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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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— THE —  
**DUTCH IN CEYLON**

VOL. I.

BY  
**R. G. ANTHONISZ, I. S. O.**

*Copies may be had at the D.B.U. Hall  
at Rs. 5 each.*

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**THE CONTRIBUTION OF THE DUTCH  
TO THE MAKING OF CEYLON.†**

Professor Thorold Rogers, the author of "Holland" in "The Story of the Nations" series, says of the Dutch :

"The debt which civilisation and liberty owe to these people is greater than that which is due to any other race, however little it may be known and acknowledged".

"They made mistakes, but they made fewer than their neighbours made. The benefits which they conferred were incomparably greater than the errors which they committed".

This is a generous tribute from an Englishman and a scholar, trained to sift the value of historical evidence.

Froude in his "Oceana" says, "Better colonists or more successful did not exist than the Dutch".

But the Dutch have not always been so fortunate at the hands of writers of English books.

Leaving out of consideration the writers, whose superficial knowledge or obvious prejudice does not qualify them for the task of writing history, we come to those who may be described as the standard writers on Ceylon, of whom Tennent is a type.

Many of these writers have the somewhat common frailty of traducing their national rivals, in the belief that thereby they are rendering national service. It would be well if such writers realised that historical research is a continuous process, and that nothing can find a permanent place in history but the truth.

† A lecture delivered by Mr. E. H. Vanderwall at the D. B. U. Hall on 16th August, 1932.

E. V. Lucas writes that to say hard things of the Dutch was once a recognised literary pastime. We are all familiar with the well-known couplet.

In matters of commerce the fault of the Dutch,  
Is giving too little and asking too much.

We have also heard of "Dutch courage", that is the courage derived from drink. As regards the latter, I am tempted to give the opening lines of a smart rejoinder to one, who inquired for the derivation of the phrase "Dutch courage".

Do you ask what is Dutch courage?  
Ask the Thames and ask the fleet  
That in London's fire and plague years  
With de Ruyter Yards could mete.

These satires on the Dutch would conclude fittingly with Alva's remark that the Dutch were, of all people, those who lived highest to hell. I need hardly add that Alva was the relentless Spanish general, who vainly tried to subdue the Dutch in their great war of independence.

The principal charges made against the Dutch in Ceylon are that their aims were wholly mercenary and that administration in the interests of the country was neglected. The most convincing reply to these charges is the following extract from "The Dutch in Malabar", one of the sessional papers printed by the Government Press, Madras :

"The Directors of the English Company long held the Dutch system up as a model to their subordinates (in) the chief offices in their settlements and sometimes their designations were borrowed from the Dutch system. In the early days the advisability of imitating the Dutch was freely acknowledged and many Dutchmen were induced to enter the English Company's Service. So in 1687, Governor Yale of Madras (afterwards founder of Yale University) having sent the Directors "a book containing the Dutch methods", they observed that they had found in it "not much more than some of us understood of their affairs, but as there appears in this great wisdom and policy, we recommended to you the frequent reading and consideration of what is contained in those papers, which the oftener you read, the more you will discover the wisdom of those persons who contrived those methods.

*Our design on the whole is to set up the Dutch Government among the English in the Indies (than which a better cannot be invented) for the good of posterity and to put us upon an equal footing of power with them to offend or defend, or enlarge the English dominions and unite the strength of our nation, under one entire and absolute command subject to us, as we are and ever shall be dutifully to our own sovereign.*

But this distinction we will make that we will always observe our own English terms viz :

Attorney-General instead of Fiscal, Alderman instead of Sepin, Burgesses instead of Burghers, Sergeants instead of Baillies, President and Agent instead of Commander, Director or Commissary, etc.

What specially provoked the admiration of the English Directors in the Dutch conduct of affairs was that they placed administration before trade. "The wise Dutch" wrote the Directors in 1689 "in all their general advices that we have seen, write ten paragraphs concerning their government, their civil and military policy, warfare and the increase of their revenue, for one paragraph they write concerning trade".

With this unstinted praise for the Dutch methods of administration, which the English desired to set up as a model for themselves, this matter might well rest.

The long drawn war, which the Dutch waged against Spain in defence of their civil and religious liberties, had not ended when they made their earliest settlements in Ceylon, and the terrible sufferings they had endured under the Spanish Inquisition were scarcely distant memories.

The repressive measures which the Dutch took against the Roman Catholics sprang from causes which were political rather than religious, and the discovery of a plot to massacre the Dutch at Jaffna, shortly after its surrender by the Portuguese, confirmed their worst fears.

With the passage of time, however, and the continuance of peaceful rule, the Dutch were moved by a more liberal spirit in their dealings with the Roman Catholics, and the position of the Christian communities in the latter portion of Dutch rule is shewn by the following extract from "The Life and Adventures of J. C. Wolf",

a German who took service under the Dutch and rose to high office :

“The Dutch Government allows liberty of conscience to every one. Only it will not permit that any man be disturbed in the exercise of that public worship, which has its source in this doctrine. Here the Catholic and Protestant Christians may each of them perform their devotions in their own way without let or molestation; if he be true and upright in the station he holds in the state, he is never asked what religion he professes, and indeed all religious disputes are discountenanced by government”.

The Dutch in Ceylon must be judged by the spirit of the age in which they lived. We should not be unmindful of the fact that the Catholic Emancipation Bill, admitting Catholics to Parliament and to nearly all civil and political offices in England, was passed only in 1829, long after the Dutch had left Ceylon.

The natural enthusiasm of the Dutch clergy to spread their faith by means of conversions, was held in reasonable restraint by the civil authorities. Non-Christians were not forbidden the exercise of their religion, but only Christians were forbidden to take a part in these and were punished when detected.

Instructions were issued that while the younger generation might be led to form the foundation of God's church, the older people should not be forced against their will.

Cordiner says :

“Although the Dutch did not, like the enthusiasts of Portugal, employ open force to propagate their religious faith, they adopted measures which, in their general success, were no less effectual. A proclamation was issued that no native could be raised to the rank of a *modelear* or admitted into any employment under the states, without subscribing to the Helvetic confession and professing to be a member of the reformed Church”.

A large number of other writers on Ceylon have repeated this statement. In view of the importance of the charge, careful investigation has been made into the published list of proclamations or placats of the Dutch Government, with the result that no such placat has been found. Indeed, contemporary evidence points all the other way.

A memorial from the Roman Catholics of Negombo, addressed to the Government in 1750, asking that their children should not be forced to attend Government schools, where they learnt tenets which were contrary to their belief, was referred to the consistory of Clergy for their report. One of the recommendations of the Consistory was that none but Protestant headmen should be employed by Government in the Districts. Whereupon the Political Council decided that Government would regret being obliged to admit no headmen into their employ but such as profess Protestantism, as the scarcity of this class would submit them to much inconvenience. Here then is conclusive evidence from a definite historical source that admission to the Dutch Reformed Church was not a necessary requirement for the appointment of headmen.

The history of the Dutch in Ceylon shews that they were singularly free from race or colour prejudice.

Several instances are on record of young natives having been selected for the ministry and sent at the expense of Government to the Universities of Holland. After completing their course and being admitted to holy orders, they returned to Ceylon, preached both to their native brethren and to the European congregation, and were in every respect on the same footing with the other clergy, taking with them an equal turn in all clerical duties and functions.

For instance, there was the Rev. Henricus Philipsz, son of Lienege Philip Philipsz Wijecoon Panditaratna, Maha-Mudaliyar. He was sent to Holland and after a course at the University of Utrecht, returned to Ceylon, and was stationed in Colombo as Predikant. His son Gerardus Philipsz was also educated in Holland and returned to Ceylon as Predikant.

The instructions from the Governor-General to the Commandeur at Jaffna were that many of the offices and courts, which were entirely filled by Portuguese, should in future be left to the highest castes among the natives.

Native members found a place in the Land Raad or Civil Court which decided matters that were too important for the Dissave's jurisdiction.

When Governor Becker found that Jan de Leeuw, a Dutchman, who held the appointment of master of the Harvest, was unfaithful to his trust and was besides interfering with the work of a Sinhalese official, Mudaliyar Don Simon de Wijayawardena, who was in

charge of the Elephant Department, the prestige of the Dutchman did not stand in the way of justice being done. For the Dutchman was dismissed and the Sinhalese appointed to both offices.

Headmen received *accommodessans* or the revenues of lands for their support and the maintenance of their dignity. The Maha Mudaliyar received, in addition, a fixed monthly salary.

In spite of these liberal provisions, the charge has been made that the Dutch did not appoint the people of this country to salaried administrative posts, which, I expect, correspond to those in the Ceylon Civil Service of our day. With the material available to me at present, I am unable to say whether there is any substance in this charge. But no one with a little knowledge of local history would fail to admit that such a charge is wholly unfair. The admission of Sinhalese and Tamils to the Ceylon Civil Service is a development of modern times, and the first such admission was made after very nearly half a century of British rule, when Frederick de Livera was appointed on the 30th November, 1844.

The educational establishment of the Dutch was one of their greatest contributions to the progress of this island. The dominions of the Company were carefully mapped out into school circles and schools, at which free Vernacular education was provided under a scheme of compulsory attendance.

The attendance at some of these schools was surprisingly high. Then, as now, the Tamils were represented as "quick at learning" and there were several schools in the Jaffna Peninsula with over 500 pupils on their rolls, some schools reaching the very high figure of 1000 pupils.

A mission school of the present day provides a course of religious and secular teaching, and it is not an uncommon experience to find the whole school present at the periods assigned to religious exercises and religious teaching, either voluntarily or in ignorance of the conscience clause imposed by the modern educational code. So far as their practical working was concerned, the Dutch schools followed much the same plan, with the proviso that one of their avowed objects was the conversion of the young.

But, be our point of view what it may, we must admit that the people of this island received undoubted benefit from the general education provided by these schools.

On this subject, the Hon'ble Mr. John Ferguson said :

"Take for instance a topic very much in evidence at the present time and none more generally vital and important, that of Public instruction, and I have been greatly surprised to find from valuable papers contributed by the Rev. J. D. Palm in the early years on Dutch Ecclesiastical and Educational administration, how great was the progress made within the sea-board districts of Ceylon more than 150 years ago. We are accustomed to think of the Dutch rulers as selfish and mercenary, but the records of a long list of schools in the Colombo, the Galle and Matara, the Jaffna, Mannar, Trincomalee and Batticaloa Districts show that between 1750 and 1780, there must have been at times as many as 91,509 children attending school, and more wonderful still, a very large proportion of these—a preponderance in the Colombo District—were girls. Considering how small a portion of the island the Dutch really held, as may be judged from one of the old maps shown here tonight, and the comparatively limited total population, the attainment in schools and scholars was truly wonderful."

