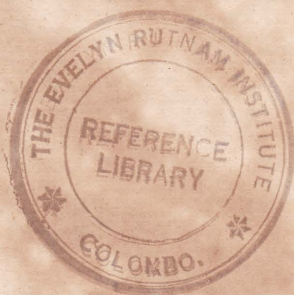


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A BRIEF SKETCH
OF
THE LIFE OF
CHARLES AMBROSE LORENZ

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BOOK SELLERS

Barrister-at-Law (Lincoln's Inn.)
Member of the Ceylon Legislative Council, 1856-1864.
Chief Editor and Proprietor of *The Ceylon Examiner*, 1859-1871.

*Homines ad deos nulla re proprius accedunt quam salutem
hominibus dando.—Cicero.*

BY

M. S. Mahendran

Barrister-at-Law (Lincoln's Inn): Advocate of the Supreme Court
of the Island of Ceylon.

Published by the
American Ceylon Mission Press, Tellippalai, Ceylon.
January, 1918.



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Preface

Among the immortal dead of Ceylon who live again,

"In minds made better by their presence, live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self—"

Charles Ambrose Lorenz will always hold a high place. Cut off at the age of forty-two, Lorenz lived long enough to leave to the land of his birth the undying example of a life distinguished by devotion to duty, incorruptible integrity, chivalrous honour, unswerving truth and great and conspicuous services to the welfare of his country. We can learn from the study of his life, what we all must be, if we would leave our "footprints on the Sands of Time."

The most astonishing feature of his character was his versatility of mind, his many-sidedness. Whatever he touched he adorned, whether as lawyer, writer, scholar or legislator. Force of character in difficult times, admirable talents as a writer at all times, nobleness of soul towards friends and enemies, ceaseless endeavours towards the realization in his own life and in the lives of his fellow-countrymen of "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honourable,

whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report": these were what sustained him and gave him in all quarters and in all places, not only an elevated place in the esteem of men, but an ascendancy over them. We need such examples to urge us to live a dedicated, a consecrated life, for the sake of Ceylon.

It is hoped that this brief sketch, combined with the speech by Sir Richard Morgan, Kt., Officiating Chief Justice of Ceylon, on the occasion of unveiling the portrait of Lorenz in the Town Hall on the 19th August 1874, may be helpful in giving some insight into the career of one of the greatest men of modern Ceylon.

M. S. MAHENDRAN]

29th October, 1917.

To the Burghers
of
Ceylon

Charles Ambrose Lorenz

1829-1871.

கருமமும் உன்படாப் போகமுந் துவ்வாத்
தருமமுந் தக்கார்க்கே செய்யா—ஒருநிலையே
முட்டின்றி மூன்றும் முடியுமேல், அஃதென்ப
பட்டினம் பெற்ற கலம்.

Charles Ambrose Lorenz

1829-1871

There is probably no figure more dear to the Burghers of Ceylon than Charles Ambrose Lorenz. He was not only a great representative of his community, but he was also one whom all the varied races inhabiting this beautiful Island are in every way, proud to claim as a most distinguished countryman of theirs. A profound jurist, a consummate lawyer, an able and accomplished scholar, a fluent and eloquent speaker, a clever essayist Lorenz holds a high place in all those departments of life which distinguish the man and the gentleman.

But gifts of mind, however eminent, and success in life however great, could by no means have secured for Lorenz such unique respect and affection. What is it then that has made him the beloved of all Ceylon? Surely his claim to our admiration, affection and respect is based on his abounding goodness, on his great and powerful services to the welfare of Ceylon. His was a life distinguished by duty nobly done, by marked devotion to truth and honour—a life of stainless purity, and a heart of loving-kindness.

Lorenz used his great knowledge and the power that it brought with it for the benefit of Ceylon and not for the attainment of any personal ends. This is his highest title to remembrance.

"Not for itself, but for every being that drinks in life and beauty from its beams does the light return each morning on the earth. Not to rejoice in their own array do the lily and the rose deck themselves in splendour. Not to be an end unto themselves do the fruits of the valley spring. Not for its own sake does the patient ox labour in the furrow. Service and subordination are the life of the universe. Isolation and selfishness its death." Lorenz knew this joyous duty which all nature proclaims daily, of mutual service, and most resolutely did he labour with all his might, throughout his comparatively brief, but eventful life, for the good of Ceylon.

Charles Ambrose Lorenz was born at Matara in 1829. He was educated at the Colombo Academy during the principalship of the famous Dr. Boake whose name is intimately associated with the training of so many distinguished sons of Ceylon. Lorenz profited greatly by Dr. Boake's tuition and ever retained a grateful sense of indebtedness to his old master. Passing from the Academy he studied law, and was enrolled as a proctor of the Supreme Court in 1849, being the youngest proctor during his time. His abilities at the Bar were at once felt and he speedily became the very centre and life of the "Young Ceylon" party which then first came into prominent notice.

In 1850, he brought out the magazine, *Young Ceylon* which during its brief but brilliant career

had quite a large number of able contributors. There was, observed Sir Richard Morgan the life-long friend of Lorenz and one of the most distinguished Burghers of Ceylon, "a freshness and raciness in his writings, a rich vein of wit and humour running through them and a prespicuity and masculine vigour of style that showed as great promise in him as a writer as he had then given as a scholar."

"His literary productions," wrote the Editor of the *Ceylon Observer*, "essays on local topics in different local ephemeral magazines were especially noteworthy for their freshness and descriptive power, and in sketching the characteristics of the races and people around him he had no equal."

In 1852, he went to England, and not long afterwards was called to the English Bar from the honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn, the Inn of his friend and countryman, Sir Richard Francis Morgan, Officiating Chief Justice of Ceylon and also of his friend Sir Muttu Coomaraswamy, the first non-Christian Barrister-at-Law, his colleague in the Ceylon Legislative Council and then the foremost man of the thirty millions or more of the Dravidian people.

From 1852 to 1855 Lorenz travelled extensively on the Continent of Europe, visited Amsterdam, and there saw the original manuscripts of the Theses on Roman-Dutch Law by Vander Kessel which he translated into English. This translation

by Lorenz is still the only one and deservedly occupies a very high place in all those countries whose Common Law is the Roman-Dutch Law.

On his return from England, Lorenz was offered the District Judgeship of Chilaw which he accepted, but before long, finding his opportunities of usefulness limited, he resigned his connection with the Government service and reverted to his practice at the Bar. Here he was, in the words of Sir Richard Morgan, without exception the brightest ornament of the legal profession. His careful and extensive study of the law, his untiring industry, his quick perception, his capacity for mastering details, his conscientious advocacy, his chaste and persuasive eloquence, soon secured him a foremost position at the Bar.

