

Journal of the Dutch Burgher Union of Ceylon.



"Eendracht maakt Macht"

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

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Journal of the Dutch Burgher Union of Ceylon.

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[No. 1

CEYLON CIRCA 1733

Through a foreigner's eye

By J. A. B. GRENIER

What was it like in Ceylon 200 years ago ?

Let us take a dip into the past, not with the aid of a sun-viewer. "Angena Eliya" or a politician's megaphone but through the sharp focus of a pair of keen Teutonic eyes, which belonged to Johann Wolfgang Heydt, who spent two and a half years in our country way back in the far off days of 1733.

Heydt came out East in the service of the Honourable the Dutch East Indies Company of Amsterdam. In his peregrinations round the Island, little or nothing escaped his perspicacity and enquiring turn of mind.

His Plates, bringing to us pictures in careful detail, of the many places of interest he visited, his air of child-like wonder with which he lays bare our weakness for "Miris Hodde" and boiled Jak, and his verbal portraits, painted with a brush moistened in a dish of humour, cannot fail to raise a nostalgic lump in the reader's throat.

"Why, we are not.....much different from the Old Folks" , is the verdict : with all our Laxapanas and Bandungs we are still very much the same, revelling in the identical things that made them tick, ranging from "Wangediyas" Pingo transport and Elephant Kraals, to sending our women off to work two days after child birth.

Fortresses

Heydt, with a German's love for the elements of war, is at his best when he describes the many Forts that existed and his drawings are freely given to enhance their value.

The Fort of Galle (Pinto-Gale) was to him a Castle, and with its magnificent harbour, a right worthy place to which he devotes several pages, a fact which should gladden the heart of a distinguished American Diplomat who writing recently on this quiet old Town, laments the lack of historical information about it.

The other Forts he mentions were at Matara (Maderen), the Castle of Colombo, Kelaniya (Calana), Hangwella, Negombo, Kalutara (Calture), Katuwana (Catana), Hammenhiel, the Castle of Jaffna (Jaffnapatnam), Kalpitiya (Calpentyn) and Mannar.

These silent bastions, eloquently characteristic of a stolid race, were built, it is believed, largely of fissile rocks set securely side by side and one upon another and sealed with a cement-like binding made of coral breccia, quarried from the sea.

Some of the Forts have withstood the ravages of.....the elements through the passing years and even today the gloomy cells of the ramparts of Galle are used for clandestine meetings of an amorous nature, a purpose somewhat different, perhaps, to what the builders had in mind.

Singing the praises of "Miris Hodde" Heydt says. "And when a European is sick he will at once be counselled to drink a pepper-Soute, which is nothing else but a good handful of pepper boiled in water, and sometimes some rice put into it (or when it is to be very good an old hen put in) and cooked so long until the water is brown from the pepper; and then it is drunk, and lights a little fire in the belly. I have myself drunk it often and indeed with great pleasure, and have had much good from it".

Crocodiles do not appear to have changed much, either in their habits or their outlook. Heydt did not like them.

"The crocodile is a horrible beast, which has four very short legs. It lives by seizing dead and living animals and men, when it finds them in the rivers or streams. It resembles a lizard, but has on its back a comb-like saw, which extends a considerable way down from the back along the tail. The creature is terrifying to look at because of its size and horrible shape".

Reverence

Reverence is handed down the Ages and neither time nor distance can dim its purpose. Of Adam's Peak we learn from Heydt that "It suffices to say that they visit this Peak very often, and take their offerings every year, and perform their devotions there. According to their statements and its appearance, it is climbed only with great toil and danger. Right on top of the Peak there is said to be a hugely large foot impressed in a rock, which they hold to be the foot of the Budu and reverence as such".

His plates showing us the unique, outrigger fishing canoe (in use in Ceylon today) and his descriptions of it are revealingly familiar.

"Each is built from one log only, and fitted with two planks at the sides, as also forward and aft like stem pieces; but they are quite narrow, so that one can hardly stand in them. And because they are very narrow and yet carry a high sail, a piece of wood is attached by two crooked sticks to one side of each, so that, if the vessel heel in one

direction, the weight of the wood on the other side hinders this and keeps the little ship upright. When they come to land they pull them up on the beach".

Heydt saw a village hut being built 200 years ago and from what he says it would not have differed at all from one existing in Uva today.

They build them usually with clay, which they know how to beat into walls; and on these they tie a roof frame of long sticks or rods and cover it either with long grass or plaited coconut leaves. Such a house, since the rain cannot beat very much against the walls, can stand unharmed for a long time. The floor is also made of beaten clay and on their feast days they take fresh cow dung, mix it with water into a thin paste, and smear with their hands both floor and walls quite flat. Although, while being put on it smells badly, yet after a few days when it is dry this changes to a pleasant odour; the ants, which are a great plague in this country, avoid it."

One plate, "a view of Huelsffdorf" shows us a beautifully constructed well, in the courtyard, which might reasonably be a model in our present lives.

The would-be harbingers of prohibition may read, to their dismay, that their ancestors were not averse to drinking their health in the juices of the coconut palm.

"It looks at first like water in which a little milk has been mixed.....it is then sweet and good to drink. But if it stands for only a few hours, it becomes sourer, and with about two quarts one can get oneself a thick befuddlement.....Whole gardens are laid out for the tapping of the juice....."

A rather novel method of cooking rice appears to have much to recommend it.

"When they wish to cook they take one or two joints from a green bamboo tree and fill them half full of rice and plug them above with leaves. These they throw into the fire and let them lie till they are burnt black on all sides. Then they take them out of the fire and shake out the rice, which has taken up sufficient moisture from the sap of the cane, and so eat. This rice serves them for bread, and is said to be as delicate as if it had been cooked in the finest of pots, on account of the sweet sap it has drawn from the bamboo.

Paradise

A Sportsman would have found our fair Isle a paradise in those days.

"In Ceylon one finds feathered creatures in profusion, such as geese, wild and tame ducks of various sorts, hens, partridges, heath-cocks, turkeys, peacocks, doves both large and small.....snipe, all

sorts of waterfowl.....There is also to be met with a good store of sea and river fishes, of which some are not only of considerable size and excellence but are taken in great profusion."

Of the trees he speaks with much knowledge of the versatile usefulness of the Coconut and Palmyrah palms. He also mentions fruits like the Mango, the Jak, the Jambu (Jampusen). Billing and the Papaw. From among the animals he selects the Miminna for special comment....."and among them a little sort of the size of a hare are found, which also has the hind legs somewhat longer than the fore, like a hare; also they are very good to eat, and very appetising because of their beautiful appearance."

The noisy Cicada seemed to have impressed itself on his mind.....

"They live on trees whose leaf is their food and nourishment, and at a certain time of the year they produce such a horrible and terrifying cry that it appears unbelievable that such a small beast could make such. The sound is like the humming of a stock-weaver's loom, but much louder and shriller, and one hears neither end nor beginning of it."

The temperament of the Wild Buffalo has evidently suffered no serious alteration for Heydt relates....."As I came nearer to the buffaloes and they saw this, some of them began to snort loudly and stared steadily at me. I was curious to see, what would happen, but did not halt, but went on as fast as I could, in order to pass them by. But one of them, after he had gazed at me long from a distance, came running at me with such fury, that I feared that nothing good would come of it. I too took flight therefore as well as I could." The rest of the narrative says that Heydt survived the danger after considerable exertion on his part.

In these days of much controversy about the Medical Profession it is refreshing to have gleanings from the past of what it was like in Hospital, in the good old days.

'And thus the Over-master, or Doctor as one must title him there, goes through all the wards, and visits the sick, man by man, and asks each how he is; and this is done in an hour, in spite of the fact that in my time, in the Rainy Season often 10, 12, and up to 1,500 sick lay therein. Now everyone can readily judge, what can be done in so short a time....."

Translated

The Wangediya took pride of place in the ancient household in the same manner that it does today. Heydt described it....."Further, they have a wooden trough, or a block made in the form of a mortar in which they pound the rice so as to remove the husk, and to this belongs a pestle of 4 or 5 half feet, which also serves as a weapon of defence."

Perhaps the only difference now, is, that being more educated we have discarded this homely implement, the Molgaha, and for offence and defence we use the knife.

Heydt has provided an excellent Map of the Island, and looking at it, one cannot but form the impression that our Lanka seemed much fuller around the abdominal region at the time the map was drawn. This is particularly apparent on the Western Coast, indicating that, even with the march of science, little or nothing has been done to stem man's slow retreat before the gnawing appetite of the Sea.

"Heydt's Ceylon" has been translated into English from the German language, in which it was written in 1744, by the well known canoeist Major R. Raven-Hart at the request of the Government of Ceylon.

The objects of the Union shall be :

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.

THE PORTUGUESE FIND THEIR WAY TO CEYLON

A FEATURE FOR RADIO

Script by

DELORAIN FERNAND

CAST

	SOUND EFFECTS
Narrator	Music
Francisco de Almeida	Storm-Thunder, wind rough sea
Lourenzo de Almeida	Rowing
1st and 2nd Moorish Traders	Sinhalese chatter
1st and 2nd and 3rd Sinhalese Men	Boom of Cannon
1st and 2nd Portuguese Sailors	Drums
Captain Cutrim	Footsteps in sand
Captain de Sousa	Chanting of prayers in Latin

..... *Music*

Narrator: The year is 1505, The Portuguese, under the command of Francisco de Almeida have partially succeeded in controlling the trade of the East. The Malabar coast is patrolled night and day by the ships of Portugal and the Moorish dhows are tied up, useless, in the little harbours and ports of the Indian Ocean. The Westerners are elated—in a matter of a few years they have succeeded in wresting the monopoly for themselves. Their's was an easy victory.

When, news comes — unpleasant, disturbing.....
(fade in sound of loud voices).

Portuguese Officer: Your Highness I have come to report that this cannot be. Day and night our partol ships scour the Indian seas. Not a Moor infidel will dare the might of Portugal. We have crushed them.

Francisco de Almeida: But Captain, this report comes to me from Lisbon. The market is flooded this season, with spices. The Venetians have also got these goods. But how? That is what I demand to know.

Officer: By caravan, may be?

de Almeida: Impossible Captain. I tell you the Moors have smug-gled the goods to them.

Officer: But how, sir?

de Almeida: We do not know—but we will learn how. *You will find out.....(fade).*

Narrator: So the Portuguese patrol ships were sent out with fresh vigour. Spies were set—and the news trickled in.

