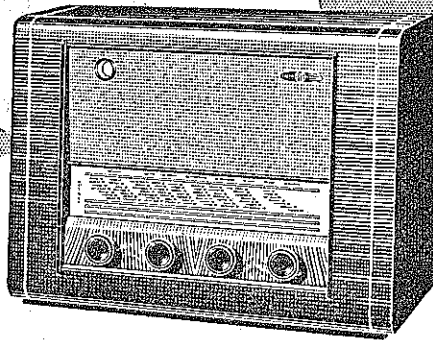


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Journal of the Dutch Burgher Union of Ceylon.



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To promote the moral, intellectual, and social well-being of the Dutch descendants in Ceylon.

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To gather by degrees a library for the use of the Union composed of all obtainable books and, papers relating to the Dutch occupation of Ceylon and standard works in Dutch literature.

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To cause to be prepared and.....printed and published, papers, essays, etc: on questions relating to the history and origin of the Dutch Burghers of Ceylon, and to publish the genealogies of the Dutch families now in Ceylon.

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To prepare and publish a memorial history of the Dutch in Ceylon, descriptive of their social life and customs, their methods of administration, and the influence of these upon existing institutions in the Island.

Journal of the Dutch Burgher Union of Ceylon.

VOL. XLIV.]

JULY, 1954.

[No. 3

A DIP INTO THE STORY OF KANDY.

Preface:—These notes form the substance of three lectures which Mr. J. B. Siebel delivered to the members of the Kandy Young Peoples' Association in 1889—1890. They have been salvaged from a forgotten file, and are reproduced in the pages of the Journal as they are both absorbingly interesting, and replete with historical anecdotes little known to a new generation.

Mr. John Boyle Siebel, was Justice of the Peace and Crown Proctor of Kandy in the closing decade of the last century. He had great literary ability and showed it largely in contributed articles to the periodicals and papers published in his day. He died on the 30th of January, 1907.

Editor.

What I intend to do tonight is to tell you something out of the way, to place before you some facts and some traditional tales connected with Kandy, which have come to my knowledge as an old resident of this beautiful city. Every Lecture (I hope I am not using too high-sounding a word for what consists of only random notes strung together) like every story must have a beginning, so I shall, with your leave, go back to the far past and tell you what I have heard about the discovery of Kandy, or rather how Kandy became a kingdom.

It is said that King Wikrama Bāhu III who was reigning at Gampola (the Ganga-Sripoora or Royal-river-city mentioned in old books) was fond of hunting, and on one occasion being anxious to find a more secure place than Gampola for his residence, he took it into his head to go beyond his hunting fields, and to cross the dense forests which surrounded him. He did so, and soon came upon a black rock or cavern which was inhabited by a Brahmin named Sengada. This is the rock which you see up to this day, right above the Old Palace and close to Lady Horton's walk. King Wikrama Bahu was in due form introduced to the old Brahmin who received him with many salaams and profound bows. The King told this Sage, this man of sanctity and wisdom, what his mission was. Begging the King's pardon, old Sengada retired to the inmost recesses of his cavern, put on his capacious turban, filled a leather wallet with some stones or pebbles, and respectfully desired the King to follow him. He proceeded in the direction of what is now St. Paul's, which was then a big jungle, and threw a stone into it. A hare sprang up from amongst

the brushwood and began running at a great rate. Sengada threw another stone, upon which a jackal sprung up and pursued the hare. This did not continue long, for, strange to say, the jackal gave up the chase and turned tail; upon which he was pursued very closely by the hare who turned aggressor. The jackal followed by the hare soon disappeared from sight. The King and his nobles were rather astonished at this state of things, and asked the Sage to give them an explanation. "Dost thou not see, O King," he said, "that this is the place which the gods have ordained for the establishment of thy kingdom? This is the *Jayebumi* or victorious ground. Thou, O King, wilt be well protected in this place by the forests and the mountains, and instead of flying before thine enemies, thou wilt turn round and put them to flight." The King was so impressed with what old Sengada had said, that looking upon him as a sort of divine oracle, he removed the seat of his kingdom very shortly afterwards from Gampola and built a palace for himself at this spot. It is not the same edifice you see now, but one that stood some three hundred years ago, on the same site. Old Sengada continued to live behind the palace, giving counsel and advice to the King for many years until he was gathered to his fathers. Hence it is that Kandy is called *Sengadagala Maha Nuera* in the old books: and on account of its hilly situation it is also called *Kanda Uda*. The King not only built here a palace, but being a religious man built some Dewales (or Temples for the Hindu deities). The one nearest the Palace is the *Nata Dewale*. Here the King is said to have built not only the Temple which now exists (though in a somewhat ruinous condition, — portions of it, consisting of carved stones, are scattered about the grounds) but a Dagoba (the one facing the Palace) which is supposed to contain the *Patra* or golden bowl which belonged to Gautama Buddha, and which is supposed to have been brought to Ceylon by winged messengers or *Rahats*. If you will take the trouble to visit the Nata Dewala you will find a long inscription (the letters of which are becoming illegible) covering the western wall of the temple. I tried hard to get a copy of it but failed. I think this inscription, when translated would throw much light on the early history of Kandy.* The other Dewales are the *Maha Dewale*, the *Kattragam Dewale* and the *Pattini Dewala*—the Maha is the one right opposite St. Paul's, and the Pattini is the one next to the Police Court, the Kattragam Dewale being the Temple situate in Castle Hill Street. The Pattini Dewale is said to be dedicated to the goddess Pattini, who is supposed to have sprung from a lotus flower, as Venus is believed to have emanated from the foam of the sea. The strangest story about the goddess Pattini is her marriage with a man of extraordinary beauty, called Palenga, to prevent the scandal which in all ages attached to one of the fair sex living alone and unmarried. There is a beautiful story told of the goddess Pattini by my friend Mr. William Goonetilleke, the learned editor of the "Orientalist," but this I have neither the time nor the space to relate here.†

* This has since been translated (1934) by H. W. Codrington and the inscriptions and translations are discussed in *Epigraphia Zeylanica* Vol. IV Pages 27 to 33.

† Mr. Goonetilleke, who was an old and valued friend of Mr. Siebel died in November 1888. He was a linguist, a man of varied accomplishments, and a profound Sanskrit scholar.

It was either King Wikrama Bahu or one of his successors who, thinking that it was not right for a King to be alone, tried to secure a Queen. His ministers suggested that a Princess should be sent for from India, but the King who was a shrewd young fellow, and had seen many pretty young girls amongst his own people, was slow to take the advice of his Counsellors on this point, and, as luck would have it, he made up his mind one day to have a big hunt. He set out early one morning with his nobles, his huntsmen, and, may be, with his pack of hounds. The King was immensely fond of the chase, and was soon rushing through the jungle in pursuit of game. An elk came in sight, and the King dashed after him through flood and field, regardless of consequences, and in a short time he found he had out-stripped all his followers, and had been left alone in the very thick of the forest. The King never looked behind, but was in hot pursuit of the elk, when the beast eluded his grasp and the King found himself *quite, quite* alone in a little bit of clearing, surrounded with tall trees, and right before him and coming towards him, was the prettiest little maiden that ever mortal set eyes upon. The King had never seen anything so lovely, so radiantly beautiful. He was rooted to the spot—he looked at her and she looked at him.

Oh; she was good as she was fair,
None—none—on earth was like her;
As pure in thought as angels are,
To see her was to love her;

What was the poor King to do? His people were coming in search of him. "The horn of the hunter was heard on the hill." The King was ashamed to be seen with this young and beautiful maiden, and at the same time, he would have given all that he possessed to know who she was, or to learn something of her personal history. The King's people were now quite close to him; and there was nothing for the poor love-smitten King to do but to turn back, rush into the jungle and meet his people. His presence of mind did not however desert him at this moment. He looked once more towards the beautiful maiden—he unbuckled his golden belt, all glittering with pearls and rubies, flung it towards her—cast one long loving lingering look behind, and tore himself away from the fascinating spot. The King met his nobles, and returned to his Palace without much delay. The next day and the day after that the King was in his chamber, and refused to see his Adigars and his attendants. It was rumoured that the King was ill—he had even refused food—he was undoubtedly suffering from the effects of the hunt. There was a great flutter and a great commotion about the Palace, and at last the truth oozed out that the King was quite inconsolable for the loss of his jewelled belt, the gift of his grand-father, which was lost whilst hunting. After a while the King had a consultation with his nobles, and a Royal Proclamation was issued with beat of tom-toms that search should be made through the King's dominions, and that any person or persons who might be found in possession of the royal belt should be forthwith brought into the King's presence. After a three days' search the royal belt was discovered, and three persons were conducted to the palace, and who do you think they were? The beautiful young

maiden and her aged parents. The King seemed to revive, enjoyed his meals, and clad himself in royal apparel. He had another consultation with his trusty chiefs, and they all agreed with the King, that the elk which had tempted the King to go beyond the bounds of the hunting fields, was the spirit of his grandfather who had presented him with the belt, and that his "gentle spirit" had led him on to the spot where he saw the beautiful maiden, who was destined to be his future Queen. All difficulties being thus removed, the King married the beautiful maiden and lived happy ever afterwards. This pretty little story was related to me by an old Kandyan gentleman by the name of Ihagama Nilleme many years ago. Ihagama was a very intelligent Chief—wore European costume, and at the time I became acquainted with him, had just returned from the Mauritius where he was living as an exile for his complicity in the Molligodde Rebellion. He wore a broad-brimmed drab felt hat and a pair of big blucher boots, and was often seen in Trincomalie Street, not far from Trinity College, where he resided up to the time of his death.

The Kandyan Kings were, as you know, despotic and absolute: and as Lords Paramount, their subjects were bound to render them service for the protection they enjoyed, and for the lands held by them. It was a sort of Feudal system. The whole kingdom was divided into *Dissawonies* (provinces), *Palatas* (districts), and *Pattus* (divisions) which had to furnish a certain number of soldiers or fighting men. For instance, Hewaheta supplied sixty soldiers as its name implies—(*Hewayo Hetai*). Tumpane, 350 soldiers. Harispattu, 400. Then there were Udesiapattu—the pattu of the upper hundred; Medesiapattu, the pattu of the middle hundred; Pallesiappattu—the pattu of the lower one hundred;—and Matale or Mahataley, the great forge or the great host of men, supplied as fighting men. "Udunuwara" the upper city and Yatinuwara (the lower city) in which the capital (Maha Nuwara) stands have the pre-eminence," says Knox, "of all the other places in the land as they are more popular and fruitful. The inhabitants thereof are the chief and principal men, insomuch, that it is an usual saying amongst them that if they want a King, they may take any man from either of these two countries from the plough and wash the dirt off him, and he, by reason of his quality and descent, is fit to be a King." This remark of Knox about the fitness of the people of Udunuwara and Yatinuwara to become Kings will no doubt remind you of Cincinnatus who was called from the plough to be the Dictator of Rome.

I shall now refer to a few of the natural features of this beautiful country. Kandy, as you are aware, is almost a Peninsula, formed by a sweep of the Mahaweliganga (the great sandy river) and surrounded, as Sir Emerson Tennent says, by a double circumvallation of mountains. Ceylon was in ancient times divided into the *Pihiti Rata*, *Ruhuna Rata* and the *Maya Rata*. Kandy is in the *Maya Rata*. The divisions are not merely nominal or imaginary, they were marked on the ground by the order of the old Kings, and I understand that a stone may still be seen near the small bridge at Pinga-oya, Katugastota, indicating one of the divisions. The stone has been removed from where it stood, and has been used as one of the abutments of the Pinga-oya Bridge, but some of

the old Sinhalese characters on it are still visible. The spot was known in ancient times, I am told, as Kahalle-totte, Kasa-kotta and now Katugastota. The stone indicated the boundary between the Pihiti Rata and the Maya Rata, or the mountainous region. Another stone, a circular slab (*Akuru ketu Pahana*) was discovered on the Ambegamuwa Road about five miles from Nawalapitiya with an inscription denoting the boundary between the Maya Rata and the Ruhuna, and this stone is said to have been set up by King Siri Sangabo many hundred years ago.

I am sure all Kandy residents are acquainted with the names of the hills and mountains of note which surround it. On the South-Western side we have the rocky ridge of Hantane, Udawella Peak, Mutton-Button (the *Maitana Pattana* of the Sinhalese), Fairyland and Roseneath; and again on the North-Eastern side we have the Dumbara Valley, Hunasgeriya, the Knuckles, Diyatalawa, Allagalla, and Ettapalla-Kanda; these latter are seen from Lady Horton's Walk, which, as you know, winds round the hills behind the Pavilion. I take it for granted that you all know where the Eastern Redoubt is. It is the hill above the Garrison Burial Ground. On this Redoubt there was, during the early occupation of the British after the accession, a military station and barracks, and the military burial ground was the plot of ground just above the cross road between Malabar Street and Lake Road, a little beyond and above the Parsonage. I was walking one morning about this place some years ago with my brother, Mr E. L. Siebel, when we alighted upon a granite tomb—stone partly covered with earth. On clearing the rubbish we found the following inscription:—

"HERE LIES THE BODY OF CAPTAIN JAMES McGLASHAM

Aged 26 Years.

"He distinguished himself in the Battles of Busaco and Albuera. He served in Germany, where he was appointed a Companion of the Guelphic Order of Knighthood, and he obtained the Medal bestowed by their grateful country on all who fought at Waterloo. In his last illness he received the Holy Sacrament with exemplary devotion, and under the lingering approach of a painful death he was sustained by manly fortitude and Christian hope."

This young Scotchman had, though young, distinguished himself in the Peninsular Wars and was moreover a Waterloo Hero. It is sad to think that he should have died so early in life, and that his body should be laid at rest in a strange land, so far from his home and his friends. The grave stone has, I understand, been since removed to the Garrison Burial Ground.

This Eastern Redoubt was also known as "One Tree Hill", and was a sort of historical landmark. I have an old picture in which this tree is shown; but I fear this tree has been lately cut down, and its place knows it no more.

The high hill nearly opposite to the one referred to, and on the western side, is the Western Redoubt. This hill, which is familiar to us all as *Bahirawakande*, has a terrible story connected with it. It was for a long time believed that Bahirawakande was a contraction of *Basna-Ira-Kanda* or the hill of the Setting Sun. This was a popular error-Bahirawakande was so named from the Earth-god *Bahirawa* or *Bahirawa Yakshaya* who was yearly propitiated by the Kandyans in ancient times to secure good harvests, abundance of fruit, and immunity from pestilence and plagues. In order to secure his favour, and to propitiate the demon, a woman (the prettiest girl that could be found in Kandy or its neighbourhood was usually selected) was sacrificed yearly. The unfortunate maiden who was chosen was arrayed in bridal clothes and conveyed in procession, with elephants, banners, tom-toms, etc., to the top of Bahirawakande; and there she was tied to a stake and left alone to die. It is supposed that the poor creature actually perished from cold and fright. A story is, however, told of a very pretty young woman who was about to be sacrificed to the god Bahira during the reign of the last Kandyan King. She was decked in bridal clothes, in silk and gold, and conducted one evening to the top of the mountain and left as usual to perish there: but the nobles and others concerned, reckoned without their host. This beautiful young lady had a lover. She had made an impression on the heart of a powerful young Chief, who is supposed to have been Dunuwille Gajanayeke Nilleme, the grandfather of the late Dunuwille Dewa Nilleme. He was a very young man at the time, very accomplished, and a poet of some celebrity. The King was very fond of him, and he was employed at the Palace as the King's Secretary. Dunuwille, it would seem, gave some slight offence to the King. He is supposed to have winked at one of the Queen's Maids of Honour, and by way of punishment he was ordered to remain for a time beyond the hills at Pattampaha, at some distance from Katugastota Ferry. It was known all over Kandy at the time that this beautiful maiden, Welligalle Dingiry Menika, was to be offered up as a victim to the Earth-god on the summit of Bahirawakande. The news had also reached her lover Dunuwille, who at once made up his mind to save her from the clutches of the blood thirsty god. From the place of his temporary exile he could see people moving up to the top of Bahirawakande, and he knew what was going on there. As soon as the shades of night favoured him, he left Pattampaha, carrying with him plenty of cakes and sweets, swam across the Mahaweliganga, rushed past Waterantenne and a few other hamlets, and soon reached the foot of the mountain. At his approach the poor girl, who was naturally in a state of terror and excitement, feared it was the cruel god Bahira himself who was coming up the mountain to suck her life-blood; but her gallant lover, by singing a snatch of a love-song she knew so well, assured her that it was he, her lover, who was coming to her rescue. She was soon loosed from the stake and safe and happy in her lover's arms. She was cold and hungry, and the cakes were delicious. They sang sweet songs together and had a happy time of it on the top of the mountain. There, my friends, there is a bit of old romance for you! But the day was dawning and Dunuwille had to fly back to his retreat. He was a shrewd young man,

and you may rest assured he gave his sweetheart very good advice before he bade her good-bye. The next morning, when the nobles and the King's people went up, they found Welligalle Menika free and happy as a bird. She told them (as her lover had suggested) that she had prayed hard to the gods for deliverance, that the gods were merciful to her, and that they had set her free. This was communicated to the King, who, fully believing in the interposition of the gods in behalf of the young maiden, ordered his ministers to let her go, and to discontinue the cruel practice in the future, as the wrath of the gods had apparently been appeased by the number of victims already sacrificed.

