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# Journal of the Dutch Burgher Union of Ceylon.



*"Eendracht maakt Macht"*

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

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# Journal of the Dutch Burgher Union of Ceylon.

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[No. 1.

## ADAM'S BERG.

JOTTINGS OF REFERENCES TO THIS ROCK  
IN DUTCH TIMES.

BY R. L. BROHIER.

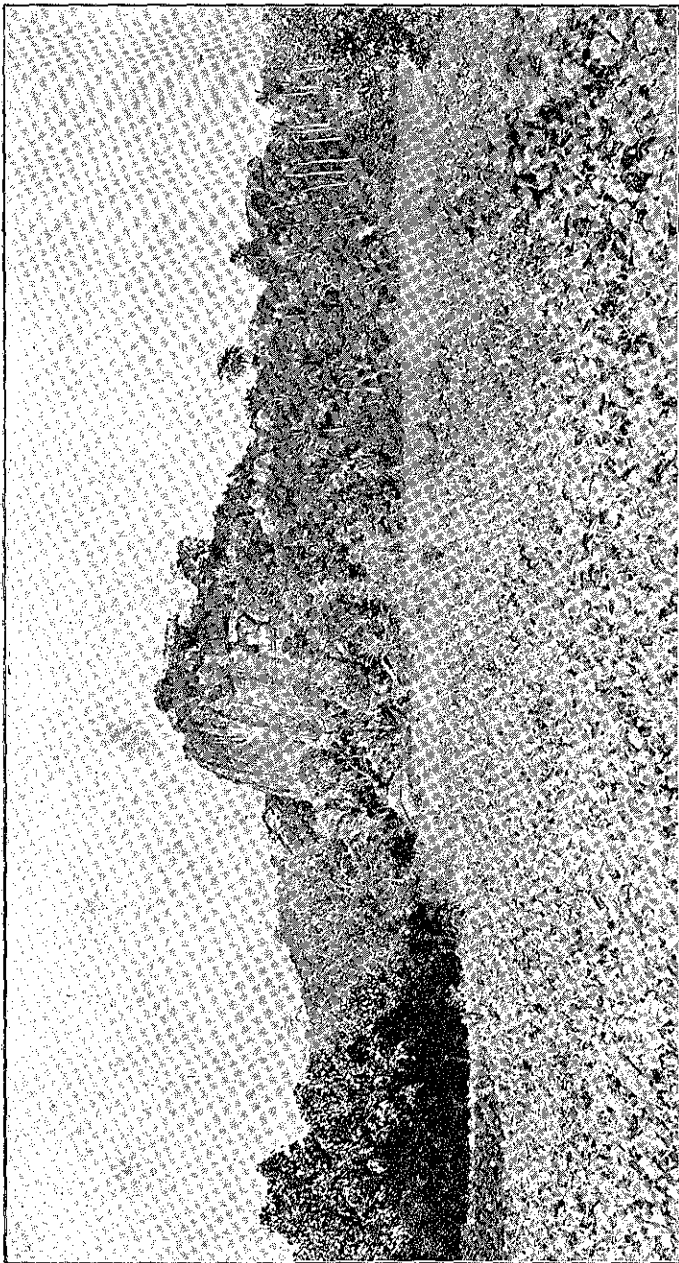
There is no bigness or vastness about Adam's Berg! This makes it certain at the very outset that the subject of this narrative has no bearing on the majestic cone-shaped peak which towers over the central mountain regions of Ceylon, and is the Mecca of Hindu and Buddhist, Mahomedan and Eastern Christian alike.

Nevertheless, in as much as Adam's Peak and Adam's Berg lie divided in respect of proportion, they stand intertwined in historical fame, for the story of both extends down to what we might venture to call the very dawn of civilization.

Not much more than thirteen miles from the picturesque sea-coast town of Tangalle, and connected thereto by a motorable route, there stands an out-crop of rocky hillocks overlooking an undulating region, where the monotony of the waving fronds of coconut palms gives way to the rhythmic rustle of sweeping expanses of citronella.

At one point on this chain of rocks, a particularly singular eminence rises three hundred feet above the level of the sea, and is crowned by a milky-white dagoba which scintillates in the mellow glow of a rising and setting sun.

Venture near this feature if you will, and you notice that several terraces break up its apparently precipitous slope, and that in the hollows beneath overhanging boulders, quaint and beautifully situated cave-temples find a shelter, while they display evidence of having been artificially enlarged and protected.



MULGIRIGALA.

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Royal Asiatic Society, C.B.

Far and around, to the pilgrims who in their thousands annually toil up its tread-worn steps, to enquiring sight-seers who court acquaintance with its monastical setting or alluring panorama, this spot stands associated with the more familiar name, Mukirigalla.

But this name is merely a corrupt form of the older one Mulgirigalla and just one of the many another with which centuries have endowed it.

Tradition jealously preserves to the present day the belief that one hundred and thirty years before the Christian era, a king called Saidaitissa founded a Buddhist temple and built a dagoba on this singular point in these southern regions.

Whether history alludes to this incident or not depends entirely on the length one might go in presuming that a hill called Dakkinagiri, meaning "the rock in the South," refers to Mulgirigalla.

But turning from all such intriguing speculation, it is certain, however, that the spot has been a Buddhist institution from very early days. Scholars have traced in its collection of books the literature of forgotten times, while the trained eye of the archaeologist and the epigraphist have associated many of its relics and inscriptions with considerable antiquity.

To break away from such links with the past is not always easy; nevertheless, for the best of reasons, we leave them to realms of misty obscurity, and venture on to a modern period when this rock acquired an equally unexplainable prominence under the name of Adam's Berg.

The late Mr. Donald Ferguson, who has perhaps given to the world one of the fullest historical accounts of the feature under reference, stresses the absence of any allusion to this remarkable temple-rock by the Portuguese writers. Commenting on this statement, a correspondent to the "Ceylon Observer" (December 1st 1911) points out that, "The suggestion that they were ignorant of its existence during the century and a half they were in the Island is highly improbable."

To support this contention he urges consideration as to the position of the temple, "situated as it is on an eminence from which the horizon of the sea is seen." He adds further: "as we know, their mission was proselytism and the Portuguese spared no pains to find out *heathen* places of worship."

While admitting that these reasons strengthen argument, we might nevertheless draw a veil over his conclusion that "the Portuguese knew about it, but did not interfere for reasons connected with a legend which associated the place with the death of the first parents of mankind," in view of circumstances presented by more recent disclosures which might be construed to weigh down opposite theories.

On a visit to this temple about two years ago, I was confronted by an apparently new rock-vihara in which very old images were receiving the touch of modern art at the hands of mason and painter.

Recasting impressions of a visit eight years earlier, I felt sure that this cave was not open before. Enquiry led to the story that for centuries it lay hidden and walled in so effectually that the secret of its existence was not detected and was only disclosed to the late incumbent in a dream.

Apart from the supernatural aspect of the tale, which with deference to the feelings of the priests I did not pursue, the circumstance raised a fascinating trend of conjecture.

Might it not have been possible that graphic reports of vandalism and of the misplaced religious zeal which prompted the early Portuguese settlers to adopt signal measures to defile the sacred places they came upon, were wafted to these regions long before their expeditions ventured so far south? Maybe then, in good time before they arrived, the relics and treasures of Mulgirigalla lay cunningly hidden in its vaulted chambers. And maybe, to follow up this sequence of presumption, the Portuguese in consequence saw nothing in this mass of gneiss to distinguish it from the many similar though less striking outcrops peculiar to the vicinity.

With the advent of the Dutch, who replaced this fanatical zeal for the propagation of a faith by a policy embodying a fair measure of religious tolerance, it is probable this institution once again sprang to life.

Obviously we find here the reason why, although unnoticed and unidentified by the Portuguese, it happens that the Dutch learnt of this temple and made mention of it within a few years of their arrival in Ceylon.

The hill was constantly referred to by them as Adam's Berg—possibly, as the suggestion goes, owing to the extraordinary delusion



previously alluded to, namely, that the spot was supposed to be the grave of Adam and Eve.

The earliest reference to this hill in what might be reckoned as Dutch times would appear to be that made by Albrecht Herport—described as a Swiss who served as a soldier in Ceylon, 1663-4 and 1665-6.

“One sees also still at this day”, he wrote, “the image of Adam, formed of earth, of remarkable size, lying on the hill *Hacman*...”

There is little room for doubt that this refers to *Mulgirigalla*. The writer had evidently gathered his information from the soldiers who were associated with the little out-post which the Dutch established in the early years at *Hakmana*. What is then more likely than that he misunderstood his informants and placed the hill at *Hacman* instead of in its correct position, about eight miles away.

However, the only object to be gained in pursuing this reference further or in paying attention to many another early reference to the hill—all of which appear in Ferguson's paper—is that of collecting evidence which would be “curiously illustrative of how easily people could misunderstand the obvious.”

Whatever might have been the motive which impelled the Dutch to call this hill Adam's Berg, the fact remains that in doing so they unwittingly paved the way for far-reaching complications. This is stressed fairly accurately by the colossal blunders and surprising mistakes introduced by confusing Adam's Berg with Adam's Peak.

In a letter addressed to Governor Cornelis Joan Simons, (May 1703 to November 1707), which is signed by Gt. Helmont, there is the first instance of a clear indication that the writer refers to *Mulgirigalla* in his reference to Adam's Berg. “Adam's Berg, according to my recollection, (he writes) situated two days journey from *Mature*, and close to the Company's *pagger Markatta*.....”

Now *Markatta* has been identified as *Mahawela*, a spot midway between *Tangalle* and *Dondra* where in times gone by the Dutch stationed out-posts, but it is not close to *Mulgirigalla*, being nearly twelve miles away.

Nevertheless, passing from this, as also over Helmont's description of the caves and images, we pick up the thread at the concluding portion of his letter where he says:

And as I do not remember to have noticed anything more concerning these (figures), I beg that you will please to be contented with what I have mentioned.

Besides firmly establishing the earliest identity of the feature as Adam's Berg, this letter proves that there was something in it which awakened curiosity in high quarters. Remarking as much, Ferguson speculates that some simple pious folk had evidently got into their heads the idea that in the images and inscriptions of *Mulgiri-gala* was to be found a remarkable testimony to the truth in the narrative in the early part of the book of Genesis.

Whether this theory is to be accepted or not must be left to individual choice, but bearing on it there is a significant note struck by Helmont in the concluding passage of his letter quoted above. One might construe from it that the writer had fairly explicit instructions to report on the temple images which had given rise to the legend.

Equally interesting in this connection are certain notices brought into focus by a gubernatorial visit which there is little doubt was an event of great importance at the time. In 1766, the Dutch Governor, Imam Willem Falck, made such an occasion the opportunity to question the priests of the institution concerning this wide-spread delusion, which it would appear was fostered by them for obvious reasons.