The school tombs or registers have been so kept that at the present day they provide a vast amount of valuable genealogical information relating to native families. The village school was also the Church, and some of these well-designed and well-built, though simple structures, survive to this day, and the village schoolmaster is still sometimes described as Palliya Gurunnanse or Palliya Mahatmaya.

Annually, two members of the School Board, a clergyman and a layman, visited each school at which they remained a whole day, and after a full inspection drew up an annual report.

On these occasions baptism was administered, after careful inquiry as to whether parents understood its nature and obligations.

As aspersions are often made regarding the motives and beliefs of those who adopted Christianity under Dutch rule, the following personal observation of Cordiner, who was an ordained clergyman of the Church of England, throws a different light on the matter :

"Although religious knowledge was not very perfectly conveyed to the lower orders of natives, many of the middle and higher ranks became as true believers in the doctrines, and as conscientious performers of the duties of Christianity, as those who adorn more enlightened regions."

The Colombo Seminary was an institution which trained Sinhalese and Tamil young men for the ministry. It provided an advanced course of studies which included Dutch, Latin, Greek and Hebrew. Latin was the medium of instruction in the higher Theological class. Later, the scope of the Seminary was enlarged and it admitted respectable young men, who desired to be school masters, chief headmen and interpreters.

The importance of the Seminary, was emphasised by the fact that the Governor with his council was present at the examination of its candidates. Governor van Imhoff, expressed his surprise at hearing dusky youths speak Latin and work at their Greek with an interest which promised much good for the future.

There was a second Seminary at Jaffna, but in 1723 it was discontinued and its six students transferred to the Colombo Seminary. There were 17 Dutch schools in the island.

It speaks well for the system of education under the Dutch in Ceylon that men could have been trained in the island for the highest offices in the Government.

Anthony Mooyart, Commandeur of Jaffna, who, on the death of Governor van Eck, administered the government of the island up to the arrival of Governor Falck, received the whole of his education at Jaffna.

It was unfortunate for the continued progress of the island that the difficulties of early British rule led to the neglect of the excellent educational legacy left behind by the Dutch. The Dutch clergy were prisoners of war, catechists and school masters no longer received their salaries, and memorials presented by the residents on these subjects led to no redress.

Governor North, keenly supported by Cordiner, turned his attention to the matter with much zeal, but in 1803 instructions were received limiting the expenditure on all schools in the island to £1500 a year. This sum was insufficient to meet all the educational charges and the salaries of country schoolmasters and catechists were once more suppressed. Matters improved later, of course, but it was after more than a century of British rule that the Dutch system of compulsory education was revived in Ceylon.

I have already referred to the school tombus maintained by the Dutch and their great historical value. There were in addition the

land tombus, which may be likened to Domesday book of English History and which were compiled and preserved with the careful attention to detail, which is characteristic of the Dutch.

The land tombus are registers which show the lands belonging to each family, under its head or representative. The largest class of lands was the service *paraveni* lands, which were granted for various services and descended from parents to children under the conditions attached to the original grant. At the inquiry held by the land commissioners service *paraveni* holders were bound to produce proofs of their titles as such. But what is important for us to notice is, that if they failed to do so, they were not evicted for wrongful possession. Such lands were suffered to remain in their possession as Company's Service lands and were thenceforth to be possessed under the conditions applying to these lands.

The villagers were usually allowed to compound for the annual payment on such lands by the delivery of a stated number of arecanuts. This plan did not press harshly on the villagers and was intended to mark the feudal character of the tenure.

One of the interesting memorials of Dutch rule was their creation of a new Sinhalese landed gentry and aristocracy. The Dutch did not tamper with the caste system and the social structure of the Sinhalese as it existed during their administration, and accordingly they elevated to high rank and made wealthy numerous families of respectable origin. In addition to conferring ranks, the Dutch granted enormous tracts of land to persons who had rendered them service, meriting special recognition. Many of the descendants of this new landed gentry still retain their status, wealth and influence.

Professor Thorold Rogers says:

"From Holland came the new agriculture which has done so much for social life, horticulture and floriculture."

"It was also the country in which improved agriculture was most thoroughly developed."

It was therefore inevitable that association with the Dutch for about a century and a half should have made a powerful impression on the agricultural and the horticultural life of this country.

The following words of the Hon'ble Mr. John Ferguson bear testimony to the encouragement of agriculture by the Dutch:

"In connection with the promotion of various branches of agriculture and of agricultural improvements, they had something

to learn from their predecessors the Dutch, for he found from a paper in one of their journals (R. A. S.) that certain at least of the Dutch Governors and their advisers were very liberal in recognising good work among the native headmen."

Governor Ryclof van Goens (jun.) says in his memoir :

"The great importance of agriculture will be admitted by any one who has the welfare of the government at heart, because its successful promotion relieves the mind of the ruler of the island of all anxiety as to the supply of rice, and also saves a considerable amount of money which would otherwise be withdrawn from the island."

In order to encourage and increase the cultivation of rice and to develop the agricultural resources of the country, the Dutch initiated and carried out many important works of irrigation.

One of the best known of these was the Urubokke dam, which was a monument to the skill and energy of Captain Poenander, the Dutch engineer who successfully completed the work. The object of the dam was to turn the superabundant water, which periodically inundated and ruined some of the richest tracts in the Matara District, into that of Tangalle, where extensive tracts had to be abandoned owing to the scarcity of water. The first of these objects was served by the dam, while the canal connecting the reservoir with the Umangdolla, hitherto a dry stream, secured the latter. This magnificent work improved the cultivation of 8000 acres of paddy fields.

The Mulhiriyawa tank, perhaps the largest fresh water reservoir made by the Dutch for irrigative purposes in the Western Province, served 2000 acres.

Unfortunately, these great works of utility constructed by the Dutch, fell into neglect after they left the island.

Sir Henry Ward, Governor of Ceylon, in his opening address to the Legislative Council on 28th July, 1858, spoke as follows :

"The most thrifty of our predecessors, the Dutch, found it good economy to encourage the agriculture of the low-country by costly works, which we have allowed to fall into decay : and I say it with regret, as an Englishman, in traversing the Giruwa Pattu and the fertile districts of the neighbourhood of Tangalle, the least observant traveller may trace the exact line, where the Dutch irrigation system has ceased to exercise its beneficent influence. One third of the rice grounds between the mountains and the coast has been thrown out of

cultivation since 1837 by the destruction of the dams at Urubokka and Kirama, with a loss to the government of £20,000 a year in tithe, and to the population of ten times that amount in seed, labour and agricultural capital. I propose to remove that blot from our escutcheon by restoring the works both at Urubokke and Kirama."

In a minute on the Eastern Province, Sir Henry Ward made the following reference to a village in Batticaloa :

"Karenkotetive, the principal village of the Ackrapatto, stands at the commencement of that magnificent large range of paddy lands, nearly 15,000 acres in extent, which has survived the destruction of the old irrigation works, though the crops are exposed to many risks from the too extensive droughts and inundations, against which the Dutch had successfully guarded them."

The Dutch encouraged the extension of the area of paddy cultivation by providing facilities for the acquisition of new land for the purpose. Any one could become the part-owner of waste Government land by bringing it under cultivation. The land so *aswedumised* was held under the *ande*-tenure, i.e. of half ownership. Half the extent improved and brought under cultivation belonged to the improver, the other half to Government.

The intensive cultivation, which distinguishes the Jaffna Peninsula, is an inheritance from Dutch days and is reminiscent of gardens in Holland and Belgium.

During the administration of Governor van Imhoff, the portion of the island from Colombo southwards, which was described as waste land, was surveyed and divided among the people to be planted with coconuts. When the British arrived in Ceylon, the whole of the south-western coast presented the scene of unbroken groves of coconuts, which we find to this day.

I would add here that the *mamotie*, the favourite agricultural implement of the Sinhalese, was introduced by the Dutch.

In the days of the Dutch, the streets of Colombo were shaded on each side by double rows of trees. These ornamental and shade trees have now disappeared, though they survive in some other towns of the island. They were usually *Suriya* or tulip trees. Graceful avenues of shade trees are to this day a characteristic of streets in Holland.

Some of our most delicious fruits are grown from naturalised exotics introduced by the Dutch. Among these might be named the

mangosteen, the soursop, the loquat, the star-apple, the canary almond and the lovi-lovi, as the Malays call it.

Cacao was introduced by the Dutch. Tennent says that coffee existed in Ceylon from the earliest times, but that the Dutch first taught the people how to make a beverage from its berries. Mr. Donald Ferguson disagrees with this view and adds that since the days of Tennent it has been shewn, especially by Dr. Trimen, that we have no real evidence that coffee existed in Ceylon until the Dutch introduced it in the early years of the eighteenth century.

J. C. Wolf, whose work on Ceylon has been previously mentioned, says that in the days of the Dutch, European vegetables were successfully cultivated in Ceylon. The following are still known among the Sinhalese by their Dutch names: *boontje* (beans), *peterselie* (parsley), *salade* (salad), *selderij* (celery) and *wittekool* (white cabbage), known as *vetakolu*.

During the Dutch administration of this island, vast quantities of indigo were manufactured for the European market and exported from Trincomalee. This industry has now disappeared from Ceylon, though Governor Becker states in his memoir that this valuable dye grows luxuriantly all over the country.

The same Governor reports that the breeding of horses, which was commenced on the islands of Delft and the Two Brothers, was both successful and profitable. This enterprise which was continued by the British was abandoned only in recent times.

The Dutch were great jurists and the Roman Dutch law, which is the Roman law, adapted by the Dutch to suit their own needs, is still the common law of Ceylon.

To the Dutch is due the codification of the customary laws of the Tamils into the Tesawalamai, which is observed as the law in matters such as inheritance and mortgage. This important work was completed by Claasz Isaaks, Dissave of Jaffna, on the instructions of Governor Simons, who was a graduate in laws of a Dutch university.

The Dutch established orphan chambers for the registering and the administering of the estates of Christian orphans, the chiefs usually acting as the guardians of the non-Christians.