Many years ago I was shewn an old woman in Cross Street, Kandy, as the victim who had escaped the horrible doom to which I have referred. Even at that time she had traces of her former beauty. She was then known as Welligalle Maya, and was said to be connected with the Udakupolla family, well known in Kandy, and to be possessed of some jewellery which belonged to the Royal family. This legendary tale I find related in a somewhat different style in the *Ceylon Literary Register* so ably conducted by the enterprising Proprietors and Editors of the *Ceylon Observer*. Mr Judge Lawrie also refers in his valuable notes (which I was permitted to see) to a tradition of the same kind connected with Bahirawakande and Bahirawa Yakshaya, and to the lucky young woman who was saved, in a mysterious manner from the jaws of the demon. Perhaps you are not aware that Mr Judge Lawrie is doing us a great service by unearthing a mass of valuable information regarding old time, Kandy, and its surroundings, which are hidden amongst the ancient records of his Court. But for his exertions, these would be lost to us for ever. I hope he will publish his interesting notes.*

On looking into Kandyan history you will find that only a few Kings reigned in Kandy. They may be counted on your fingers. The first King of any note who reigned in Sengadagala—Maha—Nuwara was Wimala Dharma. He became King of Ceylon in 1592, about 300 years ago. His name was Konappoo Bandara, and he was educated by the Portuguese at Goa and received the Christian name of John. Shortly after he became King, the Portuguese became jealous of him and espoused the cause of Dona Catherina, a Princess of Royal Family, who had also been educated by them. The Portuguese forces, under the command of Pedro Lopes de Sousa, who had been sent from Goa, were utterly defeated at Ballene by Wimala Dharma who found the Princess Dona Catherina in the Portuguese camp, and married her, thus uniting his right of possession to her hereditary claims on the crown of Ceylon by the marriage.

Rebeira, the Portuguese Historian, describes Wimala Dharma as tall and well-formed—a great General, and an able Politician, feared and beloved by all. He recompensed liberally and punished severely. Distrusting the Portuguese and despising his own people, he was neither heathen nor Christian, and having no religion of his own, interest and ambition formed the guide of his conduct.

*Mr Lawrie later was a Judge of the Supreme Court.

About this time a Dutch Fleet commanded by Admiral Joris van Spilbergen touched at Batticaloa, and the Admiral who was a shrewd and clever Dutchman, landed at Batticaloa and visited Kandy, where he was received very graciously by Wimala Dharma. Although this happened about 290 years ago, I am glad to be able to give you some very interesting details in regard to his visit.†

It appears that Admiral Joris van Spilbergen landed at Batticaloa, pushed on to Vintane (Bintenne) where there is still a Dagoba of great repute at a place called *Mahi-yangena*, and then travelled on towards Kandy. The King sent to fetch him in his own magnificent palanquin, all covered with cloth of gold, and entertained him at the Old Palace right royally. He even conducted the Admiral to the room of his Queen, Dona Catherina, where she was seen seated in the midst of two Princesses "dressed in Christian fashion". The King had also hung up in his chamber a portrait of Prince Maurice which had been presented to him by the Admiral. This portrait represented the Dutch Prince armed on horseback as he appeared at the battle of Flanders on the 16th of June, 1600. During the Admiral's stay in Kandy he was almost daily at the Palace, and the King put him no end of questions about Dutch manners and customs, and insisted on the Admiral relating to him all that had happened in recent years in Holland. The King was also very much pleased with the musicians whom the Admiral had brought with him, and the latter left two of his musicians at the Palace for the King's benefit and amusement, viz., Hans Rempell and Erasmus Martsberg. The Admiral ultimately left Kandy laden with presents of all kinds from the King and went on his way rejoicing.

After Wimala Dharma's death, his widow, Dona Catherina married his brother Senerat who was at one time a priest, and his son succeeded to the throne as Rajah Singha II. He was a very war-like Prince, and fought the Portuguese at Gan-oruwa where they had a small fortification. In this engagement the Portuguese Commanders, De Melho and Botajoe were killed, and Raja Singha himself had a very narrow escape. A Kaffir aimed at him and sent a bullet through his cap. The Prince fired at and killed him. The cap and gun were both preserved in the King's Armoury for some time, but nobody knows what has now become of them. The gun bore the inscription — "This is the gun which with Rajah Singha killed the kaffir who fired at him at Gatembe." It was during the reign of this intrepid monarch that poor Robert Knox was taken captive and remained so for 20 years. I hope you will bear with me for a while, whilst I give you a brief account of this remarkable man who has written such a true and faithful history of Kandy, and given in his own quaint and original style such a graphic picture of the manners, habits and customs of the Kandians.

From Knox's narrative we find that his father was the Commander of the frigate *Ann* trading with the East. Owing to a severe storm in November 1659, about 230 years ago, the elder Knox who was sailing about the Indian coast took refuge in Cottiar Bay. The Captain and some of

†This is summarised from the second volume of *Recueil des Voyages de la Compagnie des Indes Orientales*.

his crew, including Robert Knox and his father, sixteen men in all, came on shore and were taken prisoners. They were ultimately brought to Kandy, and were by order of the King (Rajah Singha II), separated from each other and placed in different villages; but Knox, who was a God-fearing man, adds—"Yet God was so merciful thus not to suffer them to part my father and I."

After some time, Robert Knox, who had been allowed a little liberty, spent his time in learning the Sinhalese language, and in travelling about the country and getting information about the roads and districts, and the position of the watchers etc., for the mountain passes were all guarded. All this he did successfully and after a captivity of nearly twenty years, he and his English companion, Rutland, set out in September 1679. Taking the north road, they made for Anuradhapura carrying with them various commodities for sale and barter. They came upon a mass of hewn stone pillars standing upright, and other heaps of hewn stones, the remains of buildings—and also the ruins of stone bridges—some portions yet standing on stone pillars. These were no doubt the ruins of Anuradhapura.

They entered the Malabar country and met two Brahmins who led them on some way, and also some Malabars who conducted them, on receiving the present of a knife, to Aripu which they reached on the 18th October, 1679. They then got to Manaar, and thence set sail to Colombo. The Dutch Mynheers looked upon Knox with consternation. Bare-footed, in Sinhalese costume, with long beards, he and his companion excited much attention in the streets of Colombo, and drew crowds after them. Poor Robert Knox was then taken before the Dutch Governor Ryklof Van Goens. He must have looked for all the world like Tennyson's grim Earl of Coventry "with his beard a yard before him, and his hair a yard behind him." The Governor gave him a warm welcome and was greatly pleased with all the interesting information that Knox gave him about the Kandian King and his affairs. It appears he accompanied Governor Van Goens to Batavia, where he was received with much honour by the Governor-General who invited him often to his table; and Knox in a few words gives us a pretty picture. He says that at the Governor-General's table sat not only himself and his lady all bespangled with diamonds and pearls, but sometimes his sons and daughters-in-law with some other strangers did eat with them, the trumpets sounding all the while.

After a while Robert Knox took passage in an English ship, and got safe to England in September 1680. It was during his residence in England that he published his interesting history (to which I have referred) under the auspices of the Directors of the East India Company. Robert Knox was appointed Commander of the Ship *Tonqueen* in the Squadron intended for the Chittagong Expedition; and it was probably when he touched at Bombay in 1695 that he wrote a letter to his fellow-countrymen in captivity enclosing his portrait. These were forwarded to the King of Kandy for delivery to the captives by the Dutch Governor Gerret De Heer, as appears from certain extracts from the Dutch Records published in a recent number of the "*Ceylon Literary Register*."

Before I pass from Robert Knox to other subjects, let me ask those who have not yet read his history to read it. It is well-worthy of perusal, for his description of the Kandyan people, their manners and customs as they existed more than 200 years ago, are as true and as faithful a picture as can well be imagined. Some portions of the work are of thrilling interest. A very able critic has truly remarked:—

"There is no incident in Robinson Crusoe told in language more natural and affecting than Knox's discovery of a Bible in the Kandyan Dominions. His previous despondency from the death of his father, his only friend and companion, whose grave he had just dug with his own hands; being now, as he says, left desolate, sick and in captivity—his agitation, joy and terror on meeting with a Book he had for such a length of time not seen nor hoped to see—his anxiety lest he should fail to procure it, and the comfort it afforded him in his affliction, are told in such a strain of true piety and genuine simplicity as cannot fail to interest and affect every reader of sensibility."

When Knox was a captive in Kandy, viz., in 1672, a French Fleet under Monsier De La Haye anchored at Trincomalee, and sent an Ambassador to Kandy. This was the famous Monsieur Laisne De Nan-Clars De Lanerolle, who persisted in riding on horseback through the town, past the palace, contrary to the King's orders, and who was beaten and imprisoned in consequence. When Knox made his escape, poor De Lanerolle was still a prisoner at Kandy. The descendants of this distinguished Frenchman are to be found in Ceylon, one of them being the Rev. G. D. Lanerolle, who was in Kandy a short time ago, and delivered two very interesting lectures in Sinhalese in this very Hall, (The Wesleyan Girls' School) on *Maha-meru* and *Istreenge Utumkama*, the Nobility of Women. Strange to say, a civil case has just cropped up in the Court of Requests of Colombo—an interesting report of which appeared in the Ceylon Examiner of the 26th October last. Some members of the Lanerolle family are parties of the case, and certain lands at Hanguranketa are mentioned as having been granted to one of their ancestors on a Sannas by King Sri Rajah Singha.

Before I close my remarks about this King, I think you would like to hear Knox's description of him. "The person of Rajah Singha was not above the middle size, but muscular and compact. His complexion was of a deep mahogany; his eyes large, rolling, and expressive of inquietude—only a small portion of grey hair was scattered over his head but he had a long shaggy beard. He wore a cap stuck full of feathers; and his dress was so fantastic, that he resembled a mountebank rather than an Emperor. Like most Eastern Monarchs he seemed to measure his importance by the jewels and gold which adorned his person." Perhaps most of you have had a sight of the solid gold crown of this Kandyan King, and of the pair of breeches and jacket of silk and gold thread belonging to His Imperial Majesty which were exhibited at the Kandy Show held in May 1887.

King Wimala Dharma Suriya II succeeded his father Rajah Singha II (who reigned fifty years) and married a Princess of Madura. He reigned only twenty two years and was succeeded by his son Sreeweera

Parakrama Narendra Singha or Kondasaale Rajeroowe. Four miles from Kandy on the opposite bank of the river are the remains of a palace built by him. This palace was burnt in 1804 by a detachment of troops under Captain Johnson. Narendra Singha also repaired the Nata Dewala and erected a Dagoba which was only recently opened and restored. He died without issue in 1739, and was the last King of the Sinhalese Royal Race Sooloo Wansa.

He lost his Queen, history and tradition tell us, about A. D. 1721. The Dutch Governor in Colombo, Isaac Augustus Rumph, heard of the melancholy event and looked about him for an Ambassador to proceed to the Kandyan Court, and offer the condolence of the East India Company and of the Governor and Council of the Island on this mournful occasion. Valentyn tells us that Mynheer Cornelius Takel offered himself, and was chosen Ambassador for the purpose. Mynheer Takel had a dreadful journey before him, but he overcame all difficulties and, in course of time, arrived at the gates of the old Palace, but he was not allowed an audience for some time on all sorts of frivolous excuses. A day was appointed at last, and the Chief Adigar accompanied by the Superior Officers of the Court with drums, elephants and lit-torches, escorted the Ambassador as far as the Hall of Audience. Here Mynheer Takel was obliged to stay until he received orders from "The Emperor of Ceylon" to advance. Shivering with cold he stood before the first curtain, which after a while was drawn up on a signal given in some mysterious fashion; then he had to face the second curtain, which was also drawn up in the same way, and also the third, and fourth or last curtain, but before passing the last curtain poor Mynheer was observed to be in a state of profuse perspiration, the big drops starting on his forehead and face, and running down his long beard in copious streams. The Adigars and the Court Officers looked on with amazement, and pretending to pity the poor Hollander, told their attendants that perhaps Mynheer was simply trembling and perspiring at the thought of being ushered into the presence of the Emperor, the brother of the Sun and Moon, whilst all the time they fully knew (the sly rogues) that the poor Dutchman was perspiring under the influence of the glowing charcoal placed in cocoanut shells, by means whereof the walls between the curtain were secretly heated. After this roasting process, Cornelius Takel was at length allowed, the last curtain being thrown open, to see the King sitting upon his throne. The poor Ambassador pulled off his cap, and kneeling upon one knee saluted the Emperor. Yet he felt so exhausted that he would probably have said "Ave! Caesar, moriturus te salutatur?" but for the Chief Adigar pulling him up and telling him that the Emperor was enquiring after the health of the Governor and Council, and how he (Takel) fared on his journey through His Majesty's Dominions. Takel being roused, was quite up to the mark. He delivered his message from Governor Rumph, and proceeded to state the object of his mission, which was to present to His Majesty the condolence of the Dutch Governor on the decease of his "late high-born, excellent and all-accomplished Queen." This little speech took with the Emperor, whose eyes are said to have filled with tears, and Mynheer Takel was dismissed with many assurances of friendship on the part of His Majesty towards the dear Hollanders. Such, my friends, were the scenes enacted in the Audience

Hall, the present District Court of Kandy, about 160 years ago. Myneer Takel got back to Colombo in safety, and gave a circumstantial account of his Embassy which is preserved by Valentyn. There were many Embassies to the Kandyan Court from time to time, and notably one in the time of the Dutch Governor Iman Willem Falek in the year 1776, the Dutch Envoy being Major Francois Albert Prins, the great-grandfather of my friend John Prins. (Poor John Prins died sometime after the above was written) the well-known Proctor and Notary of Colombo, and of my friend Frank Prins, the well-known Proctor and Notary of Matale. The distinguished Major made an interesting report of his Embassy—a translation of which you will find published in the columns of the *Ceylon Examiner* of November 1888.

The Kandyan monarchs have passed away, and the Dutch are no longer the rulers of the Island; but the Audience Hall (the *Magul Maduwe* of the Kandyans) with its carved pillars, where most of the Ambassadors were received, is still in existence. And although the half-dozen silk curtains which adorned the Hall, and which had to be raised before the Ambassadors were admitted into the Royal presence have disappeared, the brass rings to which they were attached remain, and are still to be seen on the pillars standing at the Eastern end of the Hall.

Narendra Singha's brother-in-law, a prince of Madura was his successor and reigned as Sree Wijeya Raja Singha. This King built a palace at Hanguranketa, which was accidentally destroyed in the rebellion of 1818; and even its foundations cannot now be traced. This King, who had also married a Princess of Madura, died without issue, and her brother succeeded to the throne as Kirti Sri Rajah Singha in A. D. 1749. He took a great interest in the Buddhist religion, procured priests from Siam, and appointed Welliwitte Unanse, Head of the Buddhist Hierarchy with the title of Sanga Rajah. Under this King's auspices the Mahawanse was completed from the reign of Parakrama Bahoo of Kornegalle to the year 2301 of the Sinhalese Era, by Tibottuwawe Terunnanse.

