

Buy these Cleaners
for your home . . .



"Chemico" Household Cleaner

2 lb. tin

1 " "

Rs. 2-00 nett

" 1-25 nett

"Chemico" Lavatory Cleaner

(perfumed)

12 oz. tin

Rs. 1-45 nett

"Chemico" Hand Cleanser

1 lb.

Rs. 1-25 nett

Also Available:

"Rentokil" (Insecticidal)

Furniture Cream

Large bot.

Small "

Rs. 2-00 nett

Rs. 1-25 nett

millers Ltd.

Sole Agents.

Printed at Frewin & Co., Ltd., 40 Baillie Street, Fort, Colombo

VOL. XLVI]

OCTOBER, 1956.

[No. 4.]

Journal of the Dutch Burgher Union of Ceylon.



"Eendracht maakt Macht"

CONTENTS

	PAGE
1 The Old Dutch Road	101
2 Rembrandt	107
3 The Nitre Caves of Ceylon	111
4 Genealogy of the Family of van der Wert of Ceylon	115
5 Genealogy of the Family of Hesse of Ceylon	126
6 How Odd are the Dutch?	133
7 Early Dutch Visits to Ceylon	135
8 News and Notes	148

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

Published quarterly. Subscription Rs. 10/- per annum, post free. Single copies, if available, Rs. 5/- to be had at the D. B. U. Hall.

SCHOOL BOOKS

and

SUPPLIES

★

★

★

★

★

★

★

Ask us first

★

★

★

★

★

The
COLOMBO APOTHECARIES'
COMPANY, ——— LIMITED.

GLENNIE ST, SLAVE ISLAND and
PRINCE ST., FORT, COLOMBO.

Journal of the Dutch Burgher Union of Ceylon.

VOL. XLVI.]

OCTOBER, 1956.

[No. 4

THE OLD DUTCH ROAD

From Jaffna to Mannar via Pooneryn

BY

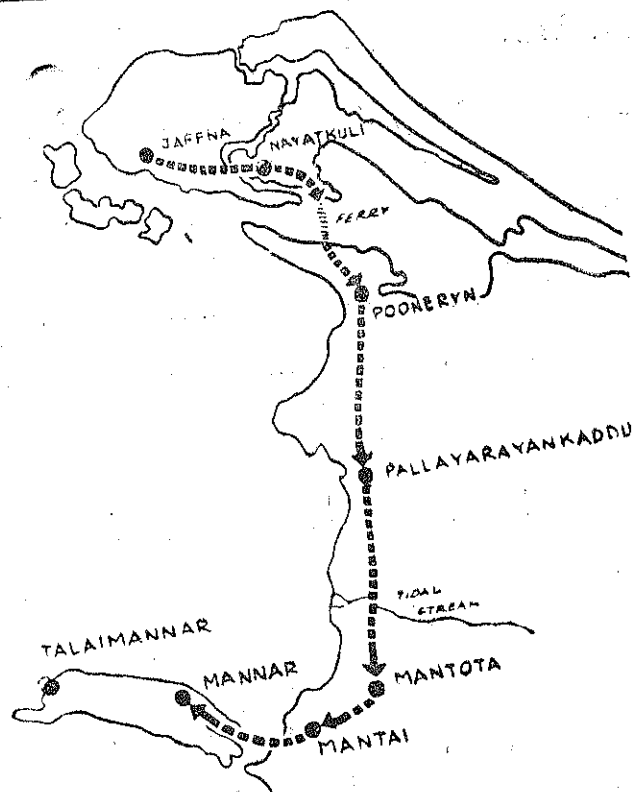
J. A. R. GRENIER

A few miles out of Jaffna, along the main highway to Colombo, at Navatkuli there is a sign pointing to a minor road on the right..... "6 miles to the Pier." I took that road with slight misgivings and a hasty, rather guilty glance at my wife. In the back seat, however, there were three delighted pairs of eyes which sparkled at the prospect of leaving the beaten track.

Another twenty minutes and all around us were the calm, blue waters of the vast Jaffna lagoon. A thin strip of built-up coral causeway, the best part of a mile, led to the actual pier, on either side of which were small cadjan covered shanties. We had heard about this ferry. That morning we were lucky for the solid, mechanised boat bearing the legendary name "AMARA DEVI"—"Goddess Divine"—was waiting for us.

A tall figure stepped out leisurely from one of the huts and signalled us to stop. The car, load of luggage piled up behind, the old, single-barrel blunderbuss strapped on to one side, the fishing rods tied lengthwise on the other, my camera, and, very soon, we ourselves became the centre of interest of some brightfaced children and swarthy men who appeared from seemingly nowhere. We broached the subject of getting across to a powerfully built, ram-rod-straight individual, obviously the 'charge d'affaires' of this little kingdom of the celestial ship. A solemn creature, the strong and uncommunicative type, he sported a pair of khaki shorts, dirty canvas shoes and a pith hat. He nodded and gestured to his second-in-command to collect the toll".

All preliminaries settled, the car was safely positioned in the middle of the boat. We had a few minutes in which to look around. In the clear, water large Black Bream (Karamural) swam, keeping close to the ferry and speeding towards any little morsel dropped overboard. With a cough and a shudder a marine engine, concealed under the steel-ribbed platform of the boat, clattered into life. Down below, the shoal of Bream, so complacent a moment ago, whisked madly in ever



This is the route, way off the beaten track, that winds its erratic course across ferries, through tidal streams past old forts from Jaffna to Mannar,

widening circles away from their strange travelling companion who was subject to these noisy spasms of sudden savagery, transforming their silent world into one of thudding vibrations.

Erratic Course

Slowly, we moved off in a thirty-foot wide channel marked by stout piles driven into the soft bed of the lagoon at regular intervals. The skipper stood at the front end of the boat, his lieutenant at the stern, and on the bridge, grasping the wheel was a short stocky lad of about 18. The skipper had his eyes shaded by his hands, glued on the other shore over a mile away, and, beyond signalling, now left and then right with his outstretched arms, took little further interest in our rather erratic progress. The voluble lieutenant, evidently quite familiar with these trial-and-error methods of navigation employed by the youngster guiding our fortunes, provided himself with a long pole and uttered many a loud "Da-da-da-de" whenever the boat tried to give one of the uprights in the water a playful nudge.

The lagoon on either side of the channel was hardly a foot deep and in parts was irregularly studded with ragged fringes of reef which protruded like monstrous, expectant teeth.

On the other side I made inquiries about the road. Did it run all the way to Mannar and could we make it? The skipper gazed thoughtfully into space and fingered his jaw. His deputy, less prone to such rigid selfcontrol, pointed to the car and for a moment became convulsed with laughter. To enlighten him I asked whether he had heard of a place called Badulla. Yes! he vaguely remembered the name, somewhere very far away I assured him we had come all that way in the little over-loaded Austin. He looked at it with new interest in his eyes. There was a road, he thought, up to about half way. From there onwards he was not too certain but he had met people who had made the journey on and off by cart. On that slender assurance we waved 'goodbye.'

Two miles more and we were in Pooneryn staring at the ancient Fort with the coconut-palmed village in the background. A German, Haafner by name, made a journey through Ceylon in 1782, and, writing about it in a book "On foot through Ceylon" he mentions this Fort and the Officer in Command at the time.

Slowly we approached Panjorin (Pooneryn) over the sandy flat which separated us from it. The sun shone fiercely and its rays heated the sand. It was already two o'clock when we reached the Fort. The commandant of the Fort received us with great kindness. His name was Koning and according to him he was quite 75 years old. Never have I met in India a European of such great age yet with such a fine complexion. No man could have thought him to be more than fifty. At the time he had been at the Fort of Panjorin for 33 years.

"Hunting he told us was his one and only recreation and the most pleasant in this lonely outpost. He had on his face and over his body several deep scars which he received from a leopard. The beast had attacked him suddenly and with one spring thrown him to the ground. While struggling with the animal he had fortunately time enough to draw from its sheath a knife which he carried in his belt and had cut open the belly of the beast at the moment he was about to become its victim. He showed us the skin which he had kept in memory of his luck and courage"

The Fort is in a tidy state of preservation though all signs of the moat, which must have existed round it, have disappeared.

Birds. Blossoms

The road from this point grew rough, the surface corrugated with deep ruts and broken edges. On either side of it was tableflat scrub land, the grey clayey soil salt-ridden and unfertile. Twice, within the next few miles, we passed coveys of Grey Partridge, looking much like jungle chicks.

The birds moved on to the sides of the road and watched us pass, with no signs of alarm. We stopped once to make better acquaintance and there they stood, a trifle timidly, but not bothering to take cover, to the great delight of the occupants of the back seat.

The influence of the saline water on the vegetation gradually diminished when the bulge of land between the road and the sea increased in width to nearly five miles. We were then flanked by massive canopies of green jungle so dense that one got the impression of being enveloped in a viridescent tunnel, stretching endlessly into the distance.

Of this Haafner wrote. "It must have been about four o'clock. We left the usual road running southwards and proceeded right up to the forests which lay half a mile east of us covering a great stretch of the horizon. It was a beautiful and over-powering sight to see such a dark immense forest before us, the abode of numberless, fierce beasts of all kinds and sizes. I must acknowledge I was not free from fear and nervousness, the nearer we approached it. An unpleasant and involuntary tremor and astonishment came over me when we entered it for already on the way from Panjorin, when we walked over the sandy flat which separated the former from the margin of the forest, we had found here and there the spoors of elephants, seemingly pretty recent."

Skirting the border of the jungle for lengths, at times up to three miles in a single lap, was a soft cart track just wide enough to accommodate a small vehicle and along it we thankfully raced glad to have a short respite from the tortured surface provided by the Works Department.

This was blossom time in the woods, and often we stopped to admire the rare bloom of some delicately fashioned epiphyte high in the crown of a giant tree, or to make closer observation of a rosey-hued flower, like an elfin powder puff, carefully imprisoned by jealous thorns. Birds chattered, whistled and called to one another.

Warning

Twenty-two miles from the ferry we passed a lonely circuit bungalow and knew from the map that we were in Pallavaryankadu. There was a man asleep on the verandah, who we thought was the caretaker. The only other sign of the human habitation in the place was a small, one-roomed boutique on the other side of the road equipped with three glass bottles containing some odds and ends.

It was now time for lunch and a short distance from there we halted and made ourselves an appetising meal on an improvised fire. We had hardly finished when we heard a dull roar moving towards us. I silently hoped the owner of the sound was not an elephant with a parched throat but my fears were soon dispelled.

It was a lorry which had, besides the driver, two other men who told us they were helping to build the road some miles ahead of where we were. They inquired whether it was our intention to go through to Mannar and tendered the advice that it would be best for us to hurry in order to be able to cross a tidal stream over which they were busy constructing a bridge.

Acting on good advice is not always quite as easy as one would wish it was. The road, or what passed for one, was from this point onwards practically non-existent.

There were only an unending succession of pits, not too deep to prevent progress altogether but depressed enough to have to crawl into and out again. For the next ten miles the old and gallant Austin creaked and groaned in every nut and bolt.

Before long the jungle gave way once more to great open plains dotted with patches of scrub. Historically, very little is known about this terrain. The chronicles make scarcely any mention of the country between Mantota and Pooneryn, and, passing references merely speak of the journeys, from both Mantai and Mannar to Jaffna being undertaken by sea, in the past.

Tidal Stream

Rounding a slight bend there suddenly burst upon us the tidal stream of which we had been warned. There it lay, with the water rushing in from the sea, an effective barrier between ourselves and the rest of the journey. I must confess that on first sight the problem seemed without solution. How were we to get across? Just then we heard some voices and from a hut concealed by the jungle out came a gang of cheerful labourers. No! we could not possibly get across, they assured us but they were building the bridge and would we wait till they finished? Maybe tomorrow or so!

The embryo bridge was there no doubt, but when I reckoned the state of its exposed anatomy the thought struck me "this year next year, some time, never." I told them we had a date with destiny and would they help us to keep it.

To this they readily agreed and taking all the luggage off the carrier they had it carried across by the youngest members of the party. While the rest of the family carefully edged themselves over a section of the bridge-to-be. I took the car, now quite skittish without her load, to the bank of the stream. Everyone suggested that the car should be pushed but something promoted me to try and get it across under its own power. Right, they said, all would follow behind and give a hand in case she stopped.

The next few months were more than ordinarily exciting. Five yards after the first plunge warm, saline water swirled in on all sides and everything was awash. I might well have been fishing inside. But like the Styx there was now no return. On,

on, on the old bus crept painting and wheezing in an unaccustomed element. Making one last and almost human endeavour to overcome the obstacle before it, X 9263, spluttered and splashed on to the other side.

From the would-be helpers, left behind in midstream, came spontaneous cheer. But they would not let us leave so soon. An order for tea was quickly given by one of them and in appreciation of this very kind gesture we gave them all the sugar and B. O. P. we carried.

Pictures were taken and with many cries of farewell we were back on the road.

Journey's End

Passing Mantai we drove slowly, for here was the renowned city of old of which John Still wrote in "Jungle Tide" (a book unequalled in its own sphere to this day).

