 1721, widow of Matthys de Vries, and daughter of Cornelis Jansz van Dort and Elisabeth de Bruyn. (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. XXVIII, page 17).
- (c) In the Dutch Reformed Church, Galle, 18th January 1756, Elisabeth Angenitha Pantly, daughter of Clement Pantly of Meyerwelt.

Of the first marriage, he had:—

- 1 Steven, who follows under II.
Of the second marriage he had:—
2. Francina, baptised 30th June 1747, died unmarried.
- 3 Sara Cornelia, baptised 16th March 1749, married in the Dutch Reformed Church, Galle, 23rd June 1770, Harmanus Engelbregt (widower).
- 4 Johannes Marten, Vaandrig en Adjutant of Burgery, baptised 19th July 1750, married in the Dutch Reformed Church, Galle, 29th July 1774, Jobanna Claudina Poulier, baptised 9th November 1753, daughter of Arnout Poulier and Leanora van Cleef. (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. XXIV, page 21).
- 5 Martinus, baptised 12th May 1754.
- 6 Magdalena Elisabeth, baptised 3rd August 1755, died unmarried.

Of the third marriage, he had:—

- 7 Arnoldus Clement, baptised 17th June 1758.

II.

Steven Anthonisz, baptised 3rd April 1746, died 1809, married:—

- (a) In the Dutch Reformed Church, Galle, 17th April 1766, Leonora Gysberta Poulier, baptised 10th May 1749, daughter of Arnout Poulier and Leonora Van Cleef. (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. XXIV, page 21).
- (b) In the Dutch Reformed Church, Matara, 6th July 1800, Christina de Silva.

Of the first marriage, he had:—

- 1 Leonora Magdalena, baptised 10th January 1768, died unmarried.
- 2 Isabella Aletta Carolina baptised 24th March 1769, died unmarried.
- 3 Cornelia Engeltina, baptised 21st October 1770, died unmarried.
- 4 Abraham Concilianus, who follows under III.

III.

Abraham Concilianus Anthonisz, baptised 22nd October 1775, died 24th January 1824, married in the Dutch Reformed Church, Galle, 8rd August 1800, Johanna Catharina Elisabeth Freede, daughter of Johan Fredrik Christoffel Freede of Quidlenburg in Prussian Saxony. He had by her:—

- 1 Adrianus Concilianus, who follows under IV.
- 2 Johannes Martinus, baptised 15th January 1804, died 11th August 1818.
- 3 Gerardus Henricus, who follows under V.
- 4 Adrianus Carolus, who follows under VI.

IV.

Adrianus Concilianus Anthonisz, born 11th April 1802, died 1828, married by Governor's licence dated 12th December 1826, Justiana (Susanna) Hendrietta Anthonisz, born 25th December 1807, daughter of Gerardus Henricus Anthonisz, Boekhouder, and Susanna Johanna Lourentsz. He had by her:—

- 1 Matilda Gertruida.

V.

Gerardus Henricus Anthonisz, baptised 30th September 1806, died 1893, married:—

- (a) 3rd January 1831, Abigail Elisabeth Wright, died 6th January 1854, daughter of John Wright of Chesterfield in Derbyshire, England, and Anna Elisabeth Palm, widow of John Howel, Dragoonier, and second daughter of Mattheus Frederick Palm, Doctor of Laws in the Judicial Service of the Dutch East India Company at Matara, where he died in 1794.
- (b) In the Dutch Reformed Church, Galle, 10th July 1857, Susanna Magdalena Ludovici, born 10th July 1827, daughter of Petrus Jacobus Hendrik Ludovici and Henrietta Josephina Smit. (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. III, page 62).

Of the first marriage, he had:—

- 1 Jane Eliza, born 30th May 1832, died 15th June 1863, married 6th January 1851, Charles William Francois Anthonisz, born 23rd August 1823, son of Cornelis Martinus Anthonisz, Proctor and Notary Public, and Johanna Engeltina Rosé. (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. XXX, page 90).
- 2 Anna Maria, born 18th May 1834, died 25th January 1879, married 8th January 1851, Joseph Richard Anthonisz, born 23rd August 1827, died 1891, son of Abraham Josephus Anthonisz, Minister of the Methodist Church, and Maria Bartholomina Rosé.