Kirti Sri died in 1778, having fallen off a spirited and vicious horse (a gift from the Dutch) which he had been riding through the streets of Kandy. He was succeeded by his brother Rajadi Rajah Singha in A. D. 1780. This King was a man of letters and had been educated by a learned priest named Moretotte, to whom he granted the Degaldoruwe Vihare on a Sannas. Rajadi Raja Singha was a bit of a poet himself, and greatly encouraged literature. He wrote some very fine lines to his tutor Moretotte Nayeke Unanse, which you will find in the *Sidath Sangarawa* of the Hon'ble James Alwis. I heard a pretty story from a Sinhalese friend now dead, to whom I am indebted for some of the legendary tales in these notes. Rajadi Rajah Singha enquired if there were any poets to be found in or near Kandy. His nobles informed him that some members of the family of Peradenia Dissawe, the author of a poetical work entitled *Viduru Jeteke* were living. The King expressed a desire to see some of them: upon which the youngest member of the family, who had the poetic fire in him was ordered up. The little fellow, who was scarcely ten years old, walked up to the palace, and seeing the King approach, said:

"*Sri Lankawa Wardhana Karena Nirinda Topida?*" "Art thou the King who governs this prosperous Lanka?"

"*Ithin bola?*" said the King—"what then, fellow?" Upon this the little poet knelt down with his face to the ground and recited the following lines:—

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"Oh! was there ever such a King who, having ordered a poor ignorant boy to his royal feet—enquired of him—of his health and welfare."

The King was so pleased with the wit and pluck of the little poet that he ordered him to rise, and gave him in charge of his Prime Minister. The little poet prospered at the palace, and was a great favorite of Rajadi Rajah Singha..... It was also about this time that a famous beauty was seen at the palace who had fascinated the King with her charms. She was the daughter of Ambagahawela Korale Aratchille, and the King gave her some lands on a Sannas, dated Sacca, 1708. This Sannas is still extant, and the lady's descendants are in possession of the lands. Rajadi Rajah Singha died in A. D. 1798, and was succeeded by Sri Wikrama Rajah Singha the son of his wife's sister. We all know how this cruel King was deposed by the British in 1815. His crowning act of cruelty was the destruction of Ehelapola Adigar's entire family. He caused the heads of the children to be cut off, and their mother was compelled to pound their heads in a mortar, or be disgracefully tortured. This tragedy is said to have been enacted between the Nata and Maha Vishnu Dewales, probably not far from St. Paul's. I have with me a copy of a thrilling poem on this subject by H. G. Andris De Silva of Colombo, published with a woodcut. It is called "*Ehelapola Hattane Hewath Daroo Ketuwema*." It is said that the reading of the poem, which is written in a very pathetic strain, brings tears to the eyes of the listeners. You will be surprised to hear that the mortar which was used on this miserable occasion is in the possession of Mr T. B. Paranatale of Katukelle. This mortar, which was a rare thing in its way, and painted with vermilion, was about to be thrown away when it was secured by Galagawe Muhandiram, a Malay guard of the palace, from whose son Kader, Mr Paranatale purchased the article some years ago. I have seen it myself, and I have no reason to doubt that it is the veritable thing, and I am sure that Mr Paranatale would show it to any body who likes to see it. He is also the possessor of a valuable library of Books on Ceylon and of old Kandyan curios. Amongst other things he possesses Sannas granted by King Kirti Sri Rajah Singha to Meegastenne Adigar, for his prowess in having defeated the Dutch forces at Gurubibile or Hangwelle in the Colombo district. The Royal Sannas is dated Sacca 1683, A. D. 1761. Mr Paranatale is also the possessor of a large china rice-dish granted to the Adigar by the King

as a token of his affection for him, and this dish is also mentioned in the Sannas, where it is called a Palangana—a Portuguese term familiar no doubt to some of you as applicable to a large rice dish. I forgot to add that Ehelapola Adigar's wife after having been compelled to pound her children in the mortar referred to, was drowned by the King's order at the tank known as the Bogambarawewe. This is now our beautiful Recreation Ground. The tank is no longer there, and these dreadful associations connected with the Ehelapola family and their sufferings are now happily forgotten.

APPENDIX TO LECTURE I.

It appears that Robert Knox and his father were stationed at Bandara Koswatte in Seven Korles. His father took ill—suffered terribly from ague and fever and the end soon came. I can do no better than give the narrative in the words of Knox himself, they are so touching:—

“The evening before his death, he called to me to come near his bedside, and to sit down by him; at which time also I had a strong fever upon me. This done, he told me, ‘That he sensibly felt his life departing from him, and was assured, that this night God would deliver him out of his captivity; and that he never thought, in all his lifetime, that death could be so easy and welcome to any man, as God has made it to be to him; and the joys he now felt in himself, he wanted utterance to express to me.’ He told me, ‘These were the last words that ever he should speak to me, and bid me well regard and be sure to remember them, and tell them to my brother and sister, if it pleased God, as he hoped it would, to bring us together in England, where I should find all things settled to my contentation,’ relating to me after what manner he had settled his estate by letters which he sent from Cotiar. In the first place, and above all, he charged me to serve God, and with a circumspect to walk in His ways; and then he said, God would bless me and prosper me. And next, he bade me have a care of my brother and sister. And lastly, he gave me a special charge to beware of strong drink, and bad company, which, as by experience many had found, would change me into another man, so that I should not be myself. It deeply grieved him, he said, to see me in captivity in the prime of my years; and so much the more, because I had chosen rather to suffer captivity with him than to disobey his command, which now he was heartily sorry for, that he had so commanded me, but bade not repent of obeying the command of my father, seeing for this very thing he said, God would bless me, and bid me assured of it, which he doubted not of, viz., that God Almighty would deliver me which at that time I could not tell how to conceive, seeing but little sign of any such matter. But, blessed be the name of my most gracious God, who hath so bountifully sustained me ever since, in the

land of my captivity, and preserved me alive to see my deceased father's word fulfilled! And truly I was so far from repenting, that I had obeyed the command of my father, and performed the oath and promise I made unto him upon it, that it rather rejoiced me to see that God had given me so much grace.

“But, though it was a trouble to him, that by his means I was thus made a captive; yet it was a great comfort to him, he said, to have his own son sit by him on his death-bed, and by his hands to be buried; whereas otherwise he could expect no other but to be eaten by dogs or wild beasts. Then he gave me order concerning his burial that having no winding sheet, I should pull his shirt over his head, and slip his breeches over his feet, and so wrap him up in the mat he laid upon; and then ceased speaking, and fell into a slumber. This was about 8 or 9 o'clock in the evening, and about 2 or 3 in the morning he gave up the ghost, February the 9th 1660; being sensible unto the very instant of his departure.”

I cannot help transcribing another extract from Knox's history in which he tells us in what a wonderful manner he became possessed of a Bible in this then heathen land:—

“Provisions falling short with me, though rice, I thank God, I never wanted, and monies also growing low, as well to help out a meal, as for recreation, sometimes I went with an angle to catch small fish in the brooks; the aforesaid boy with me. It chanced as I was fishing, an old man passed by, and calling me, asked of my boy ‘If I could read a book?’ He answered, ‘Yes’. ‘The reason I ask,’ said the old man, ‘is because I have one I got when the Portuguese lost Colombo; and, if your master please to buy it, I will sell it him’; which, when I heard of, I bade my boy go to his house with him, which was not far off, and bring it to me, making no great account of the matter, supposing it might be some Portuguese book. The boy having formerly served the English, knew the book; and, as soon as he had got it in his hand, came running with it, calling out to me, ‘It is a Bible.’ It startled me to hear him mention the name of a Bible, for I neither had one, nor scarcely could ever think to see one, upon which I flung down my angle, and went to meet him. The first place the book opened in, after I took it in my hand, was the sixteenth chapter of the Acts; and the first place my eye pitched on, was the thirtieth and one and thirtieth verses where the Jailor asked St. Paul, ‘What must I do to be saved?’ And he answered, saying—‘Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thine house.’

“The sight of this book so rejoiced me, and affrighted me together, that I cannot say which passion was greater; the joy, for that I had got sight of a Bible, or the fear that I had not enough to buy it; having then but one pagoda in the world, which I willingly would have given for it, had it not been for my boy, who dissuaded me from giving so much; alleging my necessity for money many other ways and

undertaking to procure the book for a far meaner price, provided I would seem to slight it in the sight of the old man. This counsel after I considered, I approved of; my urgent necessities earnestly craving and my ability being but very small to relieve the same; and however, I thought I could give my piece of gold at the last cast if other means should fail.

"I hope the readers will excuse me, that I hold them so long upon this single passage; for it did so affect me then, that I cannot lightly pass it over as often as I think of it, or have occasion to mention it."

"The sight indeed of this Bible so overjoyed me, as if an angel had spoken to me from Heaven, to see that my most gracious God had prepared such an extraordinary blessing for me, which I did, and ever shall look upon as miraculous; to bring unto me a Bible in my own native language, and that in such a remote part of the world where His name was not so much as known, and where any Englishman was never known to have been before. I looked upon it, as somewhat of the same nature with the Ten Commandments he had given the Israelites out of heaven: it being the thing, for want whereof I had so often mourned, nay, and shed tears too; and then the enjoyment whereof there could be no greater joy in the world to me."

A NATION BUILDING A HOME

*(Compiled from "Holland's House" a short story told
by Peter Bricklayer, 1939)*

Man is restlessly preparing for tomorrow's world, always has been, and always will be. For he who is content with yesterday, gets behind the times. What man does, nations do, for nations are men and soil, and adventure put together.

The Dutch began their part of this never ending task of preparing for tomorrow's world by human efforts when a handful of huntsmen camped some 2000 years B. C. in the higher parts of what is present-day Holland. High and dry, safe from the surrounding waters, treacherous rivers and an unruly sea.

That, in a sense, still is Holland's problem. Only, and since there was not enough high land, after growing more numerous they had to be content with low, and to surround themselves with dikes to supplement nature's own encouragement: an occasional row of dunes to keep the water out. They still do that today, wrestling to keep their provinces away from the waves of the Zuyder Zee.

About Holland of the dark ages of 2000 B. C., very little is known. History makes the visit of the Romans to these sodden parts of north-west Europe about 50 years before the Christian era, clearer. The story proceeds to those times when Charlemagne's powerful hand reached out and brought law and order. Thereafter around the personalities of successive and successful feudal lords and tenants, political design began to show its contour. Christian missionaries too began to slowly conquer the field and prepare the ground in which Dutch theological ardour was going to strike root very deeply and permanently. This was the period also when the free burgher became a considerable power in the feudal state and held its own against the Mediaeval "upper classes".

Skipping over the age which marked the influence of the crusades, and that time when the country of Holland and Zeeland passed into the hands of Hainault we come to the 14th century when the House of Bavaria took over and experienced great difficulty with the free-minded burghers and their proud and wealthy nobles. We pass over too the great wars, one of which was to last 80 years, under whose weight and misery the Dutch nation was welded together in scorching flames, and arrive at the story of William the Silent. It is the story of an unselfish man leading the components of an unformed nation, often divided against itself, towards independence and responsibility. This story has been told many times. It ends on the note of fulfilment of essential aims and the founding of that uneradicable relationship between the House of Orange and the people of the Netherlands.

At this stage of its history one might say the walls of Holland's house was up. The fact that most of their country was situated from 2 to 16 feet below sea level had made the Dutch very much aware of the presence of water. The man who lives behind a dike, is like a mountaineer: he wants to climb on top to scout for a wider horizon. And if the other side is water, he feels inclined to go and explore it, especially if his little bit of soil offers only limited possibilities for self sufficiency.

So the Dutch took to the water, down to the sea in ships, and ventured out, far away, under strange stars. They had heard about Marco Polo, the Venetian, who, late in the 13th century, had travelled the overland route to China and India. They had been told the story of the Portuguese navigators who, in 1486, rounded Cape Good Hope by force of storm and mistake, thus preparing the way for Vasco da Gama's discovery in 1498 of the complete south eastern sea route to the East Indies, six years after Columbus, trying out the western, had discovered America, when he expected to find India, and accordingly named the dark skinned natives Indians,—Red Indians to be exact. They knew that Magellan in 1520 had found the south western sea route to the Philippines by sailing along the east coast of Brazil and the Argentine, until he found the narrow strait, now bearing his name, through which he finally reached the Pacific Ocean. They had found to their regret that the Spaniards and the Portuguese had more or less divided what seemed to be in those days the outer world: the east for the Portuguese, the west for Spain. The best they could do was, for the time being, to send their ships with northern wheat from the Baltic to Cadiz and Lisbon, and become the chief carriers of the eastern produce unloaded there, for distribution in northern Europe.

Just then their eighty years war against the Spaniards started, and it became necessary as well as profitable to beat the enemy at his own commercial game. And after the union between Spain and Portugal in 1581, the Spaniards naturally tried to keep the Dutch enemy away from the Lisbon trade, and in so doing, forced these 'beggars' as they derided them, to sail their ships the whole way to the far east. In those days however, it was still possible to keep a sea route secret, and the key to the secret remained in Spanish and Portuguese hands.

But the Dutch character is always at its best when all things go wrong. There was a war on, and a very desperate one at that. They were hardly sufficiently organized to present a united front to the armies of king Philip. Yet their merchants and shipowners found time and money to go out experimenting all the same. They sent out hardy skippers like Heemskerck and Barendtsz to discover a route eastward by the north of Siberia so as to be free from interference from Spaniards and Portuguese. And when these efforts remained unsuccessful, they decided to fight the enemy on his own ground, or rather on water he claimed to be his own, and to penetrate into the Indies by way of Cape Good Hope and the Indian Ocean. On the 2nd of April 1595 their first expedition sailed from Holland, Cornelis Houtman commanding. They found the trail and reached their aim.

For the Hollanders the call of the east now rang out with a loud voice. Several trading companies were formed, fighting their own battles, reaping their own profits, risking their own losses, until the States General of the United Provinces of the Northern Netherlands in 1602 combined them all into one chartered Dutch East India Company, with extensive powers to regulate the eastern trade which became their monopoly, discharge the functions of a government in those remote and unsafe East Indian Islands and waters, and, not to be forgotten amongst these pioneering adventures, carry on the war with Spain and Portugal. For that, the Company was authorized to maintain armed forces, to make war and peace with the native potentates, and to exercise full administrative, judicial and legislative authority over the whole sphere of its operations. This was the beginning of a union between the Netherlands and the Dutch East Indies, which slowly and gradually developed from a relationship between exploiters and exploited into one between cooperating parts of a peaceful commonwealth.

The south eastern route had been found. Still, there was always the chance of losing a good cargo to the enemy, who had every reason to keep the rebellious United Provinces from strengthening their financial reserves by a profitable far eastern trade. Hope was still cherished to be able to blaze a trail through the icy polar regions of the north. The Dutch East India Company, shortly before the 12 years truce between Spain and the Netherlands was signed in April 1609, acquired the services of an English captain, Henry Hudson, who on two previous occasions, had been up north, to find the coveted passage through the Arctic Ocean. He took the job for 800 Dutch florins, and a promise of 200 more for his wife in case he should fail to come back alive. A small vessel, the 'Half Moon', was placed at his disposal, with definite instructions to steer north and north east. Three days before the truce with Spain was agreed upon, Hudson sailed. It was the 6th of April 1609. But having gone as far as Nova Zembla, he apparently did not like the look of the icebergs and things, turned his ship, and resolutely set out for the eastern shores of America hoping to find a north American equivalent of the strait to the Pacific, such as Magellan, nearly a century earlier, had discovered in the South. What this English skipper on a Dutch ship actually did find, was the river Hudson. On the 2nd of September 1609 the 'Half Moon's look-out sighted Sandy Hook; on September 4th they passed what is now Coney Island, and established their first and not quite friendly contact with the feathered New Yorkers of those days, valiant Redskins and entirely within their rights. On September 15th Henry Hudson moved as far as present day Albany, and on October 4th anchors were heaved for the return voyage. New Netherland has been discovered by a Dutch ship. And by mistake!

But the Directors of the East India Company wanted their skipper to bring home the bacon, and not a mere travelogue. Consequently their enthusiasm was none too great. An occasional ship visited the new shores and left a few irregular campers. There was some fur trade, but the far east absorbed too much energy and too many

profitable investments to leave much eagerness for new engagements in the west. Still, there were possibilities. Other countries had sent colonists and settlers to the north American coasts. And there were always the Spaniards and Portuguese in South and Central America to be considered and fought. For the twelve years truce was nearing its end.

For all these reasons in the same year, 1621, in which war with Spain was resumed, the Dutch West India Company came into being. America's east and Africa's west coasts were its exploration fields and one of the purposes—in keeping with the ethical standards of the times—was to secure cheap supplies of negro slaves from Africa for the territorial possessions it hoped to acquire in the new world.

