



BELGIUM

AND HOLLAND



LADY LEES

A FEW DAYS  
IN  
BELGIUM AND HOLLAND.

AN IDLE BOOK FOR AN IDLE HOUH.

BY LADY LEES,  
AUTHOR OF 'DRIED FLOWERS;' 'EFFIE'S TALES,' ETC.

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"After a voyage. He hath strange places crammed  
With observation, the which he vents in mangled forms."—*As You Like It.*  
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## A FEW DAYS IN BELGIUM AND HOLLAND.

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“Six weeks’ holiday”—what shall we do with them? Visit the Channel Islands? A deep groan from one of the party, who was a bad sailor, smote upon our ear. “Normandy?” “Holland?” A louder groan from the sufferer. “Well, Holland; why not? We need not take the longest sea passage by Antwerp or Rotterdam, but the lesser, from Dover to Ostend, and from thence by rail.” After some little discussion the latter plan was settled upon, and Holland was to be our destination *viâ* Belgium.

The South-Eastern train careered us through the rich county of Kent, where the hop-poles were being reared ready for the festooning plants that would soon twine around them. Past quiet villages, grey old square-towered churches—the dead sleeping beneath their shadow—sheep feeding hard by, and the red-hided cattle resting their wet noses on the gate, with eyes half-closed under the influence of the warm sun. Crossing clear streams bordered with willows, and the long lance-shaped leaves of the yellow iris just coming into golden bloom, a lazy fish here and there rising, breaking up the bright picture of reflected banks thickly crowded with wild marigold, silver star, and blue-bell, the whole intersected with clumps of pale

primrose. Rushing through dark tunnels, again into the bright country laying out under the mellow light of the evening sun; here and there its rays brightening up the snug farm-house, with gabled roof, and its adjacent straw-yard, stocked as a farmer would love to see it; while close beside were rows of knotted, lichen-covered fruit-trees, their gnarled, weather-beaten branches breaking out into snowy blossom at the bidding of the life-renewing season.

“The chestnut is laden with stately flowers,  
The thorn is in bridal white;  
The odorous lilac is heavy with bloom,  
And yieldeth a rare delight.”

From the hanging woods the notes of the blackbird and thrush mingled with the cooing of the pigeons, fast assembling on the roof-tops. Everything was coming into new life after the long gloomy winter, and the tender green of spring was on every herb and flower.

“Her nimble fingers spun the leaves  
That were to mantle half the happy year in greenery.”

It did not appear to us long before the white cliffs of Dover, with its old castle looking seaward, came in view. The evening tattoo faintly heard from the heights, with the wailing notes of the bugle, welcomed us to Dover. A few hours later, long after the evening gun had sent its echoes across the water, we descended, by the aid of lanterns, the plank leading to the deck of the steamer; finding seats, we were soon watching the bustle and arrival of passengers. Their various prepa-

rations, some for the night, others for the feeling of discomfort they anticipated, were very amusing, and betrayed the overweening selfishness of our poor mortal nature; few places could be better chosen for the study of this failing than the deck of a crowded steamer. After the arrival of the mail bags, we began, to use the captain's phrase, to "shake down into our places;" and we had more time to note those around us. Several dark-looking heaps occasionally moving a hand, or foot, proved to be human passengers, who had either failed to secure berths, or who, like ourselves, preferred the pure air on deck to the mingled odours of bad eau de Cologne, and worse brandy, they would meet with below. There was the usual slightly obese foreign gentleman with dark moustache, looking like a "primo tenore," showing already by the light on the binnacle a pale face from beneath the hood of his poncho, as anticipation pictured the dreaded "mal de mer;" while a sturdy English traveller, rolled up in a vast shepherd's plaid, would pass and repass the thickly-packed groups, only pausing now and then to try and catch a glimpse of the two pretty English girls whose soft brown hair kept escaping from the blue veils tied round their little sailor's hats. To the sound of falling cables and rattling chains, with the hoarse calls of the sailors, we slowly steamed out of the harbour into the open. No need for the fears of the timid, the "primo tenore" would escape this time, for the night was glorious. Not a ripple on the sea, and scarce breeze enough to lift the heavy veil of smoke that hung over-



head. The full moon was rising, "helping after her slowly one little star." Every revolution of the paddle-wheel marked by a wreath of glittering phosphoric light, while the track of the vessel might have been the gleaming pathway of angels. This vivid phosphoric light held its own through the whole night, notwithstanding the bright moon, and only yielded to the flush of morning. The day was yet very young when we found ourselves gliding up between the anchored steamers and fishing-smacks crowding the entrance to the harbour, watched by sleepy "douaniers" in long green cloaks, who looked wearily down upon our now crowded deck. The passengers had all tumbled out of their berths, struggling with loose packages, hunting up lost umbrellas, and anything but improved in looks or temper by the suffocating heat they had passed the night in. We who had spent the six hours on deck watching the beautiful sea, first under the cold moonlight and then under the changing hues of daybreak, felt far fresher than those who had at best snatched but an hour or two's feverish sleep.

Of Ostend, the favourite watering-place of Belgium, with its fortifications, promenades, &c., we saw nothing, owing to the early hour we passed through. The country is very sandy on first leaving it, giving one the idea of land but lately reclaimed from the sea. On the way we met many of the small dog-carts so extensively used throughout Belgium and Holland. Little carts having one or two dogs harnessed to them, filled either with vegetables, salt fish, or the brightly-burnished

brass ewers in which they carry the milk. The poor beasts were thin, and looked overworked; in many instances their loads far too heavy for them. It was very painful to see the worn, panting animals, struggling through the sand, with an immense load piled up in the cart, and seated on the top of the whole, a great heavy man, who could well have walked off with the entire concern on his own broad shoulders.

As we gained inland, we could not but admire the richness of the vegetation spread over the flat country. The greater part of the land is divided into small fields without hedge-rows; these are mostly replaced by narrow canals or ditches, in many cases broad enough to allow of the passage of a flat-bottomed boat. Not a foot of the ground is lost, or left to weeds. Spring is certainly a favourable time for visiting this country. The young hemp-plants, delicate and graceful in their tender green, while the colza is in full dazzling bloom, brighter than gold. In some of the broader canals water-lilies were floating on the surface, and as the sun slowly declined, they closed their petals and sank under the water to await the return of the giver of light and heat. In the meadows, yards upon yards of newly-woven linen were spread out to bleach, or receiving a last sprinkling from the long-handled wooden ladles with which the dresser scooped up the water from the canal. Here and there a man was seen staggering under a mountain of snowy sheeting that he was going to house for the night.

Nothing relieved the monotony of the low horizon

for miles, save the lines of poplars planted in isolated rows, or the innumerable windmills that never seem to rest, either in Belgium or Holland. Don Quixote would have had no peace in either country. In the distance the spires of Bruges were seen, but save for these and a few scattered hamlets, with sleeping cattle in the pastures, the view was ever the same.

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## BRUGES.

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“ In the ancient town of Bruges,  
In the quaint old Flemish city,  
As the evening shades descended,  
Low, and loud, and sweetly blended,  
Low at times, and loud at times,  
And changing like a poet's rhymes,  
Rang the beautiful old chimes  
From the belfry in the market  
Of the ancient town of Bruges.”

As we stepped into the “Place” over which for nearly six centuries the belfry has cast its shadow, these chimes were waking the echoes of the dull streets. Every quarter of an hour they swung their music over the old houses, as if by their frequent reiteration they would remind the idle passer-by of the departed glory of this once prosperous city. To thoroughly enjoy these old Flemish towns, or a trip into Holland, one should precede it by reading Motley's ‘Rise of the Dutch Republic,’ as we had done. His graphic and historical writing adds an additional interest to every stone passed.

It is difficult, while recording all that one has found interesting or worthy of note during a tour through any part of Europe (or, indeed, out of it), not to trench on the guide-books—history, geology, &c., find place in their pages, in addition to the topography; and so well informed are these books generally, that insensibly one finds oneself treading on their heels. Still this should not scare one from one's purpose, even at the risk of reading sometimes like a guide-book. Their scraps of knowledge have, at all events, this advantage—they lead you to seek for more, and act as finger-posts pointing to by-ways of history, where redoubled interest may be found.

Walking through the now quiet, dull streets of Bruges, it seems impossible to realize its once great prosperity: it is only from the occasional glimpses you get now and then of what still remains of those days that you can at all believe it. Looking far back into history, the Brugeois are found to have made their appearance as early as 678. Baldwin of the Iron Arm built a fortress there two centuries later, to defend the low, flat country from pirates. Alternately destroyed by them, by inundations, and fire, all but decimated by a plague, it still rose steadily above all these calamities, and fulfilled its destiny—that of rivalling Venice—seeing its waters crowded with ships from all nations—reaching the zenith of its glory in the fourteenth century. Her merchants might well be termed “Merchant Princes,” their wealth rendering their power far more potent than that of the nobles whose jealousy

they roused. It was long the abode of royalty, and for a short period even the prison of one of their rulers in the person of Maximilian, imprisoned by order of his own unruly burghers. Their triumph, however, was short; their humiliation and punishment severe at his hands. Baldwin, Philip the Good, Charles the Bold, Mary his daughter, Maximilian, Philip the Fair, Charles V., and Philip II.,—all had, at some time or another, made it their residence.

In the old palace of the Counts of Flanders, of which but a few stones are remaining, Charles the Bold held high revelry with our Margaret of York. The year 1559 saw Philip's last celebration, with undue pomp and magnificence, of a "Chapter of the Golden Fleece." These now silent streets were thronged with armed men and gaily-caparisoned steeds, while many a fair-haired Flemish beauty bent from the small casemented windows to look after the monarch and his gay court—the still waters of the canals flashing back the bright colours and glittering arms. As we wound through some of the narrow streets, we could not help fancying we were to meet just such another pageant, for the quaint old houses and mediæval aspect of the surroundings make one forget the present.

The beautiful Hôtel de Ville is comparatively little injured. The first stone of this building was laid in 1377 by one of the Counts of Flanders. In the olden days the Hôtel de Ville and other buildings adjoining it formed the three sides of the square; one side was occupied by the church of St. Donant—since destroyed.

In this church Baldwin IX. took the Crusader's oath before starting for the Holy Land in 1201. His career was brief. Taking ship for Venice, he arrived at Constantinople. Three years later he was named by the Crusaders Baldwin I., Emperor of Constantinople. He fell into the hands of the Bulgarians while fighting beneath the walls of Adrianople, was imprisoned, and ultimately put to death. The celebrated painter, Van Eyck, was buried in this church. Born between the years 1390 and 1395, he not only made one of the household of Philip the Good, but stood high in that monarch's favour as a personal friend—often entrusted with confidential missions. In 1426 means were furnished him, according to ancient records, for "*Voiaiges loingtains, et estrangeres marches.*" He accompanied the Seigneur de Roubaix to Portugal, sent to solicit the hand of the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of John I. There he painted a portrait of the Princess, which was sent to Flanders. Van Eyck was supposed, in Flanders, to be the originator of oil-painting; but this is erroneous, as two centuries before Van Eyck, Giotto, in Italy, had discovered the use of oil with colours, and employed it with success. There is no doubt Van Eyck perfected the discovery, and brought that style of colouring into practice—the early Flemish masters painting, as many of his own and finest works show, in what was termed "grisaille." Philip so honoured him, that he stood sponsor to one of his children. In Flanders, Holland, Italy, and Spain, as history tells us, art itself was not only highly appreciated, but also the Masters.

The church of St. Donant was unfortunately destroyed many years ago, but not so the small chapel of the "Saint Sang" in the opposite corner of the "Place." This lovely little edifice, intact in its miniature beauty, was built by Thierry D'Alsace, Count of Flanders, in the year 1150, for the reception of the relic (still there) of some supposed drops of the Saviour's blood, presented to one of the Princes of Flanders by the Patriarch of Jerusalem. The ornate front, with its outward flight of stone steps, are quite perfect and delight the eye. The interior has lately been restored—the fresh, bright colours jarring rather upon the harmony of what has been left untouched. Four or five good pictures by Franck, Pourbus, Crayer, and Delastre, are hung in this chapel; also a portrait, by Suvée, of the Baronne de Pelechey, who, by secreting it, saved the relic during the French Revolution. In the sacristie they show the reliquaire, encrusted with precious stones, that holds the phial when exhibited; above it is suspended a small ducal crown set with jewels, and supposed to be the identical one worn by the Duchess Mary of Burgundy. Besides this there are to be seen in the sacristie splendid priestly vestments, of olden date, rich in gold and embroidery. As they were held up for our admiration, I could not help thinking of the garment without seam of Him who walked through the cornfields round about Jerusalem, preaching the word of God to his disciples.

The old "Salle des Francs Bruges" possesses a magnificent carved chimney, encircled with figures of

Charles, Maximilian, Mary, and others: the whole in oak exquisitely finished, the work of the sixteenth century. Tradition, ever ready, credits one Haltsman with the work, aided by his daughter, but the real workmen were Rogier de Smet and Adrian Raset or Ras, under the directions of Guizot de Beugrant and Lanceloot Blondeel.

The cathedral of "St. Sauveur" is of brick, and erected upon the site of an older church burnt down in 1116, which in its turn had been preceded by a chapel consecrated to "St. Eloi." Several times injured by fire, its entire restoration dates as late as the year 1843. As a church it has little beauty, but it is the receptacle of some splendid paintings and sculptures. The names, Van Eyck, Memling, Claeysens, Vandyke, Van Oost, are to be found amongst others. To select from the many pictures any few in particular to dwell upon afterwards, seems almost impossible at the time, but now looking back, a 'Mater Dolorosa,' attributed to Van Eyck, a 'Crucifixion,' by Van Hoeck; with our Saviour foretelling his Passion to his mother, by Van Oost, rise up before me and will not be forgotten. The sculptor of Antwerp, Artus Quellin, has immortalized his name here in marble statues and wood carvings.

From the church of St. Sauveur to that of Notre Dame is an easy step. Prior to the erection of the present building, there stood the chapel of St. Nicholas, dating from 745. It is here that the two famous monuments in gilt copper are seen, erected over the remains



of Mary of Burgundy and Charles the Bold, her father, exquisite specimens of the goldsmith's work, showing an appreciation of finish that is only surpassed by the beauty of the artistic design, Mary of Burgundy's being decidedly the best of the two; it was also the earliest, bearing date from the fifteenth century. The artificers' names are unknown. That of Charles was commenced in 1558 and finished in 1562. His was the work of Jacques Jongelinck of Antwerp, after the designs of Marc Gheraerds. Both are lasting monuments of a splendour not known in these days. Mary, the beloved of her people during the short time she was known to them, died young. Charles the Bold lived to be more feared than loved by those he ruled. Father and daughter rest side by side in the same chapel. These tombs are kept as they deserve to be, and look as if the goldsmith's hand had only just left them. It is believed that the heart of Mary's son, Philip the Fair, sent from Alsace, is sepulchred in his mother's tomb. During the French Revolution, when all the churches were sacked and the treasures scattered, these monuments were broken into with the anticipation of finding jewels. The leaden casket containing the heart was cleft in two, but the odour of the spices used for embalming proved its safeguard; it was cast aside as worthless, and thus rescued. All that could be removed of these monuments, besides the effigies of the Duchess and her father during this period, were carried off and secreted, hence their preservation.

The church of St. Jacques should be visited for the

sake of its pictures and sculptures, the work of Artus Quellin. His famous statue of St. Roch, and beautiful oak confessionals are there; also a pulpit by Louis Willimessens, which will bear comparison with some of the best in Antwerp that we saw later.

After visiting the churches, we turned our steps to the old "Place," over which rises the tower of "Les Halles." A fair was being held under the time-stained arches of an open stone gallery fronting the Place and running far back. A busy crowd jostled us as we passed under the bright-coloured clothes hung up for sale, or stumbled over quaint-shaped earthenware goods. The heavy arches, the dark oak beams, all had a mediæval stamp that carried one's thoughts back to the middle ages. The old inhabitants, it is true, have been long gathered to their fathers, yet their influence is still felt, and in the stiff white cap and black hooded cloak of the women one recognizes a remnant of the past. Here it was that the unfortunate Pierre Lanchals was imprisoned; he forfeited his life to the hatred entertained against his master Maximilian. His execution took place in front of the tower. A monument to his memory is placed in the cathedral of St. Sauveur.

It has been asserted that Bruges was the birth-place of the painter Hans Memling, but there is so much doubt as to the truth of this assertion, and so much obscurity envelops the early part of his history, that it would be absurd to give this as a fact. Born at the end of the fifteenth century, some old documents have been found in which he is mentioned as being at

the camp of Charles the Bold. They are receipts for monies advanced to him for various paintings; the tradition being that he had left the army before the defeat of Gransen at Murten, and the Emperor's death at Nancy, where the body of the dead prince was found "stripped and frozen, face downwards, in a pool of blood and water." It is certain that in the winter of the same year, 1477, Memling arrived at Bruges, and was admitted into the "Hôpital de St. Jean," being the friend of the brother Jean Flaxicus, or Van der Ryst. The first of the many pictures he painted there is his 'Sybella Sambetha,' the least deserving of notice.

Amongst other highly-finished works of Memling's to be seen in this collection, is his famed 'Chasse de St. Ursule,' executed at the order of the Superior Adrian Reims. This Chasse was destined to contain the relics of St. Ursule and her companions brought from Cologne. Every part is as highly finished as a miniature on ivory, or an enamel on copper. The colouring is still as fresh as the day he painted it. This exquisitely delicate style of art was essentially his own. No other artist ever attempted it.

Bruges possesses the greater number of his pictures, but there are besides these, his well-known 'Seven Sorrows of the Virgin' in the Museum of Turin, and his 'Seven Joys of the Virgin,' with the series representing the principal events in the life of the Saviour, at Munich. At Madrid is his 'Adoration of the Kings.' A missal, illuminated by him for the Cardinal Grimani,

is kept in the church of St. Marc, at Venice. In Italy and Germany are many of Memling's smaller works. He died in Spain.

With the name of Bruges are associated the memories of many of the old masters born in that city. Van Eyck, in the fourteenth century, Hans Memling, in the fifteenth century, Aselem Boetus, or Deboodt, Francis Pourbus, Josse de Momper, Claeysens, Jean Stradanus, in the sixteenth. In the seventeenth, Jacques Van Oost the elder, Jacques Van Oost the younger, J. Van den Kerkhove, Pierre Claeysens the younger, Suvéé, and Louis de Dyster; the eighteenth century, Jean Beerblock, P. A. Van den Berghe, Pierre Remaut, Jean Garemyn, and Pierre Pepers, besides many of lesser note.

Civil wars and religious persecutions fill many pages of the history of Bruges, and I could not help thinking, as the twilight fell over the city, and the first star of evening shone out clear and bright, how many sufferers had looked up to its quiet light longing for rest. The chimes were again ringing out their tones when we left, as they had done when we arrived.

“ Then most musical and solemn, bringing back the olden times,  
With their strange, unearthly changes, rang the melancholy chimes,

\* \* \* \* \*

Visions of the days departed, shadowy phantoms filled my brain,  
They who live in history only seemed to walk the earth again.”

## GHENT.

—♦—

WE were told we should not find so much to interest us in Ghent as we had found at Bruges. Our experience does not tally with this. In some respects, perhaps, may a little disappointment be felt. There is not the same richness in painting, and the modern prosperity of the city has encroached, and, as it were, much overlaid the historical remnants of the past. Still, to those who are willing to seek, is there much left to be found. The streets are full of surprises, so much that is quaint and picturesque in the glimpses you get here and there of old buildings yet standing, sturdy and hale in their age, for did they not in those days build as if for eternity? These memorials of a day gone by contrast charmingly with the city of to-day.

Here and there a sudden turn brings before your delighted eyes a long reach of narrow canal, with water so still that not a ripple breaks the reflexion of the damp-stained walls that rise sheer out of it, and have thus been mirrored for, at least, three or four centuries. Fragrant wild flowers and creeping stone-crop swing in the light air, where of old the armorial banner hung out its folds. Nature is ever anxious to conceal the ravages of time. Many of the tall pyramidal-fronted houses of Charles and Philip's reign are yet there intact. A great number of them have, in the upper part of the front, one large circular window, suggesting the idea of

an ever-watchful eye grimly overlooking the modern street. The contrast of this single round casement with the other small diamond-paned ones placed beneath, gives a fantastic appearance to the whole building. The neat dress of the women, in white cap and black "fayal," the shovel-hatted priests, with here and there a brown-cowled Franciscan friar, or a group of Béguine sisters, all tend to add an "olden time" aspect to the place, which is inexpressibly delightful to any one fresh from the smoky every-day life of the London streets.

That Ghent was known to the Romans is evident by the Roman coins and encaustic tiles found in great quantities near the present Zoological Gardens. The church of St. Pierre, it is believed, was preceded by a temple dedicated to Mars. St. Armand founded, near the church, the monastery of the order "Benedictines of St. Pierre," in the eighth century, besides a second, where now stands the church of St. Bavon. These monasteries contributed much to the civilization and subsequent prosperity of the city. St. Pierre was destroyed by the Normans, but restored by one of the Counts of Flanders in 946. This building suffered later from the fury of the Iconoclasts. The present church, in its entirety, dates from the seventeenth century.

The history of Ghent may be said to be thoroughly known only from the eighth century. Its inhabitants had erected, at the confluence of the Schelde and the Lys, fortifications into which they could withdraw when threatened by an enemy. This spot now goes

by the name of "de Kuyp van Gent," or the tub of Ghent. Charlemagne had a fleet of flat-bottomed boats built here, for his wars with the Normans and Danes. He came himself to inspect them sailing from Boulogne to Ghent. Baldwin of the Iron Arm, first of the Counts of Flanders, built, in 868, the fortress "Graven Casteel," of which only the fine old arched gateway and two small towers remain. Standing upon a hill, from whence in those days it overlooked all the surrounding country, it must have been a noble edifice; where now it is hemmed in by modern houses, once spread out fortifications surrounded by a moat. Even now, shorn of its proportions and literally built up into the street, it is a goodly remnant of the feudal past. Beneath its archway passed a gallant show the day Baldwin brought the daughter of Charles the Bold to her home. Within these walls, it is said, Queen Phillipa gave birth to John of Gaunt during her sojourn in Flanders with Edward III. This old ruin sternly arrests the eye of the passer-by, as if it would challenge inquiry. When the large palace was built in which Charles V. was born, this old fortified regal fortress became a prison. The criminals executed were placed in front of the gloomy gateway where, as we passed, a group of merry boys were playing "pitch-and-toss." How many of those who passed out from that archway to lay their heads beneath the headsman's axe had played as risky a game with their fates, in those turbulent old times!

