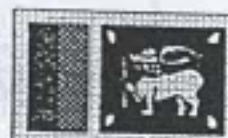


THE CEYLANKAN

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Editor : David Goodrich



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EDITORIAL

Publication of this journal seems to be sparking interest from places far and near. As you will see there are communications from overseas and THE CEY-LANKAN will be a really useful medium to expand knowledge about the Island with its many and varied aspects, and perhaps to locate lost friends or relatives since migrating from there.

Vama has suggested we start a 'Wanted Known' or Reader's Direct Line column for people seeking information. Sounds like an excellent idea, so send in your wishes whether it be the desire to acquire a certain book, or perhaps particulars about a topic you are interested in, or possibly the seeking of news about distant family members - genealogical connections, etc. On later pages in this journal are some initial request/enquiries that hopefully may get responses. If you wish the responses published, we will oblige. This is your magazine so make the most of it! And of course there is no extra charge for these **Wanted Knowns**, your subscription covers your requests.

The November meeting was again well attended and it is good to see new faces present. Kingsley Siebel gave a detailed and very interesting presentation on his research into his family history. Gavin Fry then spoke about Donald Friend, the Australian artist, who spent several years in Ceylon painting and drawing and enjoying life to the full. Details of both talks are contained later in this journal.

One topic that was not discussed at the meeting was the work and effort in the preparation of the always delightful suppers at our meetings. The cost of this has up to now been borne by a very few ladies and perhaps it would be appropriate for the Society to at least compen-

sate for the ingredients. Thank you ladies, we always enjoy your preparations!!

SINHALESE GENTRY CIRCA 19TH CENTURY

The Sinhala gentry of the late 1800s and early 1900s wore long hair combed back from the face and wound back into a not behind.

They wore a round comb placed lightly on the top of the head as could be seen in this engraving done in 1885.



SINGALESE MEN.

Source : Peeps at Ceylon by the wife of a missionary, London 1885.

BRITISH MILITARY HEROES IN CEYLON

by Douglas Ranmuthugala

The British period in Ceylon brought into the Island many army units on what was loosely termed colonial service. This culminated during the second World War with the establishment of the South East Asia Command in Ceylon, under the late Lord Louis Mountbatten.

Among the officers who accompanied such units, there were many who had fought with distinction in the never ending wars that Britain was involved in during the period. Some of them had served under Wellington during the Napoleonic wars as well as in India in an earlier period when the Duke was known as Sir Arthur Wellesly. Many others served in all parts of the British Empire wherever British Redcoats attempted to maintain *Pax Britannica* with their Martini-Henri rifles and sword bayonets.

One of the most colourful among such officers was Sir Hector MacDonald, KCB, DSO, ADC, or 'Fighting Mac', as he was affectionately known at the time, who served as General Officer Commanding (GOC) Ceylon for a short period from 1902 to 1903. His career could easily surpass many a story of military exploits produced by writers of fiction.

Hector MacDonald was born in the Scottish village of Millbuie in the Shire of Ross in 1853. The fifth son of a stonemason, he went to work at the age of 14 as an apprentice at a draper's shop. But the call to arms was strong in him, perhaps influenced by the sight of kilted Scottish soldiers from a nearby barracks who swaggered around in the local streets. In 1870, at the age of 17, he joined the 92nd (Gordon) Highlanders as a private.

His movement upwards through the ranks was rapid. By the time the Regiment went to war in India in 1879, he was already a Colour-Sergeant. His unit participated in the re-occupation of Kabul that year, following the massacre of the British garrison in that city. On 28 September 1879, MacDonald figured in a heroic action against the Afghans. He, with 18 men of his regiment under his command, along with an Indian officer and 30 men of the 3rd Sikhs rescued a party that had been ambushed by tribesmen. Though greatly outnumbered, this unit led by MacDonald decimated the enemy with controlled volleys of gunfire and routed them with a daring charge. He was fortunate in having his commanding officer, Sir Frederick Roberts, as a witness to this little battle. A little over a week later, MacDonald again distinguished himself in another action where he led his men up a steep slope against heavy odds. These two episodes, together with distinguished conduct and leadership over the pe-

riod of the campaign, led to his receiving in 1880 a field commission as 2nd Lieutenant in the 92nd Highlanders. Such promotions were extremely rare at a time when officers came almost exclusively from the landed aristocracy.

During the next five years, MacDonald saw considerable action in India and Africa, fighting with great distinction. In 1881, he was captured by the Boers at Majuba Hill when three companies of the 92nd were defeated by a strong force of

Boers. MacDonald was left holding a hilltop with 20 men after all the rest were either casualties, prisoners or beaten back. At the end, he was the last man on his feet, still fighting with his fists when he was pinned down by the sheer weight of the enemy. The Boers nevertheless released him to the British, complete with his sword that had been presented to him on promotion in India.

There followed the disastrous effort in 1884 to rescue General Gordon at Khartoum. Following that, MacDonald served for fourteen years

with the Egyptian Army, rising to be a Brigade Commander. His decision to serve overseas may perhaps have been due to social problems. A 'jumped up' officer, as those with field commissions were referred to disdainfully by the 'proper' officers, that is, those of the aristocracy and the wealthy who could purchase a commission, was more often than not, ostracised by the so-called upper classes.

In Egypt, he served under Lord Kitchener, leading his brigade with great skill. It was there he achieved everlasting military fame when he successfully fought a holding action against 20,000 Dervishes who attacked Kitchener's rear. With three thousand men, who were unfortunately facing the wrong way when the attack developed, he fought an action against two

fronts, holding his ground for half an hour before ammunition began to run out.

MacDonald and his men were ready to receive the enemy on their bayonets when they were reinforced by another unit.

There followed honours, promotions and more fighting. He was awarded the KCB, made an ADC to the Queen and promoted first to Colonel and then to Major General. There was even a Vote of Thanks for him in Parliament. He returned to Punjab as Commander of a military district; a post he relinquished to go to South Africa once again. In South Africa, he did marvels to rebuild morale after severe losses against the Boers, finally leading a brigade to victory at Paardeberg.

A highly successful tour of Australia and New Zealand to acknowledge the contribution of those countries during the Boer war was his next assignment. In 1902, he returned once again to India to resume the command he had relinquished when he left for Africa. But he did not get his just reward. The new Commander-in-Chief in India was Kitchener who may have preferred not to have such a distinguished soldier on his staff. As a result, he was given the relatively unimportant and militarily inactive command of troops in Ceylon.



Maj. General Sir Hector MacDonald, KCB, DSO, ADC



Gen. Sir Frederick Roberts, VC, CB, Commander Of The British Forces in the Afghan War 1878/79, under whom Hector MacDonald served.

It was unfortunately to be the last command of this fine soldier. In February 1903, MacDonald was the subject of an inquiry regarding sexual misdemeanours. Though the alleged offence was not one of criminal nature, MacDonald was compelled to face a court-martial. He returned to UK in some haste, perhaps with the idea of avoiding the ignominy of a trial. However, he was persuaded by the Commander-in-Chief, UK and old friend Lord Frederick Roberts, to return to Ceylon and face the music. On his return journey through France, the spectre of disgrace was too daunting for this man who had faced many a bullet or spear in battle. On 25 March 1903, the 50 year old General shot himself. It is said that a rather lurid report in the American press (no surprise to readers of the Clinton saga) which he read in his Paris hotel was the final straw that made this great soldier pull the trigger of his service revolver one last time.

(Douglas is our Canberra member, his interests are in Military History. He served in the Sri Lanka police as D.I.G. and later in the PNG Police where he was awarded the Queen's Police Medal. He now works with the Federal Police in Canberra. He likes information from any reader who can throw light on Sir Hector's work and life in Ceylon).

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Military Illustrated, Past & Present. No. 50 July 1992.

SCENES OF OLD CEYLON

PART II (CONTINUED FROM LAST ISSUE NEWSLETTER #
4, OCTOBER 1998)

This is the second part of *Scenes of Old Ceylon* by an 'Old Westminster Boy', taken from an 1886 Boy's Own Paper Annual. The first part related how the author had been travelling with his companions hunting and fishing down the Mahawelli ganga, and their observations along the way. Times were different in those days, as is obvious from the story!!

N— proposed that we should try our hand at fishing, as we had brought hooks and lines. It did not take long to cut down a couple of bamboos for rods, and we set off in a small canoe belonging to the natives, which we were in treaty for, as we wished to buy it. The first bite that N— got was a strong one, and carried away bait, hook, and some of his line. Shortly afterwards, while my attention was engaged in watching some monkeys, my rod was almost jerked-out of my hand, which made it evident that I had a bite too. As we had no winch from which to run out any more line, it seemed certain that something must break, but N— managed the canoe most cleverly, and lessened the strain on the line as much as was possible. We ended by landing the fish in a shallow lagoon, and it was a good big one, but did not look tempting to eat, as it seemed all head and very bony. We had good sport in the lagoon after this, and soon caught a dozen or so, which was more than we required. One fish I was playing had made for the roots of a large tree, which stood partly in the water.

It was quite exhausted, and seemed to think that the only thing left was for it to tangle my line, which it did most successfully. I was leaning over the side of the canoe trying to untangle the line, when I heard an exclamation

from N—, and felt the canoe shoot out from the bank. As soon as we stopped he pointed up, and there, on an overhanging branch of the tree, coiled up and asleep, was a large python. It was evidently gorged, for it was enormously distended, and had in all probability swallowed a small deer. After deliberating as to what we should do, we agreed that we should both fire together with buckshot at the reptile, which would then fall into the water.

Paddling the canoe to a place where we could get a good view, we both fired. The snake unwound with the rapidity of a watchspring, and looked for a moment like a gigantic corkscrew between the tree and the water. It turned its tail in falling round a small branch, which broke, and it then came with a splash into the water not far from the boat. It could hardly have felt more startled than we were when we saw it making straight for the canoe; as it came close it raised its head over the outrigger of the canoe. I was in such a hurry to get to the other end of the boat that I tripped and fell backwards, overboard, into the water, carrying my gun with me. N— very pluckily struck the snake a heavy blow on the back. He had got a good swing on the paddle, which came down with a force sufficient to entirely break its vertebrae.

I clambered up into the canoe, and we found that the brute was quite disabled. A few more blows from N—'s paddle induced it to become quiet, when we placed it over the outrigger and paddled to the bank. It must have been a very large python, although I have heard of them reaching thirty feet. N— measured it by his gun-barrel, which he knew the length of, and made it a few inches under twenty feet. Neither of us felt inclined to skin it, although we had knives. We therefore tied one of our puggarees to the bushes above as a guide to the coolies whom we intended to send to skin it. It was extremely fortunate for us that my gun had fallen into the lagoon, and not into the middle of the stream. As it was, I had great trouble getting it,

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SCENES OF OLD CEYLON ..con't

although it was only in about nine feet of water. Luckily the lagoon was very clear, so we had no difficulty in seeing it lying on the bottom.

It was now getting rather dusk, and we paddled back to where McK— had put up the tent. We saw three spotted deer drinking at the farther end of the lagoon, but just as we were thinking of trying to obtain a shot they scented us and withdrew into the jungle. We found McK— sitting in front of a jolly fire, engaged with two of our coolies in skinning a fine fat doe, which he had shot at the upper end of the lagoon. We boiled two of our fish in a large earthenware "chattie", and found them exceedingly palatable, although very bony. All the others, together with most of the deer-flesh, we gave to the Singhalese.

It was just nine o'clock before we started for the Hetiwella tank. The moon was all that could be desired in point of lightness, but was as yet not sufficiently high in the heavens to light our path properly, which lay through some jungle and undergrowth. We had taken two Singhalese trackers, besides some coolies with *kodalies* (small hatchets), to cut our way through the thorny brakes, which were often quite unavoidable. A very short time after we had started we heard a most ghastly noise, and a magnificent devil-bird flew from a talipot-tree in full view against the sky. It was a tempting shot, but we had to forbear on account of the noise it would create.

No one who has not heard a devil-bird can have any idea of the sounds it is able to emit. It will sit upon a branch and make gurgling and choking cries which suggest that an infant is being murdered. This will be followed by a series of monotonous moans, apparently produced far down in the throat. The person who is alone when he first hears this will be almost sure to fancy that his next few steps must bring him to the scene of some horrible murder, when he will be startled by three or four cries which will make his blood run cold from their weirdness. These cries the bird invariably utters just as it leaves its perch, and then sails majestically out into the night air, repeating them at intervals, and alarming all the villagers who may be so unfortunate as to hear them.

If a devil-bird flies over a village the Singhalese firmly believe that some death will take place on the following day in whatever house is exactly below the bird when it gives its cry. Should no one give up the ghost, then they congratulate themselves that the bird must have flown in a straight line over their gardens, and not over their house. The sudden death of cattle or dogs is in this way easily accounted for, by believing that a devil-bird has passed by at night without their hearing it. N— had shot one some months back, and had sent it to England to be set up after skinning it and preserving it himself. I had never been able to get close to one before, although I had often heard their horrible cries in the night while on an estate in Dolosbage.

McK— explained to the Singhalese who accompanied us that this bird had crossed the path well in front of us, and that therefore no evil consequences need be apprehended. They assented cheerfully, remarking that if its shadow had fallen on any animals in front their fate was sealed. This would be a great consolation for any of us using crooked powder if we could bring ourselves to believe that our bullets would find their

way to vital parts without any skill on our side.

The leeches were very numerous, and were hanging in festoons like small grapes from the ankles of the natives, who had not as yet felt them. A small stream was ahead of us, evidently a tributary of the Mahawelli. The Singhalese scraped off the leeches, and rubbed their legs well with tobacco-juice, which is supposed to be a good thing to prevent the brutes from sticking to one, although lime-juice or even salt will answer the purpose.

While on the other side of the stream McK— drew my attention to some marks in the soft mud, into which the water was still oozing. "We have just disturbed a bear drinking", said he; "and see, here are some other smaller marks which may be cubs; if so we had better look out".