In the conclusions which he drew therefrom, this strange legacy of a middle age stood exploded—the story of the priests had done its worst and finally shot its bolt.

But, in introducing Governor Falck's visit, I have run out of sequence. Consequently, carrying the history of this rock a few years back, I shall concentrate on the testimony of a witness written originally in German text which was translated for me by the kind courtesy of a friend.

Johann Wolffgang Heydt, a reputed traveller and historian who visited Ceylon in 1734, offers valuable and interesting information concerning the places he visited in a book entitled: “Geographical and Topographical Views of Africa and East India, and a report about the Holla: d-East Indian Company in Africa and Asia,

as well as a Historical account of the voyage of the Author from Holland to East India and return to the Fatherland." The special significance of this publication in relation to this narrative lies in the valuable and interesting observations he makes regarding Mulgirigalla. The easy exposition, and the quaintness of phrase which are moreover maintained throughout in an atmosphere of Dutch times, allure me to set down the translated passages without abridgment.

*An account of Adam's Berg and its surrounding territory with true observations and notes about its remarkableness.*

Here I wish to speak of Adam's Berg, which as such was in command of Herr Von Dumburg, who on my arrival was thought to be Governor of Colombo. But it was through Arent Jansen, a painter, that I became thoroughly acquainted with this place, and it is from him that I obtained notes and drawings, which he had prepared for the Governor.

Acquiring these notes, I nevertheless continued research on my own account, and observed the nature and form of objects corroborating his observations. While I found all these observations accurate, I did not record anything doubtful. Jansen was an old and experienced man, over 30 years in India, and deserves high mention here as being a straightforward man and an enemy to lies.

According to the drawing (referring to plates illustrating his account) right in the foreground are many rocks and crags upon of which sat Arent Jansen. Behind these rocks are bushes along a valley which stretches far along and under the Berg. At the foot of the Berg Jansen has indicated some huts where he would sometimes spend the night. The Berg is composed of one rock of considerable height stretching over 100 fathoms, and it is about the same breadth as height. This would not strike the eye as extraordinary, but in its surroundings of other hills it stands out boldly and cannot but be remarked.

In the middle of this rock are four doors somewhat covered by trees, leading to a tremendous chamber hewn out of the stone. Therein are pictures of earth and stone, which in themselves are not remarkable, but the whole cave-like structure, dug out of the rock, must have required great labour. All the neighbouring people come here to pray and make their offerings, because not only did Buddha stay here, but the ashes are his as an inscription on a bell has it. They therefore burn all their dead when of a certain rank.

This rock has a tremendous fissure up two-thirds its height in which grow pretty greens, looking much like our winter-greens.

On the right side of the chamber goes a path along some shrubbery by which one climbs the Berg and a somewhat difficult climb it is. About half way up one comes to a flat space with doors leading to other chambers of which I'll speak anon. From here one still has some diffi-

cult climbing to do till one reaches the top. There are in one place nine stone steps to climb which one must pull one's self up by chains. Each step is  $1\frac{1}{2}$  shoes apart from the other. On the summit of the Berg which is not entirely even or flat, can be seen some interesting things and the outlook of panorama is most pleasing. The fables of the place will take up much paper, but I might mention here how the Islander thinks of snakes. Legend has it that a snake once sprang from a tree up the Berg and in a moment had made the great fissure in this tremendous rock!

At the foot of the Berg one sees many bushes and shrubs which are intermingled with cocoanut gardens and rocks and also the homes of the Islanders built about. Afar off, landwards can be seen mountains which melt away in the clouds. Much has been said and written about this Berg and there are many inscriptions and characters upon it, but it is difficult to separate false information from true facts.

What could be better than this quaint two-century old description of a feature which in that bygone period attracted the attention of Governor and traveller alike. However, suppose we bring a few points in it under special notice before venturing on to the next chapter of the translation.

To begin with, we are led to understand that Arent Jansen was under instructions from the Governor Diderik van Domburg to prepare drawings and sketches of the rock and its features which Heydt used to illustrate his account.

His description of the position of the cave-temple at the foot of the rock or the Pahala Maluwa as it is called, the path along which one climbs, the stone-steps with their protective iron railings and the "tremendous fissure up two-thirds its height", are impressions which await even the visitor of the present day. Moreover, if you enquire, you will be told the selfsame legend concerning the snake which left such indelible evidence of its hasty journey from the topmost terrace, down the precipitous face of the rock and into the valley below.

It is not always easy for the ordinary visitor to obtain a minute idea of the interior of these cave-temples. Quite naturally one's movements are hampered by deference to religious susceptibilities. The description of the caves called the Raja Maha Vihara and the Alut Vihara, situated on the Uda Maluwa or upper terrace, which Heydt deals with under the title, "An account of the Great Palace of Sacrifice or Offering on Adam's Berg", is therefore all the more welcome and leads into realms where a minuteness of detail stands illuminated with glimpses into an age of mystery, superstition, and other wild fancies.

This place of offering (he writes) occupies a large space on the summit of the Berg, and rocks jut out here and there over it. About three or four Pagodas are erected here and Pagoda trees (called by the Hollanders Devil's Trees) are growing about. Under these trees the Islanders hold their prayers and make all sorts of offerings. These trees have tremendous roots from which spring branches, and they multiply most rapidly. Another species of this tree grows higher but with a smaller leaf. The first mentioned species has leaves of a dark green colour and bears a fruit like cherries, which when fully bearing completely obscure the leaves and the tree appears a flame of red colour. The last named variety, however, has a lighter coloured leaf, a bit smaller but with a longer stem and in the shape of a heart. These trees bear no fruit, but are held sacred by the Singhalese because they believe that their first Buddha often rested under these trees.

We spot two lonely cocoanut trees which had appeared like dots, and discover that immediately behind these is a wall with three-cornered holes or openings in which the Singhalese set their candles or lamps, which they burn to the memory of Buddha and their other gods. This wall only leads up to a *Weyher* (possibly Wewa, in reality a Keme or rock water-hole) discerned from the sacrificial place to which one enters by a door. The Islanders believe that if sterile women bathe here at this *Weyher* they will become fruitful in an hour, so it is a sacred spot and sought by many.

To the right are various doors in a cave which lead to a chamber, in which a large figure 33 feet long, of earth, reposes, and which every now and then is gilded. It is for that reason that the priests dress in yellow. They say that this is the figure of their first Buddha, or first man, who they believe descended from heaven. He is resting on a stone and at his feet are found characters (written in a semi-circle, occupying little space.)

From this room which is decorated with other figures one can enter other chambers with statues. In the next room is a figure 34 shoes long supposed to be the wife of the first God and receives many prayers and offerings from the Islanders. Here and there rocks jut out but all is kept clean and neat.

Heydt does not however confine his descriptions to one set of caves and has much to say concerning the others. My excuse for giving the reader these details lies in the difficulty of making clear-cut distinctions between his impressions which inextricably mingle and illuminate such of them as one might venture to consider uninteresting.

*A description of a Chamber wherein is a large statue and other statues and Pagodas and Pictures painted on the wall recounting the whole history of an Island King.*

This chamber hewn out of rock is 45½ shoes or feet wide and 18 deep. In this lies a figure 33 shoes long cut of stone. It lies on a small eleva-

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MULIRIGALA.  
(Another View.)



tion of rock with the head  $7\frac{1}{2}$  shoes above it, and besides there are two other statues on the same rock a little over six shoes high. The rock is ornamented but not beautifully. The statue or figure, whose head is 5 shoes long and nose  $1\frac{1}{2}$  shoes, is in a lying posture with the head resting on the right hand on a cushion of earth. The hands are  $3\frac{1}{2}$  shoes long. The other hand is outstretched on the leg. The head is illuminated with a fiery flame. One ear is seen to be quite normal size, but the other is overlarge and bored with a hole as is the Island custom. Around the throat appears to be something wound. The feet are six shoes long. Around the body is a seeming cloth of yellow. It is so cleverly draped that it appears like a dress. The feet are five shoes distant from the edge of the rock, and this rock stretches forward somewhat bearing many lamps and stands on four legs on which may always be found flowers.

In front of the statue is a large round stone with eight-cornered base on which food-stuffs are offered. The chamber has two entrances, and along the wall at the entrance to the figure's head there is a stairway which extends five shoes into the rock, and along which are many little figures on stools. They are not of one size and figure and therefore must represent different characters. Along this wall are fourteen forms of all sorts which are standing with folded hands in a worshipping attitude. They all have a yellow halo about the head and nearly everything about them is as yellow as their garb.

To the right is a painted historical account in sixteen parts of a king and a Brahmin who were very holy. They say that this king came to visit his two children, who were being reared by a Brahmin, unknown to him that they were the king's children. Later the children were handed over to the father who left them his kingdom, while the Brahmin became a wanderer and depended on all. This king had a very successful term of rule and was much beloved and gave much to the poor, but later became a poor Brahmin, wandering about and spending most of his time in devotion on this Berg, and ended his life a holy man. Different versions of this tale have been told me at different times and I am reluctant to give it so here.

In front by the door to the left stands a slab which is always filled with flowers. The floor of the cave is often spread with cow-dung held in high esteem by the Islanders, and is then swept clean. The roof in the centre is somewhat low and in the middle of it is a circle with roses carved in it. The chamber is much lower at the back than at the front. There is still another chamber with a figure 28 shoes long and besides which are seventeen figures all with hands folded as in prayer. One is white, as though European.

The fifth chamber is with two doors and one sees in it a fine coffin with borders and decorations. Thereupon is a figure of a form as the others with the head on the right hand resting on a cushion. Two small figures stand beside it and one is a woman named Goddess Magia. All these figures are old and damaged in contrast to the others which are in

rather good condition. In the front of the statue is a round and somewhat large stone in the shape of a cylinder upon which burns a lamp. The figures are all painted yellow as the others.

Also in one of these chambers where is the large statue, in front of which is a stone slightly excavated in which always burns a fire. The Brahmins told Jansen that no tallow or oil is ever required for this light as it burns always. On examination Jansen could only find the hole very moist and therefore could not prove the Brahmin's statements.

Arent Jansen told me that he made frequent trips up the Berg and became so well-known to the keepers that they showed him all the treasures and took him to all the rooms or chambers—an honour rarely conferred on a European, and he believed he was the only one to have had these privileges.

He told me further that whenever he visited these chambers he always removed his shoes and the Brahmins liked him so much for it that they would do anything for him in return. He carved his name on one of the rocks.....

After my departure from the Island I heard that the Governor, Herr von Imhof, made repeated trips to this Berg, which information reached me in Batavia. I regret now that I did not remain longer in this Island to get better acquainted with all these things. Although Arent Jansen did not wish me to ever leave the island, I had to go and I always felt I would be able to return. Nevertheless, what I did see of the island fully coincided with the descriptions given me by Arent Jansen.