Of one of the two monasteries founded by St. Wand, and dedicated to St. John, there still remain

some interesting relics; namely, a fine doorway, the entrance to the church from the cloisters, with some ruins of the latter. Charles V., in 1540, destroyed this monastery to build on its site a citadel, which in its turn was memorably razed to the ground, in 1577, by the Ghenters, aided by their wives and children, after its recapture from the Spaniards, who had defended it gallantly with a mere handful of men under the directions of their commander's wife, the commander himself being absent at the time. The church alone was allowed to remain, and Charles re-dedicated it to the patron saint of the city, St. Bavon. His history, like that of so many at that period embracing in later years a monastic life, was that of a reckless libertine.

It was to Baldwin they ounger, in the tenth century, that Ghent owed the commencement of her prosperity. He it was who first invited the weavers and fullers to set up their manufactories, besides encouraging agriculture and protecting the land labourer. Under his fostering care the city prospered rapidly, notwithstanding the severe check it received in the eleventh century, when it became nearly depopulated by the plague brought from the East. Under the judicious rules of Baldwin VIII. and IX., its trades and manufactures became so renowned that they supplied woven goods to the whole of Europe. At this time the city only covered the space between the two rivers, the Schelde and the Lys, strongly fortified all round by towers at its four gates.

The law passed in the thirteenth century forbidding



the acquisition by any citizen of property out of Ghent, tended greatly to increase the wealth of the actual city, and encouraged its trade. Strangers were invited to take up their residence in it; and, as inducement so to do, exceptional privileges were granted them; while, on the other hand, all who could render no satisfactory account of their mode of living were expelled. Usury, practised by the Jews, was sanctioned and carried to an extraordinary extent. These people, amassing great riches, gained with their wealth the influence the latter brings with it. They became an important portion of the population, and swelled the ranks of the merchants.

The Ghenters were not merely distinguished for their industry; they were a bold and valiant people, good fighters, as history proves in their repulse of Edward I.'s army; and later, when united with the Brugesois, ill-armed as they were, they gained the famous battle against the French, who were commanded by Robert D'Artois. He fell with six thousand of his bravest followers, near the walls of Courtrai. These are only two in the long list of sturdy and victorious fights undertaken by those whose hands could so well guide the shuttle, and the strong arms that knew how to wield a pike or turn a fulling wheel.

The annexation of Flanders to France under Philip "the Fair" did not lessen its active prosperity. According to Motley's account, "the bells were rung daily, and the drawbridges over the many arms of the river intersecting the streets were raised in order that business might be suspended while the armies of work-

men were going to, or returning from their labours." According to him, also, Ghent could bring into the field "80,000 fighting men." Of weavers the number amounted to 40,000, and all could and were only too willing to bear arms. This will give some idea of the power of this turbulent old city.

Although under Philip the industry was not lessened, its liberties became somewhat restricted, and its internal government changed. This was not likely to be tolerated by such an independent race, and the result was their uniting with the general insurrection in Flanders against their Governor, Jacques de Chatillon, and later against Louis de Crecy. The big bell Rolland suspended from the belfry that reared itself high above the city, could at any moment gather the citizens to the "Marché du Vendredi," where all the members of the different guilds assembled. Rolland's iron tongue never wagged in vain. As his summons echoed far and wide over the crowded streets, the weavers and fullers would leave shuttle and wheel, and meet ready armed, beneath the shadow of the belfry, eager to follow the popular leader of the moment, or respond to the watchword of any new faction, be it "white hood" or "black sleeve."

The now busy Place du Vendredi was the scene of one of these terrible responses to Rolland's summons. On Monday, the 2nd of May, 1345, when a difference between the two factions of the weavers and the fullers was settled by a sanguinary battle, the priests, in the hope of parting the combatants, brought out in full

procession the host, but without avail; nothing could quell their fury, until the fullers numbered several thousand killed, and their surviving comrades expelled the town. Well might that day ever go by the name of "le mauvais Lundi."

Jacques Arteveldt, known as the famous "brewer of Ghent," was chosen their leader when they decided upon resisting Louis de Crecy's rule. Jacques Arteveldt was born between the years 1290 and 1295. Descended from a noble family of Ghent, and educated at the Court of France, the companion of Louis le Hutten, he very early began to sympathize with the independent spirit of his countrymen. Renouncing all the pleasures and ambitions of the French Court and his associates, he returned to Flanders. Joining the corporation of brewers, he shared with his fellow-citizens the troubles of their long resistance to their governors. He it was that adopted the plan of dividing the city into 250 districts, each district under a president, or leader. In one hour he could thus summon to arms an army that might have dictated to the whole of Flanders. According to Froissart, "there never was in Flanders, nor in any other country, prince, duke, or other that ruled a country so peaceably or so long, as this James D'Arteveldt ruled Flanders;" but like all leaders chosen by an unsettled people, his prosperity was not to be lasting. Jealousies and schisms sprang up to destroy his influence with his followers, and the treaty of commerce with Edward III., although adding much to the extension of trade, brought his unpopularity to a

climax. His enemies, ever secretly seeking to undermine his power, asserted that he was endeavouring to substitute the sovereignty of England for that of their own lords. However they might choose to cavil with the rule of these latter, and rebel against their decrees, they would tolerate no ruler from England. The invitation given to Edward to meet his "dear gossip," as he styled Artevelde, at Sluis, confirmed their suspicions of his treachery. Neither his past popularity, nor the remembrance of the many victories he had led them to, served to avert the fate decreed for him by his enemy, Gerard Denys. At the latter's suggestion he was attacked by an armed multitude, and after a severe struggle struck down by an axe, at the door of his own house, which stood at the corner of the "Rue de la Calandre," and close to the lane named "Padden Hock." On the house now occupying the site of Jacques' residence hangs a metal shield which enables one to distinguish it from those surrounding. The Ghenters, well knowing their power, were never happy under their actual ruler, native or foreign. Indeed, so well was this known, that it became a bye-word, "ceulx de Gand aymoient le filx de leur Prince, mais le Prince non jamais."

The extravagances of Louis some years later again roused the hatred of the people, and civil war broke out afresh. Louis besieged Ghent, hoping thus to subdue his unruly subjects; but when nearly reduced to a state of famine from the long continuance of the siege, they elected, in the Place du Marché du

Vendredi, Philip, the son of Arteveldt, their leader, as his father had been before. After his election as Protector of Ghent, he ordered the immediate execution of his father's murderers. This done, he led out his armed followers, gave battle to Louis, and obliged him to raise the siege. After a brief but brilliant career, Philip Arteveldt was killed at the battle of Rosebecque or Robsebeke, when the Count Louis, aided by Charles VI. of France, again gave the Ghenters battle and defeated them.

The year 1448 saw fresh struggles against a tax on salt imposed by the Count; a second, levied upon corn, drove the people once more to arms. This rebellion lasted two years, but he ultimately defeated his unruly subjects at the battle of Gavre. This was the first step towards the downfall of these stiff-necked Flemings. They again refused to recognize Maximilian of Austria as the guardian of the Duchess Mary's son, but were at last obliged to submit, after a severe struggle under the walls of the city. Their greatest humiliation, and the final overthrow of their powerful leaders, occurred on their refusing the subsidy of four thousand caroli, which brought Charles himself back to Ghent that he might personally enforce obedience. Then it was that the famous bell Rolland was doomed. It was no longer to ring out its far-sounding summons to "white hoods" or "krysschen," but, like the proud burghers, was to be overthrown. With halters round their necks, kneeling in the dust, had these latter to sue for pardon—a pardon in some individual cases not granted; these

forfeited their lives as well as their estates. Charles himself was little inclined to leniency, and his counsellor, the Duke of Albe, not prone to advocate such a course. The four thousand caroli had to be paid, with an additional fine of one hundred and fifty thousand. Besides this, a sum of six thousand annually was to be exacted. Charles's punishments were ever severe, and this was no exception to the rule. The whole was conducted with a solemnity and pomp likely to impress. It is most graphically described in Motley's work, and I would advise its perusal there. Charles deputed the punishment of Ghent to no substitute, but himself undertook the task, traversing France with the permission of Francis I., and re-entering Ghent with a magnificence of retinue that made it more like a triumphal return after gaining a victory. Charles was justly proud of his birth-place, and the wealth and position it had attained. After subduing his subjects, he took the Duke of Albe to the summit of the belfry, and surveying the scene at his feet, replied to the Spaniard's suggestion that it would be well to destroy the city, by the well-known query, "How many Spanish skins, think you, it would take to make such another glove" (*gant*)? He was very fond of playing on this word, and had before remarked "he could have put the whole of Paris in his glove."

It was in Ghent that Philip II. proclaimed Marguerite, Charles's natural daughter, Regent of the Netherlands. A little later the reformed faith began boldly to assert itself, and its teachers preached publicly in the streets.

One Hermann Stricker, a converted monk, upon whose head there was set a price, came openly to give himself up, but the authorities feared to molest him. Crowds, counted by thousands, were lead by him out of the city into the green meadows, where they listened to his preaching, and returned converted. His eloquence, and that of others that followed in his steps, soon began to take effect, and in 1566 commenced the devastation of churches, to the cry of "Vive les gueux!" Count Egmont, by the command of Philip, re-established order; but the Duke of Albe's bloody executions and wholesale confiscations drove the Ghenters to seek shelter from his persecutions in Germany and England, where they took with them their religion and their industry. Until 1577 the Reformers were merely persecuted, but the time had now arrived when they feared no longer to assert themselves boldly. Then commenced the first Anti-Catholic revolution in Flanders, the forerunner of many a bloody struggle between the two faiths. Ryhove, the instigator of the movement, summoning his followers at nightfall by the sound of a bell, bore down on the palace inhabited by the Governor Aerschat, at St. Bavon. Here, refused admittance by the guards, Ryhove threatened to fire the palace, or in his words, "burn the birds in their nests:" the Governor, seeing the mob were in earnest, capitulated, and was removed at once to the house of Ryhove. The most prominent of the Roman Catholic party were secured likewise without bloodshed.

An address published by the nobles and leaders in

defence of this revolution greatly strengthened the cause of the Reformers, and produced a marked effect throughout the Netherlands. Arend Van Darp was sent to Ghent to try and procure the release of the prisoners and remonstrate with the promoters of the movement. He succeeded only in obtaining that of the Governor. Later the Prince of Orange himself went to Ghent, hoping to restore tranquillity. His reception, in the description given by the American historian, is so good that I cannot resist repeating it in his own words: 'The visit was naturally honoured by a brilliant display of 'rhetorical' spectacles and 'tableaux vivants'; for nothing could exceed the passion of the Netherlanders of that century for apologues and charades. In allegory they found an ever-present comforter in their deepest afflictions. The Prince was escorted from the town gate to the Jacob's church amid a blaze of tar-barrels and torches, although it was mid-day, where a splendid exhibition had been arranged by that 'Sovereign guild of rhetoric, Jesus with the Balsam flower.' The drama was called Judas Maccabæus, in compliment to the Prince. In the centre of the stage stood the Hebrew patriot in full armour, symbolizing the illustrious guest doing battle for his country. He was attended by the three estates of the country, ingeniously personified by a single individual, who wore the velvet bonnet of a noble, the cassock of a priest, and the breeches of a burgher. Groups of allegorical personages were drawn up on the right and left: Courage, Patriotism, Freedom, Mercy, Diligence, and other estimable qualities upon



one side, were balanced by Murder, Rapine, Treason, and the rest of the sisterhood of crime on the other. The Inquisition was represented as a lean and hungry hag. The 'Ghent Pacification' was dressed in cramoisy satin, and wore a city on her head for a turban; while tied to her apron-strings were Catholicism and Protestantism bound in loving embrace by a chain of seventeen links, which she was forging upon an anvil. Under the anvil was an individual in complete harness, engaged in eating his heart—this was 'Discord.' In front of the scene stood History and Rhetoric, attired as 'triumphant maidens in white garments,' each with a laurel crown and a burning torch. These personages, after holding a rhymed dialogue between themselves, filled with wonderful conceits and quibbles, addressed the Prince of Orange and Maccabæus, one after the other, in a great number of very detestable verses. After much changing of scenes and groups, and an enormous quantity of Flemish-woven poetry, the 'Ghent Peace' came forward, leading a lion in one hand, and holding a heart of pure gold in the other. The heart, upon which was inscribed *Sinceritas*, was then presented to the real Prince, as he sat 'reposing after the spectacle,' and perhaps slightly yawning, the gift being accompanied by another tremendous discharge of complimentary verses. After this, William of Orange was permitted to proceed towards the lodgings provided for him; but the magistrates and notables met him upon the threshold, and the pensionary made him a long oration. Even after the Prince was fairly housed, he had not escaped the fangs of Allegory;

for, while he sat at supper refreshing his exhausted frame after so much personification and metaphor, a symbolical personage, attired to represent the town corporation, made his appearance, and poured upon him a long and particularly dull heroic poem. Fortunately this episode closed the labours of the day."

The Duke of Parma subdued Flanders in 1584, and starved Ghent into submission; restoring once more the Catholic religion for a time only, as subsequent events will show. The first exodus of those who would not give up their reformed creed took place, England and Holland sheltering eleven thousand of them. This now unfortunate city seemed never destined to remain long under the same ruler: Louis XIV. of France took it after six days' siege, only to lose it; again re-taking it, and finally giving it up in 1709. The peace restored it to Austria. Louis XV., after the battle of Fontenoy, made his triumphant entry into Ghent. At the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle it was restored to Marie Therese. Her son Joseph, too, was proclaimed on the Place of the Marché du Vendredi in 1781. Eight years later the Ghenters rose in rebellion, and during the gloomy month of November the narrow streets witnessed a fearful struggle, commenced by an affray in the Place d'Armes between some Austrian soldiers and the citizens. For several days the fighting was continued, and only ended when the Austrians, to the number of three thousand, evacuated the citadel: they re-occupied it a twelvemonth later. The Netherlands fell to France after the battle of Jemappes. During

the French Revolution La Bourdonnaie entered Ghent, followed by a band of republicans, and proclaimed liberty in the name of the Republic. Its struggles did not cease until the eighteenth century. It is now once more a flourishing city, with every prospect of progressing onwards, and resuming much of its old prosperity. Napoleon visited it with his first wife Josephine, and secondly with Marie Therese. Louis XVIII. sought refuge in it after Napoleon's return from Elba, and only left it after the battle of Waterloo restored him his throne. The aspect of the town is rapidly changing; old canals are being filled in and becoming wide streets; the ground that was fought for inch by inch in the olden time is now covered with handsome shops and comfortable houses; spaces left open round the drawbridges are being narrowed, as the ground increases in building value; the *Marché du Vendredi*, which had been the scene of so many historical events, has been curtailed, and shorn of half its proportions—it could no longer serve, as of old, for the assembling of riotous citizens—it is barely large enough for the markets held in it. Much of the past is thus overlaid, but it is still easy to trace enough that is interesting during a visit to this cheerful town. Maximilian's marriage with Mary was celebrated here in one of the churches.

Wandering from street to street, we came to the Place called the *Quai aux Herbes*. The handsome *Maison des Batelliers* is still intact, and near it in good preservation a house built in the eleventh century,

pyramidal fronted and pierced with many windows. The upper story was gained from within by a ladder, and a fourth part of every load of grain that came into the city was garnered there, the inhabitants thus endeavouring to guard against scarcity. It was called the Halle au Blé. We had wandered many hours through the crowded streets, and by the time we reached this place our feet were feeling the effects of the old-fashioned paving, and our heads that of the sun: like Rosalind and Touchstone, we did not only exclaim, "How weary are my spirits," but "I care not for my spirits if my legs were not weary;" and we decided that we must either give up for the day our further inspection of the town, or get some mode of conveyance. At that moment a "vigilante," as they term these slowest of slow coaches, passed, and we gladly availed ourselves of it. After some difficulty we succeeded in making the driver understand it was all the oldest part of the town we wished to visit—a wish he received with a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders, and an inward pity at our evident want of taste. To the Hospital Bylogue he took us: here is still found in good preservation some portions of the old abbey and church of that name. They owe their preservation to having been merged into the newer portion of the building. The frontage, in the style of the fourteenth century, and facing the river, is well seen from the meadows. Its bricks, tortured into bosses and trefoil ornaments, are in excellent order. It is one of the best specimens of this style known in the Netherlands. The large hall was

the ancient refectory of the monastery. Here also may be found, in what has now become a granary, a portion of a large mural painting, dating from the thirteenth century, probably the only one yet remaining in Flanders.

The cathedral of St. Bavon, in which you may still see the font in which Charles V. was christened, deserves a long visit. The pictures are numerous, and such as are rarely met with out of Flanders. Amongst the many one would wish to remember, is a 'Crucifixion' by Gerard Van de Miere, reminding one of his master Van Eyck's style. Here, in the chapel bearing its name, is the famous painting on wood by the brothers Van Eyck, 'The Lamb,' from the Apocalypse. This precious relic of early art was painted originally on twelve panels, four of which are those at St. Bavon. The remaining eight are in the Museum at Berlin. The dignity, finish, and expression of the different figures, and the easy grace of the draperies, has no rival in modern art. The twelve panels, commenced in 1422 by Hubert Van Eyck, were finished by his brother Jean in 1432. Rubens is represented here by one picture only, but one of his finest, 'The Reception of St. Bavon into the Monastery.' It would weary the reader, and after all give but a very inadequate idea, did I try to describe further the paintings found in this and other churches, they are so numerous. One carries away the memory of some that will *not be* forgotten, and yet there are many one would fain remember a little longer. The sculpturing must, however, not be passed over in silence,

when one has to deal with such names as Boesknit, Helderenberg, and Van Sutter. The Flagellation of our Lord over the tomb of the Bishop Van der Voot, executed by these three, is alone worthy of a visit to St. Bavon. The work of Verschaffelt in the tomb of the Bishop Van der Noot, and others by Duquesnoy and Delcour, are also very fine.

To the church of St. Michel we next directed our steps. Here again the paintings will bear a long inspection. The church itself has no beauty, having been despoiled of all its ornamental beauty by the French revolutionists, and by them turned into a Temple of Reason. *The* treasure, in my eyes, of St. Michel is the dying Saviour on the Cross, by Vandyke. Granted that the colouring has somewhat suffered from many cleanings, this does not destroy the feeling of the whole. It is not one of those pictures that allows itself to be forgotten, "It comes unbidden to haunt me." Vandyke *felt* the beauty of expression that *must* have characterized the countenance of our Lord.

Ghent has many other churches dating from every century, beginning at the tenth, all more or less rich in works of art; but we had to visit the celebrated Beffroi erected in the twelfth century, and playing so memorable a part in the history of the city. Above it again swings the gilt dragon, originally brought to the Brugeois by Baldwin, from Constantinople, and wrested from them by Philip Van Arteveldt, while commanding the Ghenters in their quarrels with them. During the festivities given in celebration of Charles V.'s birth, rope gal-

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leries were swung from the summit of the Belfroi to that of the church of St. Nicholas; along these aerial bridges, adorned with many-coloured banners, the citizens amused themselves by passing to and fro. From the summit of the Belfroi Charles made the speech we have recorded elsewhere, and here often came Philip Van Arteveldt to watch for the approach of the enemy which he and his "White hoods" knew so well how to repulse.

The Hôtel de Ville, architecturally imperfect as it is, having been carried out in different styles, is still very beautiful in that portion adhering to the Gothic, and had it been so terminated would, there is no doubt, have been the most perfect specimen in the country. There is a small tower at the angle not quite finished, with two hanging pierced balconies or galleries, which, all incomplete as they are, cannot fail to charm the eye. This building, commenced in 1481, was not terminated (and then in the Italian style) until 1600.

Rising straight out of their own reflexion in the clear waters of the Lys stand a group of dark brick, time-stained buildings, undoubtedly ecclesiastical, and which from what we heard we concluded were the dependencies of the church of St. Michel. They form a beautiful group, rich in colour and lichen-covered, with here and there a tuft of wild flowers wooing the breeze. It was a quiet, sleepy picture; even the boy who was fishing from an overhanging parapet seemed under the influence of a spell, so motionless did he stand.

From the stormy memories recalled by the Belfroi and the Marché du Vendredi, it was pleasant to turn

into the quiet quarter given over to the gentle sisters of the Beguines, passing on our way to it all that remains of the old palace in which Charles Quint was born. It now forms part of a modern manufactory. In the quarter of the Béguinage, each house is surrounded by its own walled garden, or little moat, every house named after some patron saint, and lodging several of the sisterhood. We met groups of the good sisters, who paused to look after the busy strangers, with calm, gentle eyes, full of kindness and repose. Held together by no religious vows, although a strictly religious community, bound in no way irrevocably to this life, still they cling to it faithfully. Their order has thus continued true to its founder's wishes for six centuries. Instituted by Jeanne of Constantinople, a Countess of Flanders, in 1234, it has changed in no way from that date,—a perfect remnant of the middle ages, flourishing in the heart of a busy city of the nineteenth century. In the great Béguinage, situated in the older quarter of the town, the sisters number between six and seven hundred; in the lesser, founded by the Countess Jeanne and her sister Marguerite, for a poorer class, they do not much exceed four hundred. In the streets you meet the black-hooded figures in groups, or singly, bent on some errand of charity or devotion. In the churches you will find them praying, while in their own neighbourhood you see them attending to their neat little gardens, or standing at their doors. Their dress is somewhat like that of the Sisters of Charity in France the cap not so large, and on their shoulders the national



“fayal” over their black dresses. After visiting this quiet corner, we decided upon leaving Ghent. We wished to take with us, as our last remembrance of the place, the calm, quiet gaze of the group that had watched us out of sight.

NOTE.—The painter Van de Meire, said to be a pupil of Van Eyck, was born in Ghent in the fifteenth century, also Van der Goes; the following century Liemaeker, called “Roose.”

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## ANTWERP.

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FROM our windows in the Place de Mier we could see the beautiful tower of the cathedral of Antwerp, and all night long “hear its manifold soft charms” mingling with our dreams. Through one end of this broad street, where still a few old houses of that day remain untouched, passed Philip of Spain when entering in triumph the city that was to suffer so much at his hands. The market is held in the widest part of the Place, the greater portion of which was at one time a broad canal, but now filled in, forming a noble thoroughfare. It is a pretty sight to see the market-women in their national dress, long-eared caps that reach over their shoulders, and their funnel-shaped straw hats, sitting amongst the vegetable and fruit stalls, or eating their morning soup out of quaintly-shaped, bright-coloured earthenware cups, some of them surrounded by tall, graceful brass ewers, Etruscan in form (gene-

rally heirlooms), burnished like gold, flashing back the sunlight from their bright sides, and filled with new milk. Lower down the street is found the house inhabited by Rubens, and in which he died. This city dates certainly as far back as the year 641, when St. Armand preached Christianity to its inhabitants, and built the church of St. Pierre and St. Paul. He was followed in the same year by St. Eloi. In 1124 St. Norbert tried to recall the people from frightful heresies. At the end of the eleventh century, amongst others, Tauchelym, with his hideous blasphemies, carried the excited populace along with him. Preaching one day, he pointed to an image of the Virgin Mary, and calling out, "Vierge Marie, I to-day take you for my spouse," exhorted the people to furnish him with means "for the wedding," having by his side two open coffers, the one to receive offerings from the men, the other from the women. The blinded multitude, in their infatuation, tore the jewels from their necks, to contribute, with aught else they had, to his treasure. The career of this infamous man was not terminated until he had led his disciples into the grossest superstitions. He met his death at the hands of a monk; but long after his death his teaching continued to bear bitter fruits. No city has perhaps known greater vicissitudes and religious persecutions, or given birth to stranger sects, than Antwerp. These narrow old streets echoed back alternately shouts of triumph, or the sad wail of despair. How many unknown martyrs have resigned the life lent to them but for a while, on the very spot we looked

upon. Edward of England made it his home once, residing in the abbey of St. Michel.