Officer: (fade in) The Moors are cunning, your Highness. They collect the spices from distant ports—Malacca, Jacatra, the Moluccas and the isle of Serendib. Then, they dare not come up against us, so they sail far south, creep up the coast of Africa, slip into the waters of the Red Sea - and then they are safe. The Sultan of Egypt is there to welcome them and pay them well for their trouble.

de Almeida: So that's how they smuggle the spices to Europe! Hm'm! They are smart, but we must stop them—for they are ruining the trade of our homeland.

Officer: We need to keep a more careful check—and a bigger fleet is essential your Highness.

de Almeida: No, this alone will not do. We have confined our activities too much to the Indian coast. We must now equip our ships and send them out on patrols further afield—even to the far cold south. We know now, where the Moors get their stuff—and that's where our patrol ships will go.

Officer: Well said your Highness. The King of Portugal will have no cause to complain.

de Almeida: But there is no time to delay. Call all the Captains on shore now—they have a mission.....(fade out)

Narrator: And a new plan of action, to overcome the disorganised Moorish trader, was worked out.

..... *Murmur of Voices*

de Almeida: (fade in) You, da Silva, will sail south-east and remain at sea for many moons. And you, my son Lourenzo, will equip your fleet and go south-west. There is a little group of islands, known as the Maldives—try and reach them, and then proceed even further south, till you can intercept the sea road of these Moorish smugglers.

Lourenzo de Almeida: Yes, your Highness, I will not return without good news.

de Almetda: Farewell, my son May St. Christopher be your guide and protector. (fade out).

Narrator : The young nobleman Don Lourenzo de Almeida, set out from Cochin with a little fleet of nine ships, one bright sunny day in the month of October. He was accompanied by the Franciscan Frey Vincent, who was to cater to the spiritual needs of those on board.

For a week the flotilla travelled, under blue skies and through smooth seas—pressing further south each day.

Then, one afternoon, heavy black clouds banked up. Lightning streaked the sky and thunder roared and re-echoed (sound of storm-rough sea, thunder, wind).

Mountainous waves lashed the small sailing vessels and drove them off their course. (Keep up sound of storm.)

Lourenzo : Frey Vincent, what means this? Does the Almighty not approve of our mission that he vents His wrath on us by wind and storm?

Father Vincent : The Mysteries of God can only be explained by those to whom He is pleased to reveal them. By morning I will give you advice Commander Almeida, whether it is the will of God that we should continue on our way to the Maldives or return to Cochin.

(Fade out Sound of storm)

Narrator : But at dawn the fearful monsoon wind abated. Mass was celebrated on board. And while the sailors looked on with little enthusiasm, the wooded heights of a coastline burst on their view. (Quiet music or sound of calm sea).

It is the land-locked port of Galle. The light canoes of the hardy fishermen are drawn up on the sandy shore, while a shouting crowd of men and boys drag in the ma-del over which the sea gulls hover in their circling flight.

Suddenly, from a distant high rock, there comes an excited shout.

Child's Voice : (echo-calling from a distance) Hey! Come up here and see this strange sight. A big ship drifting in to the shore. I can see some people on board.....(fade in excited Sinhalese chatter).

1st Sinhalese Voice : Look! they are lowering a small boat.

2nd Sinhalese Voice : They are rowing out to shore.

Child's Voice : They look like some strange beings. They have white skins.

1st Sinhalese Voice : These are not our Moor traders—(Bring up sound of rowing).

Lourenzo : We have come to some primitive place. The people look a curious lot.

1st Portuguese Sailor : I think Commander, that we have discovered a new land. This is not the Malabar.

Lourenzo : Let's beach the boat here and try and make some inquiries—Keep your muskets handy men, we can never be too sure. (Excited Sinhalese chatter in background).

Hey fellows! What land is this? They don't seem to understand. Is—this—INDIA?

1st Sinhalese Voice : India? Ah! Indiyé Na! Lanka

Lourenzo : Na—Lanka? What is na-Lanka?

2nd Sinhalese Voice : Se—ren—dhip

1st Portuguese Sailor : Did you recognize that Commander? He says Serendib. That's what the Moors call the island they get their cinnamon from. We have come to Island of Ceilao.

Lourenzo : Oh of course! Marvellous luck! To think that a storm had to bring us here. Ask this man where we can meet his King.

1st Portuguese Sailor : You—KING? We want to see your King (murmur of Sinhalese).

Lourenzo : No, say Raja. The Indian word for King. They might understand.

Your—Raja—where?

2nd Sinhalese Voice : Ah! Raja—Koluntota, Kolunbo.

Lourenzo : Kulunbo—that's their chief port, and that's where their King will be!

1st Portuguese Sailor : He seems to know what we want Commander. See, he makes signs for us to follow. Shall we go?

Lourenzo : No, let us set sail for Kulunbo keeping as near to the shore, as possible.....

Narrator: And on the 15th of November, 1505, the fleet anchored off Colombo—the chief mart of the Island's trade.

The harbour was crowded with shipping; some of the vessels were taking on board the elephants and the cinnamon for which the Island had always been famous throughout the East; others were receiving copra and the fresh nuts of the coconut tree, timber and ivory.

This trade was in the hands of a colony of Moors, who had been allowed to build for themselves bangasalais or store-houses to stock their merchandise.

The arrival of Dom Lourenzo and his fleet naturally caused alarm amongst these people.

1st Moorish Trader: (fade in) Hmm! the white trader had found his way to Kolontota, This is the end of our freedom here.

2nd Moorish Trader: No Mustafa. Why should we let it be so. We will drive them away from Serendib, before they get a strong foothold here, as they did in India.

1st Moorish Trader: But how? We aren't strong enough.

2nd Moorish Trader: Listen! They will surely want to meet the King—but this would be fatal to us. For, Vira Parakrama, in fright, will grant them whatever they ask. We must try to drive these Portuguese away before that can happen.

1st Moorish Trader: By Allah! I get what you mean. The white men will soon come ashore to get fresh food and water. We must instigate the towns-people to set upon them—even kill a few of them. When the Portuguese Captain sees that the people here are unfriendly—he will withdraw.

2nd Moorish Trader: That's right Mustafa. Let us go quickly to the market place before the Portuguese arrive..... (fade out).

(Bring up the street chatter and voices).

Child's Voice: (excited) Father—mother—I saw a group of white men just now eating hunks of white stone and drinking blood. They are evil men, I think.

Woman: I told you not to go near them.

1st Voice Sinhalese: They must be devils. What the Moors told us is true. Come on, let us set upon them and drive them away before they harm our people.

Sinhalese Voices: (angry) Yes, kill the white strangers. Kill the Farangi.

(Sounds of fighting—shouting).

Portuguese Voices: Stop it you fools. We come to you as friends.

Sinhalese Voices: Kill them! Kill them!

Narrator: The Portuguese hurriedly sent a messenger to their Commander on board ship.

Portuguese Sailor: (Raising voice above din.) Go tell the Commander.

2nd Portuguese Sailor: (Also shouting). We have signalled the ship. They will open fire now. Take cover! (Boom of Cannon—Bang, Bang, Bang—Screams).

Sinhalese Voices: 1st: They are not men, they are gods.
2nd: We can't fight people who call upon the heavens to send thunder.
3rd: It's no use, let them move freely in our land.
1st: Let them do anything in our country.

1st Moorish Trader: You foolish people. You will regret this. Listen to us, your Moorish friends. We have traded with you for so many years—listen to us. Don't let the Farangi become your masters. Don't be deceived.....(fade out) fade out sounds of fight).

1st Portuguese Sailor: (fade in) Ha! Ha! One volley from our ship's cannon and these people are like scared rats.

2nd Portuguese Sailor: Don't blame these islanders. It is our Moorish rivals who have set them up. Ah! but here comes Commander. de Almeida.
He wants to address us.

Lourenzo: (addressing his men). The King of this kingdom of Kotte—sends word to us. He is willing to receive us, as his friends and accordingly, wishes us to send a representative to attend his court. This is a good augury. Captain Fernae Cotrim, I have decided to send you to the King. Discuss matters with his court and if possible arrange that a treaty be drawn up.

Cotrim: Yes Commander de Almeida.

Lourenzo: You may take a band of nine men, to attend you.

Cotrim: When do we leave, Commander?

Lourenzo: At once Cotrim.

Cotrim: Aye, Aye Commander.

Lourenzo: Er—One thing more, man. I will fire the ships cannon at every turn of the hour glass. Now, this will help you gauge the time and the distance you have to travel to the palace. Listen for the report of the gun—it will be a link with us.

Cotrim: Very well Commander.

Lourenzo: Good luck, man! (fade out) (Bring up sound of footsteps trampling in sand).

Cotrim: Whew! What heat!

1st Portuguese Sailor: The sun is now low in the heavens. We have been walking many miles Captain Cotrim.

Cotrim: Yes, it is about a whole day—and yet no signs of the palace.

2nd Sailor: I think some treachery is afoot sir. I was told that Kotte was a few miles from the port.

Cotrim: Yes, it is certainly peculiar—the sound of the cannon confirms this. Judging by the distance we've walked we should not be able to hear the cannon by now. (Boom of cannon in distance.)

1st Portuguese Sailor: Ah! There it goes again.

Cotrim: But our guides seem friendly, so let's not show we suspect them.

2nd Portuguese Sailor: There's no harm in keeping our muskets cocked and ready, eh Captain? (fade out).

Narrator: The councillors of the King of Kotte had no desire to let the foreigners learn that their capital was only an hours journey from the sea. "Farangiya Ko'tteta giya' vage" is the Sinhalese proverb which still preserves the memory of the ruse which was practised on the envoy. Up hill and down dale by a circuitous route for three long days, Fernao Cotrim travelled, till at length footsore, he arrived within sight of the city. "Jayawardhana Kotte"—the fortified city of victory, it was then called.

The Portuguese envoy however, was not granted an audience with the King himself. Friendly negotiations were carried on with the royal ministers.

Cotrim: (fade in) We only seek peaceful trade. And if your King so desires it, it is the custom that he should send a yearly present to our King in Portugal in token of the existence of that peace and friendship.

1st Sinhalese Voice: The Chakravarti, our Emperor, has already heard of the doings of your people along the coasts of Asia. You do not always remain at peace.....

Cotrim. On those who do not accept our terms, we declare war. But it is to your advantage to preserve peace between us. We guarantee to protect the ports of your ruler. We are a powerful race.