One of the greatest acts of social service under the Dutch administration was the founding at Hendela of the Leper Asylum, which exists to this day. This important work was begun by

Governor Simons and completed by his successor, Governor Becker. The somewhat popular belief that the Leper Asylum was built at the private expense of a Dutch Governor's daughter, who was afflicted with the dreadful disease and wished to shew her sympathy for fellow-sufferers, does not rest on a basis of fact. The cost of construction and equipment was borne entirely by the government.

The cryptic monogram with the date 1708, which appears on a gable over a part of the building, was identified by the late Mr. R. G. Anthonisz as the initials of Governor Hendrik Becker.

The discovery of printing remains a bone of contention between the Dutch and the Germans, but whether the honour lies with Coster of Haarlem or Gutenberg of Mayence, it was certainly the Dutch who introduced printing into Ceylon. The first printing press was set up in 1736 and portions of the Bible and various religious works were printed both in Sinhalese and Tamil.

Some of the Sinhalese and Tamil ministers, who had completed their studies at Dutch universities, were actively engaged in translations. Among these may be mentioned the Rev. H. Philipsz and the Rev. J. D' Melho. Sinhalese translations were revised by the Rev. Mr. Hoffman and Tamil translations by the Rev. Mr. Kramer, both Dutch ministers.

True to the instincts of their home land, the Dutch constructed canals in Ceylon, utilising the numerous lagoons and water-ways that lie along the coast. The most important of these canals is the one, eighty miles long, which connects Colombo with the salt producing town of Puttalam, and serves the rich coconut districts of the western coast.

The Dutch were good architects and knew how to build in the tropics, so as to secure both coolness and shade. Many of their dwelling houses, which exist to this day, are provided with lofty roofs, massive walls, spacious and well-ventilated rooms and deep verandahs and have served as models to people of this country.

In 1869 the walls of the Dutch fort at Colombo were demolished. But the Dutch forts at Galle, Matara, Jaffna, Mannar, Batticaloa and other places survive, as picturesque memorials of the military defences of a bygone age.

The ancient Dutch churches at Wolvendaal, Galle and Matara still provide services as of old in the simple liturgy of the Dutch



reformed faith, while the empty church at Jaffna stands as a silent witness of a large congregation that has now migrated.

These churches, which are paved with tombstones and hung with mural monuments, many of which display the armorial bearings of gentle birth, are rich in historical interest.

The Dutch set models in furniture making which were readily followed by the people of this country. Most of the graceful and elaborately carved furniture in ebony and calamander, now so eagerly sought in modern furnishing, belongs to the Dutch period and was made in Ceylon of local wood.

Dr. Pearson, Director of the Colombo Museum, says that the development of European furniture in Ceylon has been affected to a preponderating degree by the influence of the Dutch, that the period of the Dutch occupation of Ceylon coincided with the "golden age" of furniture development in Europe, and that the Dutch had a genius for transferring to their colonies and settlements the atmosphere of their own country.

The Dutch Governor Loten, who was known as the naturalist Governor, had an excellent series of coloured plates of Ceylon birds, etc., prepared under his direction by a young Ceylonese artist. After his retirement, Governor Loten whose second wife was an English woman, lived for some time in England, where he was made a fellow of the Royal Society. By his legacy dated 13th October, 1778, he bequeathed his valuable collection to the Dutch Society of sciences, Haarlem. On this subject Mr. Donald Ferguson says:

"Had the Ceylon Government had (as it ought to have) an agent in England, on the constant look-out for literary and artistic treasures relating to the island, the collection described above would now form one of the most valuable exhibits in the Colombo Museum. Now the opportunity is gone, perhaps for ever, for in 1885 the collection was bought by Mr. P. J. Van Houten, now president of the Commission of the Colonial Museum at Haarlem."

The Dutch in Ceylon rendered valuable aid to medical science by their researches into the department of Botany. Ceylon possesses the distinction of having had her Flora arranged and described by the great Linnaeus.

For this purpose he availed himself of the celebrated Herbaria collected by two eminent botanists, Herman and Hartog, both of whom had been sent out to Ceylon in the Medical Service of the Dutch East India Company.

After eight years of service in Ceylon, during which he sent to Holland many volumes of his Herbaria, including 400 drawings of new plants, Herman was appointed to the chair of Botany at Leyden University.

Hartog, who was a pupil of the famous Boerhave, also prepared a Herbarium. It was with the assistance of these Herbaria that Burman in 1737 and Linnaeus in 1747 prepared their well-known works on the Ceylon Flora, the former under the title of "Thesaurus Zeylanicus" and the latter of "Flora Zeylanica."

Thunbergia, the beautiful flowering creeper, so well known in Ceylon, is named after Thunberg, a Surgeon in the Dutch East India Company, who collected specimens for Linnaeus, whose faithful pupil he was. Thunberg was in Ceylon 1777—1778.

It would be befitting perhaps, in this connection, to state that the pioneer work on the Fauna of Ceylon was written by a descendant of a Dutch Colonist, who was born within the shadow of Dutch days. I refer to Dr. E. F. Kelaart, the author of *Prodromus Faunae Zeylanicae* and the first Ceylonese to obtain a British degree.

The Dutch were greatly skilled in the art of cookery and *broeders, poffertjes, pannekoeks, suikerbrood, wafels* and *ijzerkoekjes* are still well known delicacies on the Ceylon table. *Pastelas* from *pastel* are popular pastries, while *smore* from *smoren* and *carmanachi* from *carbonadje* are tasty preparations of meat. Milk punch from *Melk pons* is a favourite drink.

The *Koronchi* ceremony at Sinhalese weddings is derived from an old Dutch custom. It is so called because at a certain stage of the wedding ceremony, a *Kroontje*, which is the Dutch for a little crown, is placed on the bride's head.

Playing cards, which were introduced by the Dutch into Ceylon, are still known among the Sinhalese by their Dutch names.

English	Dutch	Sinhalese
Hearts	Harten	Hartha
Diamonds	Ruiten	Roite
Spades	Schoppen	Iscoppa
Clubs	Klaveren	Kalabara
Ace	Aas	Aasiya
King	Heer	Heera
Queen	Vrouw	Porova
Jack	Boer	Buruva

The Dutch language has enriched the Sinhalese language with an important vocabulary, of which the following words would serve as instances.

<i>English</i>	<i>Dutch</i>	<i>Sinhalese</i>
Potato	Aardappel	Arthapal
Overseer	Baas	Baas (in America Boss)
Beam	Balk	Balke
Tin	Blik	Belek
Estate (in land)	Boedel	Budale
Necktie	Das	Dasiya
Hairpin	Haarnaald	Harnala
Gloves	Handschoen	Handskun
Clothes peg	Kabstok	Kabustokkua
Turkey	Kalkoen	Kalukun
Telescope	Keiker	Keikera
Church yard or cemetery	Kerkhof	Karakoppua
Corkscrew	Kurketrekker	Korakatrekkua
Drawer	Laatje	Laachua
Cartridge	Patroon	Pathroon
Penknife	Pennemes	Pennemas—pibiya
Hurry	Poespas	Puspas
Outerverandah	Stoep	Istoppua
Table Cloth	Tafellaken	Tapalakkua
Custard	Vla	Pla
Badge	Wapen	Vapena
Workshop	Winkel	Venkela
Loft	Zolder	Soldera
Toddy (sour)	Zuur	Sura

The Dutch who settled in Ceylon regarded it as their permanent home. While retaining the best elements of their own civilisation and culture, they wisely adapted themselves to a life in the tropics and they cultivated friendly relations with the other inhabitants of this island.

When, after a century and half of their rule, the Dutch ceded Ceylon to the British, there remained the community of their descendants, the Dutch Burghers of Ceylon, who have taken their due share in advancing the progress of this land.

Of the permanent settlers in the land, the Burghers were the pioneers in the public services, in the professions, in the field of western athletics and sport, and in movements to improve the condition of the people. Relatively small in numbers as a community, the contribution of their manhood to the great war was a magnificent response, and stands recorded in enduring brass on the walls of the Dutch Burgher Union Hall.

And finally, the Burghers provided a bridge of sympathy and understanding between the British rulers and the people of this country, and have assisted in creating the loyalty and contentment, which distinguish Ceylon as compared with the neighbouring continent of India.

One of the greatest needs of our times is an accurate and fully detailed History of Ceylon, which has passed the censorship of a representative historical committee. Such a history, I am confident, will not fail to accord to the Dutch, an honourable place among the peoples, who are responsible for the making of Ceylon.



## MUSINGS AND RAMBLES OF "THE ANTIQUARIAN STROLLERS".

IMPRESSIONS FROM THE LAND OF PAGODAS AND  
TEMPLE BELLS.

LEGENDS LINKING CEYLON WITH BURMA.

BY R. L. B.

It has been said that the primeval instinct to see things forms the basis of that urge which lies somewhere dormant in every man and impels a wander-lust. But considerations which are becoming insistent in these quickly changing times, turn one's mind to holidays which can be procured without great expense. Consequently, even where an essential consideration is a limited purse, it is possible for the traveller who would venture out of the Island, to secure a holiday full of interest and enjoyment in Burma—the land of Pagodas and Temple-bells.

There are many attractions in Rangoon, the principal port of Burma, and the third largest of the Indian Empire. Its remarkably cosmopolitan atmosphere lends a charm which will in the main appeal to even one who has lived a life-time in the East. But while many a pleasing impression might be drawn from the characteristics of its motley population which originates from actions and ideas, sometimes admirable, sometimes the reverse, but invariably foreign to the visitor from Ceylon, there is a particular lure attached to its shrines.

To these Pagodas the people will come in from far and near. Consequently, apart from the sense of mystery which thousands of pilgrims have woven around these shrines for a length of time that cannot be measured but reaches back into the misty centuries, it is in these centres that the visitor catches glimpses of purely Burmese settings, and learns more of the strange ways and national customs of Burma than is afforded by that curiously varied outside.

There are three great pagodas in Rangoon. There is the Botataung on the bank of the Rangoon River, the Soolay Pagoda in the business quarter of the City, and perhaps the greatest in all Burma, the Shwe Dagon, which stands on an eminence—the most southerly hill-top of the Pegu Yomas.

While yet far away, steaming up the river from the open sea, its glittering spire is the first object to catch the eye. Blazoned by the sunlight during day and glowing softly in flood-light by night, it lingers in the line of vision from every open space in the city.