The words were hardly out of his mouth when a double shot from N—, and another from the natives, told us that the path was not undisputed. N— said that he had caught sight of something black moving under the "lantana", and had heard angry growls after his discharge. The Singhalese ran up and examined the ground with a lantern, showing us blood upon some of the leaves. Just then my coolie Andi, showed out that he saw two dark objects moving up the hill ahead, and on looking at the ground we distinctly saw the marks of the bears' claws.

We followed these tracks up the hill, N— claiming to go first, as he considered the bear his quarry. The Singhalese trackers warned him to be careful; but, carried away with excitement, he ran ahead. McK— and I were following up the bear tracks slowly but carefully, whereas our friend had been impatient to reach the top of the small hill. Just as his head appeared against the sky we heard a most menacing roar, followed by a shot which had such a muffled sound that we felt certain the muzzle of N—'s gun could not have been far from the beast he had fired at.

We all rushed as fast as we could. On reaching the top McK— nearly tripped over one of the cubs, which could not have been a month old. N— was not to be seen. One of his coolies pointed down the hill, calling out to us to fire, that his master was being killed. We ran, or rather slid over the ground, which was very steep, and saw N— and the bear some little distance ahead, still rolling over each other through



The DEVIL BIRD.

the mana grass.

Andi was the first to come up with them, and we saw him drive an ebony-shafted boar-spear right through the bear's body. N— was soaked with blood, which he hastened to tell us was not his own, and asked us to see if he was hurt anywhere. He said that the bear rushed out upon him just as he tripped over a root, and that he only had time to fire into its chest when it closed upon him. The roll down through the grass had saved him from being bitten, although he fancied that its claws had not been altogether idle. He had dropped his rifle and pulled out a hunting-knife at the last minute, with which he had stabbed his dying companion as they rolled over each other.

We found that N— could walk without difficulty and that no bones were broken; but on stripping off his shirt there were some nasty scratches on his chest and thigh, which would leave their marks for life. Nothing would induce him to go back to the camp, although we both wished him to do so, meaning, of course, to return ourselves. After washing himself in the stream he showed us that his wounds were not very serious, and that he should never think of missing the sport at Hetti-

wella. N— owned to us that had he not disabled the bear so badly by the shot at such close quarters, the affair would have turned out differently, and that we should probably have had to bury him within a day or two. As it was, he said, the brute's life was ebbing fast during their roll together, and each thrust of his knife helped it on.

His clothes were saturated with blood, and had to be left on a tree. I gave him my shirt, and McK— offered his coat; but, as one garment apiece was quite sufficient for warmth, the loss of N—'s clothes did not inconvenience him. The bear had indeed suffered. The rifle had made a hole in its chest big as an egg, and N—'s knife had done terribly quick work, having inflicted nearly dozen wounds. Andi's spear still transfixed the bear's body to the ground. Its skin would be quite valueless, so N— contented himself by cutting off its feet in order to keep the claws which had left their marks upon him.

One of the cubs had disappeared, but the other N—'s coolie had caught and tied to a small tree by wrapping his head-handkerchief round its body. He was sent back to the camp by his master, told to take young Bruin with him, and to do all he could to keep it alive. The next day N— dispatched the same man with it to his estate, and succeeded in keeping it for some years after; it was ultimately given to a German botanist and taken to Calcutta.

As it was now past eleven p.m, we pressed on, and within half an hour came upon one end of Hettiwella tank. We had, however, to make a slight detour in order to keep the wind in our faces, and prevent any game that might be ahead from scenting us. This tank is over three miles long, and stretched away into the lazy moonlit distance as far as we could see. It had originally been formed by the Singhalese of perhaps two thousand years ago for irrigation purposes. Traces of stone dams could be seen far down among the snaky roots of gigantic banyan-trees and underneath the tangled vegetation that fringed its banks. Many of these stones bore traces of sculpture or inscription upon them, which had perhaps been graven by hands in the time of Herodotus while he was making his tour through the North-West Provinces of India.

The Singhalese population of Ceylon at that time has been estimated at seven million, whereas today it barely exceeds one and a half. Hundreds of square miles, which today are the wildest and most uninhabitable tracts, were then fertile expanses of paddy field. Since then the island has been over run and conquered by the Moors, the Tamils, the Portuguese, the Dutch, and the English. Perhaps the inhabitants of this very district had been suddenly called away from their daily work of tilling and irrigating their land to defend some distant capital; or perhaps a panic-stricken rush had been made from the district before the advance of an outbreak of cholera or fever, which report had told them was decimating the people. What ever the cause may have been, it was evident that these splendid tanks, which must have been formed at an enormous outlay of money and labour, had not been deserted without some cogent reason.

Once the inhabitants had withdrawn, and had ceased to plough or irrigate their fields, the entire aspect of the place would change with a magical quickness. Three short months would suffice for large weeds and wild plants to choke out the growing rice and maize. Three short years would amply suffice for jungle shrubs and trees thirty or forty feet high to spring up in every available spot of fertile land. Their tender rootlets, forcing their way at first between the stones of the tank embankments, would in time grow powerful enough to displace

and contort the stones themselves. This we could see for ourselves had been the case. The roots of hugh jungle trees, thicker than a man's body twined like enormous snakes between the stones of the dams, many of which had been quite destroyed by these agents alone. If the native engineers who designed these large reservoirs could have seen *then* how they would have fallen into decay, the spirit of their work would have been broken.

The Singhalese of the present day know all the legends of their former greatness. They will spin yarns for hours about the power and influence of their old dynasty; and yet they have never thought of repairing any of these works without which it would be impossible to again bring the land into cultivation. The Government has in some parts of the country offered to aid the natives, but its advances have never met with any reciprocity on their part. It must be owned, however that very few of these speculations entered our heads upon that January night, as we were standing upon the eastern wall of Hettiwella tank. I have since then visited the place and examined the stones with a Government official, as objects of archaeological interest. My attention that night was riveted upon the form of one of our trackers, who was bent forward examining the mud at the edge of the water in an attitude of the most rapt attention. He moved up to McK— and whispered something in his ear, which we were told was that there would be a very good chance of our finding elephants drinking. The tracker made out that they had been here not more than two hours previously, as he pointed out some wild plantains close by, which had been stripped of their young leaves.

.....to be concluded

A FEW POINTERS ON COLLECTING BOOKS ON CEYLON

By Sally Burdon

The Old Bookroom, formally Weekend Gallery Books, has been dealing in books on Asia, Africa and the Middle East for nearly thirty years. During this time we have observed many trends in book collecting, but one which has remained constant is the enthusiasm for books, ephemera, antique prints and maps relating to Ceylon. Interest in this area of collecting has actually increased in the past ten years and continues to do so.

If you are interested in buying material on Ceylon you may well be finding that adding to your collection is getting increasingly difficult. Items of Sri Lankan interest have never been easy to locate and in the last few years have become more so. The same books are seen time and again (eg Harry Williams - *Ceylon Pearl of the East*), whereas classic books such as those by Tennent, once not uncommon, are much more elusive. This increasing scarcity explains why prices may appear to vary greatly for books of similar content and importance.

Pricing can be one of the most difficult factors

A FEW POINTERS ON COLLECTING BOOKS ON CEYLON ...con't

to understand for those starting to collect on any subject. Why are some old books deemed to be of little value while some books published only a year or two ago and now out of print command higher prices than they did when they were new? How can an insignificant looking book or piece of ephemera be worth hundreds of dollars and others, apparently as impressive, have only nominal value? Market forces are, of course, alive and well in the book trade, just as they are in all situations where goods are bought and sold. There is always a demand for scholarly works, for books with unusual and clear photographic plates, colour plate books and for early explorations and histories. Content, condition, edition and availability all play their part in determining the market price of a book.

Edition is significant but it is important not to chase first editions at all cost. Sometimes it is the later edition which is the more desirable due to revisions and possibly the addition of illustrations or maps not included in the first edition. This is one of the many reasons that a good bibliography is useful. Bibliographies vary greatly in the amount of information they give. Some list only author, title and publication date, whereas others give the reader many details about the physical appearance of the book as well as commenting in its importance. It is also worth checking subject bibliographies. For instance the *Bibliography Regiments and Corps of the British Empire and Commonwealth 1758-1993. A Critical Bibliography of their Published Histories* compiled and published by Roger Perkins (Newton Abbot 1994) contains 10 entries of Sri Lankan interest with a paragraph on the content of each book - not necessarily the first place you would think of looking if you are collecting books on Ceylon but an excellent source nonetheless. There are bibliographies on every subject imaginable and many author specific ones. There are also bibliographies of bibliographies if you are unsure of where to start.

Identification of editions can be tricky - especially if you have been unable to find book in a bibliography. Although many publishers clearly note when a book is a reprint there are many who do not. An excellent book for identification of 20th century editions of many English language publishers, is Zempel *First Editions: A Guide to Identification*. This book lists publishers in an easy to use A - Z format, each entry giving

the publisher's comments of how to identify the first editions and reprints of the books they publish. Some publishers, eg Boreas Press, have extremely obscure methods of denoting their first editions. In each of the books Boreas Press publish they include a colophon of a sailing ship. If the book is a first edition the ship has a tiny stem post but reprints do not have a stem post! Admittedly Boreas Press is unusual but there are many others who display similar eccentricities. Many US publishers use a list of numbers from 1 to 10 on the copyright page. As each edition is published a number is dropped off the list, eg, a first edition from Prentice-Hall would be shown as 12345678910, whereas a reprint would be 2345678910. Again even this is not totally straight forward as some publishers begin their list of numbers with 0 and so their first editions would be shown as 012345678910 and reprints would begin with 1, ie, 123457891910!

Condition is a vital factor in determining value. Ideally a book should be in the condition it was when first published. Even minor defects affect price. The volume should be in the original binding with the dust-jacket undamaged if it had one when it was published. There should be no wear on the binding and no defects such as foxing, names, library stamps, etc, on the leaves. All illustrations and maps called for must be present. Sometimes maps are not mentioned. If you suspect there should be a map - particularly if it is a travel book - this is the time to turn to a good bibliography. Occasionally a re-bound copy can be an advantage - for instance, a beautiful binding by famous binders such as Sangorski and Sutcliffe adds value but very few binders are able to produce work of these high standards nor do they have the fame of this British firm. Always check that the book you are buying is complete. Buy from reputable dealers who guarantee their stock. Members of ANZAAB, the Australian and New Zealand Antiquarian Booksellers Association, are all required to guarantee the books they sell. A membership directory can be obtained from any member (including ourselves) or alternatively visit ANAAAB's site on the world wide web at: <http://www.anzaab.com.au/~anzaab> for a full list of members and their contact details.

Get in touch with dealers and ask them to put you on their list for catalogues, from which you will learn a lot about prices and availability, as well as being able to order to add to your collection. When you begin to read catalogues (or dealers' entries on the Internet) you will realise that the antiquarian and second hand book world is, like any other, filled with its own jargon. Don't be put off by this. There are a num-

ber of books on the subject of book collecting which explain the meanings of the terms you will see used. Two excellent ones are the *Encyclopedia of the Book* by Geoffrey Ashall Glaister and *ABC for Book Collectors* by John Carter. These are still in print and we highly recommend them.

The internet is a wonderful invention for both book collector and dealer alike. There are all sorts of sites both for buying books and for getting in touch with others interested in books on Ceylon. The ease of access to the world's libraries, both major and minor, is also a huge boon for collectors. It is now so easy to check the details of books. What is available on this subject? Is the copy I own complete? Were there other editions of this book? All questions that can often be answered quickly by looking at an on-line library catalogue. A good library to start with is our own National Library of Australia at <http://www.nla.gov.au> which has a good collection of books on Ceylon.

The Old Bookroom is one of the many dealers who have benefitted from the Internet. We have had a site since 1995 at <http://www.OldBookroom.com> and continue to be delighted with the contacts we have made and resulting sales. Each day we receive orders for books that we list on our site and a number of other on-line book databases. Most of these orders, but by no means all, are from book collectors in North America. This wider market that we can access is wonderful for selling books that have been traditionally difficult to sell in Australia, for instance, books on India and Africa.

We have only just touched on some of the aspects of book collecting that collectors should be aware of. The more you understand the subtleties of condition, edition etc, the more fun it becomes. How do you get to this stage? Read books on books, read about your subject so that you understand the importance of that rare pamphlet or book when you see it, look at the books you come across taking time to notice the differences in condition between copies. A wonderful place to do this is at the antiquarian book fairs held annually by ANZAAB. Talk to the dealers - they spend their lives handling and researching books and most are very happy to chat and pass on information to anyone interested.

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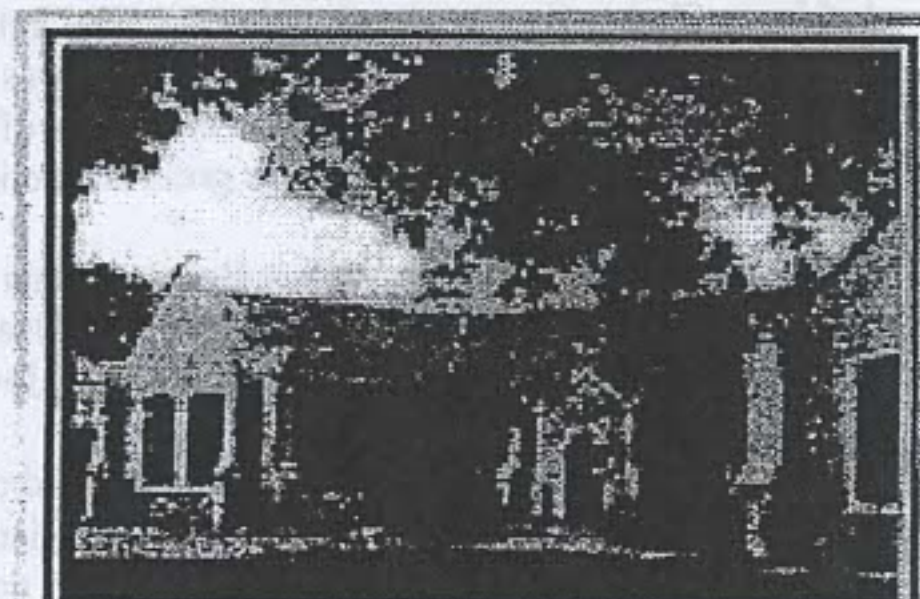
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St JOHN'S COLLEGE, JAFFNA

A HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE FIRST
HUNDRED YEARS

St John's College, an institution founded by the Church Missionary Society, is under the Bishop of Colombo of the Church of Ceylon, and has Mr S. Thanapalan, as Principal. A brief sketch of the school's history over her first 100 years follows:
1810: The British Parliament declares freedom of religion in the colonies and the neutrality of government. This opens the door to Christian missions and Christian evangelical enterprise which were forbidden until then by the British East India Company in favour of indigenous religions. The Church Missionary Society, the CMS, arrives in Ceylon shortly thereafter.