2nd Sinhalese Voice: Very well, Captain Cotrim, your offer has already found acceptance with our Emperor, and his Council, and we consent to give you a yearly present. Our Chakravarti moreover wishes it to be known that he will be pleased to negotiate a treaty if His Highness Dom Lourenzo de Almeida will send an ambassador to his court..... (fade out)

Narrator. The envoy now returned. Dom Lourenzo was so pleased with the success of the mission that he wasted no time in despatching Payo de Souza, as ambassador (Sound of magul bera in background)

Accompanied by the King's courtiers and led in procession with elephants, de Souza arrived at Kotte. Proceeding through the gaily decorated city he arrived at the Audience Hall, which was hung with the richest of fabrics from Persia. Here silver lamps and torches resting on silver stands served to relieve the sombre gloom. Under the great Makara Torana of stone, rose the Lion Throne of ivory, on six stages, covered with cloth of gold. Seated thereon was King Vira Parakrama Bahu, the Chakravarti, Lord of Lanka.

Advancing slowly between the rows of armed men de Souza, dressed in green velvet, carrying a sword in silver scabbard, halted at a respectful distance and made profound obeisance.

(Sound of brass gong or burst of drums)

Sinhalese Herald His Highness, the Chakravarti, Our Lord, Emperor of Lanka, acknowledges the greetings and tokens of friendship conveyed to him by Commander Dom Lourenzo de Almeida through his loyal ambassador, Payo de Souza.

The Emperor wishes it known that he promises to give to the King of Portugal and the subjects who come in his name—an annual tribute of cinnamon, amounting to 400 bares.

The Emperor moreover records his willingness to acknowledge the supremacy of the King of Portugal over all his dominions which include the lands from the Kala Oya in the north, to the Valave Gange in the south—from the sea to the central hills.

So swears the Chakravarti-Emperor of Lanka. (Brass gong or drums).

de Souza. Captain Payo de Souza, ambassador of the King of Portugal, acknowledges the generous tribute of cinnamon from the Emperor of Lanka and in return promises to defend the ports of Ceilao against all enemies.

So swears Captain Payo de Souza, ambassador to the King of Portugal. (Brass gong or drums)—(fade out)

Narrator. A Sannas, written in Sinhalese, on a sheet of gold, recording the agreement was then given to the ambassador with permission to return to his vessel. The promised cinnamon together with two little elephants were despatched on board.

Then on a chilly January day, Commander Dom Lourenzo de Almeida and his little fleet made ready to sail away.

On the bleak headland in which the rocky Galbokka terminated, a small group of white men gathered to celebrate Mass. Here, the foundations of a little chapel were laid..... (chanting of prayers in Latin)

Father Vincent. This day is blest the Church of St. Lawrence—dedicated to the patron saint of the good Commander of our fleet-Commander Dom Lourenzo de Almeida (fade out sound of chanting)—(bring up sound of waves in background).

Lourenzo. Before we depart there is yet one obligation we must perform. As it is the custom of our nation I order that there shall be engraved on this large rock, at this point called Galbokka, the padrao as a sign that we, the Portuguese, came to this island of Ceilao in the year 1505. Captain Cotrim, get the men to work on the padrao.

Cotrim. Very well Commander.

Narrator. This memorial still survives. The boulder, the Cross of Christ, with the arms of Portugal elegantly inscribed, is now placed in the Gordon Gardens, which adjoins Queen's House,

Cotrim: The job is done Commander and the rowing boats wait to convey us across to the fleet.

Lourenzo. We are ready. I leave you now Captain Jane Mendes Cardoso, at the head of this small band of our soldiers to remain in this isle of Ceilao. Protect you the factory we have built here and ensure for us a regular trade in cinnamon, from this island.

1st Portuguese Sailor: God speed you Commander. (fade out)

Narrator. Having exchanged these cordial good wishes, Dom Lourenzo and his armada sailed away.

It was not long however, before the small garrison left behind in Ceylon under the command of Cardoso, were set upon and molested by the Moors and a section of the Sinhalese. The news reached the Viceroy:—

Francisco de Almeida. This is indeed disturbing.

Portuguese Officer: Send me, your Highness, with a small fleet and I'll punish these infidels.

de Almeida: It's no use Captain. When our fleet withdraws the promises of the King are of little value. We are too busy ourselves at the moment, in India and with the powerful Sultan of Egypt, to waste our men and ships, and avenge this insult.

Portuguese Officer: But we must go to the help of our men in Ceilao.

de Almeida: I will give orders to abandon the factory and recall the garrison. Maybe someday, times being more favourable to us in the East, we can return to this island of Ceilao which my son accidentally, and by the will of God, found. (fade out)

..... MUSIC

The objects of the Union shall be:

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

THINGS IN GENERAL

FROM A WOMAN'S STAND-POINT

CONVERSATIONLESS HOMES

[By Athena]

People talk at the present day as much as they ever have done.

Conversation with the ancient Greeks was an art, and once again it is becoming the cultivated medium for the circulation of ideas.

This is what strikes one everywhere outside our homes, but it is almost, with hardly an exception, the missing quantity within our homes. It is strange but none-the-less true.

Talk there is in plenty; recriminations about the servants, chatter about friends and neighbours and children, discussions regarding food and the prices of things, references to household worries; talk in plenty but no conversation.

Not even after we have been out of our homes, at church, or meeting friends at any social gatherings, is there anything like conversation. There will be a lot of gossip and scandal, or a criticism of the sermon; but nothing inspiring or entertaining.

It is surely this inability on the part of the average person to make conversation that is almost directly responsible for the breaking up of home life. We find so much more food for conversation when we get outside our own homes, at the home of a friend or elsewhere.

Where lies the fault? I think it is in familiarity—in the slacking off of the desire to please on one side, and the gradual failure of appreciation on the other. In short, the total absence of real conversation amongst people who have lived long together, and know each other too well.

And how can we remedy this? By trying not to be too familiar with our family folk, be they wife, husband, sister, brother, mother or father. We might try the experiment of meeting and treating those we know, so well, as if meeting strangers for the first time. Let us try to make as great an effort to impress these intimate people of ours as we would do to impress the man or woman to whom we have just been introduced. The experiment is worth trying!

Many husbands there are, and wives too! who have acquired the habit of listening with their ears, while brain and soul take forty winks under the shelter of a few well-chosen interjections, that help on the flow of words.

It is small wonder then that those who only force talk, and no conversation, in their own homes, learn to prefer the homes of others. It is no matter for surprise too, that to take a walk, or spend a few hours, with one's nearest and dearest, in time becomes a positive duty, or it is selfishly regarded as a time for resting from the necessity for speech of any kind.

Lack of appreciation and encouragement are also responsible for often making us feel tongue-tied in our home circles. Given a kindly sympathetic listener, who is honestly interested in your ideas, and is quite ready to discuss them intelligently with you, a pleasant conversation will be the result. But if one meets with a rude snub from one of these too familiar ones, one is effectually extinguished, and the desire for all conversation dies, until away from such a depressing atmosphere.

It would be a good plan if we would make it a rule when all the family meet together at meal times or any other leisure hour, to banish all personal and trifling matters from discussion, since none of them have a very enlightening effect on the mind, and to discuss instead the thousand and one events of the day of public interest. The happenings in the great world outside, as detailed by the daily and weekly newspapers, will afford an endless variety of subjects for intelligent conversation. The books we have lately been reading too, afford interesting themes for much animated discussion. Conversation of this nature takes us out of ourselves, and make us forget for the moment the narrowing trivialities and personalities that threaten to become such an obsession with us in our daily lives.

There is perhaps no method of improving the mind more effective, and certainly none more agreeable, than a mutual interchange of ideas on various subjects in conversation. Facts which appear dull to us when studied in solitude, gain the liveliest impressions when we discuss them with another.

"To make conversation a success," says Dr. Johnson, "there must be in the first place a knowledge of the subject under discussion; in the second there must be a command of words; in the third there must be imagination to place things in such views as they are not commonly seen in; and in the fourth place there must be presence of mind, and a resolution that it is not to be overcome by failure. This last is an essential requisite; for want of it many people do not excel in conversation."

THE CEYLONESE DUTCH, AS DESCRIBED BY OLD WRITERS ON CEYLON

The Reverend James Selkirk of the Church Missionary Society laboured in Ceylon for thirteen years from 1826 to 1840. On his return to England he published, in 1844, a volume of "Recollections", and the following extracts relating to the Dutch people in the Island will be read with interest.

"The Dutch, who, together with the Portuguese, are called the 'Burghers', forms but a small portion of the inhabitants of Ceylon. Most of them are descendants of officers and others who belonged to the military and civil establishments of the Dutch East India Company, while in possession of the Island. Though much reduced in circumstances since the Island was ceded to the English, they continue to keep up the appearance of great respectability. In general they partake of the listlessness which characterizes the native population, but they are in great measure free from those vices which are so degrading to some of the other classes. Their own language is not much used among them, except it be among the *old ladies*. The common language used in their families is Portuguese. They have filled situations of importance and respectability under the English government. They are employed in the Courts of Justice, where some act in the capacity of magistrates, and others as secretaries to the courts, or clerks in government offices, and have been found, by the experience of nearly half a century, to be trustworthy. The dress of the young people is precisely the same as that of the English, though perhaps they are more fond of gaudiness and display in their dress than becomes their station in society, or can well be borne by their incomes. The dress of an old Dutch lady approaches to that of English ladies in the middle of last century, and high-heeled shoes are still in vogue among them. In passing through the streets in the middle of the day, the face of a Dutch lady is not to be seen. In the evening they make their appearance, either leaning over the *half-doors* of their own houses, or walking through the streets, or in the public walks, or driving in their carriages.

"Their evenings are often spent in gaiety and dancing to which they are much attached. They do not mix much with English society, but on all public occasions they attend the "Queen's House" and add not a little to the display at such times. Within the last few years, the *hauteur*, formerly shown by the English to all except those of their own nation, has been wearing away, and the intercourse between them and the Dutch, when at one time was formal, and only on public occasions, has become more frequent, and intermarriages have taken place between them. Whether this will tend to draw the bonds of union closer between the two nations in Ceylon, time alone can show."

NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS

Founder's Day was celebrated on the 22nd of October in the Union Hall. The programme for the evening included a few musical and dance items. A goodly complement of members were present. The following is the text of the President's address to mark the occasion:

We meet today to bring to mind the work and memory of Richard Gerald Anthonisz who founded the Dutch Burgher Union and nurtured it through its early and most difficult stages.