What Mr. Frederick Dornhorst, King's Counsel, and the unofficial leader of the Ceylon Bar, said of Sir Richard Morgan in 1876 is just as truly applicable to Lorenz. "Preeminently distinguished as a lawyer, a jurist, a statesman, and as a scholar, he was head and shoulders not only above his own countrymen, but even above those who hailed from more favoured climes—unequalled in argument, ready in debate, eloquent and elegant in speech, sound in reasoning, brilliant in conversation, social, kind-hearted, hospitable, and above all truly good, to him was accorded as by his right, the first place

in the councils of his country, in the Courts, and in society, and his good qualities of head and heart had gained for him the esteem and love of all". As a member of the ancient and honourable profession of law, the arms which Lorenz wielded were those of the warrior and not those of the assassin. In all circumstances he sought to accomplish the interests of his clients *per fas* and not *per nefas*. He ever strove to reconcile the interests of his clients with the eternal and immutable principles of Truth and Justice. He never forgot that an advocate in his work in the Courts of Justice, is not alone, but has ever at his side, as unseen assessors, Law, Equity, Honour and Religion. Taken all in all, Lorenz was undoubtedly during his time the most-illustrious member of the legal profession in Ceylon. In this connection, the tribute of Sir Edward Creasy, one of the most distinguished Chief Justices of Ceylon, to the memory of Lorenz, deserves to be fully quoted. "At this," said Sir Edward, "the first sitting of the Full Court since the death of Mr. Lorenz, it is the wish of the Judges to express our sense of the loss which the Court has sustained, and our abiding admiration of the distinguished advocate of whose presence and assistance we are now deprived for ever. So large an amount of the business before this Tribunal was conducted for many years by Mr. Lorenz that without him, the Court seems maimed of one of its most important members. And it was not merely the amount of business

conducted by him, but in a far higher sense, the manner and spirit in which he conducted it that made the Bench regard and respect him as a worthy leader of the Bar."

"Always master of his facts, lucid and clear and scrupulously accurate in his statements of them; he was also skilful and forcible, both in marshalling and urging his own arguments and in controverting or eluding the point of those of his adversary. At the same time he never suffered his disputation to degenerate into either wrangling or quibbling. He was eminently logical, and when the demerits of his case stopped him from further reasoning, he ceased to talk. To these intellectual gifts he added an extensive and sound knowledge of both English and Roman-Dutch Law. His thorough acquaintance with the latter was peculiarly valuable in this Court, where some, if not all of the Judges are generally men trained at the English Bar, to whom it is a great advantage to be frequently reminded of the numerous differences between English and Roman-Dutch Law—differences in which Roman-Dutch Law has in general so great a superiority."

"Of Mr. Lorenz's skill in obtaining verdicts, we had not so good opportunities of judging as you, gentlemen, who were so often his coadjutors or competitors in the District Court. But I have several times heard him conduct criminal cases in which he had been specially retained here; and I noticed

and admired the tact with which he cross-examined and the ability of his addresses to the jury. Altogether I would say of him, what I remember to have heard said of a celebrated advocate at home. I once asked Lord Denman his opinion of O'Connel as a counsel. Lord Denman replied: 'I will tell you not only my own opinion, but that of Lord Plunket who had very full means for estimating him. Lord Plunket said that he never knew O'Connel at the Bar to miss a good argument or use a bad one'. I can unhesitatingly affirm the same of Mr. Lorenz. I do not mean to depreciate in the least the abilities and zeal of those present before me, but I am sure you will all agree with me in feeling that the death of our esteemed friend Mr. Lorenz has created a void which can hardly be filled up in Ceylon for many years to come, if ever."

In 1856 Charles Lorenz was nominated by His Excellency Sir Henry Ward, one of the ablest of the Governors of Ceylon, to represent the interests of the Burghers in the Ceylon Legislative Council, a post which he filled with pleasure to himself and benefit to the Government and people at large until he felt it his duty in 1864, under the leadership of Mr. George Wall to make a stand for greater liberty being accorded to the Council by resigning his seat. His work in the Legislative Council will be long remembered. He has left behind him an example of good work,

conscientiously, manfully, fearlessly and always throughly well done. "No one" said Sir Richard Morgan, "was better fitted by his general attainments and accurate knowledge of the country and its wants to occupy a seat in the first Assembly of the country. The statesman who then sat at the helm of affairs knew his merits and he was the first unofficial member to whom was accorded the distinction of introducing and carrying through his own measures. His public efforts in Council to secure good laws and the equal rights of the different classes of the community—are well known to you—they are now a matter of history—but no one can know the very valuable counsel and assistance I received privately from him in preparing legal enactments during the time it was my privilege to have him as a coadjutor in that Assembly. The political differences which led to the resignation of the unofficial members in 1864 drove him also from the Council. The men who left us then were all eminently fitted to guide the counsels of the country and to promote its advancement and good Government, but I am sure I am only giving utterance to their feelings as well as my own when I state that the loss of Charles Lorenz's services, skilled as he was not only in the general questions of policy which arose for discussion from time to time, but in the practical working of the laws, was, in every sense of the word, a public misfortune."

In 1859, at the age of thirty, Charles Lorenz purchased the rights of the *Ceylon Examiner* which he conducted with remarkable ability and success till his death in 1871. He made the journal a power in the land. And the secret of his success, of his power as a journalist lay in his inexhaustible fund of information, his inimitable manner and method of presentation of dry details and facts and figures, his sincerity and strength of conviction, the exquisite charm of his style, his independence and out-spokenness combined with moderation and unruffled temper. "He cared not," observed Sir Richard Morgan in referring to this phase of his activities, "how little he spared himself, if he could best advance the interests of his countrymen; he felt that a journal of their own conducted by men born and educated in this Colony, would be one powerful means of securing this object and with him conviction and action were synonymous terms. Some may complain of the policy pursued by him, others of the language he used at times, but none can deny to him the tribute of having been a correct, chaste and elegant writer. His clear perception of his subject, and close powers of argument always commanded respect whilst the rich vein of fun and humour which ran through his writings secured the attention and delight of his readers. When Christmas came round, and relatives and friends met to express to each other the glad wishes of the season, the Christmas supplement of the *Examiner*, the mock Council debates,

the rich songs, and the richer jokes, with which they abounded, and his inimitable pen and ink sketches, the gift he had of hitting off a person at almost the first view, and perpetuating his peculiarities and idiosyncrasies, gave us no end of merriment and joy. Some of us formed the subjects of his burlesque, but we enjoyed it not the less on that account, so utterly free was it from all malice, or anything calculated to give pain. There was hardly any pursuit to which he applied himself in which he did not achieve success, whether we view him as a scholar, a writer, a speaker or a lawyer."

But it was in his home-life, in the exercise of social virtues that Charles Lorenz appeared at his best. "His consummate geniality," wrote his successor in the editorial chair of the *Examiner*, "was so wide in its comprehensiveness, that the coldest and most reserved nature could not resist the cheerful warmth of his smile, and in the words of one of England's greatest poets, we beheld in him.

"A face

Not worldly-minded, for it bears too much
Of Nature's impress—gaiety and health,
Freedom and Hope; but keen withal and shrewd,
His gestures note—and hark his tones of voice
Are all vivacious as his mien and looks".

"Those who have heard him", wrote the editor of the *Ceylon Times*, "in the Council Room, or at the Bar, who have admired his trenchant sar-

casms, his ready wit as a journalist, who have enjoyed his lively sallies, his genial flow of spirits at festive gatherings, will understand how great the void, and how vain to hope his place may soon be filled as we could wish, and will join in the feeling, "We ne'er shall look upon his like again." But great as were his abilities and his usefulness to the public, it needed a knowledge of his home and inner life, to gauge his value truly. The People's Friend in the deepest sense of the word, he was ever ready with his purse, his pen or his person to help those who stood in need of aid. With no family of his own he gathered under his roof those who needed a father's fostering care and guidance, made their happiness his own, and sent them forth to do the "battle of life" with his own good name as "watch-word."

"At the Christmas gathering, at the birthday party we shall feel the absence of the lost one, we shall miss his genial flow of wit, his merry laugh, his fund of anecdote, his kindly office as host or guest, to cheer this dull world and make the hours fly like minutes. Those who knew his worth need read no more; those who knew him not, will not fathom his good qualities though we write till midnight."

