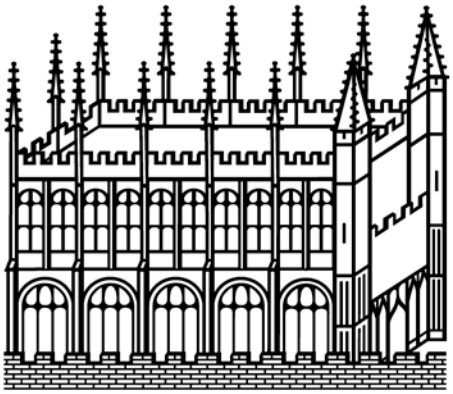

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THE DEAD CITIES

OF THE ZUYDER ZEE

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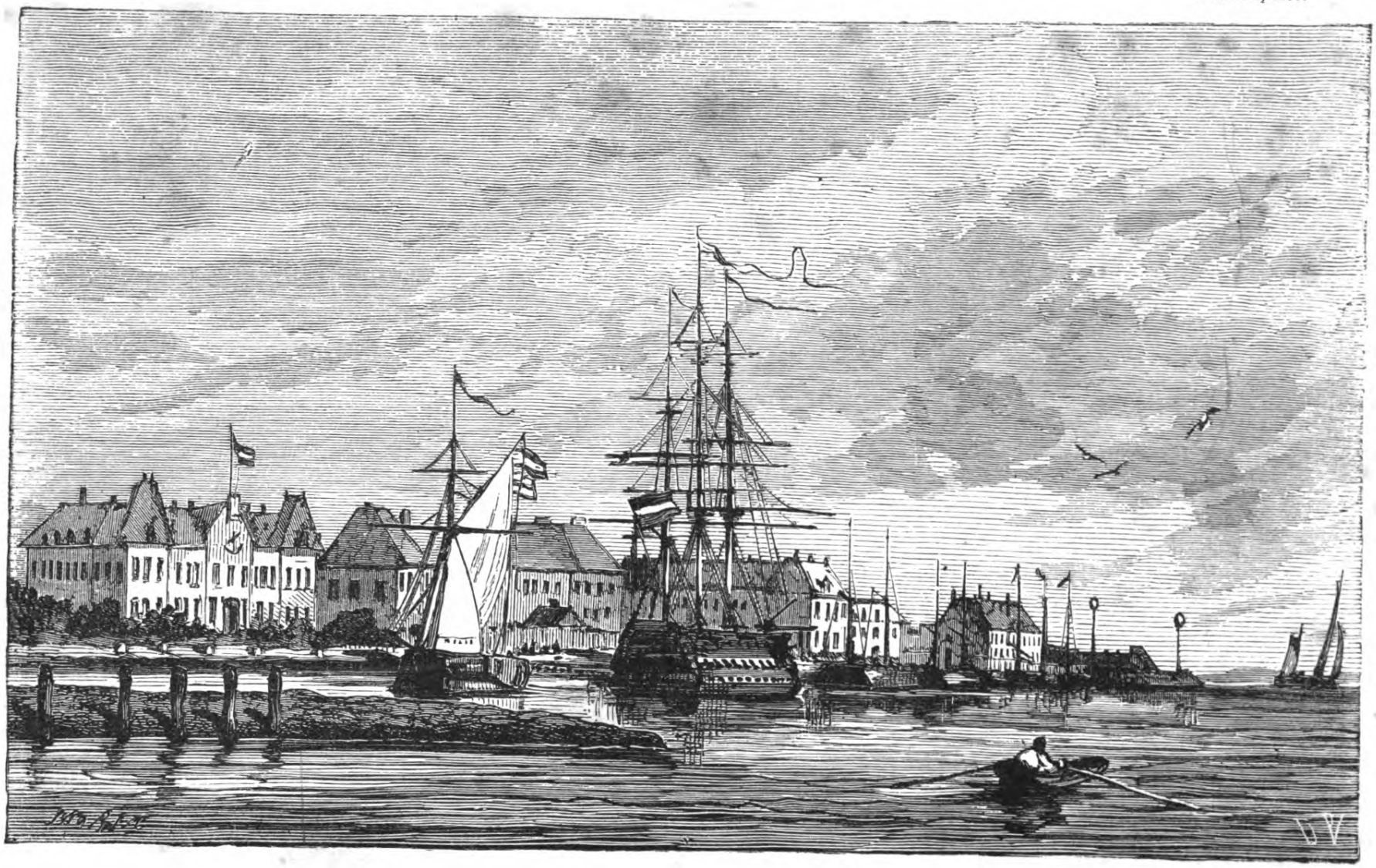
THE

DEAD CITIES OF THE ZUYDER ZEE

LONDON : PRINTED BY
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE
AND PARLIAMENT STREET



SEA-VIEW OF NIEUWE-DIEP

THE

LAST CITIES OF THE ZULU LAND

A VOYAGE TO THE PRETORIA

SALT PAN TRANSVAAL

FROM THE FRENCH OF HENRY HAVARD

BY

ANNIE WOOD

[illegible]

New and revised Edition

LONDON

RICHARD BENTLEY & SON, NEW BURLINGTON STREET

Publishers in Ordinary to Her Majesty the Queen

1876

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THE

DEAD CITIES OF THE ZUYDER ZEE

A VOYAGE TO THE PICTURESQUE
SIDE OF HOLLAND

FROM THE FRENCH OF HENRY HAVARD

BY

ANNIE WOOD

ILLUSTRATED by VAN HEEMSKERCK VAN BEEST and HAVARD

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203. f. 565.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

In this sketch of a voyage to the Dead Cities of the Zuyder Zee, we have desired to describe a country of which little has been published up to the present day. The favourable reception our book has met with, both in France and abroad, has largely compensated us for our labours.

Some errors crept into our first edition, which we have now corrected. We have received some further letters complaining of errors. One or two of these are worthy of notice. In one our correspondent asks whether we are certain that there is a peal of bells in the Campanile of the Sassenpoort of Zwolle. Frankly, our memory is defective on this point; but our correspondent, who, we have no doubt, is a native of Zwolle, observes: 'I know very well our town once possessed a peal of bells, but the peal was long since sold to the burgesses of Amsterdam, and is now in the Westerkerk. To vex the *Zwollenarens*, the Amsterdamers paid in brass money, which was so

troublesome to count that the fingers of the counters turned blue; from whence it arises that even to the present day the inhabitants of Zwolle are nicknamed bluefingers, "*Blauwvingers.*"' He adds: 'This same Sassenpoort served as a trap to Charles Egmont, Duke of Gueldres, who came to Zwolle to make a treaty with the inhabitants. They opened the outer gates only, and shut them as soon as the Duke was inside. To recover his liberty, the Duke was obliged to sign a treaty very favourable to the inhabitants.' Our readers, therefore, must remember that the Sassenpoort has but one bell, and when there they will also bear in mind the trap into which the Duke of Gueldres fell.

Another letter calls our attention to the History of Religious Orders. Our correspondent is a young archivist of the town of Kampen, of whose works we have favourably spoken in our history. The page[1] to which he refers is as follows: 'The terrible ravages of the contagious malady which in 1348 and the following years desolated Italy, France, England, Germany, and the North of Europe (called the Black Pest), induced Clement VI. to grant indulgences to all those who aided the sick, either spiritually or temporally. Thence arose the order of the "Cellites," sometimes called Meiciens and Lollards. A century later their institution, which observed the rules of St. Augustin, was approved

[1] *Histoire des Ordres Religieux*, by M. Henrion. Page 76.

of by Pius II. about the year 1460. These Cellites occupied themselves with the sick, especially those attacked by contagious maladies ; the insane were particularly cared for. They also buried the dead, thus fulfilling the humble duties of the Brothers of Charity.'

Our correspondent thinks, therefore, that these Cellites or Cellebroeders formed a distinct order from the brothers of common life (Fratres communis vitæ). This, however, is open to question, the book of Henrion being a very doubtful authority. His history of religious communities is the only part of his work which is clear and the dates of which are precise ; but there are also indications of dates which are, after all, very vague. The two epochs of which he speaks, namely, the foundation of the order and the approbation of Pius II., coincide with all we know of the Fratres communis vitæ, for it was in 1365 and 1368 that Gérard Groot commenced his preachings and founded the religious house of Deventer; and it was in 1462 that Pope Pius II. made regulations for and conferred great favours on the principal religious establishments of the Low Countries. (See page 325 of Henrion.) The error committed by Henrion in confounding the Cellites with the Lollards greatly weakens his testimony, for all the world knows that the Lollards were not a regular religious order, but a heretical sect of which the head was Walter Lollard, born in England, and burnt to

death at Cologne in 1322. The Lollards maintained that the intervention of saints and religious ceremonies were the inventions of the priests. They suppressed the Sacraments of the Church, and amongst them that of 'marriage.' Their number was about 80,000. After the death of their chief they dispersed themselves throughout Europe, and prepared by their preachings for the religious movements of John Huss in Bohemia, and Wickliff in England, and later the Anabaptist movement in Munster.

It is perfectly true that the 'Fratres communis vitæ' devoted themselves in the times of plagues and pestilences, and did their duty, but so did the greater part of the religious communities of the period. Thus they were confounded with the Cellites of whom M. Henrion speaks; but it seems to us that it would be better for this Kampensis (inhabitant of Kampen) only to attribute to the Cellebroeders the same sanctity and erudition which placed the Fratres communis vitæ at the head of the religious corporations, by reason of their charitable works, proper to all religious orders.

We have thus, we trust, corrected our errors, and should we receive notice of others, we will reserve those corrections for some future edition.

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THE

DEAD CITIES OF THE ZUYDER ZEE.

CHAPTER I.

THE PERILS AND DIFFICULTIES OF THE NAVIGATION OF THE ZUYDER ZEE—OUR INSTALLATION ON BOARD OUR SHIP.

THERE is probably no voyage in Europe which, in a philosophical and ethnographical view, presents more interest than the circumnavigation of the Zuyder Zee, and yet this voyage is seldom or never undertaken.

To sail on a sea so newly formed, which has existed but a few centuries, on the coast of which towns once renowned for their wealth and power have risen, and since fallen into senile decrepitude; to visit these ancient capitals, such as Medomblik and Stavoren, before the grass and weeds have totally effaced their walls, and before their names are definitively erased from the map of Holland; to penetrate that strange evolution which constitutes the life of a city, enlarging at the same time that of a nation and a race, is certainly sufficient to excite our curiosity. But, strange to say, it is more than pro-

bable that not ten people in Holland have made this voyage, and among writers and artists I do not know of a single one.[1]

There are two reasons for the neglect by the Dutch themselves of so strange a country. First, they take no interest in that which does not concern their native town or province; and, secondly, the difficulties of the enterprise to be overcome are so great that, unless the sacred fire of curiosity and enterprise is burning in their breasts, their ardour is apt to be damped.

The navigation of the Zuyder Zee is really both difficult and perilous. From an inspection of the ordinary maps of this great sheet of water, we may imagine that we can trust ourselves with all ordinary security on its waves without any fear of rocks or running aground; but the moment we open the charts, or the guides of the mariner, all is changed. We are struck with the configuration of the numerous sand-banks spreading in all directions, leaving between them narrow passages scarcely practicable for even a small embarkation. By the side of a narrow channel from ten to twenty feet deep, we see placed an enormous sand-bank covered with one, two, or three feet of water: the slightest false manœuvre, a mere false turn of the tiller, a sudden gust of wind, and we are on the bank, when probably all is lost. Terrible tales of shipwreck and danger abound in every page of the history of the Zuyder Zee, and in default of written or verbal record, the great carcasses of ships, black and sinister monuments of

[1] The exception to this is 'Rob Roy,' the most artistic and original of modern travellers.—*Translator's Note.*

perils past, silently but surely breaking up or rotting away, realise sufficiently the dangers of this modern sea.

The first obstacle to be encountered in this voyage is the difficulty of obtaining a suitable vessel. There being no regular communications by either sailing or steam vessels along the coasts, a vessel must be hired, a crew engaged, and provisions purchased for the voyage. The ship, (if a 50 or 60 ton vessel, which is most suitable, can be so called), must be of light draught, but big enough to lodge the party even of two or three voyagers. Provisions sufficient for twenty-five or thirty days—the period for which our voyage will probably last—except bread, fruit, and vegetables. Everything that may possibly be required must be provided, even to the water, which is so brackish as to be unwholesome.

Once the boat is ready, the sailors are to be discovered with some difficulty; and it is almost impossible to find a captain or patron who has ever made the voyage of the whole gulf. This is easily explained by the regulations imposed on the navigation of the Zuyder Zee. The patrons are obliged to take out permits, which restrain them within certain limits; beyond which a new permit, costing an additional sum, is necessary, so they rarely leave the district of limited navigation which is familiar to them. Many are born, live, and die on the Zuyder Zee, without having even made the entire voyage.

Thanks to my companion, Van Heemskerck, an old sea-captain, he well knowing these difficulties, discovered with some trouble and search a vessel called a 'Tjalk,' of 60 tons, drawing only three feet

of water. Her captain was a Protestant of the name of Sturing, who had never made the entire voyage, but who had a great desire to make it.

'With God's aid,' said he, 'and a good wind, I think we shall get through this voyage. I only make two conditions. I must judge of the weather myself—that is to say, if it is tempestuous we will not put to sea; and I will not work on Sundays.'

Van Heemskerck told him we were only travelling to see and study the country, and not to brave the elements, and that we consented to his conditions; and so the very next morning we set to work to put our future maritime residence in order.

The size of our vessel, however, required us only to embark a very modest crew, consisting of the wife of the 'schipper' (whence the English name skipper), a child, and a sailor. The 'schipper' and his 'knecht' were young and active, and quite sufficient for the navigation of the vessel. The sailor or knecht was stowed away in the bows, in a miserable hole or bunk. The captain and his wife were lodged aft, in a tiny cabin. A curious existence is that of these poor people, who live on the water, going on shore only accidentally, but never sleeping out of their vessel, which is their floating home; thus passing their lives on the perfidious element which feeds them, and whose bosom they adore.

Having thus lodged our crew fore and aft, we took possession of the middle of the 'Tjalk,' and began our installation. A few old carpets and tapestries were hung up, dividing our part of the vessel into three divisions. The first, which we called our parlour and dining-room, was furnished

with a carpet on the floor, four chairs, and a mahogany table. In a cupboard we placed our crockery and glass, and the little plate we required; but later on we hung our sketches on the tapestry walls, and suspended the curiosities we purchased during the voyage in the towns and villages at which we disembarked from time to time. We thus made our parlour comfortable, and gave it an artistic appearance. The next division was called the kitchen. Here we placed a stove, two shelves or dressers, and a bench; these, with the baskets of provisions and the kitchen utensils, completed the furniture of the second division. The third was our bedroom. Two hair mattresses, placed on two wide planks, made us good beds; and we set sail in the beautiful month of June of 1873.

CHAPTER II.

OUR DEPARTURE—AMSTERDAM AS SEEN FROM THE Y—THE SLUICES OF SCHELLINGWOUDE—THE ZUYDER ZEE—THE FLEVUM OF TACITUS—THE ISLE OF MARKEN.

We left on a Monday morning. Our last arrangements made, we hoisted the two tricolours—the Dutch and French—which blew out in a light breeze, fraternally mixing their colours. The great red sail was hoisted, and, favoured by the breeze, our vessel left the port, and in a few minutes we were in the middle of the Y.

Amsterdam is a marvellous sight, as viewed from the Y. The long black band of buildings, stretching out under a greyish-blue sky of infinite softness, the thousands of high-pitched roofs and gables, and above them the steeples and church-towers displaying their elegant campaniles ornamented with dark balustrades, and the joyous ringing of the many peals of bells, possessed an indescribable charm for us early voyagers. To the right, the squat dome of the Lutheran Church; in the centre, the more elegant but heavy cupola of the King's Palace; on every side belfries and clock-towers, launching high in air their graceful spires, apparently dominating the Protestant churches of the town, which have abdicated the names of the saints under whose invocation they were built and

consecrated, to adopt the more simple names of the East or West Church, New Church or Old Church, &c.

In the front plan, the long narrow houses leaning one against the other, with their thousands of windows framed in white-painted wood, appeared to look curiously at the great gulf which is the source of the riches of this strange city. Some of these houses incline forward and some backward, like a band of tipsy soldiers, from the failure of the foundations of piles on which they are built. The great spreading trees shading the old and massive granite steps and gateways, form a wall of verdure in front, under which we saw circulating numerous promenaders, mixed with groups of sailors, merchants, and the labourers of the port actively following their various vocations.

The seamen seated on the quays, their legs hanging over, or leaning against the black balustrades, have a grave and solemn appearance. All are smoking; indulging in an innocent vacuity of thought; silent but not dreaming. The workmen of the port appeared to perform their labour methodically, without haste. It is an animation which is not exciting, an activity without hurry.

Nearer we see the brightly painted ships, with their red or white sails ; the steamboats throwing up their jets of smoke and steam. We hear the bells on board calling the tardy travellers. Their sound seems to break the monotonous and confused buzz which rises from this great human beehive.

In the distance to the right were high chimneys, mills, and trees; and farther off, Zaandam, with its painted steeple and myriad of windmills.

The sun which brightened this magnificent spectacle, rendered the atmosphere clear and of a silvery transparence; reflected by the water the effect was splendid.

Little by little the landscape faded from our view. The houses grew smaller and smaller; the men disappeared; this marvellous spectacle was transformed; the bright colours so lately separate melted into a bluish-grey cloud; the steeples and towers alone remained visible, but their forms were indistinct, and were at length lost in a pearl-grey vapour, which might have been borrowed from the palette of the old painter Cicéri.

Magnificent spectacle—most assuredly soon to disappear. Seen for centuries by our ancestors, our grandchildren will not know it; they will be told that the green and verdant plain dotted with cattle, visible from the town, was but lately a dangerous little sea. A modest canal will carry away the superfluous waters, and the Y, drained by modern industry, will exist no more save in history.

Our boat is steadily advancing; the meadows spread out on each side of us; Overtoom is seen in the midst of its fields of coleseed; Neuwendam, with its little church, its red roofs and green mills; in the distance, Amsterdam is lost in the haze, and we reach the sluices of Schellingwoude.

These sluices are a magnificent work; few in Europe can compare with them. Their use is to protect the capital of Holland, and their strength is capable of restraining the fury of the Zuyder Zee. These great works of human industry are always imposing. Blocks of granite, imported from distant

countries, piled one upon the other, form an immovable mountain; the great gates, which allow five ships to enter abreast, have something majestic and impressive about them. I know nothing finer than these sluices, save perhaps those of Trollhätten in Sweden. But there another problem had to be solved. At Trollhätten it was necessary to raise up vessels 91 mètres—about 300 feet—to navigate them from the North Sea to the Baltic. At Schellingwoude the sluices simply prevent the encroachments of the sea, which seems in its fury to wear and eat into the soil which it may one day swallow up in an access of anger.

It was necessary to stop at the sluices. Many boats joined us; among them were the fishermen from Marken, returning to their island, and the fishers of Amsterdam, who fish for anchovy; the barrel-formed Tjalks, loaded with merchandise; and the little steamboat which carries passengers and letters for Harlengen. But at length the gates open; the little flotilla, united by the necessities of the moment, sets sail and spreads joyfully in the gulf. We pursue our route bearing to the left, leaving behind us Durgersdam and Ransdorp. We see their steeples and red roofs in the distance; we pass the Pampus, and we double the lighthouse of the Y, and are now in the open sea.

The Zuyder Zee is, as we have said, of recent formation, dating only from the latter years of the thirteenth century. When the Romans invaded this country dark forests covered this immense gulf, bears and wolves disputed with man the meagre resources that hunting could offer him; a great lake—called

Flevo by Tacitus—bathed these forests with its deep and glacial waves; it communicated with the sea by a river, which the Romans named Flevum, which is most probably the Medemelach of the Frisons. This ancient river possibly gave the name to the town of Medemblik; the existence of which river and its course is now only matter of speculation.

The Lake Flevo, swelled by the rivers of Amstel and Yssel, left its bed soon after Nero had turned into the Yssel a branch of the Rhine. Little by little the lake extended its destructive waves, tearing up the forests and transforming its banks into muddy and impracticable marshes; thus breaking up the natural barriers which separated it from the North Sea, it threw open to this sea an immense extent of flat country, of which it took possession by great leaps and rushes.

This wonderful transformation, of which I cannot here recount all the phases, has imparted to the Zuyder Zee a special character. Its shallows are met at every step; its submarine meadows or fields extend as far as the eye can reach; its banks of yellow sand, covered often with only a foot of water, give to the waters of this sea a peculiar colour. Its banks always green and flat, the monotony of the plain being only relieved by a few church-towers which are seen rising here and there in the Polder, or by the almost ever-moving wings of the numberless windmills.

This band of verdure, eternally flat, which extends beyond the limit of sight, has something tranquillising in itself. In presence of this unbroken horizontal line we seem neither to require to think nor to act; a strange feeling of general quietude steals over

and takes possession of us. We submit to the charm of this strange impression—this dream, so soft, so calm, resembling almost the calm of death; and we can understand that a race which for years has had before its eyes so singular a spectacle has abdicated its former violent and impetuous character, to abandon itself to calm reflection and peaceful labour.

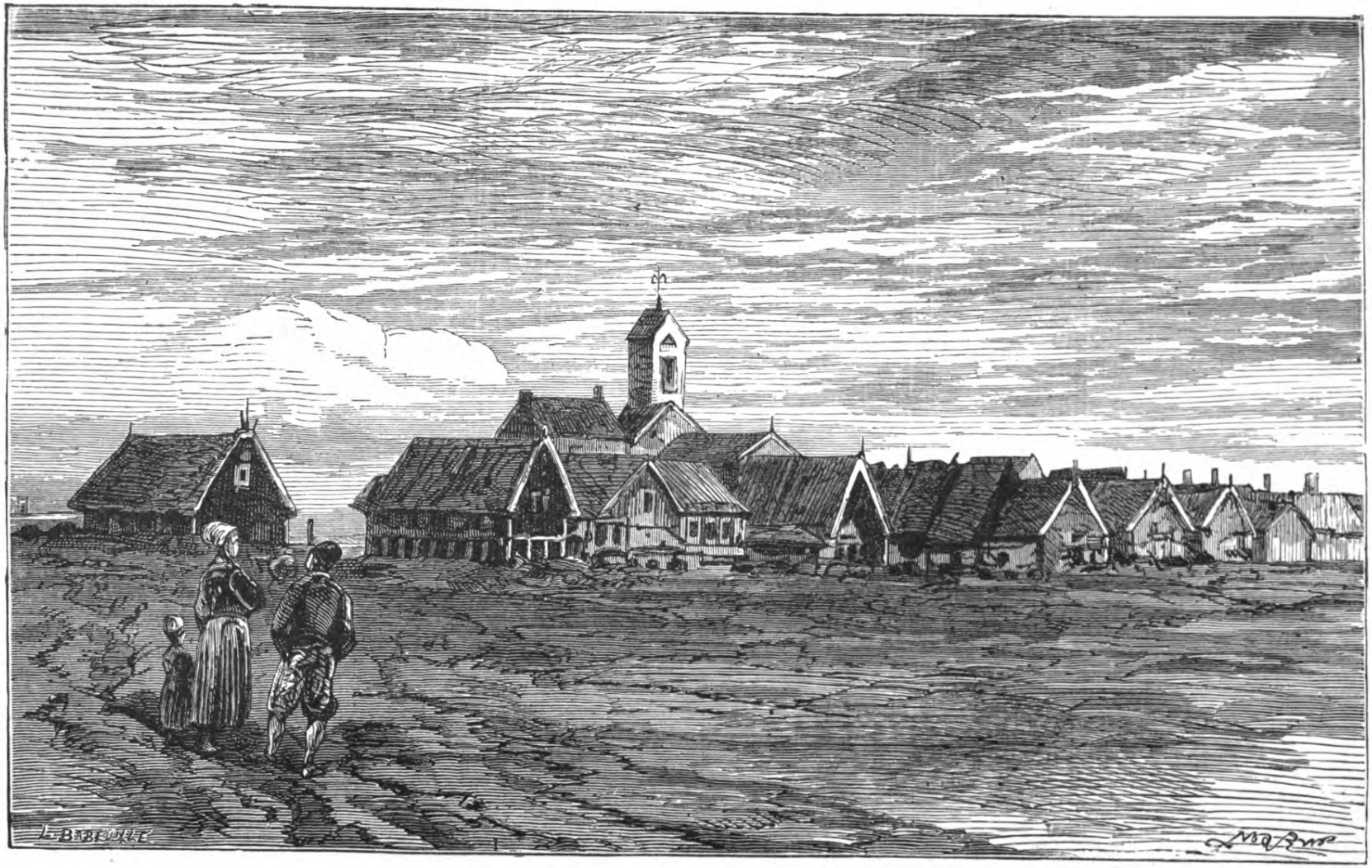
But Marken now appears on the horizon, or rather the roofs of its houses and the steeple of its church; soon we discover pretty villages perched on gentle eminences, and the whole island appears to us like a green raft lost in a grey sea. The houses now become visible, their bright colours stand out against the soft blue of the sky; the black, the red, and the green, which are the prominent colours, by their contiguity form a contrast which is ever violent. What joy for an artist who sees these marvellous contrasts of colour! Such spectacles reveal the reason why Holland has produced such colourists among her painters.

CHAPTER III.

MARKEN—ITS HOUSES AND INHABITANTS—MANNERS AND CUSTOMS—THE PREMONTRÈ MONKS—WARS, FIRES, AND INUNDATIONS—THE SAYING 'EEN BOER IS EEN BEEST'—THE FRENCH LANGUAGE—CUSTOMS—THE GOLDEN SEA (MERD'OR).

We anchored a hundred yards from the island, and entered a little bay in our boat. Marken is a long tongue of land, nearly triangular; you can walk round it in a couple of hours. It is but a little above the level of the sea, from which a bank about a yard high protects it, but inundations are frequent. The inhabitants raise little mounds to protect their habitations from these visits of the waters. There are seven of these mounds or hills, on which are built seven villages. There is an eighth, which is the cemetery. In winter, when the country is too often under water, the inhabitants go in boats from one village to the other. Nothing is more picturesque, and at the same time more lugubrious, than the view of these boats when funereally employed, seeking the kirkhoft or cemetery, where all must in their turn find a resting-place.

The periodical inundations arrest the growth of trees, and also prevent cattle remaining on the island; a few sheep pass the summer season only, to find



VILLAGE OF MARKEN

From a Study by M. van Heemskerck van Beest.

their way in the winter to the butchers' shops on the mainland. Two or three cows and a dozen fruit-trees are the only exceptions; the cows are neither good-looking nor fat, and the trees are anything but flourishing. The houses are built of wood, and painted green, blue, or black. They have a ground-floor only, and are roofed with red tiles; the roofs descend very low, the walls therefore are low also. They are all alike; the woodwork surrounding the windows is painted white, as is also the wood forming the gables. The houses facing the outsides of the little hills are constructed on high piles, and look like great cages suspended in the air.

Immediately on landing we proceeded to the principal village, where the church stands: this is the village of Marken. We mounted to the top of the mound on which it is built by an inclined plane, bordered on each side by a low painted railing. The eyes of all the women and children were fixed upon us, looking with the greatest curiosity through the closed windows. The moment we reached the principal street numbers of boys, singing some local chorus, filled the street, and the next moment this young band, terrified apparently at our appearance, disappeared from our sight, uttering loud cries, reminding me of the lines of Fontaine:—

Le premier qui vit un chameau
S'enfuit à cet objet nouveau;
Le second s'approcha, &c.

The first who saw a camel
Fled from the novel sight;
The second he drew near, &c.;

for two or three thought better of their fears and

returned, looking at us with great gravity; a few stivers distributed among these *braves* made them our friends, but from this moment we could not take a step in the village without having, both before and behind us, an escort of children of both sexes; and as it is by kindness to children we gain the mothers' affections, we were very soon on the best of terms with the whole population of Marken.

Marken contains about 1,000 inhabitants; a third of them are absent on week-days; the whole male population, who are fishermen, are at a distance on the Zuyder Zee fishing. Accustomed from infancy to this perilous occupation, their lives are passed in their boats. They are proverbially adroit fishers, and their profession, being lucrative, adds every year to their store. It must not be supposed that these honest folks are discontented with this modest and primitive existence; they are not in want—on the contrary, they are quite at their ease. The regular life they lead, and the perfect equality which is maintained amongst them, prevents any desire for useless luxuries; their bodies, accustomed to fatigue, do not require the comforts to which we are habituated. Many of them are little capitalists—rich, as observes Esquiros, 'not only by the money they have earned, but by that absence of desire for that which they do not require for their happiness.'

While the husbands are absent the women attend to their domestic duties, make the clothes of their families, and bring up their children with care. Groups of ten or a dozen children, brothers and sisters, the eldest not fifteen years of age, are commonly met with; all are rosy and fresh, with light

hair and blue eyes, looking almost always happy and astonished, as we often see country children when in the presence of strangers. If the births are numerous, the deaths seem rare. They live long in Marken; eighty years is a common age. This circumstance, and the difficulty of raising new dwellings, causes the primitive race to remain pure. It is rare that foreign blood mixes with that of the Markenaars; save the doctor, the preacher, and the schoolmaster, no person from the mainland has for many years come to take up his residence in the isle; and, if I remember well, the present schoolmaster himself is a child of Marken.

These three high functionaries inhabit brick houses, the only edifices, save the school-house and the church, which are built of that material; all the rest are of wood, but nevertheless are frequently one and even two centuries old; the greater part, however, are of more recent construction. All are alike; the ground-floor—for there is but this one floor, as we have just noticed—is one large space divided into as many rooms as may be required by wooden partitions, without ceilings, communicating direct with the roof which covers them all. This roof, which is of course leaning at an angle, is hung with nets and fishing utensils, and also with such provisions as can be suspended. The principal division is the sleeping apartment. Of course the bed is the most important article of furniture; this is let into the wall in a kind of cupboard, into which are thrust the mattresses and other necessary articles. They are difficult indeed to enter; two little curtains are drawn across to keep the wind and the light from this little sanctuary,

which looks as much as possible like a large drawer. Sometimes considerable luxury is displayed in the bed; the pillows and the sheets are embroidered with open work, which is a special fabric of the women at Marken—white and yellow threads crossed, something in the fashion of guipure. Some of the designs are sufficiently elegant.

The form of the room is disregarded, save as to its being greater or smaller, wider or narrower, according to the wants and necessities of the family; they are almost all painted blue, some few whitewashed; on the walls or shelves are heaped up common crockery and Japanese porcelain, mixed pell-mell with a few small curiosities. In a corner is a Friesland cuckoo-clock, or a more pretentious one from Noord-Holland. Old candlesticks of bright yellow metal, looking like gold, are placed upon an old oak *armoire*; great drinking-glasses and pouches of delf complete the ornamentation. Two houses above all are celebrated for their curiosities in the shape of old delf and Japanese ware—they are those of Madame Theerhuis and Madame Klok; this last lady, although she follows the trade of a grocer, has the most important and richest collection in the island. Not content with having filled the house with porcelain, delf, earthenware, and pictures, she preserves with the utmost care, in a room kept carefully locked, half a dozen Dutch *armoires* of the greatest style and beauty, and in the most perfect preservation; their panels are sculptured with great art, and seem only just to have left the hands of the artist. These marvellous relics enjoy a great celebrity, and this very year the Queen of Holland came to the island to visit them.

Fires are unfortunately too frequent, and wooden houses are too apt to suffer from this catastrophe. This liability to fire, and frequent inundations, are the great troubles of these peaceable hamlets. The little isle has its little history, which I will now relate.

In the year 1232 the monks of the order of Premontrè established themselves in this tiny corner of the world. Under their leader, Sibrandus, they quitted their mother house of Leeuwarden to people the lower shores of the Zuyder Zee. A party of this pious body established themselves on the mainland, the other party built on the isle of Marken itself a cloister and a church. They called their cloister or monastery Marienhot, as the chapel was dedicated to the Virgin Mary. This venerable edifice still existed in 1845; by the side of the church stood a tall tower and steeple of wood painted; in that year it threatened to fall, and the inhabitants were obliged to pull it down. The present church was finished in 1846, but offers little to interest the visitor.

The monks, however, did not remain long in Marken. A century after their arrival the island was entirely inhabited, and in 1346 Margaret, wife of the Emperor Louis and sister of Guillaume IV., ceded to the burghers of Amsterdam, and to the inhabitants of the isles, the right and property of the soil. The deed of sale which confirmed this cession still exists, and was granted at the Hague by William van Beigeren, the future Count and Seigneur of Holland and Zealand. We must believe that the new proprietors became rich and prosperous, for in 1420 the inhabitants of Kampen found

it worth their attention, and took the trouble to come over to Marken to pillage the hamlet. As they were orderly people, they burnt all they could not carry away. The poor Markenaars, however, went to work to repair these disasters, but as soon as they had raised their habitations above the ruins the Frisons paid them a visit, and treated them much in the same fashion as the inhabitants of Kampen had done. In the sixteenth century the towns of the Zuyder Zee attained such a degree of splendour that the greedy neighbours who had before despoiled the little island, did not deign to again trouble its inhabitants. Their relative poverty saved them from further devastation from men, but fire and water remained their unappeasable enemies.

In 1665 an inundation, in 1667 a terrible conflagration, ravaged these humble homes; twice in the last century, in 1706 and 1731, and twice in the present century, in 1810 and 1819, fire destroyed the hamlet; but Phœnix-like it rose again from its ashes; only one of the little burghs destroyed in 1810 remained unbuilt. Its name only, Rymeswerf, remains in the memory of the inhabitants.

It is much the habit at Amsterdam and other great towns of Holland to talk of the inhabitants of Marken as a species of savages. Never was there a more unjust imputation. The citizens or townsfolk of Holland have, and always had, the greatest contempt for the peasant and all who live outside the towns. The saying, 'Een boer is een beest'—the peasant is a brute; or, to render it more literally, the boor is a beast—is common throughout the Low Countries; and if some of the districts of the coun-

try have a few among the population who merit this opprobrious sentence, on the other hand, the inhabitants of the country in Holland are, for the most part amiable, hospitable, and very sufficiently civilised. But we must make one observation before we quit the subject. It is among the fishing population that we meet the most remarkable cordiality and affability. At Marken, with perhaps the exception of two or three peasants, all the men are fishers. All can read and write, and understand figures. It is quite enough to see the crowd of boys and girls who daily leave the school-house at the usual hours of recreation, to be assured that the place of schoolmaster is no sinecure. If at any time you lose your way in the fields, you will always find somebody to speak to. The French language even is not absolutely unknown. The disciple of Esculapius, who culminates the functions of 'dokter' and 'apotheker,' will speak to you in that language, and tell you of the resources of Marken, and the rare amusements to be met with. Indeed, if you desire to remain a few days in this curious country, he will place a little chamber at your disposition, which he keeps in reserve for strangers—a chamber, as he told us, which was rarely occupied, as visitors are few and far between.

That which has not a little contributed to give the Markenaars a reputation for the savagery of which I have been speaking, is their costume. They most piously conserve that which they received from their fathers, and they fear to make any change. In this they act wisely; the innovations which country-folks make in their national costumes are

arely to their advantage. The dress is the reflection of the character and manners, and in a degree of the maturity of the race. It ought to vary according to the latitude, the habits, and the occupations. Nothing is more shocking than that very uniformity which is now sought to be introduced among civilised nations, and which takes its tone probably from a Journal de Modes, without having the least consideration for differences of climate, or the convenience and wants of the people. Is there anything more grotesque than the attempt of the French villager or peasant who, desirous of imitating the fashions of Paris, takes to himself a costume often half town and half country. In England this is not perhaps so remarkable, as there is no particular—unfortunately no longer any special—costume among her peasantry; but even among these sober people we see the servants imitating their mistresses, and the labourer in a frock-coat on Sunday: these anomalies are shockingly discordant, and can but end in ridicule. Fortunately, the inhabitants of Marken have resisted all outside influences. As they were three centuries since, so we find them to-day, and so we hope our children will still see them many years hence.

The costume of the men is, however, very simple; it is composed of a brown vest with two rows of buttons, and low collar; the waistcoat is buttoned within the band of true Dutch knickerbockers. The buttons of the waistcoat are black, save those at the collar, which are of gold, as also those which attach the band of the knickerbockers; very frequently the buttons are old gold coins which have

INHABITANTS OF THE ISLE OF MARKEN

From a Drawing by M. Henri Havard.

been transmitted from father to son; thick black woollen stockings drawn tight over the calf of the leg, with wooden sabots or shoes resembling Turkish babouches; they wear black caps or brown felt hats, in winter a fur cap; sometimes there is a large double sleeve to the jacket falling to the elbow. They also wear a red woollen shirt, and when at work they pull off the jacket, the red shirt contrasting agreeably with the dark colour of the boat when seen at a distance.

The costume of the women is more complicated and more interesting, and totally unlike that of the neighbouring countries. They allow their hair to be seen; they do not wear many jewels or ornaments, but are fond of bright colours, and we shall hereafter show that in all Noord-Holland, Friesland, and in Over Yssel the three distinct characters of the people form the base of the feminine costume. The head-dress is peculiar to the island; it is composed of an immense cap in the form of a mitre; it is white lined with brown, to show off the lace and embroidery; it is tied close under the chin, pressing closely over the ears. On week-days a kind of cover of gay-looking chintz is placed over the cap to keep it clean and protect it from the dust or rain; long ringlets of blond hair fall down to the shoulders or back, much in the style of the English misses called by the French '*anglaises*,' some thirty years since; the hair of the front is brought forward, and cut square along the forehead a little above the eyebrows, in the fashion now adopted in London and Paris by our elegant ladies—thus there is clearly nothing new under the sun. The robe or gown has a corsage or

body without sleeves, and the skirt or petticoat is independent of the corsage, and always of a different stuff. The corsage is brown, and generally of cloth covered with embroidery in colours, in which red predominates. These embroideries are very complicated, and require years of labour; a corsage well embroidered is handed down from mother to daughter as an heirloom; the sleeves are in two unequal parts, one with vertical lines of black and white reaches the elbow, the other almost to the wrist is of dark blue, and is fastened above the elbow. In the week, a jacket of chintz of the same pattern as the cover of the cap, which is always of a large pattern, and frequently red roses on a lighter red ground. This strange mixture of light and dark red we find in combination very frequently during our voyage—it seems to be the favourite mixture of colours on the banks of the Zuyder Zee; even in Amsterdam we noticed the children's aprons combining these colours. We shall see later that at Hendeloopen these colours play a conspicuous part, both in the costumes and the arts of the little country.

I am well persuaded that before the Reformation imposed dark and dull colours on the Dutch population, these combinations of colour were much more frequent. The skirt, which naturally completes the female dress, is also divided into two unequal parts; the upper, which is about eight inches wide only, is a kind of basque with black lines on a light ground; the rest of the skirt is dark blue with a double band of reddish brown at the bottom; it is about the same as the skirt worn by the female agricultural

population of Europe wherever the primitive costume has been preserved, and so we meet with it in Italy, Brittany, in the mountainous districts of Switzerland, and in Sweden.

Such, however, is the female costume of Marken, strange but picturesque, and so singular that no other costume is like it or even approaches its bizarre appearance. There is no exception to the rule; old and young, from the little daughter running by the side of her mother to the old, bent, and decrepit grandmother gaining with pain her seat in the sun to warm the limbs that age has chilled.

The whole isle is one great meadow; having no cattle, it is all devoted to hay. Twice a year the German mowers arrive with their straight-handled scythes, the blades carefully wrapped round with cords of straw, with heavy sacks containing a slight change of clothes, and some provisions on their backs. They are almost all Germans, called generally the Green Germans, with their porcelain pipes and little German caps. When the grass is cut, they silently leave the isle to pursue their labours in the more northern countries.

As soon as the mowers have left the isle, and not before, the women, young and old, cover the fields, turning over the sweet-smelling meadow grass, spreading it wide in the sun, making it into cocks —in a word, carrying out all the operations of haymaking so common to all the northern parts of Europe. Nothing is more gay than these young girls in their rose-coloured garments in the green meadows, with their ringlets floating in the air. A pleasant writer, M. Esquiros, who visited the island

some twenty years since, avers that the women of Marken are neither pretty nor well made. He must have been very unfortunate in his encounters; or perhaps he considers that beauty consists in the pale, languid appearance seen in great cities. Certainly he did not meet with many of this style of beauty, for the young girls of Marken are solidly built, with rosy cheeks, blue eyes, and fair hair, and, above all, very white teeth; their hands and feet I confess are large, as they ought to be when their owner is accustomed to work in the open air; but the labour of the women of Marken is light in comparison to that of the women of many countries; the country being all grass, the hay-time is perhaps the only period when the labour is heavy. I fully acknowledge that these girls are not beauties of the drawing-room order, but they are handsome country-girls, and in the sphere in which they live it is the kind of beauty most desirable.

I am inclined to go farther: they have an air of timidity and shyness, which is really a charm in young women, though we rarely find it in the great Dutch towns. The extreme liberty permitted to the young Dutch girls gives them very early a certain decided air, which is almost masculine. But address an observation for the first time to a young girl of Marken, and if she does not run away she is very sure to blush up to her ears.

The men are obliging, without pressing their services on a stranger; always calm and reflective, they are ready and willing to chat without being great talkers. They never pass a stranger without wishing him good-day, and after we had remained a

few days they seemed to regard us as acquaintances; and on week-days, when almost all the men are away, if we met one in the fields he always came up to us to have a little chat. Van Heemskerck, my companion, was one day seated in the meadow with his box of colours, painting a view of the church and a neighbouring house, when an old man came up to him. He looked long and carefully at the sketch, when he suddenly broke silence: 'You are painting my house, I see. I was born there and all my children. I had a little grandson born there the other day. It is a great honour you do me. I thought it was a pretty house, and I am very much attached to it, but I did not think it was worth painting. It is an honour indeed!'

The character of the Markenaars is expressed in this little speech, and if we do not visit them as we do beasts in a show, but with the proper feelings of men going to visit their fellows, we shall find the Markenaars an honest, hospitable, and polite people.

On Sundays, when all the boats are at home, and all the population therefore on the isle, we saw long files of people from all sides arriving at the church; most picturesque was the view of these long processions crossing the meadows, habited in the gay-coloured costumes we have described. The little port with its hundred fishing-boats, each with a little flag floating in the wind, look at a little distance like a company of noble knights with their lances in air and colours displayed, arriving to join in the services of the church. After service all go to their homes; in truth, these few hours after the service are the only hours in which the families are united. Lights

are seen in the houses till midnight, after which the men and women go down together to the port, and the men return on board their boats. When the boats leave the port the women go home, and will not see their husbands again for the rest of the week. For a long time the lights are visible after the boats themselves are lost in the distant sea.

During the week there is no boat save the despatch-boat, bringing the post from the mainland, with such articles as are necessary for the life and existence of the people, for no trade or industry of any kind is carried on in the island. Furniture, clothing, beer, and even bread, are obtained from the opposite shores.

We can generally see the opposite coast from the island, except in the case of fogs. It seems close to us, but although the passage is generally half an hour to Monnikendam, when the weather is bad it extends to hours. In fact, the little arm of the sea which separates the island from the main is one of the most dangerous passes to cross in all the Zuyder Zee. There is a little lighthouse, constructed in 1830, which has saved many ships from perishing on the banks of sand bordering the little isle. The depth of the sea separating the island from the mainland is, at deepest, only six feet; two, three, or four feet being the usual depth. In many places a very rich alluvion, forming a most valuable manure, is found at the bottom of these shallows; hence the name of the Mer d'Or, or golden sea, the inhabitants deriving a golden harvest of hay from its employment on these meadows.

CHAPTER IV.

MONNIKENDAM—ITS ASPECT—CONVENT OF THE CARMELITES—THE CHURCH AND ITS HIGH TOWER—THE SEA OF THE MONK—CORNELIS DIRKSZOON AND ADMIRAL BOSSU—THE MESSENGER OF DEATH—CHARACTER OF THE INHABITANTS—DIVERSITY OF THE RELIGIONS—THE HOTEL DE VILLE AND ITS PEAL OF BELLS—THE MACE OF HONOUR.

WHEN we anchored off Marken the weather was rather rough and the wind blew from the coast, so that we were two hours at sea before we made the roads of Monnikendam. The little town as seen from the roads is very agreeable. The green trees, the red and green colouring of the houses and roofs, and the little grey wooden bridge, gave a Chinese aspect to the place. Behind this little Chinese foreground we can see the steeple, and the Stadhuis or Court House.

It is a pretty little city, paved with yellow bricks, and built with red ones; with white window-frames and green open shutters. The streets, not too straight, and the façades of the houses, although they date from more than a century back, are as neat, clean, and fresh as if they had been built but yesterday. Some of the buildings date from the sixteenth century. The oldest bear this date, among many strange and curious sculptures on the walls. None of them, however, can boast of existence previous to 1515, for

in that year the town was entirely destroyed by fire; the Carmelite convent, and the Great Church which rises within the convent, alone escaping.

The convent has since disappeared, but the Great Church remains. The magnificent proportions of the church justify its appellation of great. Its general style would lead us to believe the buildings to be of the thirteenth century, but there is little doubt that it was built, or rather finished, in 1420. It was originally dedicated to St. Nicholas. After the Reformation, when all the pictures were removed, it was called the Great Church. All the inhabitants of Monnikendam could easily have assembled and worshipped within its walls.

To-day, like most Protestant temples in Holland, it is whitewashed and empty, with a heavy pulpit with green curtains, and closed sittings or pews. The Romanists think that the mysteries of their faith require a dense obscurity—that the shade, the image of the unknown, should surround the sanctuary. We feel that the eighty great pillars sustaining the roof were constructed to cover something besides plain reason. We feel amazed at the long windows without painted glass; our eyes are dazzled by the light. The steps which sound in this great naked nave, the echo which repeats the words of the preacher, give us a vague sentiment of *abandon*. We feel like visitors to an empty house, or to a theatre without lights or spectators. Are we sure that the God whom we adored is not gone too—gone with the pictures, the painted windows, and the images? Those superb lines of columns rising towards heaven are the symbols of an unreasoning and blind faith, and have

nothing to do in a temple. Conviction is the result of reason, and good sense replaces belief in mysteries.

To get rid of the sensation of constraint which seized me as I walked through the church, I mounted to the top of the tower—one of the highest in the country. The ascent is divided into two parts, nevertheless I found it fatiguing enough; but when I reached the highest balcony I was well repaid for the trouble, for immediately below was the great dark body of the church surrounded by crowds of little houses and gardens filled with flowers.

On the one side we see trees, meadows, and cattle, with the calm smooth water of the canals reflecting the great trees on their surface; crooked but pretty streets, the masts of the boats, and the high windmills with their wings spread to the wind. Further on, the little port, and the ships in the roads, with our favourite isle of Marken; and in the distance beyond the sea, forming a blue-grey line of charming softness, is the North Sea.

I could but reflect when looking over the green plains surrounding me, that formerly the sea covered these fine pasturages, and that by the hand of man the cattle now feed where the fishes once swam, the still named Waterland is converted into dry ground.

One day, about the commencement of the thirteenth century, a few monks of the Convent of Mariengaard arrived in the country—part of the pious body which we have said settled at Marken. Soon a convent rose from the ground; the land was cleared and tilled; the great lake which extended along the coast took the name of *Monnikmeer*. The

presence of man brings man. A little colony rose up around the monastery, a dike or bank was made to keep out the sea; and this dike gave the name to the town. Little by little, Monnikendam grew up and became a city—'the town of the monks.' It was soon surrounded with walls to keep out troublesome neighbours, and the Seigneurs granted privileges to the inhabitants. The town grew rich, but its existence was turbulent and agitated after the usual fate of independent towns at that period.