Although not definitely stressed, a brief reference in the opening paragraph of Heydt's contribution establishes the fact that this lucid collection of notes and stories owes its origin to the special interest displayed by Governor Diderik Van Domburg in this historic rock. Moreover, we gather the additional information in the concluding paragraph that yet another Governor—Baron van Imhoff—was drawn into the vortex by that strange something which by now we might rightly describe as an elusive, yet tangible spell. However, authorities have little to tell concerning these visits of Baron van Imhoff to Mulgirigalla. Leaving this part of its history to be unravelled if possible by the authorities who have access to the Dutch Records, we pass on to the further available references in Dutch times.

Floris Jansz, an ensign in the Dutch Company's service, (born 1711, died 1738) is said to have visited this Buddhist monastery and moreover left evidence of it by engraving on stone there his name, Fl. Jansz, and the date A° 1735 D.

In drawing attention to this Mr. J. P. Lewis goes on to state:—"I saw stationed at Tangalla in 1882 and visited Mulgirigalla and saw the stone. It was removed the same year by Mr. W. A. Jansz, Proctor, who was then building a house in Tangalla, and built by him into the wall or floor of one of the rooms. He did this with the permission of the Chief Priest of the Temple, and his reason for it was, as he told me, because it commemorated as he supposed an ancestor of his."

But as regards this inscribed stone, the question arises whether this was the stone with Arent Jansen's name on it? The date 1735 was probably the very year Jansen busied himself in producing his views of Mulgirigalla.

Nevertheless, there is little hope that the cloud of doubt which thickens as years roll on will break and disclose evidence to set this controversy at rest. I was told by the G. O. M. of Tangalle, Mr. A. W. Anthonisz, that he recalls as much as has already been said of this interesting stone, which alas! today lies buried—possibly broken up, with the rubble forming the foundation of a modern bungalow which stands erected on the site of the house originally built by Mr. Jansz.

Occasional references to Adam's Berg may be traced from records of the rebellion of 1760-1761. In the declaration of Philip Hartman, of Dynkerk, we read of his capture by a large force of Sinhalese and of how he was bound and brought to Adam's Berg, which we are led to believe was the rebel headquarters of these southern regions during those troublous times. Here, he tells us, he saw Dessava Leembruggen and Captain Dies, survivors of the sack of Hakmana, one of whom had cried out on seeing him: "O God, I see here still another old soldier of my garrison."

There is little reason to doubt that there are many more references to this strangely fascinating feature in the record of one hundred and fifty-six years of Dutch rule in Ceylon. Maybe, they will yet be sorted out and collated, for the quest after the exaggerated fancies of past eras and notice of intimate peculiarities of the present remain an undisputed legacy which one generation has from time immemorial bequeathed to another.

**Note:**—The writer acknowledges his obligation and takes this opportunity of expressing his thanks to Mrs. E. C. Gilles, for the translation of Heydt's narrative from the German text.

The translation of similar passages in Mr. Donald Ferguson's paper, entitled "Mulgiri-Gala," (R.A.S.C.B. Journal No. 64, 1911) was traced later.

Readers intimately interested in the subject will appreciate the point of view afforded by these two independent translations.



## A RAMBLE IN A RARE REGION.

BY FREDERICK LEWIS.

The country to the North of the Kumbukkan Oya from the little old village of Kumanai is probably very little known to most people in Ceylon. Yet this is a locality full of interest, and anybody who will take the trouble to examine closely any of the objects by the wayside will find very much to occupy his attention, be his interests Archaeological, or Biological, or Historical.

The first object of historical interest that strikes one about this dry flat place is that a very ancient road runs through it in a line practically parallel to the sea coast. Who it was that first traced that track there is probably not known, but it is more than likely that it existed from a very remote period as a pilgrims' path for the many Hindu worshippers by which to reach the great temple of Kataragama. Even to this day, at the season of pilgrimage to that famous shrine, multitudes of people come from the north by this old-time path, in their strings of old and young people.

Not only was this a pilgrims' path, but it was an arterial road-way connecting coast towns at a time when there were only a few cross-country tracks from west to east that passed through the then little known and mountainous Kandyan country. If we consult some of the early maps of Ceylon, this road is found very clearly indicated. In the so-called "Sketch of the Island of Ceylon" in Cordiner's work, it is plainly laid down, though that particular map has a certain amount of inaccuracy as to the position of the Island's rivers, the Kumbukkan being one of them. This of course was due to the scanty knowledge we had of this Island in the beginning of the last century.

Mr. North, Ceylon's first Governor, followed this road in his memorable expedition round the Island, when he left Colombo at 6 a.m. on the 21st June, 1800, with a goodly party that was accompanied by 160 Palanquin bearers, 400 coolies, for carrying luggage, 2 elephants, 6 horses, 50 lascars! One wonders how much this imposing expedition cost, even at the low rate of wages that prevailed in those days. I have done most of it on a "Push Bike," but that is quite a modern story!

Let us suppose that the reader is travelling along the present day roads, and under present day conditions, and we will add that he gets the flying start by beginning his journey at that comfortable little Rest-house—Muppani. We will also suppose that he is somewhat imbued with a Naturalist's tastes, and he wants to see a really wild bit of Ceylon, and that he has with him a limited outfit, and only enough coolies to carry food and provisions for a distinctly tough bit of work. We will further concede that from the Muppani Rest-house he gets a lift along the road to Pottuvil as far as Liyangolla, and from there he is left to his own devices. He will be very happy at Liyangolla, for there is a comfortable P.W.D. bungalow there, and not far off is a charming stream of good water that he can drink of, or bathe in, to his heart's content. He will have noticed that he has left the great mass of the Moneragalla hills on his right, and that the road has made a complete semi-circle round the base of this detached cluster, passing through as it were a wide gap separating this block from the Passara hills. As he turns southward, the great gray conical rock of Obbecotta,—the dry breast of the deposed Queen Kuveni—is on his right, and shortly after passing this point he may observe, if the wind is blowing at the time, that the forest beyond Obbecotta seems to have patches of silvery-leaved trees. These sparkling leaves belong to a rare tree, the Velvet Tamarind (*Dialium ovoideum*), that occurs here, the fruits of which look as if they were so many velvet buttons, charming to look upon, and pleasant to the taste.

The road now curves away in an easterly direction, and the country becomes more thinly populated as you leave the hills behind.

From Liyangolla a footpath strikes southwards passing Karana village shortly after leaving the cart road, and continuing on till you reach the interesting village of Wattegama, where the traveller is well advised to make his first halt near a Temple, that stands on posts well clear of the ground. Here there is a Tank of moderately good water, but the traveller must not be too fastidious in this little detail, for he will find himself worse off before long. At Wattegama, the little Temple will be found very interesting, for it contains on the outer wall of its inner chamber a very remarkable painting that illustrates an event in the history of the locality. The painting shows a European wearing a low helmet hat, to which his hand is

raised in salutation to a fully dressed Sinhalese gentleman, who is holding an open book in his left hand, while with his right, the latter is saluting the European. A glance will convince one that the European is no other than Sir Henry Ward, who has surrounded him in the background four soldiers each carrying a musket. While the drawing is certainly quaint, I think there is no doubt but that it was painted to commemorate Sir Henry Ward's visit to Southern Uva, as the traditional date of the building of this Temple corresponds with this particular event. The great rock opposite this Temple has an inscription cut into the stone, but the lettering has considerably weathered away.

From Wategama, the country to the south is extremely poorly populated, and the people look dreadfully poverty-stricken and pinched. Here, the country has been denuded of its Forest, except for a few patches, and in its place there is a sea of Chena, with here and there a wild Bael-fruit Tree to break the monotony of a destroyed natural vegetation.

A hard dry walk brings one to the desolate village of Egalla, or, I should perhaps say, it did, for I can hardly suppose this miserable spot is still inhabited. Probably a few Tamarind trees may mark the spot where once I camped in an agony of thirst, and where I could only get about a couple of pints of grey fluid to slake my thirst and that of my followers, when I visited this wan and sorrowful village some years ago. The only well in the place had been made by driving a cylinder of timber into a dampish piece of ground, that seemed to be waiting till a few ounces of fluid trickled into it. Why any human beings should ever have selected such a spot to live in I cannot understand, but the fact remains that they did, even though they could get abundance of employment in far more favoured localities.

But I do not propose to go into this question further, as I am only describing a country that is far off the beaten track. From Egalla a thin trail goes onwards in a southerly direction through a Chena-destroyed land, till you reach a little open ground, and if there has been any rain, the traveller may find a small pool of water. This is at Hewenawela, which is roughly 17 miles from Egalla. Another 17 miles and you reach the Kumbukkan River, where good water and abundance of it is to be found flowing beneath

the shade of a fringe of the most magnificent Kumbuk trees that practically exclude the sunlight from this lovely stream.

The contrast between this delightful River-belt, and the country one has crossed, is indescribable. Here all Nature is at its best. The great trees overhead, the lesser ones crowding to the water's edge, in full luxuriance; great twisted creepers reaching up to the highest branches that make them look like the wild rigging of some fairy ship; all rich and revelling in perfect beauty. Birds of magnificent colour flit and fly from tree to tree in the full joy of life. Barbets keep up a chorus, varied by the hoarse cry of the wary Doublecasqued Hornbill, or the subcrested King-crow. A golden flash indicates an Oriole, and a noisy green Kingfisher may clash with the many musical notes that resound in this charming valley.

About two miles away from the river, along the track I have mentioned, there is a mass of rock which it is worth climbing, for directly you get above the bush-level, you will see, if you look towards the west, a remarkable bolt of rock towering up like a huge chimney, only it has the peculiarity of appearing to be wider at the top than it is at the bottom. This huge tower of stone is "Chimney Hill", that can be seen from a few miles out at sea. The name is most appropriate. I do not know the local name of this shaft of rock, nor do I know if its summit has ever been reached by anybody of the present day, but I strongly suspect that if the top is explored, a fort will be found there, thus adding a link to the chain that starts with Rittigalla in the North, and Mandagalla in the South, with all their alluring intermediates of Sigiriya, Medamahanuwara, Nuwaragalla, Govindahella, and Hibitalanagalla in between. May I hope that some young and active member of the Dutch Burgher Union may be fired with sufficient ambition to explore this lonely point of stone, and if he does succeed in climbing this forbidding-looking bolt, I trust he will not forget the claims of Archaeology, Botany, and Zoology, that I make bold to say will well reward his toil. He will need to be a man of nerve, resource and daring, as Chimney Hill is a tough proposition to tackle; but its scientific wealth is worth the raiding.

Let us get back to the river after this digression, though I feel it hard to tear myself away from so fascinating a spot, but the patience of the readers of the JOURNAL must claim consideration.