"On the opposite side of the Island, on the coast near Mannar, there is another old city of a very different kind. It lies amidst sand dunes where partridge calls are heard, and where few wild animals live but jackals, some deer who manage to extract a livelihood from the scrub, a few monkeys, and the leopard that live on them and the deer. When it rained, the dunes might be searched for coins that were left on the surface as the sand washed away, and I picked up many there of diverse kinds not altogether expected. For at one time this was the chief port of traffic with India, and it was here that several armies landed that came to harry Lanka. Roman ships had probably lain in the roadstead off the city of the sand dunes and Roman soldiers may have started at the ancestors of the monkeys who stared at me as I hunted the sands for finds. The Chinese had been there too, for a coin or two of theirs and a few pieces of their porcelain were left bare by the wind and the rain."

In spite of its erstwhile glory Mantai is now an ordinary village.

And so, our journey ends for in the red sunset, bridged by a long causeway and bordered by low, lime-washed buttresses like snowwhite tapes, is the Island of Mannar with the town in the distance resembling a Saracen citadel with its domes and minarets pointing to the sky.

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.

REMBRANDT

Dutch master with 700 canvases who died a pauper

When Rembrandt van Rijn died, there were left his clothing, eight handkerchiefs, ten caps, one Bible, and the painting apparatus.

To attempt to write the story of Rembrandt van Rijn one must paint on a canvas as spacious as the master's own. What Shakespeare is to Western literature, what Beethoven is to Western music, Rembrandt is to Western painting.

To grasp the scope of his genius one must know something of his country and his times. When he was born, 350 years ago, the United Provinces of the Netherlands were at the climax of their glory.

The constitutional principality had within vivid memory won her freedom from Spanish rule and was basking in the sunlight of a new-found confidence.

Her ships were planting trader posts in the East and West Indies, her scholars setting down the principles of statecraft and the fundamentals of international law for the first time,

Her architects were raising those warm brick-gabled houses that still delight the eye along the placid waters of her tree-lined canals. The art of gardening, planting of tulips in ranges of colour, all this springing from a small country, the freest in the world, contributed their share to Rembrandt's genius.

Just as the Elizabethan age in England produced at once Shakespeare and Francis Drake, the Holland of his days gave birth both to Rembrandt and to Van Diemen among a host of others.

Into this fine flowering of conquest and of culture the miller's son was born at the gracious university town of Leyden.

Genius does what it must. The urge to create drove Rembrandt to give his life to painting when he was seventeen. He painted spontaneously scenes from the Christian bible, the water country of south Holland, the people in the streets, beggar and burgomaster, cripple and craftsman.

He painted seven hundred pictures. Each one of them today would raise a fortune, yet he died bankrupt.

He lived just as he painted, passionately. His use of highlight and dark shadow, juxtaposed in contrast can create a scene or paint a character with the mastery of his brush, not as in Chinese painting where few brush strokes can evoke an image but with a wealth and attention to detail which builds up the mighty fragment of the whole.

In Rembrandt's painting as in Shakespeare's plays or in Beethoven's symphonies there is not only art, there is a human feeling and the expression of a philosophy.

His own life too was passed between high light and dark shadow.

Success came to him swiftly. The paintings that he did at Leyden brought him commissions from the merchant princes at Amsterdam and naturally it was to paint their portraits.

His countrymen do not always pay generously and Rembrandt was certainly not overpaid.

Even the Prince of Orange sometimes the ceremonial figurehead, sometimes the Dictator of the United Provinces, needed a constant reminder of debts owing for the pictures he commissioned from Rembrandt.

The artistic temperament is seldom fit to cope with money matters and, contrary to general belief, Rembrandt was never interested in money. His painting and his passion left no time for him to conduct his day to day affairs.

Luckily for him, Saskia, the daughter of the Burgomaster, chief magistrate of Amsterdam, fell in love with him and he with her. They were married and she looked after him with a steadfast devotion that the temperamental genius did not always reciprocate.

Historians have pointed out that Rembrandt married above his station. This is sheer folly. The artist has no social station and the successful artist is not a match of which a Burgomaster's daughter needs to feel ashamed.

From the day he painted "Dr. Tulp's School of Anatomy" (the lecturer with seven students) at his native Leyden in 1632, his reputation was established firmly in all Europe. His genius immortalised Saskia.

He was always painting her, as Queen Artemisia, as Bathsheba or Delilah or some such other figure in the Christian bible.

He painted her bedecked with ropes of pearls, with sparkling crowns upon her head, in robes, rich velvet, or diaphanous silk, as he would like to have seen her dressed in real life.

Certainly Saskia owes a debt to the man "beneath her station." It was an honour in the Amsterdam of those days to be Myvrouw Rembrandt van Rijn.

But she repaid the fame he gave her by taking care of him, by loudly insisting with his high and mighty debtors that the husband of a Burgomaster's daughter was not going to dance attendance on the wealthiest merchants of Amsterdam, by seeing that he ate regularly, that his clothes were washed and pressed, his rooms swept and garnished and that his attire should not only be gorgeous but neat and tidy also.

Because he painted so many Jewish people it has been suggested that Rembrandt was himself of Jewish blood. He certainly was not.

But till he moved into a fine new house on the Breedstraat in 1639 he chose to live in Amsterdam's Jewish quarter.

The United Netherlands in the seventeenth century were unique in Western Europe; there was no anti-Jewish feeling there. On the contrary, Jews were encouraged to come to the dominions of the Prince of Orange, a policy of enlightened self-interest because they brought their wealth with them and spent it freely and, besides attaining to distinction in the learned professions, helped to finance those ventures in the Indies that were making the little country fabulously rich.

Rembrandt found them fascinating. They were so full of warmth and character and colour. Their faces bore traits that he could not find in his fellow countrymen.

He was always painting them with their faces so full of individual character in their peculiar and exotic head dress.

In fact, he simply painted everyone whose features seemed to him worthy of his notice. He painted his family, his wife, himself; painted himself repeatedly and every self-portrait by Rembrandt is a study in character and a masterpiece of self-expression.

All this perplexed the worthy prosperous burghers of Amsterdam. They did not want him to paint Jews or relatives or himself. They wanted him to paint their portraits and everything else they all agreed was a sheer waste of time.

And so it happened that in 1642 the volunteers of the company of Heer van de Cok commissioned him to paint a group portrait of them all, bedecked in their best uniforms and carrying pikes and muskets.

This was one of the socially smartest companies in the citizen militia. The Amsterdammers were mighty proud of their citizen militia, formed of solid burgher volunteers, a barrier against foreign invasion, the perpetual urge of the Prince of Orange to increase his authority and the subversive tendency of the city mob.

Heer van de Cok and his associates felt they were doing Rembrandt a higher favour than the Prince himself in asking him to paint their portraits. The result was devastating.

Posterity, which for two centuries insisted on calling it "The Night Watch," acclaims the picture as one of the finest ever painted. It is, if one may anticipate that term in art, impressionist.

The citizen soldiers are shown pouring out of their armoury (Doelen) pell mell into the street, carrying their pikes and muskets at any odd angle, fastening belts and bucklers.

There is even a small dog, who certainly did not pay to have his picture painted, barking at all the clamour.

This magnificent canvas lately restored and freed from the dirt of centuries that gave it the dark tone which made men call it "The Night Watch," now holds pride of place in the Rijks-museum at Amsterdam.

But the subjects were justifiably infuriated. Some of the faces could hardly be made out at all. Most understandably they would not pay and naturally Rembrandt lost all his wealthy clients overnight.

Troubles come not in single spies but in battalions. The year that saw the painting of the volunteers was also the year of Saskia's death.

He had been faithful to her after his fashion, which did not preclude him from having an illegitimate child, and now that she was gone his troubles were too much for him.

Though he was nobly helped by his second wife and his son everything conspired against him. There was the civil war in England and the thirty years' war in Germany.

There were upheavals in the Netherlands where the Prince of Orange, backed by the peasantry and proletariat, was fighting the middle class merchant oligarchy.

No one was buying property or pictures and all Rembrandt possessed was tied up in Breedstraat, in his collections and his furnishings, all that he could earn was with his brush.

He could not meet his debts, he was made bankrupt. All that he had they seized. And till he died he lived in modest lodgings in an inn.

Yet in the years of tragedy that ended only with his life in 1669, he painted on.

Some of his finest work was done in those years of remorseless age, poverty and unhappiness which proves that Rembrandt was not only a great artist but a great man also.

[With acknowledgement to the *Straits Times*].

THE NITRE CAVES OF CEYLON

BY

R. L. BROHIER.

Where did the Sinhalese in times of old obtain nitre for manufacturing gunpowder? The question opens an interesting field of speculation, and is not without interest since it disseminates knowledge regarding Ceylon's resources which the people in the past were aware of.

Records show that it was the policy of the village inhabitants in the early days of British occupation, not to disclose from where they obtained their supplies of saltpetre; and it was by dint of careful enquiry by the early pioneers that a few of the spots where gunpowder must have been manufactured, were located.

One of the most interesting nitre caves of Ceylon, lies in that little explored country of jungle-covered foot hills which nestle at the base of the outer slopes of the mountain ramparts girdling Upper Uva. You look down on this country as you pursue a winding course from the mist-blown heights of Haputale to the steamy plains of Wellawaya; and gaze entranced by a commingled scene of earth and cloud, and beyond the unbroken stretch of plain—the blue line of ocean.

On the way down, a little beyond Koslanda, five contiguous, but at the present time rather desolate villages, give the name Gampaha, to this district. The nitre cave is situated on the side of a hill, in the tangled jungle, about five miles off the road, and not far from a hamlet called Kolongastenne.

A little over a century ago, Dr. John Davy, who in the role of Physician to the Forces had unrivalled opportunity of visiting and describing the interior of the Island when it first fell under British sway, was impelled, perhaps by policy, or may be by the lure of exploration, to venture some way out of his normal route for the purpose of inspecting this cave.

In his "Account of Ceylon" which he later published he affords his impressions of the cave, and vividly describes his descent into its dark recesses from which, he says, "a loathsome smell issues and a dull confused noise like that of a subterranean torrent." He adds, "we returned to the open air after having been underground an hour; and walking perhaps a quarter of a mile without exploring the whole of the cave."

A visit to this cave fourteen years ago, disclosed that Davy's account from a descriptive stand-point, had lost little despite the time which had elapsed since his visit. In fact, it is hardly possible that it could have changed at all with the mantle of jungle which protects it. The jungle tide has perhaps encroached on its environs a little more, from the evidence that lands which not long ago must have been paddy field have been surrendered to the merciless onrush.

But between the two visits referred to, the trained eye of a scientist has taken stock of this cave. Suppose then we attach ourselves to Mr. J. A. Daniel, a Mineral Surveyor, who explored it in 1908, and graft our impressions on his. In his opinion, the feature is primarily formed by natural causes; the solvent action of water and the decomposition of the rocks owing to physical and chemical action being the chief agents which wrought this cave.

Descending about thirty feet into this subterranean mystery, we find ourselves in a huge hall about two hundred feet long, and more than one hundred and fifty feet broad. The sides are rugged, water-worn into strange fantastic forms, with caves, columns and grottos innumerable. The roof nevertheless, appears to have a smooth surface, except where large rocks have fallen and lie scattered on the floor.

Very high, in the roof of some parts of the cave, there are funnel-shaped openings communicating with the surface. Through these openings the cave apparently breathes—but breathes very little. The atmosphere is stifling, the heat tremendous. In the vaulted chamber these openings appear merely as a very faint glimmer, sufficient only to light up the part of the cave immediately below it.

In its unlit and abandoned state the cave presents rather a melancholy picture and invites eerie sensations. Nevertheless, making up our minds we proceed a little further. Our lights create fantastic patterns and fitfully illuminate the awful dark spaces all round. A pregnant silence assails us.

Yes, it is a silence pregnant and full of menace, for suddenly it is broken by a low, rumbling, hollow noise, weird and unreal, sufficient to make even the boldest of us feel a funny creeping sensation all up our back-bone, to the very roots of our hair.

In a moment more all is pandemonium. The gushing noise increases in volume. Out of the darkness there come hundreds, much more, thousands of winged shadows. They loom large and ghostly in the candle lights, and hover like a whirl-wind around us, whipping us as they pass.

When confidence returns we realize the cause of this delusion. We have penetrated deep enough to disturb the bats which in vast armies have made these gloomy recesses their abode. In token of this the village folk to this day call the place *Waul-gal-ge*, which means, "the rock-cave of the bats."

As we cross the hall we notice that the roof dips lower and lower, and the ceiling takes to itself beautiful patterns woven by nature, in white, in an infinite variety of forms. Layers of fine black dust, and bats' dung lie evenly over the floor. However, we must tread warily for this dust, in several places, fills crevice and socket more than five feet deep, and lies loose enough for a person to sink through.

Penetrating further, we find on the sides of the wall there are numerous tunnels which open into the main chamber. They are low and narrow, and only one person can pass into them at a time in a stooping posture. There is sufficient to show that these tunnels must have been worked by men.

With many more mysteries in these depths left unexplored, we retrace our steps, following the thread we have left loose behind us, and return to the entrance. There, reviving traditions dormant in the minds of our guides, we learn that these caves were worked for many years in the past, for saltpetre, by the Sinhalese. In fact, it would appear to have been the occupation and duty of a party of them to come annually from Passara for the purpose of collecting the salt.