Such was Charles Ambrose Lorenz. A man good, generous, joyful and true: with charity towards all, with malice towards none, "who at all

times and everywhere gave his strength to the weak, his substance to the poor, his sympathy to the suffering and his heart to God."



Speech by Sir Richard Morgan, Kt.,

Officiating Chief Justice of Ceylon on the occasion of unveiling the portrait of the late Mr. C. A. Lorenz, in the Town Hall, Colombo, 19th August, 1874.

Sir Richard Morgan said:—

Three years have elapsed, since he whose picture I have unveiled passed away from us; and yet the grief which his countrymen feel for his loss, is as fresh now as it was on the morning of the 9th August 1871, when the intelligence first reached us that Charles Lorenz was dead. He was indeed a man of whom his country might well be proud. His versatile genius, his brilliant accomplishments, his public and private virtues endeared him to his friends, and commanded the respect and admiration of all who knew him. Many of us recollect the time when, as a school-boy he shewed signs of great promise which were amply realized in after life, brief as was the career allowed him.

From the lower school of the Colombo Academy—the *Alma Mater* which he loved and was proud of to the latest day of his life, and which, in its turn, rendered illustrious by his career,—he rapidly rose to the highest place, winning prize after prize, and yet he so charmed all by his kindness of heart and joyous disposition, that not one of the many students with whom he competed, and whom he left far behind him in the race, felt the slightest jealousy of him, or grudged his success. We next saw him enter the legal profession, of

which he was, without exception, the brightest ornament. His careful and extensive study of the law, his untiring industry, his quick perception, his capacity for mastering details, his conscientious advocacy, his chaste and persuasive eloquence, soon secured for him a foremost position at the Bar. Forensic conflicts are but too apt to provoke and foster angry passions, but it was simply impossible for any one to quarrel with our friend, a ready joke, a good-natured compliment soon restored his opponents to good humour, and those who suffered most in conflict with him felt nevertheless the greatest admiration for him. When the seat of the member representing the Burgher Community became vacant in 1856, the choice of his countrymen pointed to our friend as the proper person to represent their interests in the Legislative Council. No one was better fitted by his general attainments and accurate knowledge of the country and its wants to occupy a seat in the first assembly of the country. The statesman who then sat at the helm of affairs knew his merits, and he was the first unofficial member to whom was accorded the distinction of introducing and carrying through his own measures. His public efforts in Council to secure good laws and the equal rights of the different classes of the community are well known to you—they are now a matter of history—but no one can know the very valuable counsel and assistance, I received privately from him in preparing legal enactments during the time it was my privilege to have him as a coadjutor in that assembly. The political differences which led to the resignation of the unofficial members in 1864 drove him also from the Council. The men who left us then were all eminently fitted to guide the counsels of the country, and to promote its advancement and good government, but I am sure I am only giving utterance to their feelings as well as my own when I state that the loss of Charles Lorenz's services, skilled as he was, not only in the general questions of policy which arose for discussion from time to time, but in the practical working of the laws, was, in every sense of the word, a public misfortune.

Forced by his convictions to resign his seat in the Legislature, our friend was too public-spirited to grudge his country his services in an arena, humbler, it may be, but not the less useful on that account. He joined the Municipal Council, when it was first established, and those who understand the difficulty of inaugurating a new institution, and of framing laws and regulations for its successful working will readily appreciate the value of the services rendered by him to the Municipality. It is right and fitting therefore, that in addition to the general testimonial set on foot to commemorate his memory, his picture should be set up in our Town Hall. I have not yet adverted to our friend as a writer. He had hardly left school when we were surprised and delighted by the articles in *Young Ceylon* bearing the well-known initials C. A. L. There was a freshness and a raciness in his writings, a rich vein of wit and humour running through them, and a perspicuity and masculine vigour of style that shewed as great promise in him as a writer as he had then given as a scholar. Shortly after he joined the profession, he entered the list of public journalists. Opinions may be divided as to the prudence of this step when, as a rising advocate he had professional work sufficient to absorb his time and energies, but there can be no question as to the purity of the motive by which he was actuated. He cared not how little he spared himself if he could but advance the interests of his countrymen; he felt that a journal of their own, conducted by men born and educated in this colony, would be one powerful means of securing this object, and with him conviction and action were synonymous terms. Some may complain of the policy pursued by him, others of the language he used at times, but none can deny to him the tribute of having been a correct, chaste and elegant writer. His clear perception of his subject, and close powers of argument always commanded respect, whilst the rich vein of fun and humour which ran through his writings secured the attention and delight of his readers. Whenever Christmas came around

and relatives and friends met to express to each other the glad wishes of the season, the Christmas supplement of the *Examiner*, the Mock Council debates, the rich songs and richer jokes with which they abounded, and his inimitable pen and ink sketches, the gift he had of hitting off a person at almost the first view, and perpetuating his peculiarities and idiosyncrasies, gave us no end of merriment and joy. Some of us formed the subject of his burlesque, but we enjoyed it not the less on that account, so utterly free was it from all malice, or anything calculated to give pain. There was hardly any pursuit to which he applied himself in which he did not achieve success, whether we view him as a scholar, a writer, a speaker or a lawyer.

But it is not fitting that on this occasion I should speak of our friend as a public man only. It was in private life, and in the exercise of social virtues that he most excelled. When can we cease to miss his genial manner, his bright countenance, his merry laugh? When can we forget the thrill of delight which his presence always inspired in our social circles? Where can we look for the warm heart and open hand ever ready to feel for and assist those who went to him for help? Not alone to his friends and dependents were his sympathies and charities extended. His munificent offer to provide for the ragged children of the town and to endow for their use a valuable property at a time when he was comparatively commencing life, an offer, which fell through from no fault of his—is but one of many illustrations of his warm heart and large charities.

It was while in the midst of this bright and useful career—happy himself, and making others around him happy—that he was suddenly stricken down. His unceasing exertions in the exercise of his profession and in his pursuits as a journalist proved a drain upon him which not even his strength naturally great, his spirits ever buoyant, could withstand. His brain and energies were always in a state of tension. From the commencement there was reason to fear that his illness

would prove fatal, but he clung to life, and after some months of suffering, seemed to rally for a while, and became able even to attend to business. But the dart had been too deeply fixed and he began to sink again. It was then, but too evident that the silver cord would soon be loosened, the golden bowl broken, the pitcher broken at the fountain, the wheel at the cistern. Some of the most painful and yet not altogether unpleasing recollections of my life are associated with my interviews with him during the long interval between his illness and death. He used to speak feelingly of his past, the plans he had formed for the future, and his bitter disappointment that he could not live to carry them out.

Aye he had planned full many a sanguine scheme
Of earthly happiness—romantic schemes
And fraught with loveliness—and it was hard
To feel the hand of death arrest his steps
Throw a chill blight over all his budding hopes.

What added to his grief was the conviction which he entertained from the commencement of his illness that had he placed less dependence on his own strength, had he been more moderate in the exercise of his energies he might have had a longer life.

Keen were his pangs, but keener still to feel
He nursed the pinion which impelled the steel.