Early in 1624 a serious effort to establish a regular settlement along the Hudson river was undertaken by the new Company. The good ship 'New Netherland,' carrying thirty families, mostly Walloons from the southern provinces, but under contract to the Company, crossed the Ocean and sailed as far as today's Albany, where Fort Orange was constructed for the protection of the colonists. A second ship followed in April 1625, with an engineer of the Company on board, Crijn Fredericksz, who had orders to erect another fortification further south. The most southern point of Manhattan Island, where The Battery is today, was chosen. And by building Fort Nieuw Amsterdam on the very spot whence the strong nerve racking economic life of the biggest metropolis of all times, New York, now broadcasts its throbbing heart beats to every corner of the world, the Dutch, their hands full with a violent war for the freedom of their own national life, laid, in this new world, the foundations for the greatest city of another republic, that was to follow the Dutch example one hundred and fifty years later: the United States of America.

The house that Holland built was now a structure of considerable dimensions. In the east it had strongholds not only in Batavia, but also at other points of the Malay Archipelago, as well as in Malacca, Ceylon, Cape Good Hope, in Siam and in the Persian Gulf. Dutch sailors also discovered and explored towards the middle of the 17th century the northern shores of Australia and the outskirts of New Zealand, without however actually occupying any of these territories. In the West, New Netherland was settled. Further south, and east of Porto Rico, the isles of Saba, St. Martin and St. Eustatius were occupied between the years 1634 and 1648, and still further south, the isles of Curacao, Bonaire and Aruba. But greater conquests were achieved on the mainland of South America. At the expense of Spain and Portugal a firm footing was obtained in Pernambuco, and the Governor, Count John Maurice of Nassau, who, in 1636, came over from Holland (where his town house at The Hague is now one of the principal museums of old paintings) energetically asserted Dutch supremacy all along the Brazilian coast. Had he been allowed by his Dutch Board of Directors to invest his commercial profits into the great scheme he had in mind for the development of these colonies, he might have founded under the red, white and blue, an equivalent of what the Dutch East Indies are today. But his employers wanted their profits for home consumption, and so a great opportunity was lost.

Everywhere in the world the Dutch flag was now flying: in Europe, where the United Provinces were victoriously concluding their war against Spain; in Africa, where their trading post, established in 1652 at Cape Good Hope, would in later years become the nucleus of the free Boer Republics which finally amalgamated into the Union of South Africa; in Asia; where the Dutch East India Company was supreme in the Malaysian islands; in Australia and New Zealand where they made their discoveries; and last but by no means least, in the Americas, South, Central and North.

With good reason the Dutch call the 17th century their 'golden age'. A rather amazing age too! Here was a small nation, in the middle of a long and severe battle for its independence, setting out to fight its enemies in all the seven seas, and using its wits quite as deftly as its strength, by reaching out for carefully chosen far distant treasures which, wisely exploited, would provide them with the means to carry on their war and make a handsome profit besides.

Holland's house had grown very large. In fact, it had become too large. It was no longer possible for the family to keep an eye on every room, and to see to it that, at night, all doors were safely locked. They were not quite sure, where to concentrate their attention, and how to distribute their best talent, their most enterprising capital and their means of power. They had a very wide front to defend, and quite a number of enemies to deal with, at home and abroad. And so, by and by, they lost ground again in some of their outlying possessions. The territory in Brazil was finally abandoned to a liberated Portugal in 1662. The English, once awakened to the significance of sea power, having become formidable naval and commercial rivals on the oceans, raided and seized in 1664, between two official wars with Holland, New Netherland, and henceforth Nieuw Amsterdam lives on as New York. A world famous Dutch admiral, De Ruyter, did his utmost to take the British to account for this act of robbery. He even sailed his ships up their own Medway as far as Chatham, burned the English fleet as it lay at anchor, and created a panic in London. When finally, in July 1667, peace was signed, the terms were, on the whole not unfavourable to the Dutch. But New Netherland and New Amsterdam were and remained lost. In exchange Holland obtained a piece of land on the north eastern coast of South America, where it looked as though some of the tropical merchandise could be successfully raised, such as, in the Far East, had offered many highly profitable opportunities. In this way New Netherland was swapped for Dutch Guyana, or Suriname as it is called now. Not a very clever deal, from the Dutch point of view, considering what lofty heights the old New Amsterdam has reached under the impetus of the star spangled banner.....

The last Dutch governor of New Netherland, Peter Stuyvesant, after surrendering New Amsterdam to the British for lack of adequate support, took his leave and retired with his famous, silver-banded

wooden leg to his farm in the Bowery where he died. He had been up against great difficulties, and his authority had not been contested. But he left behind a political system based on free municipal government with the aid of freely chosen representatives of the people. A system which had come to stay, and which, in its essentials, still prevails in the cities of the full grown United States of 1939 as a permanent souvenir from the United Provinces. In later years sons of old New Netherland families occupied on three occasions the highest office in the White House. Martin van Buren and two Roosevelts. Americans all! But of good Holland stock!

Holland's house was reduced to more modest proportions. In South Africa, the former Dutch settlement, towards the end of the 18th century, took its fate in its own hands. In the Far East the entire Malay Archipelago was seized by the English when after the French revolution, Holland, for a while, became a powerless instrument in the hands of France. But most of it was returned after the Netherlands, in 1815, re-entered the European scene as an independent and sovereign kingdom. And so the house, in that year, found its definite exterior. Its rooms extend over three continents: Europe, Asia and America; Holland proper, the Dutch East Indies and the Dutch West Indies. For a little more than a century and a quarter this structure did not undergo any material change. Thus did Holland build a colonial empire according to the prevailing codes of those rough and tumble times, in the Americas, spreading over the Caribbean Sea, in South East Asia.

Exploitation over, common sense and ethical norms took its place. Sixty million backward people had to be educated to read and write, for in the beginning 94% were unable to express themselves on paper. They had moreover to be made acquainted with the essentials of everyday knowledge: hygiene, modernised agricultural methods, systematic household finance. The many tributes to Dutch colonisation testify how this process of evolution prevailed. In 1922, by amendment of the Netherlands constitution the Dutch East Indies very formally ceased to be colonies and became an integral part of the Commonwealth of the Netherlands. The object of Dutch rule thereafter was to let the Indies look after themselves in as large a measure as the total interests of the realm will allow.

The result, achieved by allotting to the people of the country a generous share of home rule and self administration, brought about a complete change in status which the Indies, left to their heterogeneous self, could never have hoped to attain or maintain. It also set in movement impatient clamouring for immediate and total independence, assiduously encouraged by certain Foreign powers, Asiatic circles and Nationalism. To what extent this brought about changes in equatorial Holland, baking in the tropical sun of eastern Asia, is a modern story.

A tribute to the Dutch administration of three centuries is paid by a Javanese woman of noble birth who says in her "Letters of a Javanese Princess": "It may sound strange, but it is nevertheless a fact that you Europeans have taught me to love my own land and people. Instead of estranging us from our native land, our European education has brought us nearer to it, has opened our hearts to our beauties, and also to the needs of our people and to their weaknesses."

GENEALOGY OF THE FAMILY OF BOGAARS OF CEYLON

(Compiled by Mr. D. V. Altendorff)

I.

Henricus Ezechiel Bogaars, born at Zierikzee in Holland. (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. I, page 38), arrived in Ceylon in 1785, died 1811, married in the Dutch Reformed Church, Galle, 24th October 1790, Anna Maria de Lange, daughter of Willem de Lange of Gouda and Petronella Elisabeth Meurling. (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. XXXII, page 31). He had by her—

- 1 Hendrickus Marinus, who follows under II.
- 2 Martinus Richard, baptised 10th November 1802.
- 3 Johanna Charlotta, married in the Dutch Reformed Church, Galle, 1816, Wilhelmus Frederickus Edwardus Andree baptised 8th February 1795, died 6th April 1866, son of Wilhelm Hendrik Andree and Clara Elizabeth Van Hoven. (D. B. U. Journal, Vol. XL, pages 45, and 47.)
- 4 George Henry, who follows under III.

II.

Hendrickus Marinus Bogaars, born 24th June 1789, died 29th August 1838, married :

- (a) In the Dutch Reformed Church, Wolvendaal, 10th September 1809, Anna Jacoba Trek of Mannapar.
- (b) In the Dutch Reformed Church, Galle, Anna Maria Dorothea Baptist.

Of the first marriage, he had—

- 1 Margaritta Cornelia, born 24th November 1810.
- 2 Henrietta Anna Helena, born 22nd January 1812, married in the Dutch Reformed Church, Galle, 23rd January 1828, John Armstrong. (D. B. U. Journal, Vol. XXXIX, page 40.)

Of the second marriage, he had—

- 3 Gertruida Elizabeth, born 3rd July 1818, married in the Dutch Reformed Church, Galle, 15th May 1837, George Frederick Kellar, born 16th March 1811, son of Daniel Christiaan Kellar, and Johanna Sybilla Ephraums. (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. XXIV, page 105 and Vol. XXXVIII, pages 50 and 51).
- 4 Josia Angenita, born 26th April 1820.
- 5 Petronella Carolina, born 20th August 1821.

III.

George Henry Bogaars, died 26th December 1864, married in the Dutch Reformed Church, Galle, 14th November 1820, Anna Cornelia Andree, baptised 28th April 1793, died 8th January 1853, daughter of Willem Hendrik Andree and Clara Elisabeth Van Hoven. (D. B. U. Journal, Vol. XL, pages 45 and 46). He had by her—

- 1 Henricus Adrianus Wilhelmus, born 5th October 1821.
- 2 George Nathaniel, who follows under IV.
- 3 Anna Dorothea Henrietta, born 26th May 1824.
- 4 Charles Benjamin, who follows under V.
- 5 William Edward, born 11th June 1827.
- 6 Henricus Ezekiel, who follows under VI.

IV.

George Nathaniel Bogaars, born 24th December 1822, married in the Dutch Reformed Church, Galle, 10th May 1855, Margaret Caroline Armstrong, born 26th August 1830, daughter of John Armstrong and Henrietta Anna Helena Bogaars. (*vide* II, 2 *supra*). He had by her—

- 1 Georgiana Matilda, born 5th June 1857, died 16th September 1937, married in the Dutch Reformed Church, Galle, 23rd January 1875, Charles Peter Ephraums, born 10th August 1850, died 22nd February 1924, son of Daniel Ephraums and Catherina Charlotta Zybrandsz. (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. XXIV, pages 105 and 108.)
- 2 John George, born 3rd May 1863, died 20th June 1914, married in All Saints' Church, Galle, 20th June 1894, Hannah Abigail Jansz, born 5th May 1868, died 13th June 1944, daughter of Frederick William Edward Jansz and Petronella Thomasia Jansz. (D. B. U. Journal, Vol. XXIV, page 136).
- 3 Margaret Caroline, born 5th March 1865, died 7th December 1937, married in the Dutch Reformed Church, Galle, 23rd November 1887, Benjamin Denis Jansz, Chief Clerk, Customs Department, born 23rd May 1859, died 3rd August 1930 son of Charles Wilhelmus Jansz and Johanna Carolina Auwardt. (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. XXXII, page 73 and Vol. XXXVIII, pages 59 and 60.)

V.

Charles Benjamin Bogaars, born 4th September 1825, married in the Dutch Reformed Church, Galle, Adriana Wilhelmina Zybrandsz, born 18th May 1819, died 16th January 1854, daughter of Jacobus Zybrandsz and Johanna Wilhelmina Brechman. He had by her—

- 1 Charles Llewellyn, who follows under VII.
- 2 Egbert Albert.

VI.

Henricus Ezekiel Bogaars, born 29th February 1832, married Caroline Amelia Ephraums, born 10th December 1834, died 15th May 1869, widow of Richard Edward Andree. (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. XL, page 52) and daughter of Daniel Ephraums and Catherina Charlotta Zybrandsz. (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. XXIV, page 105.) He had by her—

- 1 Edwin Oswald, who follows under VIII.

VII.

Charles Llewellyn Bogaars, born 21st March 1848, married in the Dutch Reformed Church, Galle.

- (a) 30th April 1868, Charlotte Emelia de Zilwa died 5th May 1879.
- (b) 2nd June 1886, Emelia Eleanor Sela, born 1st November 1860, widow of Albert Godfrey Jansz. (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. XXXVIII, page 59) and daughter of Andrew Henry Sela and Emelia Frederica Jansz. (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. XXXV, pages 22 and 23, and Vol. XXXVIII, page 57).

Of the first marriage, he had—

- 1 Jane Mary, born 8th July 1869, died 2nd September 1926, married in the Dutch Reformed Church, Galle. 27th January 1896, Leslie Louis Ludowyk, died 14th March 1946, son of Martin Ludowyk and Maria Kern.
- 2 Mabel Constance, born 16th August 1870, died 7th September 1941, married in the Dutch Reformed Church, Galle, 17th December 1894, Eugene Gerard Auwardt, J.P., Proctor, son of Allert Herardus Auwardt, Chief Clerk, Kachcheri, Matara, and Johanna Susanna Jansz. (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. XXXII, pages 73 and 76).
- 3 Charles Llewellyn, who follows under IX.
- 4 Emelia Maud, born 5th October 1874, died 28th December 1951.
- 5 Emily Margaret, born 14th April 1879.

Of the second marriage, he had—

- 6 Stephanie Margaret, born 14th January 1891, married in St. Mary's Cathedral, Galle, 17th December 1928, Oscar Walwin Buultjens, Surveyor, born 16th December 1888, died 13th July 1952, son of Joseph Lambert Buultjens and Johanna Elizabeth Barsenbach.

VIII.

Edwin Oswald Bogaars, born 12th May 1864, married in St. Paul's Church, Kandy, 26th October 1892, Catherine Woth, born 12th November 1869, died 8th October 1941, daughter of August John William Woth and Isabella Engeltina Flandrick. He had by her—

- 1 Clarence Edwin, who follows under X.
- 2 Daisy Catherine, born 12th June 1895, died 29th March 1896.
- 3 Sidney Lionel, who follows under XI.
- 4 Violet Irene, born 18th January 1899, died 24th April 1899.

IX.

Charles Llewellyn Bogaars, born 15th May 1873, died 6th November 1943, married in the Dutch Reformed Church, Matara, 11th January 1900, Eleanor Agnes Buultjens, born 13th December 1876, died 22nd January 1942, daughter of John Buultjens, Proctor, and Emelia Felicia Ernst. (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. XXIII, page 93, and Vol. XXX, page 25). He had by her—

- 1 Carlyle Llewellyn, born 23rd October 1901.
- 2 Edna Mavis, born 23rd August 1903.
- 2 Herbert Mervyn, born 8th March 1907.
- 4 Princess Verena, born 30th August 1910, married in the Dutch Reformed Church, Dehiwala, 25th May 1931, Fitzroy Clive Forster, born 29th June 1908, son of Richard Fitzroy Forster and Violet Clara Herft. (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. XLII, page 173).
- 5 Harold St. Elmo, born 18th April 1913.

X.

Clarence Edwin Bogaars, Divisional Mechanical Inspector, Ceylon Government Railway, born 15th March 1894, died 8th June 1945, married in Holy Trinity Church, Nuwara Eliya, 17th April 1922, Violet Gladys Woth, born 15th July 1903, daughter of Charles William Woth and Olga Honoria Thiedeman. (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. XXXVIII, page 65). He had by her—

- 1 Elnor Gladys Kathleen, born 27th May 1923.
- 2 Barbara Olga, born 29th January 1926, married in St. Paul's Church, Milagiriya, 13th June 1945, Eardley John Harwood Thiedeman, born 1st February 1919, son of Shelton Harwood Ernest Thiedeman, Proctor and Notary Public, and Lilian Rosalind Kelaart. (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. XXXVIII, pages 67 and 69, and Vol. XLII, page 70).
- 3 Egerton Oswald, born 10th December 1927, married in St. Paul's Church, Kynsey Road, Colombo, 12th June 1954, Tula Eudora Dickson.

XI.

Sidney Lionel Bogaars, born 30th October 1897, married in St. Paul's Church, Milagiriya, 9th July 1927, Daphne Persis Iola Reimers, born 6th May 1905, daughter of George William Percival Reimers and Hilda Blanche Elaine Kriekenbeek. (D. B. U. Journal, Vol. XXXIII, page 50). He had by her—

- 1 Gloria Colleen Daphne, born 23rd July 1929, married in the Dutch Reformed Church, Bambalapitiya, 29th December 1951, Alastair Cedric Joseph, born 3rd December 1925, son of Cedric Rienzi Joseph, Proctor, and Hazel Esme Van Twest.
- 2 Sidney Malcolm Lorraine, born 9th February 1932.
- 3 Ivan Rienzi, born 25th September 1933.