- 3 Charlotta, born 24th June 1836, died 21st October 1878, married 11th July 1855, George Dionysius Anthonisz, born 10th November 1832, died 7th May 1868, son of Abraham Josephus Anthonisz, Minister of the Methodist Church, and Maria Bartholomina Rosé.
- 4 Alfred Henry, who follows under VII.
- 5 Gerald William, born 31st March 1849, died 17th January 1851.
- 6 Angelina Frances, born 28th February 1851, died 6th February 1872.

Of the second marriage, he had:—

- 7 Amelia Louisa, born 24th January 1859, died 12th September 1890, married in Christ Church Cathedral, Colombo, 2nd October 1878, George Henry Perkins, born 1st April 1838, died 15th June 1906, widower of Francina Eugenia Braantina Gerlach, and son of Charles Perkins and Catharina Robertina Dorothea Petronella Aldons. (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. XXIX, page 135, and Vol. XXXII, page 116).
- 8 Evelina Henrietta, born 24th January 1859, died 1860.
- 9 Samuel Ludovici, who follows under VIII.
- 10 Wilfred Henry, who follows under IX.
- 11 Gerard William, born 26th October 1863.
- 12 Vincent Edwin, who follows under X.
- 13 Juliet Henrica, born 26th February 1869, died 1870.

VI.

Adrianus Carolus Anthonisz, born at Barbeyrn, 22nd May 1810, died 24th August 1872, married Johanna Elisabeth Paulina Loverensia Freede, and he had by her:—

- 1 Priscilla Angelina, born 8th July 1840.
- 2 Albert Cecil, born 9th November 1843, died 1877.
- 3 Amelia Jemima, born 26th September 1850, married in the Dutch Reformed Church, Galle 4th November 1875, Henry William Jansz.

VII.

Alfred Henry Anthonisz, M.B. (Aber.), Colonel in the Royal Army Medical Corps, born 22nd December 1844, married 12th September 1871, Christian Joanna Sim, daughter of George Sim of Aberdeen, and he had by her:—

- 1 Alfred George Henry, born 1873, killed by lightning in South Africa in 1901.
- 2 Ethel Maud, born 1874, died in infancy.
- 3 Winifred Maud, born 1876, married Colonel Fleming of the Indian Medical Service.
- 4 Edward Guy, born 1880, married.....Macfadden.

VIII.

Samuel Ludovici Anthonisz, L.R.C.P. & S. (Edin.), Assistant Colonial Surgeon, Civil Medical Department, born 8th March 1860, died 9th May 1915, married:—

- (a) In St. Paul's Church, Kandy, 20th July 1892, Florence Helen Wright Jonklaas, born 5th March 1873, died 10th

March 1909, daughter of Frederick Algernon Jonklaas and Alice Mary van Dort. (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. XXIII, page 207, and Vol. XXVIII, page 24).

- (b) In the Dutch Reformed Church, Matara, 18th January 1911, Lena Victoria Altendorff, born 19th September 1882, died 20th February 1918, daughter of Charles Henry Bartholomew Altendorff, J.P., U.P.M., Crown Proctor, Matara, and Henrietta Charlotte Victoria Ludekens, (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. XXIII, page 170, and Vol. XXXIII, page 103).

Of the first marriage, he had :—

- 1 Phyllis Maud Helen, born 18th May 1894, married in St. Botholfs Church, London, 14th December 1918, Adalbert Henry Ernst, L.M.S. (Ceylon), Proprietary Farmer in Tzaneen, Northern Transvaal, South Africa, born 2nd September 1890, son of Charles Henry Ernst, Proctor, and Galla Victoria Altendorff. (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. XXIII, page 92, and Vol. XXXIII, page 102).
- 2 Gladys Blanche Violet, born 16th April 1896, married in St. Andrew's Church, Gampola, 14th September 1918, Ernest Mervyn Corbet Joseph, E.D., Magistrate, Colombo, Lieutenant-Colonel, Ceylon Garrison Artillery, Chief Recruiting Officer, Ceylon, born 20th August 1890, son of Ernest Henley Joseph, V.D., Colonel (retired), Ceylon Garrison Artillery, Secretary, Municipal Council, Colombo, and Isabella Louisa Maartensz. (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. XII, page 27, and Vol. XXXIII, page 41).
- 3 May Ludovici, born 30th December 1904, married in Christ Church, Galle Face, Colombo, 3rd January 1928, Cecil Frederick Dunbar Jonklaas, born 2nd March 1902, son of Cecil Norman Dunbar Jonklaas, Proctor, and May Vernon Keyt. (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. XXIII, page 209).
- 4 Samuel Algernon Ludovici, who follows under XI.