For the advantage of the younger members I should perhaps begin by saying that our Founder was born in the Fort of Galle on the 22nd of October 1852; in 1868 he won the Queen's Scholarship, tenable at the Colombo Academy for 3 years, and later was enrolled a Proctor of the District Court of Galle. Thereafter, began his career of 42 years in the Government Service, culminating in his appointment as Archivist and Librarian, a post which he held with high distinction. In 1919 the Imperial Service Order was conferred upon him and he was appointed a Justice of the Peace; he retired in 1921.

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Concerning his great work for the Union, I would invite you to take your minds back to the close of the last century, a 100 years after the Dutch had ceased to rule Ceylon. The Dutch Burghers, owing to their Western origin and familiarity with western habits and ways of life and thought, yet maintained a leading part among the peoples of this Island, but there was little to hold them together except the memories and recollections of the past, to which they firmly clung. The emphasis on the word "Dutch," had slowly weakened and they were spoken of (rightly perhaps) as "Burghers"; they were scattered in different parts of the Island among a people then first awakening to political consciousness, largely through the efforts and guidance of the Burghers themselves, whilst the Burghers were slowly losing their identity, their traditions, their ideals and their heritage. The name Burgher was often used in reference to many who had no claim to it and, to the Burghers were beginning to be attributed ways of life, habits and shortcomings which they did not in fact have.

It was in this context that Mr. Anthonisz began to bring the scattered members of the Community together by forming in 1899, with a few friends "The Dutch Fellowship of Ceylon". Then in November 1907 was held in the Lindsay Memorial Hall the first meeting of the members of the Dutch Burgher community; the purposes were stated to be the promotion of their moral, social and intellectual welfare; Mr. Anthonisz emphasized from the outset that it should **not** be a political body but a Union which would bring the Burghers together, regardless of the then growing class and financial distinctions, to maintain our traditions and customs.

On the 18th January 1908 the first meeting of the Dutch Burgher Union of Ceylon was held; Dr. W. G. van Dort delivered his notable lecture on Social Service on 22nd February 1908. Those were stirring times, even to me as a Schoolboy in the Junior Form; when our parents met, that was the main topic of conversation and argument, very much as the language issue and the position of our present mother tongue (English) is discussed today.

Though as an accurate and sensitive historian Mr. Anthonisz seemed part of a glorious past, he then had dreams and ideals of a great present; and if today the Dutch Burghers are held in high esteem by the various communities that live here, we owe it to him who conceived toiled for and founded this Union.

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The initial difficulties and the problems connected with the erection of this fine building were set out in that outstanding address delivered at the Founder's Day celebrations in 1945 by Mr. W. E. V. de Rooy and printed in the Journal of January 1946. With characteristic modesty Mr. de Rooy hardly refers to the enormous part he himself played.

For a proper appreciation of the Founder's labours we should perhaps endeavour to picture now the stark reality of what the position would have been today had the Union not existed; only those members can understand it, who saw (or whose fathers saw) the beginning of the disintegration, even though at that time we were an overprivileged Community. Those who **can** join the Union and do not do so for petty and sometimes absurd reasons, hardly realise the numerous, if to them somewhat intangible, advantages they derive from the existence and high purpose of the Union. I fear I must postpone for another occasion the intention I had of surveying what direct material advantages the Community, and we members, derive from the formation of the Union. Many of these advantages are mentioned in a communicated article (the author of which many of us know) in the Journal of July 1953. There is so much more to record since then and so much more to attract new members that this article and Mr. de Rooy's address of 1945 are both in the process of being brought up to date.

I would conclude by quoting "all these benefits have accrued to the Community in consequence of the singlemindedness and singleness of purpose of one man in particular, Mr. R. G. Anthonisz, who served the Community as Secretary of the Dutch Burgher Union from 1908 to 1915 and as President from 1916 up to the time of his death early in 1930. His great love for his Community, his desire to rouse in them a proper pride in their ancestry and common heritage, and the efforts which he made to gather together, those who were willing to work for the good of the community in matters of education and social service, and the enthusiasm and great determination with which he pursued his course, should be an inspiration to every member of the Dutch Burgher Union. Let us therefore pay him the honour that is due to him, above all others when Founder's Day is celebrated."

The President in the course of the evening's proceedings on Founder's Day, according to custom unveiled a photograph of the past-President: Addressing the gathering present, he said: "I have a very pleasant duty to perform, and that is to unveil this portrait of our past President—Mr. R. L. Brohier. He is still the Editor of the Journal and brings out the monthly Bulletin with remarkable punctuality.

While a number of other subjects competed for his time and energy, he always gave the highest priority to the work of the Union. All of you know the great part he played in the survey, formulation and carrying out (as a Member of the Board and sometime Chairman) of the Gal-Oya Scheme; he used his journalistic talents to teach and preach Gal-Oya to us all; Mr. D. S. Senanayake once said that not only for his technical, geographic and historical skills but by inheritance of water control from his ancestors, he had to form a part of Gal-Oya he was indeed known as "Brohier of Gal-Oya". But the rarest thing about him is that he covers two dimensions. As a Geographer (who nurtured and built up the Geographical Society) he covered the dimension of space, while as a historian (of accuracy and deep research) he covered the dimension of time.

In my own view however his name will live for all time as a research worker in the **history** of irrigation structures, where he used to the full his careful observation, his wide historical knowledge and his professional skill as a surveyor in the widest sense. He traced for the first time the various stages in the development of **methods** of irrigation in historical Ceylon—from the primitive bund across the outlet of a natural lake to the final and finished stage of an anicut across a mighty river and the diversion of water along channels on both banks to storage reservoirs, with wide connecting channels joining two or three irrigation schemes, sometimes in different rain water catchment areas.

It is however as a President of the Dutch Burgher Union that we claim him now and place him among his distinguished predecessors."

Mr. Brohier in reply to the President's address, and in thanking the members of the Union, said:—

"There are few occasions I have felt more embarrassed in my life time. I feel so confused at this moment that it seems to me I should do no more than say, "thank you", and shut down. But that cannot be, for I must tell you, how gratified and honoured I am by this demonstration. As I have said, I am overwhelmed by the sentiments, expressed by your President, and the reception it has met with. But though your appreciation of my poor services, and the motion behind your action, has caused me much personal elation, I claim to have enough modesty on my part, to protest that I am deserving of it all.

Thus, I suggest that it is the Union you are honouring this evening, and with it the influences and agencies which have helped to keep our Cause in the fore-front during the two years I had the honour of officiating as your President. In these circumstances I cannot justifiably omit to take this opportunity, to pay tribute to the few of you, who helped me in carrying out my task; and to one and all of you members of the, D. B. U. for the warmth of feeling extended to me.

Reiterating my thanks for your many kindnesses, I should like to observe in conclusion, that never, since the Union was formed, has there been greater need for us to stand united, as a community, and to foster feelings of fellowship. One sure and fatal means of retarding the Union's efficiency would be to discredit the need for closer association among all its members. It will depend on your tact and judgment now, whether the work which has been done for 47 years, will be successfully carried on.

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St. Nikolaas' Day, was celebrated, as usual, on the 5th of December. An unusually large number of members and their families were present. St. Nikolaas, wearing bishops clothing and carrying a crook—attendant by his black Petes, showed an uncanny knowledge of the children's good, and bad habits, when he appeared shortly before the distribution of the presents. Much credit is due to the Hon'y: Secretary of the Union, Mr. W. G. Woutersz, and the Nikolaas Fete Committee, for the great success this years celebrations proved to be. The decorations were undoubtedly the finest seen in the Hall for some time.—

The objects of the Union shall be :

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.

In the Legislative Council.

VII

Richard Morgan was in due course appointed District Judge of Colombo, and Lorenz expressed his great satisfaction in a manner characteristic of him. He drew a sketch of himself shouting "Hooray" and sent it to Morgan with the following letter:— "My dear Governor—the language at my command couldn't do it, but I've tried it in a sketch, so I say "Hooray" again: Yours very sincerely, C. A. Lorenz". When the question of filling the vacancy caused in the Legislative Council by Morgan's resignation came up, Sir Henry Ward, as already stated, decided to appoint Lorenz, although the objection was taken that he was too young. "That" replied the Governor, "I consider to be one of his best qualifications."

Lorenz's appointment necessitated his leaving Chilaw and making his home in Colombo. It is not certain whether he went into residence at Elie House immediately on his arrival in Colombo, for he only became the owner of it in 1858, but it is quite possible that he may have occupied the house as tenant from the date of his return to Colombo. He took his seat in Council on 18th. October, 1856 and immediately participated in every measure of importance that came up for discussion. The following extracts from a letter written by him in 1858 from the District Court to Richard Morgan, when he was on a holiday in England, shows the thoroughness with which he performed his duties. "You'll read fully in the papers the result of the Queen's Advocate's two bills—The Cooly Immigration and the Kandy Marriage Bill. The former will, I believe, pass muster, but the latter was made a mull of. The Queen's Advocate got very "obstropulous" and the Governor complained to me privately that I behaved with "more than usual captiousness." But it arose from a desire to save all that difficulty and mischief which must necessarily result from having two codes of law in Kandy. You will see that clause 13 of the new Ordinance only legalises such marriages as were contracted in Kandy, according to the laws and customs prevailing there at the time of the contract. Now, seeing all these laws and customs had ceased in 1849, at the confirmation of No. VI of 1847, I thought it necessary that the words "at the time of the contract" should be omitted, and the following words should be added at the end of the clause, "anything in the Ordinance No. VI of 1847 to the contrary notwithstanding."

"You have no idea how rancorously the Queen's Advocate opposed this, as well as every other amendment, simply because I had just previously thrashed him on an amendment in the Cooly Ordinance. Now if, forgetting for a moment that you are now a Government man—but remembering the good of the Colony, and the mischief that must result from this most extraordinary piece of patch work, if, I say you can secure an opportunity to do good service in the Colony, I hope you will not fail to do so, if it were only to have the Bill sent

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back for re-consideration. It was not even referred to a Sub-Committee, and what annoyed me most was the self-conceited style in which both Governor and Queen's Advocate set about repealing a measure so carefully considered and deliberately settled." The Bill was in fact referred back. It was on this occasion that the Governor, feeling that he had not treated Lorenz fairly, whispered to him at the close of the Council meeting:—"Come and have a glass of wine with me at Queen's House."