1823: St John's, then under the name Nallur English Seminary, is opened when the missionary Joseph Knight, regarded as an untouchable by the locals, persuaded 7 boys to join him as his students in his bungalow.



Robert Williams Hall, the oldest building in St John's College.

galow.

1831: Students at St John's number 30

1839: A total of 100 youths are reported to have been educated at St John's.

1841: The school moves to rented premises in Chundikuli to make room for the new boarding school for girls in the bungalow at Nallur. The school is renamed the Chundiculi Seminary, with the Rev. JT Johnstone as Principal and Mr John Hensman, a product of St John's, as Headmaster. The old Portuguese church of St John the Baptist in Chundikuli is also given to the CMS which began using the church for school services, after due repairs.

1890: The seminary, under the leadership of the principal Mr CC Handy, is made a centre for the examinations of Calcutta University.

1891: To celebrate the school's jubilee at Chundikuli, and consistent with the school's collegiate status, the school is renamed St John's College, after St John the

Evangelist, as distinct from St John the Baptist of the church used by the school. The number at school is 250, with an average attendance of 200.

1893: The school is formally affiliated to Calcutta University as a second grade college. One of two candidates presented for Calcutta's FA (First in Arts) examination, Mr G Philippiah, passes the examination and later joins the staff.

1896: St John's presents a candidate for Calcutta's BA examination.

1904: St John's O.B.A. is formed. Students on roll jump from 273 to 362.

1908: The college's crest, as it is today, is adopted. It contains the eagle of St John the Evangelist. The eagle carries in its talons a shield, symbolising the Christian's "Shield of Faith". On the shield are emblazoned, "a palmyra tree, the chief characteristic feature of the Jaffna peninsula, and a torch to represent the diffusion of light through the knowledge of Christ. Beneath, in Latin, are the words of St John of Jesus Christ, '*Lux in Tenebris Lucet*', 'The light shineth in darkness'. The design of the crest was drawn up by Horace Thompson, the eldest son of the Principal, "who performed with great distinction in the first World War"

1909: Introduction of the Prefect Body to "train the senior boys of the school in leadership and advance the cause of discipline". The Principal's bungalow is constructed.

1913: The Handy Memorial Library is declared open.

1914: William's Hall, named after Robert Williams, Headmaster from 1853 to 1866, is built with donations from well wishers in the Federated Malay States.

1920: System of Houses introduced. Johnstone, Par-giter, Handy and Thompson are the four houses.

1923: Centenary year. Chundikuli Girls' College adjacent to St John's is moved to Nallur and its premises taken over by St John's, thus extending the school property considerably.

NOTICE !

Future contributors to The Ceylonian are advised to send their material in floppy disk or e-mail form as it assists in the efficient processing of the newsletter. The format must be either, Microsoft Word V.4,5,6, MS Works, MS Publisher '95 or MS Powerpoint '95.

THANK YOU IN ADVANCE!

MEET OUR PUBLIC RELATIONS OFFICER

BRIAN PARKER

Brian Parker, was born in the Hatton Nursing home, the second of three brothers.

His father, N.B.(Barney) Parker, was a planter as was his grand father, W.J. Hurst.

Brian was educated at the Hill School, Nuwara Eliya and at Bedford School, Bedford, England.

In 1954 Brian commenced his planting career on Rillamulle Estate, Maturata. Both his brothers David and Robin, were also planters in Ceylon.

Brian married Ruth who was a Sister at the Joseph Nursing Home, Colombo, where their three children Sean, Jane and Shane were born.

In 1969 Brian and Ruth left Ceylon from Verellapatna and Uvakellie Estates, Madulsima, where he was Manager for five years.

Brian, was at one time, the editor of the Planters Society Bulletin.

After three years in England, where he worked for the London Evening Standard, the family emigrated to Sydney. Brian worked, first for News Limited, then at Cumberland Newspapers, and then onto The Australian, before starting his own company, Parker Media Services in 1978. They re-visited Sri Lanka in 1995.

Brian's valuable experience as a media consultant is a great asset to our Society.

SNIPPETS FROM THE PAST

BY BRIAN PARKER

INDEPENDENCE DAY AT PASSARA GUN CLUB

The Passara Gun Club had always been a wild place. Robert Standish refers to it in his novel Elephant Walk. Although a novel, it was lightly disguised fact about the Carey family and the Namunukula / Passara environs. The bicycle polo scene in the film was taken from a piece in the book about the regular night time game at the Gun Club in the 1880's.

In the period after the second war, the club never lost its reputation for the occasional outbreak of wild behaviour and often the source of trouble was a pair of cannon on the front verandah. There were many theories as to their origin and the most likely one was that they came from the Passara Fort on what

to-day is Passara Group. This Fort played a big part in the putting down of the Uva Rebellion and reinforcements were sent from Kandy, crossing the Mahaveli Ganga somewhere around Mahiyangana and then they followed the Liang Oya, up Death Valley to Passara. When the Fort was disbanded, the cannon were presented to the Club. (A better option than lugging them all the way back to Kandy.)

It was forbidden to fire these cannon and to do so was to risk expulsion from the club, however the younger men with firing they were not they would and tip over if small handful of was used as the were no cannon ably shot out courts years the favourite ally a tennis ball sand.



Ravara Ella Falls at Liang Oya, Passara.

sion from the this did not de- SD's. The prob- them was that as lanyarded down, buck and rear up more than a blasting powder charge. There balls, presum- over the tennis previously, and missile was usu- tin filled with

On Independence Day, 4th. February 1948 there was a small ceremony planned at the Passara Gun Club. Holmes the Government Agent for Uva was to lower the Union Flag and hoist the Flag of Ceylon. The ladies committee had decorated the club for about three days and a lunch was planned to celebrate this momentous occasion. The ladies committee weren't the only ones planning, a number of SD's thought it right and proper that the cannons should be fired to mark the occasion.

On the day, they arrived early to plan the positioning of the cannons and whether there was to be a missile down the spout, it was deemed wise to have everything set up before the committee members and invited guests arrived. The question of a missile was a ticklish one and it called for a round of drinks while considering the problem. As there was most likely to be a big throng of local businessmen and villagers to witness the raising of the Ceylon flag it was wisely considered too dangerous to have a solid missile. After a few more drinks it was decided to fill the barrel with a pineapple, some paw paw and assorted fruit and to shoot it out from the verandah across the tennis courts, in that way no one would be hurt. The assistant bar boy was dispatched into town to buy the fruit and the firing party set about priming the cannon..... after another round of drinks. It is not certain whether the next round of drinks or the excitement of the occasion was the cause but a

little too much blasting powder was used.

Everything was ready but as the road down to the club could not be seen from the firing point, one of the SD's was sent to stand near the big Bo tree in the car park and run in when the GA's car was sighted. At about a quarter to twelve, the appropriate hour, a large black car was sighted however if the scout had not run in straight away he would have seen that it was not the official car, but too late.

The fuse was lit and it was hoped that it would take ten second to ignite the charge and that would be just about the time the President of the Passara Gun Club welcomed the Government Agent.

The cannons went off more or less simultaneously with an enormous roar and both bucked and flipped and shot their contents not over the tennis courts but into the club. When the cordite smoke cleared, it was apparent to all that the club had been redecorated - with fruit salad.

The funny part of it all was that in the ensuing fracas nobody had noticed Holmes the GA's arrival!!!

EARLY SOUTH INDIAN CONTACTS WITH AUSTRALIA

BY VAMA VAMADEVAN

Much has been written and researched about the Portuguese and Dutch contacts with Australia before the arrival of James Cook in 1770. Hardly any research has been done to explore the extent of South Indian presence in and around Australia. About the time Cook was in Australian waters, were there also Indian seafarers sailing eastwards as far as New Zealand?

It is on record that early South Indian seafarers had ventured far afield from the Indian Ocean rim and had made intrusions into the Pacific region. Some research has been done in this respect by the Sri Lankan anthropologist, the late PEP Deraniyagala, which throws some light on this rather obscure aspect of early South Indian vessels' intrusions into Australian waters in the 18th century.

The Chola power reached its zenith in South India around the period 1100 to 1300 and the Cholas were noted for their famous bronze castings, strong administration and governmental organisation. It is common knowledge that they left valuable bronze statues and other ornaments during their rule in Polanaruwa, some of which are still being excavated in the Cultural triangle. In the height of Chola power they swept eastwards and seized Palembang in the south of Sumatra, and were a force to be reckoned with in Java and the rest of present day Indonesia.

During the First World War, the wreck of an ancient sailing vessel was seen by Australian and New Zealand sailors on the west coast of New Zealand near Raglan, about

120 kilometers south of Auckland. The remains were partially exposed for a few weeks each year at low tide. The more knowledgeable mariners believed it was of Indian origin as it was well known that South Indian sailors had a long sea-faring tradition. Words such as *catamaran* in maritime vocabulary, are derived from the Tamil *kattumaram*, (from *kattu* - tie + *maram* - tree). KM Pannikar reinforced the contention that South Indian sailors were a great sea-faring people by his observation that Tamil scholars have counted not less than 1800 nautical words in the Tamil language.

Wrecks of South Indian sailing vessels in these waters also support proof of these intrusions. The most significant of these is the finding of a bell (pictured right) with Tamil inscriptions, which is on exhibit in the Dominion Museum in Wellington, New Zealand. It is said to be the bronze top of a ship's bell recovered by William Colenso in 1836. Professor Visvanathan from a South Indian University analysed the script and concluded it was 4-500 years old. The name of the ship's owner has been put down as a 'Mohoyideen Buks' by JJ Thompson, and 'Mukaideen Vakkusu' by Dr A Aiyappen, the Superintendent of the Government Museum in Madras.



Considerable research on this subject has been, and is being done, in New Zealand. JM Brown, who visited the Wellington Museum in 1941 and examined the bell, is of the opinion that the likely date is ca 1500. Another researcher, Bishop Dernakal, gives an opinion that ".....it points to the presence in New Zealand quite a considerable number of centuries ago, of (explorers) from South India".

Major R Raven-Hart, the German researcher and explorer 'par excellence', who is the author of several books on Ceylon, has also interested himself in this matter. Among the several books written by him is the valuable work, 'Ceylon History in Stone' 1964. He spent much time researching and exploring widely the waters of the Mississippi, the Nile, the Irrawaddy and some of the rivers of Australia. He contacted the Museum authorities in New Zealand and obtained for Deraniyagala pencil rubbings of the inscription on the bell, which were subjected to investigation.



A pencil rubbing of the inscription upon the Indian ship's bell x 4 actual size

Dr Aiyappen had the pencil rubbing analysed and reported.....'the characters of the inscription may be assigned to about the beginning of the 19th century AD, or the end of the 18th Century. We know this is about the same time British navigators were in Australian waters. The in-

scription reads 'Muhaiyadin Vakkusu udaiya kappal-udaya mani' in Tamil (meaning, 'bell of the ship of Muhaiyuddin Vakkusu'). Researchers in New Zealand have linked Muhaiyadin's wreck to the mouth of the Toreporu river. The wreck was thought to be very ancient and had 3 skins of cross-diagonal teak planking usually attributed to South Indian ship construction techniques.

The ventures of South Indian sailors were not confined to the eastern seaboard of the Indian rim alone as evinced from the finding of the bell, as well as other visible Hindu influences in Indonesia. They did make similar visits to the Western Seaboard and to parts of Africa. The ruins of the 'Sivalaya' in modern Zimbabwe support this. This postulates the theory that their intrusions were far-flung and Australia/New Zealand could not have escaped their attention. These findings were reported by PEP Deraniyagala in 1930 in the Journal of the Polynesian Society, Vol: 39, No: 2 (June) No. 154 page 198 under the caption "Antique Tamil bell found in New Zealand".

This throws light on an unexplored aspect of Australian history. It is left to some keen history researcher to investigate this aspect from available South Indian sources for more evidence that can shed light on this subject and period.

HISTORY OF THE RADIO SOCIETY OF SRI LANKA

In 1942, during World War 2, Sri Lanka, then Ceylon, was a military base for allied forces. With the fall of Singapore, Ceylon became more important and the headquarters for the South East Asia Command (SEAC) was operating from this country. Around 1945, with the termination of the war, new and discarded radio equipment from various services was freely available in junk shops at Pettah and Panchikawatte. During this time, prospective radio hams and radio enthusiasts started collecting radio parts, as they were extremely cheap. World War 2 ended in Europe May 1945. The British postal authorities granted permission to UK amateurs to operate and they were operational in four months. Initially activities were limited to 28-29 Mhz and 50-60 Mhz, other bands were released later. In Ceylon, radio transmitting licenses were issued in 1946. The Postmaster General at the time was Mr JP Appleby and the Chief Telecommunications Engineer was Mr David

NEXT MEETING

6.30pm, Saturday 13th March 1999

WILLOW PARK HALL

25 Edgworth David Avenue, Hornsby

Lusk. The call sign prefix was VS7. Some of the hams who started operating soon after the licenses were issued were: VS7RF- Rogie Farquason, VS7PW- Tony Wilson, VS7JB- Dawsen Burgess, VS7GR- Gabriel Rockwood, VS7GW- George Wiltshire and VS7ES- Emil Savundanayagam. In 1947, VS7EP- REH Perera, VS7BR- BD Rampala, and many service personnel were licensed.