In 1369 Antwerp passed into the hands of the house of Burgundy, by the marriage of Marguerite, daughter of Louis, Count of Flanders, with Philip the Bold, first Duke of Burgundy. In 1477 it again followed the fortunes of a woman in the person of Mary (by whose death the Burgundian line became extinct) when she married the Archduke Maximilian, taking with her all the provinces of Belgium. With unsurpassed splendour and pageant Philip of Spain, afterwards husband of our Mary, made his triumphal entry into this city, his father, Charles Quint, having abdicated in his favour the sovereignty of these states. Then commenced the hated domination of Spain, and her Inquisition. It was during the reign of Charles Quint that Antwerp rose to the full height of her prosperity. Then Portuguese trading ships from the West Indies were seen crowded on the broad Schelde, laden with spices and other merchandise. Before the doubling of the Cape by Vasca de Gama, ships from Italy plied to and fro by the Red Sea, bringing from Asia and Egypt untold riches to the Antwerp merchants. Here the brave Coligny was imprisoned after the destruction of St. Quentin, and became converted to the faith for which, and in which, he died. Here also one very different from the lion-hearted noble admiral, came and made his terrible power felt,—Peter 'Titelmann, the Inquisitor. Prisons were filled with those of doubtful faith, while the torture and stake never rested. One ghastly spec-

tacle, amongst many others, was witnessed in the market-place, now crowded with merry buyers and sellers,—the death of a Carmelite monk named Fabricius, who having left a monastery at Bruges and embraced the reformed faith, was condemned to the stake after torture. The well-nigh maddened people attempted a rescue, but all too late to save the victim of a cruel superstition. The executioner, before flying from the mob, crushed the prisoner's head with a mallet, and then stabbed him. But we will leave these records of a fearful past, and the sufferings of those who in their warring creeds gave up their lives with an earnest desire to glorify their Father, and we will hope, nay, believe, that He who can read all hearts will have let them reach His feet.

Few travellers are aware, as they pass through the "Rue aux Fleurs," that it does not take its name from any floral association, but from the name of the painter Floris de Vriendt, who here built a house which he decorated himself; but the lapse of three centuries has seen the name corrupted, and its origin almost lost.

High above the quaint old houses of the market-place rises the beautiful spire of the cathedral, its delicate tracery thrown out by the clear blue sky. This church was commenced in the fifteenth century, and terminated in the following. It has suffered much from the fury of the religious feuds, and the many struggles the Netherlands had to contend with. The long persecuted Reformers, when they did turn upon the oppressors, wreaked their vengeance by despoiling the churches

of all beauty. Not satisfied with hurling down statues of saints and images of the Saviour, they must needs break up, with pick and axe, every part of the ornamental interior they could reach, and scatter the stones. Devastated as it now is of all its fine statuary and ornate carvings, it is still beautiful from its proportions, and wealthy in works from the hands of Van Eyck, Rubens, Vandyke, Crayer, Pourbus, and other great masters. It is wonderful to look at these splendid pictures and see them so little injured by time. Their colouring is so rich and true, that one's eye becomes impatient of anything less harmonious. Magnificent as is Rubens's famed 'Descent from the Cross,' I prefer the 'Erection' by the same master, also in this church; the expression of the Saviour's face is so wonderfully resigned and holy. Over the altar is another work of Rubens, the 'Assumption of the Virgin.' Some beautiful monumental statuary is found here from the chisel of Artus Quellin, and others. The Flemish sculptors possessed a magic art, all their own, in rendering drapery. Their folds have such graceful ease that it is difficult to believe them marble. This ease is also visible in their wood carvings.

In a side chapel of the church of St. Jacques, Rubens was interred with his two wives, and others of his name. Over the altar in this chapel is a painting of his, 'The Virgin and Child,' surrounded by many other figures; each head is a portrait of one of the Rubens family, his own being also given in that of St. George. The colouring of this picture, as well as some

of the heads, is very fine ; but it lacks the elevation of sentiment found in his other paintings.

The church of St. Andrew can rival that of St. Jacques in interest. The names of all the old masters are connected with it, both painters and sculptors. The pulpit, by Van Gheel and Van Hoel, is one of the finest in this city of fine pulpits. Against one of the columns hangs a portrait of Mary Queen of Scots, supposed to have been painted by Pourbus ; under it is a tablet with the following inscription in Latin :—“ Mary Stuart, Queen of France and Scotland, mother of James, King of Great Britain, seeking shelter in England during Elizabeth her cousin’s reign, was betrayed by the nobles and heretics, kept nineteen years a prisoner, and finally decapitated under a religious pretext. Her martyrdom occurred 1587, and at the age of 45.” This tablet was erected by two Scotch ladies, who had held appointments in her household, and at her death made Antwerp their residence. The portrait is stiff, and gives but little idea of the beauty attributed to the unfortunate Queen.

It is in the Museum that the finest works of Rubens and Vandyke are to be seen. ‘The Incredulous Disciple,’ by the former, has an amount of expression, apart from its other merits, that deeply impresses. The prying doubt of Thomas, the wonder of Peter, and the tender, compassionate pity of John, whom his Master loved, is all given. In the same gallery is also the fine ‘Dead Christ,’ supported on a stone bench littered with straw, and called ‘Le Christ à la Paille.’ Then,

again, 'Christ Crucified between the two Thieves.' Besides these, the Museum boasts of an unsurpassed treasure in Vandyke's 'Saviour on the Cross.' No words can give its sublime perfection. It must ever remain unrivalled. Works of Hans Memling, Quentin Masseys, or Metsys, Jean Bosch, Mabuse, Snyders, Tenniers, Jordaens, &c., are to be found here. Amongst so many pictures, it seems hopeless to point out more than a few of those that arrested our attention. There are two, however, that I must add to my list, namely, 'The Repast of the Eagles,' a fine, vigorous painting, full of life, by Pierre Boel, but often erroneously attributed to Jean Fyt, and 'The Card Players,' by Valentin.

Antwerp can boast of having given birth to the longest list of painters in Flanders. In the sixteenth century were born here Vandyke, Couget, Briel, Francker, Van Nieulant, Crayer, Van Uden, Wildens, Pepyn, De Vos, Van Utretcht, Spranger, Van Noort, master of Rubens, Momper, Van Balen, Van Mal, the two Neefts, Franck, Snyders, the two Zegers, Snayers, the two Jordaens, Rombouts, Schut, Calvart, Fouquièrs, Tenniers, Eyckens, Meil, surnamed by the Italians "Giovanni delle Vité." In the seventeenth century, Tenniers the younger, Quellin the younger, Eyckens the younger, Maes the younger, Neefts the younger, Van Hoeck, the pupil of Rubens, Fyt, Boel, Boeyermans, Cassiers, Coninck, Beltiers, Huysmans, Marc Antonio Garabaldio, Bloemen, called "Orizonte," also an engraver, Van Lint, Tassaert, Goubau, Coex, Pieters, De Witte, Oumaganck, Abshoven, Van Cortbeinde, Genoels, Herreyns the old, Ehrenberg,

Van Breda, Seberechts, Van Schupper, Wans, Rysbrack, Haremans, Kerriex, Verbuck. In the eighteenth century, Geeraerts, Van Reymarten, Herryns the younger, Beschey, Van der Voort, Lens, Denis, Smits, Van Brie, De Brackeleer. This is a goodly list for one city. Many of these painters are but little known out of the Netherlands, and yet are they deserving of fame. The following centuries become less and less prolific in artistic names. Will such numbers from one city alone ever be read again ?

Little is now left of the old Citadelle built by Alva's architect, Pachiro, a brave soldier and clever engineer, who died an ignoble death at Flushing by the hands of De la Marck's band. Victorious in their encounter with the Spaniards in the estuaries of Zealand, they had just entered the Schelde where, meeting with the unfortunate Italian, who was on his way to complete some fortifications in that part of the country, they seized him as a Spanish spy, and hanged him. The old Red gate still stands—or rather stood while we were there—but its days are numbered ; all the ground having been purchased for building. With it yet remains the ruin of the fortified ramparts from which, looking over the Schelde in 1567, three thousand Calvinists watched the fearful struggle and disastrous defeat of their co-religionists, headed by the young Thoulouse ; they had seen him cut to pieces, his adherents slaughtered or driven into the Schelde by the Catholics under the command of the Seigneur de Beauvoir. The wife of de Thoulouse, aware of his defeat, but not yet of his death, excited the already enraged Calvinists, calling upon



them to issue forth and avenge, if they could not save, their brethren. From every street and alley they poured down towards the Red gate, the only one left for their egress, and with lance and pike, sledge-hammer, or any arms within reach, intent on the rescue of their friends, they rushed onwards. But the Prince of Orange fearing the consequences for the city, mounted his horse and appeared at the gate alone, facing the infuriated mob, one of whom attempted his life. He was soon joined by Hoogstratten. Undaunted by the threats of those around, he at last prevailed upon the greater number to abandon their design. Unfortunately for the three hundred Calvinist prisoners, de Beauvoir, hearing the tumult and fearing a rescue, ordered them to be shot. It had been his intention to save them for the sake of the ransom he hoped to obtain for them at the hands of their friends. Matters were, however, not to end there. The safety of Antwerp was still threatened; fifteen thousand Calvinists lay encamped on the Place de Mier. The Prince of Orange, equal to the occasion (when was it that his cool head and clear judgment failed him?), laboured hard to avert the misery of such an event. In the night he secretly prevailed upon the Lutherans, jealous of the Calvinists, to join the Catholics in restoring order, and having gained these latter over to his cause, attended by Hoogstratten and a committee of the municipal authorities, he addressed the irritated people, urging them to refrain from the dreadful struggle, and avert the ruin pending, by agreeing to the articles he had read out to them. The right of worship was conceded,

and the foreign garrison forbidden. He ended by asking them, in token of their acceptance of his terms, to raise the cry after him of "God save the King." Arms were thrown down, and the hour of peril passed. Antwerp was saved for the time; but it still had to witness fierce struggles, the last being in 1830, when Belgium separated from Holland.

Near the magnificent new docks stand two sturdy memorials of the olden time, left untouched as yet—the large building of the Hanstartic Confederacy, and one perfect tower of a powder magazine, erected during Philip's reign. On the Place near the old building of the Hôtel de Ville amongst other houses equally ancient is shown the house Charles Quint some time inhabited. In the narrow streets of the old town are many wooden houses yet standing, nay inhabited, that were erected in the fourteenth century. In these wretched streets, hardly wide enough for two people abreast, the population swarms like bees. Coming upon a part of the town where improvements are being made, and the entrance to these mere alleys laid open, they look like the sections of some habitation built by insects, and as thickly populated. I have seen sections of ants' nests from Africa which immediately occurred to me. How it is possible for human life to exist in such an atmosphere, and so densely crowded, is an enigma. But a few more years and these alleys will be seen no longer, for Antwerp is fast modernizing. Looking into the canals, watching the bright-coloured, strangely-shaped boats, exactly what you have seen in the old Dutch

pictures, waiting for the tide or the towing rope, you are carried back to the time when those long-dead artists had looked upon the same picture. The women amongst their children, cooking, working, living their lives afloat, on board these broad-beamed galiot-shaped barges we know so well (they are old friends) as they had been to Van de Velde and many others, whose brushes have rendered their names famous.

Never was the inevitable law of reaction more forcibly displayed than in this city, for so long a time the scene of such steady resistance to the religion they hated. Could the old Reformers now see in how few hearts the faith they bled for lives, they would suffer even more than they did. Every stone could tell its tale of horror, and of triumph gained by these devoted men. And yet at the present day every tenth man you meet is a black-robed priest; and at every corner of the street is erected a shrine to the Virgin Mary, or Saint. Antwerp is again rising after her long slumbers into a prosperous mercantile city, trading with the whole world. A drive round the busy quays and fine docks will soon show the passer-by that the beautiful Princess has at last been awakened by the kiss of busy Prince Commerce.

“A hundred summers! Can it be?  
 And whither goest thou, tell me where?  
 O seek my father's court with me,  
 For there are greater wonders there.

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And far away  
 Beyond the night, across the day  
 Thro' all the world she followed him.”

## BRUXELLES.

MODERN Bruxelles is so well known with its pleasant boulevarts, shady park, and gay streets, that I shall not attempt to describe it. The older portion of the town, which is gained by descending the steep hill, may perhaps be less known to many of those who pass through it. Like Bruges and Ghent, it takes its place early in the history of Flanders. The first religious edifice built there was erected in the seventh century on the island which still retains its name, St. Gery, or "Gangerie." Like the two former cities, its manufactures consisted mainly of woollen and woven fabrics, its speciality being splendid tapestries. The weavers and fullers here, as there, numbered by far the larger portion of the inhabitants. Like them again were they impatient of taxation, or control, ever at war with their rulers, their troubles and quarrels a mere repetition of their neighbours, and unfortunately as disastrous. In the commencement of the fourteenth century they took arms against Duke John II., and were beaten by the nobles, forfeiting all their privileges. It was only during the reign of Philip the Good that Bruxelles attained its permanent position. Old Bruxelles, built on high ground, with the Senne running at its foot, bordered with rich pastures, and extending woods that terminated in the far-famed forest of Soignies, retains still a distinctive character, although the higher ground is built

over by the new town, and the green meadows, and hanging woods given place to extensive suburbs. The forest of Soignies yet remains, and part of the old wood retained is converted into a charming place of resort, after the fashion of the Bois de Boulogne in Paris. The old Palace, since destroyed by fire, occupied what is now the Place Royale. Commenced in the eleventh century, and beautified by each succeeding sovereign, it became one of the finest palaces in Flanders, surrounded as it was by its gardens and parks stocked with game. Nothing now remains, save its fame. The modern Palace occupies part of the ground opposite the park. The Walloon armourers inhabited the quarter called the Sablon. That called D'Anderlecht was almost entirely devoted to the weavers and fullers, while the tanners settled themselves in a street which still goes by their name. While all that part of the city had been given up to the bustle and noise of trade, the western end was sheltering, and still shelters, the peaceful order of the Grand Béguinage, a branch of that order we had seen at Ghent, and established in Bruxelles as far back as 1250. Philip the Good carried on the works of the church of St. Michel and Gudule, the foundations of which had been laid by Lambert Balderic, Count of Louvaine, and dedicated to St. Michel, the name of the female saint not being added until her remains were transferred to the church, namely, in 1047. Three centuries elapsed before the termination of this fine edifice, hence the incongruities to be found in its architectural details. Still as a whole it is very

striking. Like all the churches in this country, it suffered from the spoliation of Iconoclasts. The elegant tower of the Hôtel de Ville is seen above all the quaint old houses in the Grande Place, many of which are very handsome. Here still stands the Maison du Roi, or "Broodhuys," in two of the lower rooms of which Counts Egmont and Horn passed the last night of their brilliant career. But their deaths deserve something more than these few words, and I will endeavour later to condense the narrative and give it a few pages farther on. During the fifteenth century this Place was the resort of the noblest society in Bruxelles, for here were held the tournaments. Between two and three hundred of the highest names of Flemish chivalry have been called over in the lists. Amongst others that of Duke Philip the Good, Charles V., and Comte D'Areberg, who, being overthrown by his adversary, died in consequence of the injuries he received. The festivities inaugurating the marriage of the Duke of Louvaine with the widowed Duchess of Milan, were terminated by a splendid tournament on this spot. Another time, when the conqueror came forward to receive the prize, his uplifted visor disclosed the well-known features of Philip, the son of the Emperor, who had secretly armed himself in the "Broodhuys," and entered the lists to break his lance in honour of the Archduke Maximilian. On the very spot where victorious knights had knelt to be crowned by the fair hands of the Queen of the Jousts, and had their exploits watched by the brightest eyes in Bruxelles, were

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to kneel, who knows how many, martyrs—victims of a cruel creed—noble and lowly, side by side, praying their last prayer, and perhaps seeing their crowns of glory brought to them by angelic hands, while their heavy eyes caught a light that was never seen on earth.

Charles V. selected this city as best suited for the pageant with which he graced his abdication in favour of his son in the year 1555, a year for ever to be remembered by those who from it dated the oppression of the Spaniards and the power of the terrible Inquisition. Splendid as had been the ceremonials during his reign, this one surpassed any that had been witnessed, not only in its splendour, but in the number of nobles assembled, many of whom, the most distinguished, fell later under the treacherous tyranny of their new sovereign. Amongst the foremost of these stood William of Orange, later to become one of the wisest and best-loved rulers of the land, Counts Egmont and Horn, Meghen, Aremberg, Berghen, Montigny, Berlaymont, and many others whose names are written in history, too many of them traced in blood. There also, by the side of those who were to suffer from their baneful influence, might have been seen Cardinal Granville, Arschat, and the afterwards-dreaded Noirecarmes. It would be terrible to give here a list, if indeed it were possible, of the numbers who met their death at this time, all of them decreed by the Inquisition and "Blood Council." Sufficient only to repeat the words of the historian, "*It was found more expeditious to send them in batches to the furnace.*"

I will give but one of these fearful incidents. On the evening of Shrovetide, a holiday with the Netherlanders, 400 were captured in the midst of their merry-making, and immediately executed. Is it to be wondered at, that their Spanish rulers were execrated, or that, remembering it was from under the shadow of the Cross these decrees were issued, that emblem which, alas! ought only to have brought peace, became to them a hated symbol? The Inquisitor held it up to them reeking with the blood of their fellow-countrymen. Was it for this the Saviour died on Golgotha? In quiet places, amidst the unburied victims of this terrible persecution, lying out in the fields under the light of the stars, the oppressed met secretly, vowing a revenge they carried out for many a long day, with a courage and tenacity worthy of those stanch Flemish hearts that were but apparently crushed under the iron rule of Spain. On the 16th of February, 1568, one final sweeping condemnation came from the "Blood Council" condemning "*all the inhabitants* of the Netherlands to *death as heretics.*" But we will return to the one great tragedy that has for ever set its mark on the Place of the Hôtel de Ville. Before detailing it, we will take the reader with us a few streets away, and look on the site now occupied by the "Prison des Petits Carmes." There once stood the famous Hôtel Culembourg, to which the nobles retired after their well-known interview with the Duchess Marguerite. Count Brederode, with others, having solicited an interview with the Duchess, presented her with a petition



implored her to use her influence with his Majesty to abolish the edicts of the Inquisition, edicts that, as they pointed out, were not only persecutions, but would eventually lead to civil war. In the meantime they urged her to order a general surcease of the Inquisition. The Duchess became much excited, seeing the noble petitioners were not only supported by the people, but looked up to by them as deliverers of their country. Angry and fearful as she was, she still declined to give an answer on the spot. "Then each noble, after making humble obeisance, slowly moved away, giving her ample time to reckon their numbers." Notwithstanding the oft-repeated assurance of the Prince of Orange, that the deputation which had just left consisted of honourable gentlemen, and not seditious rebels, their only object the welfare of their country, she could not conceal her fears. This scene led to Berlaymont's memorable speech, "*Comment donc, Madame, votre Altesse a-t-elle crainte de ces gueux*" (beggars), a term which was afterwards to become the motto and war-cry that echoed over the length and breadth of the land, and for ever live in history. Berlaymont's speech was soon known to Brederode and his companions at the Hôtel de Culembourg: it was received by the former in a spirit of mirth, which however was soon to turn into a very different feeling. Angry murmurs at the indignity were heard round the table. Reckless and ever ready, Brederode addressed his companions, "They call us beggars, so be it, we will accept the name, and we will battle with the Inquisition, but we

will remain faithful to the King, even if it reduce us to the beggar's wallet." Bidding his attendants bring him all the different articles the professional beggars arrayed themselves in, namely, the grey frieze coat, the wallet, the grey felt hat, and the wooden bowl, he placed the hat on his head, and had the bowl filled to the brim with wine, draining it to the health of the beggars, "Vive les gueux," each noble in his turn doing the same, with the additional distich—

" Par le sel, par le pain, par le besache,  
Les gueux ne changeront, quay qu'on se fache."

What at first commenced in mere wild merriment, terminated in a solemn pledge, entered into by all present, that from that day the watchword of "the beggars" should teach Philip what they could and were ready to do. Medals were struck off and worn as badges. They were of copper or lead: on one side, the head of Philip; on the reverse, two hands clasped within a wallet, and round, the words "Faithful to the King." All beards were shaven, and nothing worn but long drooping mustache, their attendants also wearing the grey livery. Thus dressed was William of Orange the day that the bullet of the Spanish assassin took a life so precious to his country. His hat, doublet, and badge are preserved in the Museum at the Hague. The account of the banquet held at the Hôtel Culembourg, with its termination, was all duly transmitted to Spain, to irritate still more the despotic monarch.

From that day the fates of Egmont and Horn were

decided, besides that of many others who had joined the Confederation, or whose high position attracted the jealousy of the Government. Philip and his adviser Alva were both implacable enemies, but knew well how to conceal their plans until everything was ready for their execution. Unfortunately Egmont would neither see his own nor hear of Horn's danger. They both believed and accepted the commendations of Philip forwarded them through the Seigneur de Billy, and no warnings could damp Egmont's spirits or confidence. On the 8th of September, 1567, he received a mysterious warning urging him to escape, but he was still unable to believe in danger. The next day he was invited with Horn and others to a banquet given by the Grand Prior Don Ferdinando, who, the moment Egmont was seated beside him, whispered, "Leave this place instantly, Count, take your fleetest horse, and make your escape without delay." Much troubled by this warning given by the Prior, himself a Spaniard, Egmont rose hastily from the table, and was retiring, but the crafty Noirecarmes, whose suspicions were aroused, and who had no wish to see the victim escape the fate he knew so well was purposed for him, laughed at the Count's fears, and dissuaded him from leaving the hall. After dinner, a request came from the Duke of Alva that the two Counts, with their companions, should repair to his abode, the Hôtel Jassy, there to inspect some plan of fortifications for the city of Antwerp. When on the point of leaving the house, Egmont was arrested by Don Sancho and desired to

give up his sword ; at the same moment the unfortunate Count found himself surrounded by soldiers, and a prisoner. The arrest of Count Horn was effected at the same time, while crossing the courtyard, and the fate of many others decreed. Egmont and Horn's reckless defiance and open scorn of Cardinal Granville and their enemies, hastened their downfall. Both were haughty in temperament, nobly born, and highly honoured, nay, in Egmont's case, beloved, for was he not the hero of ballad and song? Popular from his gallant deeds, and admired for his personal beauty, was it to be expected such men would tamely brook the persecutions and double-dealing of a man like Alva? It were needless to give here the details of their so-called trial ; it is recorded in history. Sufficient to say that it was but a mock process, for the sentence had long secretly gone forth from Spain. As knights of the "Golden Fleece," they claimed the privilege of the Order to be tried by its statutes, but without avail. Egmont, as a member and Count of the Holy Roman Empire, demanded to be judged by his peers, but this was equally set aside. Nor was it to be expected that the prayers of his wife, or those of the old mother of Count Horn, would avail against the jealousy of Spain.