Once upon a time, they say, two Burmese merchants who were trading in India, met the Buddha and made an offering of honey to him. In return he gave them eight of his hairs with instructions that they should be enshrined where the staff, the water-pot, and the robe of his predecessors lay.

Accordingly, these men came to Dagon, as the name of Rangoon formerly was, but while on their journey across the water some of the hairs miraculously vanished. Guarding the relics which remained more closely, they went to the Botataung Pagoda where the learned priests, or *hyoongys* as they are called in Burma, advised them to appeal for help to the *nat* or spirit which presided over the Soolay Pagoda.

This *nat* was asleep. His eye-lids were so heavy that they had to be propped up with bamboos before he could be awakened. But eventually standing up, he pointed to the spot where it was the Buddha's wish that the relics should be enshrined.

To make sure, however, the travellers placed the hairs on the spot indicated, and prayed—prayed for some token which would leave room for no doubt that they had faithfully carried out their instructions. Retaining that glamour associated with the age of miracles, the story concludes with the statement that the missing hairs were mysteriously replaced. Here they raised a pagoda, twenty-seven feet high.

Today, however, the spire of fine gold, crowned by a series of gradually diminishing bands of iron scroll work, covered with gold and studded with rubies and diamonds of inestimable wealth, which they call the *hti*, rises to a height of 370 feet above the platform. It is said that a cutting into the pagoda disclosed that it had been built over seven times.

The Soolay Pagoda, according to the legend, is of greater antiquity. It is traditionally ascribed to date from the fourth century. One of its many features is a figure representing the *nat* with finger pointing in the direction of the Shwe Dagon.

Notwithstanding the barriers of a strange tongue, a tour of the enclosed precincts of the Shwe Dagon is a venture which will linger

long in a visitor's memory. It is the custom of the Burman to put on his "gaungbaung" where, as a mark of respect, the Westerner would take off his hat, or to take off his sandals where the latter keeps on his shoes. And so, on grounds of courtesy and respect for the social habits and customs of these people, the visitor does not refuse to accede to a request that shoes and stockings be removed.

Flanking the entrance to practically every shrine in Burma there stand two Leographs, referred to in that country as *Chinthas*. The legend of the origin of these grotesque representations, which are of peculiar interest to the student who would compare the folklore of Ceylon and Burma, is told as follows in Conyers Baker's Book :

"A lion had acted as foster-father to an Indian Princess and her two children, one of whom was a boy, and he kept them in a cave. When the boy grew to manhood, he learnt from his mother that they belonged to a royal family, and that his grand-father was a king.

Thereupon the son urged the mother to return to civilization, and one day while the lion was in search of food, the trio escaped from the cave and arrived at the city where the father of the Princess lived. By this time the old king was dead, and the Princess and her children being in poor circumstances resided in the outskirts of the city.

The lion returned from the chase, and not finding the Princess and his children, followed them up to the city and began to attack and kill people. The King of that country offered, as a reward for the death of the lion, his kingdom, and his daughter in marriage.

The son came to hear of this and determined to get the reward. So one day when the lion came home he shot at him with an arrow, but by the magic power of the lion it was turned to a flower; this happened every time the son shot.

The foster-father was loath to roar at his son (the roar of a lion is supposed by the Burmese to be fatal); but at last the lion's anger got the better of him, and he opened his mouth to roar, and at that moment the son fired an arrow into his mouth and killed him. By this means he obtained the reward and married the King's daughter.

Later on, when he had become King, he suffered from tremendous headaches, and on consulting the Pounas, or wise men, he was

told it was because he had killed his father, and that his only remedy was to build large images of his father at the Pagoda and then to worship them under the cover of worshipping at the Pagoda.

This he did and was cured, so he made a decree that thereafter these images should always be built at the entrance to every pagoda."

Every Ceylon school-boy knows the story of Sinhabahu and the feat which has earned for his descendants their name of Sinhala. The Burmese legend thus forges a link with the traditions of old Ceylon.

But these *Chinthas* are not the only lion-figures erected in the court-yards of Pagodas. There are representations of yet another type—curious creatures known as *Manok-thithas*, meaning human-faced lions. They are winged, double-headed, with huge ears and ruffled crest.

Many tales enrich Burmese mythology with reference to these fabulous monsters. The most popular explanation is that they were the invention of some monks who were directed by a king to exercise their magical skill and produce something which would scare away the *Bilus* and afford precautionary measures against their frequent depredations.

The *Bilu*, remarkably familiar in Ceylon by the term *Bila*, is also a fabled monster, believed to eat human flesh, to have a particular relish for children, and to be in possession of superhuman power. By repute it is red-eyed, casts no shadow, has long prominent fangs, and is chiefly used by Burmese mothers to frighten troublesome children.

There are four main entrances to the Shwe Dagon, and each of these faces the four cardinal points. The southern approach is the most popular and ascends in a direct line to the base of the shrine by flights of steps. Naturally, the visitor who bears the unmistakable signs of a sight-seer, has to run the gauntlet of innumerable guides and beggars who piteously plead for financial aid. But having traversed the corridor or the *Zawng Dan* as it is called, which is flanked by the booths of sellers of flowers, bananas, paper umbrellas, candles, food and pictures, displayed for purchase by the devotees, nobody seems to pay the slightest attention to the visitor, who is allowed to roam over the flat paved top unharassed.

Undoubtedly that golden cone, viewed from its base, is a wonderful sight. The hundreds of smaller shrines which nestle in its shadow and crowd round the edge of the levelled space ere it falls away below, are marvels of carved work and red lacquer. The numberless statues of the Teacher, cut in white alabaster or moulded in brass, which are set in these shrines and glimmer in the lustrous shadows within, steep the entire precincts in an odour of holiness. But when one compares these with impressions gathered from the old-time temples of Ceylon, the resultant feeling is one of disappointment.

Of course, they will tell you that the gems of this national institution were burnt to the ground in the disastrous fire of 1930. Some say that much which might have been saved was sacrificed to a peevish wrangle over the question whether the fire-men should or should not be allowed within the temple with their boots on. However, the explanation of this feeling of disappointment does not perhaps entirely lie in this direction. Maybe, it rather lies in the clash of old and new. Merit (Kútho) only accrues to the original builder—so the Burman believes. Consequently while credit for repairs does not redound to the repairer, the result is a profusion of shrines, the older ones practically in ruin, the newer jarring in their modernity.

The underlying principle in connection with offerings and worship at the Pagoda is of course Buddhistic, but it would appear that a belief in Nats, and apprehension as to what these and other planetary spirits might do if they are not suitably propitiated, exercises no inconsiderable sway over the lives of the Burman. This belief is a heritage of an immemorial past, and consequently is all-powerful, although needless to say it is contrary to the spirit of Buddhism.

Around the base of the Pagoda there are eight sign-posts set out to represent the seven days of the week and one extra day, from Wednesday midday till midnight. This extra day is called *Yahu*, and is a tangible expression of the Burmese belief that the Sun and the Moon are being swallowed by this imaginary planet whenever an eclipse takes place.

The day on which a Burmese boy is born, called his *Nan* day, and the planet which presides over each day, is of considerable importance in temple customs. The eight signboards, called

*Nandaing*, indicate at what point he should light his candles, make other offerings, or repeat the precepts of his faith. The candles are of red or yellow wax, and are sometimes made to the shape of various animals corresponding to the eight days of the week.

Since it is the custom to give every Burmese boy a name beginning with the letter which belongs to the day on which he is born, the day is always remembered even though the date may be forgotten.

The Pagoda platform is always full of people, but it is claimed that to see it on festival days is one of the sights of the world. The visitor who finds himself in Rangoon in the month of July will be privileged to carry away impressions of the celebration of the festival of the Full Moon of Wazo which ushers in the period of Buddhist Lent.

The first day of the festival is set apart for rigid discipline and self-sacrifice, when the rich and poor, the old and young, will throng the corridors, some going up others coming down, having taken vows to observe the eight-fold precepts in the presence of *hpoongys*. Some stay on the Pagoda platform to hear *Sayadaws* preach, others in some secluded *zayats* (rest-houses outside the pagoda premises) are practising Buddha's dhamma, and the very devout pass their time in meditation at the cemetery, recounting that men are mortal and every-thing is impermanent and subject to decay and death, just like those in the graves.

The second day, however, is the day of offerings. The more well-to-do will make gifts of yellow robes to the priests at the *kyauungs* or monasteries, and the young folk indulge in the pleasant pastime of scouring gardens and parks for flowers. Many romances begin at this time, the opening week in Lent, when the young men and maidens are thrown closely together in each others company.

The custom gives rise to a Burmese saying that courtship begins in Wazo and ends in Thadingyt (October), because many a marriage after the Buddhist Lent is the outcome of betrothals secretly made during the Wazo.

The Burmese girl—essentially feminine from the tips of her rose-coloured finger nails to the provoking bare foot which peeps out from beneath her richly coloured *loongyi*,—has had perfect freedom to make for herself just such a life as she thinks best fitted for her.

It does seem strange in the light of conservative oriental customs to be told that when suitors come—there may be many—the Burmese girl will receive them all, and talk to them all, will laugh with a little humorous knowledge of each man's peculiarities; will "give them cheroots of her own making, and, for one perhaps, she will light the cheroot herself, and thus kiss him by proxy!"

(To be Continued).

## TRAVEL.

## PEEPS AT MANY LANDS

BY REGNEREB

Travel, like the proverbial pudding, to be appreciated must be eaten; it must be well masticated, digested, assimilated, and not hastily gulped, swallowed, bolted down. Travel is a serious, a very serious matter. It is not a joke, the play of globe-trotting. No, a mere tourist who roamed about to kill "ennui", is no traveller in the true sense. There is a gulf, an ocean between them. The former merely goes and sees with the main object of distracting himself, whilst the true traveller travels to enrich his mind. He goes, he observes, compares, understands, and he derives intellectual profit in full measure from his peregrinations. Travel then is the most valuable part of one's education. True, much may be gleaned from books, but travel is the most essential, the principal factor in the full development of one's character. It is at once the foundation, the super-structure and the coping-stone of an individual. Unless one has travelled it would be well nigh impossible to impress him with the grandeur of the world, the greatness of the earth, the vast, stupendous possibilities of life.