Of the second marriage he had :—

- 5 Victor Rex Ludovici, 2nd Lieutenant in the Ceylon Engineers, C.D.F., and attached for duty with the Ceylon Pioneer Corps, born 3rd May 1912.
- 6 Rena Victorine, born 17th May 1913, married in the Dutch Reformed Church, Matara, 28th December 1938, Victor Sperling Altendorff, born 1st July 1907, son of Durand Victor Altendorff, I.S.O., J.P., U.M., Deputy Inspector General of Police, and Gertrude Sperling Christoffelsz. (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. XXIV, page 15, and Vol. XXXIII, pages 104 and 107).

IX.

Wilfred Henry Anthonisz, born 20th October 1861, died 6th December 1914, married in All Saints' Church, Galle, 28th December 1893, Lydia Augusta Roosmale Cocq, born 31st March 1864, died 24th March 1924, daughter of William Bagenal Roosmale Cocq and Adelaide Henrietta de Vos. (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. XIV, page 20, and

Vol. XXVII, page 136). He had by her :—

- 1 James Wilfred Allan, who follows under XII.
- 2 Sylvia Magdalene Lydia, born 18th March 1896, died 14th August 1897.
- 3 Violet Muriel, born 18th January 1898, married in St. Paul's Church, Milagriya, 23rd June 1917, Henry Lionel Perkins, born 13th March 1881, son of George Henry Perkins and Amelia Louisa Anthonisz. (vide V 7, supra, and D.B.U. Journal, Vol. XXIX, pages 135 and 137).
- 4 Matthew Granville, who follows under XIII.
- 5 Therese Regina Wilhelmina Boyd, born 1st March 1903.
- 6 Ivo Richard Roosmale Cocq, born 4th June 1905.
- 7 Noel Henry Ludovici, born 16th October 1907.

X.

Vincent Edwin Anthonisz, born 21st December 1865 died 15th January 1901, married in Christ Church Cathedral, Colombo, 15th May 1893, Evelyn Lucretia Willenburg, born 6th April 1856, died 14th December 1938, daughter of John Henry Willenburg and Laura Harriet de Niese. He had by her :—

- 1 Vincent Henry Ludovici, who follows under XIV.
- 2 Clarence Edwin who follows under XV.
- 3 Evelyn Blanche Louise, born 19th July 1897, died 1908.

XI.

Samuel Algernon Ludovici Anthonisz, Planter, born 20th June 1897, married in St. Michael's and All Angels' Church, Colombo, 10th February 1926, Mary Christobel Ebell, born 11th October 1902, daughter of Basil Walter Ebell and Isabel Henrietta Andree. (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. X, page 15, and Vol. XXX, page 15). He had by her :—

- 1 Christobelle Doreen, born 22nd September 1927.
- 2 Barbara Edith, born 22nd March 1930.
- 3 Patricia Helen, born 8th April 1934.

XII.

James Wilfred Allan Anthonisz, born 26th October 1894, married in St. Paul's Church, Milagriya, 20th June 1918, Elaine Imay Claessen, born 3rd December 1883, daughter of Francis William Albert Claessen and Eliza Henrietta Andriesz. He had by her :—

- 1 Beryl Augusta Gwendoline, born 25th June 1919, married in St. Paul's Church, Milagriya, 11th April 1942, Oswald Clarence Poulter, born 16th September 1908, son of Samuel Walter Poulter and Elsie Winifred Claessen. (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. XXIV, page 24).
- 2 Ursula Enid Noelyn, born 11th August 1920.
- 3 Primrose Elaine Maureen, born 27th July 1922, married in St. Paul's Church, Milagriya, 27th April 1948, Denzil French Gray, son of Crosby William Gray and Avice Hester Gomes.
- 4 James Wilfred Allan, born 4th July 1924.

XIII.

Matthew Granville Anthonisz, born 14th April 1900, married in St. Paul's Church, Milagriya, 1st June 1921, Millicent May Claessen, born 27th June 1886, daughter of Francis William Albert Claessen and Eliza Henrietta Andriesz. He had by her:—

- 1 Carlo, born 1922.
- 2 Wilfred, born 1930.

XIV.