At this time Sir Emerson Tennant was engaged in writing his book on Ceylon, and although it is a fact that ten years earlier Morgan had discussed the impeachment of Sir Emerson Tennant, he was now engaged in supplying him with information for his book. Morgan received a sheaf of questions, but as he could not reply to them all himself he referred some of them to his friends in Colombo. As showing Lorenz's readiness to help, it is on record that he did his best, sometimes referring to his own notes, and sometimes asking friends. In one case he replied: "This note was made some fifteen years ago when I was a boy, and I forgot all about it. I shall however, hunt up the houses of all the Dissawes (the query related to a Dissawa) and endeavour to get at it."

Lorenz now refers in his letter to Morgan to his acquisition of the *Examiner*.* "I don't think I ever mentioned to you of our having purchased the "*Examiner*" * from John Selby and placing it in the hands of Louis Nell. You will be able to see for yourself how far we are deserving of public support. It pays its way and has acquired fifty additional supporters since we took it up.....picked a quarrel with us for not having supported his brother on a rubbishy dispute he got into with Dr.....; and I had a little passage of arms with both the brothers and Dr. Elliott on the subject, but have survived it. The consequence was that.....had a shy at the paper, sneering at the "bevy of lawyers" who conducted it, a sneer which we took up and administered another in return, which silenced the assailant at once. In other respects, we are doing "as well as can be expected." You will of course say, "Pray don't allow it to interfere with your business," but I hope you will immediately correct yourself by saying:—"Oh: by the way, Lorenz never did allow himself to be distracted from his business". Thanks be to old Driberg who taught me the trick. Between ourselves, very high opinions have been expressed respecting the tone and spirit of the articles—ahem!—which have appeared in the paper. And if (as I hope) we succeed in keeping up the thing, Fred Nell, Louis Nell and myself being a sufficiently strong staff for the purpose, we shall prove that Ceylon after all has arrived at a position where her children can speak out for themselves; and that in doing so, they can exercise the moderation which English Journalists have failed to observe."

* The *Examiner* first started in January 1846, the Editor being Mr. Hulme Bessel. In January 1849 there was a new series, another in 1857, and a third at a later date, so that the *Examiner* Lorenz speaks of probably is one that had fallen into decrepitude.

Lorenz continued to do good work in Council and to more than justify his appointment, when in 1864, a crisis arose. Sir Henry Ward had been active in building new roads, especially in the up-country districts, to cater to the wants of the people. These works were often undertaken without previous sanction and paid for out of surplus balances. Sir Charles MacCarthy, who succeeded him, was quite a different type of man from Ward. The Colonial Office had not got rid of the idea that Ceylon was intended to be a source of revenue to the mother country, or at least no burden, and it was decided that the military expenditure of the island should be entirely borne by Ceylon, but that the people had no voice in the amount of the expenditure. The result was that restricted expenditure soon resulted in the prostration of all the institutions of the country, the roads became impassable, the Public Works Department was disorganised, and disorder and discontent prevailed everywhere.

The Lieutenant Governor, Major General O'Brien, was not the man for a crisis. He did not meet the situation boldly, and he promised little in new legislation. The reply to the Governor's address is usually passed without dissent, but on the occasion in question amendments were proposed. By an unfortunate accident for the Government, the Unofficial Members were in a majority of one. Mr. George Wall, among other amendments, proposed the following:—"That this Council desires to record their dissatisfaction and discontent that revenues have been exacted for several years far beyond the requirements of the Public Service, and so much larger than could be devoted to public purposes; and they further complain, that, while the revenues have been so abundant, the efficiency of nearly every public department has been seriously impaired by the parsimonious policy of Government." The motion was carried. After this defeat the Council immediately adjourned.

This fight was the prelude to more decisive action on the part of the unofficials. The bone of contention was the military expenditure. Alone among the Crown Colonies, Ceylon bore the whole cost of the military needed for the defence of the Island, and as Government was not willing to make any concession the non-officials resigned their seats in a body, informing the Government that "deeming it incompatible with our sense of loyalty and duty to take part in the measure referring to military expenditure, which your Honour has been directed by the Secretary of State to introduce to the Council, we feel compelled to resign our seats." They concluded by saying:—"In this juncture we believe we shall best serve the interests of the Colony, discharge the duty we owe to the public and ourselves, and express our deep sense of the humiliation and injustice put upon the Legislative Council, by relinquishing our places therein and leaving it to the servants of the Crown to assume the whole responsibility of carrying out an unjust and unconstitutional act."

Resignation from Council

VIII

The unofficial members who resigned their seats in consequence of the action of Government were Charles Lorenz (Burgher) George Wall (Mercantile) William Thompson (European) John Capper (European) James D'Alwis (Sinhalese) and John Eaton (acting Tamil Member in place of Sir Muttu Cumarasami.) The course adopted by the unofficials was approved in the Colony with much unanimity, scarcely a single voice being raised against the propriety of the step taken. It was thought that the Government would be forced to acquiesce in the policy advocated, as the Council not being properly constituted without the unofficial members, money bills could not be passed. But the Queen's Advocate (Morgan) was equal to the occasion.

He advised the Acting Governor that as Her Majesty the Queen had appointed the members, only Her Majesty could accept their resignations. Until such resignation was accepted, the Members who had resigned were still members, and that it would not render the meetings faulty so long as a quorum was present. General O'Brien accepted this advice, and as though nothing had happened, notices regarding meetings and other papers were regularly sent to the gentlemen who resigned.

In May, 1865 the despatch of the Secretary of State on the resignation of the unofficial members was received. He vigorously defended the Acting Governor's position and concluded as follows:—"It was open to the retiring Councillors to have urged on the Council the various arguments which they have put forward in their letters. Then their opinions would have been considered, and a discussion in Council would either have established, on all points, the justice of the proposals contained in the Memorandum, or would have suggested to Her Majesty's Government any reasonable alterations in them. Her Majesty has been advised to accede to their wish to leave the Council and their names are accordingly not re-inserted in the Royal Instructions addressed to you on your appointment to the Government of the Colony."

These events resulted in the formation of the Ceylon League, the main object of which was to work for the amendment of the Constitution. It was decided that the business of the League should be carried on by a Central Council in Colombo and Committees throughout the country. Eventually, an agency in London was proposed to be established and machinery organised for systematic agitation. One of the first objects contemplated was the publication of the proceedings on the military question, with all the documents relating thereto, for distribution to members of Parliament and persons of influence in Britain and her Colonies. Subscriptions to the League were invited, those heading the list being the members who had resigned. Once

established, the League worked vigorously, held meetings, and formed branches in the smaller towns and prepared, through a Committee in London, for a campaign in the House of Commons. The "*Examiner*" took up the cause, but feeling on either side was so strong that much harsh language was employed.

One day the "*Examiner*" published a particularly strong article on this question. This roused the ire of a certain planter up-country, who, coming all the way to Colombo in company with a military friend, called on Lorenz at Elie House and asked him whether he had written the article. Lorenz replied that as Editor he was responsible for every thing that appeared in the paper. The question of an apology then arose, and as the two contestants could not agree as to the terms, the planter, who had armed himself with a riding whip, committed an assault on Lorenz. On hearing the noise of the scuffle, the servants about the place all rushed into the room and ejected the planter and his friend from the premises, using a certain amount of force, which under the circumstances was amply justified. Lorenz immediately proceeded to the Police Court and charged the planter and his friend with assault, with the result that both of them were bound over by the Magistrate to keep the peace.

In the Municipal Council

IX

It was about this time that the Colombo Municipal Council came into existence, and at the elections that followed, Lorenz, being no longer a member of the Legislative Council, although he had been invited to return, offered himself for election as member for the Cotanchina (now Kotahena) ward. Morgan in his diary writes; "Exciting elections. Attended Cotanchina Election held in St. Thomas' College. It included Mutwal, and Lorenz had offered himself as a candidate. I proposed his name, saying a few words to indicate that he was the man and none better. The motion was un-animously carried."

Lorenz performed his duties as a Councillor with the same zeal that he had shown in the Legislative Council. We shall hereafter quote the tribute that was paid to him as a Municipal Councillor at his death. He had now more time on his hands and served on several Committees, where his advice was much valued. Morgan in his diary now fore-shadows the sale of the "*Examiner*". He spoke of B (Seven) buying up the Examiner, setting up as its Editor, and being admitted as an Advocate in addition, "I promised to sound Lorenz on the subject and found him willing to give up the paper,"

It must have been about this time that Lorenz conceived the idea of writing his "Christmas Debates" or to give it its full title, "The Christmas Debates of the Island of Ceylon, from the time of the earliest records down to the present period, with numerous sketches of the principal speakers, songsters and silent members. Published by Authority." The work is accompanied by an Ordinance couched in legal phraseology viz., "An Act to amend and consolidate the Christmas Debates of the Island of Ceylon, from the earliest period to the present time."

The debates deal with the years 1860, 1861, 1863, 1864 1865, 1866, 1867 and 1868. The sketches relating to the various years named may have been all written together, or at short intervals, for the work was published in 1866, the last three later. They consist of imaginary debates in the Council on various topics, written in humorous vein, and the actors have been selected, free from malice, for the parts they were best fitted to fill, Lorenz himself figuring in the proceedings, not always to his advantage. In this work, Lorenz's sense of humour or burlesque seems to have reached its highest state of perfection, and what he has done has never been attempted before or equalled since.

The feelings at this time between the "Observer" and the "Examiner" were very bitter and there appeared in the latter paper the following parody on Edgar Allan Poe's "The Raven" written by Lorenz himself. The principal matter in dispute was one relating to the unrestricted issue of warrants against coolies by planters duly authorised to do so. The *Observer* took the side of the planters, with the result that one side abused the other in unmeasured terms.

ONE CHANCE MORE*

Once upon a midnight dreary, in the month of February,
As I sat in Baillie Street, thinking of the days of yore,
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
And a slapping and a rapping,—rapping at my office door:
"Tis some correspondent," said I, "some unthinking idle bore—

"Only this and nothing more."

2.

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December
That I left, with all my lumber, quiet Southampton's murky shore,
Eagerly I rushed to Lanka, where my well known warmth and
rancour,
And the pass-book of my banker, claimed my presence evermore,
Claimed the rare and radiant powers, which my paper lacked
before—

And I said "I'm game for more!"

3.