The stay-at-home, however book-learned he may be, is often dwarfed in mind, and cramped even in that grandest faculty, imagination—which cannot roam beyond the parish pump, parish poultry, or the parish pub.....His ideas too are generally narrow, circumscribed and intolerant, whilst travel broadens his views, expands his vision, and enlarges his sympathies, making him, forcing him willy nilly, to realise that all the world is kin.

But it has often been said that this frequent gallivanting, this nomadic habit, tends to make one brusque and uncouth in manner, rough and tough in behaviour, indifferent to the delights of domestic life, and apathetic to the amenities of hearth and home. What a fallacy. "Absence makes the heart grow fonder," and though we may go abroad anywhere, everywhere, under the sun, and like Goldsmith's Traveller we may say:—

"Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine,"

yet with Payne we all exclaim:

"Mid pleasures and palaces, though we may roam,  
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home".

What about being uncouth and 'Bohemian' in manner, uppish and stilted in conversation, a bore, a nuisance to society, a brag, a boast in company? Only another fallacy. Our homely proverb has it:—"To rub shoulders with others, to round off his rough corners, to get rid of his angles and to get over his green period"—which means precisely the opposite, viz., that contact with the outer world, intercourse with others, polishes and brightens our own rugged manners. Yes, unmistakably we derive matchless qualifications in no small degree from the enlarged knowledge of men and things and places gained first-hand by actively and extensively moving about the world. In every walk of life, in every age, the greatest of men have been the greatest travellers. The most renowned conquerors, the most famous statesmen, the greatest nation builders, are not numbered amongst the stay-at-homes but are reckoned among the most adventurous travellers. Let us glance over History. Let us take a few memorable names at random and then realise to the full how wonderfully foreign travel, as well as wandering in the most interesting parts of our own land, have influenced the development of intellect. No Roman, for example, ever saw so much of the Empire and of the regions beyond its various borders as did Julius Caesar, whose commentaries are even to-day the delight—Turkish Delight—of the Fourth Form. Alexander had to leave little Greece and seek "fresh fields and pastures new" in another continent ere he added "The Great" to his name and fame. Who consolidated Christianity? One of the greatest travellers of the early ages as he was one of the greatest apostles, Saul of Tarsus—St. Paul. Nelson when only a "Middy" had the privilege of an Arctic voyage which helped immensely to enlarge his mind and broaden his sympathies. And later, when he took his victorious squadrons to the shores of the Levant, to the coasts of Egypt, to Italy, to Denmark, to Teneriffe, and to the West Indies, he everywhere showed a genuine interest in the countries, and the peoples he thus visited.

Travel moreover modifies our often exaggerated ideas of our own country and, paradoxical though it may seem, aids citizenship and engenders patriotism. It has been well said that the whole art of judging a master-painting is to know just where to stand in order to catch the point of view of the master-painter. In like manner the art of knowing how to understand and appreciate one's own

native land, lies just in knowing how to choose this point of view, and in order to do so correctly we must go outside our own country.

“ O wad some power the giftie gie us  
To see oursels as others see us ”

Yes, we can learn more of our own country from a single visit outside it than from a whole lifetime within it. Just as we may be in the thick of a procession, actual participants in it, and still know next to nothing about that procession. “The looker-on sees most of the game”—so too, to see, to know, to understand England for example, go to the continent—go to France, to Spain, to Italy, anywhere but England—

“ What should they know of England  
Who only England know ”.

Everything is by comparison. Nothing is appraisable except relatively. To estimate correctly therefore the greatness of our land, the qualities of our people, the grandeur of her scenery, the niceties of her politics, or the freedom of her Government, it behoves us to know something of other lands, of the lives and customs of other peoples, their characteristics, national, social, political. Yes, to continue the simile with a concrete example, let us take a stay-at-home, a cockney for choice, who has highly inflated, petrified ideas that London is the “hub” of the Universe, and that there is nothing anywhere to come leagues and leagues near her. Let him but cross the channel. Let him but step ashore at Calais, and he has opened the door of his mind to the entrance of the newest knowledge in the world—his own, his very own impressions of another world. Its effect upon an intelligent and ardent mind is immense, almost magical. That mind will never again think of England and of life from an insular, cramped, dogmatic point of view. It simply cannot. What a wonderful effect, what a quieting sway, what a sobering influence would even a hasty visit to say Lyons, Bordeaux, or Rheims produce on the mind of an intelligent youth, reared hitherto in the narrow, local patriotism of his own native city or land. Just a glimpse of Paris with its splendid boulevards and handsome public buildings, its parks and national monuments, its bright and happy life would undoubtedly make this unsophisticated youth gauge more accurately the state of his own country, the conditions of his own town, and incidentally change his mentality towards the foreigner.

Moreover, travel instead of diminishing citizenship, or weakening patriotism, makes for better citizenship, and promotes more ardent, if less enthusiastic patriotism. The reason is obvious. The more a man knows of other cities—of their public works, their railways and tram-service, their electric-lighting and water supply, their postal and telegraph facilities, their telephone and aerial communications, their housing and food supply, their sports, amusements and recreation, the shrewder he is in criticising his own, the more alive to its short-comings and equally so to its advantages. And such a one makes an ideal citizen too, for now he is not the inveterate grumbler, nor the perpetual fault-finder, but keen to appreciate what is good in others, and keener still to adopt it himself.

In the same way but in a wider measure, foreign travel begets greater patriotism, for travelled men and women love their own land best, and this because they can view it and compare it in relation to others. The present is the most democratic age of any time. The nations today have entered upon a new era of international, nay even a new phase of inter-racial politics, demanding of their people no purblind loyalty, no sentimental devotion to this or that flag, but a universal brotherhood, a common federation of the world with a mutual “give and take” and “live and let live” policy, with a sympathetic understanding of the other peoples, be they great or small, with their various customs, different manners and multiplex habits, with their ideals, hopes and aspirations, however divergent from ours, however Utopian they may seem to us. Peoples, nations, races who are neither fools nor knaves but just as good if not better than ourselves whatever pigmentation adorns or disfigures their epidermis. Peoples, nations, races as highly refined, as equally civilized if not more so, than ourselves; as honest and truthful, as loveable and humane, and perhaps even more interesting and useful to us, than we to them. Peoples, nations, races of the highest mental calibre, whose intellectual attainments, whose civilization, lies buried in a hoary, antiquated past, and even the little we know of it eclipses our vaunted twentieth century veneer. Hence by frequent travel in other countries we begin to see and to understand other peoples, and they us. We do not sneer, but observe, understand and endeavour to assimilate what is good in others. And thus, to keep to our example, even this excellent, though swollen-headed, over-confident cockney, soon wholesomely realises that he

too is a foreigner outside the sound of bow-bells, and this instantly modifies his national pride, his individual arrogance, and he returns home a more useful citizen, a better patriot, not to scoff at his own land, but to benefit her from the good he has seen and assimilated abroad, and notwithstanding her shortcomings—"England, with all thy faults, I love thee still"—he, as a true citizen, as an ardent patriot adopts these words of Goldsmith, applying them both to himself and to his native country:—

"Where'er I roam, whatever realms I see,  
My heart, untravelled, fondly turns to thee."

"Tut, tut," we hear our readers exclaim: enough of this philo-  
sophical pabulum—give us something concrete. Take us along  
with you, and let us re-visit together a few of the countries, some  
of the towns, the cities you have visited, and give us a vivid, a  
popular, a readable description of them. *Mea pace licet*. But, and  
this is a big "But"—where am I to take you now? Not round the  
world. It is too vast. Just somewhere, anywhere, say you. But  
remember that our tastes are as various as our opinions are  
different. And so, am I to transport you in spirit to the land of  
the Pharaohs, and tell you something of its hoary monuments, of  
its Necropolis, its Pyramids, its Obelisks, its Sphinxes? or is it the  
Classic memories of Ancient Greece and Imperial Rome which  
appeal to you? or shall we in fancy carry ourselves to that charm-  
ing queen of cities and watch the stream of life—health and wealth,  
fashion, rank and beauty—in the boulevards of Paris, or in the  
Puerta del Sol in Madrid, or under the lindens of Berlin? 'None  
of these, perchance say many. Is it then to the queen of the  
Adriatic that you bid me 'cicerone' you? To Venice, that strange  
city, founded by a band of fugitives who fled from the devouring  
sword of Attila, King of the Huns? Are we to hail a Gondola from  
the steps of the Hotel Di Luna, and glide along the grand Canal, to  
see rising before us the magnificent palace of the Doges, with its  
strange stories of the Council of the Ten, and the dreaded tribunal  
of the Three? Are we to step into the Piazza San Marco (Square  
of St. Mark) surrounded with a continuous colonnade and presenting  
a coup-d'oeil of magnificent buildings without a parallel in the  
world? Are we to peep, just only to peep, into that wonder of  
wonders even in wonderful Venice—the beautiful and impressive  
church of St. Mark, or is it the Academy of Arts, around which

clusters a host of tales and legends concerning Artists and their  
Art—or is it Salviati's to catch a glimpse of the manufactories of  
the City's specialities, Venetian glass, Venetian Mosaics and Vene-  
tian beads, or perhaps you wish to cross, to pass under the  
Rialto "where merchants most do congregate," and where even  
today the descendants of Shylock may still be seen? Nay, nay,  
enough of Shylocks, we have them by the score in the 'Bhais' who  
meet and greet us everywhere. Whither then, my friends? Per-  
chance to the eternal City. Haste then to the Palatine, the cradle  
of Rome, where Romulus the shepherd boy watched his flight of  
birds of good augury, whilst from the Aventine Remus surveyed his  
own unsuccessful flight. Behold the Forum, ringing still in our  
ears, with the cheers and plaudits of the crowd just loosed from  
the spell of Cicero's eloquence—"Quousque tandem abutere patientia  
nostra?"...Where is Catiline?...*"O tempora, O mores"*.....Hark to  
the tramp of the Roman legions—here they come from their mighty  
conquests and bend their way along the Via Sacra to the Capitoline,  
crowned now with the towers of the Ara Coeli.....wherein peacefully  
reposes the world-renowned Sacro Bambino. Here too Titus  
brought up and deposited the spoils of Jerusalem, and yonder there  
still stands the triumphal arch commemorating this spoilation;  
this devastation. Turn which way you will, every spot is sacred  
with the memories of ages. Here Great Caesar fell. Beware, be-  
ware, the Ides of march! There stretches the Appian Way where  
Paul the captive from Jerusalem dragged his weary footsteps. Anon  
the Colosseum, the greatest amphitheatre the world has ever seen,  
magnificently glorious even in decay, where the Christians were led  
forth 'ad bestias'—to the Lions—at the exultant cry of the tumultu-  
ous populace. And then, here the Campagna, hollowed into  
Catacombs in which they hid themselves from such cruel persecu-  
tions. On all sides, at every step, there are vestiges of Regal Rome,  
Republican Rome, Imperial Rome, Papal Rome, found scattered  
around in palaces and baths, in temples and ruined walls, in basilicas  
and triumphal arches, whilst the splendour of St. Peter's and the  
Vatican and hundreds of Churches yield ample records of Ecclesias-  
tical Rome. But enough of the Eternal City.