In 1947 there was a flood in Ceylon and upcountry areas were completely cut off from the capital Colombo. The Perideniya road bridge was under water and Katugastota railway bridge was washed away. During this period the up country hams played a very important task in maintaining communication with Colombo. During this period (DIG) Gabriel Rockwood, VS7GR, was responsible for attempts to form a Radio Emergency Volunteer Service. VS7EP, Erny Perera and VS7PS, Paul Sollom, were working in at Radio Ceylon transmitting station. They had discussions about the formation of the Radio Society with the other hams on the 40m Sunday morning chats. At this stage VS7PS sent a notice for a ham get together. It was called a HAMFEST. The Hamfest was a great success according to an *extract from the 4S7 Journal* October 1963, written by Jim White 4S7NX.

As arranged at Hamfest, Sunday morning ham radio news bulletins were started on 40m and hams and prospective hams were regular listeners. Paul Sollom, VS7PS, read the bulletins. When Paul was unavailable, VS7EP Ernie acted for him. At the end of the bulletin hams joined in the discussions that followed. All hams were very keen and the relations between them were very cordial. Every encouragement was given by established hams to the prospective ones. In the meantime much effort was made to obtain a place as a club house. There were about 45 hams active at this time. The hamfest generated much enthusiasm and the possibility of obtaining a suitable location for a Radio Society was explored. At this stage arrangements were made to hold the meetings at St Thomas' Preparatory School, Steuart Place, Kollupitiya, and during this time the first newsletter was prepared by the Editor John Amaratunga VS7JA.

In 1952 after Independence all the VS7 calls were given the new prefix 4S7. In 1974, the Radio Society of Ceylon became the Radio Society of Sri Lanka (RSSL).

I WAS THERE



Franois Prins

How many who played an active part in the arrangements and celebrations of that memorable day - 50 long years ago - are still around! Perhaps quite a few in Sri Lanka, may be some in this country (UK), Australia, Canada, the United States, as during this last fifty years

many have changed their homes and lives.

Veteran broadcaster **Francois Prins**, was one of those lucky people to witness the history being made. Now 86, Francois, who retired in England 20 years ago, vividly remembers the events that followed the official ceremonies. Fifty years ago, he made the live broadcast to the nation "Under the Freedom's Flag" on that historic evening of 4th of February 1948.

"I week in politics is a long time", said the late Lord Wilson when he was Prime Minister, likewise is a month in an infant, a year in that of a boy or girl but fifty years in the life of an adult is an age, not so in a



The old Radio Ceylon building in Cotta Road (Drawing by Koch, courtesy: Greasepaint and Microphones - Vernon Abeysekara 1991)

nation, it is a mere nothing, for nations go forever, they do not die. We look back these days on the achievement of freedom obtained fifty years ago on the 4th of February 1948 after 450 years of foreign domination. 'DS' is gone, SWRD is no more. Dudley, Sir John, 'JR' they all strode the stage and one by one have gone to their rest. I wonder how many who played an active part in the arrangements and celebrations of that memorable day are still around!! Perhaps quite a few in Sri Lanka, maybe some in the UK, Australia, Canada, the United States, as during the last 50 years many have changed their homes and lives. All this brings back to mind a day in mid-January in 1948. I was busy in my office when the telephone rang. I picked it up. It was a call from Livy Wijemanna and the conversation went something like the following:

"Hello, Prins here,"

"Francois, it's Livy."

"Yes Livy, nice to hear you."

"I'll be brief, I know how busy you are."

"OK Livy," I said, "Let's hear it, I'm listening."

"The 4th of February is Independence Day, how about putting on a suitable programme?"

"Livy," I said, "you know that a couple of years back after 500 broadcasts dating back to 1937, I called it a day."

"Never mind all that, this is a very special occasion and the one person who can compile a programme suitable for this momentous day is you, after all you were the best known presenter in the country."

"Don't give me that one Livy. Drop the flattery and spill the beans."

"Right, here goes. I wish to have a radio broadcast programme entitled '*UNDER FREEDOM'S FLAG*' and you will know what pieces will be suitable to match the title and theme. I am aware that you like the eight o'clock slot and always an hour, so I've fixed it for you."

"Just like that, before even speaking to me."

"Yes, just like that," and he laughed.

Well I agreed. Fifty years back, just a little over two years after the war and life was still very difficult, transport was a problem, goods were scarce, items in short supply and records virtually impossible to obtain. I had to make do with some of mine and from the radio station library. I spent days making up a list and then began a hunt for the records. In due time I was able to collect eight suitable and sufficient for the hour.

After fifty years I can only remember three or four. I opened the programme with Beethoven's Overture 'Fidelio' followed by Elgar's 'Land of Hope and Glory' (Pomp and Circumstance March No 1). My centre piece was 'Finlandia' which Sibelius dedicated to his country on winning their freedom from Russia. I ended the programme with the Largo from Dvorak's 'New World Symphony', which he composed in America revealing his longings and yearnings to return to his Czech homeland.

As I mentioned earlier, travel was very difficult and the main celebrations were in *INDEPENDENCE HALL*, an immense structure built of 'cadjan', the woven leaves of the coconut palm.

The framework of course quite solid, wooden poles, pillars and rafters, the whole elaborate edifice encased in cadjan. It must have been at least 100 feet tall, broad and long.

The interior was magnificent, the decor, the picture, curtains, in fact, the entire area from roof to floor was covered in gigantic rosettes of multicolour. Then there was the stage which too was another dream

in beauty and splendour.

My memory fails me as to who was the chief guest, whether it was a member of British Royalty or not I just cannot remember. There is much more that I could write about but shall end with the Fireworks Display. I have never seen displays better than those which I have seen in Sri Lanka and I know that with all the expertise of the West they will never be surpassed. *"Voice of Lanka"*, February 1998.

THREE HUNDRED YEARS OF THE BROHIER FAMILY

BY KINGSLEY SIEBEL

[An abridged version of a presentation by Kingsley Siebel to the Society, at its November 1998 meeting]

This history covers three centuries of people, events and places in four countries - France, the Channel Islands, Sri Lanka and Australia. It is based (for some details of family relationships, not related here) on the arduous work of Durand Altendorf, ISO, who in his retirement spent countless hours in cemeteries, churches and registry offices in Ceylon compiling genealogical details of over 150 families who had migrated from Europe in the 17th century. Most came as employees of the Dutch East India Company. Many of the later generations of these families are now in Australia, Canada, the UK or other parts of the world.

Those who migrated to Australia (after the introduction of the 'Sinhala only' policy) owed Altendorf a debt, as it was the period of the 'White Australia Policy' and it was Altendorf's certificate that enabled them to trace European descent.

R.L. Brohier's booklet (1932) for private circulation, traced his family from 1777 when Capt Jean Brohier arrived in Ceylon from Amsterdam, and it was assumed he was of Dutch origin, because RLB did not have any earlier history of the family as was revealed by Siebel's research in more recent years. Capt Jean appears to have kept secret the fact that he was born in Jersey and that he was married twice. Siebel recently discovered a Dutch registry record giving details, which would not perhaps have received approval in the conservative 18th century, as his second marriage was to his sister-in-law.



THE COAT OF ARMS, BROHIER FAMILY

Siebel's research took him to Jersey where he found new information about the family that took the history back 100 years to 1685. Mathieu Brohier (now the family *Patriach*, and the great-grandfather of Captain Jean) was a Huguenot Calvinist who lived in the Vaucluse region of the Mediterranean coast of France. He, like thousands of others, was a victim of the persecution by the Roman Catholics. At the end of the Wars of Religion in Europe, the *Edict of Nantes*, by which Henry IV had given the Protestants "liberty of conscience", was abolished by Louis XIV. His chief minister Cardinal Armand Richelieu and his mother Queen Catherine de Medici revived the slaughter of the Protestants, who had to flee the country. A large number made their new homes in the Channel Islands, where remnants of their culture still survive. Mathieu Brohier was an obviously successful merchant and trader, and within a short time it was evident he had made his mark in Jersey.

His elder son Cyrus, married Elizabeth de Carteret, the daughter of the Seigneur (or the wealthiest landlord) of the Parish of Trinity. The Carteret family was described in the *Oxford National Biography* as the 'most influential in Jersey'. The Carterets were also staunch loyalists and are recorded as having hidden Charles, Prince of Wales (later Charles II) in the Elizabeth Castle (of the coast of Jersey), during the reign of Oliver Cromwell. The latter had ousted Charles I from the throne and later signed his death warrant. When Charles II succeeded to the throne in 1660, he gifted an island off the coast of Virginia, to be called New Jersey (USA), in perpetual succession to Sir George Carteret, whose grandson was later Earl Granville and was in the Walpole Government. An Internet search revealed that on the west of Highway 95, there is still a place called West Carteret, and on the eastern side is a shopping centre, a park, a cinema and a major town called Carteret. A person by the same name is resident in the district.

Mathieu's younger son, Jean (Snr), married Sara Journeaux, daughter of the Constable of the Parish of St Clement, which title made him a member of the Representative Assembly of the States of Jersey. Mathieu's grand-daughter married Monsieur Hugh Lempriere, whose father Charles was the leader of the Conservative party in Jersey. Both the Carteret and Lempriere family names are noted in the military museum of the Elizabeth Castle.

Jean (Snr) had two sons, Jean (Jnr) and Phillipe Mathieu. Jean (Jnr), later Major John, is reputed to have been an engineer whose name is inscribed on the Walajah Bridge near Madras in 1740. He is said to

have visited Ceylon in 1753, and later to have died childless, leaving his estate to Capt Jean.

Phillipe Mathieu married Sussana Boyle of Southampton, in the Calvinist Church at Waloos which still stands, and most of his nine children were born in Jersey. He had 6 boys and 3 girls, but we know little about any except Capt Jean, and Robert Charles George who made the best name for himself. He followed in his great-grandfather's footsteps as a merchant and trader, but became the best known of the family in later years. His name became synonymous with Schweppes (now Cadbury-Schweppes). His story is recorded by Douglas Simmons in a book published in London in 1983. Chapter 4 is headed *Schweppes under three Jerseymen*. Jacob Schweppe of Switzerland sold a three quarter share of the business to Robert Charles, his son-in-law Francis Lauzun, and the latter's son. A few years later the Lauzun's share was purchased and the business came into the ownership of Robert Charles, his son Robert John, and his brother-in-law Sparks. Robert Charles had by this time moved from Jersey to Cavendish Square, London, and for the next 20 years the firm was under his direction. He was the person to whom the founder Jacob revealed the recipe for the world famous mineral waters.

In 1985 the Postal Authority commemorated 300 years of the Huguenot Heritage by picking 6 of the most prominent men of Jersey, each of whose likeness was portrayed on postage stamps. Robert Charles Brohier was selected as the Captain of Industry. Seven years later (1992), in Sri Lanka, the Postal Authority commemorated the 100th year of the birth of Dr RL Brohier on a postage stamp. These two events can be considered unique in any family history.

Kingsley went on to tell of other members of his family (into which he was married), who lived in Jersey and in Ceylon, and the families he had recorded in his recently published book. He spoke of the difficulties of genealogical research, which called for diligence and consistency, but which can also result in pleasant surprises. He mentioned other incidents in the course of his research, and concluded with an unusual coincidence. They were resident in a guest house in Simon Place, and through their upstairs window looked out on Anne St, which had a beautiful orchid garden. It later became known that this was the very spot where the Brohier ancestors had their business during the last century, including Schweppes mineral waters!!

DONALD FRIEND. AUSTRALIAN ARTIST - HIS LIFE IN SRI LANKA By GAVIN FRY

(NOTE BY EDITOR: Gavin Fry, co-author of the book 'Donald Friend, War Artist 1945', made an interesting presentation to the Society at its meeting held on 21 November 1998, on Donald Friend's life in Sri Lanka. This article aims to summarise Gavin Fry's talk and is supplemented by additional information from the book, 'Donald Friend: 1915 - 1989 - Retrospective').

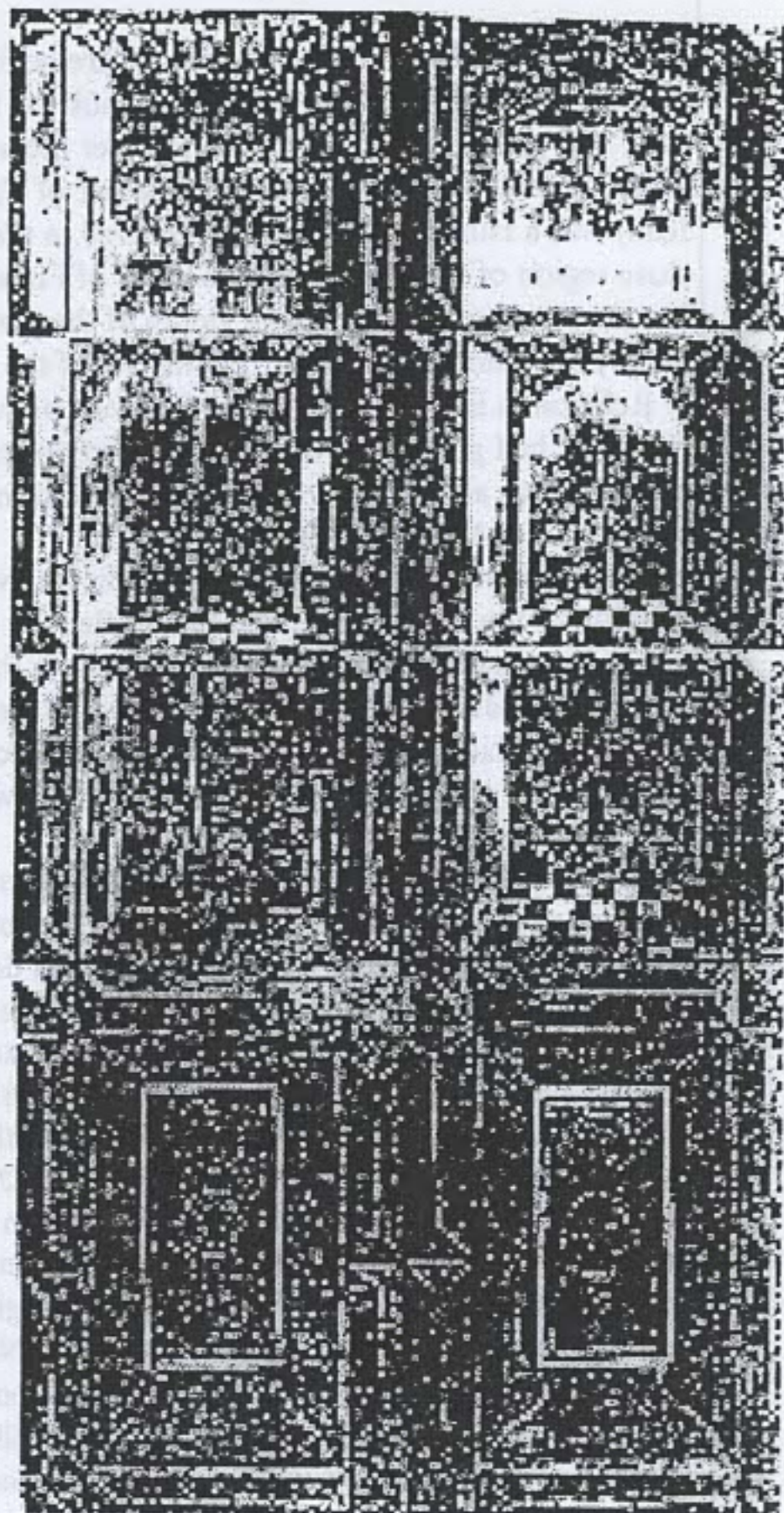
Donald Friend, one of the foremost artists in Australia, passed away in 1989. He was a prolific artist and writer who served as a war artist in the war theaters of World War II, and lived for several years in Bali and Sri Lanka. Gavin Fry's talk centred around Friend's life in Sri Lanka, and the attraction he found in the young men of Southern Sri Lanka.