The place where the track strikes the river was once a village named Kebilitte, but nothing remains there now but a few tired Palmyra palms, Tamarind trees, and a raging tangle of thorns. Why the place was abandoned I do not pretend to know, as there is an abundance of water to be had here all the year round. Possibly wild beasts may account for the absence of the human beast, but I accept that explanation with reserve, because there is evidence, right up this valley, that it was at one time fully inhabited though today not a soul is to be seen for miles around.

Of wild beasts, indeed, there are plenty, both large and small. On the right bank of the Kumbukkan is the Game Sanctuary with its swarms of Game, and on the left is a tangle of bush and thorn that does not prevent the lordly elephant from finding food and cover therein. Leopards, bears, stag, buffaloes, pigs, and spotted deer, all wander down to this grand stream and drink of its pure waters. Here, while I was surveying its left bank from the Uva boundary to Kumani, the elephants night after night used to come down and gambol in one or other of the deep pools in its course. At one place where there was a broad sheet of sand I counted over sixty head of spotted deer, as they walked daintily up to the water's edge, all unmindful of my presence or regardless of it. To the Naturalist, this is a perfect paradise of a spot, so long as the river is not a raging flood; on those occasions one can only follow the banks with caution and deliberation. Near the place where the provincial boundary strikes the stream, there is a mass of rock that cuts across it very nearly at right angles. Here the water is held up by this natural dam, that in ancient times served as a barrier from which a broad channel was constructed on the right bank of the river to carry water to the great Tank of Mandagalla, the channel itself being about 20 miles long. Still lower down but on the left bank, is a second channel, that carried water to a large Tank to the North-west of Kumani. Both these channels and their Tanks are ruins to-day, but they point to the fact that a large population at one time occupied this desolate country.

At Kumani one joins the old road that I mentioned in the beginning of this paper, and this road I now propose to follow in my description of the rest of the way to Pottuvil.

Kumani, to-day, is a very poor little village, but it has within a few huts and traces of old gardens that once extended right

down to the sea. A nice little Circuit bungalow by the roadside contrasts rather strangely with the little huts of the village, but that is all that can be said of it, for no provisions can be got here and the spot is cheerless.

Turning northward, which by the way is serviceable for carts, the road skirts an immense wooded swamp, that in April is the particular breeding place for numbers of wading birds, but great care must be exercised in penetrating this place, owing to the swampy nature of the ground, and the multitude of crocodiles that abound here. Some of these brutes are a good 14 feet in length, and stout in proportion, so that great would be the danger of attempting to wade into Kumani Villu, when it is even partially flooded.

Curving round the Villu, the road gets into the open country, with here and there large shallow sheets of water where one may be fortunate enough to find a perfect regiment of Flamingo, standing as if on parade. Pelicans are also plentiful here, and appear to be far less shy than the Flamingo, unless they are disturbed by loud cries, or the sound of a shot. Stints, stilts, and storks are all more or less plentiful around this interesting but barren country, where fresh water is absent, but intense heat ever present, once you have left the river behind you. About 8 miles from Kumani, one comes to a broad plain, through the middle of which, in wet weather, there flows a moderately large stream. This plain is known as Bargury. With luck, if the weather is not too dry, one may find game swarming here. I have seen upon it in a single morning, elephant, spotted deer, pig, buffalo, and peafowl, all seemingly unmindful of my being within a few yards of them, while in point of numbers perhaps the pigs were in the majority.

Leaving this delightful spot to the south, the road bends gradually to the eastward and reaches a place called Okanda, or as the Tamils call it Uhandu. Here there is a famous rock, in which there are curious holes of varying depths, and in consequence, if the holes happen to be full of rain water, the temperature of the fluid is in proportion to its distance from the outer surface of the rock. This difference of the temperature of the water is regarded by the superstitious as something very wonderful, if not magical, and the rock of course comes in for a good deal of celebrity that it is not entitled to. Indeed some will be found to declare that each hole has a liquid in it that is a cure for some special disease; thus

you may have a fluid that will do good in bronchitis; or if you go deeper, you have a specific for fits, or fever, according to depth. In short, this rock is an Apothecaries Hall, if you wish to believe it. Close by is a very ancient Hindu Temple, that is held in deep veneration, especially during the season when Pilgrims pass this way on their journey to Kataragama.

The exigencies of space prevent my recording the many stories there are relating to Okanda, real or traditional, but that it is very ancient there can be little doubt, as its name, as Bocana, goes back to the time of Ptolemy. The country around is very thinly populated, and houses are but few and far between till we reach Panama, where once Kings reigned in considerable state, at this the Capital of a Kingdom of that name. A stream of some size (in flood time) is crossed at this spot, its name being a curious mixture of Sinhalese and Tamil, for here it is called the Waragoda Aru. Translated, Waragoda means the mass of Wara bushes (*Calotropis gigantea*)—a purely Sinhalese name—, and Aru in Tamil for a small river. It is curious that this river rises at Wattagama in a purely Kandyan country, and discharges itself in a more or less Tamil district. At Panama, one finds, with relief, the presence of Paddy fields, the first that the traveller sees after leaving the base of far-off Obbocotta near Muppani. Pushing on once more in a more or less northerly direction through a frowzy country, one reaches the main branch of the Heda Oya, incidentally passing, on the eastern side of the road, a high mass of tumbled rock known by the not too easy name of Sattaravalli Kaluttumali, from the summit of which a party of Scouts spotted a strange nautical object on a certain morning in the year 1917. But of this more need not be said here, as it refers to a time that most of us would prefer to forget.

The Heda Oya is a truculent stream. It takes its rise among the hills to the N. E. of Moneragalla and flows more or less placidly towards the east, but if there has been bad weather round its source, it will rise and rage, cutting off all communication with either side for days, till its temper has abated. For two painful nights, and three fretful days, have I been "stuck-up" by its side, wearily waiting till I could get across, while the very morning before it got into this passion, its bed was traversed only by a trickle of water. Beware of this stream in the N. E. Monsoon!

From here on, the road is suitable for Motor cars, and after a few miles Pottuvil is reached, where there is a Resthouse. Close to this last mentioned building there is a branch in the road, the one turning to the west leading back to Muppani, while the one to the north goes on to Batticaloa.

Here, at this fork, I must leave my indulgent reader, who perchance has become weary of my company already. I have to catch my train at "Batti," so wishing you farewell I take my leave of you, but ere I depart I will whisper the suggestion that your next visit should be to the country to the North of Muppani to Pottuvil road, as there will be found many more things of interest awaiting you, including the romantic heights of "Westminster Abbey."



## MRS. JEFFERMAN'S TEA PARTY.

BY A. N. W.

In the last number of the Journal I had the pleasure of introducing my readers to the account of *How Once Arnoldus spent the 25th Anniversary of his Wedding day*, as related by our inimitable and gifted friend C. A. Lorenz, and I have no hesitation now in presenting an equally brilliant piece of word painting by the same facile pen, on "Mrs. Jefferman's Tea Party."

As Byron has so aptly put it, "*There's not a joy the world can give, like that it takes away.*" It is a sentiment that we have all felt at one time or another, and the particular line quoted soon calls back to memory scenes of the past with all their tender recollections, but not without a note of sorrow for the joys that are no more. It unlocks memory's store, and gives us vivid pictures of the times that are gone, happy days of childhood perhaps, old friendships, and home life with all its associations.

With the commencement of British rule in Ceylon, it was natural that new habits of life, new manners and modes of living, should be introduced, and it is only to be expected that after the lapse of 130 years, few of the old customs of our ancestors should survive, though it is not so unusual to find a quaint mixture of the old and the new. It is not intended to discuss here whether we have benefited or otherwise by the substitution of new ideas, but it is good to remember those days, when simplicity and sincerity were the keystones of every day life.

Tea-parties, for instance, are now more or less extinct. Our fashionable folk of the present day have substituted the English "*five o'clock tea*" with its delicate varieties of cakes and succulent sandwiches, which are so popular with our *jeunesse doree*, but I am sure that many of the old folk, if there are any left, secretly pine for the days that are gone, and the pleasant tea-parties, when they and their contemporaries met together to enjoy a feast of reason and flow of soul, in other words an amplitude of the good things of life and the delights of conversation. As Lorenz remarks, "they served as safety valves for the escape of antiquated opinions and prejudices, but have now given way before the advance of Fashion (capital F please), and acquaintance is nowadays kept up

by a brief call in the afternoon, preceded by a slip of glazed paper, which in most cases acts as a substitute for a call."

Our ancestors managed things very successfully but with great simplicity. Instead of formal dinners, where hungry people are expected to eat large quantities of food, where one must either eat nothing if desirous of carrying on polite conversation with his neighbours on either side, or be rudely silent in the endeavour to satisfy his hunger, where a man of courteous manners generally leaves the table hungry and bad tempered, they arranged the eating and drinking part of the business in a manner calculated to make their visitors comfortable only, always keeping in view the more important object of the tea-party, the pleasures of conversation. The visitor was not in those days invited to a meal in which he needed to satisfy his hunger, which he could do with greater comfort at home, undisturbed by a stiff collar and shirt front, and the heat-promoting qualities of a dinner coat.—There was none of this social stiffness in the good old days, and hence the great popularity of the tea-parties then in vogue. How pleasant they were, I will leave my readers to judge as they enjoy Lorenz's life-like picture of "Mrs. Jefferman's Tea Party."

Susanna, a servant-maid, who is perhaps descended from an illustrious ancestry of slaves, and was born and bred in the house, and has always proved a faithful, trustworthy *niggerinje*, is accordingly decked out in her Sunday-suit—her hair is neatly combed and tied up behind by the aid of a profuse application of cocoa-nut oil and a pair of glittering *pentjies*; and so, in excellent trim, goes Susanna to Juffrouw Jefferman's at the next street. She drops her lowest curtsies to the old Lady who sits at the door near the compound, with spectacles on, darning a worn out stocking—and '*nona ja man fallá*'—'madam has desired me to give her best compliments, and to enquire how my Lady is?'—'*Moietoe recadoe*'—'my best compliments to my lady'—would be the reply—'and tell her I'd be delighted to see her to tea this evening.' A low curtsy follows, and the pair of glittering hair pins recede.

The question at issue may now be stated as follows:—Mrs. Derkman comes this evening to tea at Mrs. Jefferman's—and Mrs. Jefferman, intending to shoot two birds—may but the good old Lady, so far from attempting such a daring thing, would have fainted at the idea—intending, (we would rather say,) to economise,—to wash both hands in one and the same basin—has invited her neighbour, Mynheer Claas and his amiable family, to meet Mrs. Derkman, and to take a little tea in a quiet way.