Where to ....? Is it to the land which was but now of the  
Romanovs, of the Czars, of Peter the Great and Ivan the Cruel?  
To Russia then. Hey presto! But where?...Whither? To St.



Petersburg, I mean Petro...Leningrad! No, no, no! To Moscow then—let us quickly ascend the antique battlements of the Kremlin, and see spread before us a really magnificent though bird's eye view of the city of three hundred and seventy Churches alone, not to mention anything else. At our feet the Moskva glistens silvery in the sun. Beyond and on either hand stretches the great city still beautiful and picturesque, still interesting and enthralling despite all that has been dealt upon it by time, war, flood or fire, even from the days of Tamerlane and the Tartars, down to those of Napoleon and his grand army, whose disastrous retreat from the city will long form one of the most appalling incidents in history. Within the Kremlin we seem to feel the beating of the heart of all the Russias—at every step and stage we are brought into contact with notable incidents in her history, of joys and sorrows, of successes and reverses—but how are we to describe them? Wonderful are the golden cupolas glittering in the sun above a white sea of house tops. More wonderful still is the collection, I may almost say the cluster, of churches and palaces with their walls and domes coloured gold and silver, red and green, white and blue, and yet presenting no appearance of tawdry garishness, but an indescribable, a magnificent, a harmonious coup-d'oeil. Most wonderful still are the bells, the bells of Moscow. Yes, most conspicuous amongst the crowd of interesting monuments which crown the Kremlin hill, rises the Tower of Ivan Veleki, built in five successive tiers in which are thirty to forty bells of various sizes and tones, the largest of which weighs 64 tons or 143,360 lbs. Two delicately toned silver bells of exquisite timbre occupy the highest storey, the music of which is appreciated by vast crowds at stated times, for be it known that bells in Russia are not merely used for calling people to worship; their music forms an important part of the worship itself. At the foot of this tower lies the King (or is it the monster?) of bells. The "Ozar Kolo Kol"—a small, little tiny, tintinabulum, 68 feet in circumference, over 26 feet in height, and weighing 2,000 tons—only 4,480,000 lbs. Prodigious! Ring off—please do—too deafening! Right Oh!

Let us away then for a brief trip to Scandinavia, to Norway and Sweden and Denmark, where old world life and legend may be met with even to-day as we find in no other country in the world—the land of Fables and Myths, of Stories and Folk-lore—"scraps of

fact floating in the seas of poetry"—that land of picturesque forests and mountains, of lakes and islands of frozen ice, and midnight sun, of Fjords and Vikings, of Odin the Strong, the Brave, the Wonderful Hero, Saint and God—the last God, by the way, ever worshipped in Europe, before the true God came to be known—of Olaf, the first Christian King baptized by St. Siegfried—of Gustavus Vasa the daring Hero, the idol and the maker of his country, of Margaret, the Semiramis of the land, who had placed over her head the Triple Crown of Norway, Sweden and Denmark, where even our greatest Admiral.....No, no, we do not want to hear of the memorable sea-fight in the roadstead near Copenhagen, when Nelson in disobedience of superior orders gained renown and fame by burning and sinking and destroying the Danish Fleet.....

Whither then.....? To the Netherlands? All Holland is a wonderful land, and the Dutch truly a wonderful people. Everywhere the traveller is brought into contact with the fact that each foot of ground he treads has been rescued from the waters and is held together by the skill, ingenuity, by the indomitable perseverance and unceasing resourcefulness of man "*Labor improbus omnia vincit*". Yes, everywhere he has striking evidence of the industry of her people, in canals and dykes and dunes, in countless wind-mills, in gardens and summer-houses, in markets and fairs, in cleanliness, in order, in thrift, in kindness, in courtesy, in hospitality. Everywhere, too, there is brought to mind by her monuments, noble deeds of the past, when to free their country from the tyranny of foreigners, the staid, sober, the phlegmatic Dutch cut the dykes as their last desperate resource in defence from the yoke of Spain. Some patriotism this! It equals, even eclipses, the burning of Moscow.

But how continue in this limited space? What am I to say even of the structure and history of its principal City—Amsterdam? The city whose inhabitants Erasmus said "lived like rooks on the tops of trees" in allusion to the piles driven in the sand on which the city is built, or as some modern writer has said: "If Amsterdam could be turned bottom upwards it would present the appearance of a vast forest of trees without branches or leaves." How describe its trade and commerce; its rise and progress in art and science; its diamond-cutting establishments—most famous all the world over—its horticulture, especially its production of bulbs, its museums and

picture-galleries crowded with the finest specimens of the Dutch school of painting, especially of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries—of the master-pieces of Rembrandt and Teniers, Potter and Ruysdael, Cuyp and Vandervelde, De Hooghe and Weenix, to name only a few. The chief characteristic in Dutch art is being true to truth. There is little invention and less of idealism. It simply depicts the manners and modes and thoughts of the plain, picturesque, practical plodding people of Holland. It is the mirror which simply reflects the impression of the country. Yes, walk the streets of Holland. You see ordinary sights characteristic of the people—a Mynheer complacently smoking his pipe of peace and contentment, bargemen blithely drifting down canals, cows which give us the world renowned Gouda, Edam cheese, ruminating under willows, women patiently tending their hyacinths and tulips, men sipping their Hultskamp at a tavern bench, poulterers selling dead game. Enter the picture-galleries and you see exactly the same scenes meticulously described on the canvas even to the minutest details. Every vein in a piece of wood, every fibre in a leaf, every thread in a piece of cloth, the stitches in a patch, every hair upon an animal's coat, each wrinkle, every smile on a man or maiden's face is depicted true to truth: this was why Sir Joshua Reynolds remarked that "Painters should go to the Dutch School to learn the art of painting as they would go to a grammar-school to learn a language."

Are we to conclude our rambles, or are we to step into Europe's battle-ground, Belgium? And if so what then of Brussels and Antwerp, Bruges and Ghent, Liege and Louvain, Ypres and Charleroi? Nothing, except to say that the capital city of Belgium presents a copy in miniature, though not an inferior edition, of Paris—and to add that distant within five leagues is the world famous battle-ground, the Field of Waterloo. Belgium's artistic city Anver contains, in the church of Notre Dame there, Ruben's "Descent from the Cross" as also his "Elevation of the Cross", whilst its Museum or Academie des Beaux-Arts, contains his pupil Van Dyck's equally famous "Christ on the Cross" and "His Entombment". Ah! Bruges and its world renowned belfry, or Grand Tower 350 ft. high:—

"In the market place of Bruges, stands  
the Belfry old and brown:

Thrice consumed and thrice rebuilt,  
still it watches o'er the Town."

And what of its famous carillon—its chime of bells—what of it?—

"Low at times and loud at times  
And changing like a poet's rhymes"

says Longfellow.

Only a glimpse of Switzerland, when we shall come in contact with everything that goes to make up the perfection of scenery, wild, glorious, magnificent, with traces of stirring history and with an industrious and very interesting people. But, again, where to begin? Let Geneva and its lake suffice as an illustration. It has a history without beginning of days and end of years. Even should we commence with the lake dwellings of the mysterious tribes which inhabited them, we come to the Stone Age, and rapidly passing on we find traces of the conquest of the Helvetians and Allobroges, of the Romans and Burgundians and Germans. Here men of all ages and all kinds will accost us. Traditions of persecution and tribulation, and stories of love and war and battle will ring in our ears from ruined Chateaux, and will inspire us to live and enact them over again. Here we will learn something of the patient perseverance with which the Swiss have built up their watch trade. Here we shall rehear the shouts of the flower of the Genevese youth, as they burst the prison bars and let the patriot Bonnivard—Byron's supposed "Prisoner of Chillon"—go free. Geneva, the city on the Western shores of Lake Lemman, has long known the secret of success, the value of modern advertisement, to keep its fame evergreen and its name always upon the lips of men. For who has not heard of the Geneva Gown, symbol of mighty spiritual forces, that at one time almost shook Europe to its foundations. Geneva Cross—Red Cross, harbinger of loving care for the wounded on modern battle-fields—Geneva Congresses—for the settlement of Alabama Claims; for the inauguration of the reign of peace; for the establishment of Social Democracy, for the discussion of all sorts of vexed questions—The League of Nations. Last but not least, Geneva watches—marking the flight of time with their wonted swiftness, and while tarrying for no man, sternly pointing out even to the Travelled Bore that time is up—and so we pass over the spell cast over us by sylphs and trolls, by dwarfs and sprites in crags, and mountain solitudes, and reluctantly breathe a long farewell—nay whisper a short "Au-revoir", to this charming city of a charming country of which it may be said as of Shakespeare's heroine:—

"Age cannot wither nor custom stale  
Her infinite variety".

And so you "Stay-at-homes", arise, awake and betake yourselves to these and to many more charming spots on God's fair earth, being mindful that the spice of life is change, and that the supremest remedy of the supremest Aesculapius is change, and there is nothing in the highest philosophy so perfectly calculated to refresh and invigorate both mind and body as a change of scene.—TRAVEL.

## OLD COLOMBO.

BY THE LATE J. L. K. VAN DORT.

There is something always fascinating in looking through the vista of departed days, to capture a glimpse of antiquity fast melting into the distance, thereby lending a charm to memory by its very obscurity.

My earliest and pleasantest recollections are connected with the North of Colombo. Unlike the recollections of a previous generation (who, at a period when the Southern suburbs as a residential quarter were unknown, and the Cinnamon Gardens referred to as "dreary plantations," dwelt on the attractions of the Malibund under the tulip trees), to me all possible adventure and romance beckoned from the mouth of the river Kelani and its environments. The awe with which I heard repeated the oft told story of the British fleet sighted beyond the sand bar at the mouth of this river, a colored sketch of which I have, is still with me.