In 1954, Donald Friend was contemplating a complete break from Australia, the land of his birth. He had met the Sri Lankan artist Bevis Bawa en route to Italy, and had stayed on his property "Brief" at Bentota, on his way back. He was thinking about living in Sri Lanka (then Ceylon), to engage in more work involving the human figure, and also to satisfy his dream of leading an exotic life outside Western culture. He moved to Ceylon in 1957 and lived on Bawa's estate at Bentota for the next five years.

At Brief, Donald lived in a small cottage set in a magnificent garden, which he described in his diary shortly after arrival as "I can, without raising my head on the pillow, look out through a wide door at the foot of the bed into a charming little private courtyard garden, enclosed by a white wall, patterned with lichen. Beyond this wall breaking the skyline are bougainvillea, paw paws, and coconut palms. The courtyard is furnished with large pots of terracotta or rough Chinese glazed pottery containing various exotic plants".

In October 1957 he decorated the verandah at Bawa's house and moved into his own bungalow with servants. He painted two pairs of doors leading into the living room and verandah, done with light hearted tromp l'oeuil motifs, with great skill. He gave the doors to Geoffrey Bawa, Bevis' architect brother to settle a debt when the artist left Ceylon permanently in 1962, and Bawa installed them in his house.

In 1960 Friend was commissioned to design and paint a mural for Baur's building in Colombo. Making a sculpture in beaten sheet metal gave a new impe-



tus and at the request of the German Ambassador he held an exhibition of his sculpture at the German Cultural Institute in Colombo, in September. The exhibition was acclaimed as the "best mounted, best publicised one man show Colombo has ever seen".

During his five years in Ceylon, drawing was his predominant activity. He also made some of his most spectacular and beautiful large scale paintings during his stay there. The outstanding mural called, "The City Of Galle", was commissioned by Mackinnon Mackenzie and Co. apparently on the recommendation of Geoffrey Bawa. This mural, for which he made initial drawings a year earlier, was completed in April 1961, and is considered his finest work. It consists of a centre panel 119cm x 362cm and twenty four side panels (27cm x 37cm) each. The mural was transported to Aus-

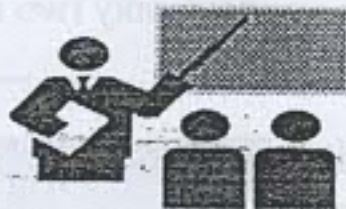
tralia in 1990 for an exhibition at the Art Gallery of New South Wales, and returned to Sri Lanka where it is in the collection of John Keel Holdings. A pair of wooden doors painted by Friend shown here, was purchased by the Art Gallery of New South Wales in 1988.

“Quote....

....it was the grandest and purist impression I took away from all Ceylon. The wind had just swept clean the whole long valley of Nuwara Eliya, I saw deep blue and immense, the entire mountain system of Ceylon....and in its midst the beautiful, ancient, and holy pyramid of Adam's Peak. Beside it at an infinite depth and distance lay flat blue sea, in between a thousand mountains, narrow ravines, rivers and waterfalls, in countless folds, the whole mountainous island on which ancient legends placed paradise”.

.....Herman Hesse
(1877-1962), German novelist.

DID YOU KNOW



Penny Post System Introduced

Development of the postal system, which was crucial to the improvement of trade and commerce, came about with the construction of roads and railways. A significant change was soon perceptible. The basis of postal charges earlier was not only weight but also the distance a letter was carried. In 1840 postage in England for letters was stabilised at a penny. This system, referred to as the “penny post”, was adopted by Ceylon in 1858. Hence the habit of letter writing was promoted and the growth of business relationships and trade in general encouraged. Read **Stamp Acts** in this edition....

I have copies of letters written in Ceylon to family members living in Calcutta and New Zealand dating from 1856. Unfortunately no stamps! The article on the postal system in Ceylon in this edition is really welcome for inclusion in THE CEYLONIAN. Ed.

A MODERN PARABLE

Read this, and let it really sink in... Then choose how you start your day tomorrow...

Roshan is the kind of guy you love to hate. He had migrated from Sri Lanka and when I met him first was managing a stylish restaurant. He was always in a good mood and always had something positive to say. When someone would ask him how he was doing, he would reply, in his soft persuasive Sri Lankan voice, “If I were any better, I would be twins!”

He was a unique manager because he had several waiters who had followed him around from restaurant to restaurant as he improved his status. The reason the waiters followed Roshan was because of his attitude. He was a natural motivator. If an employee was having a bad day, Roshan was there telling the employee how to look on the positive side of the situation.

Seeing this style really made me curious, so one day I went up to Roshan and asked him, “I don't get it! You can't be a positive person all of the time. How do you do it?”

Roshan replied, “Each morning I wake up and say to myself, Roshan, you have two choices today. You can choose to be in a good mood or you can choose to be in a bad mood. I choose to be in a good mood. Each time something bad happens, I can choose to be a victim or I can

choose to learn from it. I choose to learn from it. Every time someone comes to me complaining, I can choose to accept their complaining or I can point out the positive side of life. I choose the positive side of life”.

“Yeah, right, it's not that easy,” I protested.

“Yes, it is,” Roshan said. “Life is all about choices. When you cut away all the junk, every situation is a choice. You choose how you react to situations. You choose how people will affect you, it's your choice how you live life.”

I reflected on what Roshan said. Soon thereafter, I left the area to start my own business. We lost touch, but I often thought about him when I made a choice about life instead of reacting to it.

Several years later, I heard that Roshan did something you are never supposed to do in the restaurant business: he left the back door open one morning and was held up at gunpoint by three armed robbers. While trying to open the safe, his hand, shaking from nervousness, slipped off

the combination. The robbers panicked and shot

him. Luckily, Roshan was helped relatively quickly and rushed to the local trauma centre.

After 8 hours of surgery and weeks of intensive care, Roshan was released from the hospital with fragments of the bullets still in his body. I went to see him about six months after the accident.

When I asked him how he was, he replied, "If I were any better, I'd be twins. Wanna see my scars?"

I declined to see his wounds, but did ask him what had gone through his mind as the robbery took place.

"The first thing that went through my mind was that I should have locked the back door," Roshan replied.

"Then, as I lay on the floor, I remembered that I had two choices: I could choose to live or I could choose to die. I chose to live."

"Weren't you scared? Did you lose consciousness?" I asked.

Roshan continued, "...the paramedics were great even though they knew it was going to be touch and go.

They kept telling me I was going to be fine. But when they wheeled me into the ER and I saw the expressions on the faces of the doctors and nurses, I got really scared. In their eyes, I read 'he's a dead man.' I knew I needed to take action."

"What did you do?" I asked.

"Well, there was a big burly nurse shouting questions at me," said Roshan.

"She asked if I was allergic to anything. 'Yes', I replied hardly able to speak. The doctors and nurses stopped working as they waited for my reply. I took a deep breath and managed to whisper, 'Bullets!' Over their laughter, I managed to tell them, 'I am choosing to live. Operate on me as if I am alive, not dead'."

Roshan lived thanks to the skill of his doctors, but also because of his amazing attitude.

I learned from him that every day we have the choice to live fully. Attitude, after all, is everything, and as today is the first day in the rest of one's life, it is your choice as to what you make of it. Roshan made me think about my everyday happenings. It is my choice to be happy or sad, to be positive or negative, to be honest or its alternative, energetic or lazy, curious or bored etc. But the choice is always there. As he said: "it is a question of ATTITUDE".

NEXT MEETING

6.30pm, Saturday 13th March 1999

WILLOW PARK HALL

25 Edgworth David Avenue, Hornsby

DID YOU KNOW

TYPICAL MEAL GIVEN AS ALMS TO MONKS

- 1... Vegetable soup/Mulligatawny (a spicy soup)
- 2... Rice, plain and tempered with vegetables, or spicy yellow
- 3... Curries--five or six vegetables, *malung*, lentils, salad, *papadam*
- 4... Yogurt and treacle
- 5... Fruit salad and ice cream/pudding
- 6... A plate of sweets with a banana, known as *avulputh*. This is often replaced by sliced mango, pineapple and papaya since monks hardly do justice to the sweets offered.
- 7... Coffee
- 8... *Tambili* (the water in a young coconut) is offered for drinking instead of water

The elaborate preparations and excessive food are due to the fervor of the giver to confer merit on dead relatives or to gain merit themselves. Monks are vegetarian and they eat sparingly, in spite of the fact that they have only two meals a day: breakfast and lunch.

MUSICAL TEA ROOMS DOJIMA, OSAKA, JAPAN

By BRIAN PARKER

On one of my many trips to Japan for the Financial Review I was in Osaka when I came across a tea shop. It was decked out with posters for Ceylon Tea and had a massive Devil mask in the window.

Japan has coffee shops everywhere but this was the first tea shop I had come across, so I went in. The walls were decorated with maps of Dimbula, Dickoya and Uva, more Ceylon Tea posters, photographs of tea estates and tins of assorted Ceylon Tea on the counter. I thought it must be an official Ceylon Tea Centre, so I asked to speak to the Manager.

The proprietor, Mr. Toshiki Horie introduced himself and I asked him in my fractured Japanese. "Why a tea room? Why is it called Musica? Why the Ceylon Tea theme?"

In fluent English, he asked me to sit down and soon reappeared with a pot of 'Best Uva' and proceeded to answer my questions.

His father used to be the music critic (classical) for the Nihon Keizai Shimbun, the number one

Japanese newspaper. As a sideline he opened the tea shop where classical music was played in the background - hence the name 'Musica'.

When Toshiki inherited the business he decided to expand and also moved into the importation and distribution of packeted teas under the Musica label. Apart from Sri Lanka, Toshiki also imports tea from East Africa, India and Bhutan. He has written 3 books on tea and I was able to supply him information on consumption in Australia and on the various Australian estates of Nerada and Madura.

When I told him that I had been a third generation tea planter he brought out photo albums of his half a dozen buying trips to Sri Lanka. He often takes his major clients on 'Tea Education Tours' where one of the highlights of the trip is when Toshiki pours a bottle of Scotch over James Taylor's grave in the Kandy Cemetery.

"Why do you do that, Horie-san?" I asked.

"Because he was a Scotsman!"

Ask a silly question..... !!

OBITUARY

Mr Frederick John Morgan de Saram passed away at the age of 90 years on 16 October

1998. He was a scion of two families prominent in 19th Century Ceylon. His father John Henricus de Saram was a member of the Ceylon Civil Service and his mother Amelia Morgan was the daughter of Sir Richard Morgan. Mr de Saram was the youngest of 4 children, his parents dying before he was seven years old. After his education at Royal College, he joined the Ceylon Police in 1927. At the time of his retirement in 1959, he had risen to the rank of Senior Superintendent of Police. He was essentially a Field Officer and served in difficult stations such as Jaffna, Matara, Ambalangoda, etc. The pinnacle of his career was his appointment as Assistant Director of Training in the Police Training School at Katukurunda.

He put many Probationary Assistant Superintendents and Sub-Inspectors through their paces. He would call every rookie 'Putha', and behind his hard exterior was a soft and compassionate heart. He had a profound influence on young trainees as a disciplinarian who tempered it with kindness. His piercing look was enough to bring any recalcitrant trainee into line, but his eyes also had a twinkle betraying his inner softness. He was omnipresent as a Superintendent in the Training School. Every morning he would be on horseback going around the school checking on every detail meticulously, leaving no stone unturned.

Among the medals he earned was the Colonial Police Medal, Long Service Medal, the Coronation Medal and the much coveted Colonial Police Medal for Gallantry. The latter medal he earned for the arrest of a dangerous and armed murderer by the name of Jayasundere. He had a love for the quiet and peaceful countryside and built himself a cottage in Heeloya in Bandarawella where he hoped to spend his retirement. But his plans had to change when he decided to retire after 31 years service to migrate to Australia, where he threw himself into the spirit of the place and took on new challenges. He worked until he was 68 in the Sydney Water Board. He loved travelling and drove his car even at the age of 80. He married in 1932, his wife predeceased him in 1976. In his youth he excelled at sports, particularly boxing. He took pride in his daughters', Dorothy and Sheila, achievements in tennis and was their mentor and guide.

THE FIRST RULERS OF LANKA

BY KINGSLEY SIEBEL

Prince Vijaya, the eldest son of Queen Sinhavali and King Sinhabahu of India, was a strong and robust young man, but wilful and ambitious and a great worry to his parents. He was given responsibility but abused it. He gathered together a strong band of youths who roamed the district pretending to be bandits and frightening the villagers. The latter complained often to the king and Vijaya was pardoned many times, but finally he and his unruly band had to be punished.