Similar organisations seem to have existed for working other sources. There are several small nitre caves in the North Western Province; one in Nuwarakalawiya, and at least two large ones in the Central Province. As a fairly well-known feature one of the latter lends itself to distinguish the country off Rangala, known as the Nitre Cave district.

This cave too, off the secluded village called Mimure has claimed Dr. Davy's attention. He stresses that his excursion into "the hitherto unexplored district of Doombura," was chiefly for the purpose of examining the nitre cave.

A good deal of romance attaches to the account we have of this excursion. Davy says: "my approach and appearance in a place where I was told a white man had never been before, excited no little surprise and disturbance."

His first impression of the cave, he describes as "exceedingly striking." It is perched on a perpendicular face of rock about three hundred feet high, on the side of a deep valley, closed in by mountains of considerable elevation and remarkable boldness.

Davy puts the cave down to be partly artificial and partly natural. Most remarkable of all, it would appear that he found workmen actually working on the spot at his visit. "Sixteen in number," he records, "the rudest set of artificers I have ever witnessed; their bodies, almost naked, were soiled with dirt, and their bushy beards and hair were matted and powdered with brown dust."

"They were occupied, not in the cave, but on a crude platform which they had erected at the entrance; attending to the operations that were then going on in the open air—filtration, evaporation, and crystallization. The apparatus employed was curious for its simplicity and rudeness. A small stream of water was led from a distance to the place by a pipe of bamboos; the filters were of matting in the shape of square boxes supported by sticks; and the evaporating vessels, and, indeed, all the vessels used, were the common chatties of the country, of which a great many were assembled of various sizes."

There is a circumstance even more intriguing, which also accounts for the feverish haste with which the village artificers seemed to be applying to their work. Davy's visit was made in the month of September. In October of the same year, 1817, kindled by an accident, and prematurely, the flame of rebellion had spread throughout the country, casting such a melancholy outlook at one stage, that arrangements were in progress to withdraw all British forces from the interior.

From the workmen he surprised, Davy learnt, that for the last fifty years, for six months in the dry season, this cave had been annually worked; and that each man employed was required to furnish a load of nitre, which is about sixty pounds, to the royal store at Kandy.

Since the Sinhalese were completely ignorant of the use of fire-arms, and the properties of gunpowder before they had intercourse with Europeans, it is hardly surprising that they developed this knowledge on crude lines. Inasmuch as their methods for securing the saltpetre were rough and ready, there was absence of refinement in the method they used for manufacturing gunpowder.

The constituent parts commonly employed were, five of saltpetre, to one of each of charcoal and sulphur. These ingredients moistened with very weak lime-water, were pounded in a rice-mortar and the wet mass was exposed to dry. All this they doubtless learnt from the Portuguese.

Such then, is the story of the nitre resources of Ceylon; exploited in a past, but with no thought spared for it in the present. Modern civilization reposes as a bright veneer over explosives much more deadly in effect than gunpowder. Consequently, the economic value of these resources remains to be proved in terms of other advantages and profit.

What of the economic value of the tons of manure to be found in these caves? The nitre-earth which can possibly be gathered from the cave in Lower Uva alone, might richly repay investigation. And what of the draw the Waul-gal-ge will have on tourist and visitor, if brought within the range of a motor car, and if it is artificially purified and lit? It is not suggested that the cave will achieve the celebrity of Jenolan, in the Blue Mountains of Australia! But doubtless it will favourably compare with some of the lime-stone and other scenic caves the tourist is enticed to visit in many another country.

Moreover, the journey to the cave, at least, will focus attention on that greatest charm which Ceylon has to advertise—that dissolving view framed in the dim distance by sunbeams flashing on the salt-pans of Hambantota; which might well be acclaimed as a panorama combining sublimity and beauty to a degree which few other places in the world can offer.

GENEALOGY OF THE FAMILY OF VANDERWERT OF CEYLON

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

I.

Jan Vanderwert of Nimwegen, arrived in Ceylon in 1750, married in the Dutch Reformed Church, Galle 31st July, 1757, Anna Cornelia Baade of Cochin. He had by her.

Jan Baade Vanderwert, whose son, Cornelius Vanderwert, follows under II.

II.

Cornelius Vanderwert, Head Clerk of the Office of the Commissioner of Revenue, Kandy, born 1805, married Johanna Wilhelmina Ferdinands, born 3rd April 1808, daughter of Johannes Hendrick Ferdinands and Anna Maria Demmer. (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. XXV, page 77, and Vol. XLI, page 74.) He had by her.

- 1 Joachim Fredrick.
- 2 Emmanuel Henry, who follows under III.
- 3 Henry, died in infancy.
- 4 Arnoldina.
- 5 George, died in infancy.

III.

Emmanuel Henry Vanderwert, born 1822, married:

- (a) In Holy Trinity Church, Colombo, 12th July 1847, Sally Alexander, died 24th May 1864.
- (b) In the Methodist Church, Kalutara, 31st July 1865, Harriet Engeltina Ginger.

Of the first marriage, he had—

- 1 Cornelius Daniel, who follows under IV.
- 2 Jacob Henry, who follows under V.
- 3 Samuel David, born 15th January 1854.
- 4 Helen Mary, born 8th February 1856, died 6th July 1903.
- 5 Christopher Frederick, who follows under VI.
- 6 Sarah, born 10th October 1861, died 10th April 1931.

Of the second marriage, he had—

- 7 Elizabeth Harriet, born 11th July 1866, died 8th August 1938, married in St. Paul's Church, Pettah, Colombo, 8th January 1892, George Louis Alexander Oorloff, born 15th September 1865, died 17th February 1918, son of George Henry Oorloff and Charlotte Cecilia Balthazar.
- 8 Hannah, born 4th November 1867, died 26th July 1911, married in St. Paul's Church, Pettah, Colombo, 30th March 1891, Edward Stephen Francke, born 13th December 1853, died 21st January 1940, son of Frederick Cornelius Francke and Gertruida Jansz.
- 9 Lydia, born 28th May 1869, died 17th September 1899, married in St. Paul's Church, Pettah, Colombo, 16th August 1897, Edgar Ambrose, born 14th June 1873, died 1st August 1950, son of Adam Clarke Ambrose and Matilda Jacobina de Bruin.

IV.

Cornelius Daniel Vanderwert, born 3rd September 1848, died 21st July 1895, married in Holy Trinity Church, Colombo, 16th November 1874, Georgiana Henrietta Askey, born 26th December 1854, died 1886, daughter of Thomas Askey. He had by her.

- 1 Thomas Emmanuel, born 17th November 1875, died 23rd June 1938.
- 2 Blanche, born 4th June 1877, died 10th February 1925, married in the Methodist Church, Pettah, Colombo, 28th November 1900, Edgar Ambrose, widower of Lydia Vanderwert, referred to in Section III, 9.
- 3 Florence Mabel, born 27th July 1879, died 30th August 1921.
- 4 Ada Belle, born 27th September 1881, married in St. Paul's Church, Pettah, Colombo, 30th July 1902, Edward Phineas Hussey Kelaart, born 25th June 1872, died 7th November 1949, son of Charles Kelaart and Letitia Gertrude Mortier. (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. XLII, pages 68 and 74.)
- 5 Arthur Edward, who follows under VII.

V.

Jacob Henry Vanderwert, born 4th March 1851, died 22nd April 1902, married in St. Mark's Church, Badulla, 18th May 1876, Emily Helen Oorloff, born 21st July 1855, died 20th April 1946, daughter of Alexander Oorloff and Antonetta Helen Balthazar. He had by her.

- 1 James Alexander Oorloff, who follows under VIII.
- 2 Alexandra Helen, born 25th November 1877, died 14th September 1944, married in the Dutch Reformed Church, Wolvendaal, 31st January 1899, Eugene Roland Joseph, born 26th October 1871, died 13th January 1915, son of Eugene Joseph and Georgiana Jemima Ohlmus. (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. XXVIII, page 169, and Vol. XLIV, page 183).

- 3 Alaric Frederick, who follows under IX.
- 4 Emmanuel Henry, who follows under X.
- 5 Matilda Constance, born 27th April 1882, died 5th March 1952, married in the Dutch Reformed Church, Wolvendaal, 22nd January 1906, Walter Harris de Kretser, born 23rd January 1874, died 12th July 1948, widower of Emelia Maud Oorloff (de Jonk) and son of Pieter Cornelis de Kretser and Emily Henrietta Jansz.
- 6 Mary Helen, born 3rd August 1883, died 23rd May 1904.
- 7 Jacob Henry, who follows under XI.
- 8 Hilda Mazy, born 1st September 1887, married in the Dutch Reformed Church, Wolvendaal, 11th September 1912, Arthur Edward Vanderwert, who follows under VII.
- 9 Vesta Tyro, born 29th July 1888, died 15th May 1889.
- 10 James Anderson Oorloff, who follows under XII.

VI.

Christopher Frederick Vanderwert, born 25th March 1859, died 6th July 1903, married in the Dutch Reformed Church, Wolvendaal, 11th September 1890, Rosalind Maud Brodie, born 8th November 1874, died 29th June 1936, daughter of Richard William Brodie and Jane Henrietta de Run. He had by her.

- 1 Christopher Henry, who follows under XIII.
- 2 Noel, born 1893, died 1903.
- 3 Bertram Hugh, who follows under XIV.
- 4 Eric, born 5th November 1897, died 3rd November 1915.
- 5 Etienne Hunnah Primrose, born 14th April 1899, married in the Dutch Reformed Church, Bambalapitiya, 14th August 1919, Eustace Julian de Kretser, born 1st October 1893, son of Julian Leopold de Kretser and Maud Eugenie Rode. (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. XXIX, page 103.
- 6 Edward Frederick, who follows under XV.
- 7 Janet Gladys Alexandra, born 12th November 1902, married in the Dutch Reformed Church, Bambalapitiya, 3rd June 1925, Walter Harris de Kretser, M.B.E., Proprietary Planter, born 14th April 1899, son of Walter Harris de Kretser and Maud Emelia Oorloff.

VII

Arthur Edward Vanderwert, born 28th February 1884, died 10th January 1953, married in the Dutch Reformed Church, Dehiwala, 11th September 1912, Hilda Mary Vanderwert referred to in section V, 8 supra. He had by her.

- 1 Arthur Emmanuel, who follows under XVI.

- 2 Maureen Florence, born 10th September 1921, married in the Dutch Reformed Church, Dehiwala 22nd August 1942, Francis Eric Theodore Foenander, born 4th June 1919, son of Francis Eric Foenander and Irene Geralda Foenander. (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. XXXVIII, pages 105 and 108.)
- 3 Edgar St. Elmo, born 12th June 1924.

VIII

James Alexander Oorloff Vanderwert, L.R.C.P. and S. (Edin.), L.F.P. and S. (Glas.), born 23rd October 1876, died in London, 25th July 1952, married in Edinburgh:

- (a) 7th November 1899, Annie Fraser, born 9th June 1881, died 14th January 1914, daughter of Donald Fraser and Mary Campbell.
- (b) Alice Murray.
Of the first marriage he had --
- 1 Mary Emily Helen (Molly), born in Edinburgh, 3rd August 1900, died in Colombo, 21st February 1943.
- 2 Edith Annie, born in Edinburgh, 4th December 1901, married in St. Andrew's Church, Darjeeling in India, 18th April 1940, Wilfred David Simpson, born 2nd April 1902, son of Frederick James Simpson and Jessie Simpson.
- 3 James Fraser, born 15th October 1903, died at Colombo 10th March 1905.
- 4 Gwendoline Hermione, born at Colombo, 29th April 1905.
- 5 Eileen, born at Colombo, 13th October 1906, died 18th December 1940, married in St. Paul's Church, Milagiriya, 26th December 1928, Clarence Stewart Kreltszheim, born 13th May 1902, son of William Frederick Kreltszheim and Florence Elizabeth Felsingier. (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. XXVIII, page 127).
- 6 Briceley Walter Fraser, born at Colombo, 20th November 1911.

IX.

Alaric Frederick Vanderwert, born 3rd November 1878, died 27th October 1947, married in All Saints' Church, Borella, 14th February 1920, Iris Mary Anne Van Twest, born 29th December 1895, daughter of Joseph Aloysius Van Twest and Clara Evelyn Mottau. (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. XLIV, page 125). He had by her.

- 1 Cuthbert Alaric Hugo, who follows under XVII.
- 2 Irma Carmen Helen, born 3rd September 1922, married to St. Philip Neri's Church, Pettah, Colombo, 29th December 1941, Anthony Chui Kwei Chow.
- 3 Elmo Hiram Maxwell, who follows under XVIII.
- 4 Iris Anneline Visme, born 1st June 1926, married in All Saints' Church, Borella, 19th February 1955, Shu Cheh Shung.

- 5 Alexia Doloris Yvonne, born 17th July 1930.
- 6 Anton Frederick, born 15th September 1931.
- 7 Barbara Heloise, born 8th September 1932, married in All Saints Church, Borella, 12th January 1954, Ronald Ralph Anthony Paul, born 11th January 1928, son of Vincent Walter Oliver Paul and Mildred Charlotte Jansz.

X

Emmanuel Henry Vanderwert, born 3rd September 1880, died 26th December 1930, married in the Methodist Church, Kandy, 1st March 1905, Esther Janet Willenburg, born 12th February 1881, daughter of Philip Raymond Willenburg, Minister of the Methodist Church, and Janet Maria Smith. (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. XXIV, page 103, and Vol. XXXVII, page 31). He had by her.