Vincent Henry Ludovici Anthonisz, L.M.S. (Ceylon), L.R.C.P. & S. (Edin.), L.R.F.P. & S. (Glas.), L.M.R.C.P.T., O.B.E. (Military Division), V.D., Colonel and Commandant, Ceylon Medical Corps, Officer Commanding the Ceylonese General Hospital, Honorary Surgeon to His Excellency the Governor, born 19th March 1894, married in St. Paul's Church, Kandy, 29th October 1921, Mary Caroline Treherne de Saram, born 11th September 1899, daughter of James Stewart de Saram, C.C.S., and Anne de Vos. (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. XXVII, page 142). He had by her:—

- 1 Olga Treherne, born 9th September 1923, married in St. Anthony's Cathedral, Kandy, 18th September 1943, Roger Delgado, Lieutenant in the Royal Corps of Signals, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Delgado of Bedford Park, London.
- 2 Cecil Brian Ludovici, born 31st January 1925.
- 3 Irma Maud Treherne, born 24th April 1927.

XV.

Clarence Edwin Anthonisz, born 3rd May 1895, died 30th June 1934, married in St. Paul's Church, Milagriya, 13th June 1925, Viola Dagmar Willenburg, born 25th March 1897, daughter of Eustace Augustus Willenburg and Harriet Emelia de Nies. He had by her:—

- 1 Monica Doreen, born 22nd November 1927.

Notes: (1) This family is not identical with another family known by the same name, but in the last century there were several inter-marriages between the two families.

- (2) Abraham Anthonisz, referred to under I, was in the service of the Dutch East India Company as Superintendent over ship-carpenters and house-builders at Galle, an office corresponding to that of a Supervising Engineer of the Public Works Department. He also held the honorary offices of Commissioner of Marriage Causes, Member of the Orphans Chamber and Member of the Landraad at Galle, besides being a Lieutenant in the Burgery (Militia)—The erection of the Dutch Church at Galle on the site of an ancient Portuguese Capuchin Convent was begun in July 1752; and in May 1754 a beginning was made with the construction of the roof under the supervision of Abraham Anthonisz. According to tradition, His Excellency the Honourable Casparus de Jong, who was married to Gertuida Adriana le Grand and had no issue for many years, built the Church as a thank-offering to God for the birth of a daughter. (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. I, page 137).

- 3 Johanna Claudina Poulter, widow of Johannes Marten Anthonisz, referred to under I, 4, married in the Dutch Reformed Church, Galle, 26th May 1776, Gerron Panneel, Boekhouder in the Secretary van Politie en Justitie.
- 4 Steven Anthonisz, referred to under II, held in succession various Offices in the Civil Service of the Dutch East India Company, including the office of Guarnisoen Schryver. At the date of the cession of Ceylon to the English, he was Senior Boekhouder and President of the High Court of Justices at Galle. He, with others, signed at Galle in 1796 an undertaking of loyalty to the English Government (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. XIV, page 51).
- 5 Abraham Concilianus Anthonisz, referred to under III, held the office of Assistant at Galle in the service of the Dutch East India Company, and subsequently served the English Government in the Commissariat Department, first at Galle and then at Jaffna, where he died. He too subscribed to the undertaking of loyalty above-mentioned.
- 6 Gerard Henricus Anthonisz, referred to under V, entered the Government Clerical Service in 1829 and served at Colombo, Kandy and Hambantota—He was appointed Secretary of the District Court of Colombo in 1863, which office he held till 1870 when he retired from the Public Service.
- 7 Alfred Henry Anthonisz, referred to under VII, was educated at the Colombo Academy and at Queens College. He went to Calcutta in 1862 for medical studies, and thence to Aberdeen. He entered the Ceylon Civil Medical Department and served for two years. He proceeded to Europe in 1869, and was appointed as Assistant Army Surgeon in 1871. He was attached to various Regiments until the formation of the Royal Army Medical Corps, and was promoted Surgeon Major in 1883, Lieutenant-Colonel in 1891, and Colonel in 1899. He served in Liverpool, Barbados, British Guiana, Egypt and India. He was awarded the Khedive Medal and Star with Clasp for services in the Egyptian War of 1882 and in the Soudan Campaign. He retired on 23rd December 1904 when serving in Secunderabad in India, and visited Colombo in January 1908. He exhibited two pictures at the Madras Fine Arts Exhibition in 1911.
- 8 Adalbert Henry Ernst, referred to under VIII, 1, served in France in the Great War, 1914—1918, as Captain in the Royal Army Medical Corps, and later he was stationed in Jhansi in India. On being demobilised, he went to Tzaneen in Northern Transvaal, where he acquired an extensive estate and established himself as a farmer growing timber, citrus and other sub-tropical fruit. It is named "Allesbeste Farm." He is also part Proprietor of the Krabbefontein Saw Mills. (D. B. U. Journal, Vol. XIV, page 4, Vol. XX, page 45, and Vol. XXIV, page 43).