GENEALOGY OF THE FAMILY OF MOTTAU OF CEYLON

(Compiled by Mr. F. H. de Vos in 1912; revised by Mr. D. V. Altendorff in 1954)

I.

Andreas Willem Mottau, born at Wezel (Westphalia), 25th October 1771, died at Batavia, October 1810, arrived at Cochin in 1794 in the ship "Christopher Columbus" and from thence in Ceylon in the ship "Van Teylingen." (D. B. U. Journal, Vol. I, page 88), married in the Dutch Reformed Church, Wolvendaal, 18th October 1795, Elisabeth Petronella, Kofferman, born at Colombo, 13th July 1769, daughter of Harmanus Frederick Kofferman of Baatbergen and Johanna Rodriguez. He had by her—

- 1 Carolis Jacobus, born 29th July 1796, died 4th January 1798
- 2 Johanna Gertruida Wilhelmina, born 2nd January 1798, married in the Dutch Reformed Church, Wolvendaal, 22nd June 1814, Diederich Cornelis Fretz, born 6th May 1787, died 5th June 1836, widower of Johanna Elisabeth D'Estandau and of Sophia Adriana Van Schuler, and son of Diederich Thomas Fretz of St. Goar (Hesse Nassauw), last Commandeur of Galle and Cornelia Reyniera Van Sanden of Jaffna. (D. B. U. Journal, Vol. II, pages 71 and 72, and Lewis on "Tombstones and Monuments in Ceylon, page 93).
- 3 Carl Fredrik, who follows under II.
- 4 Frederica Anthonica, born 17th September 1801, died 3rd July 1855, married in the Dutch Reformed Church, Wolvendaal, 11th September 1821, Robert Carl (Charles) Roosmale Cocq, Chief Clerk, Post Office, Colombo, baptised at Galle, 29th September 1799, died at Galle, 19th April 1852, son of Petrus Jacobus Roosmale Cocq of Doccum (Friesland) and Susanna Henrietta Leembruggen. (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. IV, page 21, and Vol. XIV, pages 17 and 19.)

II

Carl Fredrik Mottau, born 16th November 1799, died 30th November 1846, married 30th December 1824, Annetta Wilhelmina Vander Straaten, born 10th February 1804, died 8th July 1877, daughter of Philippus Josephus Vander Straaten and Catherina Kriekenbeek. (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. V, page 69, and Vol. XLIII, page 117). He had by her—

- 1 Eliza Frederica Sophia, born 30th October 1825, died 8th March 1860, married in the Dutch Reformed Church, Wolvendaal, 15th December 1851, Andrew Samuel Henry Felsinger, Proctor, born 1827, died 25th April 1860, son of Wilhelmus Jacobus Felsinger and Susanna Ernestina Lobendahn. (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. XXVII, page 123).
- 2 Harriet, born 27th November 1826, died young.
- 3 Andrew William, who follows under III.
- 4 George Arthur, born 27th May 1831, died 29th January 1876, married in the Dutch Reformed Church, Wolvendaal, 28th November 1860, Henrietta Leonora Keuneman, born 31st October 1837, daughter of Adolphus Keuneman and Charlotta Hermina Solomonsz.
- 5 Harriet Eleanor, born 13th September 1832, died 13th April 1904, married 8th December 1852, William Vincent Woutersz, Assistant Superintendent of Police, born 25th March 1830, died 27th February 1897, son of Adrianus Jacobus Woutersz and Anna Maria Engelina Wolfdall. (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. XXXIX, pages 54 and 57).
- 6 Henry Augustus Marshall, born 28th May 1834, died 28th August 1834.
- 7 Edmund Oliver, who follows under IV.
- 8 James Walter, who follows under V.
- 9 Laura Camilla, born 11th January 1842, died 10th April 1842.
- 10 Clara Lucretia, born 15th July 1846, married in the Dutch Reformed Church, Wolvendaal, 3rd December 1863, William Louis Wallet Ludekens, Registrar of Lands, Kalutara, born 11th March 1837, died 14th November 1892, son of Johan Philip Jacob Ludekens and Wilhelmina Henrietta (Henrica) Pendegras. (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. XXXVI, pages 80 and 82).

III.

Andrew William Mottau, born 23rd August 1829, married in the Dutch Reformed Church, Wolvendaal:

- (a) 27th December 1852, Sarah Seraphina Sansoni, born 1833, died 8th July 1857, daughter of Joseph Sansoni and Sarah Henritta Staats.
- (b) 19th February 1862, Julia Eliza Flauderka, born 16th February 1843, daughter of Petrus Francois Flauderka and Julia Eliza Foenander. (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. XXXVIII, page 92).

Of the first marriage, he had—

- 1 Agnes Winifred, born 4th December 1853, married in Holy Trinity Church, Colombo 27th December 1883, James William Hesse, born 5th September 1852, died 25th June 1913, son of John Henry Hesse and Helen Blackett.

- 2 Edgar Henry, who follows under VI.
 - 3 Sarah Selina, born 23rd June 1857, died 18th June 1885, married in the Dutch Reformed Church, Wolvendaal, 14th December 1876, Vincent Harris Van Dort, born 15th May 1854, died 30th October 1891, son of John William Van Dort and Seraphina Sophia Foenander. (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. XXVIII, pages 24 and 29, and Vol. XXXVIII, page 92).
- Of the second marriage, he had—
- 4 Clara Evelyn, born 15th June 1863, married Joseph Aloysius Van Twest.
 - 5 William Flauderka, who follows under VII.

IV

Edmund Oliver Mottau, born 5th September 1836, married in the Dutch Reformed Church, Wolvendaal, 28th July 1859, Jane Elizabeth Van Hagt, born 16th October 1841, daughter of George Augustus Van Hagt and Henrietta Wilhelmina de Waas. (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. IX, page 129). He had by her—

- 1 Jocelyn Marianne, born 17th June 1862, married 3rd July 1883, Harris Wilfred Clyde Gauder.
- 2 Oliver Theodore, who follows under VIII.
- 3 John Keith, who follows under IX.
- 4 Mabel Millicent, born 29th April 1869, died 26th April 1873.

V

James Walter Mottau, born 9th December 1839, died 18th August 1909, married:

- (a) In the Dutch Reformed Church, Wolvendaal, 7th May 1863, Emelia Arabella Van Langenberg, daughter of Joseph Raymond Alexander Van Langenberg and Maria Cornelia Thiedeman. (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. XXXVIII, page 63, and Vol. XLI, page 58).
- (b) 29th July 1895, Grace Eleanor Van Lanbenberg, born 1866, daughter of Cecil Simon Van Langenberg and Charlotte Gerhardt. (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. XLI, pages 59 and 60).

Of the first marriage, he had—

- 1 Charles Frederick, who follows under X.
- 2 Walter Fretz, born 13th December 1865, died 22nd February 1866.

VI

Edgar Henry Mottau, born 25th July 1855, died 6th April 1906, married 20th May 1889, Frances Maud Van Geyzel, born 20th February 1860, daughter of John William Van Geyzel and Antonetta Ursula Thomasz. (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. X, pages 76 and 77.) He had by her—

- 1 Edgar William, born 6th January 1891.

VII

William Flaudeka Mottau, born 13th July 1870, died 6th March 1917, married in the Dutch Reformed Church, Wolvendaal, 27th December 1897, Jane Catherine Brohier, born 24th July 1876, daughter of James Hope Brohier and Janetta Wilhelmina Van Dort. (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. XXVIII, page 22, and Vol. XXXI, page 202.) He had by her—

- 1 Samuel Andrew William, who follows under XI.
- 2 William Herbert, who follows under XII.
- 3 Grace Wilhelmina, born 12th August 1909, married in the Methodist Church, Mount Lavinia, 22nd January 1949 Hector Richard Lewis, born 9th May 1903, son of Julian Richard Lewis and Elizabeth Rosalind Lourensz. (D. B. U. Journal, Vol. XLII page 186).

VIII

Oliver Theodore Mottau, born 4th July 1864, married in the Dutch Reformed Church, Wolvendaal, 2nd April 1888, Genevieve Emelia Florence Moldrich, born 27th September 1866, daughter of Theodore Philip Moldrich and Helen Backhouse. (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. XXXIV, page 118.) He had by her—

- 1 Genevieve, born 7th September 1889.
- 2 Leslie, born 10th September 1890.

IX

John Keith Mottau, born 9th October 1866, died 22nd September 1914, married in the Dutch Reformed Church, Wolvendaal, 28th July 1888, Mary Enseline Josephine Prins, born 14th November 1869, daughter of Richard Theobald Prins and Sophia Esther Newman. (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. XL, page 11). He had by her—

- 1 Osmund Tanvel Oliver, born 23rd July 1890, married in the Methodist Church, Maradana, Colombo, 27th September 1946, Mildred Earnswythe Winel Corner, born 7th June 1913, daughter of Alfred Pendegras Wells Corner and Winifred Elsie Passe.
- 2 Eric.

X

Charles Frederick Mottau, Station Master, Ceylon Government Railway, born 15th June 1864, died 22th July 1925, married:

- (a) In the Methodist Church, Matara, 5th May 1887, Ethel Eleanor Ludekens, born 7th October 1867, died 20th September 1907, daughter of William Louis Wallet Ludekens and Clara Lucretia Mottau, referred to in section II, 10 supra.

- (b) In the Roman Catholic Church, Karawanella, 20th November 1909, Henrietta Mary de Jong, born 19th July 1889, daughter of Leopold Richard de Jong and Clarissa Harriet Van Langenberg. (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. IX, page 126, and Vol. XLI, page 61).

Of the first marriage, he had—

- 1 Elsie Ethel, born 2nd February 1888, died 5th September 1947, married in the Dutch Reformed Church, Bambalapitiya, 17th April 1911, Arthur Elliston Mack, born 14th December 1884, died 30th November, 1933, son of Arthur Lloyd Mack and Ellen Julia Foenander. (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. XXXVIII, pages 95, 145 and 150)
- 2 Carl Frederick, born 14th October 1891, married Pearlyn Henrietta Ludekens, born 11th October 1903, died 24th March 1939, daughter of James Cyril Ludekens and Maria Van Hogt. (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. XXXVI, page 84.)
- 3 Amelia Arabella, born 25th September 1894.
- 4 Wallet James Walter, who follows under XIII.
- 5 Carl Bertram, born 27th September 1898.
- 6 Earle, born 23rd August 1902.

Of the second marriage, he had—

- 7 Carl Frederick Noel, who follows under XIV.
- 8 Charles Henry, who follows under XV.
- 9 James Walter.
- 10 Arthur Cyril, who follows under XVI.
- 11 Doris Marjorie.
- 12 Mavis Claire.

XI

Samuel Andrew William Mottau, Assistant Government Archivist, born 4th August 1902, married in the Dutch Reformed Church:

- (a) At Bambalapitiya, 12th June 1926, Thelma Phyllis Foenander, born 12th July 1904, died 9th January 1937, daughter of Clarence Vander Smagt Foenander and Lena Mabel Elders. (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. XXXVIII, page 98.)
- (b) At Dehiwala 30th April 1938, Miriam Constance de Vos, born 12th January 1914, daughter of Owen Cecil Duncan de Vos and Muriel Enid Van Eyck,

Of the first marriage, he had—

- 1 Willem Eugene, born 2nd July 1927.
- 2 Phyllis Clair, born 6th November 1928, married in the Dutch Reformed Church, Dehiwala, 15th April 1950, Eugene Hiram Aloysius Hesse, born 22nd July 1919, son of Eugene William Hesse and Ruth Carmen Van Twest.

- 3 Bianca Helen, born 21st August 1930.
- 4 Catherine Marina, born 1st February 1935.
Of the second marriage, he had—
- 5 Thelma Muriel, born 16th October 1939.
- 6 Barbara Miriam, born 1st August 1941.
- 7 Samuel Owen, born 18th February 1944.
- 8 Yvonne Chrystine, born 6th April 1947.
- 9 Derrick William, born 27th July 1949.
- 10 Jennifer Doreen, born 15th September 1951.

XII

William Herbert Mottau, born 15th July 1904, married in the Dutch Reformed Church, Dehiwala 19th December 1928, Dulcie Frederica Rode, born 6th October 1904, daughter of Adolphus Cecil Ernest Rode and Violet Constance Rode. (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. XXIX, pages 104 and 111). He had by her—

- 1 William Orville Cecil, born 28th November 1930.
- 2 Wyville Herbert, born 1st March 1933.
- 3 Melville Frederick, born 15th November 1934.

XIII

Willet James Walter Mottau, born 3rd October 1896, died 14th December 1949, married Mildred Leah Helen Corfield, died 13th September 1940, daughter of William Charles Corfield and Maria Helen de Vos. (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. XXVII, page 148.) He had by her—

- 1 Esme Maureen, born 1925, married in the Dutch Reformed Church, Bambalapitiya, 28th December 1952, Albert William Hilton.
- 2 Sheila, born 16th October 1928.
- 3 Neliya Blanche, born 27th May 1933, married in the Dutch Reformed Church, Wellawatte, 3rd July 1954, Aelian Lynne Smith, born 24th September 1921, son of James Willard Smith and Dorothy Bartholomeusz (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. XXIV, page 104).
- 4 Pamela Doreen, born 13th March 1938.

XVI

Carl Frederick Noel Mottau, born 23rd September 1910, married in St. Mary's Church, Negombo, 27th December 1941, Laura Christoffelsz, and he had by her—

- 1 Marie Joan.
- 2 Boniface.

XV

Charles Henry Mottau, born 23rd April 1912, married in the Dutch Reformed Church, Dehiwala, 22nd December 1937, Marlene Rosalie Myra Ludekens, born 27th July 1917, daughter of Alton Wallet Ludekens, Secretary of the District Court, Kalutara, and Myra Rosalie Toussaint. (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. IV, page 43, and Vol. XXXVI page 85). He had by her—

- 1 Camille Marlene, born 31st August 1938.
- 2 Carmen Doreen, born 6th March 1940.
- 3 Lorraine Doris Myleon, born 20th November 1942.
- 4 Vilma Roschelle, born 13th May 1946.
- 5 Melani Claire, born 31st December 1949.
- 6 Isobel Janice, born 2nd February 1952.
- 7 Charles Frederick, born 19th May 1953.

XVI

Arthur Cyril Mottau, born 22nd October 1917, married in the Dutch Reformed Church, Dehiwala, 21st December 1946, Marguerite Neliya Ludekens, born 11th May 1922, daughter of Alton Wallet Ludekens, Secretary of the District Court, Kalutara, and Myra Rosalie Toussaint. (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. IV, page 43, and Vol. XXXVI, page 86). He had by her—

- 1 Myrna Carol, born 2nd December 1949, died 21st December 1949.
- 2 Arthur Cedric David, born 25th April 1952.

GENEALOGY OF THE FAMILY OF HONTER OF CEYLON

(Compiled by Mr. D V Attendorff)

I

Andries Honter, married :

- (a)Werkmeester.
- (b) At Mannar, at the residence of Thoodorix Werkmeester by the Reverend Robert Mayer, 19th September 1823, Arnoldina Helena Dirksz.

Of the second marriage, he had—

- 1 John Frederick, who follows under II.

II

John Frederick Honter, Secretary of the District Court, Mannar, married Sophia Elizabeth Hatch, daughter of John Hatch and Charlotte Pietersz. He had by her—

- 1 Jeremy Arthur, who follows under III.
- 2 John Frederick, who follows under IV.
- 3 Agnes Sarah, born 21st July 1860, died 16th July 1934, married 4th February 1875, John Richard Werkmeester, born 6th July 1842, died 13th January 1915, son of George Alexander Werkmeester and Geraldina Petronella Van Braunnhoff. (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. XXXVII, pages 58 and 59).
- 4 Louis Andrew Norman, who follows under V.

III

Jeremy Arthur Honter, Chief Clerk, Police Department, born 20th February 1853, died 7th December 1902, married :

- (a) In Christ Church, Mannar, 22nd February 1876, Laura Dorothea de Hoedt.
- (b) In the Methodist Church, Pettah, Colombo, 12th September 1888, Jocelyn Elizabeth Fernando, born 8th April 1858, died 2nd January 1936, daughter of James Albert Fernando and Wilhelmina Nenata Molk.