- 1 Halford Montague Powell, born 18th August 1906.
- 2 Marjorie Beryl, born 20th June 1908.
- 3 Henry Richard, born 1st March 1910.
- 4 Maisie Helen, born 16th January 1912, married in the Dutch Reformed Church, Bambalapitiya, 7th June 1941, Orison Burdett Mack, born 14th November 1918, son of Arthur Ellison Mack and Elsie Ethel Mottau. (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. XXXVIII, pages 150 and 152, and Vol. XLIV, page 127.)
- 5 Eileen Hester, born 9th June 1914, married in the Methodist Church, Wellawatte, 27th December 1941, Arthur Douglas Haig Vanderwert, who follows under XXV.
- 6 Harold Cuthbert, who follows under XIX.
- 7 Humphrey Kenneth, who follows under XX.
- 8 Hermanus Hereford, born 4th August 1920, died 13th January 1943.
- 9 Doris Hyacinth, born 4th June 1924, married in the Methodist Church, Wellawatte, 16th December 1950, Trutand Mowbray Vanderwert, who follows under XXVII.

XI

Jacob Henry (Barbie) Vanderwert, born 5th February 1885, died 15th June 1956, married in St. Joseph's Church, Maskeliya, 25th April 1911, Ida Flavia Pereira, born 13th April 1895, daughter of Benjamin Pereira and Mary Cramer. He had by her.

- 1 Babsie Emily, born 4th September 1912, married in St. Joseph's Church, Deniyaya, 26th December 1931, Early Gladwin Joseph Holsinger, born 9th January 1910, son of Joseph Napoleon Victor Holsinger and Bearatrix Alix de Neys.
- 2 James, who follows under XXI.
- 3 Jacob Anthony Cuthbert, who follows under XXII.

- 4 Ethel Mary, born 14th August 1917, married in St. Joseph's Church. Deniyaya, 25th April 1936, Carlyle Wilhelm Earle Wendt, born 14th October 1902, son of Henry William Wendt and Ruby Hoffman Cannon. (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. XLIV, pages 60 and 61.)
- 5 Linda Ida, born 28th April 1918, died 19th November 1927.
- 6 Molly Olga, born 19th September 1920, married in St. Mary's Church, Dehiwala, 27th January 1937, Edgar George Maddock.
- 7 Jan Ivor Michael, born 25th March 1923, died 1st May 1952.
- 8 Pauline Cecilia, born 27th April 1925.
- 9 Ashley Benedict Carl, born 7th April 1927.
- 10 Belinda Alice, born 15th July 1929.
- 11 Hermon Rollo Hugh, born 13th January 1935.

XII.

James Anderson Oorloff Vanderwert, born 6th October 1890, died 20th November 1927, married in the Dutch Reformed Church, Dehiwala, 21st September 1912, Elaine Kena Meynert, born 21st February 1893, daughter of William Lewis Meynert and Caroline Cecilia Rode. (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. XXVII, page 160, and Vol. XXIX, page 101.) He had by her.

- 1 Jacob William Anderson, who follows under XXIII.
- 2 Edgar Mervyn, who follows under XXIV.
- 3 Jean Elaine, born 20th August 1916, married in the Dutch Reformed Church, Bambalapitiya, 31st October 1942, Ainsley Hellis Poulter, born 1st July 1913, son of Henry Edmund Poulter and Sybil Myra de Kretser. (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. XXIV, page 26).
- 4 Arthur Douglas Haig, who follows under XXV.
- 5 Ivor Aubrey, who follows under XXVI.
- 6 Trutand Mowbrey, who follows under XXVII.
- 7 Ouida Florence, born 20th October 1925, married in St. Mary's Church, Bambalapitiya, 16th February 1946, Arthur Richard Herbert de Jong, born 3rd October 1917, son of Arthur Francis de Jong and Millicent Miranda.

XIII.

Christopher Henry Vanderwert, born 26th March 1891, died 9th May 1951, married in Christ Church, Galkissa, 23rd April 1914, Jane Wilhelmina Ephraums, born 27th July 1892, daughter of Lancelot Sidney Ephraums and Frances Eugenie Ball. (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. XXIV, page 110.) He had by her.

- 1 Christobel Lenore, born 12th February 1915, married in the Registrar's Office, Dehiwala, 16th January 1954, Trevor Thomas Allan Kraal, born 16th January 1913, son of George Allan Kraal and Constance Mary Reed.
- 2 Frederick Christopher, who follows under XXVIII.
- 3 Tristram Derrick, who follows under XXIX.
- 4 Cuthbert Henry, born 13th April 1926.

XIV.

Bertram Hugh Vanderwert, born 10th November 1894, married in St. Paul's Church, Milagiriya, 12th February 1927, Ouida Dulcie Evelyn Fernando, born 22nd October 1901, daughter of John Oswald Ohlmus Fernando and Alice Emelia Templar. He had by her.

- 1 Bertram Harris, born 4th March 1928, died 17th June 1950.
- 2 Marceline Corinne, born 2nd May 1931, Married in the Dutch Reformed Church, Bambalapitiya, 26th March 1951, Frank Edgar Nugara, born 9th September 1920, Son of Victor Ernest Nugara and Sylvia May Nugara.
- 3 Evelyn Norma June, born 12th June 1934.
- 4 Ivor Gordon, born 23rd March 1936.
- 5 Percival Brindley, born 23rd March 1936.
- 6 Bryan Ransford, born 12th September 1945.

XV

Edward Frederick Vanderwert, born 18th April 1901, married in St. Mary's Church, Dehiwala:

- (a) 18th April 1925, Molly Salvador, died 1st August 1926, daughter of Frederick Salvador and Beatrice Rosairo.
- (b) 1st September 1927, Mona Emily Trowell, born 8th May 1909, daughter of Walter Glenon Trowell and Helen Marian Prins. (D. B. U. Journal, Vol. XL, page 11).

Of the first marriage, he had

- 1 Huxley Frederick, who follows under XXX.

Of the second marriage he had

- 2 Walter Edward, who follows under XXXI.
- 3 Ronald Frederick, born 2nd January 1930.
- 4 Maureen Catherine, born 21st March 1936.
- 5 Aubrey Bertram, born 24th May 1938.
- 6 Churchill Frederick, born 4th October 1940.
- 7 Doris Therese, born 21st September 1942.
- 8 Rosemary Anne, born 5th March 1946.
- 9 Jennifer Sherene, born 13th September 1951.

XVI

Arthur Emmanuel Vanderwert, born 28th September 1919, married in the Dutch Reformed Church, Dehiwala, 15th January 1944, Brenda Incz Foenander, born 23rd March 1922, daughter of Cecil Percival Clement Foenander and Catherine Maria Loos. (D. B. U. Journal, Vol. XXXVIII, page 105, and Vol. XXXIX, page 114). He had by her—

- 1 Rodney Arthur Foenander, born 10th November 1944.
- 2 Laurette Kathleen, born 26th February 1949.

XVII

Cuthbert Alaric Hugo Vanderwert, born 12th November 1920, married in All Saints' Church, Borella, 12th June 1954, Doreen Mary Pereira, born 14th June 1930, daughter of Lawrence Ernest Justin Pereira and Enid Mary Barsenbach. He had by her—

- 1 Carol Judith Sharon, born 19th April 1955.

XVIII

Elmo Hiram Maxwell Vanderwert, born 1st February 1924, married in All Saint's Church, Borella, 27th December 1952, Kathleen Maria Kaule, born 23rd May 1927, daughter of Karl Llewellyn Kaule and Beatrice Silva. He had by her—

- 1 Keith Hilary Maxwell, born 28th August 1953.

XIX

Harold Cuthbert Vanderwert, born 24th May 1916, married in St. Paul's Church, Kandy, 7th April 1947, Elsie Winifred Schoorman, born 30th December 1926, daughter of Felix Francis Schoorman and Elsie Struys. He had by her—

- 1 Mystica Marvoneen, born 29th January 1948.
- 2 Yolette Beryl, born 10th November 1950.
- 3 Cedric Trevine, born 7th June 1952.
- 4 Adrian Orville, born 21st November 1954.

XX

Humphrey Kenneth Vanderwert, born 14th January 1919 married in the Dutch Reformed Church, Wellawatte, 26th December 1953, Therese Eleanor Adele Marian Jansen, born 21st August 1931, daughter of Harold Oswald Elwin Jansen and Beatrice Venetia Rulach. He had by her—

- 1 Christopher Emmanuel, born 26th December 1954.

XXI

James Vanderwert, born 9th October 1913, married in All Saints' Church, Borella, 21st August 1954, Mary Linda Kalenberg, born 17th October 1923, daughter of Leonard Allan Sproule Kalenberg and Raneer Ravana. (D. B. U. Journal, Vol. XXV, page 158). He had by her—

- 1 Lindsay Michael Henry, born 30th May 1955.

XXII

Jacob Anthony Cuthbert Vanderwert, born 13th June 1915, married in St. Anthony's Cathedral, Kandy, 26th December 1942, Barbara Joan Rosemary Mulholland, born 11th June 1922, daughter of Thomas Sidney Mulholland and Noble Glencora Maxwell Willenberg. (D. B. U. Journal, Vol. XXXVII, page 32). He had by her—

- 1 Sherene Bernadette Marie, born 11th June 1945.
- 2 Anthony Leyrissie Adrian Cuthbert, born 2nd January 1949.
- 3 Hermione Luzanne Anne Marie, born 8th April 1950.
- 4 Raynham Henry, born 7th February 1955.

XXIII

Jacob William Anderson Vanderwert, born 6th August 1913 married in St. Mary's Church, Bambalapitiya, 26th October 1935. Thelma Daphne Pereira, born 8th May 1915, daughter of Andrew Daniel Pereira and Georgiana Gomes. He had by her—

- 1 Barbara Mary Therese, born 20th August 1936, married in All Saints' Church, Borella, 11th February 1956, Harold Melvyn Patrick Seneviratne, born 29th November 1934, son of Herbert Maxwell Perera Seneviratne and Lilian Maud Tennekoon.
- 2 Errol Wilhelm Anthony, born 9th July 1939.
- 3 Thelma Daria, born 10th December 1943.
- 4 Mayse Anne, born 11th August 1953.

XXIV

Edgar Mervyn Vanderwert, born 14th December 1914, married in the Dutch Reformed Church, Bambalapitiya, 17th December 1938, Esme Lilith Alvis, born 31st March 1913, daughter of Ainsley Thomasz Alvis and Mary Lydia Van Dort. He had by her—

- 1 Arleen Neliya, born 9th December 1940.
- 2 Brindley Mervyn, born 12th April 1942.
- 3 Marie Ellina, born 6th September 1945.
- 4 Gerald Melroy, born 18th July 1951.
- 5 Eric Duncan, born 18th May 1954.

XXV

Arthur Douglas Haig Vanderwert, born 27th August 1918, married in the Methodist Church, Wellawatte, 27th December 1941, Eileen Hester Vanderwert, mentioned in Section X, 5—He had by her—

- 1 Christine Hester, born 17th October 1942.
- 2 Stephanie Dawn, born 14th October 1946.
- 3 Coreen Mignonne, born 5th September 1948.
- 4 Jan Haig, born 2nd November 1952.

XXVI

Ivor Aubrey Vanderwert, born 19th October 1920, married in the Dutch Reformed Church, Dehiwala, 2nd September 1944, Pausy Alda Alvis, born 30th May 1923, daughter of Aiusley Thomasz Alvis and Mary Lydia Van Dort (D. B. U. Journal, Vol. XLII. page 39). He had by her—

- 1 Dagmar Charmaine, born 22nd March 1947.
- 2 Monica Valerine, born 6th April 1950.
- 3 Ernest Aubrey, born 2nd January 1952.
- 4 Jerome Rodney, born 17th March 1955.

XXVII

Trutand Mowbray Vanderwert, born 19th May 1922, married in the Methodist Church, Wellawatte, 16th December 1950, Doris Hyacinth Vanderwert mentioned in Section X, 9. supra. He had by her—

- 1 Careena Tania, born 24th June 1954.

XXVIII

Frederick Christopher Vanderwert, born 31st March 1919, married in the Dutch Reformed Church, Bambalapitiya, 23rd January 1954, Ramona Lorraine Raffel, born 30th December 1928, daughter of Percival Christopher Raffel and Isobel Linda Alvis.—(D. B. U. Journal, Vol. XLII, page 38). He had by her—

- 1 Denise Christine, born 30th April 1955.

XXIX

Tristram Derrick Vanderwert, born 2nd December 1924, married in the Methodist Church, Kandy, 16th February 1952, Rosemary Elsie Solomons, born 5th August 1929, daughter of Henry Daniel Solomons and Charlotte Camilla Jansz. (D. B. U. Journal, Vol. XXIV, page 139). He had by her—

- 1 Nadia Rosemary Christine, born 24th September 1953.

XXX

Huxley Frederick Vanderwert, born 22nd July 1926, married in Sweden in 1954, Ingrida Ekmon, and he had by her—

- 1 Solbritt.

XXXI

Walter Edward Vanderwert, born 15th August 1928, married in St. Mary's Church, Dehiwala, 26th December 1951, Doreen Barbara David, born 26th February 1934, daughter of Kingsley Ernest David and Myrtle Norma Van Dort. He had by her—

- 1 Jerome Christopher, born 18th February 1953.
- 2 Russell Travice, born 9th October 1954.