And the voice of one who knew me, outside in the passage gloomy,
In a perspiration threw me, and my head was very sore;
So that now, to still my panting, I was thinking of recanting
All the ranting and the canting which had raised my fame before,—
All the bluster and the bombast, which had raised my fame before,

In the good old days of yore,

4

Presently my soul grew stronger, hesitating then no longer,—
"Burgher, Beast or Bat," said I, "pray forgive me, I implore,
But the fact is I was writing on a subject so exciting,
All about the J. P.'s fighting,—seizing coolies by the score;
Pray come in and sit beside me,"—here I opened wide the door:

And—I could not utter more;—

*This parody of Poe's "Raven", by C. A. Lorenz, appeared in the "Ceylon Examiner" of 12th March 1864. The speaker was supposed to be Mr. A. M. Ferguson, Senior Editor of the "Ceylon Observer", and "Johnny" was Mr. John Ferguson, Junior Editor. The "Ceylon Raven" was C. A. L. himself, who at that time was "bearded like a wilderness", and whose caricatures in the "Muniandi" excited much comment.

For, with many a flirt and flutter, many a bow and croak and
splutter,

In there stepped a Ceylon Raven, bearded like a wilderness,
And with looks of milk and honey, staring hard at me and Johnny,
In he stepped, so blithe and bonny, perching on a Printing Press,
Perching on a double-action, patent, Eagle Printing Press :

Perching sat, and nothing more.

And this Bird of wicked omen, smiling with a grave decorum,
While we stood in awe before him, quietly scanned us o'er and o'er;
Then in anger I harangued him, and with wicked names I s'anged
him,

Till I thought I'd nearly hanged him, and destroyed him evermore
So that he and I should never meet each other as before—

Quoth the Raven "One chance more !"

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl should dare to speak so plainly
To a man whose efforts mainly helped his countrymen of yore ;
For you cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever thought of disagreeing from my published thoughts before ;
And I clenched my fists against him, and a terrible vow I swore ;

Quoth the Raven — "One chance more !"

But the Raven sitting lonely, on that Printing Press, spoke only,
Those unmeaning words, as if their force would simply knock me
over,

Nothing further, save a croaking while his feathers he kept stroking,
As if inwardly a-joking,—till in desperation sore
I addressed him—"Leave me, Raven ; leave me,—there's the open
door !"

Quoth the Raven — "One chance more !"

"German, Dutch or French descendant," said I—"still so indepen-
dent,

With a train of friends dependent on your merest beck alone ;
Tell me, is it in your nature, day by day to caricature
Every face and every feature in the Legislature of Ceylon,
Till your victims writhe in anger as they never writhed before ?"

Quoth the Raven—"One chance more !"

Still with wrath and anger seething,— "Was there ever Scotchman
breathing,"

Said I, all my soul bequeathing to the Night's Plutonian shore,
"Was there ever such a donkey, such an everlasting flunkey,
As would ever be so funky, as to read your wicked lore,
As to let your wicked paper ever cross his chamber door ?"

Quoth the Raven—"One chance more !"

Then in mortal perspirat'on, uttered I an exclamation,
"How about your circulation, is it less or is it more ?
For the Planters at Badulla, will not be your punkah puller,
For to make your List the fuller, and your rivals to ignore ;
And your graceless, grumbling, greedy growling rivals to ignore."

Quoth the Raven—"One chance more !"

Then with sundry nods and winkings, shoulder-shrugs and shoulder-
shrinkings,
I reminded him of Jenkins, keeper of a Coffee-store ;
And I spoke of all he'd said of him, and of all the fun he'd made of
him,
And I fondly begged and pray'd of him, not to do so any more,
Lest the angry Jenkins should attack him as an anti-English bore ;

Quoth the Raven—"One chance more !"

Then I could no longer bear him, and I thought it best to scare him,
By naming Drieborg, Morgan, Saram,—men who'd stood by me
before :

And I thought, by this manoeuvre, I should win the Burghers over
For to look on me with favour, as they'd done in days of yore,
But the dodge was unsuccessful, for they laughed at me the more.

Slyly adding,— "One chance more !"

Lapsing into wrath and panic, with a prompting most Satanic,
I gravely called him a "Mechanic," thinking that would knock him
o'er ;

And I sent for little Dickson, with his well-known predilixon,
And I set that little vixen to correct his English lore ;
But the Raven laughing loudly, rising, higher still did soar,

Always croaking — "One chance more !"

While this Bird was round me flying, all my wrath and slang
defying,

Tried I then a little lying; I could really do no more !
For when low abuse and slander, from the kitchen's back-verandah,
Failed to raise the Raven's dander, lies might bring him to the floor,
Lies might vex him and annoy him, uttered daily by the score ;—

Quoth the Raven—"One chance more !"

And the Raven still is croaking, always joking, always joking,
Flitting o'er my Printing Presses, right before my office door,
And his eyes above me gleaming, often rouse me in my dreaming,
Till they set me almost screaming, and I tumble on the floor;
And I sometimes think it better, looking back to days of yore,

To accept the—"One chance more !"

Caltura, March 10, 1864.

It has been seen that Lorenz held high revelry at his week-end picnics on his off-days at Kalutara. A special feature of the entertainment consisted of what were known as *Sathe Catupa* parties, as shewing the delight that Lorenz manifested in this form of amusement. In another place, J. H. Eaton expresses his surprise that a person of Lorenz' culture could engage his mental energies in trying to remember the words used by a Muslim religious procession. The same might be said of his somewhat epicurean partiality for things apertaining to the gastronomic sphere. *Sathe Catupa* is a preparation of Malayan origin. The method of making it is that little baskets are first formed of tender coconut leaves, about two or three inches square and one inch deep, closed in on all sides. Then, through an aperture made by parting adjoining leaves, the baskets are half filled with rice. These baskets are next put into coconut milk, with salt and spice to taste, and then boiled down till soft. These are now served, basket and all, with *Sathe*, (probably a preparation of meat), *seeni sambol*, and other appetising delicacies.

Work Outside Council

X

Lorenz, although he had by this time left the Council, proved of great assistance to Government on large questions of currency. In 1870, Ceylon adopted a decimal currency, although it was not until the 1st. of January, 1872 that an order of the Queen in Council was promulgated, which rendered the change a legal one. Serious difficulties had arisen from parties with whom engagements had been made for a certain number of rupees per annum who had claimed, and in some cases the claim was allowed, in a Court of Law, £ 1 sterling as the equivalent of ten rupees. It was proposed, as the sovereign had never been made legal tender in Ceylon, that the rupee should be taken as a standard with multiples of 100 in the shape of (1) a 50 cent piece ; (2) a 25 cent ; (3) a 12½ cent (4) a 4 cent ; (5) a 1 cent and (6) a 1/2 cent piece. Several merchants and some bankers opposed the change very strongly. The Queen's Advocate who took a good deal of interest in the reform, shared some of the severe criticisms which were directed against the authors of the change, chiefly the Governor. Whilst, however, in some respects the change proposed caused estrangements, in others it was the means of reconciliation.

The undoubted ability of Lorenz, through the medium of the Queen's Advocate, was made available to the Government. It was the expressed wish of Sir. Hercules Robinson that Lorenz should accept a seat in the Legislative Council, but this he declined on conscientious grounds. Until the Council was reformed, he could not take a seat in it. He, however, rendered all the aid he could to the Government. The Governor writing to Morgan said :—"I have read Mr. Lorenz's able and thoughtful remarks with much interest. I quite agree with him and will adopt his view which is unquestionably theoretically sound, if there should be no practical difficulty in carrying it out..... I should like to print Mr. Lorenz's memorandum in the papers which are now preparing for publication."

Lorenz had now fully established himself as the leader of the Bar and no case of any importance, either in Colombo or the outstations was complete without him. No useful purpose will be served by lingering over the stories that are imperishably associated with his name such as "fiat justitia ruat ceiling."; "Arcades ambo"; the "Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World."; the strategy employed to induce an unwilling judge to adjourn; the meeting in Matara with his old nurse; the technique employed to induce an unwilling witness to give evidence; the existence of a Notary's protocol of a deed which was said to have been destroyed; the incident connected with the gun and the Ragama villager. All these have served their time and purpose and have shown Lorenz's readiness of wit as well as his ability to meet an unexpected situation.

Lorenz often appeared in Kandy, being briefed by his friend J. B. Siebel, and it is here that he first made the acquaintance of John Selby, the younger brother of H. C. Selby, Queen's Advocate. John Selby practised in Kandy and was very popular. On leaving for Colombo to act as Registrar of the Supreme Court during the absence of Mr. Joseph Cuffe on leave, the Kandy Bar entertained him to dinner. Much conviviality prevailed, and when the Chairman, Mr. Thomas Berwick, proposed the health of the guest, there was a great smashing of glasses, for each person, as he emptied his glass, smashed it in honour of the Chief Guest. Selby made himself as popular in Colombo as he did in Kandy, and when he was about to give up his acting appointment, Lorenz with whom he was a favourite, wrote the following valedictory verses :

John Selby

I

Full mellow shines the evening sun,
And the evening breeze is blowing ;
Put up your briefs, lock up your drawer,
Cease for a while to talk of Law,
For our dear old John is going
Oh ! John, you must not go,
You came to us so recently,
You lived with us so decently,
Oh ! John, you must not go.

II

He sitteth still : he does not stir ;
He may be gone tomorrow ;
He hath been with us for one short year,
Brought us a friend and Registrar,
And leaves us all in sorrow.
Oh ! John, you must not go ;
So long as you have been with us,
Such fun as you have seen with us,
Oh ! John, you must not go.

III

He had ever a smile for all of us,
He carried his heart about him ;
He was the very life and soul of us,
And we cannot do without him,
Oh ! John, you shall not go ;
We did so laugh and cry with you,
We can hardly say good bye to you,
Oh ! John, you must not go.

IV

He was smart, and jolly and bluff,
And he did his work right heartily,
His predecessor, Joseph Cuffe,
Though not a very particular muff
Could hardly have done it so smartly ;
The King is cut by the Ace,
The English mail will shortly arrive
And Joe (if he manages to keep alive)
Will be back to take his place.

V

His eyes are wet ; his voice grows thicker,
Our parting will be a smasher,
Shake hands, old boy, keep up your pecker,
May we often meet again—and liquor,
(I'll stand the Nectarian brasher)
We are losing a friend we held by ;
There's another coming to fill his place,
He may do his work with equal grace,
But he'll never excel John Selby.