Away towards the north lies the islet called Doowe or Crow Island. It was a well remembered point of interest as an ideal spot for the many picnics which were organized in those days in a most leisurely and luxurious fashion. No excuses seem ever to have been offered, much less accepted; for everybody who was "anybody", were always there, and I often wondered at the magic passage of time which in a few short years makes all such leisurely enjoyments practically impossible. Can it be that the Community was more welded together in harmony, or that money-making and leisure did not overlap each other as they have done since?

Anyway, the cruise to Crow Island and round about the island, and further up the river in the spacious and luxuriously furnished padda boats, remains an unforgettable memory.

The Islet I refer to was known to be the abode of all Crows in Colombo, and remains so even to this day. These birds issue forth at early dawn in their thousands, and return in the same manner at dusk to find shelter among the thick groves of the coconut trees, but thickly wooded as the island seem to be, sufficient perches can be possibly provided for the homing instinct that carries such multitudes of birds thither.

Peliagoda on the north-east was, I remember, a favourite holiday resort, long before facilities of travel by coach or rail invited us further. Schroter's Bungalow (to the right of the Bridge of boats), called after its owner, was looked upon as a summer resort by Colombo folk who coveted change of air. This excellent building and grounds, which belonged to the wealthy family of Schroter, was built on a circular site. Time and neglect have left hardly any trace of it, the grounds being buried under rank vegetation. There are few living whose privilege it is to recall the munificent hospitality of its late owners.

The name of Miss Schroter, however, its only surviving member, is remembered in the records of the Dutch Church at Wolvendaal, as the donor of her valuable property in the Fort, which stood in close proximity to the Dutch Governor's residence.

Pasbetal, meaning the pass of the boats, where toll was levied, a name of which frequent use was made in early days, is now but a memory. With it is connected adventurous accounts of how incursions from the Kandyan Kingdom were made to Colombo. The Pasbetal Road led to a point at which the Kelani river was crossed—a very insignificant structure indeed to occupy such a strategic position! It has since been supplanted by the Bridge of Boats, a military pontoon bridge erected by Sir Edward Barnes, many of the pontoons having been replaced by ferry boats. The fine structure of Victoria Bridge now commands the situation. "It was at this point that both the Dutch and the British in turn entered Colombo when the Fort capitulated, the army coming from the direction of Negombo. Grand Pass, originally Pass Nakelgam (not far from the Pasbetal Road) is really Great Pass, as contrasted with Small Pass, and was really the *Passu Grande* of the Portuguese. Grande literally translated meaning "big". Ferry boats plied to and fro at both these points and conveyed passengers as well as conveyances across.

Fisher's Hill gains interest when it is known that it is the spot where the British troops were first discovered by the Dutch and Malay outposts, while they were yet in ignorance of the cession of the Island to the English by the Dutch.

Beyond Fisher's Hill stands "Vuystwyk" (Vuyst's retreat), the country house of a man who was held in terror. Rumour even credited him with cannibalistic tendencies, his Malay servant being

responsible for kidnapping-raids into the outlying villages. Certain it is that his reign was summarily put an end to by the States General of Holland. He was arrested and tried in Batavia for his misdeeds, and met his end within sight of the ship conveying his faithful wife, who had journeyed to Holland and back, having obtained his reprieve, but too late to save him. Nothing further was heard of the Malay, who disappeared mysteriously after the arrest of his master. The precincts of Vuystwyk, however, carries the tradition that it is haunted. The spooks of the victims although not seen, were heard moaning both night and day beside the bathing pool in the Vustwyk grounds. The pool has long since been filled up, and groups of bamboo planted around it. The waving of these may well account for the sighs that were heard there. Certain it is, however, that human bones were found in the vicinity of the pool. The old well near it still stands. The water it contained was analysed and pronounced fit for consumption.

Bloemendahl, a very familiar spot, has now vanished into the distance. This "Garden of Flowers" of the Dutch period, has been converted into paddy fields and coconut plantations. All the low-lying grounds around Mattacooly form the site of what was once van der Meyden's Polder, and is still so called by many. Van der Meyden must have owned extensive farm lands, as his polders or pasture lands seem to have extended over a large area. These lands were connected and intersected by narrow canals and waterways; the cows were milked on the polders and the milk brought to the dairy in flat bottomed boats, just as they do up to the present day in Holland.

Between Mutwal Point and "Uplands" stood the Tanque Salgado of the Portuguese, a salt water lagoon where the famous Uplands tortoise spent his days for a hundred years and more! This spot was known as *Korte Boom*, meaning "Short Trees" or the Shrubbery, a situation exposed to the force of the monsoon winds, which kept the trees at a stunted growth.

The hilly points of Colombo, which were endlessly discussed by the older inhabitants, were Wolvendahl, Hulftsdorp and San Sebastian. The name Wolvendahl was most likely originally given to the lands and marshy grounds situated on a lower level at the foot of Barber Street rather than to the Hill itself, which by the

Dutch would have been called a Berg. The Portuguese called this territory Agoe de Loupo, which accounts for the Sinhalese name of Adeloup Veediya.

The old Dutch Church which takes its name stands on the hill, which is easily the highest elevation in Colombo. The Church was built by the Dutch East India Company, probably through the influence of Governor Falck, who had a rough passage via the Cape, and vowed that he would build a Church on the first site of land he sighted in Ceylon.

This Church was originally surmounted by a dome, or rather, by an octagonal bell-shaped cupola. This cupola was composed of lead, and above it was a brazen lion with a crown on its head, and bearing a sword in one hand, and the seven arrows representing the seven United States of the Dutch Republic, as seen in the arms of Holland, and which appear on the coins used in Ceylon before the introduction of the British and Indian currency. This dome was struck by lightning some time in the thirties. The molten lead poured down to the ground and the masonry was shattered.

The molten lead was surreptitiously sold to Moorish traders by the Sexton of that period, for which crime, as the records state, he was summarily dismissed. But owing to later indifference on the part of those concerned, much of value has since been ruthlessly disposed of, such as castings, mouldings and carvings brought from Holland, which it will be difficult or rather impossible to replace. The octagonal lantern which hung from the centre of the dome, as well as the quaint square lamps, might well have been preserved when chandeliers were introduced. With the new central chandelier goes the story that it was gifted to the church by a maiden who was jilted, and who spent the entire sum recovered in "damages" on this chandelier, under which brides in happier circumstances were married! The carved Font, as well as the Church plate remain, also an old brass ink-stand, in the shape of a cruet with two vases for ink. A queer shaped bell, and a bottle in the shape of a pepper-pot containing sand to be sprinkled over writing, have all disappeared. The valuable exquisite chairs which would delight the soul of a collector, and secured wealth to the Church at this day, were by the same indifference disposed of for a trifling sum.

It was to this Church that the Free Masons of St. John's Lodge in Grandpass marched in full regalia on St. John's Day

headed by the band of the 73rd Regt., Sir Colin Campbell, who was then Governor, attending the service in Masonic Regalia.

Sir William Gregory was another British Governor who took a keen interest in Wolvendahl Church and in its inscriptions and monuments—monuments not only of the Dutch officials buried there, but of the remains which were brought with much pomp and circumstance by torchlight from the older Church which stood on the site of the present Gordon Gardens, which was taken over by the Dutch from the Portuguese. The vestry of the old church in the Fort, owing to the thickness of its walls, was used as a Powder Magazine, and later converted into a store-house for ice, before it was finally broken up. Ice was at that time brought to Ceylon in blocks from America and stored here.

In close connection (although not in close proximity) with Wolvendahl Church, was the Belfry or *Klok Toren*, which stands to this day at Kayman's Poort or Kayman's Gate. This bell was rung three times, at intervals of half an hour each, before Morning and Evening Service on Sundays, with the evident intention of giving ample time to the Dutch residents to enable their leisurely selves to get into their best garments and order their *trikels* round, when two or three powerful negro slaves (men as well as women) would negotiate them up the Wolvendahl hill. Caffir slaves of both sexes carried palanquins and propelled the *trikels*. These conveyances were arranged in order outside the Church door by the Sexton, who in his cloak and wand of office, kept order within and without the church premises, and was much dreaded by myself and other little boys. I well remember being conveyed to school in a *trikel* guided by an emancipated slave called April.

Beside the Belfry stood a Guard-House which later served for a Police Station and lock up. The foot of the Church Belfry was also the site where justice was meted out in the form of whipping at the hands of the Police! Public executions also took place in the square hard by.

St. Paul's Church built opposite to this had a roof of cadjan thatch and was burnt down before the renovated building was erected. The Anglicans held services during that period (by invitation) at Wolvendahl Church.

Kayman's Gate in the early days occupied a strategic position. This Gate, as well as the Fort Gate, were closed every night at a certain hour, after which no one could leave or enter the inner or outer forts. The huge portals of the gate on ponderous hinges, we are told, were fixed to a bridge over a shallow canal, which connected the Harbour with the Beira Lake. Interchange of courtesies between the Dutch Governor and Kandyan Court brought the Military with music to accompany the ambassadors as far as Kayman's Gate, and the send off was accompanied with firing of guns.

In his account of the Capitulation of Colombo to the British, Thombe mentions Major Agnew advancing to Kayman's Gate at 3 o'clock one afternoon in the month of February 1796, bearing a flag of truce.

(To be concluded).



## OUR LADIES' PAGE.

Mrs. Denzil Koch sends us the following Dutch recipes which we have much pleasure in recommending to our lady readers.

### GESTOOFDE FISH—(*Stewed Fish*).

Make a white sauce with lemon flavouring. For Lenten or Fast Days, water may be used instead of broth.

Arrange the ready, cleaned fish in a 'Braadschotel' or Spitch-cock (baking dish) with the above sauce. Strew plentifully with biscuit crumbs, a good pat of butter, and let it just get brown in the oven.

### BEEF STUK—(*Beef Steak*).

Take a nice piece from the rump. The frying pan must be glowing hot. Put a good sized piece of butter into it, and stir well, skimming it. Now put the beef steak in the pan. Season the upper part with pepper and salt, then turn and season the other side in the same manner. Constantly keep turning, from one side to the other—not pricking. When the beef is done, take the gravy out, and fry again a piece of butter in the pan. Let this boil well and put it with the rest of the gravy—a little water might be added if desired. Pour all over the meat, and serve.