He lingered for months but the end imminent from the first though seemingly averted for a time, came at last and he, the loved of all, passed away from us. The language of eulogy is natural on an occasion like this, but I am certain I am not over-stepping the bounds of truth when I say that the intelligence of his death, though long expected, when it came, cast a deep gloom in every household of his countrymen. We felt that we had lost a very dear friend, a loss which never could be compensated for or adequately supplied. Those

who were not bound to the country by the ties of birth could not be expected to feel the same intense sorrow; but all, high or low, who had known him or had heard of him, or had read his writings, felt that a great man had that day fallen in Ceylon. An occasion like this, whilst it gives us an opportunity of evincing our sorrow at the loss we have sustained, ought also to be made useful in teaching us a lesson. And I cannot teach a lesson better than in the words of the poet whom I have already quoted, who himself died in early life, words which should be treasured by us for they formed one of the latest entries made by our dear departed friend in his diary:—

Then since this world is vain,
And volatile and fleet,
Why should I lay up earthly joys
Where rust corrupts, and moth destroys,
And cares and sorrows eat?
Why fly from ill
With anxious skill
When soon this hand will freeze—this throbbing heart
be still?



By Diligence Through Belgium

(A lecture delivered at Colombo on New Year's eve, 1859.)

Now my trip through Belgium happened in this wise. Not that I would willingly have gone to see the country, for I was very busy at the time; besides which, it never occurred to me, that six years after I should be called upon to deliver a lecture on the subject; in which case I should perhaps have laid in materials for a much better discourse than I can promise you to-night.

There is a regular line of steamers between London and Rotterdam, by which you may go from the one place to the other in 18 or 20 hours. I had taken up my residence in Amsterdam for a year; but it was necessary that I should keep four terms at the Inn during the year; and for this purpose I had on two previous occasions left my wife at Amsterdam, and run up to London for a week. "Keeping Terms" at that time consisted of eating six dinners at the Hall during term-time. You must be there at six, immediately before grace, and must remain till after grace, which is at seven. You will excuse me, for the digression; but I am tempted to tell you something of the dinners; and if you please, having commenced my lecture with a dinner in London I shall terminate it with a dinner at Utrecht. A dinner in Hall is a very imposing thing presuming that you are a duly admitted member of the Inn. You find yourself in Lincoln's Inn Fields at five minutes to six—perhaps you meet no one about the place; and this is a curious feature in all London.

In London six o'clock is six o'clock, and not a quarter after seven. If you make an appointment with a man, be he a peer or a porter, he is present at the time appointed; and if you are a few minutes too late, the chances are that you either lose your man, or get abused for your delay.

Now at five minutes to six you may not see a single individual near the gate; but if you wait a few minutes longer, you will find 250 students, all at once, as if they had dropped from the clouds, pattering up the steps, going to dinner. My own arrangements were so made, that if I had missed my dinner by a minute, my name would not have been entered, though I had taken my ordinary quantum of boiled meat and potatoes, and I should have been detained a week longer in England.

They all dine in gowns there—and as you enter by the great door, you meet three or four old women standing with a broad strip of black stuff in their hands, with two holes for the arms; you whip it on and go in. There are some-

times as many as five-hundred dining in that Hall. The great ones dine on an elevated dais at the other end—these are called the Benchers and they get turtle soup, turkey and truffles, champagne, and so on. The lesser ones, commonly called the “demi-gods”, that is to say the Barristers dine at a place below the Benchers, and they get roast-goose mock-turtle and sherry: the students dine at tables placed, lengthways as far as the eye can reach—in messes of four—each mess having a boiled fowl, or a leg of mutton, and a dish of pastry—generally damson-tart, with one decanter of wine. The students used to say it was Cape wine; but never having tasted it, I can’t tell. They don’t help each other: each man carves for himself and passes the dish on to the man opposite. So also with the decanter. Hence they say that old toppers generally get to the seat nearest the top on the left hand side, for that is the seat which entitles its holders to begin, and as there are always thirteen glasses supposed to be in each decanter; the man that commences the wine gets also the thirteenth glass in its turn; so that he drinks four glasses while the others only get three. The Benchers come from the other side of the room, and as they enter, the students rise. They are all old men, Justices, Barons, Sergeants, and Queen’s Counsel; and each man as he enters, makes a profound bow to the room. When they have all got together round the table the steward gives three raps on the table and says: “Silence, gentlemen, if you please” then three raps more and he says “Attention, gentlemen, if you please.” Thereupon the Chaplain says grace and the dinner commences. Immediately after there comes a short old gentleman, drest in black and an imposing white cravat, slowly walking down the room with a pencil and a note book in his hand. This is (as he is usually termed) “Old Doyle.” He is in point of fact *Lincoln’s Inn*. No one can remember him as a young man. Every one knew him as “old” Doyle. He is the great referee and law giver on all points. The Lord Chancellor bows to him on all questions of practice or pre-

cedent. He pooh-poohs a Baron of the Exchequer and overrules a Lord Justice, with the freedom of a great Moghul. But of all his qualities, and they are all good qualities (for a more kind-hearted man never breathed) Old Doyle is celebrated for his prodigious memory. When he once sees a man he recognises him years after. He carries the names and faces of five hundred students in his head, and marks down each man absent or present as he walks up and down the Hall. Sir Anthony Oliphant left England as a young and plain Mr. Oliphant some twenty or twenty-five years ago; and when after a sojourn at the Cape and in Ceylon, he returned to England and visited Lincoln's Inn in 1853, Doyle at once accosted him and said "How do you do, Mr. Oliphant". The students used to play off little jokes on the old gentleman, and turn their face the other way when they saw him trying to recognise them. He would then walk round to the other side only to find himself caulked again, till at last he would come and tap the man on the shoulder and say "I think Sir, your name is Mr. Smith or Mr. Brown or Mr. Augustus Fitz Osborne—only you are so very fidgetty, I cannot make sure. "Well then" having left Amsterdam on Saturday morning so as to be in London on Sunday, I used to take my six dinners before the following Saturday, so as to be able to start by Saturday's steamer back to Amsterdam. On this occasion however it was the depth of winter. It was the severest winter they had seen for some forty years. The snow was two feet deep on the ground, and some Dutch sailors were seen skating near the London Bridge, where ice had not collected for nearly half a century. I had purchased a return ticket at Rotterdam which was to take me to London and back, but hearing that the boats were buried in ice both on the Thames and on the Maas I went up to the office of the company and wished to be instructed how they would send me to Holland next morning. I had received a telegram, that my wife was ill and I was anxious to go back. They could give me no hopes of being

able to get to Holland, except by going to Ostend, and thence by railway to Utrecht and Amsterdam. So I determined to start by that route, and proceeded to St. Catharine's Wharf, and from thence direct for Antwerp. I have never yet undertaken a more unfortunate expedition. The boat went down the River at night; but finding it was blowing a gale in the channel, it kept off Margate, during the whole of that night and the next day. It was taking a cargo of horses across, and these animals kept a continual drumming over-head. The passengers were all men of the stable; German and Flemish horse-dealers, with a few Jews and their families—all sick. It was a perfect Babel of tongues, and horses' hoofs for a whole night and day. Sleep was out of the question; and when we finally steamed away towards evening, I slept from sheer exhaustion and the overwhelming effect of bad smells. We arrived at Ostend about two at night. It was snowing heavily, and as you may suppose piercingly cold. I crawled out of my berth, and with my carpet bag and umbrella was limping across the plank, when to my intense disgust, a man in a green coat reminded me of my passport. I was on Belgian soil, and my passport was Dutch! I appealed to the Captain, but he said he was sorry he had no time to attend, probably glad enough to run away from a man who for aught he knew might turn out to be Orsini or Victor Hugo. I could not speak French, nor could the policeman speak English; but we, as it were by a tacit understanding, agreed to go forward, he following me within holding distance. My imagination is not a particularly vivid one; but I assure you, I was at that moment, contemplating Belgian prisons, and a trial and conviction with the benefit of a jury. I entered a room, and was told to sit down, which I did near a fire; and then a very majestic person walked in, whom I suppose I may call a Superintendent or Inspector of Police. He was a very polite person, and when I told him the circumstances under which I left London, he believed me, or looked very like it. Then he said: Have you nothing else about you

to shew your position or circumstances? Yes I had my portfolio and an excellent thought struck me.