Attacked by jealous neighbours, the place was taken and pillaged by the Spaniards. It soon rose from its ruins in 1573, when being able to equip a fleet of vessels sufficiently considerable to take part in the great naval battle on the Zuyder Zee, under their admiral and fellow-townsman, Cornelis Dirkszoon, the Spanish fleet was totally destroyed, and the Spanish admiral, the Count de Bossu, was taken prisoner. In remembrance of the victory the town of Monnikendam received the Golden Fleece, the order worn by the Count de Bossu, while Enkensen was honoured by the present of his sword. Hoorn received the admiral's golden drinking-cup. These glorious trophies were long preserved by the patriotic conquerors. The following year the little town embraced the Protestant religion, thus renouncing the monks, its founders. The place, however, conserved its arms, which in heraldry are called 'Parlants,' being *argent*, a Franciscan monk (Carnahot) habited sable, holding dexter a mace of sinople.

What reflections were called forth as I gazed from the heights of the tower over this rich country and town! Those living in the streets below are for

the most part ignorant of its magnificence. Spiders and their webs on the stairs—the webs absolutely crossing the passages—are a proof that few men visit this admirable platform: the steps are slowly slipping from their places, yet no notice is taken of the ruin which must follow. One of these days a storm or a gust of wind will overthrow this charming Belvedere, and many of the inhabitants of the town of Monnikendam will find that the tower has fallen before they realise that they had in the neighbourhood such an admired piece of architecture.

On descending to the naves once more we saw the tomb of the Predikant or Preacher Bartholdere, who for twenty years was the Protestant minister. All that was to be seen besides the tomb was an old *bénitier*, or basin for holy water, of the time when the Roman faith prevailed here; it was Byzantine in form and sculpture. This, and some old coats of arms partially defaced in the pavements, were the only objects worthy of notice.

The church is surrounded by ancient trees, bordering the old ramparts; an elegant gate of the style—we may call the Dutch style—of Louis XIII., covered with picturesque ornamentation, is half concealed by trees; on the other side stood the house of the sacristan or Koster.

The *Koster* was absent when we arrived, performing his duties as *Aanspreker*, or town-crier. He was then particularly occupied in disseminating papers announcing that a contagious malady was raging, some of which he was also sticking on to the doors of those houses in which the malady had made its appearance, to inform friends and relations of the

danger within. We met the honest crier on his way home, and consoled him for the loss we had sustained by his absence from what he called *his* church, by the present of a half-florin; he expressed his hearty thanks, and proceeded gaily with his duties. We were much amused by his costume—a black dress-coat, knee-breeches, and cocked or three-cornered hat. His manner had more of a mixed resemblance to that of a rope-dancer and an abbé of the ancient court, than the messenger of death, for one of the principal duties of the *Aanspreker* is to announce to friends and relations the decease of those dearest to them.

We continued our walk, but the streets seemed deserted; the dilapidated houses, for the most part inclining towards the canals; the people, old and young, seemed to enjoy a majestic calm, and appeared half asleep, apparently thinking it was not necessary to use up their lives too quickly. Who could have imagined, seeing this quiet, this total want of movement, that once on a time Monnikendam was a flourishing commercial city, and one of the twenty-nine great towns of Holland—when the Hague was but a village, and at that period enjoyed rights and privileges which were not then accorded to the seat of the Government?

Our readers can readily appreciate the mummified state of the inhabitants of this almost extinguished town, when we relate that one of our first visits was to the shop of the principal ironmonger, or, more properly speaking, coppermonger of the town; domestic utensils in Holland being, for the most part, either of copper or brass. Some part of our kitchen furniture,

our pots and pans, required repair. On entering the shop, the master announced he had heard of our arrival in the town. Our skipper had not then anchored more than a quarter of an hour.

In this calm city, the arrival of two strangers was an event!

The shopkeeper observed, 'We do not often see strangers here, gentlemen. I am very sure that a month hence your visit will still be the subject of conversation, and I shall be questioned by every one I meet as to the object of your visit.'

Although the twenty-five hundred inhabitants are more than half asleep, there is nevertheless one subject which is likely to cause serious discord among them. The question is, which is to be the dominant religion, for, independently of the Great Church of St. Nicholas, of which we have lately spoken, and which belongs to the Calvinists, the town contains a Lutheran church, a Menonite church, and a Roman Catholic chapel. The Jews have also their synagogue. In a country where religion is so much mixed up with politics, it is not extraordinary that religious contentions take place, and it is to be feared that, as we have hinted, the day will come when a fierce contention will arise for mastery between these incongruous materials, waking up the little sleepy town sooner than they expect.

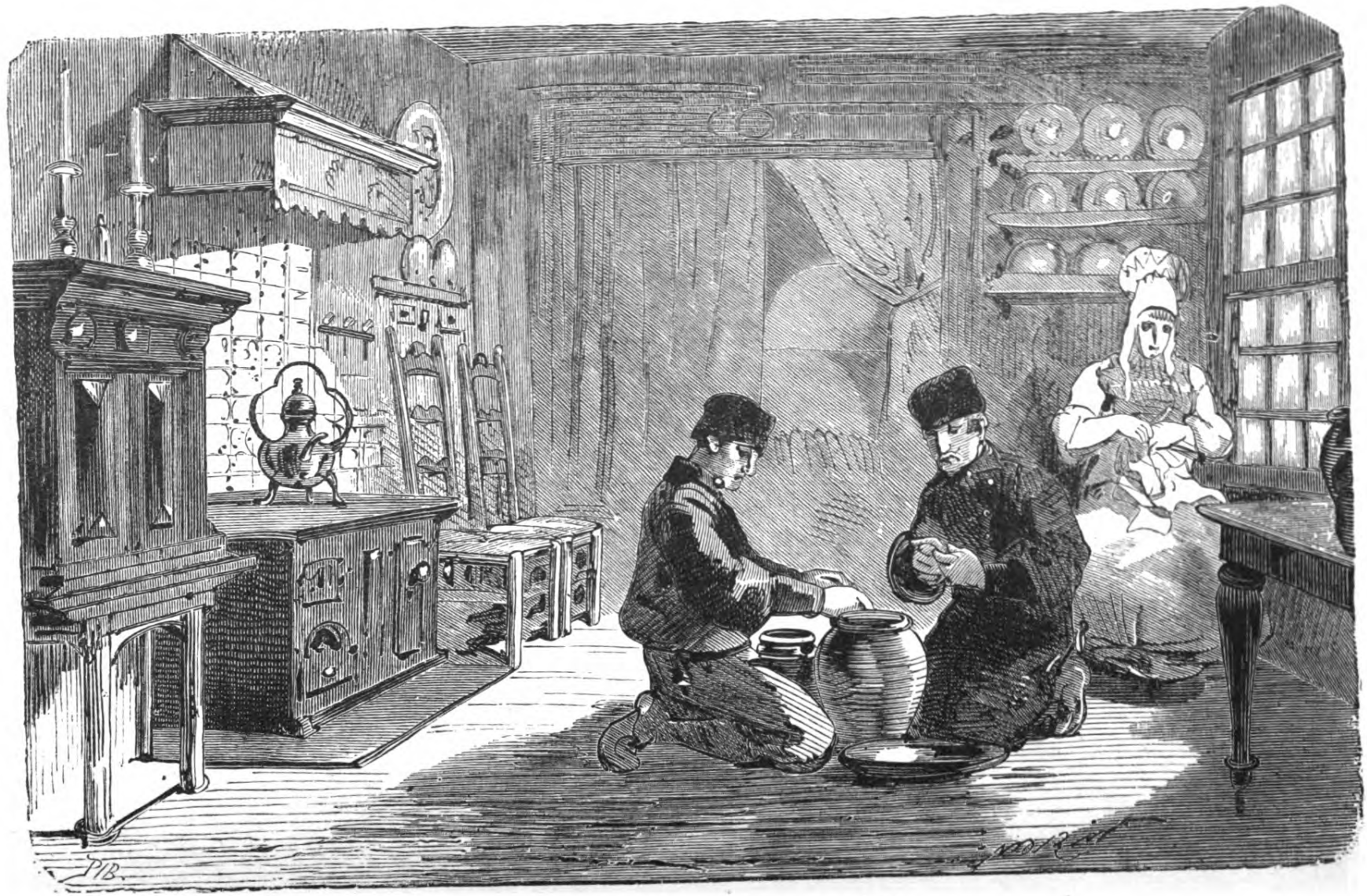
The *Stadhuis*, or Town Hall, is in the centre of the town; before the year 1591 it was a simple dwelling-house, but in this same year a bell-tower was added, and it was honoured by the title of Stadhuis or State-house, answering in French to Hôtel de Ville, and Town or Guild Hall in English. The house

is not really worthy of notice save for its antiquity, but the tower is elegant; surmounted by a graceful campanile in the Spanish style, square-built nearly to the top, where it is crowned by an open belfry furnished with the inevitable peal of bells. Cracked and broken as they are, when the hour is struck upon them a little figure, supposed to be a kind of night-watchman, placed in the centre opening, sounds his trumpet, and a cavalcade of puppets steps forward from the arch; the whole affair resembles a Nuremberg toy, or a cuckoo-clock of the Black Forest.

It is really surprising to note these serious and apparently sensible Protestants, rigid and dull as they appear, iconoclasts by their nature and tastes, seized with a childish passion for such infantine exhibitions.

Over the gate of the bell-tower are the arms of the town: the monk with his mace. There must be some old legend, or long since forgotten history, about this monk and his mace. The mace alone is in favour as an ornament on the façade of many of the houses, particularly on the shop of a butcher, who is sculptured *in propriâ personâ* over the door of his shop skinning a bullock with his mace—with this singular device, 'Think first of God.' We thought he had better have written, 'Think first of the customers.'

These are about all the objects worthy of notice in Monnikendam, save perhaps the Exchange, which is a mere shed, where perhaps a dozen persons might stand with difficulty; nevertheless, 200 tons of cheese, and 100,000 florins (about 8,000*l.*) worth of fresh herrings, are sold there annually!



INTERIOR OF A FISHERMAN'S HUT AT VOLLENDAM

From a Sketch by M. Henri Havard.

CHAPTER V.

VOLLENDAM — THE LOST VILLAGE — PRIMITIVE INHABITANTS — ORIENTAL MANNERS — HOUSES ON STILTS — TWO INTERIORS — THE SPECIAL LOVE FOR BLUE CROCKERY — THE SHOES AT THE DOOR — THE GOTHIC STYLE OF THE CHURCHES — A DUTCH JEU DE MOTS.

THE first village on the coast after leaving Monnikendam, going towards the north, is Vollendam, one hour's journey, or rather voyage, from Monnikendam, for although the distance is short, the voyage is very dangerous. We must pass the Golden Sea before mentioned, and also between the isle of Marken and the mainland. In sailing we were obliged to tack every ten or twelve yards, and forced sometimes to lower the weather-board so well known as a distinguishing sign of Dutch-built vessels—they call these weather-boards 'zwaards.' We were constantly touching the bottom.

Vollendam is but a fishing hamlet—it is not even mentioned on the maps; yet it deserves a visit from the artist, for the costumes, as at Marken, are traditional. It depends, as a hamlet or suburb, on the little but once great town of Edam, and is about a mile and a half distant; yet these fisher people camped on the coast appear to be totally ignorant of everything which passes in Europe; they are more isolated

CHAPTER V.

VOLLENDAM — THE LOST VILLAGE — DRESS OF THE ... — ORIENTAL MANNERS — HOUSES AND STYLE — ... — THE SPECIAL LOVE FOR BLUE IN HOLLAND — THE ... — THE DOOR — THE GOTHIC STYLE OF THE ... — DUTCH JEU DE MOTS.

THE first village on the coast after ... kendam, going towards the north, is ... hour's journey, or rather voyage, from ... for although the distance is short, the ... dangerous. We must pass the ... mentioned, and also between the ... the mainland. In sailing we ... every ten or twelve yards, and ... lower the weather-board so well known as the distinguishing sign of Dutch-built vessels. ... weather-boards "zwaards." We ... touching the bottom.

Vollendam is but a fishing ... mentioned on the maps; ... the artist, for the costumes ... tional. It depe... but once ... and a h...

than the people of New Caledonia—for them the world finishes as far off as they can see. Little would one dream that these villages have given birth to some of the bravest mariners, who on board their then victorious ships, sailing under the flag of old Holland, overran the seas and coasts of the greater part of the then known world. Seated cross-legged in Oriental fashion, in groups of six or eight, smoking their pipes in silence—immovable and indifferent, with a vague and doubtful look more like Turkish fatalists than Dutch fishermen—there is everything about them to keep up the illusion; their babouches in front of them in the form of sabots, their loose knickerbockers, their fur caps closely resembling turbans. But this is not the only similarity we observed, nor the last time we shall refer to this strange resemblance between people so far separated as are the inhabitants of the banks of the Bosphorus and those of the Zuyder Zee. An argument might be readily raised, and perhaps sustained, in favour of a tradition that seems to us to have but little probability in it, attributing an Oriental origin to the Frisons or inhabitants of Friesland.

We only see the roofs of the houses of Vollendam when approaching from the sea. This is, however, very commonly the case in Holland. With the exception of a little port on the right filled with fishing boats, and two or three houses mounted on piles, which advance into the sea as if walking into it on stilts, we see nothing save the enormous dike constructed of blocks of rock piled up one on the other, to prevent the encroachments of the Zuyder Zee. Behind the dike the houses are crowded together.

These houses form but one long street to the jetty; a canal, not the sweetest-smelling among the thousands of similar canals in Holland, runs down the middle of the street. The houses, as at Marken, are of wood painted light green and black; a streak of white and a bright streak of red surround the windows and the gables. The famous bed like a drawer, as at Marken, is the *mode;* in front of the bed is a brick stove with a primitive chimney, while in the houses of the rustic classes the stove is of cast-iron. We may name it the omnibus-stove, for it is used for all purposes. The walls are lined with little delf tiles, with figures painted in blue. These rise on the walls some three feet from the floor; the rest of the wall is lime-whited or coloured blue. As at Marken, delf pottery and little articles of curiosity, marked with images of saints—for the inhabitants of the village are of the Roman persuasion—cover a great part of the walls above the tiles of delf, which we have just described.

We visited many of these houses, and found them marvellously clean. Near the church, we entered the house of a young widow, who received us very cordially as strangers. She was dressed in black, with a lovely infant on her knees; two other girls were occupied in aiding their mother in the work of the house. Everything was simple, but there was an appearance of ease and comfort. The hardwood —the chairs and presses—were either varnished or polished with wax; the plates and dishes against the walls were without dust, and appeared ready for use; the kitchen utensils, of brass and copper, were as bright as gold, and the tinned articles were polished

like silver. In the corner was a clock with a number of little gilt figures, and on the floor a mat, upon which no person was allowed to walk without first removing his sabots.

We also visited the house of a fisherman, painted blue, with the usual pottery on the walls; all, however, of that blue Japan ware of which the Dutch are so jealous, and which they so marvellously copy at Delf. It is a curious circumstance that all the collectors in Holland, from the famous Mr. Six, so well known as a collector in Amsterdam, down to the poorest fisher, are all wedded to this single colour.

In the fisherman's house we saw an old woman mending or making the clothing of the family; two men, dressed in the costume already described, were occupied in packing anchovies in salt in a great grey earthen pot; three pairs of sabots, which we have likened to Turkish babouches, were at the door; for here it is the custom, as elsewhere in Holland, to take off the sabots when worn instead of shoes, before entering the rooms; they are left in the passage, if there is one, or outside the door of the house if there is no passage. The fishermen and peasants walk about in their houses without sabots, as do the Orientals without their babouches; thus here, as at Stamboul, we may count the number of men in a house by noting the number of sabots or babouches at the door.

The Gothic style of architecture is in favour in the newly-built Roman Catholic churches. Formerly the Protestants were possessors of a wooden church with a little steeple painted green, which, humble as it was, was the only church. In 1848 the Romanists

purchased a house, which they converted into a chapel; it was dedicated to St. Vincent de Paul; during the week it was used for the religious instruction of young Roman Catholics, and on Sundays mass was said. But it was not proper that the God of all goodness, who was born in a stable, should be lodged as a simple mortal. Rivalry with their brother Christians has succeeded in obtaining a subscription for a church, and the Romanists of Vollendam need be no longer envious of other Christians.

Walking about the town we were much amused by a notice over the shop of a provision dealer. He had placed over his door '*Leis kaas*,' which means 'Fool's cheese,' instead of writing '*Leidsche kaas*,' or Leyden cheese. As the pronunciation of the two words in Dutch, *leis* and *leidsche*, are very nearly the same, perhaps we may excuse the grocer for his *jeu de mots*.

Some think that the French language lends itself more freely than others to this detestable amusement, but we have reason to know that it is common to all languages. Perhaps the gay character of the French nation leads them more frequently to be guilty of the so-called *jeu de mots*. But we believe that it is an indisputable fact that the French language possesses the merit of being the clearest of modern languages. The Dutch language certainly possesses many expressions which may be taken in a double sense. And while we are on the subject, I will relate an anecdote which this very summer caused a real scandal at the Hague.

The wife of a foreign diplomatist, who flattered herself she could speak Dutch, was going to Scheve-

ningen in the little '*trekschuit*' which runs down the canal to this favourite bathing town. She had a very uncomfortable seat, and asked the steward to give her a cushion, written *keussen*, but pronounced *keusse*. No doubt she articulated the final syllable incorrectly, for the poor steward understood her to ask for a kiss —*kuss*, pronounced *keusse*—a request he had not often had made to him from travellers. I can see him now in my mind's eye hesitating, staring at the lady, and wiping his lips with the back of his hand. After a moment's reflection, he most respectfully asked her where he should place the *kuss*. The great lady, surprised at the inquiry, made a sign that she would sit upon it. '*Tableau.*' A laughable scene ensued; every one roared with laughter, but nobody would volunteer an explanation of the error to the lady, who since that day has never failed to state that the Dutch are the very coarsest and rudest people in the world. The steward, on the contrary, never fails to tell the tale whenever he can find an auditor, and observes with all the air of conviction possible, that the women, even the *real ladies* of F——, are very improper. I dare not mention the country of the lady, for it would be to name the diplomatist himself, and perhaps bring me into disagreeable contact with his Excellency. I shall therefore return to my ship, and go on to Edam, where we are now arrived.

CHAPTER VI.

EDAM — THE CAFÉ OF THE THREE OLD LADIES — HISTORICAL PICTURES — CURIOSITIES — THE LAST SIREN — AN ÉMEUTE AT EDAM — THE PATRIOTS AT LICORNE — THE CHURCH OF NOTRE DAME — THE ARMS OF THE TOWN — A JEWEL OF A HOUSE — THE BAS-RELIEF OF THE FISH WE ALL LIKE, ETC.

EDAM is entered from the sea by a superb canal, bordered with fine trees and meadows. After anchoring our 'Tjalk' off the Jewish cemetery, we continued our road by a long avenue bordering the canal, to the centre of the town. Imagine a spreading sheet of water, bordered by a green lawn, on which sheep are feeding, shaded by pine-trees; a bricked road and footpath by the side of the ancient houses, which seemed to be more and more ancient as we approached the centre of the little city, their sculptured façades almost concealed by the foliage of the trees.

It is difficult to imagine a more agreeable walk in fine weather. We found it rather too long, for it rained in torrents; we were wet through from head to foot, but sheltered ourselves at length in a café—a café without lights, without waiters, and without customers.

We found it was kept by three old spinsters, all grey-headed and toothless, and so alike we could scarcely distinguish any difference between them;

from living long together they had acquired the same movements, the same gestures, and the same tone of voice.

I could not help thinking of the three Graces of Mynheer Smits. If my readers have perused this deliciously written picture, they will understand my thoughts, for the story represents three old sisters who had lived long together, and had never quitted one another for a single hour. 'The three sisters,' says this agreeable story-teller, 'were nearly of the same age; the youngest, named Euphrosine, appeared about fifty. Her sisters, who were a trifle older, always treated Euphrosine as a child, and when these amiable goddesses were not occupied with a stranger or a poor person (for they were charitably disposed), they overwhelmed their younger sister with tender flatteries and cajoleries.'

Further on in his tale, Mynheer Smits says:—

'I had the good fortune to be intimate with the three sisters, and I am ashamed to say I used to treat them as old flirts. It never could enter the brain of any one that the old ladies were ever given either to flirting or coquetry; they were so closely united, that nobody would have thought of marrying *one* of them; in countries where polygamy is permitted it might have been possible to marry all three, and in such a country it would have been difficult to find a husband worthy of these three Graces. At length, after many years had passed, one of the Graces disappeared, and there remained but two, and these two were often seen sitting before a little tea-table, where a gilt cup and saucer were always placed between the two cups they were accustomed to use.

Some time later there remained but one; was it Aglaia, Thalia, or Euphrosine? I really do not know, and I could find nobody who could tell me.'

The three old ladies we found in the café were like these Graces of Smits; they frankly told us that we were the first customers they had seen for a very long time; that they only kept the café open from a kind of paternal tradition; they added that, when they were young, the young people of the town greatly frequented their café, and were extremely polite and agreeable.

'But now,' they observed, in conclusion, 'all is altered, both the town and people. Edam has lost all remembrance of politeness and sociability. You see the streets are still inhabited, but our house is deserted.'

They forgot, no doubt, how much they were changed themselves, and that it was more than probable this change was the cause of their desertion. We, however, passed the evening with the old ladies, and the next day being fine we continued our promenade through the town. As usual, we found the *Stadhuis* in the centre; it is modern comparatively, dating from 1737. It is a decent building, but spoilt by painted columns of grey and rose colour, which gave it the air of a piece of pastrycook's architecture; a few pictures decorate the walls of the first-floor. The interior is well adapted to the purposes for which it was constructed, which is more than can be said of many Town Halls.

Two equestrian portraits of the Princes Maurice and Frederic Henry are works of fair quality, as far as we could judge in the pitiful state of dirt, and the

rough wear and usage of years, in which we found them. There is another picture, however, which gives an excellent idea of the wealth and commercial prosperity formerly enjoyed by the town. This picture, like the equestrian portraits, dates from the seventeenth century. This third picture is the portrait of a shipowner of the town, named J. Osterlen, who, in 1682, caused himself to be painted between portraits of his son and daughter. He made but a poor choice of one J. Malenaer as the artist charged to represent himself and his children. The worthy shipowner points with his finger to ninety-two ships, all his own property. These three paintings have certainly the merit of being interesting, but the municipality, or rather the council its representants, seem to have little sympathy with these ancient proofs of the former importance of their city, for they have sent them upstairs to an empty deserted room, and hold their sittings in a hall in which hang three daubs much more suited to a booth or show in a fair than to a council chamber. They are full-length portraits of three foreign curiosities once possessed by the town.

The first is the portrait of Peter Dirksz, named 'The Man with the Beard,' which hirsute appendage was long enough to sweep the streets had he not looped it up as women do their petticoats. The second is the portrait of a species of Dutch Falstaff, named 'Jan Cornelissen.' This tub of a man was an hotel-keeper, who weighed 452 lbs. when he was painted at the age of forty-two. We suppose it was painted for the sign for the house of which he was the landlord. The third picture in the council chamber is the portrait of Trijntje Cornelissen, which was painted in

the same year (1633), at the age of nineteen. This delicate damsel was nine feet high, and her form was in proportion to her height.

Plato recommends us to place before our children the images of heroes and great men, so that the remembrance of their noble deeds may be constantly present to their recollection. Perhaps the municipal council have the like ideas in preserving these pictures. The Spartans made their slaves drunk to disgust their children with the view of inebriety. Was it to persuade or warn the townfolks not to grow too stout or too tall, or to encourage a fine growth in their children, that these figures are preserved? Which of the two solutions of the problem is correct we unfortunately know not. We rather incline to the first solution, for Cornelissen was not a native of Edam, but a Frison, and therefore was not likely to come there to play the part of the Helots and disgust the inhabitants by his obesity, but rather by the aid of the example of this female giant to encourage a free growth. But neither one nor the other of my suggestions may be correct, for still another reason—that the citizens of the town have always been very fond of living phenomena. There is a tradition that in the year 1403, when the whole country was inundated, some young girls of Edam, going in a boat to obtain fresh water for their cows, saw a siren, who is supposed to have been the last of the species. They lost no time in pursuing her, and at length caught her in their nets, and after a thorough cleansing they dressed her, taught her to spin and to sew, and generally to conduct herself in a decent manner; but to their great surprise they could never

teach her to talk. If our readers doubt this peculiarity, I beg of them to read Guicciardini de Paraval or Van der Aa, and other learned and veracious authors who have written concerning the town of Edam.

Just as we were quitting the Town Hall, the porter proposed to show me the contents of a great press on the ground-floor, but, fearing that he might produce a collection of children with two heads or a jar of Siamese twins, we hurried away. We heard afterwards that we should have inspected the shoes of the charming Trijntje, which we were informed were about the size of a violin-case, but as big feet are not rare there can be no scarcity of big shoes.

The front of the Town Hall overlooks a little square piece of ground; opposite is a shed called the Exchange. A bridge, with benches on each side, spans the canal. In 1787, on the 19th of March, the little place and the bridge were invaded by a crowd uttering menacing cries. A number of them infringed the sanctity of the council chamber, demanding the suppression of the society called the *Licorne* or Unicorn. The council deliberated on this important question, and under pressure of menaces accorded the demand. The emissaries, on descending to the place, communicated the good news, and were saluted with as many cries of joy as if the town had been preserved from a great misfortune. The people rushed down the streets with loud hurrahs, upsetting everybody they met in their blind enthusiasm, but abstaining from pillage and intentional violence. The burghers, like wise men, took the best remedy for this enthusiastic disease. They gave them plenty

of bread and cheese and strong liquor, and the riot was at an end, never to be renewed, for even the stirring times of 1795 and 1813 passed without the smallest popular movement. It must not be supposed because I have mentioned this riot, that popular commotions are rare occurrences in Holland. We have seen more than one *émeute* elsewhere, but when we look at this town, dead as it now is to all emotion, we wonder how loud hurrahs were ever heard in the streets. Edam is a dead town, one of those from whence we have taken the title of our little book.

Following the canal, which is a branch of the Y (hence the name of Ydam or Edam), we reach a church, the tower of which leans so far from the perpendicular that the effect is very singular. The tower has also suffered from lightning, which respects neither Catholic nor Protestant churches. Part of the tower was demolished, but a partial repair took place, and the leaning tower has been adorned with a campanile and peal of bells. This repair, which was effected in 1733, was subsequent to the demolishing of the top of the tower by lightning and fire.

Edam naturally possessed its Great Church, that which we have just described being called the Little Church. The Great Church merits the name, for it is one of the largest in Holland. It was erected by the Counts of Holland in the earlier years of the fifteenth century, in the diocese of Utrecht, and is surrounded by trees of centennial growth. It is built on the same plan as the church at Monnikendam, with three naves of equal height, length, and width. The choir is octagonal, and the windows are narrower than those of the naves; they are also

terminated in lancets, which gives them a different character to those of the naves. The interior of the church has not the cold and desolate air of that of Monnikendam, for the windows are of stained or painted glass, executed at Gonda, and were presented to the church by the principal towns of Holland in the early part of the sixteenth century; the arms of the towns are represented on the windows. The arms of the town of Edam are also represented: they are a bullock, gules passant argent, surmounted by three stars of gold. Edam thus pays a just tribute to this peaceful animal, which was the point of departure of its former great wealth.

Edam cheese has been celebrated throughout Holland for the last three centuries; even in 1649 they exported 500 tons of cheese, the rind or skin being red, as they are to this day. Paraval says, and he is no mean authority, that this is the best cheese in Europe; it does not even yield the palm to the well-known famous Italian cheese called Parmesan. This local industry, added to shipbuilding, formerly occupying numerous workmen in Edam, spread a very considerable sum of money each year among its industrious citizens.

Thus this little town which, even including the population of Vollendam, now barely reaches five thousand souls, at the period of her greatness counted twenty-five thousand inhabitants, took rank as one of the five principal cities of Holland, and sent one Deputy to the States-General, and another to the Council of the Admiralty. The Orange family had also a great affection for the town, for they did not forget that in the year 1571 Edam embraced the party of William the Taciturn.

I must not, however, quit the neighbourhood of the Great Church without mentioning a delicious habitation of the sixteenth century; it is two storeys high in brick and stone, with sculptured niches and an octagonal tower placed against the principal side door; certainly one of the most original, charming, and interesting edifices existing in Holland. I was about to make a sketch of it when the schoolmaster came out and told me it had been photographed; unfortunately I gave up my intention and went to the *Koster* (the name given to the sacristan or beadle) to see two infamously executed views, which he had thought perfection. I hunted the whole town over to find the photographs, but they could not be discovered; in walking about, however, I met with several curious bas-reliefs and inscriptions; one was entitled 'The fish which every one likes;' the observation was intended to be satirical, and worthy of the country of Jan Stien and Brederoo.

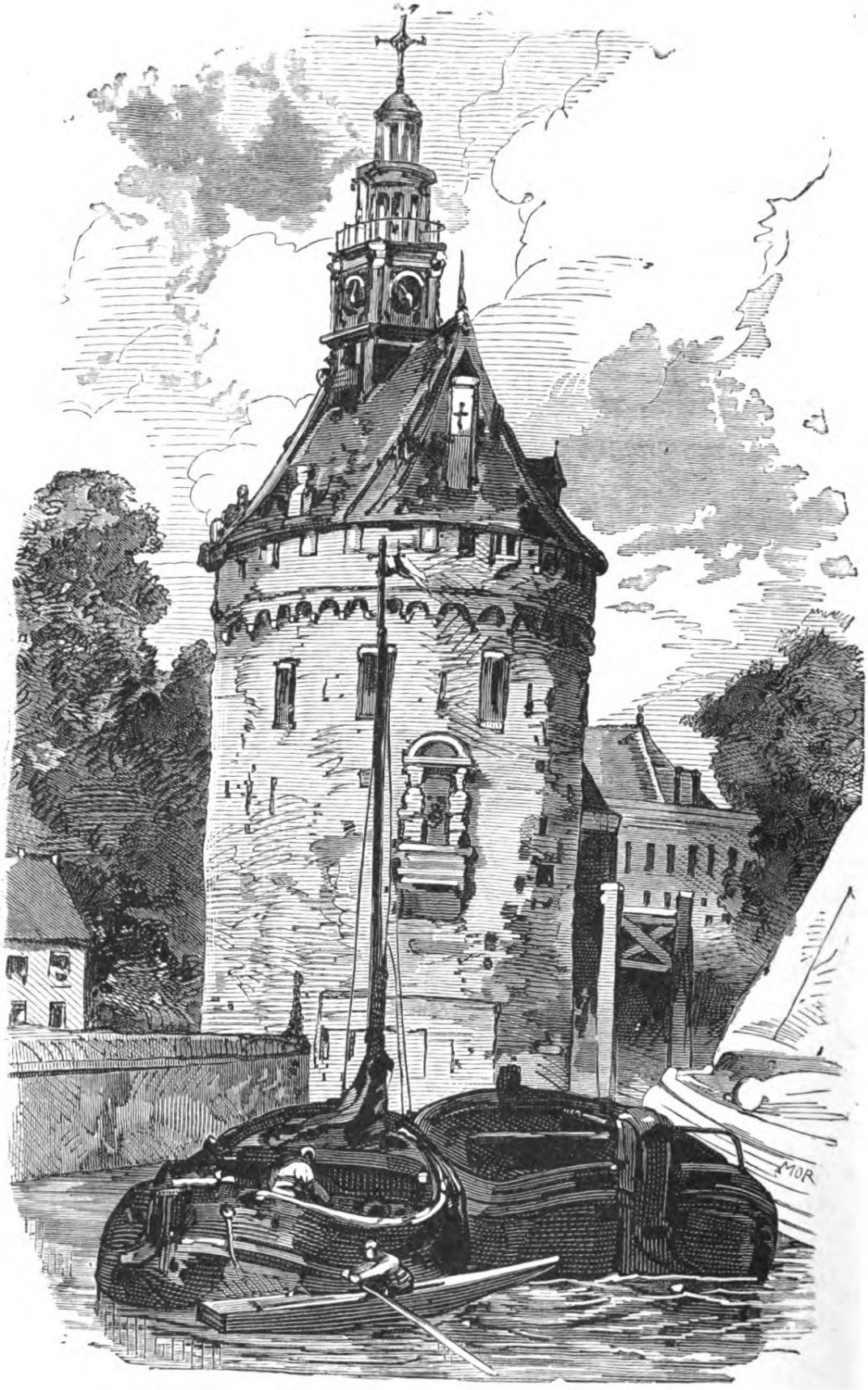
A fisherman is represented having caught a young woman in his nets; a soldier passing by expresses his admiration for this miraculous draught; a monk who follows the soldier is of the same opinion, and says that for such a find he would give up his bacon and greens. Then comes a sportsman, followed by a fisher, a schoolmaster, an alchemist, and an old woman, who each in turn make observations more or less refined, but always terminating in verses by words of double meaning; for this reason I cannot give my readers a copy of these humorous lines; I must honestly confess it is impossible to translate them into French, much less into English.

CHAPTER VII.

HOORN—THE LAKE OF THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE—BY THE SEA—THE GATE OF THE COWS, OR COWGATE—HONOUR TO FILIAL PIETY—THE OOSTER-POORT AND ITS INSCRIPTION—THE BROOM OF ADMIRAL VAN TROMP AND THE ENGLISH ARMS—THE CUP OF ADMIRAL BOSSU—THE PAINTER JAN ALBERTSZ ROODTSENS—LITTLE JOKE ABOUT THE HOSPITAL FOR OLD WOMEN—RELIGIOUS SECTS—THE ORIGIN OF HOORN—ITS ARMS—VICISSITUDES—ROOGRIET AND HUSSARS OF COURLANDE—THE CANNONADE WITH CHEESES—THE TAKING OF ADMIRAL BOSSU.

We had intended quitting Edam in the morning, and arriving at Hoorn in the afternoon; but we counted without our host, for a terrible storm of wind blew across the mouth of the river, and prevented the carrying out of our intentions. It was not till the evening we could get through the sluices and make sail; the weather had cleared up, but the sky was still overcast.

I was meditating on the beauties of nature while our little vessel was making her way slowly over the short waves. Suddenly Van Heemskerck put his hand on my shoulder, and pointed with his other hand towards the eastern horizon. I turned my head in that direction, and saw one of the most curious spectacles I ever contemplated in my life.



ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOUR OF HOORN.

From a Study by M. van Heemskerck van Beest.

From the hull of the boat to the top of the mast, from the zenith to nadir, all was of the same tint. No waves, no clouds, no heavens, no sea, no horizon were to be distinguished; nothing but the same tone of colour, beautifully soft: at a short distance a great black boat seemed to rest on air and to be balanced in space. The sea and the sky appeared of a pearl-grey colour, like a satin robe; the boat looked like a great blot of ink. Nothing can give an idea of this strange spectacle; words cannot describe such a picture. Turner in his strangest moods never produced anything so extraordinary.

I remained a long time absorbed with this astonishing vision, and I should have continued still longer had not our skipper tacked, for we were entering the outer port of Hoorn.

In a few minutes, favoured by the wind, we passed through the divers basins, bordered by masses of verdure, great trees, and flowers. Formerly these charming plantations and gardens were occupied by shipbuilding yards, from whence whole fleets of newly-constructed ships annually sailed. Imagine the lake of the Bois de Boulogne suddenly transformed into a marine basin or port, with gay spires and towers rising among the trees, interspersed by charming houses with painted gables ornamented with sculptures.

Hoorn is not only one of the prettiest towns which can be found, but at the same time the most curious and ancient. All the houses are old and attractive, covered with sculptures and charming bas-reliefs; with every roof finished in the form of stairs. Everywhere wide weather-boards jut out

over doors and windows. The steps and landings are of granite, and carved wood and sculptured stone abound. The tone of colour of the bricks is warm and agreeable to the eye, giving to these ancient habitations an aspect of gaiety and freshness which contrasts in a singular manner with their great age and ancient forms.

It is not one house or ten houses which are thus decorated; but one and all, from the first to the last. It appeared almost ridiculous to walk about these ancient streets in our modern costumes. There are certain towns where the plumed hat, great trunk-hose and boots, with a rapier at the side, are best in keeping with the place; and Hoorn is one of these places.

Certainly there were not many promenaders to dispel our illusions. We must confess it would be more agreeable to see the great empty streets once more peopled, for there is a want of animation about them which is absolutely painful.

Hoorn was formerly filled by an active population, covering the seas with their fleets and the Indies with their counting-houses. Every week a thousand waggons entered the markets, bringing in mountains of cheese from the rich surrounding countries. And each year a cattle fair was held, which was first established in 1389, and drew visitors from all the corners of Europe. French, Danes, Frisons, Germans, and Swedes flocked into the town, augmenting its astonishing prosperity. Hoorn then counted twenty-five thousand inhabitants. Scarcely ten thousand can now be found within its limits.

The *enceinte* of the town remains unchanged, but

the massive towers and monumental gates, which gave it a superb aspect, have disappeared; the ditches have been filled up and planted, and the ancient ramparts dismantled.

I explored the former site of the bastions and ramparts. A few towers still remain, and also two of the ancient gates, but the towers are falling into ruin. The ramparts are converted into beautiful gardens and promenades, shaded by fine trees. Of the two ancient gates which still remain, one is situate at the entrance of the port. It is of magnificent proportions and superb in its details; on the port side it is elegantly rounded; on the town side the straight façade is covered with sculpture and ornaments. Among the sculptures I remarked a cow, which a peasant-girl is milking, a homage to the industry of the country which once enriched the town. The inhabitants of Hoorn seem always to have acknowledged the cow as the source of their prosperity. The second gate which remains was called the Cowgate. It is surmounted by a group of two cows, which seem to contemplate their sisters in the fields. On the town side four cows are standing, seeming to be on amicable terms with the lions which form the heraldic supporters of the city arms.

Between the low port and the sea there still existed in the last century another entry, called Westgate. Here, towards the end of 1579, a poor boy arrived, dragging behind him a kind of sledge, on which he had placed his poor old mother. He was flying before the Spaniards, carrying with him his most precious treasure. Twice this energetic boy was arrested on his road, and twice his enemies, compassionating his

filial devotion, allowed him to pursue his way. The inhabitants of Hoorn, in pious memory of such heroic devotion, caused a bas-relief to be sculptured on the Westgate, thus attesting to posterity that even in the times of their greatest troubles filial piety was dear to the hearts of the Dutch people.

The other remaining gate is a newer one, called the Eastgate, constructed in 1578. It is a pretty monument in the style of the Renaissance. On one side the façade is ornamented by columns, but a little pavilion, with a painted roof at the top, is singularly out of keeping.

The echevins or aldermen who built the gate, like good Huguenots as they were, ornamented it with a devout inscription, in which they acknowledged that, with all their prudence, their watching, and their cannon, they could not defend the town without God's aid. But they took proper precautions, and did not neglect their defences, for to this day the mouths of two culverins show between the ancient embrasures. The inscription is sufficiently interesting to be inserted here; it is in the Latin of the period:—

NIL PROSVNT VIGILVM EXCVBIA, NIHIL ARMA MINÆQUE
MVRORVM INGENTES, RAUCÆVE TONITRVA CANÆ, 1578,
NI DEUS HANCCE VELIS REGERE AC TVTARIER VRBEM.

On Thursdays a market is held in the town, when vast quantities of cheese are sold. The numbers of people on foot who pour into the town, the carved and quaintly painted waggons, carts, and all kinds of old-fashioned conveyances passing through the Eastgate, almost make one believe that the good old times have returned to the city.

THE OOSTERPOORT AT HOORN.

From a Drawing by M. Henri Havard.

Farmers and their wives, cattle dealers and their wives, arrive in the carriages (for the market day is a holiday for the female agriculturist), who sit stolidly in or upon these antediluvian vehicles. I say stolidly, to express the calm, silent, and reflective look of both husbands and wives—a solemn look, with nothing sorrowful in it. This description may serve as a type of the general appearance of the Dutch people of similar rank among the sailors and fishermen.

I have described this look as contemplative, but *all* are seemingly imbued with the notion that calm impassibility is an expression suited to the countenances of dealers in cheese and agricultural produce in general. Even at the *kermesse*, when schnaps and beer have somewhat raised their spirits, the people retain their stolid, phlegmatic look, as may be observed in the pictures of Teniers, Jan Stein, and other great Dutch artists.

But to return to our market. The conveyances having passed through the Eastgate, find their way to the inn. At ten o'clock the market-place resembles an ordnance yard without guns. The red cheeses piled up by thousands represent the cannon-balls rusted by exposure to the air and rain. Around the heaps the peasants, uniformly dressed in black, walk with the habitual gravity of their race. Suddenly two meet; a few words are exchanged; hands are struck several times, or more frequently the hand of the seller is seized in the grasp of his brother peasant; fingers are bent in a certain fashion[1] of the

[1] This is a little manœuvre to prevent the bystanders from knowing the price at which these two astute personages are dealing.—*Translator's note.*

Italians when playing at Mora. The barterers have no objection to calling aloud the price per cent. or hundredweight in florins, but the number of stuyvers more or less must be a secret between them. If it were low it would show that the farmer was a bad cheese presser, or that the batch was not of first quality, so they prefer to keep the price a secret, even at the risk of losing some credit for skill, which puts no money in their pouches.

All cheese is weighed in the market scales. On the conclusion of a bargain the peasants start for the weighing-machine, which is painted a special colour for each district, in order to prevent confusion. When the cheese has been weighed it is regarded as delivered, and is paid for immediately. The weigh-house is a very neat construction, built of greystone of the seventeenth century. The roof is pierced with several windows, the panes being set in lead. A unicorn, holding the shield on which are blazoned the arms of the town, completes the picturesque effect of the building.

In front of the weigh-house is the State College, also built of greystone. Shields, with coats of arms in heraldic colours, enliven the rather dull façade. Among the shields is that of England, which we should scarcely have expected to see were it not that its presence here is explained by an episode of the formidable war between Holland and England.

When Van Tromp, the famous Dutch admiral, nailed to the masthead the broom with which he menaced to sweep the North Sea clear of the English, then at war with Holland, and to force them into the Thames, while he carried devastation and terror

almost to the gates of London, his squadron was composed of certain ships from Hoorn. Two negroes who were on board one of these ships had the audacity to take from a ship, which was in distress from the attacks made upon her, the shield which it was then the custom to carry nailed to the stern. This trophy the negroes brought to Hoorn, the town of their adoption, and in order to preserve the recollection of this courageous feat the shield with the arms of England painted on it was placed on the top of the façade of the building. The shield is appropriately sustained by two negroes in bronze.

Formerly the place or square was completed by the *Stadhuis*, but this is now demolished, and removed to New Street, to the Old College of the State.

The façade of the present *Stadhuis*, which is built half of brick and half of stone, advances a double gable on the street. Its appearance is interesting, ornamented with sculptured stone, but the door, which is between the two gables at the summit of the angle formed by the façade, is badly placed.

The interior is wretchedly arranged. According to modern taste paper has replaced the fine old carved panels and ancient stamped Spanish leather, and the delicate and elegant ornamentation of walls and ceilings of a former artistic period are replaced by modern plaster mouldings.

A few pictures and the silver-gilt cup of Admiral Bossu are the only treasures of the Guildhall. This admiral was defeated and taken prisoner in view of the town, and detained there three years, and afterwards exchanged for prisoners taken at Haarlem by

the Spaniards, but the cup remained as a trophy in the hands of the victors.

But for the souvenirs attached to the cup it would not be worthy of our notice, as many Dutch families possess more elegant and better-chased cups of vermeil; this one is heavy, and the goldsmith who made it must have been but a tyro in his art. The inscription on it is curious:

RIEN OU CONTES
JEMI-ATENS.[1]

If the admiral foresaw he should be beaten on the Zuyder Zee, and pass three years a captive at Hoorn, he was more culpable than unfortunate.

The pictures in the Town or Guild Hall are not of extraordinary value: a large sea-piece by Simon de Vlieger; a portrait of Van Ruyter by Ferdinand Bol, certainly not one of his best works; a *Schutterstuk* by Johan de Baen, of inferior merit; a curious picture of good quality by one of the early Dutch masters, the subject of which is frightfully sanguinary and most disagreeable, and five or six grand compositions representing the Militia and Regents—signed by Rotius.

Although Rotius, or, more properly, Jan Albertz Roodtseus—for Rotius is only the Dutch latinization of his name—is not one of the great Dutch masters, he is not without talent, and, almost unknown as he is, merits a few words. Immerzeel consecrated half-a-dozen lines to this old master, but he only knew of the pictures at Hoorn. Kramm confounds him with his son Jacob Roodtseus, who was a flower-painter.

[1] 'Nothing save my countship. I expected it.'

Van der Aa, mentioning the painters of Hoorn, says that he was born in 1615, and was a father in 1631. Rather precocious certainly, but it is very evidently an error, and we must read 1651 and not 1631. I have perhaps not said more than needful about Rotius, as he must have painted many other pictures besides those signed by him at Hoorn. Where are these other pictures? I strongly incline to the belief that they are spread among the galleries of Dutch painters, and are ascribed to other artists, often even to the pupils of Rembrandt. Rotius was himself the pupil of Pieter Laatsman, who was Rembrandt's master, and in some of these pictures at Hoorn there is a certain analogy to the pictures of Ferdinand Bol, the disciple of the great master, whom he preferred to his other pupils. One picture particularly reminds us of the Regents of the *Leprozenhuis* of Amsterdam; there being the same pre-occupations, the same general dispositions, and the same research of the chiaro oscuro. Does not this throw a certain light on the teachings of Pieter Laatsman, of whom we know so little, but who had such a decided influence on the genius of Rembrandt?

I have already said that the façade of the Town Hall is charming, but the town itself is also charming. We were constantly stopping to admire some house which at the moment we thought more agreeable, more interesting, than another. The *Sint Jans Gasthuis* is the most perfect specimen of ornamentation, and the little gate of the hospital for old women is perhaps equally admirable. We found our way to the door of this hospital, the victims of the joking and mocking spirit of a grave inhabitant of Hoorn.

We were hunting about and looking out for artistic bits, when we accosted a good-tempered-looking passenger, and asked him where anything old and curious was to be seen.

'Antiquities, curiosities? go to the end of the street, and you will find plenty inside that house,' pointing to an ornamented gate-house.

He was laughing at us, it is true, but we saw the beautiful entry to the Old Women's Hospital, and did not venture to inquire for the old curiosities within!

The churches, however, cannot compare with the houses. They are of the fifteenth century, but were spoiled by the plaster and whitewash of the Reformation. Hoorn once possessed ten churches. The oldest was the Groote Kerk, or Great Church, built in 1369, and burnt in 1838. This church boasted the possession of a piece of the true cross. The church is now replaced by the most ridiculous building it is possible to conceive: a kind of Greek monument, with colonnades painted canary-yellow and mouse colour. It is a pity that the Ædiles were not inspired with a better taste.