We may now take it for granted that these worthy people met together that evening. It was a quiet, decorous meeting. They came not there to exhibit their new, fashionable dresses, nor to retail little stories of scandal,

Silks, satins, and beautiful feathers were not, in those days, considered necessary to make an impression;—diamond necklaces and glittering bracelets did not add to beauty nor improve mediocrity. They spoke of many things—but never spoke ill of their neighbours; nor was it thought a pleasant occupation to ridicule or to sneer. How agreeable were such a meeting. Old Mr. Claas came down in his carriage—it was a ‘*Triecle*,’ drawn by one cooly in front and impelled forward by two coolies behind. His daughters sat along with him. His son, Mr. Jan Piet Claas, who was a clerk in the Cutcherry, and was much esteemed for his regular habits and quiet manners, walked to Mrs. Jefferman’s. As the party reached the house, and Mr. Claas was helping his amiable daughter out of the carriage, Mrs. Jefferman had laid aside her Betelbox and came forward with many smiles to meet her guests. Mr. Claas shook hands cordially with Meffrouw, and the young ladies kissed her. (It was not what we would, in modern times, call a hearty smack; the kiss of the olden times was somewhat different from the present ‘come-to-my-arms-and-give-us-a-buss’ sort of thing. It was more a deliberate gluing together of the two faces, a flattening of the noses against each other’s cheek, and a strong drawing in of the breath, unaccompanied by any harsher noise). Young Mr. Claas came in immediately after—having previously dusted his shoes with a red pocket-handkerchief, and rectified his straggling hair with a pocket-comb—and with a respectful bow and diffident shake of the hand, he sat down and immediately carried his left hand to his right whisker. And then they all sat down, a party of nice, cheerful souls, assembled together to have a few hours’ chat and drink a cup of tea.

The most prominent ornament about old Mr. Claas was a large belly, which together with a good-humoured red face surmounted by a downy nose, stamped him at once the prince of good-fellows. His fustian jacket, with a towering velvet collar, would have been considered a little too long, and a little too loose, at the present day;—the collar of his shirt covered almost half his face and all his ear; and the bow of his cravat was much too voluminous for the neck even of Mr. Claas. But people were not fastidious about such trifles then;—and as the good old gentleman, flinging his quid of tobacco out of the window, settled himself on an arm chair, and briskly rubbed his fat face with a blue cambric handkerchief, and jingled the watch-keys and seals that hung in a bundle at his waist, any man of ordinary penetration might have discovered that in spite of Mr. Claas’ mischievous winks and electrifying jokes, he was a man of sterling character,—what our young ladies would call ‘a dear old man.’ His daughters were dressed in plain cotton gowns with pudding sleeves, and a red ribband round the waist with a silver buckle to fasten it. Their hair in front was made into ‘*poffs*’ or ‘*poffertjes*’ or in other words rolled up into cylinders and fastened at each temple; and a neat silver pin supported the other graceful collection behind.

Shortly after came in Mrs. Derkman herself, in her plain white jacket and her flowered petticoat. The Lunar comb, set in gold, glittered on her head, and six small agate buttons jingled at each wrist. High-heeled slippers were just being forsaken by the ladies, but she yet wore a pair tolerably elevated. Susanna followed her mistress, bearing the Betel-box and a wollen shawl for any contingencies, wrapped up in a white towel with red

borders. Old Mr. Claas had a choice little compliment to pay the old lady, and the Hostess had various enquiries to make about her health. The young ladies admired the agate buttons at her wrist, and slyly remarked that it was not every day that *Moetje* Derkman came out so strong with her jewels. Young Mr. Derkman, we are sorry to say, was very demure and untalkative, and amused himself by twisting his right whisker and incessantly vibrating his left leg which rested on its heel on the floor.

There were a great many things to speak about; a great many stories of former times, and little scraps of news to relate. Old Mr. Claas never failed to put in a few words at every gap in the conversation, or to start some interesting topic. His jokes were excellent; and his roars of laughter might have been heard a good many yards off. The Betel-box too was not forgotten. Mrs. Derkman discussed the merits of her own Betel, which she grew herself. Mrs. Jefferman eulogised her own Chunam, which she boiled herself. Mr. Claas had no objection to a quid of tobacco;—and the well-polished brass spitting-pot having come into requisition, the old people drew close together, and felt very agreeable. Young Mr. Claas thought he would have no objection to a quid himself; but he never chewed before his father. The young ladies botanised under the Jessamine-creeper.

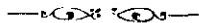
Then came the hour for a slight repast. (There were grand doings in the kitchen all the while!) Very small plates were laid on the round table in the Hall. A large Delft tea-pot stood at one end, with its blue mosques suspended in mid-air, and gigantic bridges like equilateral triangles spanning boiling seas;—and a bit of twisted copper-wire connecting the lid to the handle. Diminutive cups and saucers surrounded it; and in the centre of the table stood a large jar of ‘*Juake-frieto*’—a preparation of bread-fruit cut into thin slices and fried into brittleness. Then came the plates of soft ‘*sabellinjes*’ and hard ‘*pentifrietoes*’—the ‘*sine quibus non*’ of a tea party. There were then the hard-boiled eggs divided into two in the shell, and sprinkled over with salt and pepper, and its companion dish of pickled cucumbers and onions. And then Mrs. Jefferman, with a pleasant smile, hinted that the tea was getting cold;—and *Mneer* Claas and Juffrouw Derkman, and the children—(Mrs. Jefferman called all young people *children*) sat down at the round table, and there was the biting of pentifrietoes and the smashing of Jackefrietoes and the crackling of eggshells. Mrs. Derkman preferred the ‘*sabellinjes*’ as her teeth were rather loose; Messrs. Claas, father and son, committed immense depredations on the contents of the jar; and the young ladies did not allow their modesty to interfere with the claims of a healthy stomach, and accordingly scooped the hard-boiled eggs very comfortably. The old gentleman kept a running fire of jokes; and the old ladies never failed to reproach him as an old ‘*Porkeiro*’; just as if the tea party would have been the better for his absence. The tea was first-rate—so Mr. Claas said, as he leisurely crushed a bit of sugar candy which rolled into his mouth undissolved.

It would be vain to attempt an account of the topics which were discussed upon that evening. Mrs. Jefferman talked of household affairs; of turkey-cocks and turkey-hens and of poultry in general,—of planting and

transplanting—of the price of market-things, and the villany of servants. Mrs. Derkman backed Mrs. Jefferman's opinions with her own observations; and in connection with native servants, spoke of an ancient rebellion—of the King of Kandy, his capture and his transposition—of the Regiment of Sepoys who encamped near the town, and the hideous things they did, smoking opium all day, and dancing round large fires all night. Mr. Claas had his own stories to tell; and his own observations to make on a certain offer made to the elder Miss Claas; which made both the young ladies very uncomfortable—one of them swallowed an egg, shell and all; and the other nearly smashed her saucer.) The younger Mr. Claas answered any questions put to him by the old ladies, and ate very moderately.

When they rose, the old ladies betook them to their betel-boxes, and the old gentleman repeated his quid. And after a pleasant walk in the compound, the visitors (with the exception of the two gentlemen) affectionately embraced their hostess, and departed. It was not late when they went. They rose next morning without a head-ache; and they all agreed in thinking that Mrs. Jefferman's tea party was a very agreeable one. Mr. Claas did not deem it necessary to call on Mrs. Derkman, or to enquire of her health, —because he was sure that nothing of the tea party could have disordered her constitution.

Every thing was so nice, so comfortable in those ancient tea parties!



## ADMIRAL MICHAEL DE RUYTER'S 'MOST SPLENDID TRIUMPH.'

This event in the life of the great Dutch Admiral is taken from a paper prepared by the Right Rev. Bishop Geza Antal, Komarone, Hungary, and read by Professor J. Pongracz, of Papa, Hungary, at the Alliance of the Reformed Churches holding the Presbyterian system, at Cardiff in 1925.

After the close of the 'Thirty years' War' and the recognition of the independence of Holland, the number of Protestant States, exerting an influence over European politics, increased by one. The Roman Catholic Reaction, in the decennium between 1670 and 1680, was a time of hard affliction, and the most grievous in the history of Hungarian Protestantism. The ministers of both denominations—Calvinist and Lutheran—were compelled to resign their charges and were imprisoned and sold to the galleys, that the reaction might triumph the more easily over the flock bereft of their shepherds. The pretext for the prosecution of the Protestants of Hungary was given by the plot planned by Hungarian Magnates against Leopold, their king. Then a great discontent prevailed in Hungary owing to the peace concluded with the Turks by the Emperor at Vasvár. The Turks were utterly defeated, and yet the situation of the Hungarian nation became worse. Owing to this discontent the Hungarian Magnates, led by the Palatine, were thinking how it would be possible to get rid of this rule threatening the independence of Hungary. The Vienna Court looked on these discussions as a conspiracy, and took the most severe steps against the participants and put most of them to death. All of them belonged to the Roman Catholic Aristocracy, and some were even very active in persecuting the Protestants. Notwithstanding this the High Dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church found the time fit to start a war of extermination against the Protestant Churches, availing themselves of the plot as an excuse. They found it most expedient for this purpose to deprive the congregations of their ministers. Therefore 35 ministers were summoned to appear on 25th September, 1673. Twenty-four of them appeared, and they were condemned without any legal procedure. Three alternatives were put before them: Either to go voluntarily to exile, or to abdicate from their pastoral charge, or to be converted to Roman Catholicism. The last alternative was only chosen by three, yet

the result was such that next year by the 5th of March, 735 Protestant Churchmen were summoned out of whom 336 appeared. The trial was a mockery of justice. The sentence had been passed beforehand, for according to the Bishop of Győr the whole procedure was only a snare to entrap the Protestant Churches of Hungary. On the 4th of April, 1674,—hardly one month after the beginning of the trial—all the ministers present were declared guilty. Before the sentence was read they were called by the Archbishop to his palace and were asked to sign one of the declarations. It was in vain, they did not fail. The President of the Royal Treasury also failed to persuade them. Then came the Solicitor, who read the declarations and gave them 1½ hours for consideration. After a quarter of an hour he came out again and told them that those who were willing to leave the country should stand on the right, those who wished to stay but were willing to abdicate should stand on the left, and those who were unwilling to do either of these things should remain behind. All who were summoned remained behind; and stood there for almost two hours like sheep before the slaughter. At last they were called before the Court. The sentence was that they should be deprived of their fortunes, their hands and their feet cut off, and their bodies afterwards be either burnt alive or stoned to death. The sentence however was never carried out, because the Archbishop and the Judges cherished the hope that the frightened ministers would at last be willing to sign one of the declarations. The constant terror had its effect: one month later 135 signed one of the declarations, 92 abdicated from their charges as ministers, and 43 pledged themselves to leave the country. Those who still resisted, 94 in all, were taken to the various ports and subjected to the most cruel torments in the gaoles of Hungary. A contemporary author writing about their sufferings says that the torments were so terrible that posterity would not accept these records as trustworthy. The prisoners themselves complained bitterly of their deplorable state, in a petition for a new trial, to the Emperor, in December 1674, which had no effect. The Archbishop and his fellow-judges, that the Emperor might not pardon them, sent them to the galleys. The first transport consisting of 42 Ministers and School-masters, was sent in March 1675 to Naples. The horrors of the journey and the brutalities of the escorting soldiers were such that only 30 captive ministers arrived at Naples, where next day they were sold to the

galleys, for 50 ducats each, for a life long slavery. On the galleys six more fell victims to the awful torments.