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.

GENEALOGY OF THE FAMILY OF HESSE OF CEYLON

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

Anthony Nicolaas Hesse of Utrecht, married in the Dutch Reformed Church, Wolvendaal, 16th April 1752, Johanna Apolonia Gulde, daughter of Anthony Gulde of Nevenburg and Luvina Perera. He had by her.

- 1 Johanna Petronella, married in the Dutch Reformed Church, Wolvendaal, 29th May 1768, Jeremias Rudolphus Stol of Luduwigsburg.
- 2 Abraham Nicolaas, baptised 13th August 1758.
- 3 Johannes Jurgen, who follows under II.
- 4 Johannes Pieter, married in the Dutch Reformed Church, Wolvendaal, 22nd September 1793. Anna Perera.

II.

Johannes Jurgen Hesse, married Anna Severinus, and he had by her.

- 1 Clara Petronella, born 1777, married in the Dutch Reformed Church, Wolvendaal, 26th March 1797, Hendrik Augustinus Ferdinand, born 15th September 1767, son of Johannes Ferdinand and Alerta Bolthouder. (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. XXV, page 75). He had by her.
- 2 Johannes, who follows under III.

III.

Johannes Hesse, born 25th May 1783, died 8th September 1846 married in the Dutch Reformed Church, Wolvendaal:

- (a) 18th October 1807, Elisabeth Wilhelmina Volkers, died 1813, daughter of Jan Volkers and Elisabeth Theadora Schoffeling.
- (b) 12th December 1815, Johanna, Gertruida Van Buuren, daughter of Willem Regnerens Van Buuren and Anna Catharina Verwyk. (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. XLVI, page 70).

Of the first marriage, he had—

- 1 Henrietta Theodora, born 19th July 1808, married in the Dutch Reformed Church, Wolvendaal, 28th October 1847, Henricus Mercianus Siebet, died 13th July 1871, widower of Maria Frederica Elhart.

- 2 Carolina Engeltina, born 16th July 1812.

Of the second marriage, he had:—

- 3 John Andrew, who follows under IV.
- 4 Henrietta Gerhardina, born 13th July 1820, married in Holy Trinity Church, Colombo, 23rd January 1845, James Blackett (widower).
- 5 Henry, born 31st December 1824, died 5th November 1825.
- 6 John Henry, who follows under V.

IV.

John Andrew Hesse, born 27th October 1816, died 10th February, 1885, married in Holy Trinity Church, Colombo, 2nd May 1845, Ann Charlotta Martenstyn, born 26th July 1817, died 25th April 1895, daughter of Johann Andreas Martenstyn and Elisabeth Carolina Trek. (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. XLI, page 119). He had by her.

- 1 James Samuel, who follows under VI.
- 2 John Charles, who follows under VII.
- 3 John George, who follows under VIII.
- 4 Frederick Henry, born 7th December 1852, died 16th December 1852.
- 5 Charles Edward, born 7th December 1852, died 18th December 1852.
- 6 Jonathan Seculana, born 31st August 1854, died 7th August 1894.
- 7 Sarah Joseline, born 15th May 1857.
- 8 Eliza Theodore, born 20th July 1861, died 7th December 1902.

V.

John Henry Hesse, born 31st August 1827, married in St. Paul's Church, Pettah, Colombo, 28th November 1850, Helen Blackett. He had by her.

- 1 Charlotte Theodora, born 20th August 1851.
- 2 James William, who follows under IX.
- 3 Jocelyn Eugenie, born 5th February 1855, died 20th May 1879.
- 4 Lydia Agnes, born 4th July 1857, married John Tanner,
- 5 Frances Theodora, born 14th June 1858.
- 6 Madeline Helen, born 23rd March 1862, died 4th November 1907, married in Holy Trinity Church, Colombo, 26th December 1885, Simon Stewart.
- 7 Charles Oliver born 4th June 1864.
- 8 Bridget Eyangeline, born 16th January 1867, died 25th April 1941.

- 9 Ethelind Mildred, born 8th April 1869, married in Holy Trinity Church, Colombo, 28th March 1894, Henry Wilfred Daniel Jacobs, born 22nd June 1870, son of Henry Jacobs and Emima Christobelle Conderlag.
- 10 Mabel Florence, born 15th August 1871, died 17th February 1893.
- 11 Prescott Warner Bradshaw, born 12th June 1875, died 23rd September 1955, married in Holy Trinity Church, Colombo, 28th July 1897, Vivienne Bertha Felsing, born 26th December 1881, daughter of William Edmund Felsing and Catherina Wilhelmina Perkins. (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. XXVIII, pages 124 and 125, and Vol. XXIX, page 134.)
- 12 Helen Sybil, born 18th November 1878, died 21st March 1941.

VI.

James Samuel Hesse, born 10th January 1847, died 19th November 1920, married in the Methodist Church, Kalutara, 28th July 1870, Henrietta Eliza Scharenguivel, born 27th January 1848, died 15th August 1932, daughter of Herman Christian Scharenguivel and Elizabeth Petronella Ferdinand. (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. XXV, pages 14 and 15). He had by her.

- 1 Annieta Emelia, born 28th October 1873, married in Holy Trinity Church, Colombo 25th May 1904, Alfred Clement Solomons, born 27th November 1861, son of Philip John Solomons and Louise Elizabeth Mack. (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. XXXVIII, page 136.
- 2 Ernest St. James Atwell, who follows under X.
- 3 Irene Sylvia Ethel, born 10th November, 1879, died 21st January 1921, married in Holy Trinity Church, Colombo, 28th January 1909, Victor Rex Beven, Assistant Divisional Transportation Superintendent, Ceylon Government Railway, born 24th May 1883, died 14th November 1935, son of Arthur Wilfred Michael Beven, Planter and Eleanor Catherine Newman. (D.B.U. Journal, Vol. XLII, pages 116 and 119.)
- 4 Evelyn Muriel Alice, born 29th December 1881, died 12th December 1951, married in Holy Trinity Church, Colombo, 27th December 1909, Charles Edwin Kelaart, born 2nd November 1885, died 9th August 1945.
- 5 Arthur Gordon, who follows under XI.
- 6 Clarice Evangeline, born 29th July 1886, died 23rd November 1947, married 25th November 1915, George Christopher Henry Molligoda.
- 7 Enid Violet Gertrude, born 9th April 1894, married in St Andrew's Church, Kollupitiya, 28th February 1922, Victor Rex Beven, widower of Irene Sylvia Ethel Hesse, referred to in 3 supra.

VII.

John Charles Hesse, born 21st July 1848, died in Burma, married Maria Secrophina Van Hagt, born 22nd September 1845, daughter of George Augustus Van Hagt and Henrietta Wilhelmina de Waas. (D.B. U. Journal, Vol. IX, page 129.) He had by her.

- 1 Lillian Venetia Rosamond, born 2nd January 1874.
- 2 Winifred Irene Constance, born 7th April 1875.
- 3 Charles Powell Hamlyn, born 18th July 1876.
- 4 Elsie Hilda Grace, born 15th May 1878.
- 5 Charles Basil Kenneth, born 24th September 1880.
- 6 Muriel Mildred Stella, born 1st February 1882.

VIII.

John George Hesse, born 11th October 1850, died 17th October 1915, married:

- (a) 19th April 1877, Erolotta Sophia de Hoan, widow Hindle, died 25th March 1884.
- (b) In St. Paul's Church, Pettah, Colombo, 3rd March 1905, Laura Maria Gauder, widow Dekker.

Of the first marriage, he had.

- 1 Esther Ethelind Maud, born 10th December 1878, married Edward Francis Don, born 15th December 1876, son of George Samuel Don and Christiana Eliza Berenger.
- 2 Jessel Godfrey, who follows under XII.
- 3 Elaine Blanche, born 17th February 1884.

Of the second marriage he had—

- 4 Gladys Clarine, born 30th October 1906.

IX.

James William Hesse, born 5th September 1852, died 25th June 1913, married in Holy Trinity Church, Colombo, 27th December 1883, Agnes Winifred Mottau, born 4th December 1853, daughter of Andrew William Mottau and Sarah Seraphina Sansoni. (D. B. U. Journal Vol. XLIV, page 124). He had by her—

- 1 Eugene William, who follows under XIII.
- 2 James Basil, who follows under XIV.
- 3 Helen, born 2nd October 1890, married in St. Michael's and All Angels' Church, Colombo, 12th June 1922, Eric Justin Morris Christoffelsz, born 24th May 1893, son of Peter Benjamin Christoffelsz and Eleanor Lorenz Vander Straaten. (D. B. U. Journal, Vol. XXIII, page 164, and Vol. XXIV, page 18).
- 4 James William, who follows under XV.

X

Ernest St. James Atwell Hesse, born 10th March 1876, died 15th June 1943, married 18th February 1911. Margaret Nugara, born 4th March 1887, died 30th October 1948, daughter of George Nugara and Lucy Pronk. He had by her—

- 1 George Eric Ernest James, who follows under XVI.
- 2 Amybelle Vivienne Monica, born 16th August 1918, married in All Saints' Church, Borella, 10th October 1953, Aloysius McMauns, born 21st June 1909, son of Michael McMauns and Jeannette de Zilva.

XI

Arthur Gordon Hesse, born 3rd December 1883, married:

- (a) In St. Paul's Church, Pettah, Colombo, 5th December 1912, Clarice Maud Mortier, died 9th April 1918, daughter of Edmund Alexander Nicholas Mortier.
- (b) In St. Mary's Church, Bambalapitiya, 7th June 1920, Prinszie Mildred de Jonk, born 15th March 1895, died 11th April 1922, daughter of Christopher Emmanuel Ben(amin de Jonk and Winifred Alice Milhuisen,
- (c) In St. Mary's Church, Bambalapitiya, 26th December 1923, Claudina Olga Gertrude de Jonk, born 15th November 1893, sister of (b) supra.

Of the first marriage, he had—

- 1 Arthur Clarence, born 10th June 1914.
- 2 Phyllis Lorna, born 8th June 1915, died 2nd March 1916.
- 3 Arthur Eardley, who follows under XVII.
- 4 Arthur Merrill St. Clair, born 13th February 1918, died 5th May 1935.

Of the second marriage, he had—

- 5 Prinszie Lorna, born 3rd April 1921, married in St. Mary's Church, Bambalapitiya, 30th January 1943, Malcolm Earle Kellar, born 25th May 1916, son of Collingwood Reginald Kellar and Irene Zilla Poulier.
- 6 Patrick Melroy, born 11th April 1922.
- 7 Christopher Melville, born 11th April 1922.

Of the third marriage, he had—

- 8 Anton Gordon, born 25th July 1930.

XII

Jessel Godfrey Hesse, born 16th March 1881, married in St. Sebastian Church, Silversmith Street, Colombo, 7th June 1906, Mary Augusta de Haan, born 19th November 1885, daughter of George de Haan and Alice Wootler. He had by her—

- 1 Douglas Prosper, who follows under XVIII.
- 2 Beatrice Hyacinth, born 18th March 1911, died 14th November 1919.

XIII

Eugene William Hesse, born 23rd September 1884, married 8th January 1919, Ruth Cannen Van Twest, and he had by her—

- 1 Eugene Hiran Aloysius, who follows under XIX.
- 2 Olive Carmen Agnes, born 21st March 1921.
- 3 Joseph Ainsley Hugh, born 19th March 1927.

XIV

James Basil Hesse, born 26th December 1885, married in St. Philip Neris' Church, Pettah, Colombo, 13th September 1913, Alice Mary Walker, born 7th May 1895. He had by her—

- 1 Edward Rodwell, who follows under XX.
- 2 Daphne Agnes, born 17th June 1917, married in St. Mary's Church, Bambalapitiya, 24th July 1938, Hugh Mervyn Hall, born 30th November 1907, son of John McGregor Hall and Hilda Pompeus.
- 3 Gordon Desmond, born 4th March 1922, married in St. Mary's Church, Dehiwela, 17th October 1956, Rita Dorothy Morrow.

XV

James William Hesse, born 6th July 1894, married in St. Peter's Church, Colombo, 28th December 1927, Marian Sybil Dagmor Keegel, born 28th August 1905, daughter of Charles Frederick Keegel and Emelia Sophia Anderson. (D. B. U. Journal, Vol. XXXI, page 125). He had by her—

- 1 Sandra Lois, born 1st February 1929, married in St. Paul's Church, Milagiriya, 5th January 1952, Lester Vanderzeil.
- 2 Hubert Ralph, born 26th August 1930.

XVI

George Eric Ernest James Hesse, born 11th December 1912, married in St. Mary's Church, Dehiwela, 29th January 1940, Noeline Constance Redlich, born 22nd December 1915, daughter of Heibert Sigismund Redlich and Lilian Constance de Neys. (D. B. U. Journal, Vol. XLIV, page 27). He had by her—

- 1 Maurice George, born 26th October 1942.
- 2 Ivan Ernest, born 26th March 1944.
- 3 Elaine Constance, born 1st November 1946, died 8th July 1954.
- 4 Barbara Christine, born 13th April 1951.
- 5 Noeline Vivienne, born 23rd December 1953.