The old church, as far as I can judge by ancient engravings, did not merit all the eulogiums of Guicciardini and M. C. A. Abbing, who has also written an interesting monograph of this once great church. Guicciardini, in his old French work, 'Description des Pays-Bas,' says, 'Elle avait une grande tournure, estant d'une belle structure, ayant un fort beau clocher de bois, vestu de plomb, conforme, mais un peu moindre que celui de Haarlem, comme estant l'œuvre d'un même ouvrier.' 'It had a fine appearance, being

of handsome construction; having a very fine steeple of wood, covered with lead, in conformity with, but a little less than, that of Haarlem, being by the same workman.' At all events the present church is horrible.

We have already remarked that the Reformers did not respect the churches. The new faith showed itself all the more iconoclast from the circumstance that the town was the first to open its gates to the doctrines of Calvin. The great preaching in public of the Dutch Reformers was held close to the gates in July, 1566; it was Jan Aertszoon who, escaping from Amsterdam, where his life was in danger, brought the Word of God to the inhabitants of Hoorn. The Reformation soon embraced the whole of Holland, and the entire country rose in defence of her convictions and to conquer her liberty of conscience.

Now not above half the inhabitants are Calvinistic. Of the ten thousand souls, the present population of Hoorn, 5,000 are Calvinists, 500 belong to the Augsburg confession, 150 are Remonstrants, and an eqaul number are Mennonites; 2,800 are Roman Catholics, and 900 Jews complete the account of the population.

Hoorn was rich and celebrated before Calvinism appeared within its walls. The inhabitants have sometimes pretended that the existence of the town dates as far back as the year 1288, but we have plenty of proof that in 1316 three or four houses were all that existed in the *enceinte* which afterwards held the town. It was in 1356 that the first municipal privileges were granted, and in 1426 the walls

were built (see Chronicles of Hoorn, 1648). These Chronicles give the list of the burgomasters from the year 1453.

Much discussion has taken place as to the origin of the name of the town, which signifies 'Horn.' Some have said that it was the sign of an inn, others that it was taken from the form of the pier protecting the port. At all events it is of little importance. The arms of the town are a hunting-horn. Vondel, in his poetical letter to the burgomasters and echevins of Hoorn, leans to the opinion that the form of the port gave the name to the town. He says—

> The Triton of the South has chosen for her trumpet the capital of the sea, the blessed Horn.

Zuyder Zee signifies in Dutch the Sea of the South, and Vondel was right to vaunt in his letter the advantages which 'the Triton of the South' derived from its excellent port. She formerly equipped 450 boats for the herring-fishery, and Vondel could well and truly sing in his charming work—

> To heroes Hoorn has given birth,
> And gallant souls to man her fleets;
> The produce of her faithful earth
> In distant lands a market meets.
> Where'er the moon on far-off lands
> Her silver light benignly sheds,
> There, countless as the yellow sands,
> The ships of Hoorn her commerce spreads.

What would the poet have said a century later? The port of Hoorn in his time was about one-tenth of the extent it was at the latter period. Like all the towns, and of necessity the ports of the Zuyder Zee, Hoorn suffered much from the civil wars which dis-

turbed the country. The *Kennemers*, the *Oosterlingen*, the *Hameçons*, and the *Cabillauds* ravished the country in turn. Hoorn was also sacked by the people of Gueldres, who, in 1528, under the command of Martin van Rossem, Lieutenant to the Duke of Egmont, took it by assault. At length hostilities ceased, and from the seventeenth century up to the present time its existence has been almost entirely peaceable.

The inhabitants, or, more properly, the populace at that period, were not so well-conducted and quiet as in these days. The slightest exciting word or unusual circumstance would sometimes revolutionise the town, and cause bloodshed in the streets, as witness the popular movement of the 20th September, 1672, when a woman of the people of the lowest class, named Roo-Griet, conceived a terrible hatred for the Burgomaster. Hanging an empty barrel before her in the guise of a drum, and striking with sticks against the ends of this substitute for the sheepskin instrument of war, she cried out, 'Run, run, Langewagen is going to bolt.' ('*Te hoop, te hoop, Langewagen wel op de loop.*') Now the Burgomaster Langewagen was a merchant and had numerous clients in the town, and the cries of this creature did not fail to charm all the ragged dillettante of the gutter, and soon Roo-Griet found herself at the head of a battalion, or, as the English say, of the tagrag and bobtail of the town. The clients of the unfortunate Burgomaster, hearing their debtor's intended flight proclaimed by many voices, followed the tumultuous group to the house of the Burgomaster, repeating after Roo-Griet, '*Te hoop, te hoop, Langewagen wel op de loop.*'

Langewagen was not a little surprised when the ragged band arrived at his doors. He had no idea that he was the object of the assemblage, but knowing the character of his dear townspeople, he lost no time in climbing over a back wall and hastily seeking his brother's house. Fortunate it was for him that he took this step, for in a few minutes the doors were burst open, and the mob, rushing in, quickly pillaged the house.

Barrels of wine were rolled into the street, the heads of the barrels knocked out, and the wine ran down the kennels, where it was drunk by the mob; everything in the house was broken by these wretched people, and pictures and china destroyed and thrown into the street.

As usual, when all the mischief was done, the militia arrived, and peace was restored with some difficulty.

The next year there was a real battle in the streets, which ran with blood, and many men were killed on the occasion. The battle took place between the Hussars of Courland and the sailors of certain vessels about to sail to the Indies. This time the soldiers were the aggressors, which was a terrible mistake, for the sailors killed a very considerable number of them.

Nowadays it is difficult to believe in such emotions; but one morning I was awakened by what I thought was the thunder of artillery, and I began to think of an *émeute*. I was soon reassured; they were only rolling cheeses down a spout of wood placed in an inclined position from the warehouse to the ship!

The number of boats thus loaded with cheese is considerable. Cheese being still the principal commerce of Hoorn, 2,500,000 kilogrammes, or 25,000 tons, of this precious and nourishing produce of the dairy, besides very large quantities of fish, are still exported; formerly the exports were much greater, and naturally employed numbers of vessels, and thus enabled Hoorn in former times to send out considerable fleets manned by her hardy sailors.

Abel Janszoon Tasman, who discovered Van Diemens Land and New Zealand, and Jan Pietersz Kœn, who in 1619 founded Batavia, and Wouter Corneliszoon Schoutin, who in 1616 doubled the Cape, afterwards called the Horn in honour of the native town of this hardy mariner, were born at Hoorn.

Here also were born the bold seamen who ventured to attack the fleet of the Duke of Alba, commanded by the Count de Bossu. The Spanish admiral did not expect such a serious resistance from the great towns of the Zuyder Zee. Sonoi, who commanded South Holland for the Prince of Orange, had sunk ships loaded with stones at the entrance of the Y to prevent the fleet leaving Amsterdam, but De Bossu, who thought that Enkhuizen and Hoorn alone would offer a feeble resistance to his fleet, entered the Zuyder Zee. He was greatly deceived in his hopes and expectations. On the 11th of October he was attacked by the fleets of the two towns; and although his ships had better sailors, and were better armed and equipped with artillery than the enemy's, before night almost the whole of the Spanish fleet was taken or destroyed. The next day De Bossu thought to continue the battle, but his (the admiral's) ship

was almost the only one afloat, and was surrounded by the Dutch, who had remained masters of the sea after the fight of the preceding day. He could scarcely therefore hope for assistance; and the admiral, wisely thinking that all prolongation of resistance was useless, surrendered himself prisoner, and was carried to Hoorn, where he remained captive, as we have already said, three years.

While their husbands and sons were engaged in this glorious battle, the wives of the combatants, and the old men of Hoorn, too feeble to take part in the fight, contemplated the combat from the shores, and followed its accidents with the greatest anxiety. Three houses from whence the fight could best be seen, and whose windows and roofs had been crowded with spectators, bear now on their façades, in glorious memory of the victory, a triple bas-relief, setting forth three different episodes of the battle. These are accompanied by verses sufficiently boastful.

Hoorn has given birth to others than brave seamen. Many learned doctors and lawyers, with their names latinised, and terminating as usual in *us*, are spoken of in the old archives; but they are for the most part forgotten. 'Sic transit gloria mundi.'

If it is easy to *enter* the port of Hoorn, it is far from easy to get out of it again. It is closed by a simple sluice, which can be opened only when the sea water and the canal waters are nearly level. This difficulty forced us to remain rather longer than we intended in this charming town, and enabled us to make a more ample acquaintance with the place and its inhabitants. I, therefore, did not regret the delay; although, if the truth be told, it convinced us

of one very serious fact, that the supply of fresh meat is not what it should be.

My friend Heemskerck was disposed to purchase a little fresh meat for our approaching trip. Hitherto we had contented ourselves with salt provisions. We therefore went to a magnificent butcher's shop, resplendent with bright brass scales and marble slabs and flooring. After some discussion as to the provisions we should purchase, we decided on a leg of mutton. No such article was to be had, nor anything else to replace it. At length the butcheress informed us, confidentially, that she still had a leg of veal, on which we seized with avidity, when, to our utter dismay, the journeyman butcher informed his mistress that this only leg of veal, this only piece of fresh meat, was sold for the fête of Enkhuizen.

Not being able to procure anything for the pleasures of the table we entered the shop of the old Jew where we were in the habit of purchasing curiosities, and pretty well deprived him of all he had worth collecting.

It is common enough to abuse these industrious sons of Israel, who go from house to house, even into the most out-of-the-way country places, to hunt up old rarities; they are often blamed for their indiscreet curiosity, but we little know the services these people have rendered to the arts, in preventing the destruction of numberless curious objects, the value of which was totally unknown to their possessors. What marvels of art, what remnants of antiquity, these Jewish curiosity brokers have preserved to us! What a misfortune it is they did not begin sooner to visit country places, and search old houses for long-

forgotten objects of the greatest value and interest, now, alas, lost for ever!

We had gone on board soon after our disappointment at the butcher's shop, and we had just finished our sorry dinner when, about six o'clock, news arrived that the sluice was about to be opened. Without losing a minute our skipper had orders to weigh anchor and proceed to sea, and half-an-hour later we had passed the sluices and were well away from the port, sailing before a fresh breeze which filled our great red mainsail—the little waves lapping against our bows with the tapping sound so well known to yachtsmen, but scarcely ever heard save in small vessels.

CHAPTER VIII.

ENKHUIZEN FÊTE—THE MAGAZINES OF THE STATE—THE CHEF-D'ŒUVRE OF FERDINAND BOL—THE SWORD OF ADMIRAL DE BOSSU—AN ELEGANT BLOCK—THE PAINTER AND HIS ASS—THE DEAD TOWN WAKES UP FOR A DAY—THE HIPPODROME—NO HAIR OR BOSOM—THE OLD CATHOLICS—AN INVASION ON BOARD—AMENDE HONORABLE TO THE FRENCH FLAG—OUR DEPARTURE FOR MEDEMBLIK.

We arrived at Enkhuizen at eleven at night. In preparation for the gaieties of to-morrow the town was decked with gay illuminations. On all sides patriotic songs were heard, mixing with the sounds of the waves; the moon illuminated the port in the background; the '*Drommedaris*' showed its high and wide towers, surmounted with its peal of bells, which clashed merrily with the gay notes of the *Wilhelmus* and the songs of Piet Hein.

If Hoorn may be likened to an old woman too thin and attenuated to fill out her dress, what shall we say of Enkhuizen, which town has, we may say, survived itself? Sixty thousand inhabitants filled its streets, contributing by their industry and activity to the riches and force of Holland. Scarcely five thousand souls are now to be found there! The port which formerly turned out a thousand ships, has less to boast of than the isle of Marken. The silent

streets are too large and too wide for the passers-by, and whole quarters of the town have entirely disappeared.

Above all things avoid a promenade in this deserted town with an inhabitant familiar with its history, otherwise you will constantly hear the refrain: 'Here was formerly the richest quarter of commerce; there, where the houses are falling into total ruin, was the quarter of our aristocracy.' But more painful still, when we have arrived at what appears the very end of the town, the very last house, we see at a distance a gate of the city. A hundred years ago the houses joined this gate. It took us a walk of twenty minutes across the meadows to arrive at this deserted spot. It is a picturesque edifice, and although its utility has entirely ceased there it remains, a solitary monument of past ages. The very walls and ramparts which supported it have yielded to the pickaxe of workmen and the devastating influence of time.

This great meadow-land, where the grass now grows almost as thick and luxurious as in the polders,[1] is a terrible spectacle! In these now peaceful meadows, what hearts have ached, what multitudes of men and women have lived and died, what souvenirs are hidden by these meadows covered with daisies! Here the young have loved and children have stretched their arms towards their mothers, yet nothing survives to tell of these things.

It is one great cemetery, but a cemetery without

[1] The polders are drained marshes, from which the water is frequently removed by pumps worked by the windmills.—*Translator's note.*

crosses or tombstones. Ruins would be more imposing and less sorrowful than this green meadow, which is the image of nothing! Note too that these were not nations of antiquity which once animated this desert; not unknown temples which are now covered by this grass and these flowers. Only one hundred and fifty years since streets, houses, shops, and great Christian churches existed, with thousands of active and industrious inhabitants, rich from the produce of their labour and that of their fathers—coming and going, attending to their business, vain of their liberties, jealous of their privileges, and proud of naval power.

History and paintings have made these Hollanders of another age familiar to us with their dark-coloured raiment, high-coloured faces, and their long wigs and longer pipes. Shut our eyes, and we can see them again, even if they vanish from our thoughts as soon as we re-open our eyes.

But we must quit these sorrowful reminiscences. Van Heemskerck had an excellent friend at Enkhuizen, a Mr. H——, who was manager of the naval depôts, a most amiable and distinguished gentleman, who offered to become our cicerone, and conduct us through this sorrowful city.

He first showed us over the magazines, and the buildings where the buoys are constructed, probably the largest in Europe, for there is no sea in the world which requires more of these necessary indications of danger to the mariner than the Zuyder Zee, and other seas of Holland. After the magazines, the whole organisation of which is admirable, we visited the *Stadhuis*, a building of comparatively modern con-

struction, designed by Van Hampen, architect of the *Stadhuis* of Amsterdam. There is nothing grand in its construction; the interior is decorated with a great number of pictures; the ceilings and paintings over the chimney-pieces are the work of Gérard de Lairesse, of Houbraken, and Van Neck. The allegorical compositions of these painters are so well known that it is unnecessary to describe them. The Orphan Chamber is hung with tapestry in the style of old Gobelins. These tapestries are very fine, are of the eighteenth century, and represent demigods and goddesses in periwigs, and the fancy Roman costumes of the time of Louis XIV.

In the cabinet of the Burgomaster, however, there is a splendid picture—a pearl of the greatest value—by Ferdinand Bol. It is a Bol, inspired by the great Rubens, without deserting and without losing the quality of the school of Rembrandt. The colouring is vigorous, and the painting solid; it is deliciously harmonious, and the chiaro oscuro and demi-tints are managed with infinite art. The women and children which compose this allegory have a breadth and fulness of design, and a freedom of attitude, so well fitted to works of this nature, and which we so rarely meet with in the Dutch school. This work of Bol is decidedly a unique specimen of the painter's art.

Monnikendam has the collar, Hoorn the goblet, and Enkhuizen the sword of Admiral the Count de Bossu, or, at all events, that which is said to be his sword. It is two-handed, and seems more fitted for some German foot soldier than for a chief of the Spanish Armada. I can scarcely imagine an admiral giving

his orders for the working of his ship or of his fleet with such a glaive under his arm, for as to putting it into a sheath and suspending it to his side, it is utterly impossible, seeing the size of the weapon.

Another reason which makes me doubt its authenticity is the almost rustic simplicity of the sword. The smallest, the poorest gentleman of the period, did not hesitate to expend the greater part of his revenues in his arms and accoutrements. The brave burgesses of Amsterdam, and even those of Enkhuizen, wore at their sides gilt rapiers, with the hilts finely ornamented with goldsmiths' work. I can scarcely conceive a Spanish admiral of good family, celebrated for his pillaging exploits and of doubtful loyalty, contenting himself with so simple and modest an arm. At all events, this sword was his traditionally, and we know too well how traditions are established.

The granaries of the Guildhall possess a few old and curious objects, which we must not pass over in silence. They consist of some half-dozen pictures of local interest, two or three portraits, and the axe and block used for capital executions. The axe is common, even vulgar in form, but the block is covered with charming allegories, carved with skill, which no doubt were intended to distract the bitter thoughts of the unfortunate men about to be decapitated. It is doubtful whether these unfortunates were grateful for this delicate attention.

I said once before that the Dutch language lends itself readily to witticisms and puns. The Guildhall of Enkhuizen is another proof of the fact. Our friend Mr. H—— asked permission of the Burgo-

master to copy some pictures. Permission was readily accorded, and the porter was informed that on the following day a painter with his easel was to be allowed to enter the hall where marriages were celebrated. The words 'easel' and 'ass' are synonymous in Dutch, 'ezel;' and the porter, who had never heard of an easel in his life, innocently asked the painter what he intended to do with the donkey in the Marriage Hall. All night he was in a state of excitement, reflecting how he should preserve the hall from this monstrous desecration; however, as he knew he must obey orders without murmuring, early in the morning he spread over the floor a number of old carpets, and covering them with a thick bed of straw prepared to receive the supposed strange visitor. Later in the morning the hall was, as usual, the resort of couples desirous of being united in the bonds of matrimony. The painter also came, and was much amused by the preparations; but the Burgomaster and the wedding parties took these preparations as totally unbecoming, and the poor porter very nearly paid with his place for his ignorance of artistic belongings.

After our visit to the Guildhall we visited the silent streets of the city. Although the façades of the houses cannot compare with those of Hoorn, yet there are many which have much beauty and elegance to recommend them. Among the most remarkable, and incontestably the most original, is the *Burger Weeshuis*, or Burgesses' Orphanage. The gate, resembling the style of the first years of the seventeenth century, is ornamented with an attic sustained on columns, on which are placed two orphans, a boy

and girl, sculptured in stone, in the costume of the period, and coloured.

The interior of the Orphelinat is amply furnished with little beds. The dormitories, tables of the refectory, and the interior decoration of the halls have remained as they were a hundred years since.

The dormitory of the girls is divided by wooden partitions and green curtains into little cells, thus hiding the children from indiscreet visitors; a gallery runs round above the partitions, from which a view of the whole dormitory may be obtained.

The boys' dormitory is more simple, furnished only with little beds, without curtains or partitions.

There are a few pictures on the walls, which, as they depict ancient costumes and customs, are not without interest; but they are in a miserable condition, cracked and torn, and have a very piteous aspect in this asylum of youth.

Two great rooms (I do not know their use) are tapestried with Cordova leather, very magnificent, and in the finest state of preservation. Unfortunately, the furniture which leans against this splendid decoration of the walls is of the most modern and inferior kind of mahogany, and the fine Louis XIV. chimney-pieces are dishonoured by ridiculous paintings, which totally mar their effect.

In general, the Dutch have a certain intuition of the harmonious arrangement of colours. Notwithstanding the houses being frequently painted in colours apparently incongruous, they are agreeable to the eye. They have shown taste in the colouring even of their milk-pails, in which an invariable blue in the interior shows up the white colour of the milk. The

pails used for dipping into the canals are painted red in the interior, to conceal the yellow colour of the water. The boats are red, black, and green, which in the distance have a most agreeable effect. I should not have entered into this dissertation had I not been shocked by the yellow curtains of the little beds of the infirmary. What a mistake! Really I did not expect this grave error in Holland.

The garden is beautifully kept.

A few minutes' walk from the Orphelinat is the *Wester Kerk*, or Western Church, which is the largest and most ancient in the town. The view from the summit is very extensive. The remains of the town are at our feet. Looking on these roofs and towers, and the vestiges which appear in the distance, we have an exact idea of how towns rise and fall, live and die.

The origin of Enkhuizen dates from the year 1000. In the time of Thierry III. a few houses (enkele huizen) were built on this tongue of land, this peninsula within peninsula, called West Friesland. In 1279 Enkhuizen had no walls, and the soldiers of Jan Arckel and Nicholas, Seigneur of Putten, took the town and burnt it to the ground. Two centuries later, in 1426, the Kennemars became masters of the town in their turn. The following year the troops of Jacqueline of Bavaria entered the place unexpectedly, found the inhabitants in the midst of festivity, and beheaded a hundred of the principal burgesses. In 1514 it was almost entirely destroyed by an inundation, which demolished a part of the ramparts, and destroyed one of its richest quarters. The inhabitants of the Gueldres attempted

to surprise the town three years later, but the population and city were saved by the falling of the tide, which left the vessels of Count Egmont on dry land.

Notwithstanding Enkhuizen passed through many troubles and vicissitudes, it increased in population and wealth day by day, and grew to be considered the largest town in Holland. It had five canals for the burgesses and traffic, and, according to Paraval, the port was celebrated throughout the world.

This port, now so small, once held 3,000 flat-bottomed vessels, on which Albert, Count of Holland, embarked with his army for Friesland, in the year 1395. The town has possessed great fleets, annually augmented from its own building-yards. The herring-fishery was, and is still, its great source of wealth, and its brave sailors in their voyages northward acquired such renown that Charles V. and Philip II. would have no others on their royal ships, 'thinking them the most experienced, and having the best acquaintance with these septentrional and occidental seas,' as recorded by a contemporary author. This honour, however, and the large sums which the Spaniards had expended to fortify and embellish the town, did not enchain the hearts of the free inhabitants of Enkhuizen, for it was the first town in Holland which opened its gates to Guillaume le Taciturne, or, as he is called in England, William the Silent. It was in the year 1572 that a deputation of the principal inhabitants was sent to the Count de la Marche, Lieutenant to the Prince of Orange, pressing him to take the town under his protection, and to lend troops to repulse the tyrant, the Duke of Alva.

The city prospered for some years; its commerce, fisheries, and salt works contributed largely to its wealth, but the port unfortunately became dangerous from the movement of the sand-banks. Its rich merchants seemed to lose their energy, they appeared to fear the loss of their rapidly acquired wealth, and now refused to risk the capital which they had gained in seeking for more. All these causes combined to hasten the decline and fall of the town so wonderfully fortunate for a certain period. In vain attempts were made, in the year 1591, to augment its size and importance by the erection of fine buildings and wide and regular streets, but Enkhuizen had fallen from her great eminence. Already, in 1678, her commerce had fearfully diminished. In the next century she was deserted by her children; the houses were empty, the streets were too large for the people, grass grew on her quays, her walls began to totter, the town was in a complete state of decadence, and its ruin was inevitable.

This sorrowful history I had heard, and the picture I contemplated from the summit of the *Wester Kerk* too truly confirmed it; when suddenly the sleeping town seemed to wake from her slumber of ages. The streets were filled with joyous cries, carriages of all kinds arrived from the country, rolling over the streets paved, as usual in Holland, with bricks;[1] the houses dressed out with flags and the gaiety of the streets, warned us that it was time to quit the church and its dull neighbourhood of tombs.

[1] The thin, yellow, hard brick, which is so much in use in our stables, called by us the 'Dutch Clinker,' is the brick used for roads throughout Holland.—*Translator's note.*

But before doing so we examined with much interest and admiration the splendid wood carvings, which have been fortunately preserved, and which to some extent enliven the interior, which, as usual in the Protestant churches of Holland, is empty and cold, the whitewashed walls contrasting strangely with the black marble pavement. A sanctuary, formed by six elegant arcades most artistically sculptured and covered with mythological and Scriptural emblems, is dated 1542. This sanctuary would be perfect were it not for the displacement of the little antique columns of silver which once supported it, and which are poorly replaced by bronze colonnettes. A pulpit of the same date and style, although to some degree marred by a more modern staircase, and a doorway equally elegant in design and execution, furnish three specimens almost unique of the works of which the artists of those days were capable, and show us how much we have to regret the treasures we have lost through Protestant fanaticism; and if reform had not passed through these sanctuaries, with its cold good sense and iconoclastic fury, we should still possess them.

The fête which so stirred the town of Enkhuizen was an agricultural meeting or exhibition, enlivened with trotting races; the ground chosen for this latter amusement was a street which had been covered with a thick coat of sand. The trotting matches certainly pleased us more than the exhibition of steam-ploughs and monstrous potatoes.

On each side of this street course, which was not very wide, a cord had been stretched, as a hint to the townsfolks and their country visitors not to press too

closely on the trotters. A band of musicians, furnished by a regiment quartered in the town, occupied a wooden orchestra about the middle of the course, and another wooden building was occupied by a number of the jury. The orchestra played patriotic airs amidst the applause of the spectators.

The peasants of North Holland attach much importance to these trotting matches. The horses are large and powerful animals, and mounted by peasants almost as heavy as the horses, they trotted with all their might. Many had a kind of band or padding buckled round one fore-leg; we were informed it was destined to prevent galloping.[1]

Great is the pride and glory of a peasant to be the possessor of a first-rate trotter, a winner in these local matches; and as these worthy farmers are very rich, a speedy trotter commands a fabulous price.

It was a very great piece of good fortune which brought us to Enkhuizen precisely at the opportune moment to see these singular races; it gave us the opportunity of observing in a single day almost all the varieties of costume adopted for ages by these primitive people. The men in general wore a black or dark coloured cloth coat, cut in the old style of a dress-coat; as usual, they were phlegmatic and absorbed in their silent reflections.

The girls were fresh and rosy, and many of them

[1] A hint for our sportsmen in England, which they may find useful. This plan is pursued with the famous American trotters. Round pieces of wood, about the size of a walnut, are strung on a cord, like a necklace of beads, tied on just above the pastern joint.—*Translator's note.*

would have been really pretty did they not conceal the greatest attractions of women, the hair and the bust. Imagine the effect of grotesque bonnets loaded with flowers and ribbons, like walking gardens, and the hair hidden as much as possible under this ridiculous head-gear. The married women cut off all their hair.

The day a young peasant-girl of North Holland is married, notwithstanding the earnest entreaty of her future husband, she cuts her hair short, and imprisons her head for the future in a kind of golden casque or helmet. Ornaments of various kinds are employed, apparently to attenuate this barbarous disfigurement. Frontlets, coils in the form of a corkscrew of thin strips of gold, adorn the forehead, while two horrible little curls of black horse-hair, which have the most absurd effect, hang on each side. These curls are more ridiculous still when the damsel has light eyebrows and eyelashes, with fair complexion and light blue eyes. This mass of goldsmiths' work is covered with a bonnet, which is often of a form which might be called elegant were it not for the flower-garden surmounting it.

When they cut their hair, they endeavour to flatten the bust by all possible means, many of these attempts causing serious maladies. But nothing can persuade them to abandon the ridiculous and dangerous habit.

We fear we can trace these strange vagaries of costume to the Protestant prudery of the early and austere epoch of the Reformation. The idea seems to be that the wife is to be always in her house, and as the mother of her children must hide her attractions

from all save her family, making her obedience to her liege lord an unquestioning matter.

We will not repeat a couplet by old Jacob Cats, which in reference to this prudery is not quite as delicate as might be desired, although his works are decidedly moral, and divide with the Bible the veneration of the Dutch people.

This old author confounded in his verses prudery and coarseness, and boasted he had never courted and never loved any other woman than his wife, for which virtue all must honour him.

Although we believe we have found in the vigorous profession of Protestantism, as observed in Holland, the origin of the strange and cruel customs, as far as the female peasant is concerned, to which we have referred, it is not so easy to discover the cause which induces the Dutch females of the peasant class to load themselves to excess with jewellery. I have lived many years in Holland, and have heard various reasons given, but the following, if not plausible, is at least original.

'The old Dutchmen,' said my friend, 'were very fond of the bottle. Our pictures, our songs, and our literature are certainly proofs of the charge being to some extent true. Unfortunately, these Bacchic orgies are too often terminated by violent quarrels, and blows being freely administered, sometimes fall on the wife. Hence the glittering casque of which we have just now spoken.'

I am not, however, convinced that this explanation is the true one. Paraval tells us that in certain municipalities they endeavour to restrain household quarrels and wife-beatings by fining the husband a

ham, whether of Westphalia, or of York, or pure Dutch, is not mentioned; but he adds that if a wife beats her husband the fine is double, and two hams are necessary to repair damages. If the gilt casque is, as I was thus informed, to protect the head of the wife, I must confess it is a very expensive piece of head armour, for twenty to twenty-five pounds sterling is the ordinary price of this helmet.

I account for the mania of this particular class, to cover themselves with heavy chains, earrings, and monumental brooches, by Holland being a country specially maritime (for between seas, rivers, creeks, and canals, there is water everywhere), and the wives of sailors, fishermen, and fish dealers are proverbially fond of jewellery, notwithstanding that Vollendam and Marken, especially maritime as they are, both by position and the habits and occupations of the inhabitants, are a remarkable exception to this general rule. I leave others to unravel the origin of this very expensive taste, if I have not sufficiently elucidated the mystery.

We still had to see several objects worthy of notice at Enkhuizen, among them the Church of the old Catholics, and the sacerdotal vestments. We were prevented by an accident, or rather, I should say, an untoward event, from seeing the church.

As the so-called Old Catholics have been referred to, I may remark that this sect, which has been thought of late to be a new one, and is now the subject of much conversation, had existed in the Netherlands more than a century before the Germans so much occupied themselves with their existence. It

was in the year 1725 that the Archbishop of Utrecht, the first leader of this little community, was excommunicated for having protested against the Papal Bull, known by the name of 'Unigenitus.' The Government of Holland, as good Calvinists, encouraged the Bishop in his resistance to the Holy See, and he founded the very first communion of Old Catholics on the Continent.

This schism had been expected; already the clergy of Utrecht had repelled the formulary of Pope Alexander VII., and the visitation of Antony Arnauld, combined with the residence in Holland of Quesnel, singularly confirmed the spirit of independence manifested by the diocesan authorities.

The Pope in excommunicating the Archbishop and his clergy forbade the Roman Catholics of Holland to acknowledge their authority; but a considerable number still remained attached to their former pastors, and the Archbishop not only continued to direct and administer his diocese, but, what is more, appointed bishops under his own authority.

Since this period the Old Catholics have formed the Church of Utrecht, and counted a separate communion of about 6,000 souls; and besides, the Archbishopric of Utrecht, possess the Bishoprics of Haarlem and Deventer. A Chapter, composed of a dean and seven canons, assists the Archbishop and Bishops. The duties of the Chapter are to provide for the administration of the Church by naming the necessary vicars, and choosing, when necessary, a new Archbishop. When the Archbishop is chosen, his election is immediately communicated to the Pope, who as speedily excommunicates the elected Arch-

bishop and his clergy. No kind of attention is paid to the terrible punishment; all goes on as before, as if the sentence of excommunication had not been passed and read to the Chapter.

Since 1725 this state of affairs has continued; the different Governments of the Netherlands have always respected the little community. Napoleon I., in 1811, accorded them his special protection. He ordered that Willebrord van Os should be acknowledged Archbishop of Utrecht, with all the privileges and prerogatives attached to his rank. The Old Catholics lived quietly without seeking observation. At Rome they were treated as Jansenists. They protested with energy against this assumption, which after all could scarcely be termed a calumny, for they had repelled the formulary of Alexander VII., which obliged the faithful to swear that they execrated the five propositions drawn from the book of Jansenius, called *Augustinus*. Not repudiating the doctrines of this Bishop of Louvain, they might without shame accept a name which the great men of Port Royal were not afraid to bear.

That which is particularly remarkable in the administration of this little Church is that the Chapter names the Archbishop, and the Chapter recruits itself. We may therefore judge by this fact alone their special character, for the faithful do not participate in the constitution of the Chapter or the election of the Archbishop. This is contrary to the customs of the Old Catholics of Switzerland and Germany in these modern days.

I must relate how it happened that we did not complete our visits to the various curiosities of Enk-

huizen, and from what causes this abridgment of our residence in the town took place.

It will be remembered that our bark carried two flags—the tricolors of France and Holland; that of Holland flying from our mast-head, and that of France from our stern. It appeared that this arrangement did not please the *mauvais sujets* who were working upon the dike, for our skipper on coming on board told Van Heemskerck that the *polder jongens*, the men of the polders, had sent him notice to strike the French flag; otherwise they would come and strike it themselves. Although my friend did not think seriously of this menace, he considered it best to inform the Burgomaster, which he did, addressing his letter to the Guildhall.

I was not informed of this affair, and as it was my turn to perform the duty of cook, I applied myself to the cooking-stoves.

We had a grand dinner that day. I desired to maintain my reputation as a *cordon bleu*. Among our guests was our good friend Mr. H——, our kind cicerone, and his wife. The *déjeûner* was nearly over and the coffee about to be served, when a sudden bustle and stamping of feet was heard on deck; men were climbing on board, vociferating insults and abuse. Our friends and myself, astonished, inquired what it all meant.

Van Heemskerck, suspecting the cause, rushed hastily on deck, brandishing a thick cudgel. He soon dispersed the assailants, and posted himself close to the French flag, which had been torn down, in such a decidedly hostile attitude, that not one of the mob ventured to approach. 'I say nothing of the way I

will serve the second, but the first who makes a step forward,' said he, boiling with rage, 'will get his quietus.' The appearance of my enormously big friend, tall and broad-shouldered as he is, with contracted brow and lips trembling with rage, gave such an impression of truth to this hostile speech that not one of the vagabonds doubted for a second that the speaker would be as good as his word; and as at this moment our friend was reinforced by our presence, they quickly beat a retreat, and skulked hastily on board the boats which had brought them to the attack on our flag.

Once more in quiet possession of our vessel, Van Heemskerck desired to hoist our flag again, but our friend Mr. H—— pretended that, as it was a public outrage, we had the right to a public and official reparation.

He, therefore, without a moment's delay, went ashore to see the Burgomaster, to whom he related the events which had taken place. The Burgomaster, with the most laudable *empressement*, quitted the fête, of which he was the president, at the request of our friend, and came on board our vessel, accompanied by four police agents.

With the most perfect courtesy this honourable magistrate expressed his great regret at the annoyance that we had been subjected to, and the pain he felt that such an insult had been offered us; and on behalf, as he expressed himself, of the inhabitants of Enkhuizen, he tendered the most cordial excuses. After politely lifting our flag by the hands of his agents, he left two of them on guard on our deck, going on shore himself with the two other agents,

and landing on the dike to make the necessary inquiries relative to the names of the perpetrators of the outrage.

An hour later he returned on board.

'My people,' said the worthy Burgomaster, 'are not so much to blame as I feared. A very great vagabond, a *mauvais sujet*, was the instigator. This fellow has been lately employed on board a French fishing-vessel, and has just suffered six months' imprisonment at Havre for a crime he had committed, and he thought thus to revenge himself, and his comrades were stupid enough to let him drag them into this bad affair.'

He further told us he was rather uneasy, as the culprits had left the dike, and dispersed themselves in the town, hoping to recruit their party by half-drunken workmen, amusing themselves at the fête.

'My four agents and myself,' said he, 'will not quit your deck whatever happens, and we will do all in our power to protect you from further annoyance; but I confess, that at this fête time, it will be very painful to me to have to repel these rascals by force, and have a regular battle with them, which I much fear will be the case. You will render me a great service if you will leave the place.'

Upon these observations on the part of the magistrate, and Van Heemskerck's wise and prudent remark that we had not come there to fight battles but to study the country, it was decided that we should leave immediately.

Meanwhile about two hundred people had assembled on the dike, curious to know what all these comings and goings of the Burgomaster and his

agents could mean. When they learnt the cause, their indignation against the *polder jongens* was unlimited; the women especially, and they were in the majority, showed themselves particularly animated.

'Let them come,' said they, 'and let us get at them.'

Notwithstanding these marks of sympathy we would not change our determination, and half an hour later we put to sea, accompanied by the exclamations of our new friends. Our excellent friend Mr. H—— insisted on remaining on board and sailing with us as far as Medemblik. Very soon we were clear of the port of Enkhuizen. The Dromedary's Fort with its great towers loomed black against the silvery sky. We could still perceive the outlines of the city, and I could not but reflect on the strange vicissitudes which this once flourishing town had undergone: a city which had given birth to the great painter Paul Potter, and the engraver C. Boisseus: a port celebrated for its mariners and pilots; and which, two centuries since, was of such great importance that the description of its splendours occupied a book of 900 pages. There are many books describing the town of Enkhuizen; those which may be most readily consulted in public libraries were published in 1666, 1710, 1719, and 1747.[1]

[1] The list of the Burgomasters is preserved in the archives of the town at the Guildhall, commencing at the year 1438.

CHAPTER IX.

THE SORROWS OF THE COOK—A FÊTE FOR THE SENSES OF SIGHT AND SMELL—THE CAPITAL OF WEST FRIESLAND—THE INTERRUPTED BAPTISM OF KING RADBOD—SHORT RETURN TO LIFE—CURIOSITY OF FIANCÉS—THE STATUE OF MEDEA—THE ETYMOLOGY OF MEDEMBLIK—A PORTRAIT OF RADBOD.

It is not far from Enkhuizen to Medemblik, but the distance by sea, by reason of turning the *Geldershoek* or point of the Gueldres, is much greater.

After doubling the Ven-Ven light we were obliged to steer due north, to take advantage of the wind, but suddenly the weather changed and became tempestuous. I should not have mentioned the circumstance if it had not occasioned me a little accident, which for the rest of the voyage and to the present day causes constant jokes at my expense. The fact is, that at the moment the weather changed, I was occupied in the kitchen, or rather kitchening a magnificent chocolate cream, for which effort of confection I calculated on receiving the highest encomiums from our visitors; but 'Man proposes, but God disposes.' All was going well when a great wave interfered, throwing all the pots and kettles on the floor, and their precious but rather too warm contents over my sacred person. Bad as it was for me, my companions

made it worse by numerous insidious inquiries; among others, they desired to be informed whether it was the custom in France to wash the kitchen with chocolate cream. The ingratitude of my companions caused me to strike work, thus giving me the opportunity of a delicious view of Medemblik.

The town with its towers, steeples, and its ancient castle, rose up before us against a background of sky of a rosy hue, fading into lilac grey and a variety of soft tints; the town itself appearing of a blackish green, while over our heads the sky was of a celestial blue; at the very foot of the town the sea reflected all these splendid colourings and completed the picture. It is impossible to imagine anything finer in tone and delicate colouring, or more unlike nature. A painter who reproduced this scene without alteration would not be believed; he would be accused of having invented the colouring.

Soon another sensation was experienced, not less agreeable than that which we have described. Although we were nearly two miles from the coast and the low meadows scarcely visible, suddenly a delicious odour of new-mown grass was wafted to and around us, and perfumed our boat; it is certainly one of the most delicious of perfumes, and when perceived at sea seems quite unusual. But it did not last long, and we rapidly approached the coast with a fair wind, and entered directly into the port of Medemblik.

If Enkhuizen is a vast cemetery, Medemblik is a veritable tomb. Were the plague, famine, and cholera permanently established there, the town could not have a more desolate appearance. We felt really

low-spirited when we walked through the streets. We were cold and miserable—we seemed to be enveloped, one might almost say penetrated, with a kind of uneasy feeling of dulness, which weighed upon us like lead. Notwithstanding that this port without ships is one of the finest in the Zuyder Zee, its quays are untenanted, its streets without passengers, its ancient promenades and its wide streets deserted. Abandoned as they are, they are well placed and well built, and if the animation of a new population could be given to it, it would be a charming town either to visit or reside in permanently.

To recount the history of Medemblik is to recount the history of West Friesland, for this little town of 3,000 inhabitants was once the capital of all this country before Enkhuizen and Hoorn ever existed. It sheltered kings and armies, and possessed palaces. It was the residence of the famous King Radbod, who Pepin of Heristal, and his son Charles Martel, took the trouble to convert at the point of the lance and with blows of good battle-axes.

Nevertheless, these violent means of conversion were not very effectual, for the famous Radbod, when in the act of receiving baptism from the hands of Volfranc, Bishop of Sens, was suddenly taken with a fit of hesitation, and particularly inquired of the venerable prelate whether the noble kings, his ancestors, were in heaven or in hell?

The Bishop answered, without sufficient consideration, that they were doubtless in hell, as they had never been baptised. The King replied by withdrawing his foot, which was already in the fountain, and said, 'Il vault mieux doncques que j'aille où est

la plus grande partie de mes pares et amis que suyvre la petite trouppe de ceux qui vont au Paradis.' (I think it would be best that I go where the greatest number of my parents and friends are staying, instead of following the little lot which are gone to Paradise.)

After the times of this facetious King Radbod, his son Aldegel, and numerous other kings of Friesland, made Medemblik their favourite residence. This high distinction did not, however, save the town from the habitual pillages and fires of the times, and on various occasions it shared the fate of its neighbours, and was destroyed by flames.

In 807 forty houses were injured by lightning; in 1517, the inhabitants of the Gueldres reduced it to ashes; its castle alone, which they failed to take, remained standing, and the town had scarcely risen from its ruins when it was again burnt in 1547.

To-day the town has fallen into such a state of decrepitude that a fire is scarcely necessary to remove it from the map of the Low Countries: the walls are tottering, its houses tumble down one by one, leaving between them wide spaces like the teeth in an old man's mouth. The centre of the town is still kept alive by Dutch industry and care, but in the neighbourhood of the port it is easy to see that human life has quitted it, and that the houses will soon follow the inhabitants.

Less than a century since Medemblik was still in some degree alive. It had a mint, similar to Hoorn and Enkhuizen. It had fleets, and the Admiralty still constructed ships in her ship-building yards, on

the banks of one of the finest basins in Holland. These magnificent buildings still exist, but in a deserted and ruined state, and for some years were used as rope-yards, till the time of Napoleon I., when they counted a few glorious days of a return to their proper destination—by the building of men-of-war.

Many large vessels left these fine ship-building yards to fight against the so-called European Coalition; and many more re-entered them for the repair of glorious damages received in combat with the English fleets. As late as 1829, when these fine buildings were converted into a Marine Institution, or college for young officers, to teach them the science of naval construction, the gilt plates bearing the names of the last French ships which sought refuge there, might still be seen.

This Institute, with its young and ardent population, brought back to Medemblik a little life and activity. The drum and bugle, with the gay songs of the young members of the Institute, frightened the old houses from their quiet sleep, and shook the old steeples. It was but a flash of lightning; the Institute was soon removed from the town. Some cases of fever, fortunately not occasioning any mortality, induced the Government to believe the place was unhealthy, and the Naval School was moved to Breda, from whence it emigrated to Nieuwe-Diep, where it still remains.

After the departure of the school the town fell once more into a moribund state; the great building is now let to a dominie or pastor, who occupies a dozen rooms out of the three or four hundred the building contains. A few black-and-white cows feed

peaceably on the grass growing in its courts; the lands around and the formerly beautiful garden of the Admiral in command, are no longer to be seen. This garden, which formerly boasted of the richest collection of flowers in Europe, is now planted with potatoes and turnips. Nothing is more melancholy than the appearance of this immense edifice; a solitude in the midst of a desert.

The town is not more alive than the Institute; if three strangers walk about its deserted streets it is an event; curious faces are seen at the windows, women at their doors lean forward to look at them; the few passengers in the streets stopped on their road to examine us, or turned down a street and hastened round to meet us again.

Passing before a handsome house, whose windows were wide open, we saw two young people, who appeared to be young married folks, so earnestly were they talking, and looking into one another's eyes, sitting hand in hand, apparently saying those thousand nothings which at their age fill so large a place in life. They caught sight of us as we passed; in an instant we were followed by curious looks. Parasol, cane, and hats were immediately in requisition, and ten times afterwards we met the charming couple, who seemed to take all the trouble possible to meet us.

'Be assured,' said Mr. H——, on seeing my astonishment at these manœuvres, 'that our presence is a great event. Many days hence the conversation will be, "Who were those strangers? What were they here for?" and conjectures without end and learned reasons will be given for our coming.'

Although I am willing to believe that Mr. H—— was to some extent right in his conjectures, and my own impressions confirmed his words, I was pained to see a town almost at its last agony, dying of consumption, silence, and *ennui*.

The green monotonous meadows around Medemblik add to the apparent solitude which thus invades the town. But the inhabitants seem to have done their best to arrive at this sad result.

Medemblik is scarcely in communication with the outside world. She has but one poor diligence running to and from Hoorn, and it takes as long to get a letter from Amsterdam as the post between Calais and Marseilles.

There seems to be a determination to render the town as little interesting as possible to strangers. The *Stadhuis* once possessed a fine hall. The municipal council has sold the beautiful carved wood-work which decorated it to an amateur at the Hague, and had the old castle demolished, one of the most ancient and majestic buildings in Holland. It reared its high towers at the entrance of the port.

The old castle was a very curious ruin, and although the engravings which still exist do not bespeak it to have been of great architectural beauty, still as a remnant of the past it was worth preservation, and more so, if the tradition is true, that it was the residence of King Radbod; but I must confess that the ancient relics of the castle, which I visited carefully, show traces of ogives in the thickness of the walls, which induces me to believe that the castle was posterior to Radbod, and was built on the ruins of his ancient palace and castle by Florent V.

However, it may be that this old *Burg* was, as they pretend, built before the Zuyder Zee existed or a long time after, as is much more probable, it certainly deserved better treatment than it has met with; its venerable aspect and lofty stature affected the antiquity and splendour of Medemblik, and as such merited every care.

The site where this interesting ruin stood is a spot of high antiquity, and was a celebrated and sacred place; *there* the statue of the great Medea stood, and *there* was the sanctuary of this powerful goddess, to whom human beings were sacrificed. It is, says Guicciardini, to this statue that the town owes its name. As this statue was gilt, as reported by this celebrated traveller, it was said commonly that Medea *blicht*, that is to say, shone; and with little abbreviation and alteration we obtain Medeblickt, the place, says the traveller, retaining the name to this day.

According to others, the name of the little city is derived from the river Medemelack, which formerly bathed its walls, the bed of which river now forms part of the Zuyder Zee; but as it is not more easy to find traces of the river Medemelack than those of the statue, it seems to me very difficult to decide the question.

After all, the pre-occupations of the inhabitants of Medemblik are not turned in this direction. The antique origin of their city does not trouble them much, nor do they concern themselves about the vestiges which still exist; for the ancient guard-room, which was celebrated for its antique carved panels, has been stripped of its decoration to be re-

placed with paper at a shilling the roll and turned into a vulgar concert-room, very useful, no doubt, but particularly ugly.

A portrait of King Radbod decorates this concert-room, and in the next some old armour of no value hangs on the walls. The porter pretends that the portrait is contemporary with the Friesland King: I had the curiosity to examine it closely, for it hangs high in an obscure corner, and covered with dirt and smoke; I procured a ladder, mounted, and, as I expected, found it a very bad picture in oils, with an inscription in Roman letters, the whole evidently not older than the sixteenth century.

I did not disabuse the credulity of the old guardian, the porter in question. At his age illusions are precious, and I should have considered I committed a sin if I had opened his eyes.

On quitting the old castle we had visited all that Medemblik contained worth seeing: all that now remains of the ancient capital and residence of the Kings of Friesland.

CHAPTER X.

ACROSS NORTH HOLLAND—OPERDOES—NATURE PAINTED—SALOON STABLES—THE HOUSE WITH TWO DOORS—FUNERAL CEREMONIES—ONE DOOR TAKEN FOR ANOTHER.

Our good friend Mr. H—— left us to return home by the diligence to Hoorn, which is in correspondence with that of Enkhuizen. The weather was bad, and the sea route was long and difficult; we therefore decided, as we did not desire to stop anywhere during her voyage, to go to Nieuwe-Diep by land. We immediately hired a carriage, and, with our baggage, started for Noord Scharwoude, where we intended to take the railway.

We had therefore to traverse about half the peninsula, and certainly the most interesting half, where modern taste and manners have not much penetrated. I will not describe each of the little villages we passed, for they are much alike. But they are so curious, so strange, and so unlike that which is to be seen elsewhere, that I must consecrate a few lines to one or two of them.