About a month or two before, the Ordinance No. 7 of 1854, was carried through the Legislative Council of Ceylon. It related to the practice of Police Courts; and, as some of you may remember, my honourable and learned friend and predecessor, Mr. Richard Morgan, had in his place at Council, endeavoured to secure the appearance of Proctors in these petty Courts. Having to some extent failed in this endeavour, he wrote to me; and I got the letter in London, a few days before my departure telling me that a petition was intended to be forwarded to the Queen, praying Her Majesty to refuse her sanction to the Ordinance, and to allow the appearance of parties by their counsel. He requested me, as the petition was not then quite ready to go to the Colonial office, to tell them of the intended petition, with a view to the consideration of the question being postponed till its arrival. I had not sufficient personal courage to face the demigods there; and so I wrote a letter to the Secretary for the Colonies. In answer to which I immediately received a reply signed by Mr. Frederick Peel and bearing a large red seal, telling me that Mr. Morgan's wishes would be attended to. I happened to have this letter in my portfolio, having put it there to be shewn to my friends as evidence that I was on corresponding terms with Mr. Frederick Peel, the son of the late premier. So when the Inspector of Police asked me whether I could give a reference to my friends in London—I could not resist the temptation—the joke was too good to be lost—and I said “Oh Yes! Mr. Frederick Peel.” ‘Eh bien’! said he, Mr. Peel. I can shew you some letters from him” said I and I handed him the letter about the Police Court Ordinance. This was conclusive and I passed on to my hotel.

Now considering, that I entered Ostend at this late hour of the night, and left it early next morning, I should not hazard any account of the place. All my recollections of it were associated with a white sheet of snow over which I

was obliged to go, slipping along to the Hotel, and a German bed. A German bed is a very peculiar thing; but in order to shew what its peculiarity consists in, I should describe an English bed. An English bed consists of two parts: the portion you sleep upon, which is composed of blankets and sheets, and the portion which covers you, which is most elaborate. It consists in winter of several blankets between two sheets, the upper one of which is ornamental and is called the counterpane. When you retire, you slip between these two, and after a certain amount of trembling with cold, you probably go to sleep. But sometimes it is so cold that you feel as if you would die. The sheets are as cold as lead, and though you order as many as four or five blankets, and sometimes, the hearth-rug on the top of all, you cannot keep out the cold.

A German bed however, i. e, the upper portion of it, is a large bag or bolster, which has not sufficient weight in itself to press itself down upon you. And, ten to one, it is always too short, so that you get your feet out into the cold, and you jump up from a frightful nightmare. So also with German water jugs and basins. Albert Smith used to call them a milk jug and a slop-basin—the same as in France. They have no word on the Continent to express the English word “comfortable.” Even so practical a people as the Dutch have no such word in their language. If you look into a Dutch or French dictionary, you will find in them most ridiculous attempts to express the idea indicated. When I first went to Holland, I wished to tell one of my friends that the lodgings they had hired for me were not sufficiently “comfortable,” and the only word I could get from Holtrop and Wilcox was *falsoenlyke*, which properly means *fashionable*. The difference between comfortable lodgings and fashionable lodgings, as I need not tell you, is considerable.

Having however, survived the German bed, I started as I thought, for Utrecht, by rail. It was so piercingly cold, that

I resorted to the very unmanly trick of buying a stone-bottle of warm water to keep under my feet, with the view of securing warmth, as the ladies in Holland do with their foot stools. But unmanly as it may be, it is impossible to resist the temptation. In the streets of London, I used to resort to another trick to keep my hands warm. There is always an old woman to be met with on some corner or other with a portable stone, in which they boil potatoes for immediate consumption. You get two of them piping hot with a pinch of salt, for a penny, and it is a very delicate morsel on a cold day. But a better way to use the potatoes, on such cold days, is to put them in your pockets, and keep your hands in the pockets; by which you get a fine glowing warmth all round your body. My servant in London frequently dislodged a couple of cold potatoes of a morning, out of my great coat pockets, and produced them to me in great astonishment. I only said, "Oh! Never mind! Pitch them out of the window". I daresay she still believes that I had pilfered them from the Hall dinner, and forgotten to eat them. To return, however, to the stone-bottle: I found soon after taking my seat in the carriage that I was colder than ever; and on casting a glance below, I found that the cork of the bottle had come out, and the water had escaped and turned into beautiful crystals of ice on the thick rug. This was my second misfortune.

I arrived at Antwerp, and had to encounter misfortune number three. The snow had fallen so deep that the railway trains could not run. I was obliged to wait a night there, to take my chance next morning. Next morning I made acquaintance with a gentleman who proved an excellent companion during the rest of my journey; and my first introduction to him is a good illustration of the great facility with which the Hollanders acquire foreign languages. The Russians it is said, are great linguists, because their own language is so difficult to acquire, that when once acquired, all other languages are mere child's play. The Hollanders, however, learn languages more from necessity than for ornament. Nobody

thinks of learning Dutch as an accomplishment, although there is more profound thought and more genuine poetry in that language than in many other more favoured continental languages. Vondel, as an epic poet ranks as high as the English Milton. Paley's great work on Natural Theology, has lately been discovered to be a plagiarism from Leeuwenhoek. Voet, as a jurist is quoted from one end of the world to the other; and for travels and research, no nation has ever yet equalled the Dutch. "But" said a Dutch friend to me, "we are a small country; and it is not worth a man's while to learn our language for purposes of trade and commerce; and if people wont trade with us in our own language we must trade with them in theirs. Hence it is that a Dutchman will speak to you in English so correctly, that you cannot distinguish him from an Englishman by his accent. But he will talk, German, French, and Spanish just as correctly. A friend of mine, the Spanish Consul at Amsterdam (though himself a Dutch man) often took me to the Exchange to see how they transacted business; and I frequently saw him talking to Germans, Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Spaniards, to each in his own language with the same fluency with which he spoke his own native Dutch.

When I was seated in the cab which was to take me to the railway station, the waiter came to me with compliments from a gentleman, who said he was going to the same station and would be obliged to me for a lift. I was most happy to accommodate a traveller. He came, enveloped in a large Russian fur coat, and immediately addressed me in French. He asked me as nearly as I can recollect the words of a strange language, "*Partant pour les Pays Bas, M'sieu*"? I quite understood the question, for it embraced the only few words of French I ever knew. *Partant* meant "as every one who has heard the song called 'Dunois the Brave' knows—*partant* meant "going", and "*Les Pays Bas*" meant Holland. I immediately said "*Oui M'sieu*", for as he spoke French I at once took him to be a Frenchman—and as I need not tell you, no one has a right to presume

that a French man knows any other language than his own. Well, I said, '*Oui M'sieu*' and he immediately said something else in French which was quite unintelligible. I merely shook my head, and by way of diversion, as, I saw the cab man at the window, I said to him "*Gaauw, als't a belieft*" meaning that he should make haste. My friend immediately seconded me by saying "*Zoo Gaauw als de Blixem*"—a suggestion that he should go as fast as lightning. Then he turned to me in a familiar way and talking in fluent Dutch, he said he was wrong, he had made a mistake, but that he had taken me for a French man. I replied in Dutch that it was alright, and asked him whether he was going to Holland? He said yes, and so we went on until I regret to say that he began suspecting that after all I was not a Dutchman either; for I made terrible mistakes in grammar as well as in pronunciation. He then fairly asked me "*Waar komt gy van Min Heer*"? "*Van Ceylon*" said I. "*Maar Wat teal kunt gy spreken*"? asked he. "*Engelsch*" said I. "*Engelsch*" said he—English"? Yes, said I "English—English—Hang it" said he. "Why did you not begin with English then"? "Why, my dear sir, why did *you* begin with French if you were an English man"? "I am no Englishman" said he, "I am—a Dutchman."