On the 3rd of June, 1568, the two Counts were brought from Ghent (where they had been conveyed and imprisoned during their supposed trials) into Bruxelles, and lodged in the Broodhuys, opposite the Hôtel de Ville ; on the 4th the Duke of Alva condemned

them both to be executed by the sword on the following day, and their heads placed on high in a public place, there to remain until he should order their removal. The Bishop of Ypres was sent for by the Duke to shrive the prisoners. On hearing the duty expected of him, the Bishop fell on his knees and implored against the terrible sentence, but in vain. The last who pleaded for the life of one she had loved so faithfully, was his distracted wife and the mother of his eleven children. She sought the Duke herself, and kneeling at his feet, implored mercy. The Duke, with the cruel irony that was one of his characteristics, raised the suppliant with true Spanish courtesy, assuring her that on the morrow her husband should be released. Can anyone picture the horror and anguish of the unfortunate woman the next day, when she heard how she had been deceived?

The Bishop, entering the room in which the Count was confined, just before midnight, found him sleeping. Gently rousing him from his slumbers, he placed, with trembling hands, before Egmont the order for his execution on the morrow. Without a change of colour, the Count read the document steadily through, merely expressing astonishment, mingled with indignation, at a sentence so unjust. But soon this indignation gave place to the remembrance of the wife and children he was never to meet again on earth. He feared that the persecutions he suffered would pursue those he left so desolate. The Bishop exhorted him to turn his thoughts heavenwards, for the night was fast leaving

them, and the streaks of early dawn heralding the prisoner's last day on earth.

“Kneeling before the Bishop, he confessed himself and received the Holy Sacrament. Rising from his knees, he asked the Bishop what prayer he should use at the hour of execution? The Bishop replied, none was so fitting as the one taught by Jesus Himself to His disciples: ‘Our Father which art in heaven.’ However the strong man might struggle with his feelings, Nature would have her own way, and once more the thought of his family thrust itself between him and the good Bishop’s teachings: he yielded to a burst of grief that would know no control. ‘How miserable and frail,’ to use his own words, ‘is our nature, that when we should be thinking of God only, we cannot shut out the images of wife and children.’ His last act was to sit down and write his well-known letter to the King, his secret and inveterate enemy. ‘Sire,—I have learned this evening the sentence which your Majesty has been pleased to pronounce upon me. Although I have never had a thought and believe myself never to have done a deed which would tend to the prejudice of your Majesty’s person or service, or to the detriment of our true, ancient, and Catholic religion, nevertheless I take patience to bear that which it has pleased the good God to send. If, during these troubles in the Netherlands, I have done, or permitted aught which had a different appearance, it has been with the true and good intent to serve God and your Majesty, and the necessity of the times. Therefore, I pray your

Majesty to forgive me, and to have compassion on my poor wife, my children, and my servants; having regard to my past services, in which hope I now commend myself to the mercy of God,—*Ready to die*. From Bruxelles, this 5th of June, 1568. Your Majesty's very humble and loyal vassal and servant, Lamoral D'Egmont.' ”

During the night he cut the collar from his coat and doublet, that his person might not be profaned by the executioner's touch.

Count Horn received, in another part of the same building, the announcement of his sentence with perfect composure, and spent the night with his confessor.

In the centre of the square, where Egmont had often been crowned victor in the tournament, and where his gallant bearing, handsome face, and noble name have been the theme of admiration, stood the scaffold, from whence, for the last time, he was to gaze upon his fellow-countrymen, no longer smiling approval, but sorrowing, indignant at the fate of their beloved leader, inly vowing a revenge that was well carried out. The scaffold was covered with black cloth, two velvet cushions, also black, for kneeling, two iron spikes, destined to receive the devoted heads, a small table bearing a silver crucifix, and two coffins behind completed the furniture of this gloomy erection. The executioner, according to the custom of those times, was concealed behind the draperies. Close under the scaffold, on horseback, sat the Provost Marshal Selle, himself hanged later, while 3000 Spanish troops, drawn up in battle array, guarded the Place and

scaffold. At 11 o'clock a troop of soldiers, led by Julio Romero and Salinas, entered Egmont's chamber. They found him quite ready. Walking proudly, with head erect and calm eye, unshaken by the haggard sorrow of the spectators, he crossed the short space between the Broodhuys and the scaffold, reciting aloud the 51st Psalm. "Hear my cry, O God, and give ear unto my prayer. Thou wilt prolong the King's life, and his years as many generations. . . . ."

He then ascended the scaffold. Taking the badge of the Golden Fleece from his neck, he knelt, and repeated aloud the Lord's Prayer, at the termination of which the Prelate pronounced a blessing upon him, and held the image of Christ to his lips. Egmont then rose, threw aside his hat and cloak, and drawing a cap over his eyes, once more knelt, uttering in a loud, clear voice, "Lord, into Thy hands I commend my soul." One single blow, one flash of the bright steel, and the fine head that had so often been the theme of ballad and song, was laid low. Tears were upon every face. Had it not been for the superior force of Spanish troops on the spot, the Duke of Alva, who was a spectator from an opposite house, would have rued the day. Merely pausing to throw a black cloth over the remains, Count Horn was brought forth to the same spot. Calm and unmoved he looked on the black heap, and asked if it were the body of his friend and companion in arms? Being answered in the affirmative, he turned slightly aside, thus catching sight of his reversed escutcheon. At this indignity, he loudly expressed himself insulted.



After praying for awhile with the Bishop of Ypres, he in his turn drew a cap over his eyes, and submitted his head to the executioner's sword. Their heads were fixed on the iron spikes, and there left, while the grey shadows cast by the beautiful tower above deepened and lengthened as the hours passed away. Finally they were placed in a box and sent to Madrid, that the King might have the satisfaction of looking his dead enemies in the face! The bodies were removed in the coffins for interment.

Few, perhaps, while gazing round this fine old Place, and enjoying the beauty of the Hôtel de Ville, thoroughly realize the terrible tragedy amongst so many others that mark this one spot in Bruxelles. In front of the Broodhuys is erected a bronze group of the two nobles, marking the very stones that received their blood,—blood which was carefully soaked up on cloths and handkerchiefs that it might be preserved as a memorial of the hated Spaniards, and an incentive to revenge. Thus ended the lives of two gallant men, daring leaders, who had done good service for their country. Egmont, the hero of many brilliant victories in Picardy, and at the battle of Gravelines, later still the conqueror at the battle of St. Quentin, when he with Horn vanquished the proudest of France's chivalry and oldest soldiers,—his very name had become a war-cry, "Egmont and St. Quentin."

Driving to the fashionable "Bois," one passes low down on the left a group of buildings, now, I believe, turned into alms-houses; here it was that the widowed

Countess of Egmont, with her eleven children, sought shelter after her husband's death, a shelter afforded her by a religious community then there. All his property and estates were confiscated, and his family reduced to poverty.

The clear head of the Prince of Orange served him well, for, suspecting treachery, he left the city prior to the arrest of his friends. Hoogstratten, fortunately for himself, had been detained before reaching Bruxelles by an accident, thus escaping the fate he was to have shared with the others. Hoogstratten died a few months later, from a wound in his foot which he accidentally inflicted on himself after the battle against the Spaniards near the river Geta. Bakkerzeel, the private secretary of Egmont, had been taken prisoner with La Loo and Van Stratten, the Burgomaster of Antwerp, an influential man, and one long doomed by Alva. These three men were so broken on the rack, in the endeavour by torture to get them to inculcate the Counts during their agony (which, however, failed), that when condemned at last to death they had to be carried to the scaffold, and bound in chairs, to enable the executioner to accomplish his work.

From the remembrance of these tragedies we were glad to turn to other objects of interest. Beside the church of St. Gudule, there are several deserving visits. "Notre Dame des Victoires," or the Sablon, has some good pictures and sculptures. But in the Museum are paintings to be found by masters not often met with, besides those of Rubens, Crayer, Jordaens, Otto Venius,

Vandyke, Holbein, Rembrandt, Gerard Dow, Berghem, Breughels, Francis de Briendt, and others. Amongst those by Rubens, is the 'Martyrdom of St. Lévin,' a most painful picture. He has so exaggerated the horror of the scene, that it has become repulsive. It is delightful to turn from it to one, amongst the twelve or more of his in this gallery, which compensates by its sweetness for the last. I speak of his 'Virgin Crowned,' with angelic groups, such as he *could* paint. Amongst the Vandykes there is a 'Martyrdom of St. Peter' vigorously painted, and without any of the unnecessary horror that pervades that of St. Lévin. A 'St. Francis in Ecstasy before the Cross' is another beautiful picture of his. A series of fine paintings from the brush of Philip de Champaigne and Otto Venius, besides numberless others, would repay one for several visits. Amongst the works by older masters, of which there is a goodly number, one by Nicolas Maes, 'An Old Woman Reading,' is admirable.

The collection of the Duke D'Areberg, although not very large, is very precious in numbering many beautiful pictures by rare names. Aart and Eglan Van de Neer, Frances Hals, Nicolas Maes, and Koninck, a landscape painter. A beautiful Paul Potter, 'The Rest near the Barn,' is full of luminous light, harmony, and repose. There are some good Gerard Ostades and Wou-  
vermans, and the portrait of a woman, by Martin Pepyn, that must not be passed over; indeed there are studies here one cannot see elsewhere, and one regrets to find no catalogue. It is too fine a collection to be without

one, however intelligent (and he is so) be the attendant who shows them. There is also a very interesting portrait of the Queen Marie Antoinette, by Kokarski, who, seeing the unfortunate Queen twice in the Chapel of the Temple after the King's death, painted her as she then was, and in the dress she wore until herself executed. It is a picture full of sad interest.

There is an annual exhibition of modern artists in Bruxelles, and they certainly keep true to the teaching of their old predecessors. The modern Belgian School is becoming a very fine one; it has lost from its ranks this year one who leaves a great blank, Baron Leys, whose pictures we had learnt in England to admire and understand. Some others are getting known to us through the annual French, Belgian, and German Exhibition opened in London. Amongst these, Gallait, Stevens, Verbockhoven, Claeys, Robbe, Carrot, Willems, Brackelen, Porteals, are familiar, but we would fain see many more who deserve notice.

There are many very good private collections in Bruxelles, and to Monsieur Van Praet are we especially indebted for a morning's pleasure. He possesses a beautiful collection of modern pictures, chosen with great taste and judgment. Baron Goethals has a charming selection; to him also do we owe our thanks.

Bruxelles gave the following names to the world of art as far back as the fifteenth century: Bernard Van Orley, Rogier, Van de Weyden, or Weide; in the sixteenth century, Remigins, Rhemi; and in the following, the brothers Pierre and Jean Brughel, the one

called Brughel of "Hell," and the other of "Velvet;"\* F. Boudewynes, Pierre Bout, A. Mitjens the younger, Philip de Champaigne, Van Croesbeke, Van der Meulen, V. Janssens, Van Tilborgh, Van Artois, and Luc Achtschilling.

According to many we shall have appeared to omit one very important visit, namely, that to the field of Waterloo, but not being soldiers, we felt persuaded we should come away very little wiser than we went, so we rested satisfied with the knowledge that Waterloo is a great fact that cannot be disputed.

We were particularly struck with the orderly aspect of the people in the Belgian towns; the greater number look comfortable and well-to-do. Poverty of course there must be, for are we not told "the poor are never to cease out of the land;" but there is not that ragged squalor one meets with in London, or that terrible amount of drunkenness, the fearful incentive to so much of the crime in our country. The women wear clean white caps, and are neat in their homely dresses, the workman in his blouse, while thickly sprinkled about is the smart soldier and his dandy officer. The people differ much in appearance and manner from their neighbours the French; they are fairer in complexion and hair, they are less garrulous, and you miss much of the gesticulation and animation that characterize the latter. Industrious and orderly, well fitted to retain

\* Jean Brughel was called "of Hell" because he chose subjects in which he could depict lurid effects, such as the infernal regions, fires, sieges, &c. His brother "of Velvet," the cleverest of the two, was an exquisite landscape painter.

the little kingdom they fought so hard to wrench off from Holland, and which prospers so well. May it long be left unmolested, is the earnest wish of those who carry away from it the remembrance of much pleasure.

From Antwerp to Moerdyck we travelled by train through a monotonously flat sandy country, above which rose here and there long lines of dams, until the frontier at Roosendaal was reached. Here we were desired to leave the carriages, and were conducted through two rooms. In the first the luggage and all we carried underwent examination by the custom-house officers, who deal with one much according to the humour they may be in. Fortunately for the length of our detention they were in good humour, or perhaps the passengers not deemed suspicious characters. After being duly chalked in evidence of having undergone examination, we passed into the second room. Here refreshments were awaiting us. The room was small, with a sanded floor. On one side, a table with a collection of cakes and biscuits, that had evident attractions for the flies, if not for us. These, with wedges of Dutch cheese and other eatables, offered themselves in a not over-inviting manner. Beer was flowing on all sides, and the closed doors and windows effectually confined the pungent vapour exhaled from all the pipes and cigars working in full vigour round us. This and the hot sun pouring in, from which it was impossible to escape in such a crowd, rendered the room almost unbearable. Observing that one of the officials while passing out had omitted to fasten the door, my companions and myself quietly but quickly

availed ourselves of the oversight, and slipped out on to the platform, much to the indignation of the official, who first desired us to return, an order we declined attending to, and then double-locked the door to prevent any further escapes. He then again tried what he could do to persuade us, but finding us obdurate shrugged his shoulders, and we detected a covert smile as he left us standing in the cool shade. Meanwhile there was a busy hunt for contraband goods or books throughout the long line of carriages. Cushions turned over, mats lifted, and pockets ransacked, but nothing was found save two copies of the 'Lanterne,' which were handed over to the man who had so vainly remonstrated with us. Upon being assured this was all found, he came towards us; and now that there was no need for sustaining his official character, he with a bow gave us leave to resume our seats, and even assisted us in. The remaining passengers were then released and allowed to scramble back into their several compartments.

We were not sorry when we arrived alongside the steamer moored to the quay of the short canal flowing into the "Hollandisch diep," a wide reach of the river Meuse, whose waters are swelled by those of the Waal, one of the widest branches of the four the Rhine divides itself into, while passing through Holland. In winter, as these rivers are impassable from the ice, travellers take another route by land. The water of the Rhine brings with it the colour of all streams rising in the Alps, and renders the Meuse grey and turbid

until it nears the sea. The Meuse, rising in France, takes her course through the forest of Ardennes, passing Namur and Liège, and then flowing through the heathy country of Cleves and the province of Nimegue, having thrown off a branch near Gertruydenberg, named the Oude Maas, or old Meuse, finally unites with the Rhine. Many small islets occur here. Both these rivers have innumerable branches, called by various names. On first entering the Hollandisch diep, you see but a broad expanse of water, while in the distance is all that remains of the land, lost with its villages and inhabitants in 1421, when the remorseless stream breaking through dam and dyke, carried ruin and death into a rich, prosperous country. Nothing now is visible of the "Verdronkenen land," drowned land, but a confused archipelago of sand-bank and osier-beds, named the "Biesbosch" or "Reed wood." Here and there a small patch of meadow land, the rank grass and wild flowers of which are absolutely floating during the high tide on the surface of the river. Poor crops of hay are cut off these plots during the ebb tide, but no habitation is left. It is a terrible illustration of the power of that enemy the patient Hollanders have to contend with.

Fearful inundations have ever been frequent in Holland, but as yet have never dismayed the sturdy men who from the earliest dates in the history of the country have battled with them. The later of these calamities occurred, one as above-mentioned in 1421, another in 1470, during which 20,000 people were destroyed.



The year 1570 witnessed a similar catastrophe; this was more complete and disastrous than the memorable one that created the Zuyder Zee, or swept over the villages of Groningen. The waves of the Atlantic, driven by a series of violent north-west gales into the North Sea, burst the dykes in every direction, and the whole coast from Flanders to Friesland was one chaos of land and water. Far inland towns were suddenly invaded by the ocean. The great dyke between Amsterdam and Diemar gave way in many places. Another bulwark called the "Hand-bos," "formed of oaken piles, fastened with metal clamps, moored with iron anchors and secured by gravel and granite, was snapped to pieces like pack-thread. Dort and Rotterdam, with many other cities, were for a time almost submerged. Along the coast, fishing vessels and even ships of larger size were floated up into the country; they entangled themselves in groves and orchards, or beat to pieces the roofs and walls of houses. In Friesland the calamity was even greater. Thousands were drowned, and whole districts engulfed. "The graveyards gave up their dead. The living infant in his cradle and the long-buried corpse in his coffin floated side by side."

A century later the water rose eight feet higher than the embankments. When one remembers how flat, and little above the water level, all this land rises, one can well understand the disastrous effect of any sudden overflowing. The inundation of 1717 was more terrible than any of the preceding, the loss of life horrible to think of, while nearly 100,000 head of cattle, horses

and sheep included, were destroyed. 1825 again saw the loosened waters whirling in fierce career over the country. The sudden melting of the ice in the rivers ensures an uprising of several feet, which hardly ever fails to cause misery. The best constructed dykes, and the skill of those who watch them, are of no avail at such times. For awhile the water rules supreme, but inch by inch it is fought back, until in many instances more land has been reclaimed than was lost. The actual seaboard is not the only part exposed. Certain winds force the sea up the many narrow branches of the Rhine and Meuse, increasing their bulk and causing them to break their bounds.

As we proceeded farther up the river we passed strips of land with a solitary house or two raised on piles, the soil appearing to us to be but two or three feet above the wash of the stream. The channels between these were deep; large ships continually passed through them, and above the cottages might be seen tall masts tapering into the sky; or we could watch the white sails emerge from behind a clump of low-growing willows, which, as the light wind swept up their branches, turned outwards the silver lining of their leaves. The mainland is equally depressed, dotted here and there at rare intervals with villages and a few trees; beyond this a wide extent of green pastures, with innumerable windmills alone cutting the line of the horizon. The lowing of the oxen came over the water and fell dreamily on the ear. Nearing Dort or Dordrecht, villages became more frequent, with saw-yards and boat-

building stations. In front of these we slackened speed, to receive on board from some little row-boat that was quietly resting on its oars awaiting our approach, a passenger or two, in most cases giving the boat a freight in return. Windmills of every size and description were seen and turned to various uses: sawing wood, crushing the oil out of seed, grinding snuff, beating hemp, grinding corn; and in some cases draining the land, in others irrigating it. Some are quite dwarfed, resembling almost a child's plaything; these no doubt had their tasks, for they worked away as vigorously as their taller brethren. In gardens these smaller windmills are used for pumping up water and irrigating flower or vegetable beds. The shape of the sails and spokes are different to those seen in England, and resemble the long limbs of a spider. They never appear to rest. So lightly are they constructed that the slightest breath of air suffices to set them in motion. Rising above the otherwise monotonous landscape, they relieve the eye. They are also very varied in form. Some stand alone, others attached to buildings or ship-yards. Now and then you will see one crowning a neat red-brick dwelling-house, with fruit-trees trained against the wall, their boughs traced in blossom. Many are thatched all over down to their base with a dark, highly-polished rush that glitters under the sunlight as if it were a suit of bronze armour.

Several of the passengers we received carried with them, stretched on a light framework of wood, a large

flat fish, split, salted, and smoked. They were not pleasant additions to our crowded boat, although doubtless, by the care taken of them and the fact that their bearers were smartly dressed as if on holiday bent, they were considered great delicacies, and in these instances were destined for friends. The passengers became so numerous that we found some difficulty in obtaining seats. The two most conspicuous groups were, the one, a troupe of second-rate Italian Opera singers, making a tour of the principal towns in Belgium and Holland; and the other a noisy, self-asserting party of English women, numbering ten or twelve; such English as one too often feels ashamed of abroad. The elders were loud, fussy, important, and vulgar. The younger, giggling and restless, challenging the observation and attention of any man who chanced to pass them. Amongst the Italians sat a good-looking dark man, with one of those sweetly-modulated voices one meets with among men of that nation. He held by a chain a handsome English pointer, and was constantly addressing the animal in broken English, evidently for the benefit of one of the "vulgar party," a handsome girl, with bold blue eyes, and splendid teeth which she had no idea of concealing behind her full red lips. It was not long before the dog came within caressing reach of "La Signorina Inglese," and "dear dog," "sweet dog," was soon responded to by his owner, to the ill-concealed indignation of one of the "troupe," a gaunt, sallow, fierce-eyed woman, who resented the withdrawal of attentions she had before been receiving.

Exactly opposite to us was seated a thorough type of the Dutchman; he might have been cut out of a block of wood, so stolid and still was he there, smoking his pipe. Broad shouldered, thick necked, short legged, with a square head and massive jaw, he sat looking straight out before him, heedless of all the noise and bustle, perfectly immovable and expressionless; not even to be roused when a thin, eager-faced man, with a Jewish cast of countenance, came on to the bench at his side, and began energetically recounting in guttural Dutch something that at all events to him seemed full of interest. Indeed so inanimate did his listener appear, that had it not been for an occasional nod of assent, or a few words that issued from almost closed lips, evidently obliging the other to repeat something over a second time, you would have believed him in a trance. The smoke from his pipe rolled up at regular intervals, and did not even cease during the process of renewal, for his broad hand came out of the pocket charged with tobacco, and the pipe never quitted the lips of the smoker. He could not have consumed less than a dozen pipes between Moerdyck and Dordrecht. As for his companion, he must have got through double that number of cigars, for as the fire dwindled them at one end, he literally eat them up at the other. I never saw anything so repulsive as the manner in which he masticated a cigar in his feverish eagerness—an eagerness that pervaded every action, and was such a forcible contrast to his companion. The greater number of the men we took on board were of the same build and appear-

ance as our silent friend, albeit younger. Determined jaws, faces showing little or no variety of expression. Slow but strong in their movements, one would imagine them not easily interested or roused, but as you looked more into their faces you could not help feeling "woe betide the man" who did thoroughly rouse one of these natures. Such men are well placed in a country like Holland. They are fit for that patient, never-ceasing resistance it is their fate to carry on against the hungry waters, ever seeking for prey. Never daunted, brave and bold, they are worthy of the land they gain foot by foot daily, hourly, by their energy. I could not help thinking of these men's sturdy ancestors, the hardy sons of the "Zuyder Zee," the dreaded "Beggars of the Sea," the implacable enemies of tyrannical Spain, and later the dreaded "Dutchman," with his broom secured to the mast-head, sweeping the seas. We were left in quiet possession of the deck during the table d'hôte, only disturbed by the passing and repassing of the steward and assistant with greasy dishes, on their way to the cabin.