The first we saw was called Operdoes, rising in the midst of fields of coleseed. The houses from a distance appeared to be alternately blue or red according to the view we had of them—the fronts or the roofs—producing a most singular impression.

This mingling of the three primitive colours, made the most singular and pleasing effect. As we approached, the general harmony of the tones was complicated with others more gay and lively, which, far from weakening the effect, gave it, on the contrary, more intensity.

It is not extraordinary, with these spectacles constantly within their view, that the inhabitants of Noord-Holland are naturally great colourists; therefore, when we arrived at the first houses in a village, we expected to find them in harmony with the frame which encloses them, that is to say, coloured with the brightest shades. But love of colour exhibits itself in the bright and conspicuous tones of the woodwork of the windows, contrasting with the façade of bricks. They absolutely paint Nature; for the ground and even trees are not safe from the fatal paint-brush. Up to the lower branches the trunks of the trees are whitewashed or coloured pearl-grey or sky-blue, giving them the strangest aspect; and the ground surrounding the house is often painted pale yellow, with bands of red on each side of the space reserved for a footpath. This bizarre colouring gives an appearance to the walks in a garden or the path to the door of the house, as if carpeted, and clashes disagreeably with the clipped hedges and the flowers in the beds.

The fences, gates, balustrades, and the little bridges—for every house is close to a ditch full of water—are also painted in bright colours; as to the house, the dark shade is enlivened by painting the window-frames pale yellow, or the shutters a spinach-green.

Every one has heard of the marvellous cow-houses, paved with delf tiles, and sanded in different colours, cleaner even than the rooms; where one must not cough, smoke, nor spit; where one must not even walk before putting on a great pair of sabots or wooden shoes whitened with chalk. Cow-sheds in which their beautiful white-and-black cows are symmetrically arranged upon litter, constantly changed, and whose tails are tied up to the ceiling for fear of their becoming soiled. Well, it is in these hamlets that we meet with all these stables and cows, and a whole arsenal of milk-pails and pots and strainers polished until they look like gold.

Sometimes at the end of a stable or cowshed one sees a parlour with a number of fresh young girls, in high cap and golden helmet, embroidering, and knitting all sorts of frivolity; the fact is, that many of these peasants are millionaires living among their cheeses with the greatest simplicity, without any trouble or pre-occupation, ignorant of what is doing outside their village, and not fretting themselves much about what passes within it, their only care being to add every year to their piles of gold and silver.

Most of the houses have two doors—one small, without pretensions, for the ordinary comings and goings: the second sculptured and ornamented frequently with gilding, and only opened on such grand occasions as marriages, fêtes, and funerals. Baptisms and marriages give rise to great fêtes and interminable repasts. As to death, it is accepted as one of the necessities before which every one must bow his head. Hearts are under strict regulations—emotions have little to do with their existence. The passion

of love itself is serious and reflective, if not methodic; therefore there are few serious despairs, or terrible sorrows and afflictions without remedy. Regrets are expressed in a calm and reserved manner, and tears flow only at fixed hours.

When one of these rich peasants quits his honest and peaceable life for eternal sleep, they dress the body entirely in black, and place on his head the traditional white cotton nightcap with tassel used by our grandfathers. He is then put in his coffin, and the lid laid upon it, leaving a space open at the head sufficient to show the face. The next day the family unite around the coffin. Then the schoolmaster arrives with an immense Bible, which he lays on the coffin, opens and begins to read divers chapters, in which readings various members of the family join, while the widow, if he has left one, sits silently at the foot of the coffin covered with a great black cloak. When the dominie or pastor appears he reads certain prayers, and sometimes makes a little discourse according to the circumstances, but it is generally very much the same in substance. He usually compares life to a passing bird, speaks of the celestial joys of a future existence, and of the ineffable pity and forgiveness of God.

After which the neighbours enter the room, and the widow, who up to this time has appeared calm and silent, gives vent to piercing cries. Notwithstanding her tears they close the coffin, and, lifting the body, pass through the principal door and place the coffin in a cart, on which the widow seats herself, and gravely accompanies her husband to his last home.

The regrets may well be real and sincere, for the enormous place which the cares of such a household must occupy in the mind and heart of the poor widow soon overcomes the sorrow which her loss has thus temporarily occasioned. She soon returns to her calm and peaceable life, and, if young, there is no reason to despair that in a few years the gilded best door may open for a marriage.

CHAPTER XI.

NIEUWE-DIEP—THE POET LANDLORD AND HIS HEAD-WAITER—THE HELDER—NAVAL INSTITUTE—LIEUTENANT VAN SPEYK—THE DIKE—NAVAL COMBAT—THREE VILLAGES UNDER WATER.

ANY one who takes an artist's tour in the north of Holland, and finds himself at Nieuwe-Diep, ought to be sure and stop at the Hotel Ben Burg. It is not that the beds are more comfortable there than elsewhere, or that the table is better supplied. I must confess even, in passing, that the bells are sadly out of order and the attendance very defective. But an artist feels himself at home there at once, for the simple reason that the master, M. de Breuk, is a poet as well as landlord, and his head-waiter is a virtuoso of no mean order.

No one ever sees the landlord the first day he arrives at the hotel. M. B. R. de Breuk is not accessible to ordinary mortals. He lives up among the clouds, and when he condescends to come down to earth he shuts himself up in his own room, where he indulges in pleasant intercourse with the Muses. I have no objection to confessing that, although I am a brother in the art, and have stayed several times at his hotel, I have never once been allowed to catch a glimpse of his features. The head-waiter, happily, is just the contrarv. It is he who manages

the hotel, receives travellers, and arranges for their well-being. He is a handsome fellow, with a fresh complexion, brown moustache, and has one lock of hair artificially arranged on his forehead. He is perfectly conscious of his own good looks, and wears rings on both his hands. Nature has endowed him with a sonorous baritone voice, the notes of which, whether sharp or melodious, he is careful in expressing, because he is charmed with his art, and has an idea that it is fearfully egotistical to conceal such treasures. One note especially he never fails to utter distinctly, and that is the last—the note of payment.

Sometimes he allows himself to become so absorbed in his art that he forgets the presence in the hotel of tired travellers, and disturbs their slumbers by loud roulades and cadences; or perhaps, if he is asked to fetch a bottle of beer, he stops on the way to the cellar to perfect the harmony of a scale, and does not return till the patience of the customer is exhausted. But who would have the heart to complain of such small grievances when the love of song is stronger than any other?

But the magnificence of the view from the hotel compensates one for all shortcomings in the management of the house. Before one's eyes is the broad Texel road with its ironclad ships, and the magnificent crescent-shaped port of Nieuwe-Diep, studded with masts and flags of every imaginable colour floating in the wind.

The country here is by no means in a deserted condition; and we are spared the pain of gazing on the ruins of a city celebrated once, but now totally

neglected; on the contrary, a flourishing rising town is immediately under our eyes. Sixty years ago all those quays and houses, and that enormous dike, were only just being built; and the constant movement in the streets, and the busy life going on all about, gives the place an air of activity and strength that is very refreshing to one's spirits after the sad ruins we had just left behind us.

Strictly speaking, Nieuwe-Diep, which is only the harbour, must not be confounded with the town of Helder, although the houses join each other so closely, and the streets run one into the other so distinctly, that a stranger would be puzzled to know where one begins and the other finishes. The large, solid, comfortable, and clean looking buildings are so much alike, that one has left the harbour and entered the town, or turned one's back on the Helder and strayed into Nieuwe-Diep, before one finds out one's mistake. The same similarity exists among the inhabitants of both places: a few townspeople, numbers of tradesmen, and plenty of sailors are seen everywhere, as the great timber yards and marine stores of every kind are kept down here.

The harbour forms a huge crescent, protected by an immense pier artificially constructed, where the largest ships can always find shelter even in the stormiest weather, because both ends are open; added to which, this harbour possesses an inestimable blessing for Holland, the water being sufficiently deep to admit large men-of-war and the immense steamers belonging to the Netherland Company to anchor under the protection of the waters of the pier. Halfway across this crescent is the large canal of

Noord-Holland, made for the purpose of conveying to Amsterdam the heavily-freighted ships which draw too much water to be able to pass through the Zuyder Zee. Large as is this canal, it is still not sufficiently wide for the commercial traffic of the capital; and just now the Government are having the peninsula removed in order to give other issues to the approach to the town. But until the *Amsterdamsche Kanaal Maatschappij* have finished the enormous works they have undertaken, all large vessels must still pass through the Noord-Holland Canal. Continuing the long pier of Nieuwe-Diep is a line of naval buildings which have been standing about eighty years. First comes a huge square edifice with a grey frontage, called the palace, which is used as the residence of the rear-admiral commanding the harbour. Next comes the Naval Institute, which was formerly at Medemblik, and afterwards at Breda; after which one perceives the infirmary, barracks, powder magazines, &c., &c. With the exception of the yards and naval magazines, which are all on a large scale, and to describe which would take too long, there is only one of these buildings of any real interest, and that one is the Naval Institute. I went over it with great attention, for it is worth any one's while to study it carefully, and it ought to be regarded as a model.

I have rarely seen a building uniting so much comfort with so much suitability to its purpose: there is no lavish display, no trumpery gilding, or badly-finished caryatides, or third-rate painting to offend one's taste and distract one's attention. Everywhere comfort, elegance, and extreme cleanli-

ness prevail; work is fairly divided, the domestic arrangements are good, the rooms well-aired and lofty; in a word, everything is done to promote order and preserve health throughout the whole extent of this magnificent institution. On the first-floor are the dormitories with their three rows of hammocks, the schoolrooms, and the laboratories—one for chemistry the other for natural philosophy; also a library, containing an extensive collection of books relating to marine subjects and voyages; besides a number of large interesting maps, on which each pupil before quitting the school draws a design according to his fancy. On the ground-floor are the dining-halls and play-rooms, the canteen, and various drawing and reception rooms. Love of the arts is encouraged in this house, and several good pianos are at the disposition of those who care for music. In the large dining-hall hang several good pictures—two of them by Schotel—representing Lieutenant Van Speyk blowing up his vessel rather than let it be captured by the enemy; and three portraits of celebrated admirals, all natives of free Holland—Cornelis Evertszoon, Jan Evertszoon, and the famous De Ruyter. There is a second portrait of this De Ruyter hanging in the visitors' room, generally supposed to be painted by Bol, but, as it is very similar to one at Hoorn, and there is no signature on the canvas, most likely it is only a copy and not the original.

In the vast courtyard in front of the Institute stands a very precious memento, the mast which belonged to Van Speyk's boat. It was brought here from Antwerp, and placed before these sailors of the

future in order to point out to them their duty, if by any unforeseen accident they, in their turn, find themselves in a similar position to the gallant lieutenant—their ship alongside of the enemy, and their national flag in jeopardy.

It was on a Sunday that we visited this establishment, and when we arrived the place was entirely deserted. The pupils, accompanied by music, and marching in front of the sailors belonging to the fleet anchored at Nieuwe-Diep, had gone to church. This mode of marching to church, drums beating, might perhaps give rise to a doubt in the minds of some as to its propriety, but as we were only making an artistic tour through the country, we acknowledged that the charm of the proceeding made up for any qualm of conscience we might otherwise have had regarding it. Continuing along the pier, we arrived at the outworks of the harbour, and the celebrated dike of the Helder which connects the outside guns. This dike is considered the most wonderful work of its kind in existence; it extends as far as the fort of the Hereditary Prince (*Erfprins*), and is about eight kilomètres in length. From one end to the other it is a grand route, lined with redoubts and cannon; its height is about ten mètres, its width twenty, and it is constructed entirely with large stones and rock brought thither from Belgium and Norway. Its foundations are fifty mètres deep. One can hardly believe that that long hill stretching away for a couple of leagues is the work of men's hands, so prodigious is the mass of materials gathered together to check the encroachment of the waves. These marvellous works were commenced in 1811;

they were completed much later. Napoleon I. had the first conception of these forts as a standing menace to England. He had great ideas of the value of the Zuyder Zee as a large depôt for ships of war, men, and cannon; which ideas led him to prepare these enormous defences.

'I will make Nieuwe-Diep and the Helder the Gibraltar of the North,' said he.

Spanish prisoners were first employed on these monstrous fortifications. The passage between the isle of Texel and the coast can hardly be entered by force. The dike was defended by divergent fires from several batteries, armed with cannon of the largest calibre known in those days. And upon the coast of Texel it would be easy to place a line of floating forts, grounding them on the sands, which would form an invincible obstacle to an invader.

These floating batteries, the like of which we think can scarcely be found in any other marine, are of a very curious construction; they are little armour-coated vessels, drawing very little water, capable of taking up position upon the banks of sand inaccessible for ordinary ships.

Independently of the floating batteries, the Netherlands possess for the defence of the coast very formidable naval armaments. This little country of seven millions and a half of inhabitants can place in line of battle more vessels than many great navies whose voices are loudly heard in the councils of Europe. The fleet of the Netherlands has no less than 118 ships of war.

Of this number forty-six are designed for the defence of the coast. They are composed of five

armour-clad rams, ten monitors, and twenty-six gun-boats, carrying in all 230 great guns. There are twenty-seven other ships to support those destined to the defence of the coasts, under the title of general service ships. These carry 422 guns; among them are rams, armour-clad frigates and screws, all constructed within the last few years. Then under the head of special service vessels, there are sixteen coastguard vessels, barrack vessels, and naval school ships, all of which can be used for the defence of the coasts and the mouths of rivers; these again carry 258 guns of various calibre. These are for home service.

The colonies possess a distinct navy of about fifty vessels, carrying 150 guns of all sizes.

We may note by these figures—little known, however, generally in Europe, but perfectly exact—that the Netherlands are worthy of their De Witts, De Ruyters, and Van Tromps, and of the times when their navies were without rival in the world—when they floated on all seas the glorious flag of the United Provinces.

Unfortunately the land army is by no means formidable, and as aggression by sea becomes daily less probable, it is to be feared that this formidable navy will be coveted by some other Power, by some ambitious neighbour, who will envy the Dutchman the possession of the Zuyder Zee—the mouth of the Scheldt and Meuse—and the Dutch colonies of the East Indies.

But to turn to Nieuwe-Diep. The dike is a magnificent promenade, protecting the Helder on one side, and the town with its low houses, hiding

themselves behind the dike which shields them; the other side is enlivened by the ever-changing tones of colour of the sea; and in the distance are the downs of Texel, on which the steeple of Ben Burg is a prominent object in the landscape.

It was there in the vast passage before the very place now occupied by the dike, that the combined fleets of England and France fought Van Tromp and De Ruyter. The battle was undecided. The Dutch, it is said, were inferior in numbers, but they did not lose a ship: this battle took place two centuries since, in the year 1673. It was the third battle which had been fought in this same year between the Allies and the Dutch fleet. What blood, money, and intelligence were wasted without profit to humanity!

If we continue on the dike, passing the fort, we arrive on the Dunes, or Downs, the moving rampart protecting Holland, which in late years has been rendered stable by plantations of trees. Formerly this coast extended much further, but the North Sea has invaded by great steps at a time this sandy land. The waters have levelled the country, and where villages, hamlets, and churches, once stood, nothing exists to-day save a dangerous sandbank.

A Dutch engineer, M. Conrad, has lately drawn a map, on which he shows the point of the Helder in 1571 and its state three centuries later; 1,660 yards of land, three considerable groups of habitations—Huijs-Duynes, Lange-Buyrt, and the ancient Helder—have been overwhelmed by the waters. It is a cruel spectacle these eternally-moving waves, covering villages with a yellow sheet which have disappeared for ever.

Fortunately, by the side of this sorrowful picture the Nieuwe-Diep presents the image of prosperity; not content with the lands they occupy, many of the inhabitants seek in other unknown lands the riches of colonisation.

Nothing is more charming than this little port. At eight o'clock the retreat is sounded; we could hear the calls of the bugle and drum, and the whistle of the boatswain communicating the orders of the officers commanding, making a mixture of sounds full of charm, added to by the noisy conversation of the sailors seeking to go on board their vessels. It seems that nature desires to contrast this excessive animation, for when a few minutes later the sun sets in the horizon, all enters into the silence of the night—that imposing sleep of immortal nature.

CHAPTER XII.

WE PUT TO SEA—OUDE SCHILD—THE TEXEL—THE EGG COUNTRY—TEXEL UNDER THE ROMANS—THE SEPARATION OF THE CONTINENT—THE INUNDATION OF 1825—THE SHEEP AND THE OYSTERS—GUILLAUME BARENDS AND JACOB VAN HEEMSKERCK—MARTIN HARPERTSZ TROMP.

On quitting Nieuwe-Diep, our little expedition was augmented by a friend, Mr. Johan Deketh, keeper of the Royal Library at the Hague. He joined us at the Helder with the intention of finishing with us the excursion we began fifteen days previously.

Monday, at six in the evening, we set sail; the sea was perfectly smooth and tranquil, smooth as glass; the great space of water from the Nieuwe-Diep to the North Sea was not stirred by a breath of air, a bad time to travel in a boat with sails only. We were towed out of the harbour by two row-boats. Once at sea, we remained two hours without moving forward; fortunately a gentle breeze sprang up, and we sailed along with a fair speed. The evening was fine and warm, so none of us complained of the delays of the wind. The sun was setting, and the islands and coast were reflected in gold in the sea. In the distance the ironclad frigates were visible, and we could hear the sailors singing the old familiar sea-songs, nearly the same in all countries.

It was past nine when we entered Oude-Schild. the old port of Texel, where we had great trouble to find a mooring-place, on account of the number of the fishing-boats. We moored at length, but it was then quite dark; so we decided to remain on board, and put off until the next morning our excursion on the island.

I had been at Texel twice before, and my impressions on going ashore this time were about the same as in my preceding voyages. When one lands it seems as if one entered a great round basin lined with a thick carpet of verdure. An endless prairie with a few trees; a few villages; cows and horses feeding; all the country surrounded with high dikes and dunes which limit the view; such is the aspect which this curious corner of the earth presents. We felt as if we were in a hole under the waters, with the heavens open above—a sensation difficult to describe, it was so very peculiar and original.

The dike protecting the south of the island is almost as grand and important as that of the Helder. It was constructed in 1774; it rises 18 feet above high-water mark, and the works on which it reposes are built at an angle of 45 degrees; and at nearly 200 feet above the bottom of the sea. At the place from whence these works spring, it was necessary to work under water, at a depth of above 100 feet. Another curious dike, but of less importance, is the Eijerland or Eggland, united to Texel in the year 1630. Before this period Eggland was a separate island. The place takes its strange name from the multitude of aquatic birds frequenting the island to make their nests, lay their eggs, and raise their

young families; the ground is covered by the feathers, fish, bones, and other leavings of these birds. They quit Eggland when the breeding season is at an end, and migrate to Norway and Denmark for the summer season.

On the North Sea side, Eijerland, or Eggland, as well as the Texel, are protected by moving sands, their desolate aspect contrasting seriously with the rich and verdant meadows, which they guard from the encroachments of the sea. These dunes are certainly not the least interesting part of the island; they can be entered only on foot or on horseback. The feet of the horse or man who attempts to cross them sink either to the ankle of the man or to the fetlock of the horse. The green meadow suddenly ceases at their edge, and an arid solitude, burnt by the sun, extends beyond our view; similar to a strip of African desert, rather than the soft and humid soil of Holland.

There are some half-dozen villages. One, called the Bourg (Den Burg), is the most considerable; two hamlets, Oude-Schild and Nieuwe-Schild, are situate on the coast; the others, Coeksdorp, Hoorn, Oostereind, Wal, and Hoog, enliven the interior of the isle by their airy steeples.

Den Burg, although of very ancient origin, has no grandiose character about it, and does not differ by its aged appearance from the villages of Noord-Holland. In the centre of the Bourg, on a little mound raised by the hand of man, a church is built dating from the fourteenth century, which formerly must have been a handsome edifice, for the proportions are good, the construction elegant, and

the ornamentation delicate. It is surrounded by a little enclosure, which was formerly the cemetery. A few tombs with their inscriptions may still be seen. This *Kerkhof* is built in by walls with a little gate, shutting off from the world this place of repose for the dead, and meditation for the living.

The church is about the only monument in the Bourg. During the last century the cloister where the Countess Ada was incarcerated, in the year 1205, still existed. At the period of the Reformation the monks, driven from their little fortress, quitted the island, and the convent was turned into an asylum for orphans. Now these children have a large and handsome building for their residence, and although the spacious apartments have not the same interest for the artist as the elegant arches formerly supporting the cloisters of the ancient convent, at all events, the little ones have a home more in harmony with their age and young thoughts and hopes.

Although Texel is not very fertile in archæological remains, it is certain that in the early periods of our era it was peopled by an industrious race. There is no doubt that the Romans once occupied the isle, and in the last century some tumuli were opened, and several medals of Tiberius, of Trajan, and Caligula were found. Drusus Nero visited the island at the period when he constructed the great ditch or canal uniting the Yssel to the Rhine. Tacitus says that Germanicus touched there with his fleet during his septentrional voyage. It is not astonishing that Texel, then united to the mainland, and forming the septentrional coast of Batavia, seemed an excellent

advanced post to the Romans—as it allowed them to overlook the extreme north, and, if necessary, to prepare for further conquests. We have no certain account of the period when Texel was separated from the continent. Some authors pretend that the immense forests uniting Texel to the north of Holland were submerged in the earlier years of the thirteenth century; and what gives some appearance of authority for these suppositions is the fact that roots of trees are frequently found to cover the bottom, and the remains of antique vegetation are so strongly encrusted in the soil that ships have more than once been obliged to abandon their anchors, not being able to disengage them from the network of roots in which they had become entangled; on the other hand, documents exist which indicate that the separation from the continent took place at a much more ancient period.

In the archives of Utrecht, among the charters relating to the lands of the Church of St. Martin, certain lands are mentioned, which in the year 900 belonged to the Chapter, and are described as lying in the island of Texel. These territories were administered in the name of the Bishop Otbald. In 985, the Emperor Otto III. erected the *isle* of Texel into a county, and Count Thierry II. was invested with the dignity of Count of Texel. It is impossible there can be a doubt on the subject, and the separation from the continent must date from the great cataclysm of 860, which had nearly swallowed up all this septentrional corner of Europe.

Nevertheless, the county of which Thierry was put in possession was far from resembling the island

we see to-day. In 1173, 1395, and 1400, formidable tempests, of which the chronicles of the period have preserved the remembrance, singularly modified the configurations of the territory; its size was greatly decreased by the exigencies of the new Zuyder Zee, which had then opened its way into the heart of the flat country.

The industry of the Texelaars nevertheless fought with success against the constant invasions of the waters; and by drying up lakes and marshes, and the cultivation of the soil, they managed to restore much land to their territory. These efforts were, however, often interfered with by nature; and even in the present century, in the month of February, 1825, a terrible hurricane almost succeeded in effacing for ever the unhappy isle from the face of the globe, and destroying its populous villages and industrious inhabitants. The violence of the elements was such that the great dikes gave way, the island was entirely under water, and the greater part of the cattle were drowned.

These disasters have been happily repaired. Texel has recovered her ancient appearance, her pasturages are covered with 2,000 horned cattle, 1,000 horses, and 30,000 sheep. The sheep of Texel are celebrated not only throughout Holland, but also in England and Denmark. Every year 12,000 sheep leave the meadows, and find their way into the richer pasturages of North and South Holland to fatten for exportation. The sheep fairs of the 6th, the 13th, and the 20th of March, and of the 1st of August, the 9th of October, and the 15th of November, are very picturesque. Nothing is more curious

than the embarkation of these animals for the Continent.

The oysters of Texel enjoy a reputation in Holland almost equal to the sheep, but the beds have entirely failed of late years, and the only oysters now to be obtained there are imported from England and laid down to fatten.

The commerce of the island has also greatly fallen off; the progress of science is, however, this time the cause. Before the invention of steam vessels, a great number of ships freighted upon the Zuyder Zee mounted up to Texel, and, frequently delayed by contrary winds, had to wait to enter the North Sea. It is easy to understand how the presence of these ships, sometimes detained for months with their crews, was a source of profit to the inhabitants of the coast, but the present usage of steam tugs has destroyed this local commerce.

The number of ships which have passed by this entry into the North Sea in the last five centuries is incalculable. At the period when Amsterdam was the greatest maritime town in Europe, Enkhuisen, Hoorn, Harlingen, and Medemblik equipped thousands of fishing vessels, and also large ships for their commerce with India. There must have been in those days a commercial activity in this part of Holland of which it would be difficult to conceive an idea in these times.

It was not alone the commercial expeditions, and the flotillas of fishing vessels, which left the Texel; but how many voyages for scientific purposes, voyages of discovery, have had their organisation in and their departure from this little island? Hence it

was that on the 5th June, 1594, four ships set sail in search, for the first time, of a passage to India through the ice of the Pole. This first expedition, as we know too well, did not succeed; but it stimulated the discovery of Nova Zembla.

The stories recounted of these intrepid navigators give decided evidence of the difficulties they overcame, the troubles they went through, and the pains they supported in their battles with the elements and the sanguinary animals of the North; not one of which difficulties stopped these intrepid men. The most hardy of them, Guillaume Barends, tried twice to discover this famous passage, so often sought for since, but not yet found. In his last voyage he divided the command of the expedition with that fearless mariner, Jacob Van Heemskerck; but the superhuman efforts of these bold men ended in a terrible winter sojourn, which they had to live through in those glacial regions.

Nothing can give an idea of the sufferings they had to endure. 'The sun,' says a contemporary writer, 'having a horror of the calamities that these poor creatures had to suffer, concealed his face, and the heavens were covered with a black veil.' It was only in June, 1597, that they were able to quit their terrible winter quarters. Guillaume Barends was dead, and it was under the command of Jacob Van Heemskerck alone that the remains of the expedition reached Amsterdam in the month of October, of the same year.

Those who had survived these fatigues and privations received from their fellow-citizens the reception they so justly merited. They were feasted by

the people, and sung of by the poets. One of the poets, in magnificent language, says:—'If it is true, of which there can be no doubt, that virtue consists in overcoming difficulties, I say that these men should be considered pre-eminently virtuous, and more so than usual, for they have surmounted obstacles and accomplished the most extraordinary labours.'

The Admiral Van Heemskerck himself was not forgotten, and as he kept possession of the esteem of his countrymen, he was placed in command of the navy of Amsterdam, until that glorious day, the 5th April, 1607, when he ventured to attack with a mere handful of heroes, under the very guns of Gibraltar, the Spanish fleet commanded by the Admiral Alvarez d'Avila. Unfortunately he paid with his life for this audacious victory.

Another of the glorious sons of old Holland was the famous Van Tromp — Martin Harpertz Van Tromp. This courageous officer also perished in a naval combat off Texel, in a battle which lasted three entire days. On the 8th of August, 1653, he attacked the English fleet with his usual fury; the English were commanded by Admiral Blake. Unfortunately, Van Tromp did not see the end of the battle, for he was killed by a musket-ball close to Ter Heide.

Since that period cannon have often boomed off Texel; but nowadays the sound, when heard, does not make the inhabitants very uneasy. The reverberation shakes their windows and sometimes the very old houses themselves; but they know that the guns are fired in a peaceful preparation for war, for

the exercise of the gallant crews on board the Dutch fleet in the roads. Sometimes, indeed, in the middle of the night, the dull, heavy sound of cannon is heard from the forts of Texel itself; but these guns are fired in the cause of humanity, to warn vessels of the vicinity of the coast, or to signal some vessel seen to be approaching those dangerous shoals with which the coast is so familiar.

CHAPTER XIII.

FRIESLAND—FRISCO, BRUNO, AND SAXO—THE BLESSED FRIESLAND—THE LAST KING OF FRISONS AND CHARLEMAGNE—THE REVOLT OF THE FRISONS—GOLDEN HAIR AND YELLOW EYES—THE AMBASSADORS FROM FRIESLAND AT ROME—THE FREE FRIESLAND—CHARLES V.—THE RETURN OF LIBERTY—THE CONSTITUTION OF FRIESLAND.

THE other islands closing the entry of the Zuyder Zee are Vlieland, Terschelling, and Ameland. All three are surrounded by enormous sandbanks, which render them very difficult to approach. The passage between them, known by the name of Vlie-Reede, is thought to be the mouth of the ancient river Vlie, the Flevum of the Romans. There are but few inhabitants on the islands; the greatest number being on Terschelling, which possessed two bourgs, Midsland and Hoorn. As to Ameland, by means of cleverly placed dikes, and the alluvial soil deposited every year between this isle and the coast, it will soon be united to the mainland, and will then form the southern end of Friesland. No æsthetic influence called us towards these unhappy districts. We pointed our course at once upon Harlingen, the capital of the province of Friesland. This country, which we are about to visit, is totally unlike North Holland. It has a special history of its own, and different

manners; and, I should almost say, people of a different type; but of late years the inhabitants of Holland and Friesland have so much intermarried, the type is no longer sufficiently marked to be appreciable to strangers. A Frieslander, when he tells you the country of his birth, will never say, 'I am a Frison or Frieslander.' He will say, 'I am FREE Frison'—'*Vrije Fries*,' which, as V is pronounced F in these provinces, is almost equivalent to the English word 'free.' This revindication of freedom sounds rather vain; but the history of Friesland justifies this appellation of her children.

The local history is legendary to some extent, and sufficiently curious to be related here.

According to the most ancient and respectable authors, the first pioneers of civilisation who came to establish themselves in the midst of this network of marshes and dense forests, once occupying the whole of the coast of old Friesland, are said to have been three Indians, named Friso, Bruno, and Saxo, who had quitted their country to avoid the persecutions to which they had been subjected at home.

These persecutions are explained by the old chroniclers as follows.

In those times a king and a queen reigned in the East Indies, over a country called the Blessed Friesland; the king had the misfortune to offend the queen, who fell desperately in love with a gentleman of rather low birth, resolved to raise him to a level with herself, and to place him on the throne. To bring this detestable project to a successful end, the queen killed the king, and shortly after endeavoured to put an end to the king's

children and all his next of kin. About the same period Alexander the Great, conqueror of the king of Persia, questioned the Persian monarch as to the principal nations inhabiting the Eastern Indies, and asked him for very particular information respecting the blessed East Indian Friesland. Porus satisfied his conqueror, and gave him a particular and statistical account of the forces at the disposition of Agrammus, the new king of the blessed country. Alexander, as audacious as most conquering generals are, was not alarmed, and resolved to attack Agrammus without further delay, and to take possession of his kingdom. It was at this moment that Friso and his brothers, pursued by their wicked mother's anger, came at the head of an important party to offer his aid to Alexander, who at once accepted the assistance offered to him.

Agrammus was vanquished, betrayed, and assassinated. The Blessed Friesland was added to the conquests of the king of Macedonia; and Alexander, to recompense Friso for his faithful co-operation, delivered to him and his brothers the government of the kingdom to which by birth they were entitled. But nothing is lasting in this world. Alexander the Great, by a foolish imprudence, was seized with inflammation of the lungs and died. A priest of the name of Sandrocatus profited by this accident to form a national party, and two years after the death of Alexander, the great conqueror, the Blessed Friesland rose to a man against those who governed them in the name of a foreigner.

Friso and his brothers, feeling that with the aid of a few faithful troops remaining in garrison they

might hereafter attempt a second time the conquest of their country, quitted their home, and started to find, if possible, a hospitable shore. They left India at the head of three hundred ships, to found a new kingdom, where they hoped to live in peace. This expedition took place A.M. 3642, and consequently 321 years before the coming of Jesus Christ. All this legend and the chronology accompanying it was left in the care of Messire Jehan Petit, who published a chronicle upon the origin of Friesland in the sixteenth century.

At this period, A.M. 3642, voyages were much longer and more perilous than in our days. The three brothers and their energetic companions voyaged eighteen consecutive years from kingdom to kingdom, demanding a place of repose, which was always refused to them. At length, after surmounting numerous obstacles, they found themselves one fine day in the midst of the North Sea; their fleet of 300 ships was reduced to 58, the rest having perished during their long passage from India. A tempest again separated them; eighteen ships landed their freight of passengers in Prussia, twelve others sailed north and landed on the coast of Russia; the rest, with Friso and his brothers on board, penetrated without further trouble the river Vlie, and up this river into the centre of the present Friesland, the very one which we are now visiting. Their first care on taking possession of the soil was to erect a temple to Jupiter, which deity was called in their language 'Stavo.' Around the temple they built a tower, which they called 'Stavora,' now known under the name of Stavoren.

Here we quit the chronicle, which we have followed step by step to show the very unfortunate chances of the three brothers, and their not less unfortunate companions. These poor exiles must have found a wonderful difference between their marvellously warm climate, where they had passed the better part of their lives, and the unhealthy foggy land of frost and snow in which they definitely established themselves. We must observe, they were very strangely influenced by circumstances not to have found in their long eighteen years of voyaging, during which they must have passed the Cape Horn or the Cape of Good Hope, a little corner of land whereon to establish themselves in a climate analogous to their own—a parallel misfortune when Greece, Asia Minor, and Italy were founding so many colonies, seems a little extraordinary. But to return to our legend.

Friso was a practical man. He knew that it was much easier to conquer than to divide the conquest when made. He therefore used all the influence he had over his two brothers to induce them to quit the country. They accepted his reasoning, and started for Germany, where Saxo established himself and founded the Saxon kingdom. Bruno, who descended the Weser, installed himself in the West, and laid the first stone of the Tower of Brunswick. From the time of Friso, first King of Friesland, there exists a genealogy. This famous genealogy is dynastic; it is divided into three parts—the Princes of Friesland, the Dukes, and the Kings—and carries us without break down to 802, or to the time of Charlemagne, who, as Emperor, united Friesland to his empire, and placed Governors over it.

Unfortunately for this genealogy it attributes to several princes a longevity truly biblical, which renders it very suspicious. Thus, Friso reigned sixty-eight years, Adel his son ninety-four, Azinga, son of Adel, eighty, and others lived and reigned a similar length of time; and as from the age of their fathers, and the length of their reigns, these princes could not have mounted the throne in their tender youth, it is scarcely to be believed that at an epoch relatively near our times, men had the privilege of living a like number of years.

Another point upon which the chronicle seems to me to be marked by a touch of exaggeration, is the riches and importance of the towns thus founded by Friso and his sons. This pretended prosperity, is in exact opposition to the later authors, who speak of the country thus:

'This nation is poor,' said Tacitus, 'and Drusus therefore did not impose any other tribute than a few bullocks' hides for the use of the Roman troops.'

This tribute that the Frisons agreed to pay without opposition, became the cause of the interminable wars waged between the Frisons and the Romans. Olennius, who was charged with the reception of this tribute, insisted that the Frisons should deliver him the skin of the auroch, a monstrous sized species of bull. This condition was almost impossible to be fulfilled in Friesland, where the cattle were all of small size. The unfortunate Frieslanders, in order to acquit themselves of the imposition, were obliged first to deliver their live cattle, then their lands, and at last their wives and children, who were led into

slavery, whence arose first indignation, then complaints, and lastly revolts.

If the Romans were not surprised by the splendour of the towns, they were astounded at the energy of the inhabitants. The conquerors of the world here found adversaries worthy of their arms, and the Frisons or Friedlanders of the '*auri comae*,' or golden hair, were not only able to shake off the yoke which pressed upon them, but also to surprise and crush the troops who were charged to keep them in order; and 'since that time,' says Tacitus, 'the name of Frison was celebrated among the Germans.' Their reputation spread as far as Rome, their flaming red hair and their green eyes became the fashion, and the Emperor Antoninus did not hesitate to sacrifice himself to the fashion of the day, and cover his head with a blond perruque.

Nevertheless, peace was made at last with Prince Dibbalde Segon. Friesland became the ally of the Romans, furnished auxiliary troops to Claudius, and even sent ambassadors to Nero. An imprudence of these ambassadors very nearly caused a serious misunderstanding. The ambassadors attended a representation in Pompey's theatre, and being but little interested in the spectacle, they asked of their neighbours who were the people in foreign costumes they observed sitting in the midst of the senators? They were informed that these places were reserved for the deputies from the nations most distinguished by their courage and fidelity to the Roman empire. 'No nation,' they replied, 'is more faithful or more brave than ours;' and without further observation they immediately installed themselves in the seats of

honour. Fortunately the Emperor, who was present, was in a good humour; the frank boldness pleased him, and he made the ambassadors citizens of Rome.

However, the good understanding between the two people did not last long. On the elevation of Ascoine, son of Tabbo, first Duke of Friesland, to the dukedom, the old troubles recommenced; Ascoine died in the year 173 of our era, and his successor, Adelbolde, although he had been brought up at the court of the Emperor Antoninus, recommenced hostilities; but Titus Boyscarus, who was also educated at Rome, and succeeded his brother, concentrated his efforts against the Vandals, and remained an ally of the Romans. His example was followed by Ubbo, Haron Ubbo, Odelbaldus and Udolphus Haron, who bore the title of Dukes of Friesland in succession.

To Udolphus Haron, Richoldus Uffo, his brother-in-law, succeeded to the title, but proud of his victories over the Danes and Normans, took the title of King, and founded that dynasty which carries us on to King Radbod, of whom we have spoken when writing of Medemblik. This Radbod was the enemy of Charles Martel, and was not the first of the kings of Friesland who quarrelled with the kings of the Franks. Before his day Bervabilus had fought a battle with Clotaire, and Argillus I., his son, maintained in his States by the king of the Franks, was forced to pay the Frank a tribute, but the wars which were carried on by Charles Martel and Pepin d'Heristal against Radbod were of a character more religious than national.

We have seen how insincere was the conversion

of King Radbod, but we must state now that his son Argillus was a very Christian king, as was also his son, Gondobaldus, who succeeded his father A.D. 737; but Radbod, the second brother of Gondobaldus, who was brought up in Denmark by his aunt Othilda, persecuted the Christians, rebuilt the heathen temples which had been destroyed, demolished the Christian churches, then newly built, and in 759 put to death St. Boniface near the city of Dokkum, with fifty members of his clergy.

A crime of this sort could not remain unpunished. The good Emperor Charlemagne who had made himself Defender of the Faith of the Church and a Propagator of its Doctrine, took up arms against Radbod, and in the year 775 drove him from his possessions, confiscated his kingdom, and united it to the empire, giving the Frisons a governor.

From this moment the history of Friesland emerges from the obscurity hitherto surrounding it. Governors elected by the people succeeded those named by the Emperor, and the title of Free Province, which Charlemagne gave to Friesland, was not a vain name. Until the year 1498 the Frisons governed themselves; at this period Maximilian, profiting by the internal dissensions and civil wars which desolated Friesland, then divided into two camps, imposed himself as arbitrator of the quarrels; and as heir of the rights of the House of Burgundy, through his wife, he forced on the Frieslanders, as Count or Stadtholder, the Duke Albert of Saxony.

But the Duke soon discovered it was not an easy thing to govern a people so fond of liberty and so

jealous of their privileges, for his son Henry was killed, and his second son, in despair at ever being on good terms with his subjects, sold his rights, titles, and dignities to Charles of Austria for 100,000 florins, as some say; according to others for 350,000 florins.

We ought not to have quitted King Radbod II. without mentioning that his two sons abandoned Friesland; the eldest, Gondobaldus, established himself in Noord-Holland, and was great-grandfather of Thierry, first Count of Holland; the younger son, Gerbrand, obtained the Seigneurie of Egmont, and died in 845, leaving a son named Wellbrand, who was the root of the illustrious family of the Counts of Egmont.

As long as Charles was only Archduke the government was but slightly improved, but when he was named Emperor the Frieslanders, imposed on by his power, at length submitted. This submission lasted through the reign of Charles V., and during the first sixteen years of the reign of Philip II.; but in 1568 a gigantic revolt broke out. The Count of Aremberg, governor of the province, was defeated and killed by Count Louis of Nassau, brother of the Prince of Orange, who had come to the assistance of the insurgents. Nevertheless, success did not last long. Gaspar de Robles, Count de Billy, named Governor of Friesland by the Duke of Alva, put down the insurrection, drove out the Count of Nassau, and held the country until the pacification of Ghent; but at this time the Frieslanders once more revolted, and in 1588 surrendered themselves to the Prince of Orange, and adopted the Reformed religion.

From this period Friesland was free, and tranquillity prevailed. Although one of the seven United Provinces, among which it occupied the fifth rank, this province had, like Grosungen, a stadtholder for itself and a separate administration. The first of these stadtholders was Count John de Nassau, brother of William of Orange, who died in 1606, at the age of seventy-one years. He left twenty-five children, the issue of his three wives—Elizabeth of Leuchtenberg, Cunegona Palatine, and Jane of Wittgenstein, and eighty-five nephews and nieces.

To Count John of Nassau there succeeded—first, William Louis; second, Ernest Casimir; third, Henry Casimir; fourth, William Frederic; fifth and last, Henry Casimir II.; each stadtholder was by election. In 1674, Henry Casimir II. first obtained permission from the States of Friesland that the office of Stadtholder should be hereditary in his family, in virtue of which decision John William Frison of Nassau was raised to this high dignity on the death of his father. This prince was drowned in passing the Moerdijk; he left one daughter, and a posthumous son born at Leeuwarden on the 1st September, 1711; six weeks after the death of his father this posthumous son, William Charles Henry Frison, was elected stadtholder of the Gueldres in 1723, having already succeeded his father in Friesland; but he rose a step higher, for in 1747 he became *The Stadtholder* of the seven United Provinces.

The particular constitution and the mode of government of Friesland at this period we shall state in a few words. As one of the seven provinces she sent deputies to the Assembly of the States-General,

and participated thus in the charges of the administration of the Republic. She was independent as far as regards the interior administration. The power, therefore, thus divided was exercised by two different authorities: the executive power was in the hands of the Stadtholder, who had also the general command of the troops; the legislative power belonged entirely to the States of the province. The members were thus elected.

The province was divided into four divisions—the Westergoo, the Ostergoo, the Sevenwold, and the division of the towns. There were in all eleven towns and thirty bailiwicks (*grietenijen*); each of which sent two deputies to the Assembly. The elections were at fixed periods. The baillies invited all the citizens having sufficient lands to be electors, and each village named two deputies for itself. These deputies of the first degree met at the chief place in the bailiwick, and designated two members to represent all the bailiwicks at the General Assembly.

Once formed into a governing body, the States-General delegated in turn the president of the Assembly. Besides this, each of the divisions elected two deputies, who unitedly formed an administrative commission, called *The Small Number*, which was charged to inquire into any matters interesting to the State in general, and to report to the States-General. The Stadtholder also had a council; he had the right to name the magistrates of the towns, and to grant certain ranks among the officers of the army. But the highest class of the magistracy and the superior officers of the army were named by the States-General.

The administration of justice was in the hands of the Baillies—'*Grietmannen*,' who first decided cases, but there was an appeal from them to the Justiciary Courts, which courts alone had the power of judging of cases where the punishment was corporeal; the administration of the marine was controlled by a Council of Admiralty, and an Accountant-General's Office regulated the employment of the public funds.

We thus see that the mechanism of Government was, for the period, extremely ingenious, and offered extraordinary guarantees for the good management of the State and the liberty of the citizens, more probably than could be found at the time in any State in Europe. The proud words of the Frieslander, 'I am a free Frieslander,' was not therefore much out of place.

At the present time the centralisation of the French Revolution has had much influence, and Friesland, now one of the eleven provinces of the Netherlands, has abdicated all special interior favours, to enter into the general administration of the country as part of the entire nation.

CHAPTER XIV.

HARLINGEN—ITS SPLENDOUR—ITS RUIN AND RESURRECTION—THE MONUMENT OF GASPARD DE ROBLES.

Two high jetties descend by a gentle slope towards the sea, two steeples browned by age, on the left a great square building, a little lighthouse constructed of wood, a few black windmills and green trees—this is the view Harlingen presents when approached from the Zuyder Zee.

After having traversed two great basins forming the outer and inner ports—one of which is still in construction, and will not be finished before two years from this date, June, 1874—we arrive at the great sluice, which is really the entrance to the town. By the side of the sluice is a little gate decorated with a long name, 'Noorderhoofdpoortje;' of ancient construction, plastered and painted, and covered by an enormous roof, with a little clock-tower, which is much more like a big chimney than a belfry. Although there is nothing very elegant in these edifices, Harlingen has an agreeable aspect. The houses, as usual, lean right and left, backwards or forwards, according to the solidity of the piles on which all constructions in Holland are more or less dependent. Trees and canals look pleasant, and seemed to offer us a pleasant reception. We do not

breathe so confined and close an atmosphere as at Enkhuizen or at Medemblik. The inhabitants are much more active, less silent, less absorbed in contemplation of themselves; in a word, the town is not so sleepy; on the contrary, it is wide awake, and is rather turbulent sometimes. The fact is, we are not in one of the dead cities, but in one which has got over its troubles and has risen again from its bed of sickness, and is already convalescent.

Harlingen is now the great port of Friesland. This port places all the surrounding country in ready communication with England. Through its basins, on their road to the sea, mountains of cheese, fruit, and eggs, pass which go over to be swallowed up in the United Kingdom of Great Britain. Bullocks are embarked on its canals, also the sheep, pigs, and poultry, which help to fatten our neighbours on the other side of the Channel. The English consume all the most delicate food which can be produced on the shores of the North Sea.

It is at Harlingen that the London meat, poultry, and vegetable merchants arrive to carry off the cattle and crops, thus putting, according to the French proverb, 'Butter in their spinach,' and offering to the fair misses of those great writers, Thackeray and Dickens, the butter for their interminable 'tartines.'

As soon as England commenced drawing from her neighbours the provisions for her superabundant agglomeration of population, and as soon as the agriculture of Friesland was sufficiently advanced to admit of her exporting her agricultural and horticultural produce on a large scale, Harlingen increased considerably in prosperity. It was founded in the

twelfth century, though Andreas Cornelius dates its foundation in 1234, which is a decided error; for Blaeu, who repeats this opinion, shows his doubts by adding, 'Andreæ quidem Cornelio adhibere fidem non audeo;' which, being freely translated, means, although Cornelius believes it I do not. But to continue. As soon as Harlingen (the name was derived from a castle belonging to the Seigneurie of Harlaga, and thence by an easy corruption became Harlingen), was founded, the city was classed by the author of the Parchment Book of Utrecht, 'Perkementenboek van Utrecht,' among the towns of Friesland. This was in 1227. At first the place was dependent on the town of Franeker; it soon became quite independent. In 1469 the Podestat, or Mayor Dekema, built walls to protect the town from the outside enemy; and in 1500 Albert of Saxony built a citadel to protect the garrison from enemies within, viz., the worthy citizens. Fifty years later the city could not be contained within the walls, and in 1543 the *enceinte* of the fortifications was enlarged to enclose the numerous houses which had been built outside. In 1580 William I. thought to make Harlingen a military port, (or, as we should say, naval), for it was proposed by him as a shelter for his fleets, and for the building of an arsenal. Unfortunately this project was not in favour at Amsterdam, and the Statholder abandoned his plans. Harlingen therefore did not become military and warlike, but remained one of the most commercial ports of the United Provinces.

'The number of ships of all kinds, and the number of sailors and others occupied with the commerce of the great ocean, is almost beyond belief; and the

amount of business done is very great.' The geographer Blaeu writes almost in the same terms that we have done of the port, as long since as the year 1668, before even the outside basins were constructed, when ships of any considerable tonnage were compelled to anchor about 1,500 yards from the coast.