We went to the station to find that the railway was still impassable. I found the railway guards trying a curious process, which I had not the opportunity of seeing before, for clearing the rails of the snow. Two very thick stout brooms were attached to the engine, each touching one of the rails; and thus the engine being driven forward, the two brooms (I call them brooms, but I daresay, there is some other appropriate name for them) cleared away the snow, for the wheels which followed behind them. But the snow was so deep, and the resistance so great, that this process was found to be a failure; and we were told that no train would start from Utrecht probably till four that evening. I had heard however that a diligence started daily for Utrecht, and would go that day. I proposed to my Dutch friend that we should

take the diligence ; but he said it was very slow. I returned to the hotel, ascertained the hour for starting and till then I determined to see something of Antwerp. It is a prettier town than any you could see in Holland, the streets being broader and the buildings more elaborate and ornamental. Perhaps the style of architecture may be termed grotesque and heavy ; the houses having high gable ends, with several storeys of windows and ascending by steps on each side to a point. This style of gable is understood to have been introduced by the Spaniards, who in their turn had imported it from the opposite coast. So that it has properly been termed the Moorish style. And there is something more than the similarity of name and religion between the Moors of Morocco and the Moors of Ceylon ; for when one comes to compare the Marandan Mosques in the Island with Moorish architecture in Holland, one cannot but be struck with the similarity in the form of the gables adopted by the Dutch architects of the sixteenth century, and that handed down through several generations from the first Moorish colonists of Ceylon. But it is still more curious to observe how two architectural colonies (if I may so call them) have in the course of centuries, travelled into the same distant country and there left traces of a common origin ; for if you compare the gable end of the Dutch Church at Galle with that of the Mohammedan Mosque at Marandan (supposing of course that the latter was not built in imitation of the former, which is not likely), you will be struck with the strange similarity in their general style. I am not engineer enough to dwell at any greater length on this point, but I refer to it, at the best as a curious thought.

Antwerp was at one time the most splendid city of Western Europe. The merchants of Antwerp were the wealthiest body of men in all Europe ; and the following story is told of one of them as an illustration of their affluence. One Johannes

Daens had lent Charles V a million of gold to enable him to carry on his wars in Hungary and for which the Emperor gave the merchant his Royal bond. On his return from the wars, the Emperor dined with the merchant, who, after a most sumptuous entertainment, produced the bond — but not for payment; for he then and there burned the document on a fire made of cinnamon. It may perhaps be some satisfaction for us, Ceylonese, to know that the cinnamon which contributed towards absolving an Emperor from such a debt was in all probability grown in Ceylon.

In its more prosperous days Antwerp contained 200,000 inhabitants, and had sometimes as many as 2,000 ships lying in river and harbour. By a treaty of — the navigation of the river was prohibited; next the town was sacked by the infamous Duke of Alva. But the importance of the place was seen by Napoleon Bonaparte, who had designed to make it the greatest naval arsenal in the North of Europe. His magnificent plans were however, defeated by the Treaty of Peace of 1814; for in pursuance of the fifteenth article of the Treaty the Naval establishment was demolished, all the ships of war afloat, and the guns, store and ammunition were divided between France and Holland, and those on the stocks, and the ships, docks and naval arsenal broken up and destroyed. All the fortifications, storehouses, smitheries and other buildings connected with the dockyard were also heartlessly demolished; and Antwerp has since then struggled, in vain, to regain that position of which her two jealous neighbours had robbed her.

The great lions in Antwerp are the Church of Notre Dame and the Pulpit and the paintings of Rubens within. The spire of the Church is five hundred feet high and took nearly a century to complete. The carillons — a great feature in all Dutch Churches — are the finest in all the Netherlands; and the largest bell is said to weigh sixteen thousand pounds. I entered the Church unfortunately at mass-time, and not having the impudence which some tourists possess of picking their way among the kneeling women and children, in search of

curiosities, I contented myself with looking at some of the magnificent paintings. But the great painting of Rubens, the Descent from the Cross, I did not see though it was a barbarous thing not to wait for an opportunity to see one of the most celebrated paintings of the world. The Pulpit is a splendid piece of wood carving, grotesque, but very curious as a work of art. It is supported by four figures of life size standing hand in hand; and the railing of the steps are surmounted by birds of various kinds, delicately carved. The confessionals also are fronted with upright figures in different attitudes. I could only look about me a little and listen for a while to a solemn chant sung by a group of old choristers in white surplices, and then ran back to the hotel to get ready. At any other time I should have been overpowered with the scenes I was passing through; but the fact was that I had already passed Ghent and Bruges without even looking out of the window, for if I had done so I should probably have caught cold and been no wiser; and within the previous twenty-four hours I had been within quarter of a mile of Waterloo; but when the train stopped at Brussels and the guard as usual rung his bell and called out "Bross-sell" I thought Waterloo was all very fine—and there was a sound of revelry by night—and so on; but had I caught a cold by opening the window, how about Ceylon? So after looking at Ruben's beautiful house, as it shone with its elaborate carving and statues in a dazzling winter sun, I was passing on when my Dutch friend met me, and on hearing that I was really going to start by diligence, he said he would take a seat himself; and in point of fact we shortly after, started—being honoured by virtue of our speaking the English language with a seat in the coupe.

Now a diligence is a curious vehicle. Conceive a brougham to begin with, then a roomy carriage added on to it behind, and a dog cart attached side-ways to the carriage and you have a diligence. We sat in the coupe, which consisted of two seats; the carriage was occupied by three stu-

dents of the University of Utrecht and a large dog ; and the dog cart contained our baggage and the groom. But to tell the truth, labouring as the vehicle did under more than ordinary disadvantages, with two feet of snow on the ground, it went amazingly.