- 9 Samuel Algernon Ludovici Anthonisz, referred to under XI. sailed via the Cape for service in the Great War, 1914—1918. He arrived in England on 12th October 1918 and immediately enlisted in the Officers' Cadet Battalion. He was demobilised after the Armistice. (D. B. U. Journal Vol. XIV, page 2).
- 10 Clarence Edwin Anthonisz referred to under XIV, served in the Great War, 1914—1918, as 2nd Lieutenant in the Indian Army Reserve of Officers, and was attached to the 75th Carnatic Infantry. (D. B. U. Journal, Vol. XV, page 2).

AN ACCOUNT OF CEYLON.

By THOMAS PENNANT.

(Continued from page 21 of the issue for July 1944.)

Turpethum, Blackwall, tab. 397; *Turpeth* is a name given to the root by the old Arabian physicians; it was much in use among them, and the Indian, in medicine. It was a strange cathartic, and applied in dropsical, gouty, and rheumatic cases, to expel the tough ferous humours from the distant parts; it is not at present in our dispensary.

Quamoclit; Rumph. Amboin. V. 421, tab. 155, is a beautiful climbing plant, much used in India for making bowers.

Orientalis, iii. tab. 55, is a tree that affords a beautiful yellow wood.

Umbellata, iii. tab. 118, is a common useless wood in the watery places of all parts of India, with a small tuberous fruit. The root is used for dying red.

Frondosa, iv. tab. 51, is an elegant shrub, called by the Mallayes, the *Leaf of the Princess*, because their ladies are fond of the grateful odor of its white leaves.

It takes the generic name from its quality of opening its flowers at four in the evening, and closing them in the morning till the same hour returns, when they again expand in the evening at the same hour. Many people transplant them from the woods into their gardens, and use them as a dial or clock, especially in cloudy weather.*

Jalapa, v. tab. 89, is a climbing plant; notwithstanding its trivial, its uses are quite unknown. It is common both to India and Peru. The famous *Jalap* comes from an American plant, the *Convolvulus Jalapa*.

Insanum, v. tab. 85. This is the commonest, but poorest food universally used in India. It has been long since introduced into Spain, where it is an universal ingredient in made-dishes, and called by the Spaniards, *Berengenas*. The Arabians say, that Mahomet found this plant in Paradise, which makes his followers particularly fond of it. *S. Indicum* is another species, figured in *Burm. Zeyl.* tab. 102.

Barbatum, Rumph. Amboin. v. tab. 88, and *C. Frutescens*, fig. 13, 4, of the same table. These *Capsicums* have a much more hot taste and acrimony in the torrid zone, than even with us; and are universally used in the dishes of the Indians, but the excess always renders them wrinkled and chilly, and brings on premature old age.

Nux Vomica, Rumph. Amboin. ii. tab. 38, grows to a large size; the kernel is flat, inclosed in a round fruit, see Blackwall, tab. 395. It was formerly kept in the shops of our apothecaries, but being a rank poison, and liable to abuse, is now totally rejected, especially as it was found to be of no sort of use.

Here are four species of *Rhamnus*, *Lincaius*, *Burman*, *Zeyl.* tab. 88, *Napeca*, Rumph. Amboin. ii. tab. 42, or *Vidara Laut*; the chief use is to detect wizards, to whom is given to drink an infusion of the root; if it makes them sick, they are supposed guilty, if not they stand acquitted; much as wise an experiment, as that of swimming of witches in our island.

The other two kinds are the common, *Rh. Jujuba*, ii. tab. 36, and *Rh. Oenoplia*, *Burman Zeyl.* tab. 61.

Mangifera Indica, Rumph. Amboin. i. tab. 25, 26. This tree, valuable for its fruit, grows to a vast size, and assumes the habit of an oak, and is a tree of the first beauty. The fruit is oblong, and sometimes grows to the size of a goose's egg. When ripe, it is of a yellow and red colour, and contains a large kernel, which is covered with a most juicy pulp. It is reckoned (after the *Ananas*) the most delicious fruit in India, and very few other fruits are eaten in the hot season. It is often dressed different ways in made dishes. One of them is also a *mango-rob*, most acceptable to sick people. It is often brought over to England pickled. The timber is not of any value. This tree is not found in the Molucca isles.