On the next occasion of misbehaviour, the King ordered that his son and his 700 loutish friends were to be shaven, so that they had hair only on the right half of their heads and on the left side of their faces. They were then put in a large boat, towed out in the ocean and allowed to drift - to find a new abode. They drifted for many days and nights and food ran out. One morning land was sighted and the sun shone brightly on a high mountain [Adam's Peak]. As the boat got nearer to the shore they saw tall green palms [coconuts] waving their branches as if in welcome. They went ashore and fell on their faces to thank the Devas [gods] for deliverance.

Vijaya was the first to go ashore. He bowed low, put his hands on the soil and said aloud "I take possession of this land, and I swear I will be a father to my subjects and a good ruler over this country". When he arose his palms were red from the soil in Puttalam [on the North-West coast], he called it 'Thambapanni' [copper coloured]. They wandered to and fro on

THE FIRST RULERS OF LANKA ...con't

this lovely beach, among the wide branches of the coconut trees, which gave them food, and the white seashells among the rocks nearby.

As they looked around, they saw a reverend monk in meditation. He was Vishnu, a messenger of the Lord Buddha, who was assigned to protect Lanka. He said reverently to Vijaya: "I have been sent by the Devas to protect you and your followers, if you govern this island wisely and faithfully. I will give you a holy charm



Vijaya was the first to go ashore

so that the Yakkhas [devils] and Hugas [snakes] cannot harm you". The monk then sprinkled water on each one and tied a thread [charm] around their left arm and disappeared.

One of Vijaya's men spotted a brown dog wagging its tail and frolicking around. The man followed the dog not knowing it was a disguised Yakkha, who was sent by Kuveni, the Yakkha Queen, to beguile the men who had landed on her strip of territory. The man followed the dog through the thick jungle to a lovely lotus pond where he laid aside his weapons and dived into the cool water. When he came out his weapons were gone. As he was dressing a dreadful monster [one of Kuveni's Yakkhas] lunged at him, but the charm saved him. The monster recoiled, but had him captured and thrown into a dark chamber. One by one the same deceit was played out with all the 700 men who were put into this hiding place. Their only hope was their leader, who was seated under the tree where the monk was spotted. Vijaya waited till sunset but none of his men returned, so he armed himself and set out following the same dog to the inviting tank of water. He noticed many footmarks on the damp soil leading to the tank, but would not enter it as there were no feet walking away from the water. He then noticed an old nun seated under a tamarind tree and spinning her thread very diligently. It was Kuveni in another disguise. Vi-

jaya leaped at her and threatened to kill her, but she pleaded with him. He demanded the release of his men, or he would slay her. She discerned the powers given to him by the monk and pleaded for her life in return for his men, but she made her own plans for the next day.

She would give him even her Kingdom if he made her his Queen. Vijaya was just waking on the next morning when he thought he saw a Devi (Priestess) next to his window. She stood there a lovely young maiden, adorned with all her jewels and a beautiful red saree draped around her slender form. It was love at first sight and they married immediately.

Another tribe of Yakkhas ruled over another part of the Island and Vijaya wanted it all. With Kiveni's help he took them by surprise, at a wedding feast and killed the lot. But soon Vijaya began to be unhappy as he knew that Kiveni was not a human being, but kept herself young and beautiful only by her magic.

He refused to offer of his men that he should be crowned King until he had a real Queen. So the chiefs among his men got together and sent an emissary to King Pandava of Madura, in South India, to send his only daughter to be Queen of Lanka. The King was very happy and sent his daughter Vijayi, together with 700 virgin daughters of his noblemen to be the wives of Vijaya's followers.

Vijaya explained to the Yakkha Queen Kiveni that he wanted a real Queen and she had to leave, but he would provide for her and her young son and daughter. They departed amidst loud lamentations, and reached the gates of Lankapura, but she was recognised as the betrayer of her people and immediately put to death. The children escaped into the jungle, and Vedddhas of the present day (of whom there are a few) are their descendants.

The grandest wedding in the world followed soon after, Vijaya married Vijayi. They were both duly crowned, amidst much pomp and pageantry. All the seven hundred men were also married on the same day to the maidens from Madura. There was much rejoicing for several days and nights. A ship load of presents arrived from King Panduva and the celebrations continued, until everyone received their own. King Vijaya gave up all his bad habits and the new King and Queen reigned over Lanka for the next thirty eight years.

*- Revised and abridged from *Stories from the History of Ceylon* by Marie Musaeus-Higgins.

STAMP ACTS IN CEYLON AND SRI LANKA

BY JONATHAN S. WALTERS (WHITMAN COL. USA)

Postage stamps rank among the world's most ubiquitous visual images; billions are seen each day in nations throughout the world. Produced by and for the government itself, as a form of national currency, postage stamps are self-consciously designed national emblems, reflecting and attempting to effect self-understandings of the nation's past, paradigms, programs and power. In this way stamps are like coins, monuments, inscriptions and constitutions. But quite unlike these other forms of national self-representation, the postage stamp is inherently fleeting, an intentionally impermanent scrap of paper whose one-time value gets cancelled as soon as it is used. The philatelic images flashed at our eyes so ubiquitously as to become nearly invisible - at best given but a moment of conscious attention [which nevertheless can leave distinct memories days or even years later] - are thus intended primarily as images of the way things are now.

Postal systems have a venerable global history, from the private messenger sent with an oral or written message to the stations of runners of the Han and the Khans, the ceremonial processions carrying royal decrees from South Asian courts, and the Papal embassies of medieval Europe. In the latter cases written messages were authorized with royal or Papal seals, and safeguarded through the power, whether spiritual, legal, economic or military, which those insignia signified. In Europe, where the postage stamp proper first emerged, the power to send formal messages had by the later Middle Ages been appropriated by aristocrats who modelled their message sending on that of their Popes and kings, employing seals of authority and whatever means necessary to assure the safe transmission of important messages. By the eighteenth century franking - the affixing of an important man's signature to the cover of a formal message sent through official channels - had become commonplace in both Europe and the American colonies. By the 1830s,

private post boxes had begun replacing franks with "postmaster provisionals", paper labels affixed to the cover of messages whose transmission they guaranteed; the now standard placement of addresses and stamps on envelopes took shape at this time. The creation of national post offices, and publication of national stamps, was an innovation of the 1840s, first in England and, seven years later, in the USA. [It is interesting to note that the first stamps as such were produced by the British in India as early as 1720, for the purpose of taxation; newspaper stamps had been in regular use in the colonies for two decades before Britain issued its famous "Penny Black" of 1840. The first Ceylonese stamp was produced in 1857. Though indisputedly of British origin, the ground had already been prepared for the emergence of such Ceylonese stamps by decades of British and American

presence on the Island; franked covers were sent in and from Ceylon even prior to the fall of Kandy. The growing complexity of internal administration, not to mention the growing numbers of civil servants, planters and missionaries wishing to communicate



with each other and with families, buyers and churches back home, no doubt made the development of the highly efficient Ceylonese postal service, over the course of the later nineteenth century, a welcome one within colonial circles.

Queen Victoria's face totally dominates the first half century of Ceylonese (and British) philately, and although a huge variety of such "QVs" were produced in succession throughout the Victorian period, only minor differences serve to distinguish them from each other. And not just in Ceylon: the "QV" authorized all formal correspondence in each of the colonies, and in Britain itself. As a form it was followed by a string of Edwards and Georges right up to the end of the Colonial period.

The distinctiveness of this British imperial practice becomes apparent in comparison with US stamp portraiture of that era. In Britain and its Empire it is the living ruler, at his or her peak (notice how Victoria never ages in these stamps!). British stamps allow

no dead people, American stamps, on the contrary, allow no living ones.

The first "commemoratives" in British imperial stamp history appeared in 1935 to celebrate the 25th anniversary of George V's coronation. All over the colonies, the familiar face was in this precise fashion superimposed on an image of the ceremonial centre, Windsor Castle.

The Georges, however wishfully, exhibited imperial power more forcefully. Their faces now dominated not only correspondence, but also ancient ruins, landscapes, plantation workers, shipping, irrigation works, farms and temples. These were stock images, directly traceable to the postcards and albumen photographs that circulated in and from colonial Ceylon. These stamps were the first, the paradigmatic postal emblems of a differentiated Ceylon, a Ceylon with its own unique geography, people, economy and history that would come to be the nation. This project was Empire wide: "pictorial" stamps were produced in all the colonies simultaneously.

At Independence, the Ceylon postal service announced the birth of a national tradition of stamp-making with new rulers and flags that would henceforth enact authority within a new Ceylon. Yet the legacy of colonial practices lingered in a number of interesting ways, no doubt in large measure because the bulk of postal workers from rural delivery men to designers and printers remained in their positions during the transition to postcolonial nationhood. Following the Independence set, the first postcolonial issues were directly in line - in terms of style, form and content - with their colonial predecessors. The new nation's first philatelic storytelling was devoted to the Sinhala story of its founding and was produced between 1950 and 1955. A more uniquely national postal self-representation corresponded with the 1956 general elections and overlapped Buddha Jayanthi celebrations.

The British Imperial legacy in Ceylon stamps effectively ended with the 1950s. Commemoratives, rather than portraits of living rulers, have been the rule. Since 1959 portrait stamps in Sri Lanka allow only dead rulers and heroes. Most stamps have not been portraits at all, but rather visual articulations of national historical paradigms and international projects to which the nation is committed, celebrations of national and religious holidays and new governments, anniversaries of prestigious schools and societies, moments in stamp history, and important national events [like Independence], adding to the actually more prevalent enticing pictures of pretty flora and fauna, gemstones and monuments, beaches and crafts, happy farmers

and tea-pluckers.

It is clear that at least in this venue national self-representation is at times strictly local, eg traditional Sinhala temple paintings produced for Wesak cards, and at other times strictly international, eg Boy Scouts. But more often than not stamps lie somewhere in between. A look at a Stanley Gibbons Stamp Catalogue reveals the diversity of the stamps of Ceylon and Sri Lanka, and if one looks carefully the transition from the British Colonial times through the Independence days to the state of Sri Lanka is clearly noticeable. Not the least of this is the gradual elimination of any British representation within the first years after 1948. (Jonathon Walters is Professor Of Religion and Asian Studies at Whitman College, Walla Walla, Washington USA).

DID YOU KNOW ?

A military contingent was sent from Ceylon to help fight

with the British in the Maori Wars in New Zealand, 1845-72, the main fighting occurring 1864-68. Any details of this Ceylon Expeditionary force would be appreciated by the Editor.

Cricket---The test record highest score is 952 for 6 set by Sri Lanka v. India at Colombo 4-6 August 1997.

The highest innings score in a one-day International was by Sri Lanka v. Kenya: 398 for 5 in a world cup match in Kandy on 6 March 1996.

The most likely place to die of snakebite in the world is Sri Lanka. An average of 800 people a year are killed there by snakes.

Did you remember--Sirimavo Bandaranaike was the world's first woman Prime Minister. Her daughter is the republic's President.

Sir Roden Cutler, former Governor General of NSW, was High Commissioner to Ceylon 1952-55.

THREE HISTORIC STONES IN COLOMBO FORT

By KINGSLEY SIEBEL

I recall a short journey during a lunch break. It was too hot to walk far, but I did not realise that three periods of history had been carved in stone in so short a distance. The Fort of Colombo was rather a dull commercial rendezvous into which all traffic flowed every morning, and from which the same thousands of men and women slunk away at dusk. But if you can spend a few minutes to stand and stare, you will be rewarded. I walked just 100 yards from York Street past the Customs House and caught a glimpse of these three distinct periods. Gordon Gardens is adjacent to

Government House, the residence of the President. It was formerly called Queens House, where the Governor lived and conducted his affairs. There were no ethnic hostilities when I took this walk 41 years ago. It is now difficult to go beyond the Garrison Church as this area is guarded against attack. There was a very large stone high and Por-com-first land-of Lanka land was cept to sians



The antique Portuguese baptismal stone, now in the Gordon Gardens, bearing the royal cross.

about 3 metres as broad. It is the Portuguese Padrao, or memoration of the ing on the shores in 1505. The Is-hardly known ex-the Arabs and Per-who traded in cin-

namon, gems and elephants, for many centuries. The first Portuguese ship was 'driven thither by an ill-wind', and took shelter in the bay of Galle. This was the beginning of domination by the West for the next 400 years.

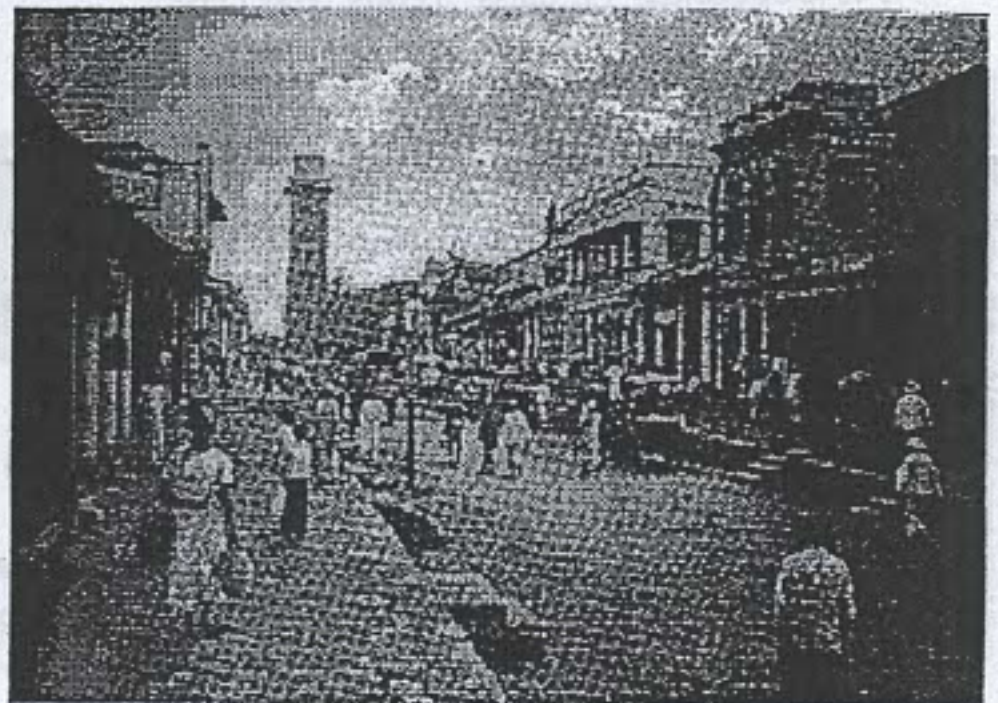
Dom Lourenco Almeyda, the son of the Portuguese Viceroy of Goa, led this fleet. He made his way to Colombo where he heard the King held Court. The King was informed that "there is in our harbour a race of people fair of skin, who don jackets and hats of iron; who eat lumps of stone (bread) and drink blood (wine). They give two pieces of silver for one fish or lime; and the report of their cannon is louder than thunder".