As we neared Dordrecht, the little wind there had been fell, and the river became quite calm. Sometimes we steamed slowly through a long reach of smooth water, with nothing to ripple its surface but the low, lazy flight of a red-legged stork, intent on obtaining his dinner, and shifting from one belt of reeds to another, leaving a little ripple to mark his course as his trailing legs touched the water. In the east the sky was gradually changing from blue to opal, for the

sun was slowly drawing to the end of his daily task, when we stopped at the low wooden pier of Dordrecht, a busy, bustling, half-submerged town, many of the streets paved with wood, intersected in every direction by canals, sluices, locks, and small harbours, or basins, in which sailed and anchored large three-masted ships, their top-masts level with, and in some instances rising above the roofs of the houses. Crowds were on the pier watching the arrival of the different steamers. High embankments and dykes are raised to keep out the waters, but there are seasons when, notwithstanding these, the streets are flooded; and many of the store-houses and even dwellings are built on wooden stages to allow the stream to flow beneath. "Dordrecht," or Dort, was known anterior to the eleventh century by the name of "Thurdrecht." It originally formed part of the mainland of Holland, but in the disastrous inundations of 1421, all the tract of country that once surrounded it was lost. On the cessation of the flood, Dordrecht still stood, but on an island; nothing more was ever seen of the fertile pastures, the villages, or their occupants. The waters had closed over them for ever; it was a second deluge. Navigable close up to its houses by large vessels, and forming the centre of a rich commercial district, ships from all parts meet here. Like Rotterdam, it is built entirely upon piles driven into the marshy soil. Many of the houses have their foundations in the water, and their windows are fitted with cranes for the convenience of getting in their stores, or raising water for domestic use. This quaint

old town was one of the first in Holland that could boast of independent spirits, early in the ranks of those who threw off the hated Spanish yoke. It is also known in history as giving its name to the assembly of disputing theologians held in 1619. I allude to the "Synod of Dort." The house in which this assembly was held is still preserved, and is found in one of the old streets, and known by the name of the Kloveniersdoelen. Here were born several of the famous painters whose works we saw at the different galleries we visited. The two Cuyps, Samuel Van Hoogstratten, N. Maes, Godfred Schalken, Ferdinand Bol, G. Van de Leuw, Aart de Gelder, Abraham Van Stry, Tiebout Regters, A. Menlemans, and the well-known master of modern times, Ary Scheffer.

We passed Albasserdam, situated on the river's edge. This is one of the large ship-building yards, of which there are several; it was crowded with busy workmen, and many very large vessels were on the stocks in different stages of completion. A little beyond occurs the junction of the Leck, another branch of the Rhine, flowing in from Duurstede. An island here divides the stream, and nearly facing it stands a large château, flanked by four square towers, the first building of any importance we had yet seen with the exception of those at Dordrecht. On approaching Rotterdam they became more frequent, and some very pretty villas and country seats situated in the midst of plantations or terraced ornamental gardens. A very forest of masts seemed to bar our further passage, but we steamed



slowly through them. The day was fast declining; on one side, although the moon had not yet risen, her influence was gradually becoming evident in a soft gleam spreading upwards heralding her approach, while in the west clouds of every hue and shade burnt in the golden light of the sun that had just dropped below the horizon.

Farther down the Meuse where it draws near the North Sea, is situated the little island of Voorne, famous for its defence by La Marck against the troops sent by Alva to destroy it. The sluices were destroyed single-handed by one of the besieged (a stratagem often made use of by the Hollanders during their frequent wars), and but few of the Spaniards escaped over the submerged country. Here is also the fortified town of Brielle or Brille.

Upon this side of Holland the Dutch, who had sought shelter from Spanish tyranny on the opposite coasts of England, made frequent raids. At last Elizabeth, at the request of Spain, expelled them from her ports. Mustering a small fleet, they placed themselves under the command of Guillaume de Bois, whose father had been executed by order of Alva, and the bold Admiral de la Marck, cousin of Egmont, and son of the famous "Boar of Ardennes." On just such another April day as the one we were enjoying, three centuries ago the white sails of William de la Marck's little squadron came in sight from the North Sea. The panic created by the appearance of the dreaded "Gueux de Mer" struck home, and before the two hours given by him

to the inhabitants to surrender had elapsed, the greater number fled, and the Government of Alva so threatened that the unfortunate burghers of Bruxelles, who were awaiting their fate, had a reprieve from the hangman's hands; albeit it was too late to save the heads of Egmont and Horn.

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## ROTTERDAM.

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NIGHT had quite set in by the time we collected our luggage, &c., and we found ourselves driving through the crowds on the quay. The streets were full of busy traffic, while in the canals and docks ships floated silently on the water, showing here and there a gleaming red spot of light from a cabin, which was repeated in elongated trembling reflexions. We crossed many handsome bridges on our way to the hotel, most of them so constructed that they rise or fall back from the centre to allow the passage of large craft into the very heart of the city. Looking from the window of the hotel a few hours later, the prospect would have charmed Rembrandt. The street is somewhat narrow, and the houses on either side are very high. No lamps or lights with the exception of those attached to a row of movable market stalls that lined the centre of the street. These shed a bright glowing light upon the immediate crowd that was continually passing, but reached no farther. At the end of the street the square tower of the Cathedral

rose sharply articulated against the deep-blue sky under the effect of clear moonlight. Lower down, an opening allowed the uninterrupted entrance of the rays, which after falling in a silvery patch on the ground, crept half-way up the opposite buildings, beautifying every salient point they touched, and leaving the shadows deeper by the contrast. After the brilliantly-lighted streets of other capitals, the sombre aspect of that at Rotterdam remains one of those little pictures one likes to recall.

The attraction of Rotterdam is its evident commercial prosperity, its wonderful system of canals, dams, embankments, locks, and basins; in the marvellous manner the swampy land is reclaimed from the water, and a city built, and still building, each house standing upon piles driven fifteen and seventeen feet into the ground. Many of the streets are bordered with rows of trees, overhanging the canal in the centre. Houses in the older parts of the town present themselves to your eye at every known angle. Some are found inclining backwards, and others with only an upper story nodding to its neighbour. The decay of the piles, or the settling of the soil, occasions this tumble-down appearance which one meets with in all the Dutch towns. A slight tidal rise and fall occurs in the canals, tending somewhat to their purification, which one can believe is only superficial. The flow is so slight that it cannot touch the deepest part, where rests the accumulation of impurities necessarily received into them. Steam is employed here, as well as at Amsterdam and the Hague, to promote a brisker circulation;

but the narrower canals give forth exhalations that forbid one's believing in the perfect success of the system. The largest street is the "Hoogstraat," erected upon a dyke; that with another, which has also its street, namely the "Schiedamsche dyke," are the two great embankments protecting the city against inundation. The "Hoogstraat" divides the old from the new town. The old quarter goes by the name of Binnenstad. Here the streets are narrower and more winding, the canals and quays more cramped; but none the less full of life, and far more Dutch in their general aspect than the newer quarters. Its population, if one is to judge from the quantities one sees of it, are great consumers of salt fish; the atmosphere is pervaded with it.

From the Hoogstraat to the Boompjes quay is the modern portion of the city. The houses are very handsome, and those on the quay facing the water reminded us much of those surrounding Hyde Park. These are the dwellings of the wealthy merchants, and no stores or warehouses are found just there. Many of the best streets are old canals filled up. The finest side of Rotterdam is but recently reclaimed from the water, within the last fifteen, ten, and two years. This work is still going on; a large lake is now being drained, and will ere many years have elapsed become squares and streets. On every side you see the war waged by the Hollander against his remorseless enemy, which he succeeds in keeping at bay at the cost annually of millions of florins. In

the winter large blocks of ice—small icebergs they may be called—have to be dreaded, as well as the storms and high tides. Men are posted along the dykes and embankments day and night, watching. They are under the orders of a special corps of engineers, the "Waterstaat." These have the care also of the sluices, locks, &c. Labourers are kept at different stations ready for any emergency, or the appearance of the slightest flaw in the works. The sea dykes descend very deep, some two hundred feet, and are constantly over one hundred feet in width: the foundation, clay and solid blocks of granite. They do not rise straight, but have an incline towards the land, so that the waves expend much of their strength in running up the inclined plane; others are variously constructed according to their positions, some merely fascines or strong posts filled in with puddled clay and sand, and covered with the sand and earth; occasionally these are faced with cement or bricks; again, others are merely formed of osiers, plaited like basket-work, also filled with clay and sand. The osier-work of these has to be renewed every three or four years. Every man possessing property close to the water pays a special tax for the maintenance of these important works. The Dutch not only grow great quantities of willow for the purpose above named, but they further strengthen the banks by planting on them such creeping reeds and sand plants as will, with their ramifying roots, bind the soil together; the sand or sea holly, "*Eryngo maritimum*," and different tribes of the creeping "*Arenaria*."

Nothing can give a better idea of the indomitable perseverance and patience of these people, aided by the skill of their engineers, than these works. They must be full of interest to an engineer. There is an obstinate struggle for ever going on to the gain of the Dutchman, who may well boast that he dictates a limit to the sea. That element itself, with the winds, aid him by causing vast accumulations of sand under their combined influence. These are again made available as fortifications against the further progress of their first mover. The long lines of dykes give an arid aspect to the country on the seaboard. Those erected inland are the highest and broadest; roads are carried over them. Again is an embankment forming a canal to be seen several feet above the surrounding country, so that literally the water is above the land; and looking up from a field you see a barge sailing fifteen feet above your level. What must be the consequence of any yielding of such an embankment? Is it surprising that, notwithstanding all the care bestowed, there should occur at times terrible disasters? The element that hourly threatens the land is, by the skill of its inhabitants, turned into their slave, and made to carry to their very doors the treasures it has borne them from every quarter of the globe. Large ships glide up and cast anchor under the very windows of the splendid houses their owners dwell in. The little barge, drawn by the aided efforts of a man and his dog, receives or unloads its cargo at the door-step of his cottage on the edge of the canal.

A walk through the animated town and along the

quays, crowded with every class, is an amusing sight. Carts and sledges are loading and unloading bales of cotton, timber, skins, bones, salt fish, casks of sugar and spirits, bars of iron, forage, coals, pottery, and more delicate miscellaneous merchandise, which is piled ready for removal. The creaking of cranks, the shouting of sailors and their monotonous chant, as they raised heavy loads from the deep holds of the ships, grated on our ears on all sides, while we were hustled and jostled by men speaking every language known under the sun. We had to pause at one of the bridges, slowly swinging back to allow the entrance of a large ship into the inner basin. It had evidently just returned from Java, or one of the prosperous well-governed colonies owned by the Dutch. As it was slowly warped past us, we had time to observe many black faces amongst the groups of sailors lounging over the bulwarks, exchanging greetings with those alongside. The captain, his head shaded by a broad-brimmed straw hat, stood watching the vessel's progress from under an awning that had been spread to protect large bunches of tropical fruits and vegetables from the sun. Two brown monkeys huddled together on the crossbeams, looked inquisitively down on the spectators, while the shrill screaming of parrots told of more live freight than the two animals, whose faces, in their eager curiosity, were terribly human.

The costume of the women of Rotterdam is rendered peculiar by their strange and varied head-dresses. Some of the caps fall low down over their shoulders

like veils; others, again, are turned up at the sides, reminding one of the head-dresses of the fifteenth century, while all are profusely ornamented with gold bands, bosses, or plates resting on the temples, and crossing the forehead; again, gold spiral wire horns, which stand out from the side of their heads several inches. In holiday attire they add to this gold-headed pins, which bristle all over the front of the cap. A short petticoat, with a different coloured jacket, also adds to their picturesque appearance. They are strongly, but most symmetrically formed, although lacking the grace of slighter figures, well knit, broad shouldered, with full round arms and busts, neat ankles and feet, which their short petticoats do not conceal; strong and erect in their walk, with heads well set, they are good to look upon. You need only note the ease with which their well-shaped arms can swing a heavy bucket full of water over the basement of some house they are cleaning, to understand what useful enduring assistants they must have proved to their husbands and brothers during the old wars, when they did not shrink from helping to repulse the enemy.

The copper cupola of the Danish church (green as malachite from exposure to the elements) is a pretty object, amongst the other buildings. The only church worth visiting is the "Oude Kerk," or cathedral; it has some handsome characteristic Dutch tombs, erected to the memories of gallant admirals who had fought and fallen for their country. Save these, there is nothing worthy of note, with the exception of the



organ, reputed to be very fine, and of which, unfortunately, we heard but a few last notes as we entered ; soft modulations dying away amidst the arches.

“ Music, as though the wings  
Of some blind angel were caught amidst the strings.”

The house in which the deeply-read sage of Rotterdam, the elegant scholar and moralist, Erasmus, was born, still stands, although now become a drinking house. A statue of no beauty or importance, cast in bronze, and representing him in his Doctor's robes, stands in the Groot Market. This city does not boast only of *his* birth, she can claim the honour of having given some good painters to the world of art. Francis Verwilt, H. Van Minderhout, Joast Van Geel, M. Van Musscher, E. Van de Poel, Cornelius and Herman Saftleven, L. Verschuur, H. Martensey, Zorg, Simon de Vlieger, P. Van de Werff, J. Sougé, Abraham Hondius, and Jan Kobell.

We were advised not to leave Rotterdam without driving out and visiting one of the large cheese farms in the neighbourhood ; we therefore started early one morning, driving through crowded narrow alleys intersected with foul, foetid ditches, before we gained the open country. Here we began to meet with villas and detached country houses, standing a little back from the high road, each surrounded by the inevitable ditch, replacing the moat of old. Amidst the neatly-trimmed plantations and primly-laid-out parterres, there was always a pond or ornamental piece of water, spanned by a rustic bridge, or with an ornamental summer-house in the centre, raised on a platform, and gained

by a boat. These people cannot bear to be separated from the water. One man we spoke to who had travelled over the whole of Europe, declared nothing that he saw, however beautiful, compensated for the loss of the canals and ditches. On many of the ponds small Chinese pagoda-shaped edifices were erected for the ducks and wild fowl; these, painted in various bright colours, gave a very toy-shop appearance to the place. Projecting arbours and smoking rooms overhang the ditch canal, where the proprietors can sit and, while smoking their pipes, amuse themselves lazily watching all that passes. They are aided by mirrors so placed that all is reflected back to them without the trouble of leaning forward. These mirrors are universal all over Holland. The situation chosen for these smoking rooms is one that filled us with astonishment, so fever-haunted should we consider it, from the exhalations that must rise in the evenings, or under the influence of a hot sun. Besides the detached villas, there were rows of humbler dwellings, such as one might suppose to be inhabited by clerks, or retired tradesmen. Each of these had a small bridge spanning the water, like those of their wealthier neighbours, although not so broad, being only intended for foot passengers, and so constructed that they could be raised or swung back to the owners' side of the moat, thus enabling them to cut off all communication with the road. Owing to the ditch completely surrounding each house, the isolation becomes complete. Many of these bridges were swung back, intimating that visitors were not desired; in short, it was meant as

“not at home.” By the side of these bridges narrower ones are constructed of withes, or poles, for the passing and repassing of the fowls, large enough for only one bird at a time. These latter were not allowed the privilege of denying themselves to visitors. The Dutchman is not very sociable; he is naturally taciturn and reserved, his thoughts concentrated on his work, whatever that may be. He is domestic, and satisfied with the society of his family, little inclined for holidays, save at given times. Of course I do not here allude to the tastes of the higher classes—they, like those of all large cities, are cosmopolitan—I merely speak of the Dutch nationally. They are singularly uninquisitive, taking little interest in what does not *actually* concern themselves, their commerce, or their country.

There are strange holidays for the lower classes held annually in all the towns. It is the fair called the “Kermissen,” or Christmas. Then occurs a general gathering of small merchants, mountebanks, shows, and musicians, from all parts, such as are ever met with at fairs; but the scene we heard was indescribable in its grossness. The “Nachthuizen,” or drinking houses, open at ten o’clock at night, and close only at five in the morning. In the streets at the commencement of the week rows of young men are to be seen awaiting the chance of being hired by the girls not fortunate in the possession of an admirer to walk about with. If any of the men be fortunate owners of an umbrella, they may command a high price, this article

being deemed a great luxury, especially in holiday time, when the girls are dressed in their best. No servant will work during this week, they claim it as their own for amusement. It is the only enjoyment they have thought of or care for during the whole year, and they will not be denied. Their pleasures are of the coarsest description; dancing, eating and drinking all night, until it becomes a perfect *Saturnalia*. Some of the most vulgar of Jean Steen's pictures may give some slight idea of the scene. At the end of the week these people return to their several occupations contentedly, and ask for no further holiday until the year brings the *Kermissen* again.

As we drove through the rich pastures, the noise made by the frogs astonished us; it was difficult to believe they alone caused it; we were told by our driver that the time they were most clamorous was at night and in wet weather. Endless flat fields stretched out before us, everything lay calm and still; there was not a tremor in the tall reeds bordering the road, not air enough to ruffle a leaf. A thin white mist was slowly rising from the long grass reeking with moisture. The breath of the cattle, congealed by the cold and damp, hung from their soft brown muzzles in long glittering streamers, as they raised their heads to look after us. They are a very handsome breed, rather large boned, but with beautifully-formed heads, and generally black and white. "Berghem" and "Paul Potter" have often put such upon their canvas; and as we looked at them we recognized old friends. Many of the cows

had coarse sack'oth covering their backs and loins, securely fastened. These are worn to save them from the effects of the piercing winds that sweep over these low marshes. Even for the sheep is shelter provided, little erections of willows, wattle, and dab. No need of shepherd or dog here to keep the flock from straying. The water is made to replace these, and the boundaries preserved by broad ditches. We saw several storks either patiently waiting at the edge of the water for some unwary frog, or stalking leisurely down through the reeds. They are graceful birds when thus seen in a wild state.

Exactly opposite the gate of the farm we were going to visit, we came upon a broad deep pool of clear water, overhung with willows, tangled weeds, and the feathery plants of the meadow-sweet. Kneeling on a green bank beside the stream, washing some clothes, we saw two of the daughters of the farmer. A large pile of linen as white as snow, fresh from the water, was beside them, ready to be carried indoors. It was a pretty sight—the water with its reflexions, the flickering light and shade playing on the fresh young faces: clumps of marsh reeds and late golden flags grew on the bank beside them, while just beyond a few large glossy leaves of the water lily rose and fell under the miniature waves their occupation set in motion, the whole backed by the rich green of the meadows dotted with cattle, and a soft grey horizon. Not the least pleasing part of the sight were the two girls themselves, who rose to greet us; their sleeves rolled up nearly to the shoulder, baring beauti-

fully-rounded arms, while the small heads were tightly wound round with coils of glossy hair, neatly fastened with two gold pins. Their shapely throats, more exposed than usual after the exertion of washing, were clasped by several rows of dark garnet beads, held with a broad golden clasp. They had pretty soft faces, with fresh skins and white teeth. We heard later they were considered the belles of the district, as their mother had been.

The mother emerged from the wash-house wiping the steaming suds off arms still firm and well formed. Rather stout, but not coarse, her comely face nearly as smooth as her daughters, bordered by a flat-edged close-fitting cap, her throat also ornamented with rows of beads clasped tight; hers were of deep red coral: a short coloured jacket, drawn in at the waist, with a bright petticoat, showing neat feet, encased in grey worsted stockings, for she had left her shoes aside prior to entering the parlour. Ushering us in, with what we understood to be kindly words of welcome, she ordered in a jug of fresh milk. After having duly drank the quantity she deemed sufficient—more than we really felt inclined to take—she led us to the dairy, pointing out for our admiration a double row of handsome brass and copper ewers, burnished to a degree of brightness that dazzled. Some of the forms of these ewers were very graceful, of all sizes, the tallest three feet; the body of the vessel of brass, hooped with bands of copper, the contrast of the two metals being very good. They must have been very old, as nothing so handsome

or solid is made in the present day. She was justly proud of them. I understood from the few words I could catch here and there, such as "vaader," mingled with "hondred jaar," that she meant they were heirlooms, descended from father to son. We were shown the process of cheese making from the very first, beginning with the milk and ending with the press. These cheeses are sent all over the world, and there is great demand for them. All the farms round Rotterdam are more or less cheese farms. As we found some difficulty in getting our questions understood, a third daughter was sent for, who had passed a few months in England. She gave us no opportunity of judging how she spoke our language, for every allusion to the question summoned up such a series of blushes that we did not like to press her, but that she understood us was evident, and better still, she made others understand. After seeing all the mother could show us, the father was brought in. We accompanied him to one of the out-buildings, containing about forty or fifty animals, equally divided on either side of a narrow stone pavement, just wide enough for one person at a time. All the cattle were lying down. I know not if this were compulsory. The heat in the interior was very great; the warmth and moisture from the breaths of the poor animals appeared to have no exit save through the door by which we entered. The overpowering odour of the grains, upon which they are fed, was sickening to those unaccustomed to it. My companions, after the first few steps, refused to bear me company, but I did not like to

show my reluctance, fearing to wound the worthy man, who was evidently anxious we should enjoy our visit. The narrow passage was so greasy from the moisture, that it was with difficulty I kept my footing, expecting every moment to slip, with the certainty of becoming impaled upon the large horns that nearly touched me on either side. I was not sorry when I found myself out again in the fresh air, and the gratified pride of the old man quite repaid me for the temporary discomfort, although I declined any more visits to the numerous buildings of the same nature. This farmer is one of the largest importers of cattle in that neighbourhood, and the day before we called he had shipped off a great number to England. His daughters have the double advantage of wealth and beauty.