XVII

Arthur Eardley Hesse, born 30th October 1916, married in St. Mary's Church, Bambalapitiya, 14th June 1941, Barbara Grace Sielman, daughter of Augustus Charles Sielman and Lucilla Grace Van Sanden. He had by her—

- 1 Arthur Reginald, born 22nd March 1942.
- 2 Earlson Bernard, born 14th April 1943.
- 3 Hermine Patricia, born 7th April 1944.
- 4 Roddy Michael, born 12th April 1946.

XVIII

Douglas Prosper Hesse, born 15th June 1907, married in All Saints' Church, Borella, 27th December 1930, Esther Graciebelle Demmer, born 29th February 1912, daughter of Colvin Lloyd Demmer and Florence Clara de Hoedt. (D. B. U. Journal, Vol. XLI, page 76). He had by her—

- 1 Beatrice Cynthia, born 21st September 1931, married in St. Anthony's Church, Kollupitiya, 26th December 1951, Clement Reginald Plunkett, born 3rd October 1925, son of George William Plunkett and Delrine Dagmar Ferreira.
- 2 Marlene Esther, born 13th December 1932, married in St. Mary's Church, Bambalapitiya, 12th September 1953, Christopher Clarence Stork, born 24th December 1925, son of Gilbert William Stork and Mona Victoria Loos. (D. B. U. Journal, Vol. XLIII, page 83, and Vol. XLVI, page 78).
- 3 Cecil Douglas, born 6th December 1934.
- 4 Rochelle Myrna, born 13th April 1941.

XIX

Eugene Hiram Aloysius Hesse, born 22nd July 1919, married in the Dutch Reformed Church, Dehiwala, 15th April 1950, Phyllis Claire Mottau, born 6th November 1928, daughter of Samuel Andrew William Mottau, Assistant Government Archivist, and Thelma Phyllis Foenander. (D. B. U. Journal, Vol. XXXVIII, page 98, and Vol. XLIV, page 127). He had by her—

- 1 Andrew Eugene Roger, born 22nd February 1951.
- 2 Charmaine Phyllis Ruth, born 28th February 1953.

XX

Edward Rodwell Hesse, born 19th July 1914, married in the Dutch Reformed Church, Bambalapitiya, 4th September 1943, Veta Erin Heyzer, born 22nd November 1919, daughter of Vere Esric Heyzer and Gladys Enid Myrtle Heyzer. (D. B. U. Journal, Vol. XXVI, pages 30 and 31). He had by her—

- 1 Aubrey Edward Anthony, born 5th June 1946.

HOW ODD ARE THE DUTCH?

A Frank Reply by H. George Franks

Two questions often asked of a foreign resident in the Netherlands are, "What are the Dutch like to live with?" and "Are the Dutch very different from other nationalities?"

To answer either of these queries is probably dangerous. In the first place, it is both unwise and unfair to generalise, and secondly, why should a representative of one nation set himself up as a critic of the people of another nation? And, in any case, what is the standard by which the habits and character of any people can be measured?

Nevertheless, I am still asked to answer those two questions. In fact, the request was made even more bluntly in the form of the question with which this article is headed.

Well, how odd are the Dutch, if they are odd at all?

To my mind, the "oddness" of the people of the Netherlands is that they really are "double-Dutchmen". They are a people of strange contrasts amounting at times almost to contrariness. I suppose other peoples are much the same in other respects, but if they are, I have not noticed it so clearly as I have with the Dutch. Look where you will, and you will find inexplicable examples of contrasting behaviour.

The Municipalities keep the streets exceptionally clean; but they never wash the pavements, even though such a meticulously clean nation as the Dutch make walking a nightmare by letting their dogs soil the pavements appallingly.

Privacy Abandoned

The Dutch, it may almost be said, invented the privacy and the pleasure of home life compared with most other European nations who live a more communal or group existence; but then the Dutch abandon that privacy by fitting their houses with huge windows nearly always open, so that their family life is a public book.

The Dutch emphatically refuse to queue in the streets for trams or buses; but in the shops they will wait their turn patiently whilst the previous customer finishes a fifteen-minute chat with the shopkeeper about the children or the weather or a juicy little bit of gossip. The Dutch solemnly regard it as extreme bad manners for any man to walk upstairs after a lady, lest he should see her ankles; but then allow short skirts on ladies on bicycles to reveal considerably more than half an inch of ankle.

The Dutch make the children stand up in cars and trams out of courtesy to adults; but do nothing to discourage those same children from deliberately scratching a polished car or crashing into an adult whilst tearing along the pavement on a scooter or roller skates. The Dutch do everything they can to make the housewife's work as easy as possible by means of peeled vegetables and delivered goods; yet no Dutch wife can have her own bank account without her husband's permission.

The Dutch have on the grounds of democracy resolutely given up granting any more hereditary titles such as Jonkheer or Baron; but no nation is more particular about protocol and precedence when it comes to sitting down to dinner or at a public function. The Dutch, in my experience, are remarkably honest (for I have had my watch returned to me three times after being lost in the streets); but they think it either clever or funny for their children to strip my garden of flowers for Mother's Day.

Dutch Treat

The Dutch are a most hospitable people who love to entertain international conferences; but nevertheless they also invented the "Dutch treat" by which you are expected to pay your own expenses when you go out with them.

The Dutch are a very dignified and stolid people; yet they find any excuse for a party and at times go so gay, as at St. Nicholas or Carnival, that their antics are almost unbelievable.

The Dutch are a very realistic and practical people; yet have bursts of imagination and romanticism which can be startling.

And so I could go on. But why should I? It may even be, indeed, that the very fact that they are able to adopt such opposite attitudes is a national characteristic to be encouraged. It certainly shows mobility of mind and heart, and it may even reveal an elasticity of conduct that could well be emulated elsewhere. It was not without considerable evidence, indeed, that a Dutch student of my fellow-Englishmen wrote a book in which he tried to answer the question as to whether the English are "human." The Dutch at least can certainly never be accused of lacking the ordinary attributes of humanity, any more than the English will ever be praised for being more fitted to live in heaven than on this earth.

So are the Dutch really queer people? May be, or may be not. They certainly have some queer ways, and to anyone but a Netherlander they seem to act most contrarily on occasions. But to a world traveller like myself, they are certainly no queerer than the people of any other nation. Indeed, I would answer the question in the same "double" way as the Dutch themselves would: Yes and No.

Culled from the Sierra Gazette

EARLY DUTCH VISITS TO CEYLON

—A FEATURE FOR RADIO—

Script by

DELORAIN FERRINAND

Narrator: On the 5th of May, a Hollander named Joris Van Spilbergen set sail from a seaport in Zealand, with three ships. He made headway for the East—to those lands, from where came the spices and silks and perfumes, which brought wealth and prosperity to the merchant.

For twelve months he voyaged—meeting with adventures both dangerous and exciting.

Then at last one day from the top of the masthead, the lookout shouted.....

Voice: (echo) Land ho! Land ahead!
(Bring up Music.....then fade)

Narrator: They had sighted the large land mass of India. To Cape Comorin, its southernmost point, they had come.
(Street Sounds)

Voice: Ivory Sirs—elephant ivory—buy for your markets in Europe. Come buy—eleph.....

Spilbergen: Look man—we don't want your ivory. But tell us—from where we can buy spices. You know—cinnamon, pepper—spices?

Voice: Cinnamon? Ah, you want the cinnamon! The best cinnamon comes from the isle of Ceilao. We Arab traders call it Serendib, sir. It is not too far—the little island—from here sir.

Spilbergen: Ceilao! Of course I remember, the Portuguese often spoke of this place.

Voice: Yes sir—the Farangi are there sir. The Farangi are very strong. They will not welcome you sirs—if you go to trade and buy up the spices they collect too.

Spilbergen: Well, well, we can sail around the coast till we come to spot where the Portuguese are not well established. There are always ways of getting what we want you know.....(Fade out)

Narrator: The Dutch Admiral steered his course to Point de Galle—and from there continued to sail along the southern coast till he made for Batticaloa, where he furled sail on the 31st of May, 1602

No sooner had the Dutch Ships anchored here, than canoes, plied by the dusky skinned inhabitants of the island, came alongside. Some gazed inquisitively at the strangers, others questioned curiously, while yet others, more bold, hawked their wares—precious stones of a large variety—for which the white sailors exchanged goods they had brought with them from Europe.

From these inhabitants, the Dutch Admiral learnt details of the country he had come to.

(Sounds of harbour background — creak of ships, sounds of water lapping, voices etc.)

Spilbergen : (fade in) We want your spices man—and we shall give you good money for any cinnamon or pepper you can sell to us.

Voice : There is plenty of cinnamon and pepper in this land, white strangers. But these you must obtain from our chief. We are not allowed to sell privately, the cinnamon we collect from our lands. There is a chief—a disawa, we call him—who collects the cinnamon from us common people.....

Spilbergen : (interrupts excitedly) Then we must meet this—this chief or D-disawa.

Voice : He lives about three miles inland sir. But we can arrange a meeting for you, with him, sir.

Spilbergen : Good! I will send a messenger to him at once, proposing a trade agreement.....(fade out)

Narrator : The chief of Batticaloa received the Dutch messenger kindly and Spilbergen himself went ashore, a few days later, for an exchange of courtesies.....

(Magul bera - and excited chatter in the background)

Sinhalese Chief : (fade in) Our people are indeed glad to welcome you to our shores, fair strangers. We hear that you come from Europe—a cold land in the north.

Spilbergen : They call us Hollandese. We have come to these warm lands for the spices found here, which we sell to the people in our part of the world.

Sinhalese Chief : But what about the Farangi? Don't they too sell the spices in Europe? All the cinnamon they can get from these parts, they take. Won't they stop you?

Spilbergen : They will try—yes—but they cannot **stop** us. Our people have been traders for years and years. In Europe, my countrymen realised that if only we could get the spices the Farangi bring to Lisbon, we too could make great wealth for our nation. So—we are here.

Sinhalese Chief : Good! our people will like to sell to you Hollandese, for we are not pleased with the Farangi. By selling to you we shall strike back at the Farangi—see?

Spilbergen : Exactly! Then it is agreed—you will sell us the cinnamon and pepper you have in your possession? In return we shall give you gifts, from our country. This will prove to you and your people that we are indeed sincere in our desire to trade. (claps twice) Bearers, bring in the gifts.....(Murmur of crowd)

Sinhalese Chief : We thank you kind sirs—and we shall deliver the goods you want, tomorrow.....

Spilbergen : (interrupts excitedly) Tomorrow! At once! Excellent. If we begin loading immediately, we can proceed to Cape Comorin and then back home before the monsoon breaks.....'fade out)

Narrator : But Spilbergen found out that while accepting his presents and exchanging courtesies, the Sinhalese Chief made no attempt to provide the Dutch with the products of the island which had been promised. When he had been nearly a fortnight at Batticaloa, the Dutch Admiral learnt for the first time that there was a King who had his court in Kandy, which was in the interior of the island, and that it was with him he ought to deal, if we wanted to trade.

In hot anger he went to the Chief who had deceived him.

Spilbergen : (fade in) (angry) You are a cheat—and—and a liar. Daily I waited for you to deliver the spices you so glibly promised me—but you kept putting me off. Now I know why. You—you.....

Sinhalese Chief : But—but I sent a messenger to you Admiral, asking you to moor your vessels nearer the shore, to ease lading operations. And you refused Admiral—it is all your fault.....

Spilbergen : (blurts out) My fault! I was not fool enough to do as you asked—you—you treacherous humbug. I have learned of how you told your people that I was a Portuguese so that they would set upon me—and so that **you** could seize the goods I have in my ships' holds. Now I will trust none of you—underdogs. I will proceed to your king, direct—and go to this "Udarata" kingdom—at once.....

Sinhalese Chief : Forgive my past actions Hollander. I have indeed done you, who came to me as a friend, grave injustice. But Admiral do believe me—it is not wise to proceed to the King, before you have first communicated with His Majesty, through a deputy or an ambassador. It is the custom in our land, Hollander—to send the monarch gifts, denoting friendship. Then if the King so wishes it, he will give you audience. Do not proceed without these preliminaries—for the King will vent his wrath on me and.....

Spilbergen : Nonsense! I've been played for a fool long enough. Present giving indeed! all this will end with me. I have come on business and shall approach the King without any fear.....

Sinhalese Chief : The monarch is very proud sir—do not go yourself but send one of your officers. I shall conduct him to the palace myself. Be patient sir—till the King reveals his feelings to you Hollandese.

Dutch Officer : Yes, Admiral Spilbergen, I think the Sinhalese speaks wisely and sincerely. Send one of us, your officers—and we shall act as ambassadors. Besides, the way to the highland capital is long and most difficult sir, I've heard. Let a few of us younger men, go ahead and report to you sir what conditions are like in the interior.

Spilbergen : Hmm! very well—very well. I'll send—er, you van Zeyst and you Kittensteyn. Take some gifts with you again. Foul practice this eh? I'll await your return on boardship. Give you thirty days to fulfill your mission.....(fade out)

Narrator : In three weeks' time the deputies returned from Kandy, accompanied by two envoys sent by the King of the Highland Kingdom—Vimala Dharma Suriya. They brought presents from His Majesty, with the offer of his friendship and the promise of as much lading as the Dutch desired. The envoys also, in the name of the King, invited the Dutch Admiral to the Capital.....