The only distressing thing about the business was the coachman, who swore in a manner I had never heard before, and could never even conceive. Everything else was pleasant ; the cottages by the wayside, the inhabitants invariably doffed their hats to us most respectfully, the occasional halts at an inn where the coachman called for his *Zuipje*, and we partook of warm milk and bread ; the conversation of our friends behind us, who taking it for granted that neither of us understood Dutch, freely criticised us, our manners, our dress our language, and everything else belonging to us ; and the general novelty of the whole proceeding, as distinguished from a whisk by in the railway train—kept up our spirits in spite of the cold without. And we arrived at night at the town of Breda. I need not tell you I saw nothing more of Breda than the interior of a very comfortable inn. But as we were sitting round the stove, smoking our pipes, and drinking coffee, we got our landlord, a little active man, to tell us the story of the "*Turf Boat*." He stood leaning against the stove, with a little black velvet cap on his head, puffing his *Lange Johannes*, and related how Breda was taken from the Spaniards ; and we wound up by singing the Dutch Anthem afterwards in honour of the story. And the Anthem which has stirred the spirits of the Hollanders for centuries, and is now sung as enthusiastically as it was perhaps sung when the Dutch first took Colombo from the Portuguese, is but feebly rendered in the following lines:—

i

Let all whose veins with Dutch blood flow,
From foreign blemish free,
Whose hearts for King and country glow,
Join in the song with me :
Join in the song with faithful breast,
United heart and hand ;
Join in the feast-song, tone a blast
For King and Fatherland.

ii

Sing out, my brothers ! one in heart,
The heav'n heard feast-song sing ;
He numbers one good deed the less
Who loves not Land or King :
His breast glows not for brother-man,
His patriot fires unfanned :
His heart is cold in song or prayer
For King and Fatherland.

iii

Protect, Oh God, protect the land
Wherein we first drew breath,
The spot whereon our cradles rocked,
Where soon we'll sleep in death ;
With meek but faithful hearts we pray
At Thy paternal hand,
That thou wilt bless, uphold and keep
Our King and Fatherland.

Sing loud the prayer, raise high the voice
Above the festive sounds.
Protect the King, protect his house,
And us his household band.
And once more sing our latest prayer,
United heart and hand.
Protect Oh God ! our best loved King
And best loved Fatherland !

We were to start from Breda next morning at five and had given the servants strict directions to call us at that hour ; but the German beds were in our way again. We called for blankets : but there were none. No amount of lying still would warm us ; and we were at last, not without a struggle, obliged to resort to the unmanly trick of the *Juffer* which is the name in Holland for the stone bottle I have already alluded to. It was long past midnight, when by the aid of the *Juffer* and the hearth-rug we could get a wink of sleep ; but I was hardly settled, when a groan from my Dutch friend woke me and behold it was five o'clock and the relentless waiter was at our bedside. My friend begged hard for another half-hour ; but the diligence was ready : and we again started with the Utrecht students, dog and coachman's oaths. My recollection of the journey is so very confused that though I have tried hard, I cannot recollect whether we were two nights on the road, or only one. But I recollect well that we passed the frontiers of Holland at night, and had to bring out our passports. The officer in charge was a civil man ; and his wife gave us tea, and bread and butter. She was what is called a Brabanter—"of whom" said my friend "the women are all angels, and the men murderers. You can get one fellow to kill another for a *Fuipge*". The lady in question was not in my opinion a perfect angel ; but still she was very kind and civil, and made the sign of the cross over

every slice of buttered bread, as she handed it to us. Our next great stage on the way to Utrecht was *Gorkum* or *Gorinchum* an old town standing at the junction of two rivers. But long before we arrived at this town, we saw evidences of human life in the numerous skaters and the sleighs which were flying past us on either side of the road. You will of course recollect that we had canals on one side or the other of us all the way. The sleighs were mere wooden box-seats standing on two sharp bits of board; and are used chiefly by women. The men post themselves behind the sleigh, and go pushing them forward, skating all the way. They travel very rapidly; and a dozen or two of them, following each other, the occupants being clothed generally in bright colours, in contrast with the white snow and ice all around them, form a beautiful sight. Opposite the town the river was very broad, but was frozen so thick that the diligence and horses galloped across as on a metalled road. The university students remained in the diligence; but my friend and I being both married men, preferred to walk; for had the ice given way, there would have been an end of us at Gorkum. On arriving at the Inn, we found a large party of Boors and Boorins making merry. The uproar was tremendous; but some of the songs were exquisitely sung, and the music was unexceptionable. While we were yet dining, the party broke up, and returned home in a number of horse-sleighs, jingling with bells, and streaming with bright-coloured flags. We now proceeded direct into Utrecht, and entered the city at dusk.

The Dutch name "Utrecht" is derived from its Latin name "*Trajectum ad Rheum*" (the ford on the Rhine) or as it was afterwards called by the monks "*Ultra Trajectum*", and is different from other towns of Holland from its height above the level of the canals. I cannot give you a better description of the general appearance of a Utrecht canal than by referring you to the canal opposite Milne and Cargill's store, between York Street and the Barrack square. But what

is more remarkable still, there are cellars and rooms underneath the street with doors opening into the canal, which are inhabited by mechanics and traders, and are also used as store-houses and manufactories, their roofs forming the pavement of the street above. I was in Utrecht on a subsequent occasion when I had the opportunity of seeing more of it than I did on the present. The great sight there, as at Antwerp, is the Cathedral, the tower of which is three-hundred and twenty-one feet high. It was built in 1382 but the tower is now at a distance from the body of the Church, a broad street intersecting the two. This strange circumstance is attributed to a storm and whirlwind in 1674, when the nave which connected the tower with the rest of the building was carried off. From the top of the tower the traveller has a view, extending over almost the whole of Holland and a part of Guilderland and North Brabant, and comprehending twenty towns, amongst which we may see Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Oudewater, Breda and Gouda. The first Bishop of Utrecht was an Englishman of the name of St. Willebrod who went over in the seventh century to convert the Frisons. Another Bishop of Utrecht, named Adrian Florisfoon, who was the tutor of Charles V, became afterwards the Pope of Rome, by the name of Adrian VI, and his house is still pointed out to travellers, on the *Oude Gracht*, as the Paap's Huis. Utrecht is celebrated also for a splendid museum of wax preparations representing anatomical specimens of men and animals. But, above all, commends me to the university and the professors.

When I visited Utrecht, immediately before my departure from Holland, I went there without a single letter of introduction. I asked my friends in Amsterdam for some; but they said it was perfectly unnecessary, as a stranger was always welcome. As soon as I arrived, which was about five in the evening on a summer day, I asked the waiter whether I could see the University. He said 'No'. The Landlord also

explained that as there was to be an Assembly next day and an oration, and the election of a new Rector, strangers were not to be admitted. But it struck me that that was the very thing, above all other things that I should like to see; and with an amount of impudence which stood me in good stead just then, I wrote on a piece of paper—"that a stranger from the Island of Ceylon, desiring to see the great University, applies to be admitted to visit it," and asked the waiter to carry it round to the Professors. I received the paper back, with a string of autographs of some of the greatest scholars of the day, Holtius, Ockersdyk, De Geer, Vincke, Vreede and others, stating that permission would be readily granted. I was looking at the paper with no little delight, when a Professor was announced. It was Vreede, Professor of Modern Law. He called at the request of Rector Vincke to present me with a ticket of admission. I have reason to remember this most excellent and amiable gentleman, as one of the kindest friends I had in Holland. The ticket contained an invitation on behalf of William the Third, King of Holland, to your humble servant, to be present at the anniversary festival of the University. I mentioned a few things to him about Ceylon, and about our system of laws here, and that I was about to publish a translation of one of their great legal authors; and he at once secured me and my companion and we were made happy for the rest of our sojourn there. I began shortly after to think, that I was becoming a great man, for no less than three other Professors called on me on that evening; and among them Holtius the friend and colleague of the great Savigny. On the next day I was present at the festival, and listened to a long Latin oration from the Rector, who delivered it in the presence of the magnates of Utrecht; and another in return from the senior student, also in Latin. They then invited me to be present at the examination of a student for the degree of Doctor of Laws—a proceeding which not a little interested me. The entire examination, questions and answers was con-

ducted in Latin, which the student spoke as fluently as the Professors. He was carried through what we should call a wasting examination on the Civil Law. The Institutes, the Code, the Pandects, and Voet's Commentaries. The walls of the room were covered with the portraits of former Professors, including the three Voets, Gysbert, Paulus and Johannes, Antony Mattheus, and others, who were looking at their successors—and I should say with satisfaction; for the men of Utrecht have always been and still are pre-eminent as scholars and jurists. We do not hear of them here, nor are they heard of in England, merely because they labour under the disadvantages of a little-known language; but on the continent, in Germany and in Belgium, the Dutch publications are read with respect; and the honesty and independence of Dutch authors, combined with their powers of research and their hearty profundity, secure them the attention of literary Europe.