Before leaving we were taken into the parlour, or best room, after a request made in dumb show that we would well clean our shoes. Some very good old china and Delft ware stood on two carved cabinets, black with age, and on the side table an old Dutch Bible, evidently, like the brass ewers, an heirloom. Everything was beautifully neat and clean. The dining-room walls were tiled several feet high with large Delft tiles a foot square, of a pale yellow hue, the designs executed in a dark rich brown. These consisted first, over the chimney-piece, of a portrait of the ancestor of the family, a "vaader," but how many "vaarders" before the present one of the family I could not make out; by the quaint old costume I should imagine quite three or four. He is represented mounted upon a strong horse, with a horn



at his lips, calling up endless herds of cattle, illustrating thus his wealth. The execution of this design was very bold and clever. Under the portrait, still forming part of the tile, was a long inscription in verse. Pastoral and scriptural subjects filled up all the others, with the exception of one facing the "vaader." This was another portrait, but of a "cow," we concluded also an ancestress of innumerable cows, for the good woman drew us up to it, and tried to explain something about "koe moeder," and "kalfins," at the same time counting, as we imagined, the number of "kalfins" on her fat white fingers, but it was done so rapidly, that although I came away with some vague idea of what she wished me to understand, I could not give it to others, fearing I might make some absurd mistake. The "cow," like her master, was honoured with several couplets. The upper portion of the room had panels of some dark wood. By the side of the chimney hung a handsome chased brass box, as bright as gold, and looking as if it were made of that precious metal: probably the salt-box.

We were not allowed to leave until the milk-jug had been again passed round; then the garden had to be visited, a small belt of ground saved from the road, surrounded with the usual ditch. A few plants of rosemary, lavender, and sweet herbs, with some monthly roses creeping up the house, was the extent of its floral decorations. There was a rickety construction of planks and withes, intended for an arbour, overhanging a very stagnant pool. This, we were made to understand, was a favourite resort of the good man's with his pipe. We

could well imagine the necessity of the latter, to disguise the very unsavoury exhalations ascending from the slimy depths of rotten reed and black mud. I fancy the Dutch language is soon acquired, so many of the words resemble our own, and have the same origin. Several are written precisely the same, but the guttural pronunciation prevents one's recognizing them. Before leaving our kind entertainers, we were each presented with a rose and branch of rosemary "for remembrance."

Passing the canal on our homeward route, we met several barges laden with barrels of salt herrings, on their way into the interior. There could be no doubt as to the contents of the barrels. The herring fishery is of the greatest importance to Holland. A fleet of doggers leave for the fishing grounds on the north coast of England and Scotland, protected by men-of-war, leaving Holland in June and returning in October. The laws and regulations passed with regard to these fisheries and the fishermen are very rigid, and strictly enforced. The fish caught and intended for curing are at once slit open and plunged into a barrel of salt. Each barrel will hold eight hundred fish closely pressed and packed in the salt. Others are smoked, later after the process of salting has been undergone; these go by the name of "Bokking." The merely cured are called "Gekaakte-haring." It was a fisherman of the name of "Benkelszoon," in the year 1380, from "Biervliet," a fishing village in Zealand, who first practised curing fish. Charles Quint, recognizing the importance to commerce

of this mode of preserving fish, had a monument erected at "Biervliet," two hundred years later, in honour of one who had made so good a discovery.

On several of the houses we saw storks' nests. It is considered so lucky to have one of these birds building on the roof, that every facility is offered them, and cart-wheels are placed upon chimneys or sheltered gables, where they soon begin to build. There they may be seen, the one on the nest, the other standing by the side of his mate on guard. They migrate with their brood about the month of August, and return in May, always coming to the same nest.

We were told, but I will not vouch for the fact, that this large city, with a population of some 100,000, does not hold one soldier, it having been found the military were for ever embroiled with the sailors; therefore all the regiments had been sent away.

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## THE HAGUE.

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THE HAGUE (S'Gravenhage) differs much from Rotterdam. You miss the mercantile and seafaring aspect of the latter. There is less bustle and traffic, more private carriages are seen driving about the streets, parties of horsemen and ladies are met in the wood or promenades, all giving evidence of a different and higher class of society. French is the language mostly spoken in the shops, and the whole aspect of the place is more

French than Dutch. It has fine streets bordered by limes, and the "Voorhout," a large square shaded with old trees. Its sleepy canals, which are subservient to the town, and not the town to them, as elsewhere in Holland, are only disturbed by a few barges on their way into the interior, or the swift passage of the gaily-painted "Trekschuiten" or passenger-boat; the cry of "Huy" or "Vull," alone breaking the stillness, as the little passage-boats meet from opposite directions, and the side to be taken given out by their "Het Jargertje," bestriding the strong horse going along at a good brisk pace. The many fine buildings, private houses, and pleasure grounds, with the addition of the extensive wood, renders it a charming residence, and one is not surprised at its being selected for that of the Court. One of the walks most frequented is the "Vijverberg," or "Fishpond Hill." Avenues of trees, and well-laid-out paths bordered by a lake, make this a pleasant lounge.

The Hague takes its name from the construction in the tenth century of a hunting lodge, erected in the midst of a wood by "Thierry," first Count of Friesland. At its destruction William II. built on the same site the "Binenhof," a part of which is still intact. The inner court of this picturesque old building is in reality the court of the original palace, the residence of the Counts of Holland, and the cradle of the town. One side is bathed by the sluggish waters of the "Vijverberg," the other has its outlet to the streets. There is an old Gothic hall with a fine-pointed roof carved in cedar wood, besides the criminal court, which are both in

excellent preservation. From this centre grew and radiated the present town. Grouped round this square are the different law courts, the Chambers of the States General, and other public offices. Exactly opposite the doorway of the Gothic hall was erected the scaffold upon which, in 1619, "Jan D'Olden Barneveldt," Grand Pensioner of Holland, and an eminent statesman, was put to death. He incurred the displeasure of Prince Maurice for negotiating peace with Spain, thus thwarting the Prince's ambitious views. The latter silently determined to be rid of the statesman: a pretext soon occurred in the religious dissensions that commenced between the "Arminians" and the "Gomarests," the Orangeists, and the Republicans. De Barneveldt and Grotius were both arrested as Republicans, and falsely accused of intriguing with their party to betray the country to Spain. De Barneveldt was condemned to death, and executed at the age of 71. Grotius, born at Delft, commenced his career as a legal advocate, and as such was eminently successful. He became a member of the States General and Syndic of Rotterdam. Having sided with Barneveldt and the Arminian cause, he fortunately escaped the fate of his friend—being condemned to imprisonment for life. This, through the courage and dexterity of his wife, he also escaped, for she managed to have him secreted in a clothes chest, and so passed the gates of the castle in which he was confined. He died in Sweden in 1645. Grotius's name is well known as that of a profound theologian, a philosopher, and historian.

• The Remontants, or Arminians, have played so promi-

nent a part in the history of Holland that I cannot pass them over without a word. They were followers of James Arminius, or Harmensen, who was born at Oude Water, in Holland, 1560. He maintained,—1st. Conditional election and reprobation, in opposition to absolute predestination. 2nd. Universal redemption, or that the atonement was made by Christ for all mankind, though none but believers can be partakers of the benefit. 3rd. That man, in order to exercise true faith, must be regenerated and renewed by the operation of the Holy Spirit, which is the gift of God; but that His grace is not irresistible and may be lost, so that men may relapse from a state of grace and die in sin,—doctrines opposed to those of Calvin. Arminius was not only a pious, earnest man, but supremely tolerant.

The Gomarests and Jansenites, also had much share in the troubles of this country. The former were followers of Gomarus, a Protestant divine, born at Bruges in 1503, educated at Oxford and Cambridge, Theological and fellow Professor of Arminius (his opponent) at Leyden; intolerant and bigoted in his defence on the points of election and predestination. The Jansenites had for their head Cornelius Jansen, Bishop of Ypres, Professor of Divinity of Louvaine, a most learned divine, born in Holland in the year 1585. He wrote a work, by the wish of the King of Spain, against the French, for having formed an alliance with the Protestant states, which gained him the bishopric of Ypres. He maintained a controversy

with the Protestants upon the subject of grace and predestination. His work, entitled 'Augustinus,' led to interminable contests. There were, and are, several other sects, not including the Anabaptists: of these I shall have to speak later.

Leaving the Beuiten Hof, we passed beneath the shadow of the old gateway called the "Gevangenpoort" (prison gate); above it is the room, still seen, from which the unfortunate brothers De Witt were torn by the frenzied populace to a cruel death. They had been at the head of the Government during the Republic, but when Holland elected William III. Stadtholder, the De Witts' opposition to the Prince's nomination led to their being accused of conspiracy against him. The Grand Pensioner, De Witt, was the first to suffer. He was wounded by an assassin; his brother, Cornelius de Witt, imprisoned and tortured. That both brothers might be destroyed at the same time, the elder was summoned to the bedside of Cornelius in the prison. While sitting reading the Scriptures to the tortured man, the mob were informed of their being together: excited and furious at their not yet having been executed, a crowd from the street rushed up the narrow staircase, and, notwithstanding the efforts of the gaolers and guards, dragged the counsellor from his bed, and after severely wounding him, drove him, with his brother, down the steps, cruelly maltreating them before bringing them out into the street, when they were inhumanly butchered after fearful sufferings, their dead bodies tossed to and fro by those they had

governed so well, and, disgracefully mutilated, were suspended by their feet to the scaffold. Thus fell two great and good men, victims to the injustice of a political reaction, murdered by the people they had gloriously defended.

The Museum of Pictures at the Hague is one of the finest in Holland. Rembrandt's 'Lesson in Anatomy' is here, a picture never equalled in truth and vigour; besides some splendid portraits by him. There are several by Vandyke, in beautiful preservation. This gallery holds works from the brushes of the most eminent Dutch masters, to say nothing of Paul Potter's well-known 'Young Bull,' with several others of his. Pity one so gifted should have died so young. Attached to this building is also a rich collection of curiosities from all nations, more especially Japan, China, Java, and the Dutch colonies. Amongst the strange objects from Japan, I cannot pass over the cases containing the monsters. Along one side of a room, behind glass doors, the eye rests upon strange and weird mummied forms,—dragons, mermaids, flying serpents, and other hideous conceptions, such as we meet with depicted upon the porcelain and jappanned articles coming from that country. The deception is wonderfully carried out, and it is only when you chance to find one of these creatures falling to pieces from decay that you detect the fraud. While still fresh, the body of a large snake (for instance) has had the head of a crocodile or dog united to it; again, legs and feet from large aquatic birds have been added, and perhaps the



leathery wings of a huge bat; the skin neatly joined, the wrinkles and folds of the flesh minutely carried out, and the whole dried. Large fish cut in half, with the head of an ape, gives the mermaid. Case after case is thus filled with these grotesque conceptions—originating, one would think, in some madman's disordered brain. In another room is preserved the bowl, medal, hat, and jacket worn by "William the Silent," when shot at Delft. With these relics is kept the wooden ball into which each member struck a nail as he took the Oath of Confederation.

We visited one or two of the churches and the "House in the Wood," a royal pleasance, filled with paintings by Jordaens, illustrating the life and glories of Frederick Henri of Orange. Besides these are some interesting portraits, amongst others one of 'Le Taciturn,' as William was styled, and one of William III. The Chinese room is the principal attraction of the place. After having been so long amidst shipping, canals, and dykes, we enjoyed a drive through the deep shadows of the wood, where—

"Poplar and elm showed aisles  
Of pleasant shadow, greenly roofed."

The wood was very quiet, the soft rustling of the trees pleasant and cool; ever and anon some bird awoke the echoes for a few seconds, and then all sank into silence. We seemed to be the only occupants of the place until, at the turn of a broad avenue, where the sunlight filtered down in golden threads that lost themselves among

the tangled grasses, a seat was placed on the roots of a wide-spreading beech. The wheels of the carriage sunk deep into the heavy sand, and gave no warning of our approach to the two occupants of the bench,—a young lad and a young girl; she listening, with downcast eyes, he pleading the old, old story, ever the same since the garden of Eden. Neither were handsome, save for a certain beauty youth gives; and the soft shades on their faces, thrown by the thick foliage, added to the easy grace ever accompanying natural attitudes. We were glad our noiseless approach had not been perceived.

The Hague is particularly interesting to English people, for it is intimately connected with our own history, and the names of many of our most eminent men. Elizabeth's unscrupulous favourite Leicester held here a National Synod during the short time he was raised to the rank of Stadtholder of the United Provinces; a position from which, however, he was soon recalled. In this city, during his exile, Charles II. met Lucy Walters, who became the mother of the best-loved and most ungrateful of his sons, the Duke of Monmouth. Inheriting many of his royal father's failings, he was still very fascinating. His personal beauty and polished manners rendered him a great favourite at the court of his cousin the Princess of Orange, during his exile. He only left it after receiving tidings of his father's death. He then took up his residence in Brussels, where he remained until induced once more to join in treasonable conspiracies. Sailing from the Texel with an expedi-

tion against James, he landed at Lyme, in Devonshire, soon after to lay his head upon the block.

The Hague was the spot often chosen for political negotiations. Sir William Temple, the expert diplomatist, twice appeared here in behalf of England, to negotiate with the States General. The first time, authorized by Charles II., he soon came to an understanding with De Witt, Chief Minister of Holland, the result being the coalition known as the "Triple Alliance," Sweden uniting with England and the States. The second time, when through his instrumentality a separate peace was concluded with the United States, and he once more became ambassador.

Gilbert, Bishop Burnet, during his wanderings on the Continent, after retiring from the English Court, was kindly received by the Prince and his wife. He in return cleared away the only cloud that rested between them by pointing out to Mary what would be her husband's position whenever she became Queen of England. Upon thoroughly realizing that, although she were queen, he would not share her throne, Mary charged the divine to inform the Prince of her intention, whenever the throne of England became hers, to induce her Parliament not only to give the royal title to her husband, but even to transfer to him by legislative act the administration of the Government; an intention she fully adhered to, and carried out to the happiness of England. Thus did we gain the rule of a prince, who, to quote the historian's words, "Like his great grandfather, the 'Silent Prince,' who

founded the Batavian Commonwealth, occupies a far higher place among statesmen than any warrior." At eighteen William was seen "sitting among the Fathers of the Commonwealth, grave, discreet, and judicious as the oldest among them. At twenty-one, on a day of gloom and terror, he was placed at the head of the Administration. At twenty-three he was renowned through Europe as a great soldier and a politician. He had put domestic faction under foot; he was the soul of a mighty coalition; and he had contended with honour in the field against some of the greatest generals of the age."

On the 16th October, 1688, the Prince bade farewell to the "States of Holland," "thanking them for the care of him while a child, and the confidence they had reposed in him during his administration, and for the assistance they had granted him at the present crisis. He was perhaps quitting them for ever. Should he fall in his defence of the reformed religion and the independence of Europe, he recommended his wife and children to their care." Public prayers were offered for him in all the churches. His flag was hoisted when he embarked at Helvoetsluys; on it, besides the device of the House of Orange, "Je maintiendrai"—"I will maintain,"—was added, "The liberties of England, and the Protestant religion." A gale springing up, the fleet had to put back, and a detention of three days occurred. On the 4th of November, notwithstanding delays and impediments caused by hazy weather, William's yacht anchored

in Torbay: a fragment of the rock he first put his foot upon is reverentially preserved. The 18th of December saw the barge of James, the fallen sovereign, slowly working its way down the river, towards Rochester, while the troops of William poured into London to the sound of joy-bells and the rejoicings of the people, he himself being already in St. James's. Five days later the dethroned King escaped to France. William and Mary were tendered the crown of England on the 13th of February. He was the first of England's rulers who solved the problem of constitutional monarchy, thus making the duties of our princes easy. It became a broad open path for those who followed him, but one he had not found easy. Had it not been for his real ability and genius, he could never have mastered the complicated difficulties of his situation. A Stadtholder in Holland, with all its republican forms, a King of England and Scotland—ruler, in short, of four nations, all with separate interests, jealousies, and animosities—William III. deserves the foremost place of all the English rulers. He was none the less loved in his own country for all these divided interests; albeit his people were inclined to be jealous of his being so much away from them, for the Hague was the scene of real rejoicings and sumptuous festivities, when their Stadtholder, become King of England, returned once more to the home of his fathers in January, 1691. Even the poorer classes, who could not reach him in any other way, skated down the frozen canals from Amsterdam,

Rotterdam, Leyden, Delft, and Haarlem, to welcome him on his arrival at Houslaerdyke.

William never once forgot his hereditary mission—"the protection of the reformed faith." History tells us "his influence with Roman Catholic princes was constantly and strenuously exerted for the benefit of their Protestant subjects." "In the spring of 1691 the Waldensian shepherds, long and cruelly persecuted, and weary of their lives, were surprised by glad tidings. Those who had been imprisoned for heresy returned to their homes. Children who had been taken from their parents to be educated by priests, were sent back. Congregations which had hitherto met only by stealth, and with extreme peril, now worshipped God without molestation in the face of day." The great beauty of William's character was its consistency. Other great names are connected with the Hague, but none touches an English heart like that of William III., for we owe him a deep debt of gratitude. He resembled much in character the noble ancestor who now rests beneath the splendid tomb at Delft.

Like the canals in Amsterdam, those of the Hague are very stagnant, owing to their having no outlet to the sea, but flowing from it. By the aid of a gigantic steam-engine the water is raised from the dams and conveyed to the Vijverberg, whose still waters are thus displaced into the canals, effecting a feeble current through the Hague, and driving a portion into the canal leading to Delft. From the latter place the water barely flows to the borders of the

Meuse and Rotterdam, where it is again pumped up and discharged into the river. Notwithstanding this, the Hague is not so unhealthy a town as Amsterdam. This may be accounted for by its population being considerably under that of Amsterdam, and consequently the amount of impurity received by the canals much less.

As we left the Hague for Delft, we passed, placed on an island, the large building that had once been the Dutch India House, but is now converted into a royal arsenal. It still bears on its front the arms of the old Republic. On the opposite side of the canal stands a very beautifully-ornamented old house; the entire front is covered with coats of arms, wreaths, and floral decorations carved in stone; it must have been at a remote period the residence of some noteworthy person; at the present time it has become a museum.

The highway runs by the side of a large canal shaded with tall, restless poplars, that cast trembling shadows across the road, and are reflected in the water—reflexions which are ever and anon broken through by the passage of a round-stemmed darkly-polished barge, either sailing before the wind, or towed by its owner and his dog; sometimes even the strong wife giving a helping hand. We saw here a novel method employed for watering the roads. A man stands beside the narrow ditch bordering the inner side of the road, and from this he ladles out the green water in a long wooden trough with a handle, its shape resembling a huge marrow-bone spoon. This he swings over the

dusty ground, and woe betide the luckless passer-by. We escaped, but a party of gaily-dressed ladies following us in an open carriage, received by far the larger portion of the contents of his ladle. The man was perfectly impassive, reproaches touched him not. He had his work to do, and done it must be, regardless of inconvenience to others. The sighs and lamentations of a whole carriageful of pretty girls were nothing to him.

Every barge has its family dwelling on board, and each presented its little scenes of domestic life to our amused eye. The children tumbled about, and played on the raised deck over the cabin with the dogs, still in their towing harness, while the mother cooked or worked. The forms of these barges, and their brightly-polished or gaudily-painted hulks, vary pleasantly the monotony of the flat shores. Mats are woven out of the long marsh grasses and reeds in Holland, and form a great article of commerce; boats laden with these, passed us, the inmates, men, women, and children, all busy plaiting them, while those finished, and lately dyed, hung in festoons all about the vessel. As they use a great deal of red, black, and green in their dyes, these festoons added much to the picturesque appearance of the boats. Much of the red and white matting for halls, &c., sold in England as Chinese, is in reality Dutch: they have learnt to copy what at first they imported. The patterns of many of these are exceedingly pretty.



## DELFT.

DELFT is a clean, sleepy old town, having its still canals overhung with large trees and quaint old houses; it is so quiet that it seems but half awake, as if, indeed, it had never recovered from the shock of the terrible crime that had been perpetrated within its walls, or ceased to mourn for the death of a dearly-loved Prince.

We drove to the Prinsenhof (Prince's Court) exactly opposite the "Oude Kerk." It has now become a barrack. A very civil non-commissioned officer received us, and hearing from the driver of our carriage that we wished to go over the place, immediately took us in. Speaking no Dutch ourselves, and he unable to understand French, a consultation held amongst several of them, ended in the arrival of a young officer who, desiring our first acquaintance to follow with the keys, explained everything to us in French, which he spoke fluently. We were shown the dining-room which the Prince had just left with his wife and family, when the assassin's shot struck him down. It remains quite unchanged, and is used as a mess-room. The broad oak staircase, beyond a vestibule, faced us as we came out of the room; it turns slightly inward after ascending the first step, thus forming on the left a slight angle or nook; here is the dark arch leading to a back door in which the murderer concealed himself. The door opens into a lane, through which he passed when

trying to escape to the ramparts, after assuring himself that the shot had taken effect. The unfortunate Prince must have passed so close to the assassin, that the latter had to shrink back into the narrow dark space in order to avoid coming in actual contact with his victim. William had ascended the first three or four steps before the pistol was discharged: the mark of the bullet that passed through him is deeply indented in the wall.

What was in those days the music hall, has now become a "salle d'armes," hung round with the usual foils, wire masks, arms, &c. Nothing could exceed the courtesy of the gentleman who took us over the building. From the house in which this great man had lived, we passed to that where all that remains of him on earth now rests in the "Nieuwe Kerk," under a handsome canopied tomb of black and white marble. There he lies in effigy, with the faithful little dog at his feet that saved his life when the Spanish assassins attempted to enter his tent, under the cover of night, at Malines. The little animal, hearing stealthy footsteps, roused his master by barking and tearing at the bed-clothes until the Prince, who was overfatigued, awoke. It was but just in time that he made his escape. The vaults of the reigning family are beneath this tomb. In death, they all rest side by side with the greatest of their name—one whose life was a ceaseless struggle, conflict, and labour for the welfare of his people and his country.

His political career commenced at a very early age.

A loyal subject of his king, a Roman Catholic by profession, he was eminently tolerant and generous, ever seeking to prevent persecution and save the oppressed. It was during his stay in France, as one of the hostages for the execution of the treaty of Château Cambresis that he became acquainted with the secret conspiracy Philip of Spain and Henry of France were organizing for the massacre of all converts to the reformed faith in both countries. The French monarch, imagining the Prince was a party to the plot, spoke unreservedly to him. The latter, indignant and horrified at the nefarious scheme thus laid before him, concealed his feelings, silently continuing to receive the revelations. Shortly after, requesting permission to return to the Netherlands, he earnestly sought for the means of saving his fellow-countrymen from the terror of the Inquisition. On the 25th October, 1560, he declined any longer to serve as commander, for although a Roman Catholic, he would not be a party to the persecutions he foresaw were coming. He even endeavoured to remonstrate with the King and the Duchess. Ever watchful he marked the progress of events, exerting his energies faithfully to establish religious peace, and at the same time uphold the law and restore order. He succeeded at Antwerp, risking his life in the cause, but felt the time was approaching when he would have to make a more decided choice as to the part he would take in the future; he could not and would not become the tool of a tyranny and cruel persecution he abhorred. He therefore had determined to resist—a resistance that became

the labour of his life : with a fortitude and disinterestedness never equalled did he persevere to the end.