Of the first marriage, he had—

- 1 George Benson, who follows under VI.
- 2 Richard Frederick, Director of Education Sierra Leone in West Africa, born 20th February 1878, married in England in 1905, Daisy Nugent.

- 3 Christian Victor, who follows under VII.

- 4 Laura Dorothea, born 22nd August 1831.

Of the second marriage, he had—

- 5 Frances Havergal, born 14th June 1890.
- 6 James Arthur, who follows under VIII.
- 7 Rachel Ermyn, born 27th February 1896.
- 8 Llewellyn Molk, born 25th January 1898, died 29th June 1951.
- 9 Thelma Irene, born 26th February 1900.

IV

John Frederick Hunter, born 4th February 1856, died 1st June 1899, married in All Saint's Church, Galle, 16th December 1878, Uranie Hortense Brohier, born 24th April 1861, daughter of James Harris Brohier and Louisa Catherina Loftus. (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. XXXI, page 200, and Vol. XLI, page 116.) He had by her—

- 1 Spencer Irvine, who follows under IX.
- 2 Evan Lawson, who follows under X,
- 3 Christobel Miriam Violet, born 21st June 1883, died 27th April 1911, married in St. Paul's Church, Milagiriya, 26th November 1909, Cyril Walter de Kretser, born 22nd July 1883, son of Walter Loftus de Kretser and Rosaline Gerardina de Run. (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. X, page 19.)
- 4 Sylvia Pauline Muriel married Reginald Ohlmus Fernando.
- 5 Léila Victorine, born 31st May 1889, married in the Registrar's Office' Dehiwela, 1st December 1913, Cyril Walter de Kretser, widower of Christobel Miriam Violet Hunter referred to in 3 supra.
- 6 Herbert Harold, born 30th September 1890, married in St. Paul's Church, Milagiriya, 28th December 1921, Nora Vivienne LaBrooy, born 23rd August 1894, daughter of Cyril Ambrose LaBrooy and Adela Sophia Thomasz. (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. XXIV, page 75.)
- 7 Edgar Frederick, married (a) Margaret Woods and (b) Marjorie de Kretser, by whom he had Edgar John.
- 8 Dagmar married.....Vethavanam.

V

Louis Andrew Norman Hunter, born 29th April 1863, died 8th April 1937, married in St. Paul's Church, Milagiriya, 27th July 1887, Antoinette Berengaria Brohier, born 24th June 1868, died 8th July 1951, daughter of James Harris Brohier and Louisa Catherina Loftus. (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. XXXI, page 200, and Vol. XLI, page 116.) He had by her—

- 1 Irene Beryl, born 29th July 1888, died 25th August 1923, married in St. Paul's Church, Milagiriya, 26th April 1922, Christopher Ernest Edmund Stork, I.S.O., Registrar of the Supreme Court, born 3rd June 1884, died 15th October 1953, son of William John Stork, Deputy Registrar of the Supreme Court, and Sophia Eleanor Gratiaen. (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. VI, page 20, and Vol. XLIII, pages 81 and 85).
- 2 Louis Lucien, who follows under XI.
- 3 Inez Malani, died young.
- 4 Hamlyn Roy, born 13th December 1893, married in St. Paul's Church, Milagiriya, 27th December 1920, Marguerite Clare LaBrooy, born 10th November 1899, daughter of Cyril Ambrose LaBrooy and Adela Sophia Thomasz. (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. XXIV, page 75).
- 5 Hermine Ruth, died young.
- 6 Neil Esmond, married in St. Paul's Church, Milagiriya, 24th September 1923, Hilda Lena Millicent Bartholomeusz, born 11th September 1901, daughter of Percival Lacy Bartholomeusz and Hilda Eleanor Bartholomeusz.
- 7 Vere Norman, born 30th October 1907, died 7th February 1925.

VI

George Benson Honter, Irrigation Officer, born 5th January 1877, died 16th December 1944, married in Christ Church, Mannar, 28th January 1903, Grace Janet Pearl Jan, born 21st March 1881, daughter of George Henry Jan and Alice Margaret Honter. He had by her—

- 1 George Arthur Ivor, born 19th November 1903, died 1st January 1920.
- 2 Grace Margaret Alexandra, born 9th November 1908 married :
 - (a) In St. Joseph's Church, Anuradhapura, 20th August 1932, Herbert Roy Sela, born 9th September 1902, son of Crispin Owen Sela and Sarah Robertson. (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. XXXV, pages 23 and 25.)
 - (b) In the Registrar General's Office, Colombo, 4th May 1946, Brendan Kiernan of Dublin.
3. Jan Karl, who follows under XII.

VII

Christian Victor Honter, born 25th December 1879, died 10th March 1928, married in the Methodist Church, Mannar 28th December 1908, Analeen Florence Werkmeester, born 9th December 1883, died 1922, daughter of John Richard Werkmeester and Agnes Sarah Honter (vide section II, 3, and D.B.U. Journal, Vol. XXXVII, page 59.) He had by her—

- 1 Kathleen Florence, born 29th September 1909, died 6th January 1910.
- 2 Richard Arthur, who follows under XIII.
- 3 Victor Godwin, who follows under XIV.
- 4 Iris Christine, born 14th February 1918, died 19th June 1924.

VIII

James Arthur Honter, born 21st February 1893, married in the Methodist Church, Kollupitiya, 11th January 1943, Joyce Uline Kelaart, born 20th June 1921, daughter of James Arthur Kelaart and Mildred de Silva. He had by her—

- 1 Kenneth Arthur, born 9th September 1945.

IX

Spencer Irvine Hunter, born 19th August 1879, married in St. Paul's Church, Milagiriya, 26th December 1904, Naomi Beatrice Virginia de Kretser, born 22nd September 1881, daughter of Walter Loftus de Kretser and Rosaline Gerardina de Run. (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. X, page 19.) He had by her—

- 1 Naomi Uranie married Vernon Mack.;
- 2 Eunice Loftus married :
 - (a) Clifford Van Langenberg Ondaatje
 - (b) Richard Sombutts of England.
- 3 Spencer Walter, born 14th April 1909, died young.

X

Evan Lawson Hunter, born 7th May 1881, died 17th November 1923, married in Holy Trinity Church, Colombo, 26th December 1906, Ruth Layard Foenander, born 31st December 1885, daughter of Julian Foenander and Laura Griselda Claessen. (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. XXXV, page 116, and Vol. XXXVIII, page 96.) He had by her—

- 1 Frederick Evan Roland, born 5th November 1907, married in St. Mary's Church, Bambalapitiya, 12th February 1938, Irene Rita Elizabeth Perera.

XI

Louis Lucien Hunter, C.M.G., Ceylon Civil Service, born 3rd December 1889, married in St. Paul's Church, Milagiriya, 2nd June 1915, Edith Constance Fretz, born 28th September 1890, daughter of Arthur Henry Fretz, L.R.C.P. and S. (Edin.), Colonial Surgeon, Ceylon Medical Department, and Agnes Jane Stork. (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. II, page 74 and Vol. XLII, page 79.) He had by her—

- 1 Phyllis Daphne, born 6th October 1918, married in the Ladies' College Chapel, Colombo, 11th January 1947, George Walter Mervyn Pereira, born 3rd November 1912, son of George Walter Pereira and Bridget Millicent Andree. (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. XL, page 57).
- 2 Edith Maureen, M.B.B.S., (Ceylon), Ceylon Medical Department, born 28th July 1922, married in Christ Church, Galle Face, Colombo, 25th November 1950, Shelton Michael de Zilva, born 15th May 1920, son of Reuben Michael de Zilva and Louise Evangeline Struys.

XII

Jan Karl Honter, born 24th July 1911, married in All Saint's Church, Galle, 26th December 1938, Dagmar Leonie Rodé, born 5th December 1912, daughter of William Leopold Rodé and Elaine Maud Wittensleger. (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. XXIX, page 114, and Vol XL, page 25.) He had by her—

- 1 Carole Carlotta, born 14th December 1939.
- 2 William Frederick Lucien George, born 5th January 1942.
- 3 Janet Pearl, born 9th June 1950.

XIII

Richard Arthur Honter, born 27th July 1911, married in the Methodist Church, Kollupitiya, 27th April 1938, Maisie Sylvia Darius, born 15th July 1910, daughter of John Samuel Leopold Darius and Dorothy Theresa Driberg. (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. XXXIV, page 13.) He had by her—

- 1 Diane Marlene, born 1st April 1940.

XIV

Victor Godwin Honter, born 10th March 1913, married in the Methodist Church, Kollupitiya, 20th April 1940, Virginia Priscilla de Vos, born 15th August 1920, daughter of John George de Vos and Agnes Lodewyk. He had by her—

- 1 Christine Virginia, born 15th August 1942.
- 2 Moira Pauline, born 15th December 1945.
- 3 Vilma Gwendoline, born 4th August 1949.

- NOTES :—(1) It is recorded in the Register of the Dutch Reformed Church, Wolvendael, that Jan Honter, Boekhouder of Mannar, married on 29th June 1766, Wilhelmina Kellens and he had by her Johannes Wilhelmus, baptised 7th October 1769.
- (2) Andries Honter and Arnoldina Helen Dirksz, mentioned in section I, married by Governor's license No. 395 dated 21st June 1823.
- (3) John Frederick Honter and Louis Andrew Norman Honter, mentioned in sections IV, and V, changed their surname to Hunter, and their descendants have borne this name.
- (4) Louis Lucien Hunter, mentioned in section XI, was educated at the Royal College Colombo. He passed the Senior Cambridge Examination in 1908 with 3rd class honours; and in 1914, he passed the London Inter-Arts Examination. He joined the Training College in 1909 and obtained the Trained Teachers' 2nd Class Certificate. He taught there in 1912 to 1914. He took up the Civil Service Examination in 1914, and passed first in order of merit. He served in various parts of the Island and retired in 1936, when serving as Government Agent of the North Central Province. He was recalled to Government Service in 1940, and held in turn the appointments of Additional Director of Agriculture, Additional Land Commissioner and Government Agent of the Western Province. He finally retired in 1950. In his political career, he was appointed Senator and Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister of Finance, and served as such from September 1950 to June 1953. In July 1953, he was appointed member of the House of Representatives. He has been keenly interested in Social Service Work and similar activities. He is a Life Member of the Ceylon Red Cross Society.

ALBERT JANSZ GENEALOGY.

D. B. U. Journal Vol. XXXVIII, page 57.

(ADDITION)

Wilhelmus Fredericus Jansz and Johanna Catherina Coopman, mentioned in section III, were also the parents of Albert William Jansz, who follows under A.

A

Albert William Jansz, born 1844, married in the Dutch Reformed Church Galle, 26th September 1866, Charlotte Margaret (Lily) Poulier, born 1849 daughter of Gerrit Arnont Poulier and Cressia Arnoldina Jansz (D. B. U. Journal, Vol. XXIV, page 27). He had by her—

- 1 Florence Alberta born 2nd October 1868, married in the Dutch Reformed Church, Galle, 22nd October 1896, Arther Horace Auwardt, District Engineer, Public Works Department, born 26th February 1866, widower of Lilian Ludovici (D. B. U. Journal, Vol. III, page 61). and son of Allert Herardus Auwardt, Chief Clerk, Kachcheri, Matara, and Johanna Susanna Jansz. (D. B. U. Journal, Vol. XXXII, page 73).
- 2 Rosé Bernice Elizabeth, born 24th June 1871 married in the Dutch Reformed Church, Galle, 24th May 1897, Henry Arnold Soerts, Proctor, son of Edwin Duncan Soerts, Chief Clerk, Kachcheri, Galle, and Johann Hendrietta Hasselmeyer. (D. B. U. Journal, Vol. XXXV, page 91).
- 3 Clarine Agnes, born 15th December 1872, married in the Dutch Reformed Church, Galle, 27th April 1896, William Alfred Mack, born 30th April 1866, died 22nd September 1935, son of Arthur William Mack and Laura Catherine Vanden Driesen. (D. B. U. Journal, Vol. XXV, page 57, and Vol. XXXVIII, pages 139 and 140).
- 4 Lilian Mabel, born 29th May 1874.
- 5 Hilton Arnold Poulier, who follows under B.

B.

Hilton Arnold Poulier Jansz, born 26th September 1875, died 2nd February 1923, married in the Dutch Reformed Church Bambalapitiya, 9th January 1904, Elsie May Deutrom, born 31st July 1878, died 4th June 1945 daughter of John Francis Walter Deutrom and Jane Agnes Woutersz. (D. B. U. Journal, Vol. XXXI, page 66, and Vol. XXXIX, page 36) He had by her—

- 1 Etheldeene Violet Beryl, born 20th October 1904 married in St. Paul's Church Milagiriya 29th March 1937, Noel Atherton Douglas Heyzer born 1st January 1908, son of Richard Francis Clement Heyzer and Letitia Olga Dagmar Brohier.

D. V. A.

SPOT-LIGHTING HISTORY

Cleopatra and the Decurion.

On the headland of Lochias, where it pushed towards the overlapping promontory of Pharos, stood the palace and gardens of the Ptolemies. The great lighthouse on the opposite shore glowed across the strait, and in the deep waters between were planted a number of islets, like gigantic stepping stones, their intervals closed with booms and chains. These, and the arms of land, enlocked the great harbour of Alexandria, all round whose mighty circumference the city flamed like a belt of fire, impassable, magnificent. It was thirty years before the birth of Christ, and the battle of Actium had been fought and, for all that it meant to Egypt and the world, lost. Cleopatra was doomed.

Mark Antony—desperate, though infatuated still—had come out of his retirement on Pharos, whither he had retreated to brood over his leman's treachery. The two were reconciled in a way, and sought perpetually to drown in revelry the horror of an impending judgment. The beautiful queen, last expression of a monstrous demonism, its heir and epitome, had no instinct at the last but to gore the world that crushed her to glut herself with blood and suffering. In these final days her inhumanity surpassed itself. And crowned Antony, glooming in his purple and diamonds, watched and was silent.

One night they sat at supper in the palace, a fierce nucleus, where enthroned, to all the blazing splendour of the hall. It was alight with torches that the marble columns on which those hung aloft looked in their deep reflections in the pavement, as if they were rooted in hell fire. Not a sleek Nubian crossing the floor with a golden dish in his hands but had his "fellow in the cellarage" keeping step with him, like a devil reversed and busy in that under inferno. There were far, faint cries in the air—of a doomed city, of some nearer anguish—punctuating the throb and swoon of harps. The swaying of peacock fans in soft, undulating arms, stirred the floating incense, lest the rank breath of torture should enter and overpower it. There was not a man or woman there whose heart, for all the sensuous glamour, was void of fear—unless, it were, perhaps, the Decurion Dentatus. He was young, cold, beautiful as Antinous—a Greco-Roman of the heroic type. And he loved his master, Antony.

A Hebe, sweet in years and looks, filled the wine cups of the King and Queen. Antony, lifting his, hesitated on the draught. His eyes, already inflamed, sought his partner's, half covertly, half challengingly. Cleopatra laughed, and, putting her glass to her full lips, drank. She followed a formula in doing so, conceding it agreeable to the very madness of his passion. Since his defeat Antony was haunted and she knew it—with the thought that she would poison him to save herself. And yet he loved her. It was not the first or the last time in the history of worship that the supreme egotism had evoked the supreme adoration.

Presently, amidst some amorous fondlings, the Queen took the lily chaplet from her hair and shredded a petal or two from it into her lord's wine.

"Do you the same by mine, my soul," she whispered, "and let us drink the very perfume of each other's wit."

His eyes burning, he lifted the wreath from his brow and obeyed, dropping a flower into her cup. As he raised his own to drink she stopped him, coaxed the vessel from his hand, and, calling the little Hebe to her, bade her take it

"Thou art fair," she said. "My lord pledges thee. Drink to his passing fancy."

Like one of those woodland growths which, being torn, flush a faint slow sapphire through all their tender flesh, the child's face, as she stood, seemed to sicken to the hue of death. She shuddered; her limbs began to fail her.

"Drink!" said Cleopatra, rising in her place with a smile. "Drink, child, for thine own sake."

Better swift death than nameless torture. The poor slave drained the cup, and, casting it, with a scream, from her, dropped upon the pavement, a flitting, voluble shadow, writhing to its own reflection.

Antony had risen, the company with him—speechless all—breathing out the long minutes of the tragedy. It amounted to no more than this, that the child had been so young and lovely, and that now she was spoiled.