Amaranthus. Castrensis, v. tab. 84, is the beautiful annual, the *amaranthus cocks-comb*, that we often see an ornament to our garden.

Cerbera. Manghas, arbor Lactaria, ii. tab. 81. This also grows to a great size, and in the western parts of the different isles. The fruit is far lesser than the Mango. It is of an oval form, with one side concave, as if a piece had been bitten out. This, the Cingalese say, was the fatal apple tasted by Eve, whom they feign resided along with her mate in this island: They therefore call it Adam's apple. It lies under the repute of being of a most poisonous quality; but that notion is effectually exploded by Rumphius. It is even taken, in form of an infusion, internally. The kernel may be noxious when eaten to excess, and even fatal, which may be the case with the best things.

In Malabar it is called *Odallam*. Rheede, i. p. 71, asserts, that it is a common poison, and that a very small portion proves immediately fatal. The wood is of no value; if wounded, it plentifully exudes a milky liquor. The kernel is sometimes pressed for the oil, with which candles are made; but they emit a most rank smell.

Oleander is common to this country, and the hottest parts of Spain.

* Knox, p 20.

The *Bromelia Ananas*, Rumph. Amboin. V. tab. 81, grows wild in many parts of the Indian isles; such as Celebes, Amboina, and even the Phillippine isles: * It was not, therefore, introduced from America. It is common to both worlds, and was originally brought from the Brazils into Spain.

It is now frequent in Europe; but cultivated with greatest success in England. The natives of Macassar call it Pangram. The name *Nanas*, and *Nassa*, which is used in some places, is caught from the Brazilian *Nana*, which was changed by the Portuguese into *Ananas*, and conferred on the plant, which they found also in India. This is the most delicious fruit of the country, and long since cultivated with great attention, by transferring it into the richest soils.

Ceylon glows with numbers of the most splendid or odoriferous flowers. The *Pancratium Zeylanicum*, Com. Hort. i. tab. 38, is a beautiful white flower, with a charming scent.

Crinum Asiaticum, Miller's plates, tab. 110, and the *Crinum Zeylanicum*, Trew's Ehret. tab. 13, is that elegant species with a white flower, and pale purple stripe.

Gloriosa Superba, Com. Hort. i. tab. 69, Ind. Zool. tab. 3, well merits the pompous name. The Cingalese style it the *Najajala*, possibly from the root being possessed of a poison equally potent with the fatal serpent *Naja*.

The tuberose, *Polianthes tuberosa*, Rumph. Amboin. V. tab. 98, a flower of too exquisite a scent for the majority of people. It emits its odour most strongly in the night. The Malaysians therefore style it *Sandal Malam*, or the mistress of the night: comparing it to a frail fair, visiting her lover in the dark, sweetly perfumed, and highly dressed. It was introduced into England in 1664, and is mentioned by our *Evelyn*, that glory of his days, by the name of *Tuberose Hyacinth*, in the *August* of his *Kalendarium Hortense*.

Calamus Rotang, Rumph. Amboin. v. tab. 56, are the varieties of plants which yield the canes which are used to distend the hoops of the fair sex in Europe. They grow to lengths incredible, some creeping along the ground. Others climbing to the summits of the highest trees, and form a most grotesque similitude of cordage.

Mimusops Elengi, Rumph. Amboin. ii. tab. 63, approaches nearly the clove, and is remarkable for the rich odors of its flowers.

Jambolifera Pedunculata, ii. tab. 42, is a fruit tree of no great value, resembling an oblong plumb.

* Rumph V. P. 128

(To be Continued)

BY THE WAY.

NOTES BY NIEMAND.

A play, named "The Dictator" was recently staged in Ceylon, and may again entertain the public. I have not seen the play, nor do I know what it is about; but it may fairly be inferred that a Dictator, an absolute ruler whose "word is law", was the important personage in the play. What his end was is left to conjecture. I cannot tell whether he triumphed or was overthrown. Again, he may not be a political or a social Dictator, for Dictators are of many kinds.