The lamentations of the unfortunate captive preachers and the complaints of the Hungarian Protestants aroused the whole Protestant World. The Dutch Ambassador at Vienna repeatedly intervened on their behalf, but for a time in vain. The Estates of the Netherlands then gave their great Admiral, Michael De Ruyter, a special commission to set the captive preachers free. De Ruyter after the battle at Stromboli on 8th January, 1676, continued his voyage to Naples. He had already written to the Viceroy of Naples on behalf of the captive preachers, enclosing in his letter the detailed report of the Dutch Ambassador in Vienna, proving the innocence of the captives. The Viceroy of Naples made haste to comply with De Ruyter's request. He had the documents revised again by the local court, and on the 22nd of January, 1676, he decreed that the captive preachers being found not guilty should be set free without further delay. The joy of the captives was premature. In spite of the judgment they were still confined on the galleys, and the rumour that the Dutch Fleet would return home deprived them of nearly all hope.

It was at this time that De Ruyter made unexpectedly his appearance at the Port of Naples. On learning that the captives were still on the galleys he was deeply moved, and said with tears, "How can I enjoy the honour falling here to my share if my beloved brethren, the preachers, are sitting on the galley benches and are being tormented?" The Viceroy deemed it expedient to give orders at once to release the prisoners. The order was forwarded by the chaplain of De Ruyter and a few Dutch officers to the galleys, from which the captive preachers were set free on the same day. De Ruyter, greeting them in their galley clothes, exclaimed, "I have won many victories in my life over my enemies but this is MY MOST SPLENDID TRIUMPH, by which I have set free the innocent Servants of CHRIST from an unbearable burden." As one of the ministers was about to thank the Admiral for his goodness, in the name of the others, De Ruyter said: "There is no need, Sir, of your thanking us for our goodwill, we have been but means in the hands of GOD. Thank GOD, the originator of your liberty, for all this."

After this, encouraging Lutherans and Calvinists to be of one accord, he sent the released on board the "Margaret", an English ship, to Venice. From here they went over the Alps to Switzerland, where they remained till Leopold in an Edict allowed them to return to their native country.

From Switzerland they sent delegates to express their thanks to the Netherlands, which had done much to alleviate their lot, and to England, for the sympathy shown to them.



## GOVERNOR VAN DE GRAAF'S CHILDREN.

The sub-joined correspondence regarding the estate left to Governor van de Graaf's children, which took place in the early years of the British rule, will, we feel sure, be of interest to our readers. This correspondence has been kindly placed at our disposal by Mr. A. N. Weinman, to whom it was sent by Dr. Paul Pieris.

By way of introduction, the following notes regarding this Governor may not be out of place. Willem Jacob van de Graaf held the office of Governor from 7th February, 1785, to 1st August, 1794. He had previously served in the local Civil Service in various offices, and was also employed at the Cape of Good Hope. He was the son of Sebastian van de Graaf, Major of Cavalry at Utrecht in the Army of the United Provinces, by his wife Geertruyda van Vincelen. He was twice married, first at Galle, in 1764, to Agnita Clara Samlant, daughter of the Commandeur of Galle, and secondly to Christiana Elisabeth van Angelbeek, daughter of Johan Gerard van Angelbeek, who afterwards succeeded him as Governor of Ceylon. By his first marriage he had two sons, Abraham Sebastian van de Graaf and Dirk Cornelis van de Graaf, and by his second marriage two more sons, Johan Christiaan Gerard van de Graaf, Sebastian Christiaan van de Graaf, and a daughter Jacomina Gertrudia van de Graaf, who married at Colombo in 1852 the Hon. George Melville Leslie, Pay-master-General of Ceylon, fifth son of the Earl of Leven.

### Correspondence referred to.

Sir,

I have the honour to enclose to your Excellency a List of property which belongs to the Children of the late Governor van de Graaff and a Statement explanatory of all the circumstances which relate to it.

This property was formerly under the Charge of the Weeskamer of Colombo and is at present, in pursuance of His Majesty's Charter, placed under the direction of the Supreme Court of Judicature in this Island.

As the Children of the late Governor van de Graaff and many other minors who have property under the direction of the Supreme Court reside in places which are subject to the Dutch Government, I beg leave to submit to your Excellency that it will be advisable to adopt, as soon as possible, some mode of remitting to Batavia all such property as belongs to minors who reside either in that Settlement or in any part of Holland.

I have the Honour to be,

Sir

Your Excellency's most obedient

Humble Servant,

(Signed) ALEXR. JOHNSTON.

Colombo, 5th January, 1806.

### List referred to.

On the 31st October Mr. Abraham Samlant being then President of the Weeskamer convoked a meeting of that Board when he the said Mr. Samlant for and in the name of the Hon'ble William Jacob van de Graaff then Governor of Ceylon delivered to the said Board—

One Dutch Company's bond in favour of the said W. J. van de Graaff bearing 15th September, 1790, for	Rds. 12000
Interest due thereon	90
	12090

One Dutch Company's bond in favour of W. J. van de Graaff bearing date the 1st March, 1789, for	Rds. 8000
Interest due thereon	60
	8060

One Judicial bond of Isabella de Mirando in favour of W. J. van de Graaff bearing date the 26th October, 1791, for	Rds. 1500
Interest due thereon	91
	1591

One Dutch Company's bond in favour of J. G. van Angelbeek dated the 31st October, 1788, transferred by him to his grand children for	15000
	Rds. 36741

And he the said Mr. Samlant declared that he had been commanded by the Governor to say that it was his desire that the said Bonds should be received by the Weeskamer as part of the legitimate portion or maternal inheritance of his children Johan Christian Gerhard, Sebastiaan Christiaan Hendrik, Jan Fredrik Jacob, and Jacomina Geertruida van de Graaff, and that the said portion should be administered by the Weeskamer to the best advantage of his said Children, and that should he die without having made further arrangements with respect to the said portion in that case the whole amount of the portion should be remitted by the said Colombo Weeskamer to the Weeskamer at Amsterdam.

The members of the Weeskamer fearing to incur the displeasure of the Governor and being perhaps overawed by the influence of their President, who was the Brother-in-Law of the Governor, accepted these bonds which were transferred to them—afterwards 37,390 Rix Dollars more was paid by Governor van de Graaff in full of his Children's inheritance.

On the 12th July, 1794, the Weeskamer granted three separate receipts to the Governor van de Graaff—

1 for	Rds. 45,966
1 for	12,500
1 for	15,675
Total	74,141

On the 30th December, 1799, Messrs. C. van Angelbeek, Samlant and Wickerman sent to the Weeskamer a letter for them which they had received from Mr. van de Graaff bearing date Utrecht the 19th April, 1799, in which he the said Mr. van de Graaff desires that the Weeskamer should consult with his agents Messrs. van Angelbeek, Samlant, and Wickerman as to the best method of remitting the before mentioned sum of money to the Weeskamer of Amsterdam.

Ceylon being in the possession of the British Forces and England being then at War with the Batavian Republik all communication was shut, consequently there was no opportunity of remitting the money.

And during the very short time that the peace of Amiens lasted the Weeskamer was unable to fulfill the intention of Mr. van de Graaff.

On the last day of July 1804 the sum of 2000 Rds with interest therein to an amount of Rds. 1776.12 was paid to the Hon'ble George Melvill Leslie for and on account of the Maternal Inheritance of his Lady Jacomina Geertruyda van de Graaff.

So that there is now still remaining in the Weeskamer's funds the sum of 79001 Rds. four Stivers and two-fifth part of a Stiver in Cash Credit brevven & Company's bonds, the property of the Children of Mr. van de Graaff.

Which amount altho' accumulating Interest is lying useless for the said Children.

The Supreme Court having in obedience to His Majesty's Charter establishing the said Supreme Court, taken charge of Weeskamer's funds, wished as much as possible not only to promote the welfare of the persons in the before mentioned Sum of money but also to fulfill the intention of Mr. van de Graaff contained in his before mentioned letter to the Weeskamer of the 19th April, 1799, and a communication having been opened between this place and Batavia by means of the Cartel, the Supreme Court offered to pay to Mr. Samlant who was going to Batavia, not only as the agent of the late Mr. van de Graaff but as an uncle of the parties interested, the before mentioned money and bonds the property of the said Mr. van de Graaff's Children to be lodged by him, Mr. Samlant, in the Weeskamer at Batavia or be remitted to Europe to the Weeskamer at Amsterdam or to the parties concerned.

Mr. Samlant however positively refused to receive the money or to have any thing to do with it.

[Note by Editor: The *Weeskamer* or Orphan Chamber was a Dutch institution under the control of the Diaconate of the Church. It was in charge of a Regent appointed by the Government whose duty it was to see to the internal management of the institution. He had the services of a matron called the *Binnen Moeder*, to whom was entrusted the care of the young children and girls. The orphans were taught reading, writing, arithmetic, and the usual prayers, and when they were older they were taught a trade, or industry. At the age of from 18 to 20 they were required to leave the institution and were provided with employment.]

## THE REV. G. R. FRANCKE.

George Roosemalecocq Francké was born at Kalutara on the 5th Dec., 1863, the eve of the Feast of S. Nikolaas. He was the third son of J. W. Francké, Proctor of Kalutara, and Sophia Henrietta Roosmalecocq. The genealogy is given in the JOURNAL, vol. viii., page 7.