His Recreation

XI

Lorenz usually spent his week-ends either in his own Teak Bungalow or in the homes of one or other of his numerous friends, who regarded it as a privilege to have him. The proceedings in Teak Bungalow would be conducted in true picnic fashion, all seated on mats on the floor and food suitable for the occasion would be provided. Lorenz with his friends would trudge the paddy fields up to their ankles in water, and although there is no authority for saying that he was good shot, he probably did succeed in bringing down a few birds. He was also interested in other forms of shooting, and was so proud of his prowess in this form of sport that he included an exploit in it which is considered not unworthy of mention in a letter to a valued friend:—"I shot a *batagoya* for the first time in my life last week. It is a bird of the pigeon species, dark-blue, and ashy breast, and of the size of a large hen. He passed overhead backwards and forwards three times and I gave him four rounds of No. 7 shot during the first two trips, but failed to wound him, though I heard the shots twice rattle against his wings. I went in for a couple of No. 4 cartridges and on his return swept him off "the celestial atmosphere" most effectively. There are four more of that lot in the neighbourhood and I am watching them." Although the subject is a trivial one concerning the shooting of birds, every action of his attests the thoroughness with which it was done.

At times he spent his week-end in a more restful atmosphere as the following letters written in humorous vein will show:—

Colombo, 3.8.70

"Your highly poetical note reached me on Sunday morning and I have been unable to answer it till Wednesday, because Monday and Tuesday intervened. I am so much improved in health just now, that it would be almost a pity to come to your place, for I should not be certain of the same attention as if I came to you as an invalid. But I will come nevertheless and see whether robust health in the guest will make any difference in the hospitable attention of the host.

I note that you have a room ready for me, and that you want me to give further particulars of my wants. Need I say that one room is insufficient? that I generally sleep in two rooms, and occupy three beds? and that each bed generally contains five pillows. Why then do you so ungraciously limit my comfort.?

Then as regard food—What do I generally eat? A leg of mutton for breakfast, with a bushel of boiled rice in an ocean of curry, and two pint bottles of mixed pickles. Also, a whole goose (boiled) for dinner, with a couple of pounds of potatoes, and a napkin to wipe my forehead after the meal. And—what do I drink? Pigeon's milk, raspberry vinegar and cod liver oil (castor oil will do for a substitute).

Do I smoke? Yes, a little gunpowder in my pipe, after every meal! So I trust you will make me happy while I stay with you. (N.B.) I bathe 3 times a day in warm soup, and dry myself in heated sea sand. Remember that. P.S. A barber should be in attendance every morning with a file, to shapen my teeth and rub down my moustache. When am I coming? Shall we say Friday evening or Saturday morning? If the Prussians succeed in another sortie it will be Friday; if the French are beaten out of Metz, say Saturday. Goodness gracious: What a life this is."

Colombo, 14. 9. 70

"This is to give you notice that I cannot come tomorrow and to substitute, instead, my most hearty congratulations by letter in which Ellen and Eliza cordially join me. I am afraid I strained my lungs yesterday in a very heavy criminal case; and consequently I coughed a good deal last night. This morning I am not a bit better and as I have to go on with the case for 4 or 5 hours today also, I shall be much worse in the evening. Tomorrow's excitement on the top of all this, will result in my untimely decease which, if it takes place at all, had better take place at Elie House."

Colombo, 20. 10. 1870

"I do not know about 'Fates' in the plural; but an old lady to whom Miss La Brooy had a most unaccountable attachment has just died after an illness of some three years, during which time she used to appear occasionally at Elie House. She was always as deaf as a post and she is at present as dead as a door-nail. I am sure her sorrow tomorrow will be so great that she couldn't possibly leave Colombo before Saturday. If the fates in general and the deceased's memory in particular will permit of it, we shall look you up on Saturday evening, but I think it extremely unlikely. I am lively—went out shooting last evening, ankle deep in water and slept like a Trojan in consequence."

Colombo 16. 11. 1870

"If ever I leave my profession, I will ask you to accept me as a weekly boarder, and when I come to die, won't the worms rejoice over the fatted carcass? The eggs also arrived safely, except two which were hatched on the road, to our great surprise. We have put them out to nurse with a very motherly hen, who had just hatched out a brood of her own. The hen, I am sorry to say, was worried to death by my new bull-dog Otto, and was found in a very stringy state next morning inside of the gunny bag, as although the dog succeeded in killing her, he could not get her body out of the bag. was just here now. His fever is due to the excitement of his anticipated examination and marriage. If he is plucked, I shall decline to give away the bride. Next Saturday I cannot leave Colombo. I'll write you a day or two before we come, to enable you to get an additional supply of beer. Mind! you mustn't let them know about the beer we (i. e. I) consumed last Saturday and Sunday; you must give me a few bottles on the sly, when the girls come."

There was a gentleman whose friendship Lorenz seems to have valued highly and that was Thomas Hudson, whom he invited to dinner on his birthday "in spite of boils and blisters." It is not clear whether the victim was the host or the guest—very likely the former as at this period he was going through a course of blistering. It may refer to both of them in view of the words in the last verse referring to "mutual sorrow" From Lorenz's reference to him as residing at Polwatte it would appear that Hudson was a partner in the firm of J. L. Shand & Co., Engineers, who carried on engineering works connected with the coffee industry in the premises now occupied as the Home of the Sisters of St. Margaret. It is to Tom Hudson that Lorenz applied for a leg of ham when the supply unexpectedly ran short at Elie House. Hudson, while being able to meet his friend's need, if some coffee-planters then in his bungalow spared the ham, replied in true Lorenzian style:—"Nothing can be harder than an empty larder". It may be his ability to hit off a situation in humorous verse, which Lorenz was so apt at doing, that brought Lorenz and Hudson together.

His Humour

XII

It was Lorenz's thirty-ninth birthday, and he decided to celebrate it by what we would call a family re-union at dinner, inviting also his friend Hudson by means of an invitation addressed on the lines of the poem:—"John Gilpin was a Citizen". The following is the poem:—

To Thomas Hudson—Greeting

C. Lorenz was a Barrister,
They say of some renown;
And pleaded many a famous cause,
Decked in his bands and gown.

C. Lorenz saith unto his friend
"Though friends we long have been
Yet never on my natal day
Your dear face have I seen

Tomorrow is my natal day
And 'twould look supercilious,
If Hudson dined at Polwatte
And Lorenz dined at Elie House

My sisters and my sisters' girls,
My brother and my nephew,
Will all be there: therefore I hope
To come you won't refuse.

Then come and dine with me, my friend,
In spite of boils and blisters:
For friendship's smiles will mingle well,
With those of brothers and sisters.

The darkness of advancing age,
The cares of thirty-nine
The weakening limbs will vanish all,
Before those smiles of thine!

And when in bowls of sparkling wine,
We've drowned our mutual sorrow,
I'll give you a thundering B and S
And fix you up for the morrow.

Sir. Richard Morgan, who was married to Classina Joceline Sissouw, had two daughters and two sons. The elder daughter, Joceline Sissouw Morgan, married Sir. Hector Van Cuylenburg, and the younger, Amelia Morgan, married Mr. J. H. de Saram, of the Ceylon Civil Service. Lorenz must have often met the former at Elie House and been captivated by her maidenly ways. When, therefore, her birthday came round, he made a gift of a handkerchief to her accompanied by the following lines :—

This handkerchief when new and clean,
With flowers at all its four ends,
Was offered unto Joceline,
A birthday gift from Lorenz.

That should a sneeze disturb her peace,
Or cold hold her in durance
It's instant use may soon produce
Remembrances of Lorenz.

Should heat molest her calm repose,
Or tears flow down in torrents
Wiping her face or blowing her nose,
She'll still remember Lorenz.

Should neither heat nor cold distress her,
It'll answer many more ends ;
When steeped in scents, her thoughts (God bless her)
Will still revert to Lorenz.

Lorenz seeme to have conceived a special affection for this young lady and addressed another poem to her :—

Jocelyn

I dreamt a dream at midnight,
Which set my brains a puzzling ;
A host of girls stood round me,
Exclaiming Jocelyn, Jocelyn.

And some were dressed in satin,
And some were decked in muslin :
But the girl whose dress most pleased me
Was a girl whose name was Jocelyn.

And some wore wreaths of roses,
And some with gems were dazzling :
But gems and roses paled before.
The beaming looks of Jocelyn,

And some went in for dancing,
And some went in for guzzling,
But I sat contemplating,
The genial charms of Jocelyn.

I ask no ham or turkey,
No duck, nor goose, nor gosling :
Tonight my only feast shall be,
The happiness of Jocelyn.

Dr. W. P. Charsley, who in his early days was a Government Medical Officer and must have been one of Lorenz's medical adviser's, rose to be Principal Civil Medical Officer, but before he had risen to this eminence his attendance on Lorenz called for some recognition from him. Unwilling to make any monetary payment for his services, Lorenz adopted the following expedient. Buying a pair of pearl ear-rings, he sent it to Mrs. Charsley, accompanied by the following lines :

Dear Madam, the pill-box I send you per bearer,
Contains a small present for you ;
Intended as ear-drops, to hang to your ear, or
To set off your hair's raven hue.

Your husband he cured me, when ill of bronchitis,
And declined to accept any fee ;
For being a fellow of learned societies,
He was a good fellow to me.

Says the doctor " If ever I fall among thieves,
And be tried for my life at the dock,
I am sure you'll defend me without any fees,
And save my poor neck from the block."

Now I know that your husband, though of doctors the chief,
Is not given to murdering his fellows,
And I'll ne'er have the chance of declining the brief,
Or of sending him off to the gallows.

So say I to the pearls, " As there's never a chance
Of the doctor being tried for his life
Instead of the doctor go you, and be hanged,
On the ears of the doctor's wife."

Dr. Christopher Elliott played a large part in the life of Lorenz. As Editor of the "Observer" he naturally came into close contact with Lorenz, who appreciated his high qualities, and his death at the early age of 49 was a severe blow to Lorenz. He is described as having "a bitter tongue," and during his regime the "Observer" was almost entirely taken up with vehement attacks on most of the more prominent European officials at the time. But Lorenz and he got on well together, and the former speaks of the many good works with which Dr. Elliott was connected as a Physician and a Christian, which have earned for him a place in the hearts of the multitude. In writing the under mentioned lines therefore, Lorenz was actuated by no ordinary feelings for his friend. The first two lines evidently refer to his work, first as a doctor and then as a journalist

One bright career was over,
Another scare begun,
Death crossed his path of usefulness
And left us all one friend the less—
The tried and valued one

And though among the living,
There may be others such,
As true, as noble hearted,
As the good man just departed
Yet who hath done so much.