(Louis Blaze: *Story of Lanka*). Blaze goes on to relate that the King sent his son to investigate, and the Prince reported that "it would be wiser to form an alliance than to attack these dangerous people". They were escorted to the king by a long route, through dense jungle on a 3 day journey of several miles: 'parangiya Kotte giya' (as the Portuguese went to Kotte - or, they were led by the most circuitous route). An alliance was signed in commemoration of their visit, on the Portuguese undertaking to drive out the Arabs. The Portuguese coat of arms surmounted by a cross was carved into this large rock, and it was moved to Gordon Gardens from its original site beside the Church of St Lawrence near the Battenburg Battery in Mutwal to its present site.

I proceeded past the then Police headquarters to the Garrison Church of St Peter, and entered the Dutch period. It is a massive old building with thick walls and large doors and windows. The stone at the entrance records that this building was "formerly the residence of the Dutch Governors". I shall tell the story of this Church another time, but for now it is the resting place of Van Anglebeck, the last Dutch Governor.

The adjoining building was the Grand Oriental

Hotel, which brings us to the English period. It was renamed for some time, but the original name has been reclaimed. Our third stone is on one of the pillars by York Street. It says that this building was originally a "military barracks", and that "during the reign of King William IV, repairs were made commencing on 23 Feb 1837...during the Governorship of Sir Robert Horton" (after whom Horton Gardens in Kandy was probably named), and were "estimated at 30,000 pounds". It is almost certain that this stone was moved from its original placing, as the canal in which small vessels brought goods from the harbour originally ran along York Street up to Baillie Street. The GOH was rebuilt twice since 1876.



Chatham Street Colombo in 1880

The Fort may have been a more picturesque place at the turn of the present century. Cordiner describes it as "extremely beautiful" with broad streets. HW Cave refers to the "lines of Suriya trees which produce a cheering effect and pleasing shade". The canal was sunk below the level of the road, and the suriya trees had to make way for the pavements as time went by. We now look back with nostalgia on a calm scene of trees and water, bereft of touts, tar-brush hoodlums and armed policemen all around the Fort.

INTERESTING FACTS ON CEYLON IN 1900

The population of Colombo was 128,000

Carriage Hire - within the limits of the municipality; 1 rupee the first hour (25 cents each succeeding hour). Electric tramcars started from the base of the passenger jetty and ran (a) through the native town to Grand Pass, and (b) to Borella, about 3 miles from the starting point. Fares: 10cent/mile, 1st class!!

Ferguson's 'Ceylon in 1899', cost Rs6.00
Letters to any part of Ceylon, per 1 oz cost 5 cents; to all parts of the world; 15cents per 1/2oz.
A years subscription to the Boy's Own Paper cost 6 shillings and 6pence; Punch - 16shillings; and The Times - 5 Pounds 17 shillings. The first 2 were weekly publications, the Times - daily. All English magazines of course!
A trip to Kandy by train cost Rs 15.00 - first class, Rs 12.00 - 2nd class. This included breakfast and lunch in the refreshment car attached to the train, and carriage hire in Kandy. The train left Colombo at 7.30am arrived Peradeniya 11.40am.
Fares London to Colombo by British India lines cost 45-50pounds, 1st class; 32pds, 2nd class

SRI LANKAN CEMETERY REVIVES COLONIAL MEMORIES

BY RAHUL SHARMA

Had it not been for a violently deranged caretaker, a recently restored historic cemetery in Kandy could have been resurrected years ago. The Anglican Church, British settlers and government officials had to wait 15 years until the caretaker - who threw stones at everyone and everything that passed the cemetery - died last year to begin clearing the Kandy Garrison Cemetery of weeds, mud and squatters.

Tucked away on a hill slope, near the Buddhist Temple of the Tooth, the cemetery was opened in 1822, seven years after the British defeated the Kandyan kings. It was closed in the late 1880s.

It was rededicated in November 1998 with many official guests present.

Included at the dedication was Colin Worthington, a former planter, who was instrumental in organising the restoration. With the British Wives Welfare Group's help funding was obtained from British High Commission and the British Ministry of Defence. Help too from the trustees of St



The tomb of Sir John O'doyly



Inscriptions on the tomb



The grave yard of Lady Elizabeth Gregory

Paul's Church, led to repossession of the former Chapel of Rest from its squatter occupants and turned it into a small office-cum-museum for the cemetery. 400 truck loads of mud removed from the graves revealed a part of colonial history: graves of people who, to a greater or lesser extent, had shaped Sri Lanka's history.

FEW NOT SO FAMOUS

John Spottiswoode Robertson, the 7th and last European to be killed by an elephant!

David Findlay, killed in 1861, when his house collapsed.

SOME WELL KNOWN

Sir John D'Oyly, the first British Resident, or governor, of the then Kandyan provinces. He had fought in the Kandyan War in 1815 and died in 1824, at 49, a hermit.

Lady Elizabeth Gregory, wife of William Henry Gregory, Ceylon's Governor from 1872-77.

"Soldiers who died here during the capture of Kandy in 1815 were buried here. So were others, like planters," Father Sam Gunewardena, the former vicar of St Paul's Church said, adding that people could now come to the cemetery to locate the graves of their ancestors.

CULTURAL VANDALISM is destroying many of Sri Lanka's historical sites and ancient Buddhist temples. Apparently gangs of vandals believe there are treasures to be found and they are causing immense damage in their efforts to dig up treasures. New laws introduced in 1998 have increased the penalties for destroying or stealing antiquities and now carry a penalty of up to US\$7000 or 2-5 years in jail. There is a belief that the old temples and historical documents across the country contain all kinds of priceless treasures hidden underground or even in statues.

There are 100,000 sites covering 16,000 acres and only 40 men to look after them. The situation has become considerably worse in the last two years. Archaeologists believe the punishments should be more severe for offenders.

THIS AND THAT

BY MALCOLM ABAYEKDON

Kukul Charlie may have been a cockerel in a previous life.

That was what an aunt of mine thought. His thing was to sound off like a cock bird. Most of us saw the funny side of this, a no-nonsense Wellawatte Police Inspector thought otherwise. One afternoon

Charlie uttered his cock's cry within about a foot of the lawman and received a thundering slap.

* * *

Gas Lamp had worked for the Electricity Board until he received a shock sufficient enough to send him into wires. The fellow wrapped flex of various sorts around his body, pressed himself against the electric street lamp posts and announced that he generated what was needed to keep those lamps lit. I couldn't figure out why he was called Gas Lamp and not Electric Light.

* * *

C.... on a bike was a Wellawatte lad, a preacher of sorts who carried the good book strapped to the handle bar of his ladies cycle, the old fashioned sit-up-and-beg type of two wheeler. Constant ribbing did not deter him from doing the Lord's work. He was at it when I was in my early teens and thirty years later he tried once again to make me see the light.

* * *

I stopped by AW Jansz's liquor store in Wellawatte to listen to another devil dodger. Spotting a tippler just about to go into the shop, he said, "Alcohol is the devil's brew".

The man, with an empty Arrack bottle under his arm replied, "I know that but it tastes better than holy water".

* * *

For many years an evangelist used to walk up and down London's Oxford Street carrying a placard on which was printed, 'Beware the end is nigh'. He was down and out, his clothes tatty, so torn that the seat of his pants was patched up in several places. London street newspaper sellers are a foul mouth lot, one of them said to him, "And your end is about to show!"

* * *

Having nothing better to do I stopped to listen to a teller of parables who was holding forth near the Dehiwela Junction. The man spoke in Sinhala and invited questions and comments from his audience. A very dark-skinned man who I knew to be a Ceylonese with a European name answered back in English. The narrator asked him where he was from and on being told that he was from England replied in perfect English, "I can see that from your colour".

* * *

I worked with a man who had a row with a bus conductor and from then on hoofed it to and from work, a distance of about seven miles each way. One

rainy spring evening I offered to give him a lift part of the way. He declined saying it would prevent him scattering seeds. I asked him about this the next day and he said as he walked along, he threw flower seeds into neglected gardens so that when he passed these premises in the summer there would be a mass of blooms. The same fellow had deserted the army whilst serving in Italy towards the end of WW2. He was a medic, the sight of all the blood he had seen was too much. Doing such a thing during a conflict is a very serious offence. Going AWOL could have resulted in facing a firing squad if caught, but he got away with a term in the stockade. Whilst on the run he had lived mostly off fruit straight from the tree. In prison he developed serious stomach pains, and when he was operated on, a small, live lizard was found in his intestine! He showed it to me preserved in a jar. His garden was a beauty to behold, but at the base of the high wall that surrounded it were planks with masses of evil looking nails sticking out. They were his yogi beds. Stray cats he hoped would jump off the wall onto this and never again visit his property. One does meet some strange people!

REVEREND A. FRASER IN CEYLON AND THE GOLD COAST

BY MICHAEL SOURJAH

The Rev. Alek Fraser is widely acknowledged as being one of the best Principals of Trinity College, Kandy. He served in this position from 1904 until 1924, with a short interlude when he returned to Europe to fight for his country in the First World War.

On the day Rev. Fraser joined Trinity, he stood on the hill overlooking the college and said, *Thou knowest I did not seek to come here, and Thou knowest how ignorant I am, but we want this place to be Thine, and please make my pound weight a ton*".

His contributions to Trinity College were many and this was especially true about restoring discipline and fostering a community spirit in the college. His



A. G. Fraser 1915

quickness of wit aided his right arm as the following story illustrates.

"Fraser had gone down to Colombo and one boy took advantage of his absence to cut prep; he said he was ill and went to bed in the sick room. Fraser came back sooner than expected, and the malingerer was told; he was in bed, the Principal was back, and prep was not over yet. The boy decided to put a bold face on it; he went down to the prep room wearing a blanket, pretending to be delirious and saying, 'I am Napoleon'. 'Are you' said Fraser, 'Well I'm Wellington, and this is Waterloo!' He gave the boy a few cuts with the cane. 'Napoleon' jumped out of the window and fled, and absolute silence reigned".

He is also known for the uncompromising way in which he put Christian education at the service of nationalism (unique in its day), and his joyous and liberal attitude in matters of religion. In particular, he made many enemies among his missionary colleagues for his view that *"Service together for a common end made us all brothers - Buddhists, Hindus, or Christians - without priggishness on the one hand, or suspicion and timidity on the other"*.

In spite of his achievements at Trinity, very few people are aware of Rev. Fraser's contribution to education after he departed from Ceylon. After leaving Trinity, he was appointed Principal of Achimoto, a new and very special school on the Gold Coast of Africa. This school was the brainchild of the Governor, Sir Frederick Gordon Guggisberg, a passionate enthusiast for education.

The school opened in 1926 and included kindergarten through to a University College for advanced education. Total accommodation was eventually to be for 770 boarders, 230 in the school and 540 in the College. At Achimoto, Fraser teamed up with Dr James Emmanuel Kwegyir Aggrey, one of Africa's greatest sons. Dr Aggrey had been an exceptional student who was eventually selected to go to the USA for training as a missionary. He excelled in the classics, gained several degrees, and was included in the Phelps-Stokes African Education Commission, 1920-4 ascertaining the educational requirements of native peoples.

Dr Aggrey was appointed Assistant Vice-Principal of Achimoto, and with Rev. Fraser, helped build the school of his dreams. As the library was empty he donated his own 2500 volume library. In Sir Guggisberg, the school had an indomitable ally, and even though there were some malicious attacks made on the 3 key figures, when the Gold Coast literati gave strong and unshakeable support, development and growth

flourished.

Dr Aggrey died on 30 July 1927. Rev. Fraser continued at Achimoto School or Prince of Wales College and School as it was formally called, until 1934 when he left Africa a sick and tired man of 61. His career continued for another 12 years and included stints in England and Jamaica though his best work was behind him at Trinity and Achimoto. He died in 1962.

Sources:

Fraser of Trinity and Achimoto by WEF Ward (1965)
Great Epic Books, website (<http://www.greatpicbooks.com>)

BOOK REVIEW



A History Of Scientific Literature by Adrian Senadhira

Adrian Senadhira's book is based on his thesis submitted in 1974 on the subject of 'A survey of the origins and development of scientific literature in Sri Lanka'. It covers the period from the 5th Century to the end of the British Period. The main focus however, is on the period after 1796. This is the period when scientific literature received a shot in the arm. The proliferation of research societies, journals, books and the popularisation of printing were contributory factors.

In this elegantly produced and lucid book, the writer traces the evolution, transfer, and dissemination of scientific literature. The book has a profusion of plates and title pages of trail blazing works. Each chapter is well referenced and footnotes explain every detail. Senadhira counts 35 years experience in the realm of librarianship. He was the Librarian of the University of Colombo until 1983.

He was then selected to work in the W.H.O. Library in Geneva as head of the Technical Services Division. His wide experience in the field in Sri Lanka and overseas, is reflected in this book.