The French domination stopped all this prosperity, until the resurrection of which we have been speaking. The commerce with England which had before existed, entirely ceased: all foreign expeditions were prevented by reason of the cruisers closing the mouth of the Zuyder Zee. In six years the town entirely lost its commercial importance. During these years scarcely a ship disturbed its stagnant waters. Its canals and its quays were deserted, its bridges and sluices were perishing for want of repairs; the city was not only menaced with ruin, but also with inundation from the state of the sluices. Fortunately the stagnation of trade ceased with 1813; the great French power commenced its fall, consummated in 1815. Since that period the old commercial activity has returned. Soon the basins were not sufficient to contain the vessels visiting the port, and others are now constructing. The cheese trade has returned, and the whole aspect of the place has more than recovered its ancient activity, thanks to the new commerce in agricultural and horticultural products (other than cheese) to which we have referred already.

Unfortunately Harlingen, although rich in good creature comforts, does not offer much attraction to the artist. The old castle and the old ramparts have long since disappeared, and the only objects worth

mentioning are the Hotel de Ville, constructed in 1733; a church, dating from the fifteenth century, within the walls; and a monument entirely outside the city, erected in the time of Philip II., to the honour of a governor, Gaspard de Robles, Seigneur of Billy. This worthy governor forced the inhabitants to construct proper dikes and advanced sea-defences and walls, to protect the town from the invasion of the waves.

This monument, which after all is very ugly, and resembles an enormous seal placed on its base, has undergone numerous vicissitudes. Erected at the time when Gaspard de Robles governed the country, it was composed of a case of stone, from which protruded two heads, exactly similar in appearance—the one overlooking the sea, the other terra firma. It was destroyed in 1588, when the Frisons definitely overthrew the rule of the King of Spain. Later on, when angry passions had had time to cool, and when judging with impartiality, they recognised the services the Spanish governor had rendered to the country, and re-erected the monument, unfortunately a fac-simile of the former. This second case, with its double head, has a wretched effect; but possibly they judged differently in those days, for it bears an inscription, 1774—in which year it was rebuilt—stating with pride that it was to the Count Charles George de Wassenaer Twickel that they were indebted for the second edition of this most unprepossessing structure. Nevertheless, if it is wanting in good taste, it shows a feeling of gratitude which it is well to note, for it is seldom we render justice to our enemies, and this tardy public recognition does

as much honour to those who rebuilt it as to the governor whose memory it was intended to perpetuate.

Finding nothing interesting in the public collections, we were obliged to fall back on those of private persons, or rather on that of the worthy Mr. Bos, which is the best the town contains. I have previously described[1] the best pictures in that gallery. I will therefore say nothing here of the wealth of its kind proprietor; but of himself, personally, he is one of those indefatigable collectors of whom happily we meet a few, who by their labours save from destruction numerous works of art, unvalued and neglected by their possessors.

Mr. Bos started in life as a farm-boy—then became an assistant in a shop. Instead of spending his money at the beer-houses he purchased books. He educated himself, and being provident, steady, and industrious, he soon collected sufficient capital to start in business on his own account, which he did as a small cheesemonger; but in time his business prospered, and to such an extent that one day he awoke to find himself one of the greatest and richest merchants of Harlingen.

Many under these circumstances would have considered a little rest was not undeserved; but Mr. Bos thought otherwise. He became passionately fond of the arts. Instead of purchasing stock he bought pictures, then the books necessary to understand them, and what with picking up an engraving here and a painting there he soon became possessed of a

[1] 'Les Merveilles de l'Art hollandais.' Arnheim. D. H. Thienne, 1873.

most interesting collection, and of an artistic knowledge sufficient for all purposes. But to appreciate the virtue (the term is not too strong) of this estimable man, one should know the difficulties he had to surmount before gaining his position. It is no joke when one lives in a town like Harlingen to act differently from other people. Tongues are as well hung there as in any small French town. Instead of encouraging this brave collector, they laughed at and ridiculed him. His taste for the arts was regarded as a mania. In fact he was regarded as a madman, and even to this day, notwithstanding his successful career, he is looked upon as no better than a lunatic. Happily a taste for art gives one joys that make the remarks of fools and idiots pass like water off a duck's back.

When we called on Mr. Bos he was absent; but as soon as Madame Bos was made acquainted with our names we received a most cordial reception. She is a most charming woman, combining amiability and affability with a venerable appearance; and, notwithstanding her immense fortune and gold plate, still wears the large Frison cap of the good old times.

She was anxious to do the honours of the collection in person, and immediately sent for her son, so that we might receive every information. Mr. Bos returned home the same evening, and at once came on board, and would not leave until we had promised to spend the evening at his house, which we did in the Frison fashion—that is to say, that whilst examining the pictures we were compelled to devour sundry plates of *soeskrahelingen*, a kind of pastry eaten

with cheese; also to empty several bottles of old wine.

A slight incident that occurred shortly before our departure touched me greatly.

'You think, sir,' said Mr. Bos, 'that because I do not understand French, I have not read the book you have written on our National Arts. Pray undeceive yourself, for here is a translation of it.' The old gentleman then placed before me a complete manuscript translation of the work, which he had had made specially for himself. I felt this kindness all the more, as I had been rather severe in my criticisms on some of his pictures.

CHAPTER XV.

THE CHILDREN OF HARLINGEN—MENNO SIMONSZ AND THE MENNONITES—SEPARATION OF THE BETROTHED—JAN DE WITT'S CHILDREN.

HARLINGEN has produced many artists celebrated in their day, whose renown and works have never reached us. Amongst so many the name of Jacob Bakker only is still valued by amateurs, and this chiefly owing to his intimacy with G. Flink, and the time he spent in Rembrandt's studio. One of his best works is at the People's Orphanage, Amsterdam.

Some savants, and many (prédikants) Anabaptist preachers, were also born in Harlingen. Amongst the latter the names of Hero Sibertsma and Pieter Fontein, are conspicuous. At the end of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth centuries they were preachers at Amsterdam, and greatly assisted in propagating the Mennonite doctrine. It is, however, not surprising that Friesland should have produced a certain number of Apostles of this doctrine, as it was in this province that Menno Simonsz was born. He chiefly preached at Witmarsum, near Franeker, where, in 1496, he was born, and not, as some authors have written, in 1505. The date of his birth is clearly proved by the following statement in his Confession: 'In 1524, when aged 28,

I was ordained a Catholic priest.' The memory of this modest Reformer is still fresh in the country, and his doctrines, although not new, continue to be held in veneration in all families of Mennonites.

It is, however, not surprising that the Mennonites retain such respect for the chief of their little church. For that which in his life, as well as in his writings, places him in the front of Reformers, was his great love for mankind. He could be simple in his discourses and modest in his words, when brilliant speech and subtle wording were the fashion of the period. It was by this simplicity and modesty that he moved the souls and gained the hearts of his hearers, and was soon surrounded by a circle of honest followers of his creed, who suffered the most bitter persecution, and even death, rather than renounce the doctrines he had taught them.

Great merit was due to him for acting thus, as at that time schools of rhetoric were very general in Flanders and Holland, as also in Germany, and had considerable influence on the ideas of the men of those times. They gave rise to those never-ending discussions, which, brought about by false interpretations, were rendered ridiculous by their subtlety. The oratorical discussions created false impressions, which turned the thoughts of men from the social problem, which should follow that of religion. When, therefore, the doctrines of Thomas Munzer and of Carlstadt became known, society was taken by surprise. Every one sprang to arms; the peasantry, in the name of a God of goodness and mercy, burnt châteaux or castles, whilst the nobility stifled the insurrection in the blood of their dependants.

It was this unfortunate habit of religious discussion which turned the head of Jean Bockelsz, and made him quit his humble home and position and go to Munster, for the more imposing work of King Prophet. These wretched controversies also stopped the spread of Reform, and paralysed the hands of those who were working for the good of humanity.

One of Menno Simonsz's great merits was that he kept himself aloof from the influence of these discussions. He, a Romish priest accidentally converted to the Anabaptist doctrine, attempted a religious reform but declined to combine with it a social revolution. Disdaining to take advantage of the benefits he might have derived from the enthusiasm and affection of his followers, he was always a poor man. Addressing himself more to the heart of man than to his judgment, he sought his proselytes rather amongst the poor than the rich, for he saw in the former more cares and sorrows to allay. This will explain the reason why Luther and Melancthon were friends of princes, and not only lived in great opulence, but were protected by armies. He was always poor and persecuted, and was hated by those who saw in him a successor to the work of Thomas Munzer, or of that of Jean de Leyde.

Another point that distinguishes his character from that of the German Reformers, is that he never attempted the use of secular force against his contradictors. His zeal never betrayed him to point out for public violence those who were not followers of his creed. He never had to reproach himself with being a denouncer like Luther, or a base exciter to violence like Melancthon. He would never have written

in the following terms to those German princes, who, victorious over their rebel subjects, were already indiscriminately shedding the blood of the vanquished:

'The Germans are such a licentious and sanguinary people that they cannot be too severely punished. God has given the sword temporal authority—let it to work then! and let it cut as should a sword.'

His soul was reflected in his words, and if his language was deficient in style and elegance, it had the soft persuasive eloquence which gains the heart and attaches it for life. Besides, his modest and virtuous daily life was more eloquent in its simplicity than his most powerful sermon.

The style of his few writings is more rough than polished—his arguments more sound than recondite, if we consider the times in which he lived. The persecution of his followers had soured his character. Moreover he was drawn into violent discussions by the vehemence of his opponents.

The works he left are not voluminous, but simply treatises hastily composed for the requirements of the moment. It is therefore not surprising to find the same subject again and again rewritten, and the same line of argument often used. Many of his works had no other object than to prove the distinction between his doctrine and that of the Anabaptists of Munster, and to deny complicity with the terrible acts of his German co-religionists. More often these 'opuscules' were replies to the enemies of his doctrine, and he was frequently compelled to take up his adversary's argument in order to refute it by his own. In some, however, he endeavours to establish

his doctrine by repelling that of 'pædobaptism,' or the baptism of children, basing his arguments on the words used by Jesus Christ, 'Go, teach and baptise.' The most salient point of his schism is that baptism should be given to none but conscious beings claiming it, and that education should precede the sacrament. This is about the only portion that his followers have retained.

Even to the end their creed differed from that of the Reformers only by a wider interpretation of the Gospel, the baptism of adults, and the refusal to take oaths and to take up arms. These, moreover, are but vaguely defined by Menno in the twenty-three treatises collected by his disciples, and which, with his confession, are the only works known to exist. Many editions, however, have been produced; the first, in 1600, is very incomplete, as is also that of 1646. The only real complete edition is that of 1681, published in Amsterdam, entitled 'Complete Theological Works of Menno Simonsz, edited to the glory of God, and for the knowledge of your neighbour, by a few persons, friends of truth.'

These works are entirely written in Dutch, excepting his treatise on Baptism, his Confession, and his definition of the Incarnation of Jesus Christ, which are in Latin. It was not because that language was unfamiliar to him; but he explains in the preface his reasons for preferring his mother tongue. It is somewhat curious to note the reasons of his preference for Latin, the principal of which appears rather plausible, that he fears it should remain in the hands of scholars, and thus be lost to those who otherwise might appreciate him.

To judge of his influence by these few productions would be erroneous, for most of his small works treat merely of formal matters. His chief power was in oral teaching, and in the example he set by his mode of living.

He was fond of quoting Carlstadt's words, 'That it was necessary to practise the Gospel before preaching it.'

I have before mentioned that his life was very wretched; he owns to it in his Confession in the following terms, when comparing his existence with that of his old colleagues:

'It was for this holy cause that I have been compelled to wander about with my sick wife and my little children—weighed down by anxiety, misery, affliction, and numberless persecutions. Since then I have dragged out in all parts a miserable existence—fearing for my life—trembling for my family; whilst other priests lay warmly on their beds of down, I was obliged to seek shelter in stables, or lie down on a dunghill. Again, whilst they were eating and drinking at the marriage feast to the sound of soft music, I was being hunted like a wild beast with a pack of hounds at my heels, and having anxiously to scan every object and person for fear of discovery by our persecutors.'

The dangers to which Menno and his followers were exposed were anything but imaginary. As was customary in those times, a price was put on their heads by Philip II. On two or three occasions the Reformer narrowly escaped capture, once under rather peculiar circumstances. It was thus. Menno was travelling with several persons, total strangers,

in a closed waggon, which was a public conveyance running between Franeker and Leeuwarden. At some distance from the latter town the carriage was stopped by a body of Spanish soldiers. The officer in command, coming up to the door, inquired of poor Menno, who was nearest to him, 'whether Menno Simonsz was amongst them.' Menno turning to his companions, repeated the question, each of whom replied in the negative. Then, addressing the Spaniards, he said, '*They say* that Menno Simonsz is not amongst us.' Deceived by this evasive reply the soldiers allowed the waggon to proceed; but in Holland ever since such answers are termed Mennonite lies.

Towards the latter end of Menno's life he was somewhat more at ease, as he received the protection of the Lord of Friesemburg, who allowed him and his followers to reside in the little town of Oldestale, between Lubeck and Hamburg, which was under his jurisdiction.

This Lord of Friesemburg was anything but a saint, having, in fact, in his younger days led a very wild life. But during a journey he made to Holland he had seen several men of undoubted honesty and uprightness put to death because of their belief in the Anabaptist doctrine. The patience, long-suffering, and courage with which they endured the most frightful tortures struck him forcibly. He said that doctrines which could influence the souls of people to such a pitch were not to be condemned; and although he never became a convert to the creed, yet he tolerated within his dominions this proscribed religion, and allowed Menno to reside at Oldestale.

It was in this little town that the Reformer died, on the 13th January, 1561, aged sixty-eight. For thirty years after he quitted the Catholic belief to found his new creed, he never once wavered in his new faith. On his death-bed he again confessed his belief, and exhorted those who surrounded him to persevere in and to propagate his doctrines; and after embracing his children he breathed his last, and was according to custom, buried in his garden.

True to his recommendation, his disciples and friends continued in the path he had opened to them. They made a few converts, but they were persecuted with renewed energy; and it was only in 1588, when the Spaniards had been definitively driven out of the Frise country, that they were enabled to constitute their little church on a sound basis. Their creed, however, spread but slowly. Their little sect formed one great family, the members of which, united in brotherly love, sustained one another, and were thus enabled to surmount obstacles which otherwise might have impeded their progress through life.

It must not be supposed that this harmony was throughout unclouded. During the last century an event happened that threatened to divide the little community into two parties, and for a reason apparently trifling. It was as follows.

Two young Mennonites, who had been betrothed for about two years, were seen some few days previous to their marriage to embrace each other more tenderly than was deemed proper by their more elderly friends. The fact came to the knowledge of the rigid priest, who the following Sunday did not

hesitate to declaim from the pulpit against beings so depraved as to be unable to control their passions. Not satisfied with this, he must needs name the parties, and ended by giving the particulars of the case.

General scandal in the church ensued, with indignation of the more orthodox portion of the congregation against the unfortunate young couple, and of the more liberal-minded against the priest. The families of the young couple were both charitable and rich, and a strong party of friends soon surrounded them. The following Sunday there appeared in the pulpit another priest, to excuse the *faux pas* of our lovers. Fresh cause for scandal, and a wider breach between the two parties. But as the general public were supposed to be ignorant of the mysteries appertaining to the performance of the service in the chapel, it was decided that they should not openly divide by having separate places of worship, but that a wall should be raised in the present one.

The church was therefore divided. A wall was built. On the one side they excused kissing between lovers, on the other such dreadful acts were denounced with the utmost energy. This lasted for some years, until one fine day common sense got the better of a stupid quarrel; there was a general kissing, and the wall was pulled down.

In our days the Mennonite creed scarcely differs from that of the Calvinists. The doctrine is much the same (always excepting those distinctions to which I have already referred), viz., baptism of adults, refusal to take oath and to carry arms, and a wider interpretation of the Bible. This last point has become so

very elastic of late years that many Mennonites might well pass for free thinkers (*libre penseurs*). The church door, however, is not closed against them on that account, for no sect was ever more tolerant. 'I can say that to their credit,' wrote Paraval in 1678; 'they explain the Gospel and the Bible without reference to other creeds, and even refer to their neighbour in a kindly spirit.'

It should not be concluded, from their refusal to carry arms, that they were wanting in courage; far from it. It was not a matter of fear, but one of conviction. They were seen during the siege of Haarlem and Leyde, bound by their oath, unarmed, but carrying to the ramparts the boiling oil and the materials necessary to repair the breaches. They willingly hurled flaming torches on the enemy, and went into the thickest of the *mêlée* to rescue the wounded, whom they brought into the town to nurse.

Better still, in 1650, when the Count de Nassau endeavoured to surprise Amsterdam, the Mennonites did not hesitate to violate their engagements, and to take up arms to join in the defence. In 1672, when the two brothers De Witt so unfortunately perished by assassination, and their bodies were dragged through the streets to be gibbeted, the poor children of the victims were for some time without shelter, no one daring to assist them for fear of the mob. It was a Mennonite woman who took them in, and hid them in her bedroom.

It will be readily seen from these few examples that it was not fear which prevented the Mennonites from serving their country. This resolution has now fallen into abeyance. The conscription has passed

its inflexible law on all religions without distinction, and the Dutch army now counts in its ranks many gallant officers belonging to the religious community in question.

It was not so very long since that the Mennonites were exempt from military service: once by the Committee of Public Safety, again by the Emperor Napoleon.

Although the Mennonite doctrine has not become as general as hoped for by its author, yet it is not peculiar to Holland alone. Mennonites are found in Flanders, Alsace, and England (where the Society of Friends or Quakers represents them); from thence they spread to the United States of America. Now that proselytising has nearly ceased, it cannot be hoped that this little community will spread much more, but they continue to live in the world like one large family united by friendship and affection, possibly of a rather exclusive character, yet assisting each other to practise charity and virtue.

I thought it right to mention all these facts, for although they do not really form part of my history, as they have never to my knowledge been published in England or France, and as I think they may prove interesting to my readers, I have done so as briefly as possible; and, apologising for this long digression, I now resume my narrative where I left it.

CHAPTER XVI.

TRECKSCHUIT—RAILWAYS—FRISE FARMS—SKATES AND SKATERS —CANOES—THE FAIR (KERMIS).

ALTHOUGH Leeuwarden is not a dead city, nor situate on the Zuyder Zee, it was next to impossible, being at Harlingen and only half an hour from the capital of Friesland, to leave it unvisited. We therefore took train and started for the place.

Railways have not long been introduced into this part of the country. Until lately the *Treckschuit* and the diligence performed the service between the most important towns, and at a rate of speed commensurate with the slow habits of the country. The railway which has succeeded them has not increased the speed of conveyance to any great extent; but the comfortable seats in the carriages are certainly to be appreciated when compared with the wretched hard boards of the diligence; but for myself I shall always regret the suppression of the old *Treckschuit*, or passenger boat.

This mode of conveyance, which is by means of a boat or barge drawn by a trotting-horse along the towing-path, is divided into two compartments, first and second class. Long seats well cushioned for sleeping, a large table for meals, no shaking or vibra-

tion; besides, in fine weather, one can sit on deck and watch the fast-receding landscape.

What more pleasant means to see a country? To the present day *Treckschuits* exist in most parts of Holland and Friesland, but who can tell how soon they will join their deceased brethren, the diligence and the 'malle-post.'

Another very agreeable mode of transit is by means of the '*boerenchais*,' a kind of high dog-cart or tilbury, to which a fine black horse is usually harnessed. The model is a century old; the box is handsomely sculptured, highly coloured and gilt; the horse ornamented with red bows, and the harness well burnished. These curious vehicles travel with great velocity along the well-kept brick streets and roads, which are free from dust in summer, and from mud in winter. They are the pride of the farmer, and the wonder of the stranger, who invariably envies the possessors.

On leaving Harlingen the line runs through extensive brick-fields, for the making of which the clayey nature of the soil is very advantageous. But soon the green pasture-fields appear again with their coquettish-looking farms and fine cattle.

The country in Friesland is perfectly flat, but not so monotonous as that of Noord-Holland, with its interminable fields striped with ditches, where myriads of frogs croak both night and day. A few trees are seen here and there; occasionally a farm raised as high as possible on a mound of earth to top the inundations; fields of wheat, colza, or potatoes, go far towards relieving the monotony, and render it far more picturesque.

Flax forms an important portion of the cultivation

in Friesland. The Dokkum market is one of the most famous in Europe, where the large flax firms of England, Germany, and France have agencies. But the chief source of wealth of this little town is its cheese and butter, which even in the fifteenth century formed its principal commerce. This produce, however, is not of such fine quality as that of Noord-Holland. Not that the pasturage is less good, or the cattle less cared for, but on the other side of the Zuyder Zee they have constantly endeavoured to improve the manufacture of both; on the other hand, the Friesland peasant has preferred ignorance to profiting by the improvements introduced by his neighbours. The Dutch peasant, however, makes no mystery of his handiwork, for the dairymen of Auvergne went there to learn the art of manufacturing cheese which would keep; and in 1871 I met at Zaandam a Mexican farm woman, who had come this long distance with her son to learn how to make 'Edamsche cheese.'

Many efforts have been made by merchants to induce the Friesland peasant to adopt a new system, but without avail.

Although worked on such an old-fashioned system, the farms in Friesland are wonderfully productive. There are few peasants who are not rich, and few farmers who do not possess some freehold estate outside the farm they work for the benefit of the owners. The tenure of a farm descends from generation to generation in the same family, and notwithstanding that the leases seldom extend beyond seven years, it would require most serious reasons to induce the proprietor to dispossess his tenant. To keep the

soil in good order, the lease fixes the number of cattle to be kept on each field, and the quantity of manure to be spread over it.

Another great item of commerce is the breeding of horses. Those splendid black horses with the long manes, and tails that sweep the ground, are well known throughout Europe. If they are not capable of very hard work, they are at least magnificent in appearance and perfect in action. Thanks to the importance farmers attach to the preservation of the breed, it still retains its pristine purity. We see few of them in France, and those are only used for funerals, and are very inferior specimens.

As in Noord-Holland, the Friesland farms are kept with a methodical care which is perfectly marvellous. The coach-houses and stables are lodgings where Messieurs the horses and Mesdames the cows are superbly housed. But what is more surprising is the luxury and ease that we see among the owners. Originally this luxury was, if not greater, at least more palpable to the eye of the artist. Against the walls stood large massive walnut-wood cupboards—blackened with age, sculptured, and polished, one recess of which would be sufficient to shelter a whole family; the chairs with their sculptured backs, the large oak tables with carved legs, the antiquated sideboards—all polished, varnished, and cleaned with the greatest devotion, gave to the house an aspect as venerable as it was luxurious; rendered more so by the delf earthenware tiles stuck against the walls, and the Friesland cuckoo-clock with its inevitable chimes.

To-day all this splendid furniture has disappeared; the Jews saved a portion—the rest has been de-

stroyed. The modern mahogany furniture has put in its appearance; those ugly square-shaped polished articles without carving, easy to rub and be kept clean, have so seduced these ignorant peasants as to lead them to sacrifice their old furniture to obtain the modern abomination; the earthenware has given place to porcelain china, the oak panelling to the tinted paper, the gilt clock with its wretched troubadour replaces the cuckoo with its silver-sounding chimes—these being moreover superseded by the mechanical musical-box, which by its lugubrious sounds makes one regret all the more the old clock.

The original costume of the country has also disappeared. The peasant wears the same coat and trousers as one sees now in most of the rural districts of Europe. The women only retain the brilliant head-dress of past centuries, and the golden plate which still imprisons the head, surmounted with large lace strings.

Nothing can be more charming in winter than those pretty girls—their colour heightened by the cold, the eye beaming with excitement—skimming over the ice like so many fairy spirits, followed by a gallant brother, or, still better, by the man of their choice. You must know we are now in the land of skates. The children appear born with the instinct of keeping a footing on the ice; they all know how to skate before they learn to read. As soon as the canals are frozen no one can be kept back; the boys play the truant, everybody leaves home, and with skates on feet away they fly over miles of frozen water. The Frison, as a rule calm and phlegmatic, throws off his natural insensibility; he is trans-

formed, he becomes all at once active and full of life, and one would scarcely recognise in him the being who seems at other times to appear the most heavy-looking and indolent of mankind.

The inhabitants of Friesland are held to be the fastest skaters in the world; they learn the art in their earliest days, and their aim is to attain the greatest speed. Besides, the Frison skate is differently constructed from that of the Dutch: it is formed of a straight iron blade, whereas that of the latter is curved beneath. This rounding allows the skater to perform those evolutions known as fancy skating. With the former you must go in a straight line, but with much greater velocity than could be attained with the latter, and what is lost in gracefulness is gained in speed.

Friesland is the only country where skating races take place; when they come off all the youth of the town hasten to join in the contest—great and small, rich and poor, all enter the lists. Lots are drawn, and each waits with impatience for his name to be called. The race always takes place on a long and wide canal, in a straight line, so as to be directly in view of the spectators. The course is divided into two tracks by a wooden fence, the competitors being placed side by side, and being separated by the partition cannot collide; but as the ice is often better on the one side than on the other, the return of the race is so arranged that your adversary returns on the side you started on, and *vice versâ*.

Nothing can describe the delirious swiftness of these intrepid skaters. The ice seems to sparkle under the iron of the skate; the eye can scarcely

follow their flight, as with bent and elongated bodies, now on one leg, then on the other, they fly through the air like a shaft from a bow.

The prize to the victor is usually an article of jewellery, a trophy which is piously retained in the family as a remembrance of a victory won; and not without justice, for it is often necessary to vanquish a hundred adversaries in the course of a single day.

The race over, every one puts on skates, and in a few minutes the field of battle is covered with the spectators.

Few things are more curious than to see these thousands of shadows passing and repassing like lightning before your eyes. Sometimes ten or twenty skaters hand-in-hand form a long chain; a pair of lovers gliding along arm-in-arm, or a party of happy boys holding a long stick at either end, advancing in line, thus barring a portion of the canal. Then come the sleighs or sledges; '*ijssleede*,' the little hand sleigh, containing its pretty occupant wrapped up to the eyes in furs, pushed along by a brother, husband, or lover; the '*steeksleedje*,' a low chair mounted on skates, propelled by hand by the sitter by means of two pointed and ferruled sticks; and, lastly, the large carved-and-gilt sleigh, drawn by a gaily caparisoned pony with its noisy tinkling bells.

But, alas! these joyous winter pastimes have seen their best days; every year the weather is milder. The well cleared and cultivated earth retains its heat, and it is but seldom that the waters remain frozen longer than for a few days. The more water drained

from the land and carried to the sea, the shorter the winters become and certainly less cold.

In times gone by it was not so. Even military manœuvres were held on the ice, and it was curious to see long lines of infantry going through their evolutions on skates. The skirmishing was particularly interesting.

The rapidity with which troops would advance on the enemy's line, discharging their pieces and disappearing to return within a few seconds, had something really fantastical about it. But in these days the want of practice makes the manœuvres almost impossible.

In summer the Frison, 'industrious to obtain pleasure,' says Paraval, 'obtains this from his canal and lakes by fishing and boating.' Then comes the 'Kermis,' gay and noisy, but less so than in Holland. It is a pleasant time for lovers. Parties join to keep the 'Kermis,' which means shopping at the stalls, dancing at public balls, and listening to rather questionable songs at the various music-halls open for the occasion.

CHAPTER XVII.

LEEUWARDEN — ARCHIVES AND MUSEUM — A WORD ON PEAT-BOGS — CHANCELLERIE — THE LEANING TOWER — COLLECTORS OF CURIOSITIES.

ALTHOUGH Leeuwarden is not a large town, having but 25,000 inhabitants, it has all the attractions of a small capital. The streets are well laid out and lined with pretty houses, decorated with great taste, and the squares are large and well situated. In fact, throughout one feels a kind of animation which indicates a life outside the commercial portion of the population led by a rich and elegant society, who reside there for pleasure and not for business.

The town, however, cannot boast of many monuments. Two old towers, one of which leans so far forward that it looks as if about to fall into the street, the Chancellerie, the Hôtel de Ville or Town Hall, and the Jacobins Church—these are the only buildings of interest.

The Hôtel de Ville itself is not very old. The first stone was laid on April 1, 1715, by His Highness Guillaume Charles Henri Friso, Prince of Orange and Nassau, who at the time was a fat baby aged three years and seven months. It is situate in a corner of the square, and makes but a poor figure. On the opposite side of the square is the Orphanage,

with a pretty doorway, nicely sculptured and ornamented with little statues representing the orphans in their ancient costume. It is a pity they should have taken from these unfortunate children their old dress, since it is considered necessary to array them in a distinctive uniform, which cannot but continually remind them of their misfortune; at least it might be done in a less absurd fashion. The old costume was useful, almost graceful, so much so that it has been transformed and become fashionable; but now the unhappy children are compelled to walk about with black trousers and waistcoat, red coat and round hat. Why call attention by such glaring colours to the pitiable position of these unfortunate little beings? Are they not sufficiently miserable without being treated as were the Jews and lepers in the olden time? The Netherlands have here a serious case for reform. What may be lost in the picturesque will be retrieved by the knowledge of a charitable act.

The interior of the Town Hall is not without interest. It has a fine sculptured wood staircase. On the first-floor is the marriage-room, decorated with wainscoting of Louis XIV.'s time, but ornamented with most detestable portraits of deceased officials. At the time we entered the room one of the municipal magistrates was performing his grave functions. Before him sat, ill at ease, two unfortunate creatures; the female with the traditional orange-blossoms, the male with his hat on.

This hat interested us. We thought for a moment that it was some peculiar custom, but on

inquiry we were told that it was not so, but that the wearer was a Jew.

The Hôtel de Ville contains another salon, ornamented with Gobelin tapestry, and a table covered with green baize, at each seat of which is a long ready-filled clay pipe, matches, &c. On the storey above are the Archives. This is the sanctuary of the venerable Mr. Eekhof, who has done more for the history of Friesland than all who have preceded him. Mr. Eekhof has not contented himself with being a model curator, but he has, by means of the precious documents at his disposition, become the chief modern historian of his dear country. The Archives of Leeuwarden contain all the charters granted to the town and province since 1398. Each one is contained in an envelope, on which is explained the chief facts to which it refers. This is the work of the learned curator. Any one can now enter the Archives, and without knowledge of ancient writing, text, or language, follow step by step the history of Friesland.

Independently of these treasures, this invaluable official is the custodian of a sword said to have belonged to that terrible admiral, Peter the Long (*Lange Pier*). It is not like that shown at Hoorn, which is simply a two-handed weapon roughly engraved, but an instrument seven feet long, such as the Swiss soldiers carried in the sixteenth century. Here, as at Hoorn, I can but repeat what I was told; but I can scarcely imagine that any admiral ever made use of such a machine, for by the slightest sweep he would have cut away most of the ropes, if not the mainmast of his ship.

On leaving the archive salon we entered, or tried to enter, another room, but were prevented by the cloud of smoke it contained. When about to penetrate this apartment we could distinguish nothing a yard before us. But, thanks to the door being open, a portion of the smoke escaped and showed us seven or eight majestic municipal councillors seated at the everlasting green-baize table, who rising to receive us, did not, however, discontinue to pour forth volumes of white smoke from their long clay pipes.

In the last century one could always recognise a Dutchman by his phlegmatic look and long pipe; in the meridional provinces the pipe has given place to the cigar, but the phlegm has remained. In Friesland they are still true to both; the inhabitants are, however, the most inveterate smokers in existence. When scarcely weaned they take to the pipe, and it is not certain that they do not sooner. De Paraval states that even in his day children were taught to smoke, and could be seen with pipes as large as their fathers'. To this day little boys going to school have a cigar in the mouth, and a man is considered a very moderate smoker who consumes only three to four hundred cigars a month.

The Frisons are supposed to be the first Europeans who made use of the pipe. In all excavations made during the past century specimens were found, and even at the bottom of the peat-bogs small pipes are found cut out of bone, which, by their form and the depth at which they were discovered, refer to a period anterior to that of the importation of tobacco. What could they smoke? Possibly hemp or flax, or else aromatic herbs.

Several of these small pipes are to be seen in the Museum at Leeuwarden, as also in Mr. Heemstra's collection. The former is not large, but very interesting. It contains only local antiquities, but by its means many old customs of the country have been brought to light. For instance, in one of the glass cases we saw a '*landdagemmer*,' a kind of small pail that State members carried when going to the council, and in which they put their bread and butter, as schoolboys do in their baskets. There are besides in the Museum a whole collection of articles of furniture in painted and carved wood, made at Hindeloopen, of unmatched originality; also many old Frison costumes and boots; the two heads from the monument raised to the memory of Gaspard de Robles, to which we have referred before; two small earthenware vases made in the country, a few good pictures, two fine portraits of Janszoon van Ceulen; another which might be by Caspar Netscher; and a curious effect of snow, which is certainly by Avercamp. Again, there are many old weapons, and a wooden wheel found at the bottom of a peat-pit. The presence of this article of human industry, found beneath mountains of peat, is a curious and interesting fact. How did it get there? is the very natural question. Is it the result of an earthquake? or does the boggy nature of the soil swallow up anything that may be left on its surface?

I am inclined to believe in the latter supposition, notwithstanding that science teaches us that it scarcely takes fifty years to form two yards of peat. We have so many examples in the boggy parts of Holland of articles buried at a small depth, which

have gradually sunk in a short space of time so far down as to be lost, that it is not surprising to find a wheel, which is comparatively a modern invention, lying in a stratum of the earth far more ancient.

Objects of all kinds and belonging to different periods have been discovered in the bogs of the Drenthe and the Hollande. Every now and again a fragment of some weapon, bracelets, medals, &c., appear. At Zuidbroek a hat of black felt was found, and in the bogs around Manekensweerd and Ardes they discovered two boats—one laden with grain, the other with hay. Between Valthe and Emmen, in the Drenthe, there is a long wooden bridge stretching for two leagues and more across the bog below. Can this be one of the *pontes longi* which Tacitus refers to, that the Romans built to traverse marshy forests? It looks as if it must be; there is still so much of the material lying about that could not have been brought from very far. But then if these are the overturned forests which have gathered over the works of man, half-hiding them from view, how are we to account for the two boats in the Ardes and Manekensweerd? Besides the cataclysm must have been terribly sudden, for not only are traces of human industry found there, but beneath these dark depths man himself. Near Veenendale an old German dressed in skin, has been discovered, and in Western Friesland a man and his horse were also found. Such things are very interesting no doubt, but they are far from easy to explain.

Besides its Museum and its Archives the town of Leeuwarden owns a Library. Unfortunately this Library, which is placed near the Palace of Justice

(the Corinthian monument to which we have already referred), is by no means a rich one. With the exception of a few religious manuscripts of the fifteenth century I found nothing of special interest. The art of printing found its way very late into Friesland: before the year 1573 there are no certain traces of its existence. I am aware that there are a few impressions printed in the Friesland language before this period, but there are no positive proofs that they were done in the country itself.

If the Court of Justice is built in a heavy, ungainly style it is not so with the elegant building which bears the name of 'Chancellerie,' and which is used now as a civil and military house of detention. It is a genuine little palace. Built in red brick, with a foundation of yellow stone, the Chancellerie contains two stories surmounted by a high roof. The windows are square, opening under arches of elegant design, the corners of which rest on modillions of perfect and beautiful sculpture. About a third of the way up the façade or front is built a pinnacle ornamented with columns. Four steps lead to this pinnacle, with one other step as a sort of crown, on each of which stands a figure emblematic of the powers necessary for the government of the people. Before the door is a flight of steps surrounded by a balustrade, on which are four lions rampant holding between their paws four shields of stone.

An imposing frontage of this kind naturally led us to suppose that there is some beautiful hall inside, and to have a peep at it we begin by parleying with the porter, next with a keeper, then with a brigadier, and finally we mounted as far as Monsieur

le Directeur, who politely refused to allow any one to look over his little château. As the rooms or cells were all occupied by prisoners it was impossible to visit the place without a special permit from the Minister of the Home Department. In spite of our curiosity to see farther, after catching sight of a very remarkable staircase arched in fine style, we were informed that there was really nothing worth seeing in the inside of the Chancellerie.

'No doubt you believe what you say, Monsieur le Directeur, and certainly I have no right to dispute your opinion, but don't you think you may be deceived?'

Be it as it may, I am quite sure that this charming little place is worth travelling back to see, and I hope at some future time to return armed with all the necessary orders, and find out for myself if the remains of a great many beautiful things are not to be found there. The name of the Chancellerie was given to it owing to the purpose for which it was first built, in 1502, by Duke George of Saxe, who intended it as the residence of the Chancellor governing the province in his name.

Subsequently it was occupied by the State Deputies, and still later by the Regency of Leeuwarden. Between 1566 and 1571 it was completely restored, and an inscription was placed on the front just above the door, bearing the date of its restoration. This inscription, which has since been effaced, commenced by referring to the divine Philippe II.—'DIVO PHILIPPO HISPANIARVM REGE CATHOLICO ET FRISIÆ DOMINO REGNANTE;' passed in review all those connected with the Regency from the time of Charles

de Bremen, Comte de Megen, governor in the king's name (EJUSDEM REGIS NOMINE FRISIAM GUBERNANTE), up to the time of the jailer Van Emskerck (CUM PETRO AB EMSKERCK GRAPHÆO). The inscription finishes by the date (ANNO REDEMPTORIS MDLXXI), and it is this date, now half effaced, where the word *Redemptoris* can still be seen, which caused M. Maxime du Camp, when he passed through Leeuwarden, to believe that the Chancellerie had once been a church dedicated to the Redeemer.

This building has seen many changes and been subject to many vicissitudes. From 1571 to 1811 it was used as a Court of Justice, and as the Palace for the Court of Friesland (Hof van Friesland), that is to say, it sheltered the States of the province. In 1811, when the new courts of Justice were finished this building was turned into a military hospital to please the then Governor-General of the Dutch Departments, the Duke de Plaisance. There, where formerly grave stadtholders had sat, a surgeon-major was now installed, and the wounded occupied the galleries where the Deputies of the State were wont to meditate and discuss their important resolutions. It was in 1824 that its final change was made, and since that date it has remained to the present time as a kind of prison or house of correction for civil and military offenders.

Another building of pleasant exterior, and dating from the same period, is called the Poids of the town (Stadswaag). This handsome edifice, built in grey-stone, surmounted by a black roof, was raised in 1546, on the site of the Grand-Marché (Lange Pijp),[1]

[1] Pijp, which signifies 'pipe' in Dutch, means 'bridge' in the Friesland dialect. Thus 'lange pijp' really means 'large bridge.'

and from its position, close to the two quays and an immense bridge, has a very picturesque appearance.

Not far from the Poids, and very nearly in the centre of the town, is the tower of St. Jacques (S. Jacob's Toren). It is the same tower that we have already referred to as having the appearance of bending over to watch the movements of the passers-by. It has a belfry, from the summit of which the night watchman blows out the half-hours from his horn, waking the townspeople in order to assure them that they may sleep in safety. It has often been a subject of discussion as to whether the famous leaning tower of Pisa was raised in its slanting position, or if it deviated from the perpendicular from the subsidence of the soil on which it is built. But here there is no difficulty in the matter. Most decidedly the earth around the tower of St. Jacques has given way. Besides, it is no uncommon thing in Holland to see these strange and peculiar-looking deviations. There is a tower in Delft which is also slightly bent over on one side, and nearly all the old houses in Amsterdam are a little on one side.

I confess, too, that I prefer inclining to this idea than believing that any man would make use of his talents, energy, and knowledge to raise a structure in a line that is not beautiful, and persuade other men to carry out such an insane design. I repeat, I prefer gazing at the result of an accident, rather than find myself face to face with a ridiculous invention cleverly carried out. A love of the beautiful is certainly preferable to any endeavour to produce deformity and strange uncouth monuments. And as true equilibrium is one of the laws of Nature, it naturally

becomes one of the characters of beauty; and to me a house on one side or a leaning tower is as distasteful as a drunken man reeling as he walks, or a woman who squints.

The other tower already mentioned is placed just outside the town. Formerly it served as a steeple to the Church of St. Vitus, but in 1580, when the church was destroyed, the old tower remained standing alone on the ramparts. This monument is supposed to be one of the oldest in the country, which I think must be correct, although I have failed to discover the exact date of its construction. Besides, it is impossible in Friesland to determine the exact age of any edifice from its style, form, or manner of ornamentation. Everywhere in each province the architecture is behind the age; as, for example, the church of Weidum, which was built in 1203, by Viglius Haniana, is entirely in the Roman style, with some circular vaults. And the church of Bayum dates from the fourteenth century, although its windows are in small ogives and its walls slightly jutting; and several other churches dating from the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries are all built in the style belonging to the twelfth.

But the tower I am speaking of has another point of interest besides its architecture. Formerly the sea reached its basis; all those magnificent prairies which stretch away three or four leagues northward were, at the date I refer to, covered with dirty water; and from time to time traces are found in these fruitful plains of dikes built by the inhabitants as the sea receded, or as alluvial soil opened up to man a fresh incentive to industry.

The ramparts which ran along the basis of the town of St. Vitus have disappeared. The central portion of the town, which over and over again defended it against troublesome and encroaching enemies, is now a pleasant open walk. The gates have been destroyed, and just at the time we visited Leeuwarden the last was being dragged down; and even from the wretched prints pourtraying them we may justly be indignant when we see such monuments or mementoes of former towns destroyed. Besides, many of these gates deserve a better fate, if only to serve as examples of the different ages of architecture. The ancient ramparts are not the only promenade in Leeuwarden. There is a public garden, which is not very large, it is true, but it is well laid out. Formerly this garden belonged to the Princes of Orange, but in 1795 the town took possession of it, and since then all the society and *élite* of the place gather together there twice a week to listen to music and walk about.

Besides these monuments, Leeuwarden contains about a dozen churches, none of which are of much interest. The *Groote Kerk*, which formerly was called the church of the Jacobins (*Jakobijner Kerk*), had a special attraction in the last century, which it no longer possesses. This attraction was the tombs of the Orange family, some of which were very remarkable. The two most famous were Count William Louis of Nassau, Stadtholder of Friesland, who died in 1620, and the Princess Anne of Orange, his wife. The latter represents the princess lying on a superb catafalque with her hands joined together. The count is represented kneeling under a portico, sur-

mounted by his shield, having on either side two fine statues, the one illustrative of religion and the other of truth.[1]

In 1795 the tombs were destroyed. The pieces of marble were removed to the Court of Justice, and later on were buried so as to hide from the eyes of posterity any witness to this terrible act of Vandalism.

Long before this, however, in 1566, all the churches in Leeuwarden were pillaged and sacked by the partisans of the Reformation. This iconoclastic fever, which spread all over Holland, was rendered worse in its effects in Leeuwarden by the magistrates of the town, who, far from restraining the violence of the devastations, encouraged them by all the means in their power. 'When in the year 1566, the iconoclastic fever broke out all over the provinces, to the regret and sorrow of the magistrates, the magistrate of Leeuwarden encouraged and permitted these acts within his jurisdiction, Tierk Walles presiding as burgomaster,' says a contemporary writer. So that when the authorities, in 1795, made no objection to the destruction of the tombs in the *Jakobijner Kerk*, and later on ordered the demolition of the gates of the town, they only conformed to the traditions transmitted to them from the ancient magistracy of Leeuwarden.

Anterior to the Reformation Friesland was subject to the spiritual power of the Bishops of Utrecht; but in 1559, the Pope, Paul IV., raised the

[1] These two tombs were the work of the sculptor Pieter de Keijzer, architect and statuary, of Amsterdam, who also designed and executed the tomb of Admiral Van Tromp in the old church of Delft.

Bishopric of Utrecht to an Archbishopric, as a reward for contesting the growing power and progress of the Protestant faith then spreading all over the Low Countries, and endowed the town of Leeuwarden with a Bishopric. This new diocese, which was suffragan to the Archbishopric of Utrecht, did not long enjoy its privileges. The first Bishop was Rimi Driutius, Counsellor to the Grand Senate at Malines, and Provost of Notre Dame de Bruges, nominated in 1560; he had scarcely taken possession of his episcopal see when he was removed to the Bishopric of Bruges, in 1569, before he had been consecrated Bishop of Leeuwarden.

His successor, Cunerus Petri, a Doctor of Theology in the University of Louvain and curé of St. Pierre, was consecrated Bishop in 1569, and took possession of his see in 1570, where his first act was to hold a synod. But his administration did not last long. In 1578, after the peace of Ghent, the Reformers seized his person, kept him in custody as a hostage, and finally expelled him from the country, confiscating his property, and using his fortune to continue the war with the Spaniards. The unfortunate Bishop took refuge in Cologne, where he died two years later, in 1580, at the age of forty-nine.

At the present time the Catholic portion of the population numbers about one-fifth, hardly that even. On the other hand, the Reformers number about 16,000; and 1,200 Jews, 500 Lutherans, 600 Mennonites, and 200 to 300 French Reformers (Wallons) complete the number of inhabitants in Leeuwarden.

Besides its public museums and establishments, the little capital of Friesland has a number of very

elegant buildings of various styles of architecture; some gabled with redans, others supported by columns and consoles; others again painted in bright colours or in soft shades, harmonising well with the old bricks and yellow stones of the older houses, but altogether giving a charming effect to the town, and leaving one much disinclined to criticise severely its general aspect. Some of the bas-reliefs which cover them are really very interesting both from a professional and local point of view; as for example, in the Sint-Jacobstraat, there is one house where the sculptured entablature represents a printer's workshop during the early years of the seventeenth century, in which a very notable page of history might be read.

The best private museums belong to M. Bieruma Oosting, burgomaster of Leeuwarden, and M. Blœmbergen Santée, both of which we visited. The former is a magnificent collection of Japanese porcelain, begun by M. Oosting's grandmother more than a hundred years ago, and containing now about 2,000 specimens of the most beautiful periods in Japanese art—all *blue*, with not one differently coloured piece among them; but the form of each specimen is delicate and graceful, sometimes very peculiar, and made of the finest clay with the most harmonious designs. Some of the cases themselves which hold M. Oosting's treasures are very beautiful.

The owner of all these exquisite porcelains did the honours of his museum himself, and I willingly avow that the courtesy of our *cicerone* has left as delightful a souvenir in our memory as the sight of the rare and comely things he showed us. Order and method

reign over M. Oosting's collection, but with M. Blœmbergen Santée it is just the contrary. His chief treasures consist of 400 or 500 specimens of Friesland wrought gold-work, more curious in design than fine in workmanship, which are kept in great disorder in the drawers of large presses, and in chests of drawers already too full. M. Blœmbergen is eclectic in his tastes, and his porcelains and specimens of *faience* in all colours are dispersed about the house, or packed away in the garrets. Everything is in disorder and gathered together *pêle-mêle*, European and Oriental, exquisite and common, new and old. For several years M. Blœmbergen bought up everything that was to be sold all round Leeuwarden, and I am tolerably convinced that he made his purchases without any special ulterior object or without any profound knowledge of his collection. However, every praise is due to him for having prevented the destruction of so many beautiful things, which in other hands might have met with a different fate.

At the instigation of Doctor B——, we paid a rather interesting visit to the first clockmaker in Leeuwarden, though not for the purpose of seeing curiosities.