At the end the Queen—scornful, magnificent—turned her burning eyes on her lover's face. There was a look in its ruined strength which made her pause a moment.

"Read there, sweet lord," she said, "the groundlessness, the unworthiness, of thy suspicions. Were my love false, what precautions of thine could avail against my wit and will to end thee?"

He turned, still without a word, and, the light glinting a moment on his grizzling hair and fuddled, frowning eyes, passed from the banquet.

Then, coming down into the hall, Cleopatra, with a wave of her hand, dismissed the company, the slaves, the musicians—all, without exception, save the Decurion Dentatus, whom she called to her.

Under the blazing lights the two stood together, and the body of the dead girl lay at their feet. The Queen pointed to it. Her arm and hand were of faultless beauty. She was thirty-eight, but with all the bloom and roundness of just-ripened womanhood. Years had not set one streak of alloy in the treasure of her golden hair, or clouded the azure of her eyes, or done more than perfect in her the natural weapons of the seductress. She might have been the Decurion's sister, so like he was to her in grace and Grecian fairness.

She fixed him with her eyes.

"I marked thee, Decurion," she said, "and not for the first time. Thy looks defied me. Thine eyes condemned. What—did you dare! And thy lip curled when Antony yielded me the cup. Answer why, so thou wouldst not have —"

He stayed her, fearlessly:

"Because I love him."

"What, then?" she said, wondering.

"Could he not see, as we all saw," he answered, "that thou hadst poisoned it? For his wit's sake, I would have had him comprehend; for his nobility's sake I would have had him refuse thee the cup; for his soul's sake I would have had him drink from it himself, and die, and be free."

"Free? From what?"

"From his thrall."

"What callest thou that?"

"The curse of Antony."

"Meaning Cleopatra?"

"Meaning thee, O Queen!"

She laughed. She did not strike his mouth, as was her first mad impulse.

"Darest thou?" she breathed again, then stared into his eyes in pure amazement. Was he not the first man who had ever spoken to her thus?

"Well, thou lovest him," she said presently, with a deep sigh, "and I, too, in my poor way. It shall be a contest of loves between us."

She gazed a moment unmoved on the little distorted body at her feet, glanced mockingly at the Decurion, and, turning, left him lost in wonderment.

He never saw her again until near the end. She was occupied in the meanwhile in building herself an unsurpassable mausoleum and in testing on the bodies of slaves the effects of various poisons. Foreseeing the worst, and prepared for it, she would yet woo Death like a voluptuary, and borrow rapture of his embrace. Yet so far the test had failed her; and not from any inhumanity, for indeed she would have kissed in ecstasy that slave who suffered nothing in obliging her. But one and all they would persist most perversely in dying in extreme agony.

And then one day she sent for the Decurion Dentatus, who, in the thick of the general treachery, was among the few nobles who stood by their leader. It was when Octavius was at Pelusium, and the fate of Alexandria appeared sealed.

The soldier was brought in to the Queen where she lay in a private chamber of her palace. Two faithful women attended upon their mistress; an enamelled casket lying on a table near by was half-buried under scented blossoms. Cleopatra fanned herself languidly; a luminous green scarab burned on her forehead between the wings of golden hair, the gauzy film which enwrapped her deepened to a tender flush over hips and bosom. Yet in her eyes some shadow of a mortal fear belied the sensuous abandonment of her attitude.

"The contest of our loves, Decurion," she said, "Art thou prepared to wage it?"

He looked at her steadfastly and answered, "Yes Queen."

"To free thy master," she said, "from this curse? Wilt thou teach me how to die?"

"Aye, gladly," he said.

She pointed to the casket. "It lies therein—the means. Open and handle it. It is said its sting benumbs—put Death asleep. So thou diest sweetly, I am thy slave and grave-fellow."

Without a moment's hesitation he strode to the casket and unfastened and raised the lid. Within, upon a mat of green leaves, lay coiled a thick emblazoned worm, all bronzed and gold—a poisonous horned viper. He grasped and held it aloft, received the stabbing tongue once, twice on his arm; flung the reptile back into its box and closed the lid.

After long waiting he was down upon his knees, pallid but triumphant.

"Sufferest thou?" she demanded.

"But too much bliss," he answered faintly. "I swoon from it."

He crawled towards her, but sank on the way and died, forcing a smile to his agonised lips.

Then, when it was over, she rose in great emotion and looked down upon the body.

"I have conquered all others," she said. "Thou conquerest me. Greater than mine is thy love." She turned to her trembling women. "Keep the worm safe." And then she kneeled, and, bending, kissed the dead man's lips. "Take me for thy slave, Dentatus," she whispered, "in the shadows to come, Not Antony, not another, but thou alone."

TRAVELOGUES

A Chronology of a Visit to England in 1953.

by: F. R. Bartholomeusz.

PART I.

We left Colombo by S.S. "Otranto" on the evening of 1st April 1953, shortly before dinner, and on entering our cabin we found a lovely bouquet of carnations sent to us by our good friends of Toc H Colombo for which generous and thoughtful act, we are ever grateful. The "Otranto" had a complement of about 1500 passengers and the cabins and holds were loaded with baggage. Quite a number of the tourists were Australians *en route* to the Queen's Coronation, and my wife and I had a 2 berth cabin with a table for four, in the Dining Saloon. Our companions at meals being 2 Australian ladies who were the soul of goodness, and gave us much useful information of the Antipodes, its people, fauna and flora. After breakfast the following morning, we saw the purser and having made a deposit of Sh. 10/- which was returned to us on the last day of our voyage, we found an excellent Library with all the modern literature.

Good Friday, April 3 was a quiet day, but on Easter Sunday the 5th there was a morning service at 10-30 in the Saloon. The service was conducted by the Captain and every seat was occupied. The singing was congregational led by the ship's Orchestra. The Roman Catholics who had a Priest on board had their service earlier. The sea was fairly calm and the weather fine. We reached our first port Aden on 6th April. There were plenty of games, amusements, concerts and film shows and I induced a fellow traveller from Ceylon (Mrs N. Ephraums) to exhibit some coloured films which she was taking to America, and all were quite struck with the scenic beauty of Ceylon. On the 10th morning we reached Suez and some of the passengers went ashore to tour Cairo and the Pyramids of Egypt. We reached Port Said at night, and a number of us made some purchases before the ship left at 2 a.m. on the 11th. The Captain again took the service on Sunday 12th, and we decided to get into warmer clothing as we were experiencing the cold of Spring. We passed the Straits of Messina and got close to *Stromboli* and reached our next port Naples, at 8.30 p.m. on 13th. We saw Vesuvius—it had a red glow and though some of the passengers alighted and bought curios, the majority thought it advisable to stay on board as the ship was leaving Naples at 1 a.m. We reached Marseilles at 7 a.m. on the 15th—it happened to be a cold, windy, rainy day. There was "a mistral",—a wind blowing at 90 miles an hour, so that no passenger could alight and no one could be taken on board. The ship remained outside Marseilles till 4.30 p.m. and it was learnt that the gale was so terrific, that 9 wire cables were broken in the ships attempting to get to port—the majority of the passengers succumbed to "mal de mer".

On the following day 17th April, we passed the Spanish coast and got into Gibraltar—we went ashore in a launch and made some purchases, also had lunch in a Hotel. Gibraltar, is a quaint town with very narrow streets, it reminded me of Galle. Donkeys, mules and ponies with carriages are the conveyances used by visitors to see the fortress, and the shop keepers mainly speak Spanish. At the time of our visit, the Anglican Cathedral was without a Bishop—the Rt. Revd. Douglas Horsley who was transferred from the Diocese of Colombo having died in England. We left Gibraltar at 3 p. m. on the 17th and were in the Bay of Biscay on Sunday the 19th when we attended morning service—the third during the voyage. We found the sea calm and the weather excellent. We got into the English Channel on the 20th—the ship skirting close to the south coast of England and on the 21st morning we reached Tilbury to find our son, his wife, and Mr and Mrs Martin with car and van waiting our arrival. It was a fine April day, full of sunshine with variegated flowers in bloom and they said we had brought Ceylon's warmth with us. Our 3 weeks voyage was indeed a very pleasant one in spite of one bad day at Marseilles. From the 21st April to 21st November we stayed at Romford with our son and his wife. Romford, is a large and picturesque town, 12 miles by train to Liverpool Station, London. It has 2 or more arterial roads to London, and is the main thoroughfare from Eastern Avenue East Romford, to Southend. We had during our stay, many picnics to Maldon, Burnham-on-the-Crouch, Margate, Ramsgate and Canvey Island which had greatly suffered from the floods.

Southend, has one of the largest promenades alongside the beach and every year during Summer, there is a Carnival and Festival of Lights. In 1949 when I stayed at Romford for the first time, the Labour party were in power but 2 years later, the Conservatives under Sir Winston (then Mr) Churchill, defeated the Labourites and Romford has had a Conservative M. P. in Col. Lockwood who is giving up his seat before the General Election. The Romford City Council has adopted "a go ahead policy"—they are erecting a number of houses and flats in different parts of the City to relieve over-crowding, and the children are well catered for both in nutrition and other amenities.

I visited 3 big hospitals and there are many Maternity and Child Welfare Centres with theatres, cinemas, and parks. At the end of May, I went to London to attend an ordination service at St. Paul's Cathedral when amongst several Deacons and Priests, Revd. Arndt (son of Mr and Mrs Leonard Arndt) was raised to the Priesthood by Rt. Revd. J. C. Wand (Bishop of London). I also took the opportunity that day, of seeing the Coronation decorations round St. Paul's, Picadilly Circus, Oxford and Regent Streets, the Mall, and along the Coronation route—the roads, buses, trains and underground were all congested with heavy traffic. Later, we organised and accompanied a group of friends to London in a motor-coach and saw all the decorations and illuminations of the Coronation. Coronation Day June 2nd was marred by rain, but we stayed at home and saw everything that took

place in Westminster Abbey including the procession to and fro, by television, also the Fireworks—we virtually sat up from 10 a. m. to 12 midnight. We also saw the presentation of the Standards, the Naval Review at Spithead, and many other interesting pageants including the Cricket tests. "1953" was a happy year for England, for besides it being the Coronation year of Queen Elizabeth II, it was at the end of May, that Col. Hunt, Hillary, and Sherpa Ten Singh conquered Mount Everest and finally, England beat the Australians at Cricket and won the Ashes.

PART II.

We, six of us—three couples—my son and wife—my daughter-in-law's parents and ourselves, decided on spending 15 days at Cornwall and having 2 cars we left Romford for Crackington Haven Guest House, at 6 a. m. on 5th September, a distance of 362 miles. Prior to leaving, we took a copy of the Automobile Road Book to guide us on our Journey. We passed Buckingham Palace, Hyde Park, Kensington and Windsor Park and then gradually made our way through Staines to Stonehenge where we spent half an hour in viewing the monoliths and taking some snaps. We then went over to Andover, where we breakfasted. Many of us have heard of "Stonehenge" but few from Ceylon have visited it. "Stonehenge" is in the County of Wiltshire not far from the plains of Salisbury.

The earliest notice of this ring of megalith stones is by Henry of Huntingdon in 1154. The theories regarding its origin include the following.

1. That it was the burial place of Queen Boadicea.
 2. That it was the giants dance removed by Merlin from Ireland, and re-built on Salisbury Plain.
 3. Dr Charlton—physician to king Charles II deemed it Danish.
 4. Inigo Jones set it down as Roman.
 5. John Aubrey claimed it as a Druid temple
- and besides these, there are several other theories.

Partial excavation conducted in 1901, resulted in the discovery of a few flint instruments, stone hammers, and a sort of pounder chisel which seems to have been the tool used in dressing the stones. No pottery was discovered by which alone, it would be possible to assign the date either to the new Stone age or the Bronze age. Experts in Astronomy founding on the assumption that Stonehenge was a sun-temple, have arrived at the date 1680 B. C.

Even to the most prosaic people motoring over Salisbury Plain must come some faint stirring of imagination as they see the vast dead monument of Stonehenge. One can picture the temple peopled with vast crowds of fierce savages, waiting in silence for the first rays of the rising sun to touch the Altar—the wild-eyed Priests—the human sacrifice to appease strange gods. Thus was England 3500 years ago. These

megaliths or monoliths reminded me very much of the granite columns excavated in our "buried cities of Ceylon". From Stonehenge we proceeded and reached Ilchester for lunch, and then went on to Okehampton—the roads from here were very steep and hilly, often a gradient of 1 to 5—steeper than the Ginigathena and Haputale passes, but both cars behaved well, and having had tea at Launceston (pronounced "Lawnsen") we eventually reached our destination at 7 p. m., an hour before dark, had supper, and went to bed. We had in our journey by car passed the Counties of Essex, Middlesex, Surrey, Hertfordshire, Hampshire, Wiltshire, Berkshire, Somerset and Devon, and the weather all through the 362 miles kept fine. We visited Crackington Haven beach nearly every morning, and whilst some of us sat on the rocks, others paddled in the sea. We also enjoyed picnic teas at Widemouth, Wadebridge, Paistow and Bude. We visited Otterham and saw the Anglican Church—the residents had built a new Tower which had been consecrated by the Asst. Bishop of Truro. We attended services at the Methodist Church at Brookhill and the Anglican Church of St. Gennys—this was one of the first Churches at which Revd. John Wesley preached 150 years ago. My son went out twice with Messrs Pickard and Martin on a shoot to "Strangles Beach" which is a cove 6 Miles from Crackington Haven, and brought back 7, and on the second occasion 5, rabbits. The old Cornish language which was allied to Breton and Welsh has long been extinct, but it is still preserved in place and surnames particularly, in the alphabetical letters of T and P e. g. Turekle, Trebawith, Trevalga, Trevellayan Tintagel, and in P as Pickard, Penrith, Penpathy, Powne etc. The district round Tintagel and Camelford close to Crackington Haven, has invested it with world fame for besides King Arthur's Hall and Castle which many visit, there are attractions for the Naturalist and Geologist. The major industries of china clay, granite, and slate quarrying and also Agriculture arise directly from the rocks that even industry is to be regarded as a natural development. We also visited Plymouth on a 60 mile journey by Car. We stopped at Bodmin then proceeded and crossed Saltash by ferry-boat, and did our return trip through Tavistock and Dartmoor where we fed the ponies who frequent the moors, with apples and biscuits, and on to Launceston where we made some purchases and visited the old and magnificent Anglican Church of St. Magdalene and then on to our Guest House. Plymouth, had suffered terribly from the War—many buildings, houses and Churches, including the Anglican Parish had been bombed, but new commercial buildings are being erected and those razed to the ground, restored. We thoroughly enjoyed our fortnight's stay at Cornwall, we were fortunate in having fine weather all through, and the climate, cream, and excellent cider, gave new life to us.

We returned to Romford via Launceston, Honiton, Okehampton, Exeter, Taunton and Reading to Paddington. Our return to Ceylon on 21st November 1953 from Southampton was by the Dutch liner "Oranje". We decided to get home as the days were getting shorter, wintry weather was setting in, and the fogs they call them "smogs".

were not conducive to our health. By a strange coincidence, we had as our fellow passengers for the second time, Mr and Mrs S. J. C. Schokman who accompanied us on the first occasion to Colombo in the P & O Himalaya in October 1949.

The "Oranje" put into port on St. Nicolaas day—5th December, else, we might have celebrated that auspicious day with the Dutch community on board.

A DIARIST IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

BY DR. E. C. T. HOLSINGER

(Continued from Vol XLIII No. 4 p: 177)

Sunday 7th. May 1950. Truly time has been fleeting since I wrote a fortnight ago. Tranquility on board has been replaced by rush on land. On the 25th of last month we touched the coast of Canada when the good ship "Rondo" put in for a few hours at Halifax, Nova Scotia. A member of the Rotary Club of Halifax, Rotarian W. A. Hart, showed me round the town and took me to the University. Wherever one went one felt there was a spirit of friendliness and cordiality in this little town,

The next day we made our first contact with the U. S. A. when we went ashore at Boston. As the duration of our stay was strictly limited I made directly to the Rotary Club Office and thence to that most luxurious of Universities, Harvard. What do you think of a university with eighty-one libraries housing over 5,000,000 volumes and pamphlets. I was shown round the College Library and three of the Special Libraries. I saw the Gutenberg Bible and some Shakespeare Folios. One of the libraries was devoted exclusively to Music. The reading room was equipped with a number of gramophones fitted with ear-phones, and by the side of each were a reading desk and a book rack. Students seated at the desks were listening to the records with the musical script in front of them and reference books by their side. The three other reading rooms, I was shown, round, were furnished, decorated and lighted differently; each was unique. I was much impressed by the two Herbaria in the Department of Botany. There was no time to visit the Arboretum and the two Observatories, nor the other scientific laboratories, nor the Art Museum.