The word brings to our mind some famous persons who have been regarded as Dictators in their several ways,—Napoleon, Bismarck, Beau Nash, Mrs. Grundy, and now Herr Hitler. Certain nations also exercised dictatorial power within certain limits and for certain periods,—Great Britain, Germany, Spain, France, Rome, and India under Asoka. Their history shews—and would be Dictators may take the hint—that Dictatorships do not last but that their end is as certain as the next eclipse of the sun, even if their despotism has been benevolent.

In our island the word Dictator is not so commonly used in political discussions, perhaps because we have not had one except our Government before the Donoughmore revolution, whose orders we were accustomed to obey without or with question. The words now bandied about are *Domination* and *Dominant*, which are closely akin to *Dictator*. There is much talk about the "Domination of the Sinhalese", of a "Dominant majority", &c. But these do not form the subject of my remarks.

It is about Domination and Dictators generally that a few observations may be useful. The first point is that Domination, like Dictatorship, does not last, whether it be the Domination of an individual, of a community, or of a nation. You can dominate a primitive, or half-civilized, or weak people, by force of arms, or by superior knowledge and enlightenment, or by the cunning which veils itself in diplomacy and policy. But the time comes when primitive peoples get to know things, when partially-civilized peoples awake to the possibilities within their grasp, and when weak peoples increase in numbers, in strength, and in the use of their knowledge. Their progress upward may be slow, but there will always be teachers and preachers to urge them to the assertion of their rights and privileges.

That is one of the lessons which history teaches. It explains the growth of "Independence" in nations, and the growth of Communism, Socialism, and similar-isms in Communities. Empires rearrange themselves as Commonwealths or Federations; hereditary

kings give place to elected Presidents; working men oust the "gentry" from parliaments; trades unions control the exactions of capitalists; there is always a village Hampden to withstand the little tyrant of his fields.

It is in human nature to resent domination in any form, and that is why domination of any kind never lasts, but is always resisted, overthrown, and execrated. The human rights of every individual must be respected.

The evils of Domination are not suffered by the dominated alone; those who dominate are liable to worse evils. Not only are they in danger of opposition and revenge from those who do not belong to their faction, their own character is changed, and for the worse. There is the danger of yielding to bribery, which may be direct or indirect; of yielding to favourites; of being rude to those who disagree with them, and of thinking themselves to be above the law.

Byron admired the genius of Napoleon, but when Napoleon in his dominance forgot the rights of others, Byron pointed out "Ambition's less than littleness". Here was a danger of Domination.

"By gazing on thyself grown blind,
Thou taught'st the rest to see".

Napoleon was a hero to the French; but after giving them freedom and honour, he went on to enslave other nations.

"Till goaded by Ambition's sting,
The Hero sunk into the King
Then he fell;—So perish all
Who would man by man enthrall."

As already said, Domination has proved a mistake, equally in individuals, nations, and states; even in families. The tyrant may think himself happy for his time, but he falls unwept, and his name is for ever unhonoured. His parasites are luckier than he, in their time, but they are too insignificant to be remembered at all.

Unveiling of a Painting:—At the Dance on the 30th August, to celebrate the Birthday Anniversary of Queen Wilhelmina, a happy incident took place—the unveiling of a painting by Mr. C. L. Beling, which represented the landing of Admiral Joris van Spilbergen near Batticaloa in May 1602. It was a gift from the Royal Netherlands Navy and Mercantile Marine to the Union. Lt.-Commander S. Dobbenga who with Lt.-Commander J. Nieuwenhuygen, initiated the movement, spoke feelingly of the welcome given by the Union to the Dutch Forces, and invited Admiral Helfrich to unveil the painting. The President of the Union replied, thanking the donors for their generosity and Admiral Helfrich for his presence.

Lt.-Commander Dobbenga subsequently sent the following letter, dated 5th September 1944:—

"On behalf of the Officers, Petty Officers and Ratings of the Royal Netherlands Navy, and also on behalf of the Crews of the Dutch Mercantile Marine, I offer you my thanks for the hospitality at your clubhouse on the evening preceding our grand national day 'Konfinginnedag'.

I consider it as a privilege that we were in a position to express our feelings of gratitude in offering you a lasting token of our appreciation.

It was a touching moment: the moment that Admiral Helfrich disclosed the artistic masterpiece of Mr. Beling we realised the meaning of the history of the past; the first 'Nederlander' ashore at Ceylon, a symbol of energy and courage of those days.