This obliging workman, who is making annually thousands of florins, does not work for the town, his customers belonging to the surrounding neighbourhoods. Rich watches set in jewels, chronometers, repeaters, mechanical boxes in gold enamel, organs and musical-boxes of rare value, are all gathered together in his shop in great profusion. His chronometers, expressly ordered from Paris, are made entirely

in platinum, and are valued at from 2,000 to 3,000 florins, and often the higher the price the less difficulty he has in disposing of them. His organs are rare and exquisite objects, having a complete orchestra, and are wound up as easily as a watch, costing from 12,000 to 15,000 francs. A workshop of this kind, carrying on such an enormous trade in an agricultural country, speaks volumes for the riches and resources of the land.

Although Leeuwarden has produced a number of artists of considerable talent, few of them are known to the world or even to scholars; and it is well to recall the fact that the capital of Friesland was the native place of Dirk Philipsz, who, born in 1504, became a great orator, and was the friend and follower of Menno Simonsz; also of Vredeman de Vries, born in 1527, who was the most skilful cabinet-maker and designer of furniture in a century famous for its beautiful furniture; and, lastly, the whole family Van Haren—who are too well known as poets and statesmen among men of letters for me to say much of them here. I will simply remind my readers that the two Williams van Haren were both born at Leeuwarden—the one in 1626, the other in 1710; and later on, Onno Zwier van Haren in 1715, author of the epic poem, 'Des Gueux,' the tragedies of 'William I.,' and 'Agon Sulthan van Bantam.' This poet enjoyed in his own country great renown and fame, till an accusation of incest being brought against him, he was obliged to retire to the solitude of his private estate with his daughter, who later on lived in France, and under the name of Mademoiselle de Nera became the mistress of Mirabeau.

CHAPTER XVIII.

FRANEKER—A DELUGE OF MAXIMS—A MAD-HOUSE—A STRANGE FRENCHMAN—A SINGULAR GENERAL—AN IMAGINARY PROPERTY—A RIVAL TO STRADIVARIUS.

THE charming little town of Franeker, lying between Leeuwarden and Harlingen, is well built, well lighted, and certainly one of the cleanest and best kept towns in Friesland. But alas! all its good qualities and well-merited renown are not sufficient to make up for its past splendour and foregone importance. At the time when Harlingen was not in existence, this little town, with its five thousand inhabitants, was a rich and well-to-do city. Its solid walls and the indomitable energy of its inhabitants resisted every attack made against it by its powerful and jealous neighbours. Then later on, when the clang of arms ceased, and war gave place to the influence of the toga, Franeker opened her gates to crowds of laughing schoolboys and young students, who hastened there eager for knowledge, to listen to the lectures of the learned professors and doctors belonging to her renowned Academy.

Such men as Adrien Metius, the mathematician; Pierius Winsenius, the historian; Sixte Anama, the theologian; Ulric Hubirus, the jurist; and Georges Kazer, who knew every subtlety of the Greek lan-

guage; with a mass of other learned scholars, indoctrinated the youth of that age in the sciences, theology, law, history, and the dead languages. The spirit of learning became contagious, and the whole city was seized with a desire to acquire knowledge. The students imbued the citizens with a love of the sciences, and the inhabitants, not content with imbibing learning themselves, spread it about on the public walls, and one can still see on the front of the houses, over the doors, and even on the walls of the stables, numbers of sage incriptions, moral precepts, and virtuous sentences, such as NOSCE TEIPSUM—well or not at all; SOLA BONA QVÆ HONESTA, TRAHIT SVA QVEMQVE, &c., &c. Unfortunately, so much learning and wisdom did not produce the result hoped for. In our day Franeker has no longer an Academy, but as a compensation she possesses a madhouse.

At one end of the town is an elegant but simple building on a good site, surrounded with a garden, and scarcely having the appearance of a prison, yet within its vast apartments numbers of poor imbeciles are detained. The establishment is administered with extreme care, and although most of the inmates are of the lower classes they enjoy every possible ease and comfort compatible with their melancholy state. But of course it is a sad spectacle at all times, in spite of the care and attention bestowed on it by those who govern it; hence the reason why I should have been perfectly silent about it, had I not obtained certain information respecting it which is of such special and local interest that I must mention it here. We were conducted over the house by M. Iellema,

one of the guardians, and Doctor van Buren. It is divided into two distinct parts, one for women, the other for men. The men wear trousers and shirt of maroon, with a brown vest; the women have their hair cut short, a large cap shades the face, and a calico kind of tunic, a coarse brown woollen petticoat, and slippers complete their dress. I will not dwell on the depressing effect the sight of so many poor creatures deprived of reason had on me, for anyone who has once seen the interior of a madhouse is not likely to forget the picture in all its sad details. But although the number of mad people is very considerable in Holland,[1] yet I must call attention to the fact that they are far less excitable and less violent here than in any other country. The women are given to weeping, for unconscious as they are of their own state, they mourn their captivity, and seem to feel the separation from those they love. Some are less low-spirited, but generally they are the very aged, or suffering from the worst forms of insanity. Some few seem to be absorbed by one fixed idea and crouch in a corner, neither observing what is going on around them nor capable of understanding—looking, but not seeing; hearing, but not comprehending, any more than the lowest grade of the animal creation. One poor woman enlivened this lugubrious scene in a strange way. I imprudently uttered a few words of

[1] The proportion of insane in the Netherlands is 1 to 1,000. January 1, 1872, the number of mad people in the Low Countries confined in the 15 mad-houses was 3,542 (1,740 men and 1,802 women). These asylums are at Amsterdam, Delft, Deventer, Dordrecht, Franeker, the Hague, Bois-le-Duc, Maëstricht, Murenberg, Rotterdam, Oudewater, Utrecht, Zutphen, Bokstel, and Nimeguen. In 1873 these asylums contained 3,763 (1,784 males and 1,979 females).

French in her hearing, and as she had the curious mania of fancying that she knew thoroughly the language of Molière and Bossuet she never would speak any other. What she really knew was very little, and between each word she had the habit of interluding a fragment of a phrase '*timonomonetutu*,' so that it was quite impossible to understand the few words of French she did say, and the constant repetition of this strange long word was beyond the endurance of my patience, and I hurried away as fast as I could to avoid hearing the infernal noise made by her '*timonomonetutu*.'

Madness in men is always more diversified than in women, that is, there is less uniformity about their insanity, arising, I suppose, from the differences in their passions and the variety of occupations in their lives; but with them, as with the women, they are decidedly quieter on the whole in Holland than elsewhere. The chief causes of insanity in Holland are drink and religious excitement. Drink alone fills one quarter of the mad-houses, a statement which will surprise no one who has lived in Holland, and counted the number of *tapperij* and *slijterij*,[1] or has seen the quantity of gin drunk by the sailors.

[1] The Twenty-eighth Report of the Society for the Abolition of Strong Drinks in Holland states that, in a population of 3,500,000, there are 35,000 licences for the sale of alcohol annually registered. Now, if one takes into consideration that of this number one-third are children, one-third women and girls, and the other third are men, that makes one cabaret or public-house for each 33 men. Besides, in every town in Holland the men in better positions frequent the *cercle* or club. These societies have hundreds of members who never go to *cafés* or other places open for drinking; also, it must be noticed that the peasant is a much more sober man than the workman. So that no wonder the result

It is difficult to understand how a cold, formal faith like the Protestant form of Christianity can possibly exercise such an exciting effect on the reason of its devotees as appears from the statistics of the asylums.

Ambition has very little influence on the Dutch character, and scarcely adds at all to the number of insane people in confinement. I came across two people only in Franeker who had gone mad on this special subject, and found a pleasure in their own innocent delusions. One, an old sailor, who believed himself a general, had covered his breast with *sous* in which holes had been pierced, through which he had drawn ribbons of all colours, and imagined them decorations. He would not or could not understand that he was in an asylum, but fancied he was in barracks. He passed his days in reviewing his companions, inspecting their uniforms, making observations on their good or bad appearance, and inflicting imaginary punishments, forgotten as soon as pronounced. At meals, or when the men came and went, this poor fellow mounted his horse or a bench and persuaded himself that he was commanding the troops under his orders. Nothing pleased him so much as for the whole number to move when he issued his commands and appear to be obeying his behests.

The other unfortunate victim to ambition persuaded himself that he was a vast landed proprietor, and owned the house he was in. According to him, the governor, doctor, committee, and keepers were

to the latter, from the quantity of alcohol he imbibes, is very disastrous to the mind.

all his officials, and the poor madmen his workmen. Nothing could give an idea of his important air when he walked in his garden—with his cheeks puffed, his head slightly on one side, his hands behind his back, he would march slowly along, feeling sure of his exalted position, and now and then deign to address a remark on the manner of attending to the walks, or on the way the beds were kept in order.

'He is not a bad fellow,' said the doctor. 'A few days ago he took me gravely apart, expressed his complete satisfaction at my work, and announced that my salary was to be doubled. But here is another maniac,' added the pleasant doctor, 'who has strange ideas. He is the would be rival of the Amati, Stradivarius, and Guarnerius. With a few bits of wood that he found in the carpenter's workshop he will make the most wonderful violins.'

'Is that why he is here?' I could not resist asking; 'I always thought musicians of the present day had more indulgence shown to their vagaries than at any other period.'

'That's true,' replied the doctor, 'but it is not for that he is here. His madness is on another subject. He believes that the food eaten by his friends, relatives, or companions gives him indigestion, so he eats voraciously himself, but will not tolerate the same freedom of action in others. Hence there are constant private quarrels going on, and if the keepers did not interfere there would be a scene that you would not like to witness. The strange part is, that except at meal times he is as sensible and reserved a man as you could see; but you shall judge for yourself.'

We went up to the unfortunate rival to Stradivarius, and begged permission to look at his instruments. Without a word of objection the poor madman led us to his workshop, and showed us three violins made in white wood, which were really marvellous; especially as the poor fellow had made them from memory, and merely from seeing them in the hands of others, for he had never handled one himself. On the keyboard were four packthreads, which he had greased and stretched, and with a kind of bow that he had manufactured he began playing a waltz of his own composition. In the same way he had made a clarionet and several other instruments. What a peculiar aberration of mind! What is the exact limit where reason yields and madness begins, or where is the line which separates the two?

When we left the musician we paid a visit to a poet, a poor imbecile who firmly believed that all the mad vagaries of his disordered brain left behind them the chefs-d'œuvre of Vondel, Bilderdijk, and Da Costa. Alas! poor poet, if all those who are not more reasonable than you were to be placed in confinement with you, what a large number of companions you would have.

As we quitted the asylum we warmly congratulated the doctor on the excellent care he took of his patients, and on the beautiful order, cleanliness, and general management of the establishment.

'We are very glad you are satisfied with our arrangements,' replied Doctor van Bueren, 'for I can assure you that we have no little difficulty in carrying them out. Our staff is our special difficulty. We require young and strong women, and few are

willing to shut themselves up with mad people; and they will never come to us till they find it impossible to obtain a place elsewhere, and then the very first chance they get of leaving us they do; consequently we are always training our young nurses to begin again with a fresh set immediately. In France doctors can command the aid of Sisters of Charity, which is of immense help to them. Although religious communities are somewhat troublesome in asylums and hospitals, yet at the end of a certain time, these women thoroughly know the treatment and art of nursing, and are always to be depended on, whereas we are at the mercy of common servants.'

'Well, then,' said I, 'all the greater merit due to you for the wonderful results here.'

Saying which we quitted the good doctor, and turned our steps towards the town hall and the old church.

This church, formerly dedicated to St. Martin, is situated in the very heart of the town, and surrounded by a space of ground that in olden times was the cemetery of Franeker. It is a fine building, with aisles of lofty grandeur and a timber roof; a somewhat handsome grating of freestone separates the choir, and relieves the monotony of the hard and severe style of architecture in which this edifice is built. There is no transept. The church dates from 1420, though, judging from its appearance and certain lines about it, one might imagine it belonged to the fourteenth or even thirteenth century.

Not far from this church stands the Stadhuis, built in the same style as the Chancellerie. It is

two storeys high, forms a corner of the street, and has a double pinnacle, which considerably adds to its height. A broad flight of circular steps leads up to the door, and the enormous roof crowned by an elegant bell-tower gives an imposing appearance to the building from a distance. It was finished in 1591.

Unfortunately the otherwise beautiful sculpture is entirely spoilt by thick coats of paint. This frightful mania, extending all over Holland, of daubing the public buildings with paint, is terribly to be deplored. Old monuments ought to have a venerable appearance, and not to be desecrated by being made to look like enormous playthings. In Franeker this mania is carried to an extent that makes it become a crime. Not content with smearing in bright and incongruous colours the ancient façade of the finest building in the town, they have dared to paint the caryatides supporting the attics of the door in flesh-colour, putting shades of carmine on the lips and cheeks, and brown tints on the hair, eye-brows, &c. Nothing is in worse taste than this caricaturing of stone, and certainly it does not prove much for the artistic instincts of the great and powerful in Franeker. Inside, the Stadhuis possesses two or three somewhat interesting salles or halls. The Judgment Hall and the Savings' Bank have each a very handsome fireplace and mantelpiece; the former ornamented with caryatides, the latter with columns and carving; but both have fared the same miserable fate as the façade, and been daubed with thick coatings of odious paint. In two or three other rooms the walls are entirely hidden by

hundreds of portraits of severe and gloomy mien. 'They are the portraits of the Professors of the ancient Academy,' the porter informed us. But in glancing at them I think they were not all belonging to the venerable Academy; anyway I have an idea that Diogenes, Gaston de Foix, Pic de la Mirandole, and a few others I recognised, were not likely to be Professors at Franeker. But, be that as it may, all those ferocious and sombre-looking faces with or without wigs inspired me with aversion, made me think of the hard times of the college, and gave me a feeling of suffocation as if I were breathing air charged with *pensums* and broken commands, and I was glad to escape from the place and get back into the fresh air as soon as I had seen the immense press containing the treasures of the town of Franeker. These treasures consist of goblets in silver-gilt of elegant form and design, which formerly belonged to the archers and arquebuser guilds. Besides these goblets there is a copy of the PSAUMES OF DAVID in French rhyme, by CLEMENT MAROT and THEODORE DE BEZE; a Bible, printed in Paris in 1545; and a few small articles formerly belonging to the celebrated Anna Maria Schaarman, whose portrait hangs amongst the Professors—a place of distinction that she deserves, for this extraordinary woman, whom contemporaries styled the modern Sappho, knew Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and Ethiopian; could paint, engrave, and model with great talent; and besides being a good musician, published at Leyden, in 1648, a collection of *Opuscula hebræa, græca, latina, gallica, prosaïca et metrica.*

We hoped when we left the Town Hall to have

finished with tasks and Professors, but alas! in Franeker we fell from the frying-pan into the fire, which means we had to visit the *Planetarium* immediately after the *Stadhuis*.

Imagine, if you can, a small blue room—as blue as the azure of the heavens—with a movable ceiling. This ceiling represents the vault of heaven, where planets in the form of gilded balls, and by means of a mechanical process, rotate around the sun which stands in the middle of the room in a kind of half obscurity. Above the ceiling is placed the mechanism which moves the whole; but I would not advise my friends to visit this room unguardedly, for once there, one is obliged to move about half-stooping, and to constantly bend one's head to avoid the various ropes and cords and other contrivances for keeping these planets in motion. The room itself is only lighted by one candle. The whole apparatus is shown by a woman—half servant, half bourgeoise—who, as she points to each object, explains its meaning in a monotonous voice as if repeating a lesson. I was told that she is the grand-daughter of the celebrated Eise Eisinga, the mathematican, who devoted seven years of his life, from 1773 to 1780, to the completion of this Planetarium. With all due respect to this learned man, I think that, as he considered a work of this kind necessary, he might as well have placed it in an airy light chamber as in a loft behind a shop.

The town of Franeker once owned a superb castle, called *Sjaardama Slot*, which stood at the further end of its principal street, but naturally it is destroyed, as also its ramparts and the six gates to the town, some of which were well built.

There being nothing more to see, and feeling as if we still breathed the learned air which seems to pervade this little town in spite of its having lost its ancient prestige, we wended our way to the station, not sorry to leave the town behind us. On the road, however, in passing a bridge which leads to the railway station, we noticed an inscription on the wall of an orphan asylum. In simple and unpretending words it recorded that here, on this spot, Jean Maurice of Nassau was very nearly drowned, January 6, 1665. We read the inscription, but glancing at the canal and seeing its shallow depth, we came to the conclusion that the danger the Prince incurred could not have been very great.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE SHORES OF FRIESLAND—INUNDATIONS—THIERRI AND GISBERT DE BATEMBOURG—COUNTS EGMONT AND HORNE—HINDELOOPEN — ARTS — COSTUMES AND LANGUAGE — CURIOUS ARCHITECTURE—THE DUTCH FLAG ON BOARD.

In quitting Harlingen—for on our return from Franeker we remained a very short time—we were much struck by the magnificent works which protect the coasts. Whole forests seem cut into piles and driven into the ground, their heads standing up like chevaux-de-frise protecting this fine province from inundation.

Notwithstanding all precautionary measures inundations have too often spread over these verdant meadows, depositing their germs of disease in man and beast, although at the same time fertilising the soil. It was one of these inundations, in 1230, which transformed the arid earth into fertile prairies by covering it with a kind of mud; which was not the only service the overflowing waters rendered the country that year. Bands of wolves were destroyed, which for long centuries had been the terror of the neighbourhood. These voracious beasts, not content with decimating whole flocks of sheep, dared even to attack man. During the severe winter seasons they would hover around the villages, obliging the peasants to engage in fearful combats before they could be

driven back to their retreats: even the dead they would drag from the earth, if the cold was unusually severe and prey was scarce, which terrible profanity caused the inhabitants to procure stone graves from Germany in order to protect their dead from these detested depredators. Guicciardini refers to these tombs, and yet, strange to say, there is not a trace of them to be found in any portion of the ruins throughout Friesland.

The inundations of 1312, 1421, 1426, and 1476 were unfortunately not so useful in their effects. Not only whole villages were destroyed, the lands decimated, and beasts drowned, but human life was sacrificed to a terrible extent.

'When the wind blows from the north,' writes a contemporary of those fearful times, Cornelius Kempius, 'the sea dashes with such fury against the shores that the steeples of the churches and the highest and most solid houses are often shaken to their foundations, and sometimes thrown to the ground; trees are uprooted, and large iron-clad vessels flung with violence on the shores. Hence the reason,' he adds, 'for surrounding Friesland with a belt of ramparts driven into the earth; but as even these dikes are not always strong enough to resist the violence of the waves, the inhabitants have wisely built their houses on artificial hillocks in order to have a place of refuge, and to save the lives of man and beast when the fields are inundated and overflowing with water.'

Happily, however, such disasters happen very rarely, owing to the erection of the magnificent works all along the coast. In 1825, however, during the month of February, about one-third of Friesland was

submerged by the sudden rising of the sea and rivers forcing a passage through the dikes placed there to prevent their progress. No one appears to understand the cause of such a frightful catastrophe. The whole elements seemed to have combined to lash their fury against this unfortunate country. Heavy rain, thunder, and lightning joined their force to the power of the waves in order to lay waste the works of man.

'The terrified inhabitants believed that their last hour had come when they saw the devastation around them; some fled in horror before the foaming waves, which rolled after them in menacing speed; others, not so fortunate in being able to flee, only escaped being drowned in their houses by the indomitable courage, energy, and fortitude of those who under the trying circumstances displayed a heroism worthy of the cause they had undertaken.'[1] Terrible anxiety continued for two days, and then the waters began slowly to subside, leaving behind them the most frightful ravages.

After gazing at the triple line of enormous planks supporting one another, fastened together by huge beams, and held in a vice by immense stone buttresses filled in with rock and bricks, brought with great labour and expense from Sweden or Belgium, one asks oneself in astonishment how it is possible for the waves of the sea to overcome such powerful obstacles? This immense bulwark stretches along the coast a distance of twenty-two leagues, and an idea of what it has cost will be given when one hears that each

[1] G. Stirum, 'Picturesque Tour in Friesland,' 1839.

plank of this huge palisade could not be placed there under ten florins. For it must be remembered that to cut down and bring from afar whole forests of timber, and drive them into the ground in triple thickness, is not the only trouble necessary for the work. The wood has to be freed from its microscopic enemies, as the earth has to be shielded from her watery opponent; and to effect this, each stake before it is driven into the soil is covered with a coating of iron to protect it from becoming a prey to the destroying influence of insects. This coating of iron is accomplished by driving into the plank innumerable large-headed nails, planted so close together that at last it is covered entirely with an impenetrable cuirass. Nothing is more curious than to watch the mending of a dike, and to see the workmen striding over large trunks of trees and hammering in these nails, till the piece of timber looks like a serpent encased in scales; and it is not difficult to comprehend the fearful expense all this labour must entail before a dike is completed.

The coast rapidly begins to disappear into the horizon like an enormous black band, just capping the yellow waves as they rise; for to avoid the dangerous banks of the Kornwerder-Zand we are obliged to gain the open sea. Soon we are in the midst of the buoys, and forced to advance very carefully, noting each spot, and using the lead-line to help us to clear the dangers around. In the distance on our left looms a huge dark object, its separated timbers giving it the appearance of a skeleton; we discover that it is the hulk of a vessel foundered on this deceptive coast. It was here that, in the year 1568, the two Barons,

Thierri and Gisbert de Batembourg, were taken prisoners. Warned the evening before by the Seigneur of Brederode that Amsterdam was a dangerous sojourn for the partisans of the Prince of Orange, these unfortunate brothers confided their persons and their fortune to the care of a boatman sailing to Emden. A few of their friends accompanied them, and they had begun to believe they were safe from the pursuit of the Duke of Alva, when in passing Kornwerder-Zand the skipper, who knew the rank of his passengers and the price for their capture, determined to betray them into the hands of their enemies. A sudden movement jerked his boat on the sands and destroyed it, but the skipper's fortune was made. His signals of distress were answered from the shore, his passengers' lives were saved, but they were seized, bound, and carried off to Brussels. They were imprisoned and condemned, and in June, 1568, perished on the scaffold by the hand of the common executioner, together with sixteen other gentlemen who shared their belief in and love of liberty. Four days later the Counts Egmont and Horne also perished on the same scaffold that for so many years had been stained by the blood of the noble and brave.

Very soon the dangerous spots were cleared, and making all sail we were enabled by the aid of a favourable wind to run along towards Hindeloopen. Presently the banks hove in sight, protected as usual by their binding of piles, and the fire of Workum was distinctly seen, surrounded by mills whose sails were turning merrily in the wind. Then the big belfry of Hindeloopen shone out brightly above the red-roofed

houses, which are hardly higher than the immense line of ramparts on the coast.

The wind suddenly lulled, and one of those dead calms peculiar to these curious shores overtook us. The clouds seemed to stand still in the heavens, the very water lapping against our bows grew still, and but for a bird skimming the horizon, a sea-dog touching the surface of the waves, or some *bruinvisch* leaping in pure joy under the calm waters, all nature appeared as if wrapped in a deep sleep.

Not desiring to remain too long in one place we lowered the boat, and by use of our oars endeavoured to reach land. The heat was fearful, the sun scorched us, and the reflection in the water nearly blinded us with its glittering brightness. The heat in the North is always very trying. I have suffered more in Norway from heat than anywhere else, for there the sun scarcely rises above the horizon, consequently its rays are directly in front of one's face, and as they cannot be avoided one is burnt and dazzled to an extent that is really painful.

However, after an hour's hard pulling, we finally reached the little harbour of Hindeloopen. I say little, because it is neither deep nor wide, has sand-banks, and is ornamented with large weeds, which make it resemble the flat grounds in the Low Countries, and proved to us that few people frequent the place. When we arrived it was entirely deserted; not a boat nor a barge was to be seen; there was not even one step to help us mount the stockade which surrounded it, and we were obliged to go through a most fatiguing feat in gymnastics to reach the top of the tarred piles. On arriving at the summit of these

piles we were doubly rewarded for our efforts, for there before us lay the town, and with one glance we could take in the whole country. Curious houses appeared at our feet, and not two steps off we saw a venerable-looking inn (*auberge*), which offered to recruit our strength with new milk warm from the cow, and our tired eyes were refreshed by bright-coloured wainscoting painted and carved after the fashion of the country.

Hindeloopen had never been a city of much importance, although it dates its foundation from the eighth century (some say that 926 is the time of its commencement). The site on which it is built was formerly the centre of an enormous forest—the forest of Kreijl—the largest part of which has been changed into the Zuyder Zee. Its name, Hinden-loopen (*biches-courir*, stag-hunt), indicates sufficient ly distinctly that its first occupants were the hinds and stags which gambolled peacefully beneath its shady trees. In the year 779 the kings and lords of Stavoren, who were in the habit of hunting in this region, had a place of rendezvous built for them just here. Presently a few houses began to rise around this royal pavilion; and in 1225 this small hamlet, which had gradually grown into a little city and become a harbour, was endowed with the honours of a town and certain rights of freedom. Still, after all, the new title did not increase its importance. Hindeloopen port was never large enough to hold heavily-freighted ships, and the town remained what it was—an agricultural city, living on and enriching itself by the produce of the fertile meadows that the cleared forests had opened to man's industry. The reason

why certain writers believed that this town held an important place among commercial and maritime ports is, that in the year 1368 King Albert of Sweden ceded in favour of its vessels certain privileges that had hitherto been confined to Stavoren and her ships. This fact was communicated to us in Hindeloopen itself by old M. Hendriks, Secretary to the Municipal Council and Keeper of the Archives, who interests himself in everything concerning his little country.

The inhabitants of this small city endeavoured to increase the wealth they had acquired by agriculture by raising maritime works, greatly in vogue then, and by means of which large fortunes were made. Companies were formed in Hindeloopen for the purpose of undertaking the fishing and navigation of the waters. But the boats belonging to these companies were built in Amsterdam, Enkhuizen, and Hoorn, and although the head-quarters of the contractors still remained in the northern city, yet the various expeditions charged with the affairs of the shipowners of Hindeloopen started from these ports. The one point which proves that M. Hendrik's explanation is at least plausible is that writers worthy of great respect treat the town as one of slight importance, as also its port. Cornelius Kempius does not even mention it. Guicciardini merely refers to it; and Blaeu, the geographer, precise and interesting as he is, only accords it a dozen lines.

'It is a small town,' he says, 'the port of which is hardly known, and without any great importance; its inhabitants are addicted to fishing, navigation,

and especially agriculture. It is not, however divested of commercial interests.' [1]

The author of the 'Délices des Pays-Bas,' who is not more partial to it, says: 'It is without walls, its port is a mere nothing, and it only has one church.' [2]

One can see by these extracts that neither in the sixteenth, seventeenth, nor eighteenth centuries was this town recognised as the great place writers and guides of modern times are generally inclined to accord to it. However, this town, small as it was, had its arts, its special costume, a style of architecture, and a language only spoken within its walls, which is a fact so singular that it would appear incredible were it not for traces and incontestable proofs to be found at the present time of their having existed. The most remarkable of all its peculiarities was, and is still, the costume worn by the women; not that this costume is more worthy of notice than the architecture or the furniture, but simply because it is the one thing that strikes one's eye first and one cannot forget, so by it we will commence our little æsthetical study of the arts and manners of Hindeloopen, and note as briefly as possible not only the costume itself, but the transformation of each stage of its existence at various periods of life. Not content with having a dress different to other nations, the inhabitants of Hindeloopen regulated, so to speak, the style of their costume, and adjusted it

[1] 'Cum porto obscuro, fortunæ tenuis. Piscationi et navicularie et rusticæ rei plurimum dedita, à commerciis tamen non aliena. . . .'—*Blaeu, Theatrum urbium Belgicæ Fœderatæ.*

[2] Les Délices des Pays-Bas, Liége, 1769.

according to the age and position of the woman in its smallest detail. From its very birth a child is put into the national costume: its little legs are wrapped in the usual linen, but the upper part of its body is subject to the prevailing habit of the country. Its head is covered with a double cap—one of linen, the other of silk garnished with the usual kerchief; above this is placed another calico kerchief, and on that again a third of larger dimensions, scarlet in colour, and trimmed with lace. The tiny body is cased in a close-fitting jacket, over which is an embroidered bib, and the baby's hands are thrust in calico mittens.

From the age of eighteen months to six years a girl wears a close-fitting jacket of checked linen trimmed with velvet, and the complication of kerchiefs still ornaments her head, though her hair is allowed to hang on her shoulders protected by a large frill. On her feet she wears shoes of green morocco leather. From six to fourteen the costume is about the same, but the front of the jacket is enriched by a kind of *berthe* of bright colours, and her hair is plaited and fastened up under the never-failing cap and kerchief.

A girl old enough to be married wore a costume still more complicated. Before her marriage she had on first a jacket of striped cotton with sleeves of blue damask, trimmed with black velvet at the wrists, over which she crossed on her bosom a many-coloured handkerchief and a slender bodice of black velvet fastened in front by silk lacings. The petticoat was of crimson stuff bordered with black velvet, over which a skirt of the same colour was worn

YOUNG GIRL AND WIDOW OF HINDELOOPEN

From a Sketch by M. Henri Havard.

folded in small plaits, and an apron of checked material; stockings of floss-silk, black velvet shoes with the heel high and pointed, and on fête days a fine cape or cloak completed the excessively original, but somewhat troublesome, costume of a young unmarried girl.

The married women were only distinguished in costume from the girls by their head-dress which entirely hid their hair and ears, and was composed of square pieces of red cloth embroidered in gold above the traditional cap.

This dress never varies except in the case of a widow, who then puts aside colours, and wears plain white and black—jacket, kerchief, *oelof*, and cape were each and all of the same dark hue.

This costume was worn daily by every woman old or young, rich or poor. Besides this special one they had others worn chiefly on fête days and days of ceremony, the distinguishing mark of which was the cape, but other details in the dress belonged to Pentecost, to Saint Cenè, to betrothed girls, to funerals, to the length of time a woman had been married, and if she was a mother; all of which would take me too long to write down besides occupying too much space.

Unfortunately this picturesque dress has very nearly disappeared. It is only worn now by two honest women, who are neither young nor pretty, and even they only put it on when some foreigner happens to pass through their neighbourhood, and they like to make a show of their rights. The *guides* tell one that this costume is still worn by all the women of the country.

We learned these details from the innkeeper under whose roof we were resting while we drank our milk. To please us she sent for one of the two old women, who, after keeping us waiting some time, came arrayed in her official finery. She turned herself round and round, showing herself off like a puppet, then accepting a florin, she disappeared, leaving us with a very mediocre impression of the charms this costume might once have possessed.

The art of Hindeloopen has also, most unhappily, become obsolete. A number of specimens which still exist in the country and among foreign collectors enable us to speak knowingly about it.

The furniture decoration of Hindeloopen is in carved wood painted. Its general forms have a very decided Oriental cast. Its decorations of carved and gilded palms and love-knots, relieved by the strangest paintings possible to imagine, have no equal, except in Persian art. As a rule, the colours are loud and gaudy, red mingling with rose, and green with blue, but, strange to say, the whole appears harmonious. It is peculiar and striking, but not disagreeable to the eye. Most of the single pieces of furniture, such as tables and stands, *stoven* and sledges, are ornamented with red and blue palms, around which are interlaced numbers of Cupids of dark rose—on a background of red. Sometimes these constantly recurring Cupids are placed (always in dark rose) among a bed of blue flowers against a background of red, lightened here and there by white dots and touches of gold. But this *mélange* of discordant colours produces a harmonious and dazzling effect, which I can only liken to the cachemires of India.

This same style of ornamentation is adopted in private houses, though the colours are somewhat modified. Red yields place to dark blue, and flowers, figures, love-knots, and palms are toned down into soft blue, green and white, on a background of the finest shade of indigo. The effect thus produced is very curious. I cannot say that it is fine or pleasant, but it is not disagreeable to the eye, and certainly possesses the advantage of neither being vulgar nor common.

I believe I am the first to make mention of the architecture. Of the two hundred houses remaining of the old town, fifty or sixty are built on the same plan, being the same height, having the same frontage and apertures, and placed side by side in the same spot. Now, this model house, sixty times repeated, cannot be the result of accident; but, on the other hand, it need not surprise us, considering the peculiarities of the place already mentioned.

This building has two storeys and attics, with a gable-end towards the street, the edges of which are smooth and devoid of steps or redans. The first floor is divided from the ground-floor by a species of entablature in alternate white and black bricks, forming a kind of chess-board. A similar entablature of the same height separates the first floor from the attics, and is at an equal distance between the roof and the first entablature, forming with the gable an equilateral triangle. The front of the house has six openings—those on the ground-floor, two windows, and a door, are all three rectangular with the edges of the gable. The door is placed to the left, and is composed of one flap. Upstairs are two small arched

windows, narrow and long, only one pane in width, one of which is placed over the door, the other over the right-hand window, leaving a large bare space between them. The attic is lighted by means of a large window of circular form, just under the gable and immediately above the empty space on the first-floor.

Besides these curious houses, Hindeloopen possesses no buildings worth mentioning. Its church, which is in no special style, dates from 1658; even the belfry, which from a distance looks rather effective, has nothing attractive about it on examination; and as M. Hendriks assured us that it contained nothing of any note, we did not care to enter. I have learned, however, since that the following curious stanza is inscribed just above the entrance. I give it here because it contains a *jeu-de-mot* that is rather amusing on the name of Hindeloopen:—

DES HERREN WOORD
MET AANDACHT HOORT
KOMT DAARTOE MET HOOPEN
ALS HINDEN LOOPEN.[1]

One can judge from this that the ancient Frieslanders were of merry humour, and that they indulged in puns even with sacred things. The church stands in the centre of the cemetery. Near by is the Town Hall, a picturesque little building, dating from the close of the seventeenth century. But a flight of steps outside, and an arched door surmounted by the arms[2] of the town, give a certain finish to its

[1] To listen attentively to the Saviour's words, run together in company like hinds.

[2] The arms of Hindeloopen are striking, as they represent a hind running.

position on the sea-coast, standing as it does just behind the large dike which protects Hindeloopen from the encroachments of the sea.

The offices of the municipal administration only occupy the first-floor; on the ground-floor, to enter which one passes under the arched doorway, are kept the town-weights, and a chamber which serves as a prison; but within the memory of man no one has been shut up inside its walls. A few old pictures are hanging in the municipal offices—mere old daubs transferred there from over some doorway. But among them is noticeable the portrait of a lady of Hindeloopen in her national costume, besides two or three from still-life, representing fruit, fish, and other comestibles, which would be much more in their place in a dining-room than under the eyes of sober magistrates. Although this little town is not rich in monuments, it has points of view and exquisite bits of landscape which make it one of the most picturesque spots even an artist could desire. In reality, Hindeloopen comprises only two streets, connected together by a number of small alleys; but on each side of these two streets run streams of water, and the canals, crossed here and there by little wooden bridges, with their banks covered with foliage and flowers, form bits of scenery perfect in their way. Added to this, Hindeloopen is one of the few towns in the Netherlands where the houses have succeeded in looking old, and are not obliged to hide their crevices and cracks under a mask of plaster. The process of years has formed a coating of green on their frontage, and their red bricks are covered with those tones and lovely shades which give such beauty

and grandeur to old age. A landscape painter would find here subjects for fifty pictures, and I call the attention of any artist who takes a tour through this curious country to specially notice the neighbourhood of the church, the entrance to the port, and, above all, the lock-keeper's house with its little green steeple, weather-board, and peculiar bas-relief representing the miraculous draught of fish. Although it is very much defaced, the chief characters in this edifying scene can still very easily be distinguished. But unfortunately the flag which formerly the holy bark carried is so destroyed that one cannot see it. With patriotism as fervent as his Christianity, the sculptor could not endure the idea of giving the Saviour any other standard than the Dutch, and he inserted the three colours floating merrily to the mast of the Divine boat. Strange anachronism, showing more enthusiasm than religious knowledge!

While we were visiting the town our *tjalk* made its way into the port and produced a grand sensation among the population, for it is long since Hindeloopen has seen at her doors a vessel of such importance. The quay was soon alive with curious people looking at her, among whom were numbers of street boys and girls staring with open eyes and mouth in dumbfounded admiration at the unexpected apparition.

The whole of this little population uttered shouts of delight when they saw us, and as we returned to our ship we had great difficulty in preventing a large number from following us and taking up their quarters with us. M. Hendriks did us the honour of accepting a glass of Bordeaux; after which, with the

usual complimentary phrases, the worthy man said good-bye, and we gave orders to our skipper to hoist the sails. This was the moment when all the ragamuffins of the town, numbering from two to three hundred, were congregated along the port. When the boat was loosened from her moorings, determined not to lose one bit of the unaccustomed sight, they all began to run along the quay, gesticulating and shouting hurrahs at the top of their voices. As a reward for this honour, we suddenly conceived the notion of throwing them some bonbons. Two immense sacks of English biscuits were brought from below and put on the bridge, and one by one we flung the cakes into the midst of this noisy mob. Each biscuit as it fell was immediately fought for by a group of children anxious to possess it, and the one who succeeded in getting it ran a great chance of being crushed by those who had failed to obtain it. Anyway, one would suppose that black eyes and hurt hands counted for nothing in Hindeloopen, for those among the boys who were worst treated returned quickest to the charge. Very soon we reached the end of the quay, where it was impossible for the mob to follow farther. Consequently the last and most desperate fight ensued. As we moved away we made great efforts to throw our bonbons on shore, but we were too far off for the biscuits to reach the boys. The first that failed to arrive on the quay and fell into the water caused a loud cry of disappointment from the eager combatants; but a moment later ten of these street Arabs had let themselves glide down the planks as far as the bank, where, in the twinkling of an eye, they flung off their clothes, and,

springing into the water, recommenced the battle they had fought on the narrow estacade. This example was too good not to be followed, and soon boys and girls creeping down the long black planks turned themselves into the costume worn by our first parents, and looking like nymphs and excited Tritons, surrounded our boat to catch the biscuits we let fall among them. Soaked with sea-water and reduced to a state of sop, one would have imagined that these cakes were not worth eating; but in spite of such a drawback they were fought for as if they had been the most glorious prizes. This sort of thing continued for about two hundred mètres, and then by degrees the crowd began to grow thinner, only the strongest and most intrepid remaining. In time, however, even they left us alone, evidently delighted with their success, for naturally as their numbers decreased the booty became greater and victory more easy. We were now about three hundred mètres from land and could see handkerchiefs and casquettes waving a last farewell from the quay as the evening breeze carried towards us the bright ringing voices of the Hindeloopen children.

CHAPTER XX.

STAVOREN—AN INCOGNITO STORM—JUPITER STAVO—ANTIQUITY AND CELEBRITY OF STAVOREN—ITS TWO WONDERS—LEGEND OF THE WIDOW—DECAY.

THERE are few sights which impress one so vividly as the open sea on a lovely summer night, especially in the Zuyder Zee, where nature has excelled herself in the beauty of her strange and varying tints.

When we arrived in sight of Stavoren the midnight moon was inundating the gulf with a wonderfully soft and clear brightness. Its magic rays were reflected in the shining waters rippled by the gentle night breezes, and thousands of stars studding the heavens seemed to be admiring their own brilliancy in the silvered mirror below. The lights and shades hovering over the surface of the water made it appear as if trembling with happiness, and all nature, silent and still around us, seemed to be contemplating with emotion the dark blue vault above the shadowy waves and the wondrous beauty of the scene. To our left huge black shadows grouped themselves in the distance, brightened here and there by a silvery reflection. It was the coast with its signals. A red Argand lamp at the end of a painted stave we knew was the lighthouse of Stavoren; then further off two

or three beacon-lights suspended in the air, like wandering stars from some unknown world, pointed out to us the vessels anchored in the port. 'What a magnificent night?' I could not help murmuring.

'It promises fine weather for to-morrow,' remarked the Skipper Sluring.

But he was deceived. The next morning when we awoke our boat was rolling terribly; the wind was whistling through the rigging, and the rain lashing against the hatches was pouring from the bridge.

'What is it?' cried Van Heemskerck; 'and why are we rolling like this?'

'It was a lucky thing we reached the port yesterday evening,' replied the skipper. 'If we had remained outside, by this time we should have been on the Lady's Bank (Banc de la Dame) watching the *tjalk* going to pieces. The squall has been so violent that our moorings were snapt asunder like ends of thread; our flag-staff is broken in three pieces, and we have passed the night in the middle of the port resting on our two anchors in order not to be dashed against the stakes and piles of the quay.'

This was news to us, for neither I nor Van Heemskerck had heard anything of this terrible tempest. It was difficult to put faith in Sluring's recital, but face to face with the damage caused by the wind we were obliged to believe. Towards midday the weather improved; the wind lulled, the sea grew calm, and we were enabled to land in order to visit the remains of the ancient capital of Friesland, famous on record, and still called the town of Stavoren.

When we retraced the chief incidents in the history of the early Frieslanders, we mentioned that it was here in this spot that Friso and his brothers landed after their wonderful voyage. Their first care, it will be remembered, was to raise a temple in honour of Jupiter, which, in their language, they called *Stavo*.[1] The temple being called after the god, the houses built around it took the name in their turn, and were called Stavoren; an etymology clearly proved, and a tradition that possesses solid foundation. Hence Stavoren is the most ancient town in the province. Let us see and hear the wonders that the chroniclers of that time were pleased to relate regarding this spot.

Although it is affirmed that the power of this town developed with amazing rapidity, and that from its earliest existence (300 years before Christ) it was celebrated for its riches and the extent of its population, one must not believe that in reality it had so much importance, because Tacitus, who wrote a hundred years after Christ, that is, nearly 400 years after the foundation of Stavoren, does not even mention its existence. It was about the fourth or fifth century that this town began to appear before the world and take part in the drama of humanity. At this time Stavoren was encircled with walls and towers, possessed temples and palaces, and, if we believe Blaeu, had borrowed from the Romans their theatres and circus; the inhabitants indulged in the

[1] Blaeu thinks that *stavo* comes from the Frieslandic word *stat*, meaning 'trunk of a tree,' and that the name was given to the idol because it was cut in wood. In Dutch and the Friesland dialect the *v* and *f* are pronounced alike.

sight of gladiatorial combats, and three times a week had their young men exercised in running, wrestling, and fencing.

Stavoren was not only the capital and royal residence of Friesland, but it had considerable commercial and industrial reputation. By means of the energy and activity of its population it supplied the South with the productions of the North, and scattered through the North the wealth of the South. Treaties of alliance and trade were entered into with the Romans, Danes, Germans, and Franks, who came to Stavoren to barter their affairs, thus enriching the town by their presence and business. The Flevum was easy to navigate, thus rendering their ports convenient for commerce; able to hold a large fleet, whose intrepid sailors explored distances in the North inaccessible to the vessels belonging to other nations. At this epoch, when the Zuyder Zee was not in existence, and one could walk on dry land from Stavoren to Medemblik, Richard I. had a magnificent temple erected between the two towns, to be used as an asylum for criminals and exiles, and ordered a large palace to be built in Stavoren, which later on became the sumptuous residence of the kings, his successors. It was here that the nobles and signeurs of Friesland assembled, causing the palace to become so far famed that, at the command of his father, Charles le Beau, Duke of Brabant, journeyed to Stavoren with a numerous suite in order to see and admire its wonderful splendours. This palace and the tower of St. Nicolas, which had formerly protected the idol or god of Stavo, were the two wonders of the royal capital.

In the year 808 the famous palace was unfortu-

nately destroyed by fire, which broke out in the month of July; and a few months later the tower of St. Nicolas was carried away by an inundation, thus destroying in the same year by fire and water the two most precious works in Stavoren. But the population were strong, ambitious, and rich, and in the year 825 a magnificent church, built by Odulphe, whom St. Frederick had instituted prelate of Friesland, occupied the place of the ancient palace, and a grand monastery was built at the gates of the town. About this period some brave sailors from Stavoren succeeded in passing for the first time through the Sound and penetrating as far as the Baltic, for which intrepid action they were rewarded by receiving various privileges from the King of Denmark, one of which was to enter Dantzic without paying the dues. Treaties between Sweden and Scotland conceded to them similar privileges, thus rendering to the merchants of Stavoren the power to enter the lists with the richest and most influential towns in the world. This wonderful prosperity went on increasing to the beginning of the thirteenth century. 'At this epoch,' says a writer of the sixteenth century, 'the town contained a number of magnificently ornamented churches and monasteries, which even to this day may be perceived among the ruins.' The vestibules of the houses were gilded, and the pillars of the palaces of massive gold. 'Fertur ibidem fuisse domos, quarum vestibula fuerunt deaurata et columnæ ædium auro puro splendentes.'[1] Its name was celebrated throughout Europe; its trade and commerce

[1] Cornelius Kempius, *De Origine Situ, Qualitate et Quantitate Frisiæ*, &c.

was on a par with the most flourishing towns, and its jurisprudence extended as far as Nimeguen, on the gates of which was still to be seen, in 1588, the inscription, traced in ancient characters, almost obliterated, 'HVC VSQVE JVS STAVRIÆ.' (The law of Stavoren extends as far as here.) And farther on, 'HIC FINITVR REGNVM STAVRIÆ.' (Here the kingdom of Stavoren ends).

Even if much of this is exaggeration, the fact itself is certain that the good fortune of this royal city was very considerable. Another proof of its riches and splendour exists in the fact that Stavoren was one of the first towns forming part of the Hanse; it is even said that in the sixteenth century she still held the third rank among the Hanseatic towns. In 1335 the town considered itself strong enough to no longer need the help of her allies, and breaking the treaties which bound her to the interests of Lubeck and Hamburg, she declared war on those two towns. Ten years later, 1345, William IV., Count of Holland, invaded the country at the head of a large army, but he was defeated and routed by the Stavoren troops and killed, with the seven barons and fifty knights who had accompanied him, near to the monastery of Odulphe.

It was about this epoch that a singular legend is reported to have taken origin. It is so well known that every chronicler has mentioned it; and, although it is very stupid, it ought to be told here because it marks the point of decline of the royal town, and in some measure accounts for it. Not to spoil such a charming story, I quote it from Guicciardini, who relates it with a quaintness and humour perfect in its

way. 'Il y avait une vefue en ladite ville si riche qu'elle ne sçavoit point le bout de sa richesse, qui la rendoit pétulante et insolente. Cette-cy affretta une navire pour Danswick, ayant donné charge au maistre d'icelle, de, en eschange de la marchandise qu'elle y envoyait, luy ramener de retour les plus exquises et rares denrées qu'il y sçauroit recouvrer: et comme le maistre de navire n'y trouva marchandise plus requise que du froment, il en fit sa charge, avec laquelle il retourna à Stavoren. Ce qui despleut tellement à cette vefue qu'elle dit au maistre que s'il avait chargé ledit blé à *backboort*, qu'il le deschargea en la mer à *stuerboort*, c'est-à-dire, s'il avait reçeu en pouppe, qu'il le jetta envoye à la proüe. Ce qu'estant fait, à l'instant en la mesme place, s'y esleva un si grand banc de sable, que par là le haver en a esté tellement bouché que depuis nuls grands navires n'y ont sçeu entrer. Lequel banc ou plate s'appelle encore le Sable de la Dame.

'Par où, petit à petit, ladite ville perdant son estaple, et son traficque et commerce de marchandise, est venu à decliner.' [1]

[1] 'There was a widow in the said town so rich that she knew not the extent of her wealth, which rendered her petulant and saucy. She freighted a ship for Dantzig, with orders to its master to bring back the most exquisite and rare produce in exchange for the merchandise that she sent; and as the master of the ship found there no merchandise more in requisition than grain, he returned laden with it to Stavoren. This so displeased the widow that she ordered the shipmaster if he had loaded the said corn at *backboort* that he should throw it into the sea at the *stuerboort*; that is to say, that if he had received it on the poop he should throw it over the prow. This being done, at the instant, in that very place there arose so great a sandbank that the harbour was so blocked, that since no great ships could enter it; hence the bank is still called the Lady's Sand. Whence, little by little, the said town lost its staple, and its traffic and commerce decayed.'