George was educated at the Royal College, Colombo, and before this came under the influence of the Rev. Peter B. Pereira of the Wesleyan Mission. From early youth his disposition was markedly religious, and in 1887 he entered the Wesleyan ministry. His first station was Kandy, after a year at which place he was transferred to Kalutara. He resigned from the Wesleyan Mission in 1890, and on the 15th July 1891 he was formally ordained in the Galle Church as a Presbyterian minister. The ordaining ministers were the Rev. Messrs. Brewster, Watt, Burnet, Maclean, and Mitchell. Mr. Mitchell was Colonial Chaplain and Pastor of the Galle Church. George Francké succeeded him in charge of the Galle Church, and laboured there for an almost unbroken period of thirty-one years. The Church had in 1891 a membership of over two-hundred, and the "parish" included Matara, where a service was held once in three months. The journey had to be done by coach, and was not so convenient as it is now. The Dutch Church of Galle was at that time "the strongest Protestant Church in the Southern Province", and George Francké spared no pains to increase its efficiency. He started a Boys' School, but this was not supported so well as it might have been, and had to be closed after a short time. His Temperance work was more successful, and the Band of Hope he started did excellent work.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of his work in Galle was celebrated in July 1916 by a Thanksgiving Service. In his sermon on that occasion he reviewed the history of the Dutch Church in Galle, particularly the twenty-five years of his own ministry, and described with much feeling the solemnity of his ordination. He added that a minister's life was not all plain sailing. Apart from those whom it seemed impossible to please, he found in himself his severest critic. He had never swerved from the old Gospel and the doctrines founded on the Word of God, which he faithfully proclaimed; and he urged the members to strengthen the things which remain and to be ever faithful to the Church of their fathers.

A short stay in Kandy interrupted his tenure of service in Galle, and in September 1923 he was inducted into the pastorate of the Church at Matara, where there had been no resident minister for some fifty years. He left Matara in July 1924 for Dehiwala, where he laboured diligently for a while, but soon became a victim to the illness which ultimately overcame him. Changes of residence brought him little relief, and after a short period at Kalutara he came to Colombo at the end of 1927. Here he was tenderly attended to by Mrs. Francké and Mr. and Mrs. O. L. de Kretser. For the last year or so he suffered much and his condition caused grave anxiety. He died in the early hours of Sunday the 18th May, and was buried in the evening, a very large number of friends assembling to pay their last tribute of respect to his memory.



## BY THE WAY.

(NOTES BY NIEMAND)

One of the most noticeable and most encouraging developments under the new Presidentship is the persistent energy with which the Dutch language is being studied. It is quite possible that the dream of the founders of the Union will at length be realized, and that the Dutch descendants of Ceylon will be a Dutch-speaking Community. For many years Dr. Prins has by precept and example insisted upon the learning of Dutch. He seemed to most of us to be ploughing the sand, but here and there the plough touched good soil.

\* \* \*

There have been, as some of us will remember, several attempts made before this to promote the study of Dutch. Indeed, one of the main objects of the Union was declared at its foundation to be "to promote the study of the Dutch language" among the members. From the first, efforts were made to this end. Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Anthonisz had classes in Colombo. There were classes in Galle and Kandy, and probably in other places. When these classes were discontinued, for want of support, or for other reasons, new classes were started, and the effort was thus never entirely lost sight of. Though little may have been done, the idea at least was maintained, and its value began to be better appreciated.

\* \* \*

And now we have, not a new movement, but the old movement in a form better organized and with reasonable hopes of good success. Classes meet three or four evenings each week in the Union Hall, and these are adapted to various grades of learners. There are, it is understood, other classes which meet elsewhere. It is encouraging to learn from the latest *Neerlandia* that one has been established, apart from the classes meeting in the Union Hall. The place of meeting matters not at all; it is the study which matters, and the more students and the more centres of instruction the better for the cause.

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Critics enquire sometimes why it is that there is so little zeal in regard to so important a study. The only reply is that there would not be a thousand and more solvers of cross-word puzzles if Rs. 75 were not offered weekly for prizes.

\* \* \*

There is a good deal written in England about the education of the young, and the problem of our educational methods is a serious one in Ceylon. In England there is a fresh attack on the study of

the Classics and, apparently, an increasing demand for "Bread and Butter Education." Such discussions there will always be, especially in times of unemployment and financial depression.

What would it be like if, when our Ceylon University is established, there should be an outcry against the waste of time and energy involved in the study of Sanskrit and Pali?

In England they are wanting to know if University courses cannot be made compatible with education for business. One wonders why there should be any incompatibility between an University education and education for business. It seems, however, that University men think themselves too good for the sordid work of business.

The fault, of course, is not with the subjects taught—though it is not obvious to the plain man how Latin and Greek can help to make a competent accountant—but with the ideas instilled by the friends and advisers of University men. The old prejudice against trade dies hard, and there is no prejudice which had not at its beginning a reasonable foundation.

Neither Holland nor England can afford to despise trade, for it is by trade that their material prosperity has been built and extended. For trade they have warred and colonized, have built ships and railways, and are now experimenting in aeroplanes and the like. They have done it without the direct aid of Universities, *i.e.*, without materially altering the educational aims and methods of the Universities; and there is no reason why the Universities should be dragged further into the matter. New business Universities might be created, if necessary, as has already been done.

But the youth of the Community in Ceylon will be well advised to turn their attention to business, not so much as clerks and dependents on other men, but rather as creators of their own business. Too much is made of the lack of capital; it is courage that is lacking. We have instances of men among us who have started from very small beginnings and have made themselves independent of the smiles and frowns of Fortune. The field is still open, and it is one of the few fields left open.

At the same time, it is all important that our young men should "see visions." True it is now, as it was in old time, that the people perish for lack of vision. If more of our young people would only cultivate sane ideas, kindle in themselves healthy enthusiasm, and resist the insidious temptations to ease and materialistic views, the future would be full of brightness.

## NOTES AND QUERIES.

**Our Late President.**—The May number of "Neerlandia" contains a short sketch in Dutch of the life of Mr. R. G. Anthonisz written by Dr. L. A. Prins. We reproduce the article below.

"Te Colombo overleed 4 Januari 1930, op 78-jarigen leeftijd, de heer Richard Gerald Anthonisz, geboren te Galle, de oude poort van de Oostindische Kompanie, waar her voetspoor der vaderen nog duidelijk zichtbaar is. Wat was natuurlijker, dan dat hij voor al, wat Hollandsch is, veel liefde gevoelde. Van zijn grootvader kreeg hij uit een oud leesboek zijn eerste onderwijs in de Hollandsche taal.

Als jonge man studeerde hij eerst in de rechten. Aankankelijk trad hij in Gouvernementsdienst als hoofdonderwijzer van de Central School te Galle.

Zijn levensdoel bereikte hij in 1902, toen hij tot landsarchivaris te Colombo werd aangesteld. Toen bestond het archief uit een massa opgestapelde papieren, alles in onbeschrijfelijke verwarring. Met geduld en volharding bracht hij orde in den chaos.

Door zijn arbeid van 19 jaren, door het gedurig snuffelen in geel geworden, door mot en vocht ingevreten papieren, waarvan het Oudhollandsche schrift wegens den verbleekten inkt bijna onleesbaar is, ontrukte hij aan de vergetelheid een kostbaren schat van kennis aangaande het bestuur der O. I. C. over Ceilon.

In 1921 werd Anthonisz wegens ouderdom gepensioneerd. In zijn rusttijd heeft hij zijn boek "The Dutch in Ceylon" geschreven en uitgegeven.

Hij was de stichter van de Dutch Burger Union. Drie en twintig jaren van zijn leven heeft hij haar gewijd, eerst als secretaris, later als President."

**Dutch Classes.**—It was expected that by the election of Dr. Prins as President the study of Dutch would receive a much needed impetus, and the event has fully justified these anticipations. Dr. Prins has been fortunate in securing the co-operation of Mrs. Lourensz and Mr. D. C. Nakken, and classes are now in full swing at the D. B. U. Hall. We are glad to see from the June number of "Neerlandia" that Mr. E. Reimers, with the assistance of Mr. H. Collette, has started another class for the teaching of Dutch. We wish the venture all success.



### Burgher or Ceylonese?—Mr. R. A. Kriekenbeek writes:—

"Should the Burghers, abandoning all attempts to preserve that entity of which the Dutch Burgher Union is the outward and visible sign, acquiesce in the suggestion that they should allow themselves to be absorbed in the mass of the permanent population, and thereby lose the identity to which they have clung so tenaciously in the past? This is the question which the community has to face to-day. Lately there appeared in *The Ceylon Daily News* a letter challenging them to give a decided expression of their views in the question, and warning them that a policy of selfish isolation, in matters political and social, would end in social degeneracy and political insignificance.

When the Burghers, feeling that they had an entity worthy of preservation, realised, twenty-one years ago, that the time had arrived for them to coalesce into a well-defined community, they were merely yielding to that instinct of race, of a common ancestral origin, which has always shown a remarkable persistence, even under the most adverse conditions. This is proved by the case of the Jews, who, though not held together by the bond of a common domicile, have maintained their distinctive racial characteristics for nearly two thousand years.

Yet the formation of a Union, it has to be realised, is but the first step to creating a communal sense to bringing about a unification of communal interests. It only indicates that the individual members of the community have at last awakened to a recognition of the fact that their interests, as a community, are identical. It shows that they have just begun to appreciate the value of unity in an attempt to ensure the security of those interests.

But if the community is to possess real solidarity, if it is to attain a position of acknowledged stability, much more than this is required. In it there must always be present a fairly large number of members, "in whose mature opinions are reflected the conventions, usages, sympathies, and traditions of the race. These faithfully carry on the generalised experience of the community, and it is to them that we must look for the preservation of ancestral traits." Does the community contain to-day a sufficient proportion of such Burghers, and how far is the Union, as it is being conducted and supported, likely to ensure the existence and continuance of this necessary nucleus?

Finally, if the Union is to achieve the aims which the original members set before them when it was inaugurated, then the public opinion of the community will have to exercise a far greater influence than it does now on individual members; each one will have to identify himself with the community as a whole, accept and loyally perform the social duties laid upon him, and incurred by him, as a member of the community. The necessity for this becomes all the more apparent when we perceive that a short-sighted selfishness has been hitherto the greatest stumbling-block in the path of the community's progress towards solidarity."

**Ourselves:**—In presenting our readers with the first number of a new volume of the JOURNAL we would take the opportunity of asking them to co-operate with us in extending the usefulness of a periodical which, with a few slight breaks, has now reached its twentieth year of publication. That the JOURNAL should have survived so long is an achievement in which we may take a just pride, but we should not be satisfied to rest on our laurels. If we are to maintain the same high standard which has characterised the JOURNAL all these years, we must make a special effort both to increase the circulation as well as to enlist new contributors. It is not very creditable that a Journal which has a strong claim on every member of the Union should find its way to less than half the total number of members. The annual subscription is so small as to be within the means of every member, but it is a matter for regret that the collection of this amount from even the 100 members who support the JOURNAL is, generally speaking, attended with the greatest difficulty, several reminders being necessary before the money is remitted. The state of affairs in regard to literary contributions is no better. From the days of Lorenz up to now the Dutch Burgher Community has deservedly occupied a foremost place in literature in Ceylon, and there are at the present day a score or more of our members who, if they cannot write with the grace and facility of "the greatest Ceylonese of all times" are yet quite capable of making a useful contribution to many a subject that is of interest to the community. But what is the actual position? We cannot count on more than half a dozen persons as regular contributors, and of these one at least has enriched the pages of the JOURNAL by his contributions since its inception. These members might well plead that they have borne the burden and heat of the day and that it is now up to the young-

er members to take their place. It is only their sense of loyalty to the Union that induces them to turn out something for each issue of the JOURNAL.