The continued barbarities and oppressions of Alva after having quelled the insurrection in Friesland, aroused the generous nature of the Prince. Up to this period, although professing the Roman Catholic religion, he had never been devout, but now a change came over his mind, he began to inspect more closely the real, essential attributes of Christianity. Step by step advancing, he daily became more allied to the purity of the reformed faith, a faith he at last determined to embrace, but in a spirit that left the most eminent reformers far behind him. Religious liberty, and freedom for all forms of worship, he strove for with calm, unflinching spirit. He urged unity in one common cause against oppression. He saw the clouds gathering, like the Prophet of old, that were to overshadow his country. "If one look into the land, behold darkness and sorrow ;" but he recoiled not from the severe duties or grave character of the undertaking before him. The knowledge that he must stand alone did not daunt him. He was no fanatic, but calmly relied upon the support of his God in all emergencies, and his help in the struggle to save *His* people. Throughout all the trials that beset him during the wildest political storms, his faith never failed him : crushing defeats were met with submission to the Holy will, and he ever pressed onward with the work he deemed had been confided to his care by the Almighty, trusting to that aid which was not denied him at the last.

The 23rd of October, 1573, he publicly attended a Calvinistic meeting, and enrolled himself for life a soldier of the Reformation. Colder and more alienated became his old associates; those who had remained long staunch now fell away from his side; he was left alone to declare war against Alva. He addressed a solemn, eloquent proclamation to the people of the Netherlands. Had it not been for his efforts, it is probable there would never have been a free Netherland Commonwealth. The enthusiastic passion of the people for both civil and religious liberty aided him at this juncture. "This defender of a people's cause set up no revolutionary standard. In all his documents he paid apparent reverence to the King. By a fiction which was not unphilosophical, he assumed that the monarch was incapable of the crimes which he charged upon the Viceroy. Thus he did not assume the character of a rebel in arms against the Prince, but in his own capacity of a sovereign he levied troops, and waged war against a satrap whom he chose to consider false to his master's orders. In the interest of Philip, assumed to be identical with the welfare of his people, he took arms against the tyrant who was sacrificing both."

William assembled nearly thirty thousand men, and thus prepared, stepped forth to battle with the most powerful monarch of the world, and save his own country from that monarch's tyranny. He issued the following proclamation to the inhabitants of the Provinces, dated the 31st August, 1568:—"We, by God's

grace Prince of Orange, salute all faithful subjects of His Majesty. To few people it is unknown that the Spaniards have for a long time sought to govern the land according to their own pleasure. Abusing His Majesty's goodness, they have persuaded him to decree the introduction of the Inquisition into the Netherlands. They well understood that in case the Netherlands could be made to tolerate its exercise, they would lose all protection to their liberty ; that if they opposed its introduction they would open those rich provinces as a vast field of plunder. We had hoped that His Majesty, taking the matter to heart, would have spared his hereditary Provinces from such utter ruin. We have found our hopes futile. We are unable, by reason of our loyal service due to His Majesty, and of our true compassion for the faithful lieges, to look with tranquillity any longer at such murders, robberies, outrages, and agony. We are, moreover, certain that His Majesty has been badly informed upon Netherland matters. We take up arms therefore to oppose the violent tyranny of the Spaniards, by the help of the merciful God, who is the enemy of all bloodthirstiness. Cheerfully inclined to wager our life and all our worldly wealth in the cause, we have now, God be thanked, an excellent army of cavalry, infantry, and artillery, raised at our own expense. We summon all loyal subjects of the Netherlands to come and help us. Let them take heart, the uttermost need of the country, the danger of perpetual slavery for themselves and their children, and of the entire overthrow of the evangelical religion is threatened.

Only when Alva's bloodthirstiness shall have been at last overpowered, can the Provinces hope to recover their pure administration of justice, and a prosperous condition for their Commonwealth."

But I am not going to follow the Prince through his long years of struggles, varying success, and cruel vicissitudes. They are recorded in history, and can be read there. During all that period, unaided as he was, he still diffused through the country a spirit that lifted the people. He himself was sustained by an energy that could only have been given him from the highest source. His position was, indeed, a painful one; wasted in means, looked upon with coldness by friends, and having to bear up against the lukewarmness of partisans, he and his cause became unpopular. Born and educated in princely pomp as a sovereign, he cheerfully gave up all luxurious state, content to accept every privation for the cause he had embraced. The time at last came when his perseverance compassed a country's emancipation, and through trials and difficulties such as no man had ever coped with before, William moulded a Commonwealth. He was, however, pursued by the enduring hatred of Spain. The love borne him by a grateful people could not save him from the secret assassin. Nine times was his life attempted. The two years preceding his death five men had sought to kill him—Jauregny, at Antwerp; Salseda; and Baza, at Bruges. Pietro Dardogno was executed at Antwerp for an attack on the Prince, confessing before his death that he had come from Spain for the sole purpose of destroying him. A

year later Hans Hanzoon, a merchant of Flushing, endeavoured, by placing gunpowder under the Prince's house and in the church he frequented, to compass his death. This man, by his own testimony, had planned the assassination with the Spanish ambassador in Paris. A French prisoner was offered his liberty by Alexander of Parma, on condition that he would poison William; Le Goth was, however, attached to the Prince, and only agreed to the plot that he might have it in his power to warn the victim, which he did, and afterwards remained a faithful servant of the man he was to have killed. Unfortunately the last attempt was but too successful. In the summer of 1584 William resided at Delft with his wife, Louise de Coligny. She had the winter before given birth to a son, the afterwards celebrated Stadtholder Frederick Henry. Gerard Balthazar, the man destined to rob the Netherlands of the wise, much-loved monarch, was sent by the Prince of Parma. Before starting for Delft he had an interview with Councillor D'Assonleville, and by him was desired, if he failed in the attempt, to be very careful not to inculcate the Prince of Parma. On the 11th of April, 1584, D'Assonleville had his last meeting with Gerard, bidding him farewell, adding, "Go forth, my son, and if you succeed in your enterprise the King will fulfil all his promises, and you will gain an immortal name beside." On the Sunday morning, as the bells were calling worshippers to the church, Balthazar Gerard was seen by the sergeant of halberdiers loitering about the courtyard. Asking him what he needed, the Spaniard



replied he was desirous of going to church, but feared in his shabby clothes to join the congregation. The halberdier good-naturedly mentioned the circumstance to his officer, who in turn spoke of it to the Prince himself. The latter immediately ordered a sum of money to be given Gerard, that he might supply himself with proper clothing. Thus the unfortunate Prince paid for the weapon that was to take his life. The next day Gerard purchased the arms he needed from a soldier, who, poor fellow, when he afterwards heard whom they had been used against, stabbed himself in despair. On the Tuesday, the 10th of July, 1584, the Prince, with his wife on his arm, followed by the other members of his family, passed to the dining-room. He wore the wide-brimmed felt hat with a silken cord adopted in the early days of the Confederation of "Les Gueux," a ruff round his neck, from which hung one of the medals also worn by "The Beggars," with the motto, "Fidelis au Rey jusqu'à la besace;" a long leathern doublet and loose surcoat of grey frieze, with slashed hose, completed his costume. At the doorway Gerard presented himself, asking for a passport. The Princess, struck by what she termed so "villanous a countenance," became alarmed. Not so the Prince, who ordered his secretary to see to the matter, and then passed on to the dining-room, which, as I have before mentioned, is on the ground floor, opening into a small vestibule, communicating through an arched passage with the main entrance. Upon the left is the little dark arch. The Prince, coming from

the dining-room, commenced ascending the stairs. Gerard, leaning forward, deliberately discharged the pistol, aiming at the heart. Three balls, poisoned, so the assassin himself averred, pierced the unfortunate Prince's body, one of which passed through him and lodged in the wall behind. As he fell into the arms of Jacob van Maldere, his master of the horse, he exclaimed in French, "God have mercy on my soul! O my God, have mercy upon these poor people!" A few moments later he breathed his last sigh in the Princess's arms. The murderer immediately dashed through the little doorway and out into the lane, but was captured near the ramparts, having stumbled over a heap of rubbish, while flying before his pursuers, and not far from the moat he had intended swimming, a horse being in readiness on the other side. It is needless to say his death was a fearful one, remembering, as we must, the exasperation of the people and the cruel punishments of the period. It was so cruel and fearful a tortured death that I shrink from describing it here, but it can be found in Motley's work, to which I have already referred. He gives, besides the details of Gerard's death, an interesting analysis of the man's character and his almost superhuman courage under torture. A fanatical Roman Catholic, he feigned to be the son of a martyred Calvinist, and one of his followers, that he might thus the more easily obtain access to the presence of his victim. Only just entering life, of small, mean stature, he nevertheless possessed the foresight and cunning that could scheme a well-arranged

plan and the determination that carried it out. For this crime the King of Spain bestowed on Gerard's family the sum he had promised him for the accomplishment of the foul deed, thus crowning the infamy of the whole transaction.

Delft is one of the oldest towns of South Holland, being inferior only to Dordrecht and Haarlem. In the eleventh century Godfrey the Hunchback surrounded it with a wall as fortification, but all its present interest is connected with the memory of "William the Silent." The potteries and various manufactories for which it was once famous have all disappeared; its activity has ceased. In the Nieuwe Kerk is buried Grotius, who nearly suffered death with De Barneveldt and Leuwenhock, the great naturalist, also inventor of the microscope. The Oude Kerk has a fine tomb over the remains of the famous Admiral Tromp (Marten Harpetszoom), who carried a broom at his mast-head, in token of having swept the seas of his English enemies. This gallant old sailor, however, after thirty-two famous sea-fights, was ultimately killed by the English in an engagement midway between the Maas and Schevenning. The tomb is a fine piece of sculpture, worthy of the name it is immortalizing. Some very beautiful old windows, painted by Dyman, dating from the sixteenth century, are found in this church. Delft, like most of the towns of Holland, has added several names to the list of painters. Leonard Bramer, Michiel Miereveld, H. van Vliet, E. van Aalst, P. J. van Asch, and Van Meer are all well known in the world of art.

On our way homewards we encountered a wedding party, a procession of eight old-fashioned cabriolets, each containing two people. The first held the bride and bridegroom; the horse was caparisoned with red and white wreaths; they were twisted round his neck, harness, and reins; even the whip had its coil of flowers; the bride's face almost invisible from the quantity of gold ornaments that covered it; her hair strained back under a beautiful lace cap; broad bands of gold across her forehead, nearly reaching the eyebrows, and on her temples the round gold ornaments worn in this part of Holland. From her ears hung long earrings, while round her throat thick links of gold were fastened by a large clasp of the same precious metal. Many of the other women had equally handsome ornaments. Their fortunes, one would imagine, are thus carried on their persons. This accumulation of wealth does not add to their beauty; it renders the face very harsh. None of the head-dresses in Holland can be called becoming, although characteristic and original.

As the evening mists began to rise we found ourselves once more looking from the windows of our room into the "Voorhout." During the night the watchman came his rounds every quarter of an hour, first springing a wooden clapper, and then calling out the hour with an "All's well!" In the stillness of the night we heard them answering one another from every quarter of the town; for those unaccustomed to the sound it is not conducive of sleep.

A fine equestrian statue of William of Orange, in

the habit of "Les Gueux," is placed near the Palace. It is a handsome, grave, thoughtful face that we are thus shown in bronze. The arms of the town, a stork with a snake, or eel, in his beak, has its legend. Storks, it is averred, once saved the city from inundation, unconsciously warning the inhabitants of decay in one of the principal dykes. Numbers of these birds were seen, day after day, assembling at one particular spot; the embankment examined, soon showed what had proved the attraction; quantities of eels were sheltering amidst the piles, fast decaying—a decay never suspected—and which would soon have yielded to the force of the waters. In commemoration of this event, tame storks are kept in the fish-market at the expense of the town. They are very miserable specimens after those we had seen in a wild state gravely stalking through the meadows.

The Hague is one of the most enjoyable cities in Holland; one could well understand its being a favourite resort with foreigners. The painters, Johannes Van Ravesteijn, Daniel Vertangen, Andreas Schelfhout, C. Van Cuylenbourg, B. Appelmen, J. Van Hagen, H. Van Limborcht, Coenret, Roebel, Mathias Terwesten, Jean le Duck, Louis Moritz, J. S. Van Os, were all born at the Hague.

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## LEYDEN.

ON our way to Amsterdam, we stopped at Leyden, famous for its University, which owes its origin to the long siege it endured from the Spaniards under Valdez, in 1573-4. The town was defended by its inhabitants, who were encouraged by the command of their Burgomaster, Pieter Adrianzon Vander Werf, and John Vander Does: for months they gallantly held out, although reduced both by famine and pestilence. At the last the Prince of Orange determined to call the waters to his aid. The dykes of the Maas and Tjssel were cut, submerging the country between Gouda, Dort, Rotterdam, and Leyden; still this failed to float the Prince's flotilla of 200 boats, manned by 800 Zealanders. The wretched inhabitants could see them from the walls of their town, but were still beyond reach of rescue by the gallant fleet. Maddened and desperate, they demanded bread or the surrender of the city. The gallant Governor sturdily refused. "I have sworn to defend this city," he replied, "and by God's help I mean to keep that oath. Bread I have none; but if my body can afford you relief and enable you to prolong the defence, take it and tear it to pieces, and let those who are most hungry among you share it." A few weeks later the wind changed, and the tide suddenly veered with storms, bringing up the water, which, widening the breaches in the dykes, flooded the country

up to the very walls of the beleaguered city. The suddenness with which the waters rose, took the Spaniards by surprise, and a thousand or more were drowned.

While the flotilla of boats laden with provisions reached the starving people, a fierce battle from the tops of the dykes and branches of the trees, where they had sought shelter from the flood, took place between the Spaniards and the Dutch, ending in the overthrow of the former. To this siege the University owes its birth. The Prince of Orange, as a reward for their bravery, offered the citizens of Leyden the choice of two privileges—either an exemption from certain taxes, or the founding of the University. They chose the latter, a lasting memorial of the gallantry of the people. It has given a long list of distinguished names to the world of letters. Amongst others, those of Evelyn and Goldsmith who studied there. There is an interesting set of museums in this town well worth visiting. Near here the great painter Rembrandt was born, also Luc Jocebez, or Lucas Von Leyden, and Cornelius Englebrectesn, in the fifteenth century; later, J. Van Goyen, William Van Velde, Gerard Dow, Gabriel Metsu, Jan Stein, P. Van Slingelandt, Karl de Moor, G. Miers, and Otto Venius. There are the ruins of an old castle close to the town, by some supposed to have been built by the Frieslanders as early as the fifth century, by others attributed to the Saxons; it resembles those of the same date that we have in England.

Here was born the famous and infamous John Beukels, a journeyman tailor, who, with John Matthias, a baker

of Haarlem, joining the Anabaptists, became possessed with the idea of proselytizing. They established themselves at Munster, in Westphalia. Both endowed with the qualities requisite for desperate enterprises, added to an appearance of real sanctity, they soon gained converts. Among these were Rotham, who had first preached Protestant doctrines in Munster, and Cnipperdoling, a citizen of some standing. They openly taught their opinions, and made several attempts to become masters of the town, in order to get their tenets established by public authority. At last they succeeded during the night-time, with their associates from the neighbouring country, in gaining possession of the arsenal and senate-house. Rushing about with drawn swords, they called upon the people to "repent and be baptized." The senators, nobility, and indeed all who could, fled before the fanatics, leaving the town in their hands. They reconstructed the Government after a form of their own, appointing Cnipperdoling and another proselyte Consuls; this was a mere form, for Matthias really directed their proceedings, uttering his commands as a prophet, to disobey any of which was death. They pillaged churches, sold the property of those who had fled, and dispensed for common use the wealth thus amassed: together they ate at tables prepared in public. The defences of the city were undertaken and carried out with much skilful forethought by bodies of men armed and disciplined. He sent emissaries to the Anabaptists in the Low Countries, inviting them to assemble in Munster. The Bishop of Munster, on the other hand,



gathered together a large army, and advanced on the town. Matthias sallied out at the head of some chosen men, and defeated the Bishop. Intoxicated with his success, he declared his intention of smiting the host of the ungodly with a handful of men, as did Gideon of old. Thirty of them started; all were killed, including Matthias. At first the loss of their prophet occasioned consternation, but John of Leyden soon succeeded him. He merely carried on defensive war, but although less daring than Matthias, he was a far wilder fanatic. Divesting himself of all clothing, he went through the streets, preaching aloud, "that the kingdom of Sion was at hand; that whatever was highest on earth should be brought low, and whatever was lowest should be exalted." That this should be literally carried out, he had the loftiest buildings levelled with the ground, and the senators chosen by Matthias deprived of their positions. Cnipperdoling was appointed hangman, after filling the highest office in this strange Commonwealth. The extraordinary hold their superstitious tenets had on these fanatics, induced them to accept the changes with joy. In place of the deposed senator, twelve judges, according to the number of the tribes of Israel, were appointed to preside over all state affairs, John fulfilling the part of Moses as legislator. However, not satisfied with merely being a prophet, he called the multitude together and declared it had been revealed to him that the will of God was that he should be King on, and sit on the throne of David. Kneeling down, attended to receive the heavenly call, which was

immediately acknowledged by the deluded multitude. With a crown of gold on his head, clad in sumptuous garments, a Bible in one hand, a sword in the other, he assumed all the state and pomp of royalty. Money was coined and stamped with his image. Cnipperdoling, once more restored to power, was nominated Governor of the city as a reward for his submission. John soon began to advocate polygamy, and insisted it was one of the privileges of the saints. He himself began by taking three wives, one of whom was the widow of Matthias, a very beautiful woman, elected her Queen, and had her crowned. The number at last was raised to fourteen, still keeping the Queen above the others. But it was not to be supposed that this would be allowed to continue long. Fifteen months already had they held the city, when in the spring of 1535 the Bishop of Munster sent a force to besiege the town. This proving a failure, he determined to turn the siege into a blockade. The length of the sufferings from the blockade at last began to tell, notwithstanding the encouragement John tried to give them. Those who dared to doubt his mission were put to death ; even one of his own wives suffered death for this. She was made to kneel down in the public square, and her head severed from her body, the multitude dancing round the bleeding corpse. Famine at last did its work, and a deserter from the city delivered it over to the enemy. The two last to suffer were John of Leyden and Cnipperdoling. John was loaded with chains, and so carried from city to city, exposed to insult. He was ultimately brought

back to Munster and put to death, his flesh being torn off him during life by hot pincers. His body was afterwards hung in chains and became food for carrion crows. John was only twenty-six years of age when he died. This is but a brief sketch of the extraordinary man whose name is linked with that of Leyden.

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## H A A R L E M .

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At Haarlem is the old castle in which the unhappy Jacqueline of Holland ended her stormy and luckless career, having returned to it in 1346, after renouncing all claims to her dominions, ceding them to Philip that she might thus save her last and best-loved husband's life. Hers is certainly one of the saddest of the many sad stories history hands us down.

Haarlem supplies nearly the whole of Europe with bulbous roots, tulips, hyacinths, &c.; they were brought to marvellous perfection by the horticulturists of this place two hundred years back, and fabulous prices have been given for particular bulbs. It is said one was purchased for 4400 florins, another for 1300. There is a story told of one man who had succeeded in growing a black tulip; this he sold for 15,000 florins, and the purchaser immediately destroyed it, he being the second possessor of the same treasure, and determining at any cost to be the only one. Anecdotes without end are recounted of this tulip mania two centuries ago, which

has, however, greatly decreased in the present day. Still certain plants command large prices. It is a pretty sight the bright patches of blossom as you pass the different nurseries, where each variety and colour is planted out alone in its allotted place. We were fortunate enough to see them during the season of full bloom, and the ground round about the town was converted into the brightest of floral carpets.

Besides the castle inhabited of old by Jacqueline, there are the ruins of one that belonged to the Count Brederode, who played so prominent a part in the history of Holland and Flanders.

The once famous Lake of Haarlem is now converted into a large tract of cultivated land, covered with farms and hamlets. The drying off of this immense expanse of water is one of the many great works bearing testimony to the energy of the Dutch. It was commenced in 1840, and the bed of the lake laid dry in 1853. Its extent, 45,230 acres; the depth, 13 feet. It was estimated that the contents pumped out amounted to a million tons. At the present time it is kept dry by the aid of three enormous steam-engines, which keep a surface of water in the drains eighteen inches below the general level of the bottom soil. It is not a healthy tract of land, as may well be imagined, and fever, at certain seasons, is very rife.

Passing down the quiet streets, one cannot fail to recall the terrible days, nay, months of suffering endured here during the long siege at the hands of

Duke Frederick, three centuries ago. For seven weary months even the women and children helped to keep the enemy at bay. With a tenacity and valour scarcely ever equalled was the struggle carried on. Harassed, starved, reduced, they still had energy enough not only to meet and undermine again the mines of the Spaniards, but, in addition, to build a fortification *within* the outer ravelin, knowing that this could no longer bear another assault. The 31st of January, 1573, the Spaniards, after nearly three months' bombarding, made their night assault, and were received with alarm-bells ringing, burning missiles, hot pitch, and every available weapon that could be mustered by the besieged. When the ravelin was gained, the enemy found themselves before the second rapidly-constructed fortification bristling with cannon. In the meantime the Haarlemers, having previously undermined the old ravelin, blew it up with all the Spaniards who had carried it. For a time this caused a cessation of hostilities, but not for long. The attacks were again renewed, and cruelties practised to prisoners on both sides worthy of that barbarous age. Notwithstanding all his endeavours the Prince of Orange failed in his attempts to send either relief or troops to the famishing city. After unheard of miseries the brave citizens had to surrender on the 12th July. Regardless of all the promises made by Duke Frederick two thousand three hundred of the vanquished, already half dead from famine, were put to death by his orders. The executioners, at last

weary of the one mode of getting rid of their victims, varied it by binding many of them back to back, and casting them into the lake. Twelve thousand of the besieged army had died in the meantime from wounds and want.

A. Van Ouwater, Diereck Stuerbout, J. Mastaert, as far back as the fifteenth century, and J. Wynants, Dick Van Bergen, A. Brouner, J. Van Huchtemburgh, K. Begyn, or Bega, the two Wouvermans, Nicolas Berchem, S. and Jacob Ruysdael, P. Molyn, nicknamed "Tempesta," and J. Barkheyden, are the names of the most famous painters born in Haarlem.

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## AMSTERDAM.

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THE first line of railway constructed in Holland was the one by which we reached Amsterdam. Fifty years ago this part of the country presented but an unreclaimed swamp, with the waters of the lake on one side, while the other was washed by the waves of the Ij. The whole has now been reclaimed, and filled in at an immense outlay of expense and labour. The bridge thrown over the Spaarne, which the railway crosses, has its two centre arches so constructed that they can be opened to allow the passage of ships. At Halfney there is "a portage in the canal, here interrupted by the enormous sluices which, previous to the drainage, separated the waters of the Ij from those

of the Haarlem Lake. The effect of opening them, and allowing the waters of the Ij to enter the Haarlem Meer, would have been to submerge a great part of the province of Holland to a distance of thirty miles with an inundation covering not only the meadows, but even the dykes themselves. The height of the water is regulated by means of sluices and gauge-posts, marked with very minute divisions; and the greatest attention is paid to the state of the waters at this particular spot. It is one of the principal stations of the water Staat. The safety of Amsterdam and the surrounding country from inundations depends upon the management of these sluices."