People of that time must have had a very strange idea of Divine justice if they believed the ruin of a whole town a good way of punishing this widow. If so, they make God resemble the lunatic of Franeker, who wanted to prevent others eating that he might not suffer from indigestion. But supposing the sand-bank of the port (which is accounted for in the same way as the sands of Enkhuizen) has contributed to the downfall of the town, there must have been other causes at work as well to effect such a result. The inhabitants had become so rich and opulent that they were literally intoxicated with their success, and allowed themselves to grow insolent, exacting, and supercilious beyond endurance. They were called, when spoken about, 'dartele ofte verwende kinderen van Stavoren' (the spoiled luxurious children of Stavoren). Very soon strangers ceased to trade with them, preferring the pleasanter manners and more easy-going commerce of the inhabitants of Hamburgh, Lubeck, and Bruges. In proportion as trade declined the spirit of enterprise forsook the population, and the town, which was once so rich and flourishing, now found herself reduced from the first to the tenth rank. Stavoren, which had formerly been the capital, whose kings had coined money, whose riches and wealth were proverbial, was now banished among the neighbouring petty states which maurauders and bandit chiefs put to ransom. Added to this, the town suffered from the ravages of fire and water—the two implacable enemies of every Friesland city. At various intervals inundations destroyed whole quarters of the town. In 1320 a fire broke out which consumed no less than five hundred houses, which were never re-

built, thus leaving the monastery of St. Olof, which ere this calamity had stood in the town, isolated on the outside. In 1340 the monastery which Odulphe had had constructed was swept away by the waters, and at present, in our day, that part of the town which surrounded the monastery is entirely overflowed by the Zuyder Zee.

In proportion to the difficulty towns have to go through in establishing themselves, so they quickly fall into decay when once they begin to decline. Thus it was with Stavoren. From the beginning of the fifteenth century its decline was complete. Those who divided Friesland assailed it each in turn, leaving it after each separate attack more impoverished and desolate than they found it, till in the sixteenth century the town was a mere shadow of its former self. And what a shadow too! 'There are scarcely fifty houses in a state of preservation in this city, which formerly was the highest and noblest of all,' writes an author of that time. As late as the last century, however, Stavoren was surrounded by fortifications, and a few old cannon still ornamented the bastions (which, repaired and freshened as they were, no one seemed to care to attack), protecting the crumbling houses, no longer rich enough to tempt the neighbours' cupidity. Its appearance at the present time is about the same, perhaps, if possible, a shade more sad. There are about a hundred houses, half of which are in ruins, but not one remains to recall in the vaguest manner the ancient glory of its palaces. These houses of very modest pretensions form a line along each side of a broad, deep canal, leaving gaps here and there, which are increasing in

number and size each year. It would be difficult to call the place a village even; it is more like one large cemetery, whose five hundred inhabitants have the appearance of having returned on earth to mourn over the past and lost glories of their country and the ancient splendour of their kings.

The churches are mere barns augmented by a steeple, and the *Stadhuis*, an ill-constructed building of about a century in age, would be despised by an opulent farmer or a well-to-do citizen. I visited this Stadhuis, which has not even the merit of being simple in style. An enormous salle or hall, decorated with detestable pictures on biblical subjects, ill agrees by its tasteless pomp with the disjointed flooring and broken cracked walls. The keeper of this place seemed ashamed of its dilapidated appearance; at least I attribute this feeling to him, to account for the scant courtesy he showed us when we entered. Van de Aa says that there is a Company's horn in silver (gilde hoorn), capable of holding two bottles and a half, preserved in this hovel, and that there is an inscription [1] on it to the effect that the members of the Association of St. Martin had it made in 1392, the trencher of which represents St. Peter, and Elias being fed by ravens, all of which may be very possible, but at the same time very much to be regretted, for a curiosity of this description ought not to be in such a place, or left in such hands.

[1] The inscription is as follows:—

'DESEN HOREN HEBBEN DOEN MAKEN DE BROEDERS VAN SINT ANTONIUS GILDE, M.CCC.XCII.'

CHAPTER XXI.

THE LABYRINTH OF FRIESLAND—A FALSE REPUTATION—FOUR RELIGIOUS SECTS TO THREE HUNDRED INHABITANTS—FRISON CHARACTER—BAPTISMS—BETROTHALS—FUNERALS.

'If you go to Stavoren, was said to us at Leeuwarden,' Harlingen, and Franeker, 'do not fail to visit Molkwerum. It is the labyrinth of Friesland.' This name, 'Labyrinth of Friesland,' sounded tempting. What could it be?

'Have you been there?' we asked, eager for information and explanations.

'No, but it is very curious: it is the labyrinth of Friesland!'

There was nothing more to be said, so, being at Stavoren, we determined to go and see this wonderful Molkwerum of which we had heard so much; but no one seemed to know anything about it, and one morning we began hunting for a carriage to convey us to the place. It poured with rain, and we had no desire to walk the two leagues which lay between us and Molkwerum. The ancient royal town is by no means rich in horses or carriages. There are neither diligences nor job-horses, and the only peasant who possessed an old mare and a covered cart refused to lend us either one or the other.

'I don't pay the tax for letting horses,' he said; 'and if I let you hire my carriage I shall be caught infracting the laws.'

'But no one need know?'

'In a couple of hours the tax-gatherer would be made aware of it, and I should be summoned and have to pay a fine. Ah, ha! you have no idea of the jealousy of the neighbours! They are so envious of my having a horse, that they would do anything to get me into trouble through my beast.'

Another way of managing the affair would have been to lend us his cart for nothing, but we could hardly make a proposition of that kind to a peasant. The man's wife quickly put an end to our hesitation by crying out to her husband—

'Tell them it's not so far, and that they can very well walk there!'

Having no other alternative we resolved to follow her advice, and after finding a little guide to open the gates[1] or barriers for us, we set out on foot in spite of wind and rain.

The road between Stavoren and Molkwerum skirts the dike and has nothing picturesque about it. On our left rose a long endless hill, on which a few lean sheep were grazing. Meadows stretched on our right, interspersed by groups of trees, with handsome black-

[1] In Friesland the fields are not divided from the road by a ditch full of water, as is usual in Holland, consequently the cattle stray on to the road, and to prevent them passing from one field to another barriers are placed at intervals of 100 mètres all along the road, which is excessively disagreeable and inconvenient to those driving or riding, for one is obliged to descend every moment to open these gates, and then shut them again directly the carriage is through, for fear the cattle should escape to the other side.

and-white cows covering the grass. Here and there a canal intersects the plains, and a painted wooden barrier skirts the foliage, and beyond a windmill[1] to raise the water, or the lock-keeper's house, where a man watches by the canal and sluice night and day. Presently, in the distance, we perceived a great pointed steeple emerging from a cluster of trees, then some dark black-looking houses with red roofs. On which our little guide, stretching out his arm and holding a switch in his hand, said—

'There's Molkwerum!'

We had only to follow a straight line, so we dismissed the poor child, who was drenched to the skin, with a present of a *kwartje*—a piece of money valuing about sixpence. Evidently the little lad had never possessed before such a rich treasure. He gazed at it with open-mouthed satisfaction, and then took to his heels, after turning round to see that no one was likely to pursue him in order to take it away.

Half an hour later we had traversed the distance between us and the first houses, and entered the Friesland labyrinth covered with mud and dripping with rain.

If ever a reputation was exaggerated it is the one that Molkwerum has gained. But that it has no streets, and only mere pathways to separate the houses,

[1] It is the custom in Friesland to have a succession of windmills at work, to prevent the *polders* from being constantly inundated. These mills carry the water from small canals to larger ones, which again communicate, by the same means, with canals higher up, which in their turn carry the water to the sea. The level of the latter canals is sometimes three or four mètres higher than the meadows around them; and the effect of a boat passing through these canals is very singular when seen from the meadows. It looks like a boat moving along a range of hills.

this little place containing about three hundred inhabitants is as much like other villages as possible. These pathways or alleys have a habit of curving round, which does not add to the beauty of the perspective; and, on the other hand, is excessively tiresome. The author of 'Les Délices des Pays-Bas' wrote, in 1769, that 'if a stranger enters this village he must secure a guide to enable him to get out of the labyrinth;' from which I should judge that the writer had never paid a visit to Molkwerum, otherwise he would not have condescended to such a fib. Any child of six would in ten minutes be perfectly at home in the twelve or fifteen alleys crossing and intercepting each other; the wonder to me is how any people could continue to live for a couple of hundred years amid such discomfort, and that long ago these narrow twisting alleys were not replaced by good straight streets and roads, well paved and kept in order.

It did not require more than half an hour to go over the entire village, glance at the houses, inspect the church, and walk through the gardens. We discovered nothing remarkable anywhere, except perhaps the fact that amongst the three hundred inhabitants of the village there are no less than four different religions—about 220 Calvinists, 70 Mennonites, 11 Catholics, and 2 Lutherans. Some of the houses recall to one's mind those of Hindeloopen, which, after all, is not the only point of resemblance between the two towns. Formerly the language and costume of both cities was the same; and later on, when we speak of the Friesland tongue, we will discuss their dialect. As to their peculiar costume, a stranger would hardly notice much difference between it and the costume of Hindeloopen.

The difference principally lies in the shade and manner of folding the checked kerchief completing the head-dress, called *zondoek*; and the cape added to the rest of the toilette worn on fête days in Hindeloopen is not the fashion here in Molkwerum.[1]

Strange fancies, odd styles and fantastic colours, have all disappeared now, and the women of Molkwerum have, like their sisters in Hindeloopen, adopted the ordinary feminine attire. The similarity of language, architecture, and costume formerly existing between these two communities, justifies us in our opinion that Molkwerum was in reality an agricultural colony dependent on Hindeloopen.

While we indulged in reflections of this æsthetical and ethnographical nature the rain had increased to a regular storm, and forced us to seek shelter from its downpour. We entered an inn close by, where we were received with open arms. The landlady had a terrible fear of thunder, and when we arrived the large reception-room was pitch-dark. Blinds were down, shutters and curtains closed, and the honest woman was crouched on her straw chair in a corner of the room, trembling all over with fright. However, on seeing us enter she took courage, called her daughter (who was hiding in another room), and offered her very best wines to warm and refresh us; which, however, were detestable to drink.

Presently her son came to see us, a lad of sixteen, who seated himself in the corner, crossed his arms, smoked an enormous pipe, and without uttering one single word never once took his eyes from off us. This

[1] An illustrated work published lately, called *Nederlandsche Kleederdragten*, gives a good design of this costume.

impassibility of manner is one of the peculiarities of the Frieslander's character. One would often think, to watch their phlegmatic, silent, motionless appearance, that nothing was capable of interesting or moving them, and that they belonged to another world to the one around them. They look like the sphinx, and one involuntarily asks oneself, not what they think about, but if they think at all. The women, however, obeying the instinctive rights of their sex, are a little more communicative, and will talk to strangers at their ease, and even reply to questions addressed to them.

Of course I am only referring now to country people, not to those belonging to the towns, who are amiable and polite, though slightly reserved and cold in manner, as is the case with every true Dutchman. But once win their hearts, and they are affectionate, sincere, and very faithful. They are not a lively people, yet their character is brusque and obstinate, added to a genuine dislike of contradiction. They easily take offence and are very violent, but a strong sense of honour, united to frankness and great tact, compensate very largely for the national stolidness of mien. I say willingly that 'the friendship of a Frieslander is a gift from the gods.' This friendship does not come by degrees, it is given spontaneously and without reserve, and cannot be won by kindness or amiability; for if it is not obtained the first day, it is never obtained at all, and the person remains through life an acquaintance, never a friend. This apparent contradiction of character—Scandinavian impetuosity united to Oriental impassibility—is a very singular feature in these people, and reminds one of a glacier covering a volcano.

The storm still continued. Once or twice I opened the shutters to look out, and found the sky overhead black and gloomy; trees bending beneath the blasts of the tempest, and houses shaking and shrinking as if to escape the overwhelming force of the elements. From time to time a flash of lightning illumined the place like a Bengal light, and the water which poured from the roofs and rolled in a stream down the alley in front of the houses made a noise which sounded as lugubrious and weird as the whistling of the wind. All nature seemed disturbed except a white stork, which was peaceably and quietly sitting on her nest, fast asleep, with her back to the wind and her beak in the air, protecting her young ones from the storm, whose yellow heads and tiny beaks we could see, thus forgetting in her maternal love the power of the tempest and the cold rain beating against her own body.

After a time the storm appeared to abate and the weather cleared slightly; heavy clouds still hovered overhead; and the thunder growling in the distance made the cattle tremble in the meadows; but we were anxious to rejoin our vessel, so, bidding farewell to our hostess, we started on our way back to Stavoren.

We expected to be able to return to the boat in about an hour and a half, but we had counted without our host, that is to say, the weather; for when we were about half way the rain again began to descend in torrents, and the storm to growl over our heads. Happily we perceived a nice little habitation just above the dike, where we hastened to take shelter. We found it belonged to the lock-keeper, who

lived there with his daughter, and when we entered both gave us a pleasant welcome, and offered to do what they could for us; presently the girl went out and put on stockings in our honour, for when we opened the door she was sitting with bare feet in her sabots.

'He does not look like a Frieslander,' I remarked to Van Heemskerck.

The man, hearing us speak French, said laughing, 'Ah, ah! I know your countrymen, I fought with them; they are hard fellows and so are we, too.'

'Where did you fight?' I asked.

'I was at Antwerp, in 1832, under General Chassé.'

Now we understood; the fine fellow had seen service, and the colours had subdued his natural reticence and changed his character. The occasion was too good to be lost; it was so rare to find a Friesland peasant who would deign to talk, so, seizing my opportunity with avidity, I made numerous inquiries of the old soldier about the ancient customs of this corner of Friesland, and as to which of them had survived the past glory and power of the ruined cities.

'Faith,' he replied, 'I know nothing. I live in my den here from morning till night, and from night till morning, without stirring out from the first day of the year to the last, so that I really can know very little about what goes on around me.'

'But,' I said, 'there are three great events in life —birth, marriage, and death. Have you not in this part some special ceremony belonging to each of these human transformations?'

'Yes,' he replied, 'or at least we had a few years ago, and I doubt if it's changed now. When a wife has given birth to a boy and added a son to Friesland, all her female friends come to see her and drink in her room the *brandewyn*, which is handed round in a special cup or goblet. Each woman brings with her a large tart, all of which are laid out in the room —sometimes they number as many as thirty. The more there are and the finer the cakes the better, because that proves the number of friends. A few days after, the new-born Frieslander is taken to church, all the girls from twelve years old accompanying the child, and carrying it each in turn. As soon as they reach the church the child is handed to the father, who presents it for baptism. Not a girl in the place would renounce her right to take part in the little procession, for it is a subject of boasting when she marries herself to be able to say, "I have accompanied this and that child to its baptism." Besides, it is supposed to bring happiness, and that she in her turn will have a goodly number of little ones.'

'Well, and how about betrothals?'

'Ah, ha! that's another thing. The girl chooses the lad. You know the old proverb, "there are only two things a girl chooses herself—her potatoes and her lover."[1] You can well imagine how such things begin. They see each other at the *kirmes*, or in the

[1] This proverb, or rather saying, is used all over Friesland and in Over-Yssel. Anyone who hands a dish of boiled potatoes to a girl excuses himself for not giving her one by repeating these sacramental words. In Friesland, and all over Holland, boiled potatoes are eaten not only at each meal, but with every dish.

street, or fields. Then one fine day the lad feels his heart beating louder than usual. In the evening he puts on his best coat, and goes up to the house where the girl lives. The father and mother give him a welcome, while the girls smile and nudge each other. No one refers to the reason for his visit, though of course it is well known why he is there. At last, when bedtime comes, the children retire—even the father and mother go to their room—and the girl is left alone by the fireside with the young man. They speak of this, and that, and everything, but not a word of love is uttered. If the girl lets the fire go down, it is a sign she does not care for the lad, and won't have him for her husband. If, on the contrary, she heaps fuel on the fire, he knows that she loves him and means to accept him for her affianced husband. In the first case, all the poor lad has to do is to open the door and retire, and never put foot in the house again. But, in the other, he knows it is all right, and from that day forward he is treated as if he belonged to the family.'

'And how long does the engagement last?'

'Oh, about as long as everywhere else[1]—two, three years, more or less. And that is the happiest time of their lives. The lad takes this girl about everywhere; they go to the *kirmes*, skate, and amuse themselves, and no one troubles or inquires about them. Even the girl's parents allow her to go about with her lover without asking her any questions. Sometimes,' added the old sluice-keeper,

[1] Everywhere else, meaning in Holland. Generally in the provinces engagements last from a year and a half to two years.

'mischief comes of this liberty, and then the wedding is hurried on a bit, and no one minds.' [1]

'And how about the burials?'

'Ah, that's a very happy moment for those who don't know much of the deceased, on account of the funeral repast. If the widow is young, with a large fortune, then everything is had, and the feast is sumptuous. The one peculiarity of these parts is that the women follow to the cemetery. If the deceased had no carriage of his own, a chariot is borrowed of a neighbour, on which the body is placed, and the women seat themselves by it. The men follow on foot. This is the custom everywhere, except at Molkwerum, where the alleys are too narrow for a carriage to pass; and in that case the dead man is carried by hand, which is not a very agreeable thing to do.'

This rather funereal conversation was not exactly to Van Heemskerck's taste, and he said to me—

'The weather is finer now; would it not be better to continue our road?'

His advice was prudent, and we began saying

[1] The Frieslanders were not always so indulgent to faults of this kind as the sluice-keeper of Molkwerum insinuates. Beatus Rhenanus records that if a girl misconducted herself while under the paternal roof, or if a wife committed adultery, she was strangled, and her body afterwards burnt; and the culpable man, when found, was stripped naked, thrashed till the blood streamed, and then hung over the grave of his victim.

Cornelius Kempius relates that the woman who broke the Seventh Commandment was deprived of her clothes in the presence of her family, and punished in the most frightful manner, without any mercy for her youth, beauty, or position.

Manners and customs have relaxed very much in severity since that period, and the penal code is very much the same in Friesland as in Belgium.

farewell to our host. But he would not hear of our going away without first accepting a cup of coffee in his house; and, not to offend the hospitable wishes of the kind sluice-keeper, we were forced to accede to his desire.

An hour later we reach Stavoren. But we were fated that day not to leave the old town. The storm, which had abated its fury on land, continued to disturb the waves. The people of the port towed us as far as the end of the quay; keeping a steady footing, this long line of men, children, and old men succeeded in slowly advancing our *tjalk*. The dark shadow of these men against the grey sky had a singular effect to us on board. Two old men, in cylindrical-shaped hats and huge redingotes, added to the oddness of the scene. All bent over the rope, the perspiration rolling down their faces, and out of breath with their efforts to drag us along; but it was all in vain. No sooner had we set sail and started than we were obliged to return. The angry waves swept over our bridge, and threatened to swamp us on the Lady's Sandbank; to avoid which we turned back and sought shelter in Stavoren.

CHAPTER XXII.

BEAUTY OF THE FRIESLAND WOMEN—SKATERS—FRISON LANGUAGE.

As we are detained here in the port of Stavoren, and not able to continue our journey, I mean to take advantage of being left alone, while my companions are hunting for provisions, to mention two subjects that I had intended to write about at the end of our journey: the Friesland language and the women.

The latter have a great reputation for beauty, which I confess is well merited, for their complexion is marvellously fair, with lovely rosy cheeks. They are grand Madonnas—slightly square and heavy in build, but with tall figures, and an air of health and strength that gains them their celebrity. Their eyes are blue; but of the colour of their hair it is difficult to speak, considering the fact that not a tress of it is ever seen, at least not in the country villages. Except when they are animated and in a humour to talk, they are grave and sedate in manner; but, like all women of the North, they are inclined to amuse themselves at others' expense in moments of good-humour and gaiety. The characteristics which distinguish these women from their sisters in Noord-Holland and Over-Yssel is their muscular strength and the solidity

of their forms. They give themselves up to various kinds of out-door exercises, which develop the limbs and make them able to resist the inclemency of the weather at all seasons. I have heard that numbers of girls congregate together for the purpose of running races in the skating season; and, in order to leave their movements quite free from the weight of the woollen stuffs they wear, they strip themselves from their petticoats, not even donning the less graceful but more useful garb of the men. The girls are all led to the point of departure, where they unfasten their dress, unhook their bodices, and at a given signal drop their garments, bound forward, and disappear like lightning along the course marked for the race.

It would be very unjust to give the preference in beauty of complexion generally to the women of Friesland. All over North Holland, as also in the South, they are very handsome. In Amsterdam, Haarlem, the Hague, and Rotterdam, as also in the Gueldre, one constantly sees pretty faces, white-and-red complexions, beautiful hair, large blue eyes, and lovely pouting lips—dimpled and red as cherries. Every foreigner on visiting Holland makes the same remark, and if the life there were not as placid and methodical as it is one might be in a continual state of rapture over the loveliness and charms of these daughters of Eve. Etna in full eruption might be taken there; at the end of a week it would even cease to smoke, so destructive to enthusiasm is the well-disciplined nature of these women.

But enough on this subject. We now turn to the Frison language. If in Friesland, as in all other countries, the women are difficult to be understood,

it may well be said that the Frison language is even more difficult. People seem to scarcely speak in Friesland, or at least the city people take very little trouble to converse. As to the peasantry, they speak, following the habit of the country, in their several dialects, and it is very difficult to distinguish the original Frison from the heterogeneous element with which it is mingled.

The Frison was at one time a language of its own. It had its grammar and syntax, and there still exist even dictionaries. Imaginative, clear, and sonorous, it was employed along the borders of Flanders as far as Jutland. No other tongue prevailed so much in the provinces as to reach the Northern Sea. It was spoken everywhere, and it lost its specific character only as it reached the interior of the country, where, far away from the coasts, different dialects, French, German, Saxon, gained partial supremacy, until the Frison language,[1] mingling with the Southern idioms, gradually disappeared altogether.

This happened about the year 800, the epoch when the Franks first ravaged the country. The divisions

[1] A profound study of the Frison language and literature would far exceed our limits. We confine ourselves to certain observations, partially gathered in the country, and partially from various works written on this subject. Those who wish to study this language will find in the following works the means of acquaintance with this beautiful dialect:

1st. 'Frisische Sprachlehre' of R. Rask, translated into German from the Danish. Fribourg, 1834.

2nd. 'Die Nordfriesische Sprache' of Bende Bendsen. Published at Leyden, 1860, G. D. Vries.

3rd. 'Altfriesiches Wörterbuch.' Göttingen, 1840.

4th. 'Lexicon Frisicum' of Justus Halbertsma (Dictionary, French-Latin). Recently published by Tialling Halbertsma, son of the author.

of the provinces, continual union with the Government, the presence of the Saxons on the east, and of the Germans on the south, obliged the Frisons to learn several languages and gradually to abandon their own. Towards the end of the fifteenth century the Frison ceased to be the official language of the country. In 1463 the municipalities of Dokkum and of Leeuwarden still employed it. In 1467 the high clergy still used it in official documents. In 1493 it was generally employed in familiar writings and in correspondence. In 1506 some remarks on the events of his own times were written in pure Frison by a Frison noble, Œde Jongama, which have come down to us.

But already, in 1498, Albert of Saxony had dealt the Frison language a blow from which it never recovered. From this period all official acts and documents, and all administrative correspondence, were required to be either in Dutch or low German (Neder-duitsch),[1] which were familiar to the governing foreigners and to the governed natives. The Frison remained the spoken language. It continued to prevail in both cities and country.

[1] The Dutch language is not, as frequently supposed, a corruption of German. On the contrary, it has its own special forms and particular character, and possesses great wealth of expressions. Its appearance in this part of Europe is analogous to that which passed in France for the 'langue d'oil' and 'langue d'oc'—only, instead of one absorbing the other, they have grown simultaneously—each having its proper existence and its distinct literature. We refer now to the Dutch (Neder-duitsch) and to the German (Hoogduitsch)—meaning high and low Dutch. These distinctions are topographically supported by the nations speaking the two languages. During the last four centuries Dutch literature has produced first-class literary works equal with the German.

The Frisons were tenacious of their correct pronunciation, which became among themselves a mode of recognition and a rallying-point. 'The Frisons,' says a writer of the sixteenth century, 'soon perceive from the mode of pronouncing certain phrases whether a man is of Frison parentage, or whether foreign blood runs in his veins.' And during the troubles which marked the first years of the sixteenth century this purity of diction became a passport. The Frisons obliged all those whom they met to pronounce a phrase beginning 'Fiouwer lotter klear liepaijen.' If the accent were not pure they would be known and drowned as Saxons.

The language, although rejected in official circles, was still generally and purely spoken throughout the country. But the Reformation destroyed its last refuge. The first preachers came from Holland and preached in Dutch. Besides, there was no Bible in the Frison language; they were therefore compelled to use Dutch books, and the general practice in a few years spread the knowledge of Dutch. Thus Friesland was added to the Union, and this junction gave the final blow to the Frison language. It became necessary to know Dutch to exercise any public functions. The change became complete, and speedily in the cities the official language was alone employed.[1]

With the seventeenth century Dutch literature completed the transformation. Vondel, Hooft, and

[1] Gauthier-Stirum says the same result followed in the present century during the French domination. French became then the official language, and individuals of all classes struggled to become perfect in it, that they might gain public employment, and also more easily understand the laws which governed them.

Cats, penetrated among the burgesses and the educated classes. Cats wandered through the country associated with 'mopsjes.' These mopsjes were diminutive books,[1] containing hymns and songs of different character. By the side of psalms and hymns there would be offensive, if not immoral, productions. In this way all parties were to be pleased.

In North Holland, where these mopsjes were produced, they were possessed by the rich countryman and the opulent farmer. No baptism, no festival without its songs. The little treasure, richly ornamented with gold and precious stones, was a repertory for all occasions. Very soon the peasant also possessed the treasure, and the 'mopsjes' cheered the feasts of families on both sides of the Zuyder Zee.

Persons who have resided in Holland know that singing is universal in the country at all times of rejoicing, public and private.[2] No one, therefore, will

[1] These little books of three or four hundred pages were various in their contents, from religious to immoral; measured about seven centimètres long, five wide, and two thick, and were easily carried in the pocket. They were mostly printed at Hoorn. The literature was local, but the music was gathered from all countries. France supplies several airs—'La Cardinale,' 'Réveillez-vous, belle,' etc. etc.

[2] There are few countries where singing is so well performed as in Holland, especially among the lower classes. On occasion of the least fête, these kind people assemble in bands and traverse the street, especially at night, filling the air with songs more or less harmonious. Generally very light, easy songs constitute their musical manifestations. The habit is so general through the country, that during all fêtes, whether political or religious, the authorities are obliged to stand aside: and they recommend to the public certain suitable compositions, whether political or religious, to be employed, instead of some odd fancies of the day. The programmes of these fêtes frequently contain certain songs adapted to the occurrences of the times.

That this custom is ancient may be proved by the vast numbers of

be surprised to learn that these Dutch collections of hymns penetrating through Friesland helped to propagate the Dutch language.

At present scarcely one quarter of the inhabitants speak Frison in the dialect of their ancestors. All others express themselves in a *patois* composed of Dutch, Saxon, German, or Danish, with scarcely any mixture of Frison.

In the existing province of Friesland, 'between Vlie and Lauwer' of antiquity, Dutch influences greatly prevail.

The *patois* possesses three different idioms which, connected with the Dutch, are spoken by three-fourths of the population.

The 'Stad-friesch' is used in the great cities at Leeuwarden, Dokkum, Bolsward, Franeker, Sneek, Harlingen, &c. This is the current language.

In all the cities the pronunciation is almost the same; the accent is almost identical. At Hindeloopen and Molkwerum the same language is employed, but their pronunciation is different from other cities, so that the inhabitants are not counted with the Frisons of Leeuwarden, of Sneek, or of Harlingen, as the

books of melodies published in Holland during the late centuries both in Dutch and in French. The Royal Library of the Hague reckons them by hundreds. Many indicate the gravity of the old Dutchmen, even when indulging themselves. One of the most curious is a collection published in 1734, at La Haye, by Gosse and Neaulme. In his preface the editor says: 'As one of my principal objects in the publication of these collections is to assist young persons learning to sing, I shall be careful that nothing shall appear offensive to modesty, or give the slightest pain to the most careful persons.' The collection included all kinds of subjects, from grave to gay, and the promise of the editor slipped from his memory.

fishermen of Schéveningue are not intelligible to the inhabitants of La Haye.

This language is improperly named 'Frison of the cities,' for it is merely old Dutch of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, mingled with some Frison words and partially bent to Frison syntax. It is a spoken, not a written language, and contains but little of the chief language.

The second dialect is a Dutch *patois* used in Friesland, and is also a curious mixture of old Dutch and Frison. It is supposed that Bildt, surrounded by a dike, was prepared for cultivation and for inhabitants, when a colony of peasants from Southern Holland, about Leyden, was installed there. Once introduced, they added to the local dialect a number of words and terms suitable only for Dutch peasants. This supposition may be justified by the fact that certain vowels, notably the *a* and the dipthong *ei*, are similarly pronounced in both countries.

That which is spoken in Stillingwerf, both east and west, is a mixture of Frison, Saxon, and Dutch. It is analogous to the *patois* of the Drenthe, but the pronunciation is more agreeable. But how the Saxon was introduced[1] no one knows, and probably no one ever will know.

Although these three dialects prevail over the greatest part of Friesland, there may be found certain localities in which Frison is still spoken in its native purity. In the south chiefly the language has been preserved, and among the island populations, which,

[1] The book which gives the best idea of the 'Stad-friesch' of the last century, was published at Leeuwarden, in 1768, by A. Toltima, entitled, 'Het Vermaak der Slagterij.'

being isolated from the rest of the world, faithfully preserve their ancient habits. However, it must not be supposed that these various populations express themselves with exact similarity. The dialect of Ter Schilling is not uniform with that of Schiermonikoog, and that also of these two islands differs from the Frison of 'Zuidhoek.'[1] These three dialects are indicated by the same term in conversation. They are called slightingly 'land-friesch' or 'boren-friesch.'[2] What a singular destiny that this ancient and noble tongue should now be classed as the 'language of peasants,' by the descendants of those whose exploits it records, and who through their industry and courage spread the use of this very language even to the coasts of Denmark.

However, if Frison is abandoned in Friesland, it is a remarkable thing that it is found, at great distances away, still employed among populations of very different origin. Thus, on the western side of Schleswig, a variety of Frison is spoken, named Frison of the North, 'noord-friesch.' Between Ems and the Weser at Wangeroog, as well as Sagelterland, a dialect is employed called Oriental Frison, 'oost-friesch.' These two dialects, which differ greatly when written, agree perfectly when spoken. They have also several analogies with the 'west-friesch' which is employed

[1] Corner of the South. This is the southern angle formed by the province.

[2] 'Frison of the country,' or 'Frison of the peasant.' In this fine language, however, all the poets honoured in Friesland have sung; and the one most celebrated, Gysbert Japiex, has written pages destined to immortality—unless they become unintelligible.

about Ems, in the province of Groningen, as well as in the parts of Friesland already mentioned.

Despised by the cities, ignored by three-fourths of the people, and finding shelter only in isolated and obscure corners, the Frison language will shortly utter its last gasp. In spite of its grand, sonorous, and elegant utterances, it will very soon disappear. Some noble minds, animated by patriotic and chivalrous sentiments, have endeavoured to galvanise it. All in vain. All their works fail; they are no longer understood. They sing melodiously, but no one understands; they may charm the ear, but cannot reach the heart.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE TOUGH FOWL — DEPARTURE FROM STAVOREN — URK AND ITS HARBOUR — DOG-FISH — INHABITANTS — RELATIONS AND FRIENDS.

TOWARDS evening Van Heemskerck and Deketh returned from their foraging expedition, one carrying an old fowl which had just been killed, the other, two bottles of supposed cognac, which they had succeeded in obtaining on the ground that it was too good for the country-people; nothing else they had been able to procure, though they had traversed the town from end to end.

The fowl was put in the pot, but after five hours' cooking its old carcase was as hard as ever, and our teeth ached with trying to masticate it. This made us anxious, for we had not counted on being detained in Stavoren, and our provisions were very nearly exhausted; so we determined, in spite of wind and sea, to sail away on the morrow to some more hospitable shore.

Happily the sun rose the next morning, and the honest people of the country united to help us out of the harbour, seizing the ropes with strong, lusty arms, and dragging our *tjalk* with such force that, a few minutes later, driven by a fresh breeze, we were

enabled to gain the open sea and to avoid the *Kerkhof*,[1] also to double the 'Banc de la Dame,' and to make straight for the little isle of Urk, which was our hope and desire on leaving Stavoren.

When the wind is favourable, it is possible to steer along the coast from Stavoren to Urk without any danger. In those parts the sea is everywhere from fifteen to twenty feet deep, for here the Zuyder Zee widens, no land is visible, and navigation is carried on where the Lake Flevo was formerly.

The voyage would be utterly devoid of interest, were it not for the silvery appearance of the sea and the marvellous tints of the sky; in fact, to kill time, one is reduced to counting the dog-fish, which are so numerous that the surface of the water is covered with their black and shiny heads. In days gone by these creatures were in great request, and the people living on the banks of the Zuyder Zee hunted and used them for food, considering them 'tasty and excellent, as savoury as the porpoise, preferring to eat them made in pasties.' Now they are only procured for the sake of oil, and, as this fishery is much less lucrative than that of plaice and anchovy, very few men and boats are employed in it.

However, there are years when these animals so abound that they destroy the fishermen's nets, and do so much mischief that effectual means for their destruction have to be resorted to. In the year 1872 they were so numerous that the people of Urk were obliged to apply for aid from the mainland, and even

[1] The Kerkhof or Steenen, is a heap of ruins which appear above the surface of the water, and is supposed to be an ancient cloister, built by St. Odulphe, and engulfed by the Zuyder Zee.

children—boys as well as girls—joined in the combat. Ambuscades were made day and night to surprise those which ventured on the banks, or those which the sea cast on shore. Previously a more picturesque mode of proceeding was in vogue. 'To be sure,' said Guicciardini, 'the manner of catching them (the dog-fish) is most ridiculous, but, at the same time, worthy of note, for they disguise themselves so strangely, that they, too, might well be mistaken for beasts. Thus equipped, they meet on the sea-shore at the hours they think it most probable the animals will appear. They then approach dancing and jumping, by which strange spectacle the dog-fish are attracted, and the dancers, receding little by little, entice the fish further inland, while fishermen place nets in the rear; then suddenly divesting themselves of their disguise, they make the dogs take flight towards the sea, so that they fall into the nets prepared for them, and this trick meets with so much success that it is a source of great profit to the islanders.'

Without doubt this must have been a most diverting sight, and, as for me, I would most gladly have taken part in such a comedy. But, alas! everything degenerates, and good old customs are discontinued. All that is picturesque and fantastical has been relinquished for the commonplace, so that now-a-days, instead of procuring, and at the same time amusing, the dog-fish, they prefer killing them by blows.

Be it far from me, however, to underrate Urk and its inhabitants; on the contrary, there is not a more picturesque village on the Zuyder Zee, or a population more charming, though it is entirely composed of fishermen, who are as hospitable and agreeable as one

could wish. From the first moment that Urk appears in sight one is favourably impressed by the pretty white lighthouse, the grey-coloured church, with its green belfry, a group of houses situated on a hill in charming irregularity, and a few trees which blend their sombre tints with the deep-red of the tiles. That which surrounds it is merely a strip of land protected by dikes, which nevertheless do not prevent an inundation of the prairies nearly every year.

The good impression formed at first sight increases the nearer one approaches, for the red, green, and black houses stand out in bold relief against both sky and sea. It is a pleasant sight to see the little harbour filled with carefully-secured fishing-smacks; their red flags flying, while black piles support the pier, and the sloping wharf is covered with green. It is very evident that no methodical plan has been carried on here. The plumb-line has not been in use; the houses are constructed of wood as at Marken, and surrounded by gardens and separated from each other by lanes, which, when large, form streets and squares; very irregular and strange, it is true, but pleasing to the eye, forming a contrast to the Dutch regularity which, although charming, is monotonous.

Men and women, housewives and fishermen, all wear a special costume, which is picturesque as well as curious. That of the men does not differ much from the one worn in Marken, except that the vest has small facings, which give it a coquettish appearance; the rest of their attire is of the same form, and, as at Vollendam, the colour is brown. The style of dress for women, on the contrary, differs both in form and colour. Young girls wear a sort of tight-fitting cap

INHABITANTS AND HOUSES OF THE ISLAND OF URK

From a Sketch by M. Henri Havard.

covering the top of the head, which, though it imprisons the hair, leaves the ears slightly exposed, and is secured by a double band of black ribbon. This ribbon goes twice across the top, and the hair is cut in a straight line over the eyebrows. Nothing could be more simple or more elegant.

The black and white help to set off to perfection the lovely complexions and fresh faces of the blue-eyed daughters of Urk. They wear a yellow sleeveless bodice, under which is another, also without sleeves, which scarcely reaches to the waist. This last is generally black, and sometimes striped black and white. The skirt is short, either dark blue or striped black and white. I noticed some pink ones, but these were very rare. A dark-blue calico apron, tied behind the skirt, completes this pretty costume. The women's toilette resembles that of the girls, for, like them, they wear the double sleeveless bodice, having their arms covered as far as the elbow and bare from thence to the wrist. They also wear a striped skirt and calico apron. Instead of a little cap they wear a high one, fastened on with gold pins, with a broad black ribbon tied across it.

Everyone at Urk, as at Marken, wears the national costume, from the brat who sucks his thumb to the old man palsied with age. The schoolmaster and the two *predikants* were the exceptions to the general rule; for although the people of Urk are of the Reformed religion, the island has two churches, being divided into two sects, distinguished as Orthodox and Liberal Protestants. Only one of the ministers, however, lives in Urk, and the other returns to the mainland directly his duties are over.

We visited the minister who permanently resided in the island, in hopes of obtaining information as to their customs, but he had but just arrived, and was quite ignorant of all pertaining to the habits of the people, so that, not being able to satisfy our curiosity, he recommended us to seek out the schoolmaster, who had resided there for upwards of twenty-five years, and could, doubtless, give us the intelligence we desired. We went in search of him, and saw him from afar, surrounded by trees and flowers, in his little garden, dressed in black, with a white cravat, smoking a long pipe, and looking so majestic that we were quite intimidated, and did not dare to disturb him. The little garden contained, it must be owned, a very great attraction, namely, a beautiful young girl with large dreamy blue eyes, and fair hair of a golden hue —a genuine face from a keepsake album. She seemed very curious as she gazed at 'the foreigners' through the foliage, but in spite of this our courage failed us.

The fact was, that it was an extraordinary sight to see this old gentleman and the beautiful young girl, transported, so to speak, to this primitive population and living among fishermen.

These fishermen are fine fellows of a solid build, with frank open countenances. The women are mostly graceful, tall and slender, with fair skins, red lips, and rounded forms, and one cannot but regard them as a sample of the primitive race, or at least of that which inhabited the country in the ninth or tenth centuries. Urk is anterior to the Zuyder Zee, being one of the isles on Lake Flevo before it was joined to the North Sea and formed the present enormous gulf.

We have good authority to prove its existence in the ninth century.

In 968, the Emperor Otto appointed Wichman, Count of Zutphen, Governor of Urk, but a few years years later the island was subject to Stavoren. That which we recorded about Marken is also true here. The barrenness of the soil always has prevented, and does still prevent, immigration, so the first inhabitants of the isle have remained masters, and maintained themselves free from all intrusion and interference. It is supposed that 'about the fifteenth or sixteenth centuries a few people settled at Urk in order to dig and cultivate the soil, and so were the progenitors of the present population; for, as very few vessels came in that direction unless driven there by bad weather, they necessarily led a very isolated life.'

They are still as isolated as ever, and, faithful to their own traditions, consider themselves related, forming one and the same family: in accordance with this idea, when one dies the rest accompany him to his grave.

Urk has a population of about twelve hundred souls, and the principal occupations of the place are fishing and the fabric of articles necessary for the trade. A hundred and sixty-six boats are engaged the best part of the week in supplying the markets of Enkhuizen, Amsterdam, and Over-Yssel with plaice, cod, fresh herrings, and anchovies. On their return from the large towns the sailors bring their families the necessary provisions, as everything comes from the mainland. Urk, however, has one great superiority over Marken, for it has fresh water in abun-

dance, having public wells situated in the interior of the country, besides every garden having its own spring. It has a lime soil, and the water is so excellent in that part of the country that it occupied the attention of geologists for a long time. They arrived at the conclusion that the water filtered through the surrounding soil, and was in constant communication with the sea; but when it was discovered that the tide had no effect whatsoever on the wells, it was eventually decided that a subterranean sheet of water must prevail throughout the island. Formerly Urk is said to have extended further than now-a-days. At the extreme north there is a submarine bank, which is designated as the Stone Bank (*Steenbach*), or Reef (*rif*). This ridge is called Urkerkerkhof, 'Urk Cemetery,' in the country, and is supposed to be the wall of an ancient church, built at the extremity of Urk by some of its pious inhabitants. It seems to me just as easy to decide whether it be a '*rif*' or a '*kerkhof*,' as it was to ascertain whether the wells were in communication with the sea or not. The greater number of the cottages are similar to those at Marken and Vollendam, being painted blue in the interior, and very curiously furnished. Everything has the same stamp and character—the racks for the long pipes, the crockery arranged around the walls, the bed in the shape of a box, the pendulum of the clock moving slowly to and fro, and flowers planted in painted copper pots. When I add that the people are just as hospitable and polite as at Marken, one can well understand the pleasure we experienced in visiting them.

We should have continued our investigations,

had we not been summoned by Skipper Sluring, who warned us that it was high time to set sail.

'We have but five hours,' said he, 'in which to reach Yssel; we shall arrive at night, and to-morrow is Sunday; so that if you do not wish to spend two days at sea, we must be expeditious.'

It was prudent advice, as our provisions were pretty nearly consumed, and we could have obtained nothing but a few potatoes at Urk. Besides, the society was not of such a charming nature that we could not leave it, so we pushed off in our longboat and went on board the *tjalk*, quitting these amiable islanders with much regret, some of them accompanying us to the end of the pier, and saluting us as we moved off.

CHAPTER XXIV.

SCHOKLAND — YSSEL — KAMPEN — LEGENDARY ANECDOTES — NINETY-NINE SHEEP — MONKS — IMITATION OF CHRIST — THOMAS À KEMPIS.

THE day was on the wane as we set sail, and gazed a long time at the pretty little houses on the hill, standing out in bold relief against the crimson sky. Every moment the shadows deepened, and the contrast between night and day became more apparent.

Soon the island almost disappeared through the mist, the outlines grew more indistinct, resembling in the distance a black dot on a fiery background.

After having again said adieu to the little place now fast disappearing from our sight, we sat down to do full justice to the last of our provisions, and by the time we had drunk coffee and lit our cigars night had fully set in; a glorious night, the heavens studded with stars, and the waves silvered by the reflection of the moon. Our sails spread, with a favourable wind we made straight for Yssel. Far ahead there appeared before us the three almost imperceptible signals of Ketel, glittering like phosphorus on the surface of the water, and nearer to us towards the north the two beacons of Schokland [1]

[1] Schokland signifies convulsed earth.

threw a red reflection which danced on the waves, seemingly in search of the old inhabitants of the isles, who have disappeared for ever.

This poor bit of land, a constant prey to shocks and convulsions, is now quite deserted, for the people who clung in affection to this unsafe place for centuries past, dreading the inroad of the sea lest they should be engulfed in the roaring waves, at last took refuge elsewhere and abandoned the isle. Now there are only a few faithful souls remaining there, who, though constantly menaced by the sea, prefer to be swallowed up rather than quit the soil where they first saw light, and where the ashes of their ancestors are interred.

At ten o'clock the wind fell and we were becalmed. Nothing can be more oppressive than this dead calm in the open sea; therefore all three of us, being impatient at the delay, left it to the ship's company to bring us into port, and went off to bed. The next day when we awoke we found ourselves in the middle of the Yssel, with green fields and fine pasture-lands on both sides of us, divided by clusters of trees and rich farms. In the distance we could observe the pointed steeples of Kampen, and under the trees cattle coming and going, grazing on the prairies and enjoying the freshness of the morning air. The numerous perfumes from the fields were wafted to us by a soft breeze, and the *tjalks* went smoothly along in the direction of the town, while a little 'stoom-boat,' decorated with several flags and draped with Dutch standards, went towards the Zuyder Zee as if on a holiday trip.

At nine o'clock, after having finished dressing,

we ordered the skipper to join us on the Monday morning, and then went on to Kampen. From the mouth of the river to the commencement of the town the distance is not more than four or five kilomètres, but the way is made much longer by the numerous turnings which one is compelled to take, the road in the centre of the prairie being very winding. The way is also here and there cut so as to form fences, in order to prevent the cows from straying into the neighbouring fields, leading from one farm to another, and causing a perfect line of demarcation, winding towards the town, without heeding the additional length of way these ins-and-outs occasion. Almost every instant one is deceived; the end appears in view, and then one finds that a long circuit still remains to be made. We should not have complained at this slight inconvenience had it not been for the rain. These beautiful fields are indeed a magnificent sight, the cows being almost hidden in the grass, turning their heads apparently astonished to see strangers enter their domains, and then with their natural indifference immediately renewing their monotonous occupation. Every now and then fine farms appear, erected on slight eminences, resembling little towers with their round stones, and giving the idea of a fortified castle. Then come other large farms surrounded by tall trees, where all is of a blue colour, from the small milk-pails to the wheelbarrow and ladder leading up to the loft. Certainly it is quite a treat to traverse this fine country, extending along the left bank of the Yssel, and when the weather is good it is impossible to find the way too long. But when one is dressed

for visiting, overtaken by a storm, and drenched from top to toe by the rain, ah! then indeed one is justified in complaining of the distance and numerous windings of the road.

At last we reach the first houses of the village, called Brunnepe, which is a suburb of Kampen. We had hoped to have taken shelter there, but luckily the rained ceased, and we were enabled to go on towards the town. Brunnepe is really a charming hamlet, with pretty flower-gardens, hedges of eglantine, and real thatched cottages, which are very tidy, and cleanly kept. They are whitewashed, and not a bit like the peasants' houses in Noord-Holland, which are in such regular lines and so carefully painted that they look as if they had been taken out of a box and placed on the roadside.

Leaving Brunnepe we went through another village, named Haghen, which joins Kampen, and takes its name from one of the gates of that town through which we entered the city.

When Kampen is spoken of before the people of Amsterdam, Rotterdam, or the Hague, or even in the presence of a strong-minded man of Utrecht, Leyden, or Groningen, or before a scholar of Hoorn, Zutphen, or Franeker, it is usual for them to smile, as the inhabitants of this place have, throughout the eleven provinces, a reputation analogous to that of the peasants belonging to honest, generous Champagne, and tempt one to say, 'quatre vingt-dix neuf moutons et un kampenois.' Certainly there never was a more undeserved reputation; all that is *naïf* is attributed to these people throughout Holland in the same way as one makes use of the term 'Brives-la-Gaillarde,'

or 'Pézenar' to express Parisian nonsense. These jokes are called 'oignons de Kampen' (Kamperinen), of which I will give an example or two to explain their meaning, for without a few jests my work would be incomplete.