The student passed the examination, and was duly admitted a Doctor, and shook hands with us all, amidst the acclamations of his fellow-students in the gallery. I thus became known not only to him, but to all the students, and immediately became a victim to notoriety. Every student saluted me as I passed the streets; and I found the greatest difficulty in convincing my wife as we took a walk that evening that there was nothing wrong; for the profound bows I received from every third or fourth man astonished her. We did not pass out at the gate; but she is still under the impression that had we done so, the sentry on guard would have presented arms to us.

One other reminiscence of Utrecht. We went one day to see the Mint, where all the Dutch money is coined; and the Mint-master did us the honour of accompanying us round, in company with professor Vreede, and explaining the process. He handed us a packet of coins we saw being struck, and in general was very civil. I waited on him afterwards, and found him housed in great luxury and grandeur. After some con-

versation, I discovered him to be a grand-nephew of the great Governor Falck of Ceylon, whose portrait was hanging in his drawing room. I had great pleasure in telling him that though I was not personally acquainted with the Governor, who died about a hundred years ago, I had seen a very old Moorman who gave evidence in the Great Verandah case in 1848, and who recollected seeing Governor Falck.

To return however, from this great digression—we arrived I said from Breda late in the evening; and we dined at the “Kasteel Van Antwerpen.” The dinner cost us half a guilder apiece—equivalent to ten English pence; but such a splendid wayside dinner I have never eaten since. The great feature of the evening was a dish composed of alternate slices of beef and apples followed by mutton chops and Damson jelly. Even the Dutchman was astonished and said he would mention the Kasteel to his friends in Amsterdam. We were next besieged with a pudding, in which the pervading tone was of sweet almonds. This was followed by pastry and coffee, “Ten pence”! said my friend—“there must be some great mistake.” “Half a guilder” repeated the waiter solemnly, “Why, you I could’nt feed a beggar on ten pence in London”—argued the Dutchman who had long been in that city. “Come” said he, make it a guilder—to oblige me.” But the waiter would not have it so; and we paid our ten pence each for the cheapest and best dinner we had ever had.

From Utrecht to Amsterdam is but half an hour of railway, and we were there at nine. The Dutchman took leave of me and disappeared amongst the crowd, and I never saw him since. I trotted away to my own lodgings, listening to the beautiful carillons of the Church on the Dam.

Now then, I am afraid, Ladies and Gentlemen, that I have not made my lecture sufficiently interesting. If so, the fault is truly mine, for the subject is one almost inexhaustible. I deem it however, a great privilege that I have had the opportunity, after a year’s hard work to spend an hour of innocent recreation amongst those whose regard I greatly esteem. I

cannot forget also that this is almost the last day of the year, and that I have at the present moment the rare opportunity of meeting so many of my friends together. Ladies and Gentlemen, I wish you all, a Happy New Year.

LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL

In moving the reply to His Excellency the Governor's Address on Tuesday June 19, 1860 Mr. Lorenz said:—

Sir,

The motion of my honourable and learned friend is in accordance with the usage of this House, that, after it has heard the address of the president, we should appoint a Committee for the purpose of preparing a reply to that address. As this will probably be the last time, we shall have the honour of addressing the Governor in his official capacity, it will be the business of the Committee in preparing the reply, to acknowledge in fitting terms the great services he has rendered to the Colony, to thank him for those services, and to bid him, on behalf of this Council, a cordial and kind farewell. It is not often that we are called upon to perform so touching a ceremony—to bid farewell to one so universally esteemed—one who has evinced so deep an interest in our welfare—who has devoted so much of his thoughts and his time, and his best energies, to secure our advancement, and with whose departure our progress will probably for a time be retarded. We ought not therefore to allow this opportunity to pass without expressing what I am sure we feel, in common with the whole country, our deep thankfulness for the benefits he has conferred on us and our regret that we should lose the services of so able and so upright a Governor.

Sir, if the public have already given indications of their full appreciation of those services, the Governor has also

probably been informed of the sentiments of individual members. But it remains for this Council, as a body, to acknowledge their obligations to one with whom they have been associated for many years in transacting the business of this Colony. Sir, I believe the Legislative Council will be unanimous in adopting the views I have just stated. I believe there is no one here today who does not feel that in parting with Sir Henry Ward, we lose the services of one of the ablest and most energetic Governors that ever occupied that chair.

There may indeed be some amongst us, who have had their differences with him—the Governor has himself referred to such differences; they will exist in every assembly as in every community. But who shall say that it detracts from the merits of a Governor that he has not been able to please and to satisfy every one? Who shall allege it as a grievance, that amidst the harassing duties which he so ably and so cheerfully discharged, he has haply disappointed some one? Sir, I have been one of the aggrieved, and I do not hesitate at this moment to refer to that circumstance—I do not believe you will consider it indelicate in me to do so; for it seems to me that that circumstance above all others will prove to the Governor, and to my honourable friends around me, that my sympathies of this day are not the less sincere; that I appear today—not as the flatterer of a previous day—but as one who having encountered him as a political opponent and having been more than once defeated, is yet willing to confess that he was a fair, an able and an honourable opponent.

I ask you then to look at his career as a whole. What difference can it make to the Colony that I, or any other member of the opposition may have felt an occasional disappointment, when, if we look around us, we find tokens of the greatest prosperity, the country intersected with roads, the rivers spanned by bridges, public buildings erected in

every town, the penny-postage and the electric telegraph established with entire success. Pearl-fisheries yielding unheard of revenues, the trade and the commerce of the Island extended beyond all past limits, and every facility given to private enterprise, and beyond all, an overflowing treasury, left in reserve, to meet our present wants. Which of the Governors who preceded him has left such a catalogue of good deeds behind him? Which of those whose names have passed into history, could point to works like these, for a memorial of their Government?

I remember, Sir, the state of the Colony, about the time Sir Henry Ward received his appointment. I remember reading in England of a meeting of the Chamber of Commerce here where great speeches were made, regarding the state of the Government. And I call to mind a remark then made by one of the speakers, whom we afterwards had amongst us, as one of our colleagues, and he spoke of the then Government as having attained a state of hopeless dead-lock. Sir, it was in that state that the affairs of the Colony were shortly after handed over to Sir Henry Ward; and everything has flourished since; for in him, we have had a Governor who, bringing with him an amount of energy and industry hitherto unknown in the Colony, has achieved successes which will mark an epoch in our history, and render his name a household word amongst us. His works are such as will be remembered long after we ourselves have departed; for he leaves behind him tokens of his ability patent to every eye. But chiefly here, at this Board, where he guided our counsels, shall he be remembered, not alone for pure laws he has originated, and the kindly demeanour which distinguished his intercourse with us, but also for a liberal construction of our constitutional rules, and for a freedom of discussion never before conceded; for it was under his administration that we first acquired a true estimate of our privileges as a Council, and began to feel and exercise that self-reliance which above all other things can render our position and our measures respected.