In striving for our welfare,
In battling for the right;
In works of love, in acts of faith,
In turning hearts from Sin and Death
To realms of Life and Light.

Careless of those who wished him ill,
(The paltry few above him)
He left no work of good undone
Outlived the slanders one by one
And forced his foes to love him.

And those who scorned or envied him
For deeds which shamed their own,
Forgot at last the partisan,
In the generous, frank and honest man,
And wept that he was gone.

Such was the man we've lost
The good, the noble-hearted:
Each tear that told our heart's regret,
Was a joy in heaven when angels met,
To welcome the Departed.

A good deal more might be said of Lorenz's ready wit. On one occasion he appeared on behalf of a man named Fitzgerald, who was charged with being drunk and disorderly. He was an inveterate stammerer and on being asked his name stuttered Fitz—Fitz—Fitz, and could not get to the end of the name. The judge turned impatiently to Lorenz and asked him, "What is he charged with?" "Mainly soda water my Lord" replied Lorenz.

Another story of Lorenz's humour, not however connected with the Law Courts, is too good to be omitted. He was once asked by a friend whether he was entitled to claim damages on account of a dog that had come to his house and eaten his breakfast. Lorenz replied in the affirmative, whereupon his friend sent him a bill, for the breakfast, explaining that the animal concerned was Lorenz's own dog. Not to be outdone, Lorenz sent back the bill with one from himself, "for professional advice," asking his friend to deduct the amount of the damages caused by the dog and to remit the balance due.

There were occasions when Lorenz went to unusual lengths to help a friend. One of them was sued for a debt which he intended settling by the mortgage of his property, but the deed was missing. Lorenz, being satisfied that the case was a deserving one, gave a certificate that the deed had passed through his hands several times and that the title was in order. This certificate was passed as a title deed and Lorenz's friend got the loan.

In addition to his other accomplishments, Lorenz was a musical composer. The following lines are said to have been written by Sir Richard Cayley, late Chief Justice, during his early years in Ceylon when staying at Elie House with Lorenz who is believed to have set the verses to music. They were sung to his pianoforte accompaniment at some of their convivial gatherings:—

The Pipe of Clay

To Beauty's charms or wars alarms
Let others tune their lay, Sir,
But as for me my theme shall be
My rare old pipe of clay, Sir,
Though bowls of wine may be divine
To drive dull care away, Sir,
Yet there's no bowl can ease the soul
As the bowl of a pipe of clay, Sir.

What incense breaths from fleecy wreaths,
Of vapour lightly rising,
As we sit at night with our pipes alight
All care and strife despising.
Though Fortune flees, though Friendship dies,
Though Hope may fade away, Sir,
Yet there's a friend that'll last to the end
In the rare old pipe of clay, Sir.

When the General Cemeteries Bill was under consideration in Council, Lorenz objected to the principle of allocating portions of the Cemetery for different denominations. In this he was somewhat behind his times, but there was so much humour in his writings that we will let him speak for himself: "One result of these exclusive appropriations will be to prevent the possibility of an Episcopalian corpse being distracted by the close proximity of a Presbyterian corpse. The decaying churchman will then be left to himself, undisturbed by the presence of a body which during life had never learnt the Church catechism or been impressed by the solemnity of the Athanasian creed. The flowers which bloom over his grave will exhale purely Episcopalian odours; the grass which grows thereon will put forth gothic blades; and the cattle which feed thereon will assume a posture of awe and reverence, and get frisky only after they have crossed the fence and trespassed upon unconsecrated grounds. Let us not endeavour by Ordinance to make the flowers smell sweeter over the grave of an Episcopalian than over the grave of a Baptist."

One cannot help speculating on the part Lorenz played in the day to day life of the Courts. The structural arrangements were in his time quite different from what they are now and the routine work has probably undergone some change, but there is no reason for thinking that the general atmosphere was not more or less the same as it is now. As Leader of the Bar, the daily arrival of Lorenz in Court must have caused the same stir as did the arrival of the legal luminaries of a later age. The same deference must have been accorded to him; the same type of conversation indulged in; the flow of wit must have contributed a spice to the argument between Bench and Bar. At the adjournment a general move must have been made to the Law Library, where the hungry lawyers either partook of their meals or spent the time in other ways as their several inclinations dictated. Lorenz's meal, if he partook of anything at all, must have been a very Spartan one, for his days of *Sathe Catupa* were now over. After the interval, back again to Court, then home where pressing work was attended to. Relaxation followed in the evening and was sometimes carried on until the small hours of the morning.

Lorenz was now a sick man, but he refused to yield to his illness and continued to live a full life. On one occasion, when Francis Beven invited him to dinner, he, as was usual with him, replied in verse:—

"Your invite I accept, dear Beven,
And I'll dine with you at seven.

Yours semper florens, C. A. Lorenz "

On another occasion Morgan sent him a gift at Christmas and received the following acknowledgement in verse, which shows his Dickensian attitude towards Christmas:—

"Christmas has past," a weary wretch complains,
"Farewell to Christmas gifts and Christmas gains"
Christmas has past: but friendship still remains,
While Morgan breathes.

Christmas has past: but friendship finds a test
In other deeds than those which forms suggest
T'was not the occasion, but the heart which blest,
Your friendly gift.

Lorenz now began to realize that his condition was serious, but he still continued to treat the matter lightly. By now he knew that his end was not far off and purchased Karlsruhe or Charles' Rest, but despite the best medical advice, he continued to live as before. He went into occupation of Karlsruhe in 1871, and about this time, writing in regard to a case in which two ladies were interested, says: "The two charming widows must wait a bit for I have only just been lifted out of my bed with two blisters, one on either side of me, and a burning fever and irrepressible cough. Tell them to pity me."

Later he wrote: "I am suffering under the effects of the fourth blister, which they say is to be the final wind-up." As showing his tenacity of life, the story is related that at this time, when an important case of his was coming on for trial, the other Counsel went to discuss the case with Lorenz. Though very ill, he met them. His table was laden with authorities, but while the discussion was going on, Lorenz was overcome by a violent fit of coughing. It was suggested that the discussion should be postponed, but after a dose of medicine, Lorenz resumed the argument and concluded by saying: "We must win". His prediction was true and judgment was given in favour of Lorenz's client.

Lorenz now seems to have realized his precarious condition and yearned to visit once again at least the scene of his former triumphs. One day, when the Court was sitting, Lorenz walked in with difficulty. At once, the whole Bar rose out of respect for him. Noticing his presence the judge motioned to him to come up to the Bench and sit with him; but Lorenz dolefully shook his head and took a seat at the Bar. He remained for a little while listening to the proceedings, and then got up to leave. Once again, the whole Bar rose, including the judge. It is doubtful whether any lawyer in Ceylon ever received such a signal mark of respect.

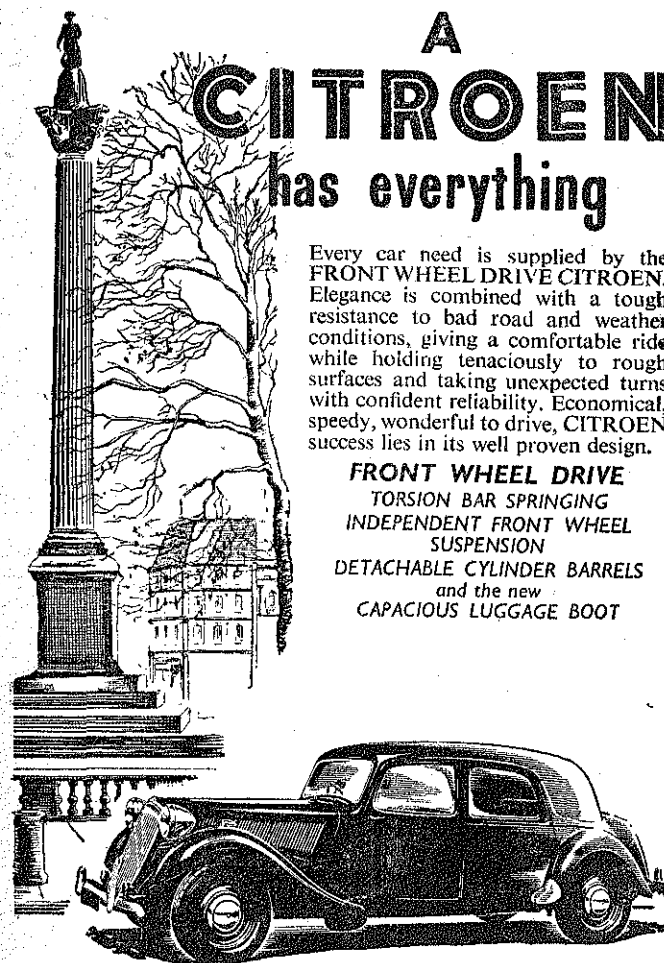
In one of his letters to Morgan from Holland, Lorenz in asking Morgan to use his influence with Sir. Charles Mac Carthy to help him to obtain a Government appointment in Ceylon, reminds him that Mac Carthy may remember him "as the very efficient Secretary of the Colombo Athenaeum, and a great admirer of his handsome lady who always sat opposite me at St. Peter's." A word may be said here in regard to the Colombo Athenaeum. It was formed in August 1850 for

discussing questions relating to science and literature and was composed of men in the highest ranks of Society. Among the members of the Committee were James Stewart, Dr. Charsley, Dr. Boake, Mr. W. C. Gibson, Mr. Richard Morgan and Lorenz. The meetings were held in the house of Dr. Willisford who also belonged to this group.

Lorenz died in Karlsruhe on 9th August, 1871, and was buried in the General Cemetery, Kanatte, his wife Eleanor following him within three months.* Tablets were erected to their memory in St. Peter's Church, Fort, where they worshipped.

Shortly after Lorenz's death, a public meeting was called to consider the question of raising a suitable memorial to him. It was resolved that a Marble Bust of Lorenz and a marble Pedestal should be obtained from England to be placed in the Supreme Court, and that the balance remaining over and above the amount required should be used for establishing a scholarship. This has been done and a scholarship called the Lorenz Scholarship has been established at the Royal College.

*Lorenz being a Freemason, the rites of that Order were performed both at the house and at the grave.



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