In the sphere of Bio-medical literature Adrian is without peer. This book will spur others to explore this field, and undertake similar studies. 'The History of Scientific Literature' will be a valuable addition to the collection of books on Ceylon/sri Lanka

(A few copies are available for sale from V.Vamadevan, 3 Collie Court, Wattle Grove, NSW 2173. Phone (02) 9825 1542)

A History Of Scientific Literature

by Adrian Senadhira
180 pages, 20 plates
Price : \$AUD30. (Australian)

READERS DIRECT LINE

WANTED

Wanted First Edition (1850) of 'Ceylon and the Cingalese' by Henry Charles Sirr. Please write to Vama 3, Collie Court, Wattle Grove NSW 2173.

-Fair prices paid for the following:

1. Any books and/or information on the Colombo Harbour, the construction of the breakwater in particular. Anecdotal material, old photos, historical records etc. Access to the book 'The Port of Colombo 1860-1939' by K. Dharmasena, (Colombo 1980) would be an asset. Has anyone a copy for sale?
2. Does anyone know where I can obtain information about the canal system in Ceylon from the first Sinhalese constructions through the Portuguese, Dutch, and British periods. I am having great difficulty in finding material on this subject.
3. The History of Royal College published in 1930.
4. Any knowledge, recollections, (good or otherwise), addresses, anecdotal material etc about the Prins family would be greatly appreciated.

Please contact David Goodrich, P.O. Box 2641, North Parramatta, 1750. E-mail goodrich@hawknnet.com.au

Wanted to purchase past copies of the Times of Ceylon Annual, Ceylon Observer Annual, Plates Annual, Ceylon Causerie. Please contact Hugh 23, Ingalaria Avenue, Wahroonga, NSW 2076. —

FOR SALE

1. A.K. Coomaraswamy- Medieval Sinhalese Art. 1956 Pantheon Press. Second Ed with additions. Near mint condition \$150.
2. Robert Knox- An Historical Relation of Ceylon. 1966 Reprint by Tisara Press. Very good cond. \$30
3. Major C.M. Enriquez- Ceylon Past and Present 1927 Hurst & Blackett Ltd. First Edition. \$150

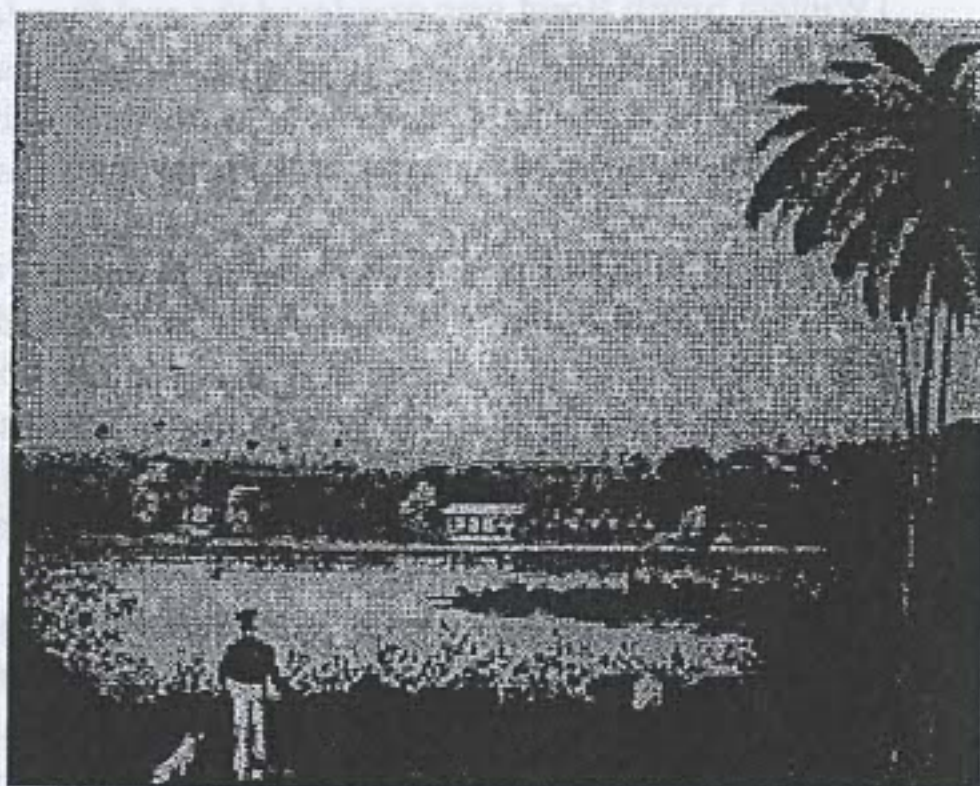
Please contact Aubrey Jansz (03)9459 5734

(Note by Editor Readers are invited to submit their wanted/for sale lists for publication, free of charge, provided space permits.)

WHAT'S IN A NAME

BY BERYL T MITCHELL

A surname and a Christian or 'given' name is bestowed upon a new born baby by its fond parents for various reasons. The surname or family name usually comes from the father and is one which designates the family hierarchy in Western use, while the Christian or 'given' name might be picked because it is popular, rare, or a 'must have' name which has come down in a family for centuries. The latter reason is not quite common in present times, but delving into my family research has brought out some interesting facts. Take, for instance my great grandfather's name Robert BOYD Tytler. Of the current generations, there is a first cousin - An-



Colpetty from the Cinnamon Gardens, showing Robert Boyd's residence. Source: J. Deschamps scenery and Reminiscences of Ceylon - 1845

thony Boyd Duff-Tytler based in London and working as an engineer in Oman. He has chosen to carry on the Boyd tradition by calling his son Richard Boyd. Another cousin, Boyd Rodrigo lives in Colombo. Great grandfather Robert Boyd Tytler perpetuated his mother's surname.

Various other Boyds, all related, left their mark on Ceylon. There was William Boyd, the author of "Life of a Pariya Dorai". Then, there is the celebrated old painting of the house of Robert Boyd in the Cinnamon Gardens of Colombo, which adorned post cards at the turn of the 20th Century; and can even appear on Christmas cards these days. There is George Hay Boyd, benevolent and much loved businessman of Galle and Colombo. He was a painter of Ackland and Boyd in the mid 19th Century, and Ackland House now

owned by Colombo Commercial Company, still stands to bear witness of these beginnings.

The name Boyd can be traced back to the First Earl Kilmarnock, Scotland, in the 17th Century. He was William

William, Robert. (At of Scotland, first-name in the family). the fourth Tower Hill in Bonnie Prince wars of the



Robert Boyd Tytler

Boyd. He had four sons James, Charles and this time in the history William was always the given to the oldest son His grandson William Earl was beheaded on 1746 for following Charlie in the Historic Pretender. Robert, the

youngest son of the first Earl (born 1689) had three sons, John, William and James, all great travellers of the world. John settled in London and his grand son William Smith Boyd was onsidered the real founder of the coffee industry in Ceylon. He went to South america as a young man and amassed a considrerable fortune with which he set up commercial firms such as, Small, Colchuon & Co, and Boyd, Bibby & Co in Calcutta, and Ackland, Boyd & Co. in Colombo. He was also the principal partner of Boyd and Thomas and later Boyd & Co. in Moorgate Street London. William Smith Boyd owned large indigo plantations in Bengal and by 1846 his interests in Coffee, cinnamon, and sugar in CEylon exceeded that of all other prprieters put together.

William Smith Boyd was a bachelor who took great pleasure in seeking out his relatives back in Scotland and placing them in situations of trust on his various prperties. He provided them with comfortable homes, generously furnished, even down to silver plates for table use, extensive libraries and mathematical instruments. For recreation he provided an armoury of rifles, and even provided on a regular basis, a selection of vegetable and other garden seeds for their use!

William Boyd, the author of 'Life of a Periya Dorai', interviewed for an article published in a Peterhead newspaper in 1882, said that in the early days of coffee planting it used to be considered a great joke when the platers met at the end of each month at the hotel in Kandy, to count up the number of relatives of William Smith Boyd present. They often numbered as much as twelve, and when their remuneration, (which was accepted public knowledge, be it small or large) was added together, the total of William Smith Boyd 's generosity made an impressive sum.

William Boyd the author and son of James Boyd, was himself sent to Ceylon under the auspices of

William Smith Boyd, and served his noviciate under Robert Boyd Tytler. After being involved in opening and planting several estates, he was employed in tracing and opening many roads which were adopted by the Government as the chief highways of the districts through which they passed.

Other Boyds went to India, South Africa, and the United States.

So far, I have only discovered that there are the descendants of Isabella Boyd, the youngest aunt of Robert Boyd Tytler who was settled in New Zealand,, but I wouldn't be surprised to find other branches here in New South Wales, as my grandfather Robert Stephen, and his brothers William Alexander and Charles are recorded as having spent time book-keeping on a fruit farm in the 1880s. They might very well have spent time with another relative.

And so the research must go on. What's in a name? Quite a lot of information just waiting to be collected.

(Beryl Mitchell is the author of 'Tea, Tytlers and Tribes - the story of her ancestors pioneering work in the coffee and tea industries in Sri Lanka).

EARLY PAPER MONEY OF CEYLON BY SRI LAL FERNANDO

The earliest record of the use of paper money was in China around 650 AD.

Coins because of their weight became cumbversome to carry on long journeys and attracted the attention of robbers. This was one reason for the paper money gaining in popularity. Travellers such as Marco Polo made descriptions of paper money. The Ming Dynasty paper money(circa 1368AD) have survived to this day and were made of Mulberry Bark and measured about 9inches by 12 inches.



The earliest known paper currency in Ceylon was issued by the Dutch around 1785. These notes were called Kredit Brieven and had inscriptions in Dutch, Sinhala, and Tamil and were issued in notes of 50,

100, 500, and 100 Rix Dollars on 10 May 1785. The notes were payable to bearer on demand at the rate of 48 Stuivers to each Rix Dollar. The total aggregate value of the first issue was Rix Dollars 25 000. Other issues of Kredit Brieven followed till 1796.

In 1796 the Dutch possessions in Ceylon were surrendered to the British and the Kredit Brieven were guaranteed by the British upto a sum of 50 000 Sterling.

In 1800 the British issued Rix Dollar notes and had the inscription in English 'The government of Ceylon promises to pay the bearer the sum... Rix Dollars in Copper money at the exchange of 48 Stuivers for one Rix Dollar on presenting this at the General Treasury'. The amount was written in English, Sinhala and Tamil.

Further issues followed and Kredit Brieven were reduced gradually. It is interesting to note that even at this time many counterfeits were detected.

In 1825 Sterling currency was introduced into all the colonies including Ceylon, and public accounts had to be kept in Pounds Sterling and Pence. Sterling money in denominations of 1, 2, 5, 10, 25 and 50 were issued to a total of 90 000. All Rix Dollar paper money were withdrawn in 1830.

In 1844 it was made lawful for licensed banks to issue paper promissory notes. For this privilege banks had to pay the Government a half yearly duty. Three banks, the Western Bank Of India, The Bank Of Ceylon (later incorporated under the title Oriental Bank Corporation) and Chartered Mercantile Bank of India, London and China, issued notes. The Western Bank Of India changed its name to The Oriental Bank. The Oriental Bank took over the business of The Bank Of Ceylon and formed The Oriental Bank Corporation. Thus it became the leading bank of its time in Ceylon. This bank functioned for 33 years and closed its doors suddenly on the 3 May 1884. The reasons for the closure and the important political events which followed are beyond the scope of this short article. The bank's notes lost its value over night causing widespread confusion and panic in the community. A sketch of the scene by J.L.K. van Dort outside the Colombo branch when the bank notified suspensions of payments appeared in the



Graphic of June 1884 illustrating the emotions of the day, and is reproduced above.

Notes issued by the Oriental Bank Corporation are valued collectors items and one specimen is illustrated here.

I would like to hear from others who have an interest in paper money, banks and financial institutions of the early period in Ceylon.

References :

1. Fernando, B.W., Ceylon Currency British Period
2. Nabeth, Colin, Hendy, R & Stoker, C ; Collecting Paper Money and Bonds
3. De Silva, R.K. : 19 Century Newspaper Engravings Of Ceylon.

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GENEALOGY EXCHANGE

We have received many requests from readers and other contacts seeking information on families and family members formerly resident in Sri Lanka. While we have responded to some of these enquiries from information we already possess, we publish below some requests which our readers may be able to assist with. Should any reader have information on any of these queries we request that they contact the inquirers directly.

- Mr John Hunt, 89 Kings Stone Avenue, Steyning, West Sussex BN443FJ England.
- Mr Hunt seeks information on his great grandfather, **F.C. Loos**, whose son **Albert Edward Loos** was his grandfather. F.C. Loos was a leading solicitor in Colombo in the mid 19th Century and member of the Legislative Council.
- Donald Jacques, 25 Blacketts Wood Drive, Chorleywood, Herts WD35PY England.
E-mail : tjacques@clara.co.uk
Mr Jacques seeks information on **Henry Peter van Ingen** who married **Wilhelmina Elizabeth Ludovici** at Galle on 12 April 1820 and later moved to Mysore. Donald has the details on the Ludovici. He is however seeking information on the Van Ingen family. Henry Peter van Ingen was born on 29 December 1793, the son of **Cornelis and Helena (Kahle) van Ingen**. He is also looking for information on the Kahle family.

- Jacqui Baylis
E-mail : MSOG@aol.com
Is seeking information on her grandfather **August William Baylis** who lived in Ceylon circa 1860.
- June Sissons, 11A Hall Road Bournemouth,
Dawcett BH118HU England.
Seeking information on her grandfather **John Merritt** who married **Isabella Charlotte Modder** daughter of **Alexander Modder** of Colombo.

Crosscurrents

Sri Lanka and
Australia at Cricket



MICHAEL ROBERTS AND ALFRED JAMES

Crosscurrents is a thought-provoking, even provocative book which explores the recent troubled cricket relations between Sri Lanka and Australia. The Sri Lankan team's Australian tour in 1995/96 was marked by some tempestuous episodes. The Australian decision to forfeit its World Cup match in Sri Lanka, after a terrorist bomb, added to the drama. Crosscurrents is the first anthology to explore Sri Lanka's onkicking relationship with Australia since 1884 when the first of many Australian teams played a game or two en route to England.

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Some copies of this book are available from :
Michael Sourjah (02)96319292 , and
Hugh Karunanayake (02)94890941.