We are proud of our ancestors, your ancestors as well. Proud of their descendants too, who try to keep up the Netherlands tradition in such a dignified way.

It gives us satisfaction to fight together for a common principle, the principle of freedom. Freedom and happiness for the people has always been the ideal of both Empires, Britain and the Netherlands.

We never forget what you have done. Once again our heartiest thanks."

Yours faithfully,

S. DOBBENGA,

Lt.-Commander, R.N.R.

The painting is not a copy, but Mr. C. L. Beling's own idea, based on Spilbergen's Diary and other documents. The painting is worthy of its subject. Spilbergen is in the forefront of the picture, erect and self-possessed. He carries his hat in his hand, and faces the Kandyan king's representative. Behind the Admiral comes a man carrying the Nederland Flag, and behind him a man carrying presents &c. Then come the musicians. The bay, the elephants, and the dissave's attendants complete the historical scene. Our congratulations.

It may be added that, not only the painting, but also the re-decoration of the Union Hall, was due to our generous friends.

Notes of Events.

Summary of Proceedings of the General Committee, 20th June 1944:—(1) A vote of condolence was passed on the death of Mrs. J. G. Paulusz. (2) It was decided that all matters connected with the conduct of the Bulletin should be left entirely to the Editor and his sub-Committee. (3) The Secretary reported that the Entertainment and Sports Committee intended to start a special fund for the Thursday evening functions, so that these functions would in future be financed by the Union and not by individual members. (4) The Secretary reported that the Historical monuments and Manuscripts Committee had recommended that representations be made to the Colombo Municipality regarding the mis-spelling of roads with Dutch associations. It was agreed to take action accordingly. (5) Resolved that the congratulations

of the Union be conveyed to Col. V. H. L. Anthonisz, Colonel Gerald Mack, and Mr. Vernon Arndt on the Honours conferred on them. (6) A Sub-Committee consisting of the President, Mr. J. A. Martensz, Mr. W. J. F. LaBrooy, and Mr. A. J. Martin was appointed to consider all questions of employment. (7) The following new members were elected:—Dr. C. L. S. Ferdinands, Messrs. W. L. C. Bartholomeusz, F. L. G. Bartholomeusz and I. S. Q. B. Janszé.

18th July, 1944:—(1) Votes of condolence on the deaths of Mr. Hilton de Hoedt and Mr. C. G. O. Speldewinde were passed. (2) The following new members were elected:—Miss C. M. Conderlag, Messrs S. E. J. Fryer, E. G. LaBrooy, J. G. Reijnen, and C. F. D. Jonklaas (re-admitted).

14th August 1944:—(1) Votes of condolence on the deaths of Messrs. K. E. Keller and Edgar Ebert were passed. (2) Mr. L. A. Arndt was appointed a member of the Education Committee. (3) In reply to an enquiry by the Genealogical Committee, it was decided that this committee should be required to report only on the genealogy of applicants, leaving the question of their good standing to be considered by the General Committee. (4) Resolved that the regulation regarding defaulters in respect of subscriptions, passed by the General Committee at their meeting held on 19th July 1937 to the effect that "persons who had defaulted in their subscriptions and had no bar bill must pay 4 months' subscription before enrolling" be rescinded.

Obituary:—The death of Dr. F. V. Foenander on the 2nd September, 1944, at the age of 77, deprives the Community of an outstanding figure and the Union of one of its most respected and staunchest members. Throughout his long connection with the Union—he was an original member—Dr. Foenander kept in close touch with its activities, and did everything in his power to further its objects. His work as a Committee member was characterised, not by noisy garrulity, but by quiet and sober methods, in keeping with the traditions of the Community, and he has left behind a very fragrant memory. His friends were given an opportunity recently of showing their appreciation of his high qualities when they met to offer him and his spouse their congratulations on the occasion of the 50th anniversary of their marriage. We tender to Mrs. Foenander and the other members of the family our deepest sympathy in their bereavement.

We also regret to record the death on the 28th June, 1944, of Mr. W. H. Hepponstall J.P., U.P.M. The deceased was a Proctor and practised his profession in Kalutara. On his retirement from active professional work he settled in Colombo, where he filled at different times the offices of Deputy City Coroner and Head Air Raid Warden.

Three other deaths occurred during the last quarter, viz., those of Messrs. Hilton de Hoedt, K. E. Kellar and Edgar Ebert. Each of these members helped to advance the interests of the Union in one way or another and their deaths are much regretted.

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