Two days later, on Friday 28th. April, the s. s. "Rondo" reached her destination, New York! It was nearly 10 o'clock at night when we landed. The Customs Officer, who was courteous and friendly, helped me get a taxi. As my taxi speeded towards Broadway over bridges and through streets made gay by coloured lights and signs, I felt I was travelling through fairyland. The next morning, having had a sumptuous breakfast, which cost me ninety cents U. S. A. currency (about Rs. 4/-) I went down to the Office of the principal Rotary Club in New York, where I received valuable advice in regard to making the most economical use of the eight days ahead of me in the City. In the afternoon I had the experience of rising in an elevator (the Yanks do not know the simple word "lift"!) through 102 stories, to the Observation Terrace of the tallest structure in the world, the Empire State Building. There, 1250 feet above the street level, I admired the geometrical pattern afforded by Greater New York. Purchasing a map I was able to understand the meaning of the pattern,

and the comforting thought dawned on me that no stranger need fear getting lost in the avenues and streets of this the largest city in the world. After dinner in the Restaurant, going up again to the observation terrace, I beheld the most spectacular sight I have ever seen, the lights of New York.

Last Monday was devoted to shopping, most of which was done at Macy's, the largest retail store in the world. This shopping expedition was great fun. The shop-assistants, both men and women, were quick to understand my requirements, expeditious in displaying the goods, and courteous and friendly in manner. If I were a believer in reincarnation I should find it quite easy to convince myself that in a previous life I was a New Yorker who used to shop regularly at Macy's!

The next afternoon I took train to Washington D. C. As I "checked in" at the Mayflower Hotel (apparently one does not "book" a room in America!) the girl across the counter gave me a message from our Ambassador, Mr. G. C. S. Corea. A little later Mr. Guneratne arrived and carried me off bodily, bag and baggage, to the cultured and elegant home of Mr. & Mrs. Corea. This was indeed an experience as happy as it was unexpected. Mr. & Mrs. Corea are perfect hosts and put one at one's ease in a few minutes. The next morning Mrs. Corea showed me round that magnificent city with its sylvan background, Washington. When one looks upon the Capitol Building and the monuments to George Washington and Abraham Lincoln one cannot help realizing the source from which Americans derive their spirit of freedom. In the afternoon I attended the Rotary meeting and at its conclusion took train back to New York.

Three days ago I attended a meeting of the Rotary Club of New York when some six hundred members sat down to lunch and we heard a very interesting and instructive talk. In spite of the large numbers, just as at Washington, there prevailed a happy spirit of fellowship. I made some very pleasant contacts, among whom was Rotarian Dickinson, representing New York Y. M. C. A's. who made no secret of his intention to take me under his wing!

"When in Rome do as the Romans do". Adjusting the tempo of my life to that of the Yanks in Times Square. "The Crossroads of the World", has proved profitable, for when I look back on the past week I am rather pleased with my "achievements". Visiting the Statue of Liberty, Madison Square Garden, the Haydn Planetarium and doing the other sights have provided thrilling experiences. Looking up at skyscrapers from the pavements gave me a pain in the neck besides exposing myself to the dangers of a jostling crowd! But I discovered that it was possible to admire skyscrapers in comfort and in safety by looking in the direction of Wall Street from Brooklyn Bridge. But you must not think that life in New York consists only of rushing about for thrills. My visits to Columbia Teachers College, New York University, the Botanical Garden and the Zoological Park in the Bronx were sources of restfulness to the body, peace to the mind and tranquility to the spirit. I had a particularly inspiring experience

this morning when I attended Divine Service at Marble Collegiate Church. Although I entered the Church twenty minutes before worship was due to commence, yet I could not find a single unoccupied seat. Fortunately an obliging sidesman placed a chair for me close to the pulpit. The sermon by the Vicar, Rev. Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, was most inspiring. When the Service was over some of the parishoners spoke to me and I gathered that this Church was unique in certain ways. Dr. Peale, who is famous in the U. S. A. both as a preacher and a writer, has developed a religio-psychiatric clinic. He is assisted by three clergymen and two psychiatrists. Here in New York's Fifth Avenue Dr. Peale runs his clinic where many harrowed men and women are gaining a sense of security in life and learning to live successfully and happily. In this clinic alcohol addicts are cured, unhappy marriages are made successful, depression and anxiety are relieved and peace of mind restored.

To-morrow morning I shall commence the trans-continental railway journey to San Francisco.

Sunday 28th. May 1950. As I commence a second railway journey to-night I had better give you an account of my experiences during the past three weeks.

Leaving New York I travelled to Reading, Pennsylvania. The ladies will be interested to know that the best nylons are made in this town. My visit was not connected with nylons; it was in response to an invitation from the Rotary Club of Reading for a talk on the Clubs in Ceylon. I was shown round the town by Rotarian George Luerksen whose family came to the New World from Holland. He was keen to know about the Dutch descendants in Ceylon. The "Reading Eagle" gave publicity to my talk.

After a night in Reading I proceeded to Chicago, a railway journey which was destined to be interrupted by a strike on the Pennsylvania Railway. At six o'clock in the morning of Wednesday the 10th, our car porter (we would call him an under-guard) informed us that the strike was on and that an hour later, when we reached Fort Wayne, we would have to change into buses. I was deeply impressed by the philosophical attitude exhibited by the hundreds of passengers, and the unperturbed and efficient manner in which the railway company handled the sudden problem of bus transport. We reached Chicago in time for lunch and a spot of sight-seeing before we entrained at 3 p. m. for San Francisco in that most luxurious and ultra-modern train, the California Zephyr. Before dinner we crossed the Mississippi, the greatest river in the U. S. A. Dinner was well-cooked and pleasantly served. After a friendly chat with some of the passengers I turned into my self-contained and air-conditioned roomette. Having pulled my bed from the vertical into the horizontal position and drawn the shutter I tucked into a comfortable bed and slept soundly. A refreshing bath, a shave before a perfectly lighted mirror and a sumptuous breakfast put me into good form. Shortly

after breakfast when we reached Denver we were given the opportunity of exercising ourselves on the station platform and admiring the distant peaks of the Rocky Mountains. As Denver is 5280 feet above sea-level I realized that I had slept the sleep of the just while the train climbed over 4000 feet.

As soon as our journey was resumed I climbed up into the Vista-Dome and settled down in a deep-cushioned adjustable seat provided with both foot-rest and leg-rest. The Vista-Dome is a completely glass enclosed coach on the roof of the car ("carriage" we would say) in which one sleeps and dines. It gives an unobstructed view of the scenery and offers a rare opportunity for camera fans. Soon we realized that we were climbing rapidly and approaching closer to the towering peaks of the Rocky Mountains. In fact, we were told that, in the first fifty miles, we rose 4000 feet and that the tunnel through which we passed, Moffat Tunnel, was six miles long and more than 9000 feet above sea-level. The scene that broke upon us as we came out of this tunnel was indescribably grand. The contrast between the peaks with their caps of snow and the winding streams at the bottom of deep canyons was stupendous. All day long the canyons were a source of delight; no two looked alike. There was Byers Canyon which showed a sparkling stream between sheer granite walls; this is the source of the great Colorado River. Then came Gore Canyon which has the reputation of being the longest, deepest and most rugged of them all. Next we were enraptured by the brilliant-coloured rock formations of Red Canyon. Some miles further we entered a canyon, winding for some twenty miles, which had walls of red rock made more brilliant by contrast with patches of green trees. Deep down we could see a turbulent river rushing over jagged boulders. This was none other than the Colorado River. In the evening we reached Salt Lake City. That night when I turned into bed I was already impatient for the dawn.

When I woke up early in the morning we were passing through Reno, notorious for its divorce traffic. While we were at breakfast the California Zephyr crossed the summit of the Sierra Nevada, the massive spiked mountain range which is the eastern boundary of sunny California, and entered the enchanting canyon of the Feather River. For over a hundred miles we followed the course of the Feather River flowing at the bottom of a deep gorge whose rugged sides were covered with magnificent forests of pine and spruce. We watched the river foam as it overcame the resistance offered by narrow and rugged reaches; we saw the colours of the canyon reflected in the clear, deep blue pools as the river flowed quietly in the wider stretches. In the afternoon we entered a delightful green valley and admired the lovely orchards. Shortly afterwards we pulled up at the East Bay of San Francisco. The California Zephyr had completed her journey of three days and three nights across the American Continent. As we were waiting to go on board the ferry-boat which was to take us across the Bay to the city of San Francisco we got into our winter coats for it was bitterly cold; and this was summer, and it was not yet five in the evening! Such are the vagaries of the weather in San Francisco.

During the short ride of three and a half miles across the Bay, we sallied forth on deck again and again muffled in our overcoats and with our hats drawn over our ears in order to get fleeting glimpses, through mist and rain, of the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge, the largest bridge in the world, and the Golden Gate Bridge, the longest suspension bridge that man has constructed.

I had arranged to spend the night in Palo Alto, a little town at the south end of the Bay and just outside Stanford University, for my final destination was the University. As my taxi took me through the streets I was enchanted by the lights and the illuminated signs, and particularly the twinkling lights of the houses on the surrounding hills. I peppered my taxi driver with questions and he decided to show me the sights of the City before taking me to Palo Alto. I explained that I could not fall for the idea since my dollars were strictly limited; he answered it would be a joy-ride, and switching off the recording meter, he changed the direction of our journey. When I asked him whether taxi drivers were permitted "to do that sort of thing" he replied "What's the good of being a taxi driver if you can't show your city to a fine friend from a far off land"! Having driven me through the chief streets of San Francisco he took me to his lovely little flat where I met his happy and smart wife and saw his television set, his latest buy. Leaving his home he made for the main road to Palo Alto and when we fell into it he set the meter going remarking that this was near the point when he turned the nose of the car. We chatted freely. He told me his earnings totted up to five hundred American dollars a month. When I asked him how he managed to earn as much as that, he answered that he was always the first at the stand and the last to go home. When I complimented him on his speech and his interests, he told me he was the son of Professor..... and as he would not learn in school he gravitated into taxi driving. But it was not a bad life and his wife and he were happy.

The next morning I had hardly finished breakfast when Professor Gilbert M. Smith turned into the hotel to take me to the University. He settled me in the Visitor's Lodge in "Stanford Village" where live 3,000 of the 8,000 resident students of Stanford University. A little later I was visited by Rotarian Robert Bush, a member of the University Executive Staff, and, you will be interested to know, brother-in-law of Professor Newman of the Botany Department of the Ceylon University. By nightfall I had made other contacts and felt I quite belonged to "The Village". Stanford University is situated on a tract of land of 8,800 acres thirty miles south of San Francisco. It was founded by Senator and Mrs. Leland Stanford and up to to-day it is independent of State and Church. My purpose in planning to spend a fortnight at Stanford was to work in the laboratory of Dr. Gilbert M. Smith, Professor of Botany, and pick up a technique which he has elaborated in culturing certain micro-organisms. Fortunately the Visitor's Lodge is situated in the midst of the hostels which house a large proportion of the student population, and consequently I enjoyed the privilege of the company of a number of students and their

professors. At Stanford one meets students from various states in America, from Central and South American countries, from Europe, Asia, Australia and New Zealand. It struck me that Asiatic students were particularly well looked after, and helped in every way to mingle with not only American students but also with those from other lands. In the informal, cordial and friendly atmosphere of Stanford such mingling readily leads to the formation of friendships. There are several libraries, and in one of them I discovered that although there was an Indian section there was no section devoted to Ceylon. When I spoke to the Librarian about this omission he readily agreed to rectify it if I would give him a list of books that might form a nucleus. Therefore I sat down to do half-an-hour's hard thinking. Dr. Spittel's books gave me a quick start and I was not disappointed when I looked at the length of my list. I appended the name and address of the Lecturer in History at the Training College whom I was certain would be willing to amplify my list. Research in various branches of knowledge is actively pursued at Stanford. In the Botany Department, not only is research pursued in the laboratories on the campus, but also at the Marine Station located on Monterey Bay on the Pacific coast. Professor Smith took me down to Monterey where I examined giant seaweeds, the like of which I have never seen. There are some magnificent buildings on the campus. The Hoover Library is a sixteen story, air-conditioned building; the Laurence Frost Memorial Amphitheatre is capable of seating 8,400 persons; the Memorial Hall for Speech and Drama built in commemoration of Stanford students who died in World War I has a theatre seating 1,700; the Education Building; the Art Gallery and the High-Voltage Laboratory: all these buildings were made possible through public munificence. I had the good fortune to be present at the opening ceremony of the Lucie Stern Hall for housing undergraduate men. The funds for this came from the estate of Mrs. Stern, widow of a former Professor. This hall of residence was an ultra-modern building which provided the students with every luxury they could wish.

To-night I leave for Los Angeles from where I shall write again. Till then Good-bye.

—To be Continued—

NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS

Visit of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II to Ceylon:—On behalf of the Members of the Dutch Burgher Union, The President, Mr R. L. Brohier, addressed His Excellency, The Right Honourable Lord Soulbury, G. C. M. G., O. B. E., M. C., asking him to submit to Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II. their dutiful and loyal greetings, and joyous welcome on her visit to Ceylon, as expressed in a folder which was personally handed to the Governor General's Aide-de Camp, at Queen's House, by the Secretary of the Union, Mr. Bruce Collette.

The cover of the folder, of Vellum was chaste in style, bordered in purple, and gold, and bore a hand drawing in black and white of the Crest and Motto of the Dutch Burgher Union in the centre. The welcome was expressed in the following words, written in Old English lettering, on the inner leaf of the folder.

To Her Most Excellent Majesty, Elizabeth The Second, Queen of Ceylon, and of her Other Realms and Territories, Head of the Commonwealth.

May it please Your Most Excellent Majesty.

The Members of the Dutch Burgher Union of Ceylon, Present Their Humble Duty and Humbly beg to offer Your Majesty most Loyal and Respectful Greetings and joyously Welcome Your Majesty to This our beautiful Country.

As loyal and devoted subjects of Your Gracious Majesty it is our earnest and sincere Hope that Your Majesty's stay in this beautiful land gives Your Majesty great Pleasure and Happiness, and our earnest prayer that it may please God long to preserve Your Majesty and Your Majesty's Royal Consort their Royal Highness the Prince Charles, and Princess Anne in Health and Happiness.

(Sgd.) R. L. Brohier,
President.

DUTCH BURGHER UNION OF CEYLON.

which was subsequently acknowledged by the following letter:

Queen's House,
Colombo.
13th April 1954.

Dear Mr. Brohier,

I am commanded by The Queen to ask you to convey to the Members of the Dutch Burgher Union of Ceylon Her Majesty's sincere thanks for their loyal message, which The Queen greatly appreciated.

Yours sincerely,
(Sgd.) Martin Charteris.

Dutch Monuments:—The Archaeological Commissioner, refers in his Administration Report for 1953, to what has been done with regard to the conservation of Dutch Monuments. He writes: "In Jaffna Fort, the damaged portions of the retaining walls of the moat and of the ramparts from the entrance at the eastern side up to the western end of the northern bastion were repaired. Repairs were also effected to the outer ramparts and the northern and eastern bastions. In addition, the southern battlement of the northern bastion and the moat wall supporting this bastion were repaired. This work involved excavation and filling in and the recovery of stones which had fallen into the moat. At Fort Hamenheil off Kayts, the roof of the building which was damaged by a cyclone was repaired.

Repairs were also effected to the roof of the old Dutch Church in Mannār. At Kalpiti, pointing was done of the ramparts and the walls of buildings within the Fort. Cement, with which pointing has been done in recent times and which marred the appearance of the old work, was scraped away and lime mortar grouted into the joints of the masonry. The roof of the Church at Kalpiti is in a dilapidated condition. The necessary preparations were made for effecting needed repairs which would involve the substitution of new timber in place of that which is decayed. The ritual to be observed before purchasing material made it impossible to undertake the work before the advent of the rainy weather. At other Dutch monuments, for instance Pooneryn Fort, the necessary maintenance works were carried out. The maintenance of the Galle ramparts has been attended to on behalf of this department by the Galle Municipality."