We trust that these few lines will make members realise their responsibility in this matter, and that we shall soon have the satisfaction of being able to record a wider range of contributors as well as a larger number of subscribers, who will shew their appreciation of the JOURNAL by promptly remitting their subscriptions and by offering friendly criticism where they think such criticism is called for.

**To Our Subscribers:**—This issue of the JOURNAL begins a new volume. Will those who have not paid their subscription for the period July 1930 to April 1931 kindly remit the amount (Rs. 5) to Mr. J. R. Toussaint, "Muresk", Clifford Place, Bambalapitiya.

**Acknowledgment:**—The Secretary of the Ethical and Literary Committee acknowledges with thanks the receipt of "A Drama in Dutch", by Z.Z., for the D.B.U. Library, from Miss Grace van Dort.



## NOTES OF EVENTS.

### SUMMARY OF PROCEEDINGS OF THE COMMITTEE.

*Tuesday, 18th March, 1930:*—(1) Resolved that certain irrecoverable sums amounting to Rs. 1,475'96 be written off and that five sums amounting to Rs. 589'76 paid by members but not brought to account be added to the amount misappropriated by the late Clerk. (2) The following were admitted as members:—Rev. P. L. Jansz, Mr. E. F. N. Gratiaen and Dr. H. T. Anthonisz. (3) The following Standing Committees were appointed.

#### Entertainment and Sport.

The President, the Hony. Secretary (Convener), the Hony. Treasurer, Dr. F. Foenander, Dr. R. L. Spittel and Messrs. B. Driberg, W. Ludovici, A. E. Keuneman, Gerald Mack, F. W. de Vos, J. A. V. Modder, W. W. Beling, F. C. W. Vangeyzel, H. P. Christoffelsz, F. B. Vandersmagt and Colonel Joseph.

#### Social Service.

The President, the Hony. Secretary, the Hony. Treasurer, Rev. D. E. Joseph, the Hon. Mr. G. A. Willé, Mrs. E. G. Gratiaen, Mrs. E. A. Vanderstraaten, Mrs. E. H. Joseph, Mrs. Isabel Loos, Miss H. Collette, Mrs. W. S. Christoffelsz, Mrs. R. L. Spittel, Mrs. F. Foenander, Miss A. Spittel, Mrs. F. E. Loos, Mr. D. V. Altendorff, Mr. Wace de Niese (Convener) and Mr. W. S. Christoffelsz.

#### Ethical and Literary.

The President, the Hony. Secretary, the Hony. Treasurer, Dr. R. L. Spittel, Dr. H. U. Leembruggen, Messrs. J. R. Toussaint, L. E. Blazé (Convener), J. G. Paulusz, E. H. Vanderwall, R. L. Brohier, A. E. Keuneman, Guy Grenier and Miss Grace Van Dort.

#### Genealogical.

The President, the Hony. Secretary, the Hony. Treasurer, Dr. H. U. Leembruggen (Convener), Dr. E. W. Arndt, Dr. H. Ludovici, Messrs. L. E. Blazé, D. V. Altendorff, E. A. Vanderstraaten, W. E. V. de Rooy, Wace de Niese, J. R. Toussaint, W. S. Christoffelsz, E. H. Vanderwall and G. H. Gratiaen.

#### Increasing the Membership.

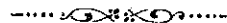
The President, the Hony. Secretary, the Hony. Treasurer, Dr. H. U. Leembruggen, Dr. A. Nell, Dr. H. Ludovici, Dr. I. E.

Meier, Dr. F. Foenander (Convener), Messrs. Wace de Niese, N. E. Ernst, Gladwin Koch, R. L. Brohier, G. P. Keuneman, Gerald Mack, W. W. Beling, E. A. Vanderstraaten and W. E. V. de Rooy.

(4) The names of Messrs. Guy Grenier, H. P. Christoffelsz, F. B. Vandersmagt and Dr. E. W. Arndt were added to the General Committee.

*Wednesday, 23rd April* :—1. Mr. Mervyn Joseph was elected to serve on the Entertainment Committee in place of Colonel Joseph who wished to be excused. 2. A Programme of Entertainments submitted by the Entertainment Committee was approved. 3. Resolved that all moneys collected by means of entertainments organised by the Entertainment Committee be funded separately and used for the purpose of furnishing the Reading Room and Lounge, purchasing a wireless set, generally improving the Club and making it more attractive, and making an annual donation to the Benevolent Fund. 4. Resolved that Dr. J. R. Blazé be thanked for his offer to make good the amount misappropriated by the clerk and that he be informed that the sum involved, as ascertained so far, was Rs. 1,929'43, and requested to remit this amount as early as possible. 5. The Treasurer was authorised to remit 20 guildens to the Algemeen Nederlandsch Verbond as annual subscription.

**Honours** :—We are glad to note that two members of the Union have shared in the last King's Birthday Honours. We offer our hearty congratulations to Mr. D. V. Altendorff, who has been made a Companion of the Imperial Service Order, and to Mr. Gordon Jansz, who has been made a Justice of the Peace.



## THE QUARTER.

### NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

The departure of His Excellency Sir Herbert Stanley on the 16th April, on short leave, left Mr. R. H. Bourdillon to administer the Government. Among other duties the Acting Governor held a Levee at Kandy on the 24th May, and falling ill a few days after was operated on for appendicitis. We are glad to hear of his recovery and return to strength.

The coming reform in the Constitution has necessitated a large number of temporary changes and acting appointments in the Government Services. Special Committees have been appointed for dividing the Island into electoral districts, for revising the Standing Orders of the Legislative Council, for reorganizing and readjusting the various Departments, &c.

The fever of excitement over the coming Reform has already begun, or rather, has begun to shew itself. It may now be taken for granted that the Order-in-Council will enforce the recommendations of the Donoughmore Commission as modified by Sir Herbert Stanley and the Secretary of State. Candidates for various electorates are freely offering themselves, even in Jaffna, where the resentment against inadequate representation for the Tamils is still keenly felt. All through the discussions on the Reform the one unmistakable fact that emerges is the strength of the communal feeling, which is not least strong in those who denounce it most. These displays are, doubtless, the last throes of the expiring frog.

An extraordinary outburst of caste feeling has broken out in Jaffna—*Ex Africa semper aliquid novi*. The Director of Education insisted upon "equal seating" in all Government and assisted schools. His authority was a law, or resolution, passed by the Legislative Council a year ago, and passed unopposed. But the ancient breach between touchables and untouchables is not to be so easily healed. Indignation meetings were held, and some schools were burned down where the rule was obeyed.

The floods which occurred in North Colombo at the beginning of May were of a more devastating character than ever before. Colombo was practically cut off for a few days from the northern districts, no road or rail traffic being possible from Kelaniya to

Colombo. Hundreds of people were rendered homeless, and the damages are estimated at about a million rupees. Remarkably generous and swift was the sympathy of people in the southern and central provinces. The Associated Newspapers Fund amounted to over Rs. 25,000, and the Mayor's Fund to over Rs. 45,000. There were other Funds also, and the personal help given to the sufferers was a striking proof of human sympathy.

The text of the Ordinance establishing the Ceylon University has been published, and will be debated in due course.

Sir Stanley Fisher, Chief Justice, retired in April, and Mr. T. F. Garvin acts as Chief Justice. There is a strong opinion, which we heartily share, that Mr. Garvin will be appointed to the permanent post. Dr. Bridger has retired from the Medical and Sanitary Services, and his place as Director is to be filled by Dr. Rupert Briercliffe, Deputy Director of Health, Palestine. Mr. H. R. R. Blood, C.C.S., Police Magistrate of Colombo, is leaving for Grenada, where he will be Colonial Secretary and Treasurer.

Outside Ceylon there is no lack of stirring events. The trouble in India shews no sign of diminishing. Mr. Gandhi's influence holds in spite of all the talk of Muslim hostility and futility of the Salt Tax raids. The peoples of India are manifestly determined to secure Dominion Status and to be on the same footing as Canada, Australia, and South Africa. The peculiarity of the situation is that the revolution is to be gained by civil disobedience rather than by violent means, and the influence of Mr. Gandhi appears in this. It is an extraordinary situation which will be watched with extraordinary interest. If it succeeds, India will have made another remarkable contribution to the progress of the world, this time in the sphere of practical politics.

The vision of an United States of Europe was originally Mr. Stead's—Mr. W. T. Stead of the "Review of Reviews." M. Briand of France is the latest advocate of the proposal. And why not? The United States of America is sixty times the size of Europe, though Europe has a population five times as large, and a greater variety of peoples, and, perhaps, of religions. But a way of peace on earth has to be discovered, and the League of Nations may possibly be strengthened by the establishment of an United States of Europe.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

**Notices of Births, Marriages and Deaths.**—Members of the Union are entitled, free of charge, to the insertion of notices of domestic occurrences. These notices must be restricted to a bare statement of the name or names, place, and date of occurrence, and must be sent to the Honorary Secretary of the Dutch Burghier Union.

**Standing Committee for Ethical and Literary Purposes.**—The attention of members is invited to the need for co-operation in carrying out the object laid down in sub-section (f) of Rule 2 of the Constitution. Any suggestions on this subject are to be addressed to the Honorary Secretary of the Committee for Literary Purposes, Mr. L. E. Blazé, O.B.E., Alfred Place, Bambalapitiya.

The Journal will be issued at the end of every quarter, post free, to each member of the Union who pays a subscription of Rs. 5/- per annum towards its cost of publication. Literary and other contributions are invited and should be sent to Mr. J. R. Toussaint, "Muresk", Clifford Place, Bambalapitiya, to whom also all remittances on account of the Journal should be made.

**Changes of Address.**—All changes of address (especially within the last three years) should be notified without delay to the Honorary Secretary of the Union, Dutch Burghier Union Hall, Reid's Avenue, Colombo, or to the Honorary Treasurer of the Union. This will ensure the safe receipt by members of all notices, invitations, reports, etc.

**Remittances.**—Remittances, whether of subscriptions due to the Union or contributions for special objects, must be made to the Honorary Treasurer of the Union, Mr. Rosslyn Koch, Skelton Road, and not to the Honorary Secretary.

Remittances on the account of the Social Service Fund must be made to Mr. Wace de Niese, Bambalapitiya, the Honorary Treasurer of the Standing Committee for purposes of Social Service.

**Dutch Burghier Union of Ceylon Buildings Co., Ltd.**—All communications should be addressed to G. H. Gratiaen, Esq., Secretary of the Company D. B. U. Hall, Reid's Avenue, Colombo.