Amsterdam takes her place in the history of Holland long after Haarlem, Dordrecht, Leyden, and others. It was merely a fishing village in the twelfth century on the banks of the Amstel, and protected by the hereditary castle of the Lords of Amstel. The first attempt at a town was when Gilbert II., Lord of Amstel, built a palisade round it to keep off the Frieslanders. Little by little it increased, the people constructing walls, dams, and fortifications. It is to the persecutions by the Spaniards that Amsterdam owes the commencement of a prosperity that has ever been increasing. The tyranny of Spain driving the persecuted Reformers from Antwerp and other Flemish cities, they sought refuge in Amsterdam, bringing with them their manufactures, industry, and patient energy. On the commercial ruins of Antwerp and Bruges rose the foundations of one of the richest cities of Holland and now

its capital. It is one of the most wonderful cities of Europe, and is often called the Northern Venice. It cannot attempt to rival in beauty the fair Queen of the Adriatic, who even in her busiest commercial days claimed to be a city of palaces. Like her it certainly rises from the sea, and like her during her mercantile prosperity it traded with the whole world; but here the resemblance ceases. Amsterdam is the greater triumph of man's indomitable skill: albeit Venice is fairer to the eye. The little river Amstel divides the city, the eastern portion being called Oude Zijde (old side) as the earliest constructed; the other the Nieuwe Zijde. Ninety canals intersect the city, cutting it up into islands connected by 334 bridges. The canals are bordered on one or both sides, with avenues of trees, fine houses, and spacious warehouses. They are all so much alike that it is difficult for strangers to find their way about the town. There is no tidal rise and fall in these canals. Artificial circulation, by the aid of steam, is therefore in some had recourse to, as at the Hague, while others are somewhat benefited by the sluices at high water that admit the Amstel being closed for awhile, and allowing the sea-water to circulate until again expelled by the river. All the drainage of the city finds its way into these canals, and the result of the system is very *perceptible* when the barges are passing, and the foul deposit is disturbed by the long poles with which the boats are propelled. The effluvia is sometimes intolerable to strangers. In some places the surface of the water is covered with an iridescent



film that is terribly tell-tale, and prevents any surprise being felt at hearing that Amsterdam is the most unhealthy of the Dutch cities.

As we passed along the quay we remarked an old round tower looking seawards. This was built in the year 1482, and goes by the name of the "Tower of Tears" ("Schreyers toren"), as here all partings took place before the sailing away of the ships. It probably owes its origin to the defences of the harbour, as do the two others at different points, namely, the "Muts toren," which formed part of a fortress, and the "Montalbaans toren," situated on the "Oude Sehars" Canal, which also formed part of a fortification erected in 1512.

On the principal dyke traversing the city stands the palace, besides other large and handsome buildings. Its only remarkable beauty is the fine white marble hall, 120 feet long, 57 wide, and 100 feet in height. It is decorated at both ends with old flags and banners captured from the Spaniards. The bas-reliefs in marble were executed by Artus Quellin, and, like everything he did, are very good. This edifice stands, or rather rests upon 13,695 wooden piles driven 70 feet deep into the shifting soil. As at Rotterdam, in consequence of this unstable foundation, we saw entire streets with their houses leaning at dangerous angles; but it appears to cause no alarm, as these were all inhabited from the cellars to the topmost story. Beneath every house are found cellars that shelter whole families and trades,

house room is so valuable. On the iron rails of the worn steps leading to these wretched dens they improvise stalls, on which are exposed the goods for sale.

The Jews' quarter is densely populated, and filthy. We drove through it; and as the crowds were great, and the encumbrances many, our progress was slow, the excursion anything but pleasant. Amsterdam counts, besides her own population, 35,000 Jews. Many of the richest merchants are of that nation. From the earliest days in the history of Flanders and Holland these people have aided and shared in the prosperity of both countries.

The "Oude Kerk" has some beautiful windows, both in form and colour, dating from the sixteenth and seventeenth century. Three of these are by Dyman, scriptural in subject, and surpassing anything we had yet seen. Others are historical, and also rich in the deep subdued hues of the glass of that period. Numberless tombs of gallant admirals adorn this church.

The "Nieuwe Kerk" well repays the trouble of a visit, although the churches of Holland are very inferior to those of Belgium. This one has a beautiful brass screen and carved pulpit. At the far end of the church is erected the tomb of (Michiel Andriaanzon) Admiral Ruyter, who sailed with his fleet up the Thames, burning the ships laying at Chatham, bombarding the river, and threatening the Tower, while Charles II., with his courtiers, amused himself chasing a moth round the dining-room. The Admiral is re-

presented resting with his head upon a cannon. There are many others besides his, and all raised to the memory of men who have done good service to their country. In this church the inauguration of the sovereigns takes place.

The "Wester Kerk" holds all that remains of the great painter, Rembrandt. He lived the greater part of his life in this city, dying much impoverished in the poorest quarter, called the Roosgracht. Another painter, Nicolas Berchem, also rests in this church.

It is in Amsterdam that the great diamond cutting-mills are to be seen. These establishments belong to Jews, who for a long period were the only people acquainted with a secret which only became known to Europe during the fifteenth century.\* These mills employ an immense number of hands. One alone has 500 always at work. All the best cut diamonds of commerce pass through these establishments, to say nothing of well known—indeed they may be called historical—stones that have been entrusted to the workmen of this city. Besides the cutting of precious stones, the people of Amsterdam have other manufactures specially their own; some, indeed, supposed to be their secret. Their manufactures of cobalt, vermilion, rouge, white-lead, are extensively known; also that of aquafortis, with scents and essential oils, originally learnt from the Jews of old. The refining

\* In 1576 Louis Berguem was the first to discover the art of cutting diamonds, and polishing them with their own dust. 10,000 workmen are employed throughout the different workshops at this employment, 9000 of whom are Jews.

of borax and camphor is much carried on here, and forms a large item in their commerce.

This country dates the commencement of its commercial prosperity to that time when the cruel tyranny of Spain tried to crush out the life and energy of the people it oppressed. In the fifteenth century the trading vessels of the Dutch resorted to Lisbon, there receiving the products of India, Ceylon, &c., brought from thence by Portuguese traders. An advantageous trade was thus established between the two countries; but Philip, on acquiring the kingdom of Portugal, enraged at the revolt of the United Provinces of the Netherlands, and their abjuring their alliance, determined to punish them by striking a blow at their commerce with Portugal. In 1594 he prohibited all trade with the Dutch, laid embargoes on their ships found in port, and imprisoned the merchants and crews, subjecting them to the Inquisition as heretics. This harshness, instead of subduing their spirit of enterprise, only stimulated them to further expansion, and from then dated their expedition to India, which ultimately led to their securing so good a footing in that country, and the destruction of the Portuguese monopoly in the East. In less than a year from the time of Philip's prohibition the Dutch had formed a company called "Het Maatschappy van verre landes," or "Company for distant lands." In 1595 Cornelius Houtman took charge of the first fleet of Dutch merchantmen round the Cape of Good Hope. Although the English were the first to take formal

possession of the Cape, its colonization is due to the Dutch. After Vasco de Gama's discovery of a passage to India, it became a temporary rendezvous for all European mariners. Despatches for the Dutch and English East India Companies' ships were secreted there by captains of outward-bound ships, inscriptions and cairns marking the spot where they would be found; and letters, registers, &c., were thus taken up by homeward-bound vessels. In 1650 Van Riebeck, a surgeon of one of the Dutch Government India ships, suggested the planting a colony out there. One hundred men, and the same number of women, were therefore dispatched from the "House of Industry" in Amsterdam to this far-distant home. How the little colony increased and flourished is well known.

Not satisfied with having added the Cape and India to their mercantile connection, they sent expeditions to Java, Moluccas, and China. 1602 saw the arrival of Admiral Spilberg at the Port of Batticoloa, Ceylon, from which more than fifty years later the Dutch expelled the Portuguese.

Again was it the Hollanders who commenced commercial relations with Japan—Nagasaki the port they selected. Jealously watched by the Japanese Government, they were never allowed to penetrate into the interior, but confined to Decima, a small detached portion of land at the termination of an isthmus. On the arrival of the first Dutch merchantman the Governor of Nagasaki was asked where the foreign traders should remain. Opening his fan he ran his

finger down the narrow sticks, stopping at the end of the handle, thus intimating it was at the end of the narrow belt of land they were to be quartered. Strictly was the isolation kept up, the Dutch and their factories shut in by large gates.

To one William Barentez, while in search of a passage to the North Pole, is due the discovery of the whale fisheries.

A walk along the busy quays showed us how the old enterprising spirit has lived on, and its results in the thousand craft waiting only for their freights, to sail away. Two enormous basins have been built for the reception of ships—the “Oostelijk” and the “Westelijk,” capable of holding 1000 vessels.

Not satisfied with having constructed, with an engineering skill rarely met with out of Holland, the canal from the Helder to Bucksloot, on the north shore, opposite the city, they are now, fearing that their commerce might suffer from the development of the railway system, constructing a sea canal, a short cut to the North Sea. This, when completed, will be a wonderful work in all its details of sluices, locks, &c. Later it is proposed to enclose and pump out all the water between the banks of the new canal and the Ij and Wyker Meere, thus gaining another triumph over the sea.

We met the “Aanspreker” flitting about like a bird of ill omen, calling at different doors announcing a death. This man’s office is that of undertaker, and intimator of death to the family and friends of the

deceased. He wears a peculiar dress, black tail-coat, knee-breeches, black stockings, and three-cornered hat, with a streaming black hatband and short cloak. The number of these men seen bent on their sad missions tended to confirm what we had heard of the unhealthiness of this city.

Amsterdam has numberless admirable charitable institutions — orphanages, asylums for the aged and indigent, the insane, and the sick. There is a very fine building, an almshouse or hospital for Protestant old men and women, looking on the Amstel. There is also another good institution, namely, the “Proveniers Huizen,” or “Providers’ houses,” which, for a comparatively small sum, maintains both men and women who are no longer able to work. Many masters provide a home thus for their old servants. The “Maatschappy tot hut Van’t algemen,” or “Association for the promotion of the public weal,” is most useful. Its object is the instruction and improvement of the lower classes, promoting education for the young, improving all school books, establishing Sunday schools, and ultimately providing for the children. Added to these they have book societies, lectures, &c., savings’ banks, and schools of art. Finally, a society for awarding rewards and medals to those who save life. These are only a few of the many praiseworthy institutions to be found here. The poor are well cared for, and the wealth gained by these indefatigable merchants is not grudgingly denied their poorer brethren.

Many recipients of these different charities are dis-

tinguished by a peculiar costume, such as one of the orphan institutions. The children belonging to this wear a parti-coloured dress, one half red, the other black; others, again, are grey, brown, of peculiar cut, or quaintly antique, like our own Blue Coat boys. The children are allowed to wander the streets at certain hours, and this marked uniform enables the authorities to have them under a certain amount of surveillance; thus they cannot go into "drink-shops" or disreputable places without detection, leading to a curtailment of their own liberty, and the imposition of a heavy penalty on those who receive or induce them to enter such resorts.

On the different canals one may study the various phases of a trader's prosperity. One sees them here of all degrees. A young man marries, buys a small flat-bottomed boat, with a cabin about the size of a dog-kennel; with the wife, he takes a dog to guard them at night and help drag the boat with his master by day. The little craft is freighted with some humble wares; the wife makes her home in the cramped cabin, while owner and dog drag her up the canals to market. If they prosper, they shift little by little into larger barges, until at last they arrive at the dignity of a mast and sail: then the man sits at the helm smoking, while the dog, no longer doomed to harness, shares his master's improved circumstances, and fraternizes with the little ones seen clustering above the now commodious cabin. But it is a hard life before they reach this prosperous stage, and it is very distressing



to see them dragging their boats for hours against the current, easing their chests from the pressure of the towing-rope, their bodies bent nearly double contending with the stream.

Above the doors of all apothecaries' and herbalists' shops are placed large grotesque heads, with open mouths and lolling tongues, the head often surmounted by a fool's cap gaily painted. I could not ascertain the origin of the heads over these particular shops. They are called "Gappers." The "Spiegless," or mirrors, two or three at different angles, are before every window, repeating for the inmate of the quiet room the moving panorama of the busy thoroughfare.\*

We reserved our visit to the Museum of Pictures until the last, and were well rewarded for our patience. There we saw one of Rembrandt's famed paintings, well known to his admirers from engravings, which, however, can never give its colour, 'The Night Watch,' occupying the whole end of one of the rooms; all the figures are portraits: no description could give an idea of the grouping of the whole, or the effect of light and shade. The red glow from the lanterns carried by the foremost groups, and falling in flickering or ardent patches upon the crowd following, is such as Rembrandt alone could depict. Opposite to this, and somewhat larger, is a splendid picture by Barthelomeus Vander Helst. It represents the ban-

\* Amsterdam was the chosen resort of many English exiles. Argyle's expedition *via* Scotland was planned here, and he sailed from the "Zuyder Zee" in 1685. How disastrously that ended with his death on the scaffold, we all know.

quet of the City Guard of Amsterdam after the celebrated Treaty of Munster, in 1684. There are several portraits by this master, besides those by Rembrandt and others, that should be seen by all lovers of art. The vitality of these Dutch and Flemish portraits is unequalled: beautiful and life-like as are many of the old Spanish and Italian portraits, they cannot be compared to these at Amsterdam,—the faces here have such wonderful individuality, such truth. The laughing eyes in some are irresistible; you find yourself smiling in return. It is not canvas, but living men that surround you. Jean Steen's famous picture of the 'Lady and the Parrot' is here; also Gerard Dow's precious 'Night School,' protected, as should be anything so valuable, by glass. There are five different effects of light in this at first apparently dark painting. It is only after some seconds that the glow of light pervading some parts of the picture is realized. The numbers in this museum that claim notice are so great that the task at last becomes hopeless, and one is fain to give it up. To thoroughly enjoy all that is so well worth seeing would require several visits. I can only advise artists, and those really fond of art, to pay a visit to Holland and Belgium; they will be well repaid; the distance is short, and the journey easy,—by some routes inexpensive; and no one could ever forget what they had seen in these two countries. The very list of painters' names belonging to Amsterdam promises well. Although two centuries later than her old rivals, Antwerp and Bruges,

in giving her sons to the world of art, she compensated for the delay by their goodly numbers; Pierre Aertszen, Peter Schilder, known as "Long Peter" from his height, and Derk Barentez, were born in this city in the sixteenth century; later occur the names of J. Greffier, the "Brother Adrian," Van de Velde, Philip Vandyke, called "The Little," in contrast to the great master, J. Beerstralen, L. Backhuizen, Karl du Jardijn, J. Van Huyssum, S. and Philip Koninck, J. Lutma, Aart, and Eglan Van de Neer, Reemier Nooms, R. Buysch, J. Van der Bent, Renier Zeeman, C. Troost, Adrien Backer, J. B. Weenix, J. Van Kessel, G. Van der Eckhout, Derk Dolens, J. Beerstraatin, M. Carré, J. de Wit, W. Kalf, Isaac Moucheron, Peter Naso, P. Van Hillegaard, A. Stork, Jurriaan Andriessen, Torenburg, and Julius Quinkard.

Of course, it was deemed impossible we should leave Holland without paying a visit to the little model village of Broek. We therefore crossed the gulf of the Ij, and, after some tumbling, for there was a rough sea running up from the Zuyder Zee, we landed at Zaandam. In severe winters the navigation in this gulf is impeded by the floating ice; sometimes it is frozen over, as was the case in 1794-5, when the Dutch fleet, becoming immovably bound up in the ice, fell into the hands of the French cavalry and artillery that crossed the frozen surface of the Ij, under the command of De Pichegru.

Zaandam is a curious little place, consisting mostly of wooden houses and heaps of sand, every house painted

a light-green, pink, or yellow. This place was, for a short time, the abode of Peter the Great of Russia, who there studied the art of boat building. The number of windmills equalled that of the dwelling-houses. It is a low, flat, uninteresting place, and we were detained longer than we wished owing to a marriage. The happy couple were in the kirk, and all the available carriages had been engaged by the wedding company. We were assured matters would not take long, as all the *convives* belonged to the place, and the carriages really were needed but to enhance the effect of the affair. So we sauntered off, and endeavoured to wile away the time by walking through the place,—narrow, ill-paved or not-paved streets, cut up by frequent canals and muddy salt-water pools, into which the tide was sucked and disgorged twice a day, the fetid steam rising up under the hot sun, shedding malaria and fever abroad. A very short excursion through the streets satisfied us, and we were glad to stand and face the breeze from the sea, waiting for the carriage. At last the one that had conveyed the happy pair home rattled up to our rescue, the horses gaily decked in red harness thickly embroidered with glittering white cowrie shells, bells, and other ornaments. The driver, equally smart, with a broad-brimmed felt hat turned up at the side with a thick scarlet cord and huge tassel. He presented such a festive appearance that all the children and dogs of the place turned out to admire and see us jingle off on the road to Broek,—a road that was carried along the top of an immense broad dyke, keeping out the

sea on one side. The shore was strengthened by large blocks of shelving stone and poles; on the land side were long grey pools edged with reeds, and swarming with midges; beyond these, again, rich pastures filled with grazing cattle. Several of the Zaandam carts, or light waggons, passed us: they are remarkably picturesque. Somewhat shaped like old Roman cars, they are elaborately carved with wreaths of flowers or other designs, even to the spokes of the wheels, and coloured accordingly; therefore a bright yellow cart would have its wreaths painted with green leaves and red flowers, &c. The horse appears to be placed uncomfortably near his work; some are between ordinary shafts, others have a curious short, crooked pole rising in front, which the driver directs with his foot. As these require great skill in driving, accidents often occur. The horses are handsomely shaped, heavy, and thick-set. On first leaving Zaandam there hung a heavy marsh fog over everything.

“It had caught the nodding bulrush tops,  
And hung them thickly with diamond drops.”

The cobwebs suspended from the tall thistles and marsh plants looked as if spun in pure silver; but as the day grew older

“A wind came out of the sea,  
And said, O mists make room for me.”

And slowly the fog rolled away, the sun shining out bright and clear, cheering up the prospect. The wind that had shifted came straight to us across the

marshes from the North Sea; a wind that carried the brine from the salt sea with it. We could taste it on our lips. Although it obliged us to wrap our cloaks tightly round us, we did not feel inclined to quarrel with its freshness, after the stagnant canals of Amsterdam. The sun glistened on the highly-varnished brown and green tiles roofing the sparse houses. Above the crisp waves the sea-gulls circled and swooped; at one moment appearing dull grey birds, the next, as they turned into bright sunlight, silver birds, with golden wings, while flocks of curlews hovered overhead, uttering their wailing notes, like spirits in pain. There was little variation in the scene; a few fishing hamlets, with nets spread out to dry, and dreary sand-heaps. The cattle warmly clothed, and the distant ships rejoicing in the breeze that had sprung up, was all we saw until we reached Broek. The keen air and long drive lead us to seek for breakfast in a small house on the edge of a long canal, at the entrance to the village. Some delicious coffee, and home-made bread, with cream and cheese such as are only met with in a dairy country, were placed before us on a dark, highly-polished wooden table, the whole furniture of the room being of the same wood. The hostess stood smiling before us, watching our satisfaction: a short black stuff skirt, buckled shoes, blue stockings, a brightly-striped apron, and a kerchief folded over her broad shoulders, long gold earrings, a broad necklace of gold and beads, with the usual forehead and temple plates of gold,

while large-headed pins of the same metal held up the long flaps of her handsome lace cap.\* We had ample time to study all the details of her dress, and give it the amount of admiration it deserved. The good woman attended to us with a kindness that was very pleasant.

Broek is in itself an absurd little place. In fact, if I may venture to say so, it is a complete "take in." Albert Smith used to tell wonderful stories about it. It may have changed since then: certainly we could see nothing to attract visitors. There is, indeed, one house kept in order for exhibition, and can only be accepted as such. All the front doors of the houses remain closed. They are never opened save for the first entrance of the owner on taking possession, and when he last leaves for a still smaller abode, with the exception of a marriage or christening. For ordinary traffic the back-door is used. Windows are never opened for fear of dust. Carriages never disturb the quiet, as the streets are too narrow to admit them. Notices are posted at every corner, prohibiting the use of tobacco. Shoes are to be left at the outer door; "cows have their noses wiped, and their tails tied up," if one is to believe all the stories told. The whole place was so quiet that it appeared asleep. The old witch, with her sharp distaff of the fairy tale had been apparently at work here. Will there ever be a prince bold enough to face the swampy ditches and break the spell? One of our party saw an old

\* Some of these head-dresses cost from 1 to 2000 guilders!

man emerge from a back-door, and we passed a small boy weeding between some round pebbles that were laid down in patterns, such as we see in the gardens of small suburban retreats round about London, and here in the guide-books termed a "mosaicd" pavement. We stood to watch the only bit of life we had found in this stupid place from a rustic bridge that was thrown across an apology for a stream. Beneath us floated a flat-bottomed boat, moored to some overhanging willows. In it sat a very dirty man fishing for eels. He seemed half asleep under the spell that overhung the whole place — "A land where all things seemed the same." Agreeing between ourselves that we had taken a long drive for nothing, we retraced our steps to find, as we came opposite Amsterdam, the sun setting in golden glory behind the long panorama of city and crowded shipping that we looked upon across the gulf; the distant spires, tipped with fire, and the tall masts, with their delicate cordage, looking like cobwebs in their interlacing against the radiant colours of the western sky.

Our six weeks' holiday needed but a few days to its termination, and therefore the next day we left this strange city of the sea, gazing back with mingled feelings of admiration and fear, for did we not know that its safety alone depended upon the watchfulness and skill of its engineers? If but one of those immense dams, two of which have been added since 1851, and constructed with huge flood-gates to withstand the pressure of the sea, were to yield, the whole city would



be inundated. The cost of this incessant struggle with the sea amounts to several thousand guilders *daily*. Much of this extraordinary country towards the coast is lower than the adjacent ocean—thirty and more feet at high-water mark.

Thinking, therefore, of the danger ever overhanging the vast multitudes we had seen during our pleasant stay in the “Northern Venice,” as it is styled, we left it with a feeling akin to sadness.

“My pen is at the bottom of a page,  
Which being finished, here the story ends;  
'T is to be wish'd it had been sooner done,  
But stories somehow lengthen when begun.”

THE END.