(Drums and conch shells sound.....keep up low)

Narrator : Spilbergen started on his journey from Batticaloa on the 6th of July. He took with him ten of his men—while the Chief of Batticaloa furnished him with elephants, palanquins and carriers.

As the party neared the mountain fastnesses, the King's messengers, who came with pipes and drums and other tokens of welcome, met them. With much ceremony the Dutch Admiral and his men were conducted from village to village.

The last stage of the journey was the transport across the river which flowed past the capital. As the King's palace was reached salutes were fired in honour of the distinguished visitors.

(Cannon fire—Magul bera—trumpets etc....crescendo)

Dutch Officer : (fade in) Admiral Joris Van Spilbergen presents himself before His Majesty, the King of Ceylon and offers the friendship of his Masters, the owners of the ships, and of the Prince of Orange, Ruler of the Northern Netherlands.

Admiral Joris Van Spilbergen takes this opportunity of presenting to His Majesty, the King of Ceylon, on behalf of his country, these several gifts, as tokens of his friendship and alliance.

Herald : His Majesty, Vimala Dharma Suriya, doth accept the salutations and tokens of friendship of the Hollander, made in person by Admiral Joris Van Spilbergen, this day. It is the wish of His Majesty to ratify this show of good faith by granting the foreigner whatsoever he desires in this island kingdom,

(Magul bera)

Vimala Dharma Suriya : Emanuel Dias my chief Mudaliyar here, has advised me that you, Admiral Spilbergen and your people, are desirous of opening trading relations with us. My Mudaliyar might have already told you, however, that our Farangi enemies do rob and squeeze from us all supplies of the spices we produce in our land. We have left now, but a small supply of cinnamon and pepper. This we are very willing though to sell you.....

Spilbergen : You Majesty, though my people are indeed anxious that you sell to us all your cinnamon and pepper, I can assure you that the purpose of this visit was not purely for economic reasons. Not so much to procure the spices you have—as to offer you, Your Majesty, the friendship of my Masters and the Prince of Orange and the promise of his assistance against the enemies of your people and mine—the hated Farangi.
(Murmur and clapping)

Vimala Dharma Suriya : This assurance does please me a great deal—Admiral. I am over-joyed at the thought that I have found so ready and generous an ally.
(Murmur)

Spilbergen : To trade we certainly came to the East. But we are now more anxious to overthrow our rivals.....

Vimala Dharma Suriya : (interrupts excitedly) Then, new friends I will make a present to you of all the cinnamon and pepper I have collected. My only regret is that the quantity is so small.

Spilbergen : But your Majesty I understand from other people of the East, that cinnamon particularly, is grown extensively in this land of yours?

Vimala Dharma Suriya : It does my friends and that profusely, as you have been informed. But lately we have not been able to make a trade of this, owing to the presence of the Farangi in our island. In fact I have recently ordered that all the cinnamon grown in my highland kingdom be destroyed, in order to prevent it going into the hands of the foreign blood sucker.....

Spilbergen : We shall assist you in getting rid of this menace, your Majesty.

Vimala Dharma Suriya : Ha! I like you Admiral. Your people and mine can be great friends. Now tell me more of your country, and its affairs.....(fade out)

Narrator : And so they conversed on various subjects. Several interviews taking place between the King and the Dutch Admiral.

Spilbergen : (fade in) My stay here has been so happy Your Majesty that I could only wish that some day I might return to this fair island—to take up permanent residence here.

Vimala Dharma Suriya: You, Admiral, and your people will be most welcome to live in this fair country. In fact, I, my Queen, the Prince and the Princess will carry on our shoulders the stones, lime and other materials if you Hollandese and your Prince, be pleased to come and build a castle in my land. We shall allow you to choose for this purpose any spot—port or bay which will suite you.....

Spilbergen: Most generous your Majesty. I shall be pleased to convey this offer and the many other offers of friendship to my Ruler and my people. (fade out)

Narrator: Having spent another five days at the King's court, the time for Spilbergen's departure, at length arrived.

On the 3rd. of September, 1602 the Dutch Admiral sailed from Batticaloa, before the breaking of the monsoon.

A new chapter had been taken up in the history of the Island of Ceylon.....

(Music)

A short time after the departure of Spilbergen, on the 28th. of November, 1602, three other Dutch ships sailed into the harbour of Batticaloa. They were a small contingent under the command of one Sebald de Weerd, a naval captain, high in the estimation of the Dutch East India Company.

A few hours after landing, de Weerd hastened to proceed to Kandy—there to pay his respects to the King.

(Magul Bera.....)

Herald: (fade in) (Announces) Captain Sebald de Weerd—enter—and present yourself before His Majesty, King Vimala Dharma Suriya—Ruler of the Kande uda pas Rata.....(Sound of footsteps approaching)

de Weerd: Your Majesty may I humbly present to you my credentials—letters I bear from my Masters, informing Your Majesty of our desire to trade in the island. I bring with me, besides, the offer of friendship and alliance from my Prince, the Ruler of the United Provinces, with tidings that we, my people have been waging for twenty years past a war against the enemies of the people of Ceylon—namely the Portuguese. I moreover bring Your Majesty the assurance of my Prince and Masters that we, the Hollandese are willing to assist your Majesty, at some future date, in expelling the Portuguese intruder from this fair island....

Vimala Dharma Suriya: Captain de Weerd, we have already become acquainted with your people. But I am delighted at this wonderful news, as a confirmation of the interviews I earlier had with one of your countrymen. I here proclaim that we reserve to the Hollander all the cinnamon, pepper, silks and other products of this country—on the assurance of the Prince

of the United Provinces that the Hollandese ally themselves with our people and with our forces, wage war on the Farangi here in the island of Ceillam too.

de Weerd: Your Highness may I clarify that it is not in my power alone, to declare war, on behalf of my country, against the Farangi here in Ceylan, immediately.

Vimala Dharma Suriya: Captain de Weerd, we assure you, your nation will never regret it, if you employ your ships and men to help me against the Farangi. I myself will besiege the strongholds of the enemy by land, if you, Captain, will employ your fleet to harass them at sea and prevent their getting supplies from Goa.

de Weerd: But Your Majesty.....

Vimala Dharma Suriya: (Continues impatiently) Then I shall Captain, place all the forts and harbours that are captured, into the hands of your people. For I am confident that you would be better able to garrison and defend these fortresses, than my own forces.

de Weerd: (alarmed at the trend of the interview) Your Majesty, pray give me a hearing. May I explain my point.....

Vimala Dharma Suriya: Hmm! Yes—Yes.....

de Weerd: My contingent has incurred great expenses on our long voyage from Holland and we are not now in a position to render the assistance your Majesty requires of us. Moreover I shall be severely censured by my Ruler and Masters, should I on my own commence warlike attacks on the Portuguese here in Ceylan now. But, if your Majesty will provide us with the merchandise we came for on this occasion to the island, we give your Majesty our solemn word and assurance, to return soon and render all the help in our power.....

Vimala Dharma Suriya: Very well then, I commission you to go back to your Ruler and return to us more prepared and in a stronger position to help this country. I shall send with you moreover, an ambassador from my court to present our claims to you..... (fade out)

Narrator: Within three months, on the 25th. of April, 1603, de Weerd returned to Batticaloa, with six ships and sufficient men for the work he had undertaken.

Misunderstandings and jealousies though, were destined to exercise a baneful influence on the events which were to follow.

One afternoon, while riding at anchor off the harbour of Batticaloa the Dutch ships sighted four passing vessels of the Portuguese.

(Sound of the sea)

de Weerd: (orders) Signal the other ships of the fleet to attack.
(Sound of the alarm being given) Action stations. Beat to quarters.....

(Drum beats—sound of running on deck)

Winds with us, eh Johann? We'll soon catch up with the enemy...

Dutch Officer: Look Cap'tn the enemy—changing course. They're scattering.....

de Weerd: They are designing a return attack. Close in on them.
Sound the alarm. (Shouts—footsteps—bugle sounds the alarm)
FIRE! (Sound of canon fire) FIRE! FIRE! (Keep up in the background)

Narrator: Short and sharp was the fight. The Portuguese were no match for the superior Dutch ships, manned with every modern equipment then known in the West. The enemy surrendered on the promise of quarter, and were towed in within the shelter of the harbour. (Fade out battle sounds)

The terms were drawn up on land.....

Portuguese Officer: (fade in) We surrender all our cargo—200 behars of cinnamon, 90 hundredweight of pepper.

de Weerd: Hmm! a niggardly haul—of little value. We'll shift it over into our ship's holds...

Portuguese Officer: The crew Captain? By the terms of surrender.....

de Weerd:will be set at liberty. We leave at your disposal two small vessels in which your men can return unmolested to your port of departure.

Dutch Officer: Sir, may I interrupt to say that the King's envoys have arrived with letters and friendly greetings from their Master, King Vimala Dharma Suriya. The King himself, they report, waits in state at Bintana, to receive you Sir.

de Weerd: Good! they have come at a most opportune moment. Bid them enter and be present on this important occasion.....
(Footsteps) Ah! Mudaliyar Emanuel Dias. Welcome! You have already heard of our good fortune may be? Four vessels—but a poor cargo.

Dias: It will please my Master, the King, if I can take back the news that the Dutch Admiral has presented His Majesty with some of the captured vessels and crew.

de Weerd: Not on this occasion, Dias. I am pledged in honour to keep faith with the captives and set them at liberty. Such were the terms of their surrender. The ships I shall give the King—the Portuguese captives can return in one, not two of the vessels as I promised them.

Dias: (Surprised) You set the Farangi free, after having captured them? we thought you were the enemy of the Farangi?

de Weerd: Indeed yes! else why the risk and expense of their capture?

Dias: Then, are you not a friend of my Master, the King, that you will not give him a share of the spoils? And the Farangi prisoners.....

de Weerd: I **am** a friend of His Majesty's—but I cannot surrender any of the Portuguese crew. Under the circumstances—which I have explained to you, I cannot. You do not seem to appreciate Mudaliyar, the chivalric obligations under which I am compelled to set the Farangi free.

Dias: Obligations! Phh, chivalry! Phh. His Majesty will not appreciate all this when he hears of it—and he will most certainly hear of this! His Majesty, like me, will want an explanation—I can assure you, Hollander. He will not understand or be pleased.....(fade out)

Narrator: And the King was not pleased. For when he had hastened to the coast, as soon as he was apprised of the capture, he was met by the news that the Portuguese captives had been set at liberty and had already departed.

Emanuel Dias had never fancied the Dutchman, and had a personal grudge against *de Weerd*—and now he did not fail to advise the King against the foreigner.

Vimala Dharma Suriya: (fade in) I cannot understand such behaviour by the Hollander. He is either a cunning scoundrel or a blatant fool. Never trust the whiteman, I say.

Dias: ...And this *de Weerd* in particular, Your Majesty. Now I can tell your Majesty how I began to suspect this Dutchman's loyalty even on the voyage when I went as Your Majesty's ambassador. On boardship one day, we captured two Farangi vessels and their entire crew. The Hollander Your Majesty—this Captain *de Weerd* gave preference to these captured Farangi dogs, while there was I—'Ambassador of Ceillam'. At mealtime, your Majesty, I was placed at the lower end of the table—the Farangi officers at the upper end.

Vimala Dharma Suriya: But why did you not then and there Dias, draw the Captain's attention?

Dias: I did, your Majesty. But this *de Weerd* laughed it off. A deliberate insult to Your Majesty, I thought it was. But more important Your Majesty, it showed where his real loyalties were. Er—er, I did not tell Your Majesty of this incident before—thinking your Majesty might believe I was trying to poison your mind over a slight personal matter. But now Your Majesty can view both incidents in their true light. I suspect treachery by this *de Weerd*, Your Majesty.

Vimala Dharma Suriya: So do I Dias. This morning de Weerd again invited us to honour him by a visit aboard his flag-ship. I think we wisely refused this traitor's invitation.

Dias: I should have warned Your Majesty earlier. I believe this de Weerd's object was to seize Your Majesty's person, by thus enticing you on board.

Vimala Dharma Suriya: He said it was to celebrate his recent appointment as Vice admiral of the fleet. And Dias, then a while ago he asks us to meet him on shore—"to view his ships from there" he says!

Dias: You refused again I hope, Your Majesty?

Vimala Dharma Suriya: I sent word that my courtiers were not in favour of my going. But—but—why—why does he want to do me harm?

Dias: He wants to make himself master of this country your Majesty. He is a personal friend of the Farangi, that's why, your Majesty.....

(Sound of a scuffle from without—and voices raised in anger)

Voices: (outside) Stop! you can't go in there.....

de Weerd: (outside) Let me in I tell you. I demand to see the King.

Dias: It is the Hollander de Weerd, Your Majesty.

Vimala Dharma Suriya: Come to find out why I refused both his invitations, maybe?

de Weerd: (scuffle) (puffing and with a drunken drawl in his voice) Get out you idiot. Y—our—High ness—should have more intelligent guards around.

Dias: You brazen foreigner—Shall I call the.....

de Weerd: So—Your Maj—esty, I have to come to you—when you did not do your humble servant—the honour of accepting my invitation. (Getting aggressive) But I am no man to take insults meekly—even the insults of royalty. Did not Your Highnesses servants—advise—that it was most ungracious—and rude, for Your Highness—to reject two invitations made by me—with such courtesy and in all sin—ceri—ty? Now, it is my turn to be ungracious. It is my turn to show a barbarian—how we of the West deal with these discourtesies.....