### WILHELMINA PUDDING.

Boil 2 small measures of milk with half a small vanilla bean, 2 ozs. sugar, and 4 ozs. butter. Keep stirring constantly. Now add gradually, 4 ozs. flour, mix till it leaves the sides of the pan, then stir in three yolks of eggs, and 4 ozs. chopped almonds followed by the whites of eggs, beaten to a stiff froth. Well grease a mould with butter. Line it with chopped almonds which have been previously lightly browned in the oven, and put the mixture in the mould. Let it steam three-quarters of an hour, turn out, and serve with Vanilla or Rhenish Wine Sauce.

## NOTES AND QUERIES.

### The Koronchi Ceremony:

MR. E. H. VAN DER WALL writes:—At the conclusion of my lecture at the D. B. U. Hall on the 16th August, Mr. R. L. Brohier raised a question regarding the origin of the "Koronchi" ceremony. Speaking from memory I replied that there was some correspondence on the subject in the Journal and that important evidence was furnished by Mr. F. R. Bartholomeusz regarding the survival of the custom among the Dutch Burgher families at Jaffna, up to recent times.

J. R. T. opened the subject in Vol. I, No. 2, by inquiring whether the Koronchi ceremony was a Sinhalese or an obsolete European custom. Mr. R. G. Anthonisz was then unable to reply to this inquiry in positive terms. Whereupon, F. R. B. sent a long and interesting letter to Vol. I, No. 4, pointing out that the "Koronchi" custom was observed by the conservative Dutch Burghers of Jaffna up to so late as 1856, and that at the wedding ceremony the bestman was known as *Kroonjonker* and the chief bridesmaid as *Kroon-nosi*.

To this letter Mr. R. G. Anthonisz added the following editorial notes:

"To this most interesting description of a quaint and pretty custom, which we have now no doubt had a Dutch origin, we may add that we received a few days since from a valued correspondent at Java, a photograph of a wedding group of native Christians at Amboyna, one of the Moluccas islands, representing the bride and bridegroom with their *getuigens*, or witnesses, in which the bride stands in the forefront with the *Kroontje* very much in evidence on her head". The Dutch origin of the "Koronchi" ceremony is thus settled beyond all doubt.

**Governor van Imhoff:** Dr. S. P. Joseph sends us the following note on Governor van Imhoff:—

Gustaaf Willem Baron van Imhoff, 1705—1750, Governor-General of Batavia, was born at Leer on the Eems on the 8th August, 1705, and was the son of W. H. Baron van Imhoff, Privy Councillor and Bailiff of Leer and Leeroort. In 1725 he sailed for

the Indies with the rank of Junior Merchant in the service of the Dutch East India Company. His promotion appears to have been fairly rapid. In 1732 he was made a Councillor Extraordinary of the Council of India, and four years later was promoted to Ceylon as Governor and Councillor Ordinary. He remained here for two years when he returned to Holland, where the Directors were so impressed with him that in December, 1740, he was nominated as Governor-General of the East Indies in place of Adriaan Valckenier who had asked to be relieved of his duties. Before this he had returned to Batavia and taken his seat in the Council of Policy. In 1740 Governor-General Valckenier had fallen out with Van Imhoff, an enmity having arisen over certain disturbances in the latter part of 1740 when thousands of Chinese were murdered. Valckenier had the Councillors Van Imhoff, Schinne and Haze arbitrarily arrested and sent to Holland. Van Imhoff who had found favour with the authorities in the Netherlands and whose protection he received drew up a document on the state of the Dutch East India Company. Meanwhile, Valckenier, whose resignation had been accepted, left Batavia in 1741, but on arrival at the Cape in August of the following year he was arrested on charges connected with the Chinese murders and the arrest of the Councillors, and sent back to Batavia for trial. Van Imhoff accepted the office of Governor-General and set out for the Indies, arriving at the Cape in January, 1743. During his stay he made a tour through the country and on his departure left "Instructions" in the form of a report on the Cape for the Governor. The new Governor-General proved himself, as he had done hitherto, to be an able official and made many improvements at Batavia. By his regulations he appears to have encouraged colonisation by the grant of lands about Batavia to farmers. He was the founder of the place Buitenzorg where he had built himself a country seat. Baron Van Imhoff died at Batavia on the 1st November, 1750.

**"Burgherisms"**. A good deal of feeling has been aroused over the crude attempt made by Mr. H. E. Newnham, in the course of a talk on "Ceylon" before the Hereford Rotary Club, to pour ridicule on the Burghers by attributing to them "Irish bulls" which were never perpetrated by them. Everybody knows that such idiomatic absurdities as "the hand that rocks the cradle has kicked the bucket", "you have buttered your bread on both sides

and will have to lie on it", etc., are as old as the hills and never originated in Ceylon; yet here is a gentleman who, by reason of the position which he holds in this Colony, ought to know better, deliberately making a statement which is unfair to a community in which the standard of literacy is very high, merely for the purpose of raising a laugh. Such a pastime does no credit to the person who indulges in it, and can do no injury to the community maligned. We only refer to the matter here because we have received an indignant letter from Dr. G. F. Bartholomeusz, who voices the general feeling of displeasure that Mr. Newnham's remarks have aroused. As representatives of the community have already taken action in the matter, we shall say no more on the subject for the present.

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## NOTES OF EVENTS.

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### SUMMARY OF PROCEEDINGS OF THE COMMITTEE

*24th May, 1932*:—(1) The Honorary Secretary tabled the accounts in connection with the presentation to Dr. Prins and the Garden Party, also of the Bridge Drive held in April, shewing credit balances of Rs. 23 and Rs. 15-50 respectively. The Committee approved of the former balance being handed over to the Social Service Fund and the latter to the Entertainment Fund. The Honorary Secretary also reported that the net amount realised at Dr. Bake's recital was Rs. 75, which had been handed over to him. (2) The following new members were admitted:—Miss E. M. Toussaint, Mr. F. L. Poulter, Mr. O. L. de Kretser, Jr., and Mr. T. V. K. Carron. Mr. Julian Leembruggen was re-admitted as a member. (3) Consequent on a motion brought forward by Mr. L. E. Blazé, the following resolution was passed, "That the President, the Secretary, and the Treasurer of the Union be allowed, if they so desire, to exercise the privilege of paying only cost price for refreshments ordered by them". (4) Accepted the temporary resignation of Mr. F. W. de Vos from the Union.

21st June, 1932:—(1) Read letter from Mr. J. A. Poulier intimating that he and his son desired to resign from the Union. Resolved that they be invited to continue as 50 cent members. (2) Mr. O. L. de Kretser suggested that the question of allowing the Comrades to resume relations with the Union should be considered. Mr. J. R. Toussaint undertook to bring forward a motion in due course to give effect to the suggestion.

19th July, 1932:—(1) The following new members were admitted:—Mrs. Adele Stork and Miss H. Collette. (2) Resolved to bring to the notice of all members the rule regarding the new subscription rates. (3) Passed the following resolution:—"The President of the Comrades having invited the Committee of the Dutch Burgher Union to resume relations with the Comrades, resolved that they be allowed the use of the ground floor hall (inclusive of piano and furniture) and grounds on Saturday each week up to 8 p.m. on the understanding that if the Union requires the premises the Comrades will not have the same. That if the Comrades desire the use of the Hall on other occasions, application be made to the Committee. That the Comrades be allowed the same privileges as the 50 cents members on the special occasions provided for in the case of the latter. That the Secretary do arrange for a buffet on the ground floor on Saturdays for sale to the Comrades of non-intoxicating drinks for cash". (4) Considered a letter from Dr. A. Nell relative to the Gerlitz legacy. Resolved that the President do interview the Public Trustee on the subject.

**The Union:** It may not be generally known that the Dutch Burgher Union attains the 25th anniversary of its establishment on 18th January next. Steps are being taken to celebrate the occasion in a fitting manner.

**Special General Meeting:** At a Special General Meeting held in July, Mr. E. H. VanderWall proposed and Mr. J. R. Toussaint seconded that there be a new class of members paying 50 cents a month. The motion was passed unanimously and the following consequential amendment to the Constitution was made.

#### MEMBERSHIP 6 (c) I.

- (a) There shall also be a class of members at -/50 cents a month who shall be entitled to the use of the Reading

Room, and of the Bridge and Billiard Tables, and the Bar, all on a Cash basis, on the following occasions only:—

- (a) General Meetings.
  - (b) St. Nicholaas' Fete.
  - (c) Lectures.
  - (d) Concerts, Dances, and Dinners.
  - (e) Committee Meetings of which they are Members.
- (b) The General Committee shall not include more than 6 members of this class resident in Colombo and 3 resident at outstations.
- (c) The new class of -/50 cents members shall be entitled to full votes at Committee Meetings and to one fifth of the sum total of votes given by them at General Meetings.

#### FOOT NOTE TO FOLLOW RULE 4.

**OFFICERS.**—This rule is now subject to modification as set out in Rule 6 (c) I.

**D. B. U. Lectures:** The following lectures were delivered since the last number of the Journal was issued:—

- |             |   |                       |
|-------------|---|-----------------------|
| 17th June   | "Black Art and Magic<br>in Ceylon"                            | Mr. R. L. Brohier.    |
| 16th August | "The Contribution of the<br>Dutch to the Making of<br>Ceylon" | Mr. E. H. VanderWall. |

Both the lectures were very interesting and attracted large audiences. The former was reproduced in full in the "Times of Ceylon", while the latter is of such lasting value to the community that it deservedly finds a place in this issue of the *Journal*.

**Members' Day:** This monthly event continues to grow in popularity. In June Mrs. F. Foenander and Mrs. J. R. Toussaint acted as hostesses, in July Mrs. T. D. Mack and Mrs. H. K. de Kretser, in August Mrs. E. H. Joseph and Mrs. Frank Loos, and in September Mrs. R. L. Spittel and Mrs. E. G. Gratiaen.

**Obituary:** On 9th July, 1932, Revd. James Alfred Spaar, aged 86 years.



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**EDITORIAL NOTES.**

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*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 Burgher 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, Arthur's 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 Burgher Union Hall, Reid 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. Gerald Mack, Don Carolis Road, Jawatta, and not to the Hony. Secretary.

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*Dutch Burgher 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 Avenue, Colombo.