Vimala Dharma Suriya: We refuse to listen to a drunken sot. In respect to your Prince, and your countrymen, though we shall grant you audience when you are in a fitter state to address us. Now, get out.....

de Weerd: Get out? Phh! no Your Highness—I'm here—and you'll give an ear to what I say today. So—now I am not acceptable to you, and your court—but to do your dirty work against the Farangi—my ships, my men, my leadership, is needed. Well, I am here to announce that, I am not prepared to render Your Majesty, the help required.....

Dias: You dog remember you are talking to a King. Your Majesty, give the order for this dog to be dragged out.....

de Weerd: You keep out of this Dias—you petty minded ass. For aught I know you must be at the bottom of all this trouble--Hh! ambassador of the King!

Vimala Dharma Suriya: I liked you Hollandese, and I am loyal to the friendship of one of your countrymen—Spilbergen, whom I met before you. I will keep my temper, de Weerd, and try and reason with you, as you seem determined to discuss this matter today. Let us forget the past misunderstandings. But you, Admiral, gave me your word of honour to take your ships to Point de Galle next week and to capture the fort for me—in return for a 100 behars of cinnamon and pepper which I have already given to you.

de Weerd: But I would remind Your Highness, that Sinhalese forces were to join in the struggle. Are these forces ready? I have information that His Royal Highness will let me down.....

Vimala Dharma Suriya: My forces **will** move in—when you are ready. But for the present I must return to Kandy where the Queen is left alone.....

de Weerd: (giving a drunken laugh) Your Majesty has no faith in the Queen when your back is turned? Ha! ha! Ha!

Dias: You fool—you drunken fool!

Vimala Dharma Suriya: How dare you.....I will not tolerate this drunkard any further.

(calls out) Guards—Servants.....

Voices: Your Majesty.

At Your Majesty's service.

Yes, Your Highness.

Vimala Dharma Suriya: Bind this dog and take him out of my sight—No! Bring him to me when he is more sober. Come Dias, leave my soldiers to the job.....

de Weerd: Don't leave us Your Highness, just now. Wait and watch some excellent swordplay—the like of which you barbarians would never have seen. Ha! so—you will seize me eh? But my sword is sharp—see it, and my arm is quick and strong..... Now come and bind me—as your King ordered Ha! ha!

(Sounds of fighting) Not easy, eh!

de Weerd: (Yells) Ahh! my head.....you devils.....my God.....
(falls with a thud)

1st Soldier: You fool Bandara, you've killed the Hollandese. His Majesty bade us only bind him.

2nd Soldier: I aimed a blow at his neck—he moved. I did not mean to kill.....

1st Soldier: But see—the King—His Majesty returns. What shall we say?

Vimala Dharma Suriya: (Footsteps approach) Have you taken the Hollander? Bind him and send him back to his ship.....But—but what is this blood? He is d-dead—a gash on his head. Why did you not only bind him as I commanded you to do? Fools—what political outcome will follow on this now.

2nd Soldier: It was an accident Your Majesty. I struck a blow at his neck—he moved—and I found I had cleft his head in two.....

Vimala Dharma Suriya: An accident—yes, but the Hollnder is dead Well, well now we must slay all his followers who wait in the outer courtyard, I believe. Let them have a like reward as their Master—and not live to take back any tale to the authorities.

(fade out)

Narrator: This is the story given by the King's courtiers—the only eye—witnesses of the tragedy that occurred on that fateful night. But that the high Dutch authorities gave it little credence is manifest from some of the reports submitted by the Council of India.....

There are circumstances in the story related, which do require explanation.

1st Voice: (fade in) It is a fact that when the assault took place there was not one of de Weerd's men present to defend him. Why?

2nd Voice: It is significant that the men who assassinated the Vice-Admiral, in spite of the King's order to only bind him, should have received neither punishment nor censure. Why?

3rd Voice: The slaughter in cold blood of a number of innocent Hollanders—for the only reason that they were the countrymen of de Weerd, is very strange. Why?

Narrator: Such were some of the queries of the Dutch Council at Batavia, which met to inquire into the circumstances leading to the Murder of Vice Admiral, Sebald de Weerd.

4th Voice: (fade in) Those, Gentlemen, are the many doubts which are not borne out by the story related by the Sinhalese, and submitted to this Council in explanation. These facts related, lead this Council to feel that the death of Vice Admiral, Sebald de Weerd, was a treacherous and planned—murder.

We have since received a letter of apology sent by the King of the Kande Uda Pas Rata, himself. Its terms are brief and concise and are as follows. I will read:—"He who drinks wine comes to no good. God hath done justice. If you desire peace, let it be peace; if war, war."

What shall it be Gentlemen of this Council?

Voices: War! war! The murder must be avenged.

4th Voice: War is it to be then? Are you all in agreement?

2nd Voice: No! Mr. President—we are all no doubt in agreement that the foul murder, in breach of every law of hospitality, of an able and valued commander in our service should be avenged. It is a grave outrage and indignity to our nation.

Voices: Aye! aye! Hear! hear!

2nd Voice: But, Mr. President—it will be prudent for the time being, I suggest, to be content with the letter of apology sent by the King of this land (Murmur) Our nation is still feeling its way in the East. We have no sure footing in India—in provoking a conflict against the Portuguese empire here in the East. To open war in Ceylan—against the local ruler—who otherwise could be twisted to suite our purposes, is not wise not wise now. Let this incident—the death of one of our officers—be regarded as merely the sting of—er, a wasp; painful, yes, but not fatal. Retribution will come but this moment is not the time to force it.....
(fade out)

Narrator: And so the Hollander rested content for the time being.....
.....Music.....

The objects of the Union shall be:

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

NEWS AND NOTES

The daughter of a famous Ceylon artist who herself excelled with brush and palette recently passed away. She is Miss Grace Van Dort, who was, for a short while a resident of St. Nikolaas's Home, in, Kalubowila.

Miss Van Dort in her day was a leading member of the Ceylon Society of Arts and did much to foster Art in the Island. She painted both in oils and water colours. For some time, she was Honorary Secretary to the Society. Her father was the famous J. L. K. Van Dort. A brother, Mr. Ernest Van Dort, who was Art Instructor at the Ceylon Technical College, for a great many years, died some years ago.

Miss Van Dort was recently the recipient of good wishes from Queen Mary conveyed to her. Queen Mary had been particularly pleased with a little book of paintings of Ceylon fruit with descriptive rhymes, compiled by Miss Van Dort, and Queen Mary sent it to Princess Anne and Prince Charles who liked it very much.

★ ★ ★ ★

The death of Mr. George H. Gratiaen, which occurred very suddenly on the evening of Saturday, 26th May, at his residence in Layard's Road, Havelock Town, removes from the scene a well known Colombo lawyer who had been in practice for nearly forty years. He had passed out as a Proctor and Notary in the years that preceded World War I, and in the early stages of his career was with the firm of De Vos and Gratiaen. In later years he was on his own, except for the short period he worked with Messrs. F. J. & G. de Saram. Mr. Gratiaen had been in poor health for some months before his death, but he was in harness in recent weeks and attended office till the day of his death.

★ ★ ★ ★

George Gratiaen was educated at St. Thomas' College, with his brother Lyn, who rose to a high position in the Education Department. Both brothers were worthy products of the Stone era and George was well known at Hulftsdorp for his sterling character and high sense of duty. At College he was not only a good scholar, but prominent as a non-commissioned officer in the Cadet Corps. When the Dutch Burgher Town Guard was formed during the War he was appointed a Platoon Commander. When the Town Guard was later converted into the Ceylon Engineers he received a commission and rose to the rank of Major.

George Gratiaen was also Secretary of the Dutch Burgher Union Buildings Co., Ltd, for many years. His popularity was evidenced by the large gathering present at the funeral at the General Cemetery on the evening of Sunday, 27th May.

★ ★ ★ ★

As is more fully mentioned in the D. B. U. Journal Vol. XLI p.p. 102-109 the second part of the Rev. Philippus Baldeus' three part Folio Volume dealing with "the most celebrated East India coasts of Malabar and Coromandel. As also of the Isle of Ceylon" was translated into English from the original Dutch by the late Mr. Pieter Brohier about 100 years ago. Pieter Brohier's translation has never yet been printed. It has been favourably commented on by the late Rev. Fr. S. G. Perera, S.J., author of the "History of Ceylon". It comprises 51 chapters and contains not only historical facts including graphic accounts of various sieges, but also data regarding Social Customs and Natural History. As the cost of publishing the whole translation is prohibitive, an abridgement of it, we are glad to announce, will be issued in parts as supplements to the Journal, commencing in the next number. Reprints, at a moderate cost, will in due course be available.

★ ★ ★ ★

Galle is the traditional home of the lovely "Beeralu" or more commonly "pillow" lace. It is so called because of the forty to fifty bobbins used in the spinning of it. A correspondent to a local paper says that it was brought to Ceylon by either the Portuguese or the Dutch women who in turn taught it to the Ceylonese. Can any reader throw light on this theory?

★ ★ ★ ★

A brief and blood-curdling account of Ceylon under the Portuguese, Dutch and British is contributed to the "Evening Sentinel" by one J. W. Griffiths.

Says he: "Recent history reveals times of blood and fire, instilling into the Sinhalese a marked dislike of the white races".

The Portuguese the first Europeans to occupy this country—are characterised as "an army of ruffians" who founded the city of Colombo.

The Dutch "were traders first and last", says the writer, "and thought little of abasing themselves before the Sinhalese chiefs".

Griffiths goes on to quote "an abject example in General Hulft, who in 1656, on a visit to the King's Palace at Ganegalla, knelt in deep humility before the savage".

This manner of referring to a royal personage of this country—in an article intended to introduce Ceylon to his readers—is, to say the least of it, tactless of Mr. Griffiths.

And whether Ceylon in the 17th Century was so sunk in savagery as to be ruled by a barbarian is also wide open to question. Nevertheless, law and order were round the corner.

They came in with the British (according to Griffiths) who annexed Colombo without a shot being fired. But "the bloodiest era in Sinhalese history" was yet to be.

This period of carnage coincided with the last stages of the Kandyan Kingdom when "Sri Wikrama, with the terrible figure of Pilimar as his favourite adviser, ruled with ferocious cruelty".

★ ★ ★ ★

Mrs. Ruth Kelaart has been elected President of the Ceylon Burgher Association, the first woman to hold the office.

Mrs. Kelaart has been engaged in social service activities for very many years. She has been associated with the Y. W. C. A., the Friend-in-Need Society, the Lanka Mahila Samiti and the Dutch Burgher Union. A well-known church worker, she has also been President of the Ceylon Mothers' Union.

★ ★ ★ ★

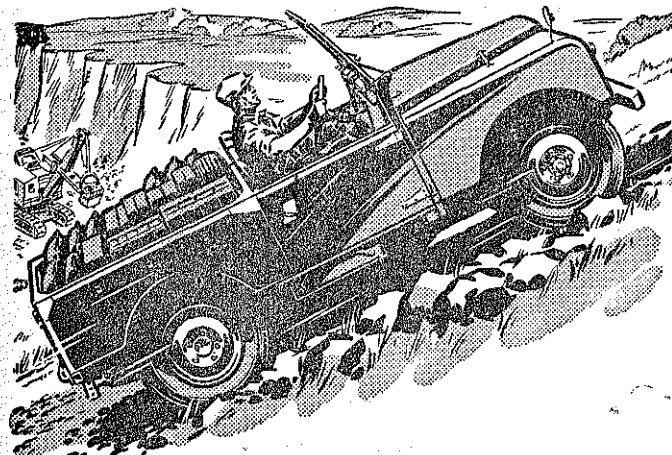
"More people are leaving Ceylon to settle elsewhere, particularly in Australia and Canada. Most of them are Burghers." So writes a special correspondent to a morning daily paper.

The number of emigrants to Australia, the correspondent goes on to say has increased from 89 in 1953 to 100 in 1954 and to 133 last year.

Emigrants to Canada increased to 49 last year one less than the total quota allowed for permanent settlement each year. In 1953 only nine Ceylonese left for Canada and last year the number was 25.

If correct, these figures are a revelation as one has recently been often led to believe that the Burghers of European descent are leaving for Australia by thousands every year!

Any load-anywhere-any weather-



*the LAND-
-ROVER can take it!*

Longer engine-life for Britain's most versatile vehicle

With effortless ease, four-wheel drive takes the Land-Rover through sand, mud, scrub, over ploughed fields, up hill, down dale and across country. And now the fine 2 litre, 4-cylinder engine has been modified to include these new long life features: spread bore cylinder arrangement so that each cylinder is completely surrounded by water, copper-lead main and big-end bearings and full-flow oil filter.

- **FOUR-WHEEL DRIVE**
- **8 SPEEDS FORWARD
2 REVERSE**
- **86" WHEELBASE
INCREASES LOAD
CAPACITY BY 25%**
- **3 COMFORTABLE CAR-
TYPE FRONT SEATS**

COLONIAL MOTORS LTD.

**297, UNION PLACE,
COLOMBO 2.**

Phone: (3342)