One day a fire broke out in Kampen, and many houses were burnt. That was a mere nothing. The engines arrived; but, alas! they would not work. The people grew indignant and the municipal council assembled. The meeting being held (the poor municipal council always has to suffer on such occasions), a decision was made that 'ON THE EVENING PRECEDING EVERY FIRE all the officers and police shall be bound to survey the fire-plugs, and between two and four o'clock in the afternoon to inspect the pumps and fire-escapes, and that on pain of a fine and severe censure.'

Here is another example. There was an old tower, overgrown with grass, and the council, wishing to clear it, thought that they had found means to effect their purpose by ordering four times a year a cow to be put on the tower, and to remain there till all the grass was eaten.

Another time one of the public functionaries was explaining the financial state of the town. He asserted that one of the principal profits arose from the tolls exacted on the entrance of goods into the town. 'Each gate,' said the ingenious man, 'has brought in ten million florins this year, therefore with seven gates we have gained seventy million florins; this is a most important fact. I therefore propose that the council double the number of gates, and in this way we shall in future considerably augment our funds.'

Now for my last anecdote. This time it is about a sundial which was placed against the wall of the *Stadhuis*, and covered with paint and gilding. 'But,' cried those in authority in chorus, 'the damp, the rain, and more especially the sun, will assuredly ruin this beautiful work;' and for fear lest Phœbus should spoil the dial, they resolved, after a conference, to build a little niche to keep it from the rays of the sun.

Need I remark that fibs invented for amusement lose much in translation, and are not believed by those who visit Kampen and know Over-Yssel? But even in Holland these are in great minority, and the greater number are inclined to believe that the people of Kampen are idiots: and very many good-natured folks at the name of Kampen can hardly suppress a smile. Now judge for yourself whether the council in its administration, past or present, has ever merited such a reputation.

Kampen is not a very old town.[1] There is no trace of its existence before the thirteenth century, and it was only about the year 1286 that it was thought worthy of notice; even then it was a very unimportant village without a proper name, being called 'Campi,' on account of the fields surrounding it; but, thanks to the industrious inhabitants, the town was not slow in developing. During the first part of the fourteenth century the Bishops of Utrecht, whom they elected, granted them numerous privileges. The town was soon enclosed by solid walls, towers, and moats; and by obedience to the episcopal sovereign they early

[1] There is a very complete history of the town of Kampen, called 'Historische Kamper Kronijk.' The author of this chronicle was a native of the town, by name M. E. Moulin.

obtained new benefits. Following the year 1300 a corporation was formed constituted of citizens, and one may now see amongst the records, the Citizens' Book (burgerboek), giving the exact list of names from that year to the year 1469. In 1310 they had the right of administering justice and that of registration conferred on them. Their property had already become considerable, as may be ascertained by the registers kept among the records, on which are inscribed 'the buildings and contracts for letting of urban possessions since the year 1311.'

But it was in the year 1364[1] that the town became rich in consequence of the gift of land, 'Kampereiland,' ceded to them by the Bishop of Utrecht. This 'Isle of Kampen'—calling it by its proper name—is a new territory on the Zuyder Zee, and is formed by the alluvia which the Yssel drifts down with the tide. Situated at the mouth of the river, separated from the mainland by the course of the Yssel, and by a branch called the Ganzendiep, which flows into the sea, the Isle of Kampen acquires each year a strip of land which is wonderfully fertile. This ground is converted into prairies for the use of the town by means of well-arranged works.

In the year 1495 Kampen, whose existence as a town could scarcely be reckoned as being of two centuries' standing, had already acquired so much importance and prosperity that when the Emperor

[1] The Act of Donation, signed by Johann van Arket, the 1st of March, 1364. 'Anno Domini a Nativitate, MCCC., sexagesimo quartæ, prima die mensis Marcii,' still exists in the records of Kampen. It is in the catalogue of the Register von Charters en Bescheiden, under the head of number 151.

Maximilian stated the decline of the Empire at the Diet of Worms, and claimed the annexation of new towns, Kampen was designed to become an imperial town, with its two neighbours, Deventer and Zwolle. This change was a source of great profit to the young city, and the number of its privileges was thereby increased. It had also amongst others that of coining money,[1] which it preserved up to the year 1692, as well as that of administering absolute justice, which it relinquished in 1578, when it ceased to belong to the Empire, and submitted to the Government of the States. In 1521, it is true, that Kampen had the folly to undertake one of those civil wars against its rival, Zwolle, where jealousy between town and town plays such a part: although at the end of the fourteenth century it had had the good sense to ally itself with Zwolle and Deventer, so as to purge the country of the troublesome neighbours who plundered and infested the surrounding places. Notwithstanding its numerous privileges, being one of the rising towns, the noble city did not hesitate to place itself under the banner of the States. But in 1579, when Protes-

[1] The three towns, Deventer, Zwolle, and Kampen, in time received the permission to coin money, and as they each had a particular mint of their own, the coins of three towns each bore their own stamp. They were distinguished by having the image of their patron saints (Saint Nicolas for Kampen, Saint Michel for Zwolle, and Saint Libuin for Deventer), or else their armorial bearings.

When the three towns were annexed to the United Provinces, each one adopted an independent stamp. Zwolle ceased to coin in the year 1691, Kampen in 1692, Deventer in 1708.

The cabinet of medals at the Hague contains a very complete collection of the different coins, and it is curious to observe all the different changes through which these little independent cities have passed, as portrayed by these round pieces of metal.

tantism ceased to be persecuted and became in turn persecutor, it did away with all religious corporations and seized the goods of the community, but its inhabitants did not prove as bigoted as those of Holland, and Friesland, for no works of art were destroyed, nor did they break any statues. Their goodness of heart was manifest by the respect which they always testified to those who had formerly instructed them. The names of the ancient communities were in no way made an object of hatred; their memory was not brutally effaced from the minds of the people, and we shall soon see by certain names inscribed on ancient monuments that the municipality of Kampen has always been remembered, gratitude not being an ignored virtue in that town.

At the end of the seventeenth century the old imperial city faithfully followed the fortunes of the United Provinces, except from 1672 to 1673, when, with Zwolle and Deventer, it was occupied for a year by the Allied Bishops of Louis XIV. It was a moment of weakness which had never been equalled, yet what city can conceal its weak points? It was in vain that a century later the heavy burden of the French occupation weighed it down; its position was by no means bettered, and it was in vain that its port lost depth and its naval situation became less favourable in proportion as the neighbouring towns progressed. Its good fortune was by no means imperilled, it remained always rich and well-to-do: the population increased instead of diminished, and in lieu of falling into apathy, business was carried on and it recovered its energy. Now, if you please, is there any founda-

tion for the reputation of *naïveté* and folly of which we have so lately spoken?

Let us see if this singular renown does not seem to us better merited.

Thanks to the revenue of the isle, which every year continually increases, at the present moment it has attained, if I remember rightly, to the sum of four thousand florins, which brings in unexceptional resources to the municipality of Kampen.

Instead of amusing themselves by spending large sums of money in pulling down ancient monuments, historical edifices, or building absurd barracks, grotesque town-halls, or frightful commemorative columns, the council commenced by relieving the enormous population of all taxes; and in this way, not having impositions, the tradesmen can sell their commodities cheaper than elsewhere. This consideration, in conjunction with the certainty of not paying municipal taxes, which in most towns are very heavy, attract a number of gentlemen and retired pensioners, who find that they can live more comfortably here than in any other place, owing to the diminution of expenses. The port is likewise free, so that water-carriers, convoy-ships, and transports willingly flock to so hospitable a city. The fishermen find here a refuge in bad weather, and when Schokland was abandoned, finding life so easy at Kampen, they fled thither, thus giving ample reasons why the population, instead of diminishing, has rapidly increased.

In proportion to the increase of population commerce and industry necessarily develop, requiring new houses to be built and workmen to be employed

in building them. Fishermen having taken up their abode in the island, it became necessary to have dock-yards and rope manufactories, so that a number of artisans were needed to fulfil the general demand, and accordingly came to settle there, which caused the consumption to be larger, and in consequence the traffic and gain likewise. Truly, I cannot see what can justify the reputation of *naïveté* with which they have baptised the folks at Kampen, and I cannot understand how such a mistake could be so generally accepted throughout the country. But we have not come to the end of our surprise. Let us go about the town and see whether it merits this excessive severity. Kampen was formerly surrounded by ramparts and towers, besides which it had a number of monumental gates. As walls and towers have become useless in this century, and merely serve to embellish a town, they knocked them down and converted the ramparts into a beautiful promenade. Even the old moats supplied by the Yssel were turned into ornamental water, with lilies and artificial islands; and on the old bastions they planted various kinds of trees, beds of flowers, tropical plants, and beautiful plots of grass, forming altogether a most delightful garden. I do not know the name of the architect who planned this immense park; but of this I am certain, that he showed considerable taste in the arrangement of the trees, and the general appearance of it all. It is a lovely walk, superbly kept, and the inhabitants have the good taste to frequent it, for children, nurse-maids, and soldiers appear on all sides, followed or preceded by some idle townsman or dreaming lover.

To have made this garden is something to boast of, but *not* to have destroyed the gates which decorate the town is something to be proud of. Well, dear reader, these gates are preserved, and there is something marvellous in the fact to all those who know the country; and when one looks at these lovely and venerable gates surrounded by flowers, their weather-cocks turning round and round, allowing one to have a glimpse through the arch of the lively and joyous little town to which it gives access, then one is inclined to blame all other cities who, by their indifference and folly, have destroyed such marvellous works, which might now have formed a part of their greatest attractions. Kampen possessed seven gates, of which the four most beautiful still remain. The one by which we entered, and which claimed our first attention, is called Haghen-Poort. It leads from the little village bearing the same name, and is still in good condition; but the towers are unfortunately pulled down, and the roofs, instead of being pointed, are sloped; but, such as it is, its appearance is pretty good, and it will not be long before it is restored to its primitive state. If after having passed through the Haghen-Poort one descends to the wharf on the banks of the Yssel, traces of the old wall of defence are still to be found. Every here and there a massive tower speaks for the solidity of the ancient walls; but the mania for building has been most unmerciful, for the ramparts have been broken through; and, in order that traffic should be carried on more easily, they have even built houses on the quay; however, commerce requires this, and necessity has no law. At the other end of the wharf there still remains one of the ancient

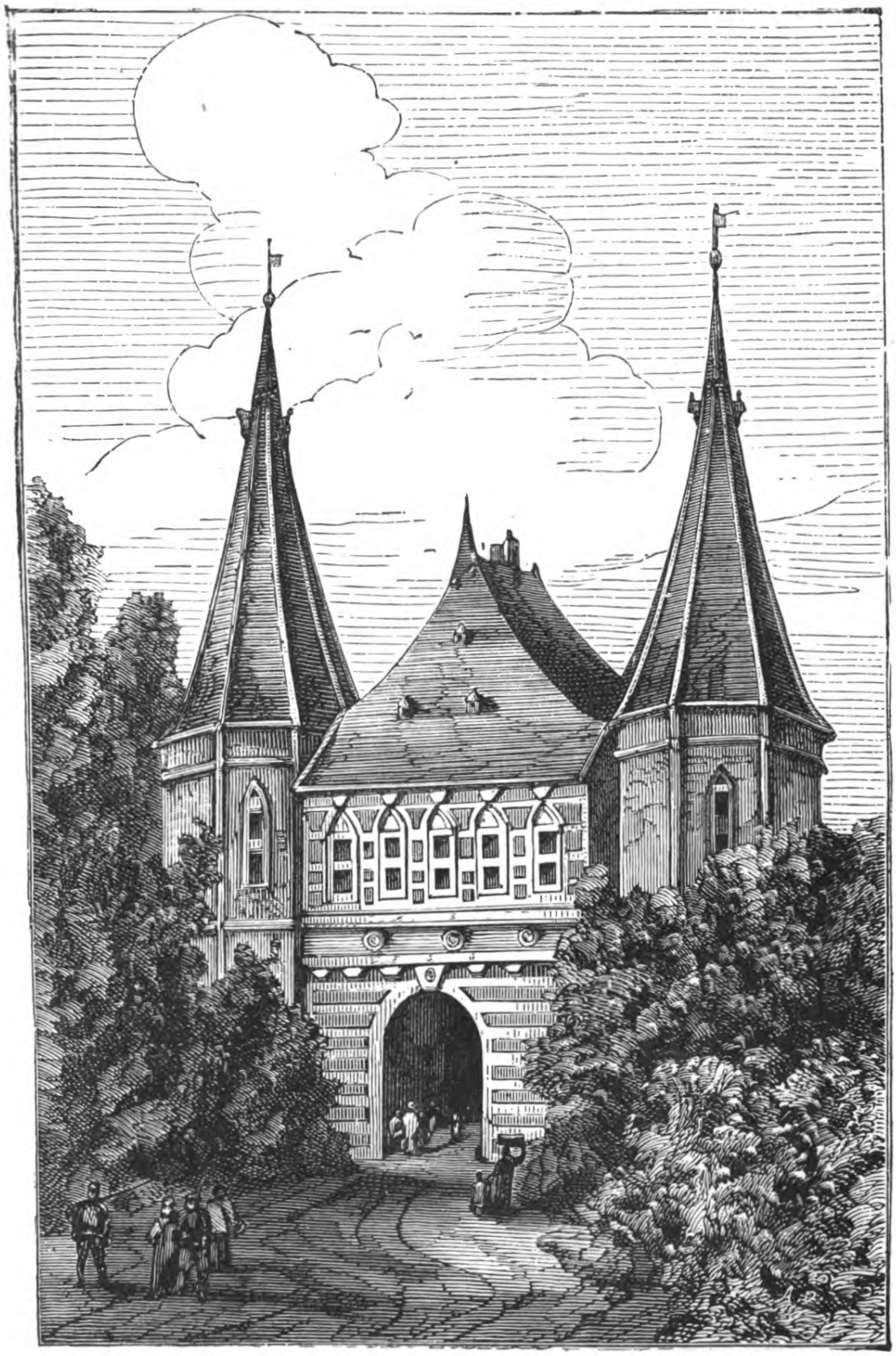
gates, which is unimpaired, and now serves as a prison.

I could not ascertain its name, for it was quite useless to question the people on that point, as they all replied, 'It is a prison;' and the maps that I have since investigated have given me no better information. On one side it overlooks the corn-market, which is very picturesque, and which, with the old gate and the shrine of St. Nicolas, has a peculiar beauty of its own.

On the other side large massive towers, with machicoulis and pointed roofs, overhang the quay, joined together by an enormous wall, through which is an arched doorway leading to the interior of the town.

The other two gates are situated in the direction of the country, in the centre of the beautiful garden which replaces the old ramparts. They are called the Cellebroeders-Poort, and the Broeders-Poort. The Broeders-Poort, or 'Brothers' Gate,' was also formerly called the Southern Gate, and dates back to the early part of the seventeenth century. It is one of the best specimens of architecture of that time to be found in the Netherlands. It has four pointed belfries, two on each side, joined together by a massive wall, which has a large arch built at its base. On the side towards the country the gate has a gallery on the top, which has two windows sheltered by an immense roof. On the town side, although the style is by no means chaste, yet the façade is richly ornamented, and is finished by a pinnacle, embellished with modillions, small columns and designs, which produce a very fine effect.

The Cellebroeders-Poort is much more ancient



CELLEBROEDERSPOORT (GATE OF THE COMMUNIST BROTHERS) AT KAMPEN.

From a Drawing by M. Henri Havard.

than the Brothers' Gate, and having been erected when Kampen was an imperial town, in the commencement of the sixteenth century, it is adorned with the good taste prevalent at that time.

It has two octagonal towers, terminating in projecting returns, which surmount two large pointed roofs, slightly hollowed out, and the octagonal form is proclaimed by eight stone ridges. These towers are constructed of brick, with white stone projections, long oriel windows terminating in ogives. The roof of the central wall is slated, sheltering a gallery which has five narrow ogive windows projecting over the door, and resting on several sculptured modillions of the machicoulis form. The door has also a magnificent ogive, the stones of which correspond with the layers of bricks and stone ornamenting the façade. This arrangement is at once simple and elegant, and is relieved by some pretty supports curiously carved, and beautifully sculptured stones, which charm the eye, enliven the façade, and direct attention to their smallest details.

The Cellebroeders-Poort, on the other side, is ornamented nearly in the same way, only of course a little richer, but the roof does not project, and a sort of pinnacle, proudly displaying the imperial arms, gives a majestic air to this remarkable monument.

The name Cellebroeders-Poort puzzled us very much, and we asked for information concerning its origin; but all in vain, until at last we met a more intelligent inhabitant, who volunteered to give us the true derivation of the word in question.

'Formerly,' said he, 'the Cellebroeders were monks who had everything in common, but by what

mysterious means their name of "Fratres communis vitæ" has been abbreviated to "Cellebroeders" I cannot pretend to say. But their convent, which was called by the same name, was formerly in the street leading to the Cellebroeders-Poort, while that of the monks under age was in the street bordering on the Broeders-Poort. It is therefore not curious that they should bequeath their names to both monuments.'

And as we testified great astonishment that, notwithstanding the care taken at the Reformation to stifle the remembrance of the old religion, the town monuments should still retain the name of the communist monks, our informer replied, 'You need not be surprised at this, because the Cellebroeders have always been held in great veneration, and their name is respected by everyone.'

The veneration in which they are held is easily explained by the saintly life which the members of this association led, who by their untiring perseverance rendered great service to both science and literature. During the period when all religious sects lived in selfish plenty, and possessed more luxury than they needed, both in their privileges and princely domains, or by exercising the right of begging which was only a disguised imposition, these Cellebroeders lived by the work of their hands, for they copied and recopied the works of the holy fathers, as well as those of moralists and ascetics. They compared the manuscripts which were scattered over the town with the originals, rectified the errors of inexperienced copyists, and worked so as to extend science and truth in every department. The money they obtained for these manuscripts was deposited in the general

bank, and was employed to maintain the clerks; and such was the honesty of these scholars that not one of them ever kept back anything for himself, but gave up all for the good of the community.

Gérard Groot[1] was the founder of this institution. He was born in the year 1340 at Deventer, and, belonging to a rich family, he was sent to Paris at the age of fifteen in order to study at the Sorbonne. After having spent three years in the study of theology and philosophy, he established himself at Cologne, where his eloquence and great talent brought him under the notice of the heads of the Church. It was not long before he was made Canon of Utrecht and also of Aix-la-Chapelle, so that being young and fond of pleasure he soon became remarkable for his luxurious habits and princely way of living.

A discussion which he had with one of his old comrades, who was Prior of the Monastery of Arnheim, completely changed his ideas, and led to a complete alteration of his mode of living. Renouncing his pomp, he abandoned his benefices and prebendaries and retired to the Monastery of Munikhuizen, in the Gueldres, where he remained three years. After much time devoted to prayer, devout reading, and mortification of the flesh, he was ordained deacon, and began preaching in the diocese of Utrecht, and indeed all over Holland. A number of the faithful converted by him surrounded him, and of these he formed a community, and consecrated his own fortune to the purpose of finding for them a means of subsistence. It

[1] See 'Verhandeling over de broederschap van G. Groote,' by G. H. M. Delprat, and 'Lettres d'un Biographe,' 3rd series, Versailles, 1874.

was thus that he founded the first Frères or Brothers' establishment in his own house at Deventer.

These brothers, who were not bound by any vow, imitated the lives of the Apostles with the utmost rigour, and their virtues and the services they rendered soon spread abroad, and Friesland, Holland, Gueldres, Westphalia, and Flanders, all entreated them to dwell amongst them.

Pope Gregory XI., to whom Gérard Groot had submitted the regulations of his institution, sanctioned them in 1376, and in 1431 Pope Eugène IV. granted privileges to their houses at Deventer and Zwolle, and in 1439 to those of Munster, Wetzel, and Cologne. Pius II., in 1462, heaped favours on the then recently founded establishments at Groningen, Hoorn, Gouda, Nimeguen, Utrecht, Bois-le-Duc, Emmerich, Amersfoort, and Kampen. But the virtuous Gérard Groot did not live to see the glory of his work, for on the 20th of August, 1384, he died, at the age of forty-four, with the odour of sanctity around him.

His successor was named Florent Radewyns, a learned and pious priest, who had been previously canon of St. Peter's at Utrecht, but who, converted by Gérard, had renounced his prebend, and in conjunction with his friend had undertaken the direction of the school at Deventer.

The most celebrated of Radewyn's pupils was the renowned Thomas à Kempis, the author of the 'Imitation of Jesus Christ,' a very deep thinker, a great scholar, and a remarkable writer. Being brought up among the clerks at Deventer, he had a rare talent for copying manuscripts; in fact, it was only through the resemblance of the writing that it was afterwards

discovered that he was the author of this pious book, which has been without rival in the Catholic faith.[1]

Their convents were continually increasing, and their importance grew in measure as their numbers were augmented. But their celebrity attained its height only when towards the middle of the fifteenth century they opened schools for the education of the young. Their instruction was everywhere courted, and their virtues as well as their great talents made them welcome even in the most distant countries. Their colleges were dedicated either to St. Jerome or St. Gregory, and multiplied with astonishing rapidity. The chronicles of Brabant attest that in 1460 the 'magistrate' of Brussels caused a number of these brothers to settle in Deventer, in order to give public instruction.

But this prosperity, though so justly merited, did not last long. Their great crime consisted in teaching the truths contained in the New Testament, and repeating their prayers and orations in the vulgar tongue. The fact is, that their virtue and learning cast a serious reflection on the other religious orders.

'The ignorant, avaricious, and idle monks,' said M. van Vlooten,[2] 'who detested true piety, tried to prove them heretics, and abused their influence in seeking to annihilate them.' They only in part succeeded, as the Reformation intervened, and with it all religious orders were abolished in Holland.

[1] See P. Lambinet: 'L'Origine de l'Imprimerie,' and P. Hériber Rosweyde: 'Vie de Thomas à Kempis.'

[2] 'Esquisse historique sur l'ancienne Église Catholique dans les Pays-Bas.' Paris, 1861.

The Cellebroeders flourished, however, for some time longer in those provinces which remained true to Roman Catholicism, and it was only on March 17, 1569, that they were turned out of the convent which they had established at Brussels, and which they called 'Nazareth.'

In the monastery they had a printing-office, which their enemies converted into a school, and all their landed estates, personal property, inheritances, and real and actual possessions, were forfeited; 'but,' adds the sentence of appropriation, which is a most curious document, and which is of great importance in the matter of religious forfeiture, 'without any prejudice to individuals living in the house, but, on the contrary, to provide for their maintenance in a convenient way.'[1] Therefore at this period the pontifical authority, represented by Cardinal Granvelle,[2] thought that he had atoned for robbing the religious community of their landed estates and personal property by providing for the wants of those living.

The college of Nazareth was not for long a seminary. In 1580 it was converted into an institute for the accommodation and education of a hundred poor Calvinistic boys; it was not till 1585 that it returned into the hands of the Romanists.

[1] The original is as follows: 'Non intendens tamen propterea ii qui nunc in domo erant præjudicare; sed eorum rationem habere et necessitatibus convenienter subvenire.'

[2] The council of appropriation of property had Maximilian Morillon for President, who was also Vicar of Cardinal Granvelle and Archdeacon of Malines. The above act was founded on the same motives as that which the Fathers of the Church in the Council of Trent enforced, namely, a seminary to bring up a certain number of children in ecclesiastical discipline and duties.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE TEMPLE OF ST. NICHOLAS AND THE CHURCH OF NOTRE DAME—HÔTEL DE VILLE—SINGULAR WEAPONS OF WAR—A MONUMENTAL CHIMNEY-PIECE—THE CURÉ'S BON-MOT—KAMPEN'S REGARD FOR ITS ARCHIVES—BOX OF BEANS.

As the Cellebroeders are not the only religious order in the town of Kampen (for besides the Frères Mineurs, Alexiens, Recollets, and Chartreux, there are six convents for girls), so we are bound to add that the gates are not the only monuments from olden times that have been preserved to our day.

During the Reformation all religious orders were suppressed, and the buildings they occupied in the town were devoted to other purposes; but the churches were allowed to remain, or, at least, the majority of them, and those that exist still are well worthy a visit, for they are very beautiful and very interesting.

The church of St. Nicholas is the most ancient and the most important. The foundation-stone of the choir was laid in 1369, by burgomaster Jean de Cologne, and this part of the edifice is built in the finest Germanic style, and still shows the original plan of the church. For a long time the building remained unfinished for want of funds, and then later on it was continued on a somewhat larger but

much more simple plan. The grand nave has double side-aisles. One peculiarity of this church, which from an architectural point of view renders it an interesting and remarkable monument, is that the choir and the large nave are constructed without buttresses,[1] although possessing immense arched stone roofs; and such boldness is the more astonishing, because the vaulted roofs are exceedingly high, and the walls not sufficiently thick to warrant such daring. To which we must add, that the walls threaten to give way, and unless they speedily have some kind of support a terrible accident may happen at any moment.

The interior of St. Nicholas is equally remarkable. Its grand simplicity is redeemed by beautiful curving lines, which are very seldom to be met with in the architecture of that period. The windows of the choir are elegant in design, while in the nave they are very simple, but extremely good in form.

The pulpit is of carved stone, and belongs to the earlier period of the church. It is ornamented in the Gothic style, with a series of ogive niches, bereft, alas! of their statues. The choir is surrounded by beautiful carved panelling of the Renaissance period, fine and sweeping in outline and graceful in ornament, but, like the pulpit, daubed over with paint in the most odious style, thus losing their special character. This is not the only excess in paint that is to be laid to the charge of those having care of the

[1] This absence of buttresses is met with in many other churches in the Low Countries, especially in Saint Jacobskerk at the Hague, and in the Groote-Kerk at Delft. But the roofs of these churches are not so bold as that of St. Nicholas.

church. Under the organs, which are very beautiful though they belong to the eighteenth century, a mad painter, a dauber of the worst kind, amused himself by painting a kind of Roman vestibule opening on a gallery in perspective, paved with marble and ornamented with columns of a most ridiculous style. I allow that the wretched man who conceived this horrible design is somewhat to be excused; but not those who half a century later tolerate without protest or objection such fearful disfiguration.

Another church, almost as fine in proportion and size as St. Nicholas, is the church of Notre Dame, which has just been restored with great taste. Its base is ornamented with an immense square tower, having battlements and machicoulis with but few openings; its decoration is sombre, but very grand. The interior possesses some fine modern panelling, which is tasteful in design to suit the building, very carefully executed, and adds considerably to the beauty of the edifice. The number of monasteries and convents in Kampen were far too great not to have left some traces behind; but all these buildings have been so completely changed and altered, that it is by mere chance that one is able to perceive by the ogive of some window belonging to a workshop, or a buttress of a manufactory projecting on the street, that they were once sacred houses consecrated to the Saviour. Amongst all the churches, temples, and chapels which have been perverted from their ancient designs, there is one that merits special attention, the ancient church of the Frères Mineurs, which from the time of the Reformation has been used for various purposes, and is still the most ancient monu-

ment in Kampen. It was built in the early part of the fourteenth century, is long and narrow, and was divided into two naves of equal height, arched in brick, and worthy of some attention. The eastern part of this old church has been long used as a school-room.

But the pearl of Kampen is the Stadhuis, or rather what remains of it, for part of it was destroyed by fire, and the other part, being preserved by the governors of the town, merits the unbounded admiration of artists and all people of taste.

Imagine a charming house, somewhat like the Chancellerie of Leeuwarden, having a high roof with windows, a frontage of brick and stone, two high storeys and a flight of steps leading to the ground-floor. The windows are placed beneath arched arcades, which rest on carved modillions; and between the windows are jutting niches with points or pinnacles containing statues — statues of the sixteenth century—untouched by the demolisher's hand. This corner of the *Stadhuis* is a real delight to behold, and to come upon a relic of this sort, religiously preserved from ancient times, is a great source of joy to an artist.

Unfortunately it is situated in a narrow street, where there is much traffic. The sixteenth century architects were evidently much more occupied with doing their work well than with having it admired. The other side of this *Stadhuis*, which faces a narrow, long, open space, presents a simple gable-end with smooth edges and twisted pillars, and has no very noticeable openings. To the left is a small leaning belfry, surmounted by a bell-tower, which together

with the pointed curving machicoulis give it an elegant and severe appearance, strangely in contrast with the pompous pretensions of its other small bell-tower.

But there are so many marvellous things to be seen in the interior of this Stadhuis, that we will linger no longer outside. I will not speak of the new part, which is in the style of the ordinary municipal buildings of the end of the seventeenth century or the beginning of the last. Clean, comfortable, and simple, the large hall on the first-floor contained, when we were there, a few good portraits of the Stadtholders of Holland and West Friesland. I must mention specially a full-length one of William III., dated 1680, signed Johan de Baan, and three others of William I. and the princes Maurice and Frederic Henri, dated 1625, and attributed to Michael van Mierveld. Good pictures are not by any means scarce in Holland, so I will hasten to describe the two rooms, unique in their way, of special interest in this Stadhuis. These chambers, decorated with carved wainscoting, have remained intact from the early part of the seventeenth century, when they were used as the council chamber and judgment hall.

Although ornamented with comparative simplicity, the old panels, divided in cofferdams, with seats carved in plain wood attached to the walls, are in the very finest style. The walls are furnished with flags, standards, halberts, and pikes, glorious witnesses of past struggles; and above the door I noticed some formidable-looking syringes in polished leather, shining like gold, which were used in former times to

squirt boiling oil on those of the assailants who approached too close. A magnificent balustrade, crowned by an open gallery with columns supporting arched arcades, separates this hall from the other, through which the persuasive eloquence of the advocates penetrated the council chamber.

To conceive an exact idea of the second hall we must refer to a well-known book, the 'Praxis Criminis Persequendi,'[1] in which the large noble engravings, representing the tribunals of the sixteenth century, their thrones, councillors' stalls, canopied chairs, and the large table with its legal documents, give a very good impression of this hall in Kampen, which is superior to all in its arrangement. Running round the chamber is a huge carved bench, divided into stalls by jutting pedestals, which support a pillar of Ionic base and Composite capital. An entablature also running the round of the room projecting above the pillars, but receding over the stalls, completes this kind of high barrier between the councillors, and adds considerably to the majestic elegance which charms and impresses one at the same time. One seems to feel the place one is in—the purpose of the room is no mystery; and it is no empty compliment to point out the incomparable harmony of this magnificent piece of architecture.

At the end of the hall there is a fine chimney-place, comprising four divisions. To mention its date, 1543, is quite enough to give an idea of the beauty of its workmanship and the elegance of its curves. But I will describe it in detail. Two caryatides, with the

[1] *Praxis Criminis Persequendi, elegantibus aliquot figuris illustrata,* Joanna Millæo Boio authore (Paris, 1541).

legs concealed in ornamented sheaths, support a carved entablature, the frieze of which is divided in two equal parts by a modillion; that on the left a bas-relief representing the judgment of Solomon, that on the right Mucius Scævola burning his hand in the fatal brazier. At each end of the entablature and on the centre modillion is a statue with children grouped at the base. The two end statues represent, I believe, Religion and Law; the centre, raised on a small pedestal bearing an inscription and date, represents Charity. Between these three statues, above the two bas-reliefs, appear two heads in high relief projecting from arched oriels. This is the first division.

The second is formed by four niches placed between two caryatides, separated from each other by two ornamented pilasters with a grand central caryatide. In the end right and left niches are two statues, the one of Faith, the other of Truth. The two central niches contain heraldic lions bearing between their paws standards of the city arms. Above these niches, pilasters, and caryatides rises a second entablature with a very narrow frieze, supporting vases at the two ends, and in the centre a square niche surmounted by an attic embraced by two fauns. This niche, containing the image of Justice punishing Crime, sculptured in relief, forms the third division. Beneath this niche and the two fauns is a sub-basement bearing the following inscription:—

IVSTITIA GLADIO MARTIS VIOLETIA CESSIT.

The niche composing the third division is projecting; behind it the construction is concealed, forming a species of very pent roof. Above this roof,

forming the last division, is a large scroll also crowned by an attic bearing the arms of the Empire, and a long inscription undecipherable at that height.

This chimney is a marvel; a little heavy, perhaps, in its upper parts, but incontestably one of the finest works in Europe.

Alongside of it, completing the furniture of this unique hall, is an enormous double-seated pulpit enclosed between three pillars and three small columns, surmounted by an immense vaulted canopy, which terminates an attic placed between two boldly-sculptured angels. A large and simple desk is placed before this double pulpit. To reach the seats are three steps, and marvellous sculptures of exquisite delicacy and perfect elegance ornament every part, from the pedestal supporting the columns to the entablature surmounting them. In the recess forming the back are magnificent bas-reliefs, which accompany the small columns, ornamented by the heads of angels and satyrs. These represent two amiable allegories, Justice and Charity. Add to this, an elegant ceiling in wood, vaulted and gracefully arched, with gilded flowers, of which the tints, faded from age, still catch some stray rays of light, and you will have some conception of the beauty of this marvellous hall, which certainly has no equivalent in Holland.

To praise it as it deserves would require all the adjectives of Madame Sevigné, a very needless multiplication of new epithets. Some things are their own best eulogy, and need no praise to recommend them. Every one has heard the story of the old curé, who, dining with his archbishop, was loud in the praise of *vin ordinaire*. When the joint was served,

the prelate produced the best wine from his cellar and slily watched the curé, thinking that he would burst out into an explosion of laudation, but the good man was silent. Puzzled by this silence, the bishop produced with as little success the various vintages supplied him by the piety of his diocese. The curé drank deep, but said not a word. No longer able to contain himself, the prelate could not resist showing extreme astonishment.

'How is it, Monsieur le Curé,' said he, 'that you who made so much of my *vin ordinaire* have nothing to say of the wine which you are now drinking?'

'Nothing, indeed, nothing, Monseigneur,' replied the good man; 'the other needed my eulogy, this can do without it. It speaks for itself.'

This is the case with the Stadhuis of Kampen, and I should say no more about it only I wish to make a remark on the archives and a few curiosities to be found there.

One of these curiosities is the door of the Château of Voorst, which is of iron about half a foot thick, covered with nails and steel plates, which formerly defended the entrance to the castle belonging to Vos van Putten. This worthy was a renowned thief and brigand, and proud of his noble birth; but, despising to work for an honest livelihood, he preferred growing rich by stopping merchants on the highway and pillaging them of their goods under pretext of imposing duty, sometimes depriving them of life. The inhabitants of Kampen and Zwolle came to the conclusion that such practices required condign punishment, and that it was high time to put an end to Vos van Putten's pillaging propensities. They met to-

gether, armed the people, marched against Voorst, took possession of the place, razed the castle to the ground, and hung the castellan.

To commemorate this successful enterprise, the people of Zwolle had the *débris* of the destroyed castle carried to their town, with which they built the tower of their church, Saint Michel; but the troops, who lived farther off, contented themselves with carrying away the old door as a trophy, and placing it in their Town Hall. In 1543, when a fire broke out in the Stadhuis, it was this same door which saved the archives from being burnt. These archives are very complete, and before long they and the rest of the old parchments will be inventoried and annotated by a clever young archivist.[1] Fortunately, the town of Kampen has had the good sense to preserve these precious documents, as also a mass of old papers which are of great value.

In 1870 I travelled on the road to Utrecht with an old gentleman, a M. Suermondt, who lived in the town, and whose name is well known. In the course of conversation we referred to the manner in which the Netherland municipalities care for their historical documents.

'About twenty years ago,' said M. Suermondt, 'when I was travelling in Drenthe, I paid a visit to one of the burgomasters, a friend of mine, who

[1] The greater portion of the archives of Kampen have already been annotated and inventoried, and published in three vols., under the title of *Register van Charters en Bescheiden in het oude Archief van Kampen*. The first vol. contains a list of all the documents between the years 1251 to 1496; vol. ii. from 1496 to 1528; vol. iii. from 1528 to 1584. Besides the title and date the 'Register' contains a *résumé* of the facts belonging to each paper.

seemed so elated with joy that I said to him, "Why, what is it pleases you; have you just married one of your daughters?"

'"No, not that; but this morning I made a good bargain. I had up in the attics of the Stadhuis a lot of old pictures, ancient documents, and mildewed parchments, which only filled up the room and made a great dust, so I sold them to a Jew and got rid of the rubbish."'

The good burgomaster had just sold the precious archives of the town as old paper!

Ah, well! similar facts take place under our eyes every day; and I wonder how many of the chief municipalities of Holland keep their archives in order? With the exception of a few towns, who are fortunate in having scholars for their keepers of the records, the generality of them know absolutely nothing about the value of the papers under their care. Documents of great worth and historical documents, whose value is beyond calculation, are left to mildew in a forgotten corner, a prey to dust, and at the mercy of the first comer; and one cannot help feeling a just indignation at such wanton carelessness, when one reads the accounts of great historical facts being proved through researches in local archives, such as Scheltema of Amsterdam, and Eeckof of Leeuwarden, have lately succeeded in obtaining. I am aware that strenuous efforts are being made to put an end to this carelessness; but I mention it in order that the sad state of disorder these valuable documents are now in may be publicly known.

Fortunately Kampen is an exception. Besides

the documents we have already referred to—viz., the *Burgerboek*, a book on the townspeople, containing the list of the citizens from 1300 to 1469; and the books of the 'contracts,' &c., for outlying property—the archives contain the town accounts from the year 1515, the complete civil state (births and marriages) from 1600, and a mass of titles, charts, resolutions, and questions of privilege which go back to its very foundation.

The Stadhuis contains besides a municipal library, where some years ago all the engravings, pictures, and medals relating to the history of the country were gathered together. The engravings represent the castles, towns, and places of note of Over-Yssel at various epochs; the pictures are portraits of illustrious people who were born in the province, and the medals are a collection of seals, certificates, and medallions, from the great imperial seals used during the period when the town was a dependence of the Empire, to an impression of the seals of Zwolle and Deventer. There is also a considerable number of old manuscripts, some of which are enriched by miniatures. Among the latter we discovered over a *plaquette* of the year 1339, containing the 'Apologue of the poet Anianus,' a few drawings by a child, evidently done towards the end of the fourteenth century, judging from certain details of dress and their general appearance. This is not the place to indulge in them, otherwise curious reflections might be made on the fact that children of that remote period seemed to draw very like children of the present day.

This Stadhuis contains, too, a few pieces of gold-

smiths' work belonging to the ancient guilds, and three silver goblets, one of which, having grand and beautiful attributes after the style of Goltsius, was given to the town by Jan d'Urk. The other two, one dating 1641, the other 1726, are in a less pure style, and their workmanship is not so remarkable. Among the archives the *box of beans* of the ancient municipality is still preserved. This box of beans is nothing more nor less than a small *bonbonnière* holding twenty-four haricot beans, six silver-gilt and eighteen polished silver. When it was a question of deciding which of the members of the council should be chosen for the administration, the beans were put in a hat and each drew one out by chance, and those who drew forth a silver-gilt bean immediately entered on their new functions. This custom was not confined especially to Kampen, as it was formerly in vogue in the province of Groningen;[1] but these antique relics ought always to be very precious to an old town.

Having thus touched upon the old monuments and precious relics and curiosities contained in these monuments in Kampen, we will speak of the town itself, its streets, quays, and inhabitants. The streets, it must be confessed, are neither broad nor long, and, if my memory serves me right, very badly paved; but, to make amends for these deficiencies, a broad canal, shaded by a double row of trees, rolls right through the little city, forming a charming promenade. The town, which is situated lengthways, is protected on one side by magnificent ram-

[1] Leclerc, *Histoire des Provinces-Unies.*

parts, covered with shrubs and flowers, on the other by its quays; so that, strictly speaking, one finds oneself very rarely in the streets. We have already referred to the promenades extending where the ancient bastions once stood. The quays are grand; at this point the Yssel, measuring in breadth about 260 mètres, is studded with boats of every description, a perfect fleet of ships and fishing vessels.

The scene is enlivened by a crowd coming and going, full of life and spirits; sailors with red shirts and large boots; women with short waists and close-fitting caps, on which are fixed two silver straps, which are worn here instead of the metal casque, passing under the chignon over the ears and down by the cheeks.

A wooden bridge connects this side with the opposite bank, where there are a few houses, a young and rising community, and a railway station. In times past this bridge was considered a very wonderful work, owing to the distance between its piers and the slight thickness of its apron; but since suspension bridges have come into vogue the sketch of this pseudo-wonder, which Blaeu has preserved with care, seems very heavy and massive.

Looking from the right bank towards Kampen, the town is very like Cologne seen from Deutz (the only spot from which Cologne looks attractive), and appears to rise out of the water, and to stand away from the heavens with a grand majestic air, or, as our ancestors would have said, 'With fine dignity and honest mien.' In the evening, when the windows are all lighted up, and the vessels hoist on the top-mast their indispensable lanterns, which glitter and

sparkle in the water, then indeed this little town assumes a fairy-like aspect that makes it very attractive.

On Sunday the town is always gay and full of life, and whilst we stayed there we wandered about one Sunday evening with one of the notables of the city, who undertook to be our *cicerone*. The naval population, true to their traditions, make festival in pleasure on this day for the whole week. They walk about singing in the streets, and public balls make the quarter ring with their joyous sounds of music. Balls always present certain specialities of interest in country towns, however much they may resemble each other in other respects; so we paid a visit to several of them in order to watch their customs and manners. Here these *musicos* are divided into two parts; one where they eat, the other where they dance. The former is furnished with long tables and wooden benches ranged parallel to the walls. The latter is quite empty save the estrade where the musicians are seated. By degrees the sailors arrive dressed entirely in black, without a glimpse of linen, wearing their small cap and big redingote, and accompanied by the girls, who in appearance are as serious and impassable as marble Madonnas or wax figures. The men, on the contrary, throw aside for the time being their stolid, indifferent manner, and owing to pleasure and gin appear gay and light-hearted. They all commence by gravely drinking in a methodical manner, neither talking nor laughing, nor apparently taking any interest in their meeting. Suddenly the orchestra begins tuning, violins scraping, brass instruments blowing, groups separate, the men

choose their partners, and in a moment or two the floor creaks and trembles, and the dancers whirl in a giddy waltz through a cloud of dust and smoke; for the men smoke while they dance. Ten minutes later the musicians stop, the waltzers are out of breath, and each one returns to his place covered with dust, his eyes starting, his face perspiring, to renew his strength with a fresh bottle of beer, or a glass of *schiedam*.

One place we entered was kept by a Catholic. Round the walls hung various pictures of saints, but the dancing-room was larger than many others, and the orchestra superior, which was not to be wondered at considering the musicians, who wore their uniform, and belonged to the Schutterij (National Guard). As a rule these establishments close very late, this Sunday dancing being the only amusement the fishermen and their wives and daughters indulge in. Of course there are various other sources of amusement for the townspeople, but they are all of a nature that render them inaccessible to the fishing class.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ZWOLLE — ITS ANTIQUITY AND VICISSITUDES — COUNCIL FOR STOPPING THE PLAGUE — SASSENPOORT — NOTRE DAME AND ST. MICHEL — HOUSE IN SASSENSTRAAT — BETHLEHEMKERK MUSEUM — SAVAGE GIRL — KATERVEER — SHORT EXCURSION TO NORWAY — THOMAS À KEMPIS.

ALTHOUGH Zwolle is in very much the same condition as Leeuwarden, that is to say, neither a dead city nor situated on the Zuyder Zee, I should reproach myself if I did not add a few words about the town, considering I am only a couple of leagues off, the distance between Zwolle and Kampen. There are two ways of reaching Zwolle from Kampen, both equally pleasant; the one by rail, through most magnificent meadows, which remind one of lovely spots in Normandy; the other by steamer up the Yssel, with beautiful and charming scenery both to the right and left.

The history of Zwolle[1] is very similar to that of Kampen, dating perhaps a little farther back; in fact, we hear of the town possessing a church

[1] The history of Zwolle has been collected together in a very complete form, from its earliest date to the middle of the last century, by Burchard Joan van Hallum, under the title of *Geschiedenissen der Stad Zwolle*. This work, in three volumes, was published in Zwolle between 1767 and 1775.

endowed with benefices as early as the year 1040, when Bernulfe, twentieth Bishop of Utrecht, ordered this church to be put under the administration of the chapter of Deventer. It was not, however, till towards the year 1230[1] that Villebrand, thirty-fifth Bishop of Utrecht, granted to the borough of Zwolle the title and full privileges of a town, in recompense for the bravery and energy displayed by the inhabitants in the war with Drenthe. The favours of these episcopal sovereigns did not rest here, for as late as the end of the fifteenth century the name of this town is constantly to be found on the charters of the bishops as in the lists enriched by new privileges. At last, in 1488, Zwolle obtained a grant to coin money, the only privilege she had not hitherto enjoyed, considering that her courts of justice were regarded as of supreme appeal, that her commerce passed in and out without tax, and that she had a relative supremacy over a certain number of towns of lesser importance, who could appeal to her to rescind sentence in their own courts of justice.

In 1495, Zwolle, like her neighbours Kampen and

[1] The exact year in which the title of town was conferred on Zwolle is not known—the date of the Act of Privileges being partly effaced. It runs, 'Millesimo ducentesimo tricesimo . . . pridie kal. Septembris.' Van Hallum thinks that the date must be 1233, but he gives no proof to support his assertion. This document is excessively interesting as regards the history of Zwolle. The concession of the privileges was considerably influenced by the help which the inhabitants of the town of Zwolle had given, both to the existing bishop and his predecessors, particularly in the war waged with the inhabitants of Drenthe, they having granted both men and money. It released the inhabitants of Zwolle of all the dues which they owed to the town of Deventer, and granted them the right of surrounding their town with walls and ditches.

Deventer, became an imperial town, increasing proportionately in wealth and prosperity. Placed between two rivers, commanding the country around, and protected by a double band of walls and towers, her natural position rendered Zwolle a place of high importance in the commercial world. In 1578 she served under the banner of the United Provinces, though the power of the States was not established without strong determination and much open rebellion. The Catholics, afraid of losing their influence, brought into the town a large number of peasants devoted to them, and took possession of some important posts. But the Protestants, summoning the immediate help of their co-religionists of Kampen and Deventer, retook the posts occupied by the Catholics, drove them out of the town, and took possession of their property, which was given up to pillage.

Since then the town remained in submission to the States; in 1614 they increased still further their fortifications, and with the aid of Coehoorn, the rival of Vauban, made it a fortress of the first order. This did not, however, prevent their making terms with the conquerors, when in 1672 Deventer surrendered to the Bishops of Munster and Cologne, allies of Louis XIV. They sent away a garrison which could have sustained a regular siege, and received, without resistance, a French garrison. This occupation was not of long continuance. In May, 1674, the foreign troops quitted the town, taking care to dismantle it before their departure.

In 1810, when Holland was annexed to the French empire, Zwolle became the chief town of the Bouches de l'Yssel. It is now the capital of the province of

Over-Yssel, has 20,000 inhabitants, and in addition to its beautiful promenades possesses large streets and pretty squares, which give it—pardon the expression—a very saucy look.

One would scarcely imagine in looking at all these charming streets, clean, coquettish, and prettily arranged houses, and grand shops abundantly provided, that the existence of this charming city had four or five times been in danger of destruction from war, flood, and fire. In 1324 Zwolle was on the point of being completely destroyed by flames during the night of St. Marguerite (20th to 21st July), in which more than five hundred houses were burned down, which, being constructed of wood, easily fell a prey to the destroyer. The little Church of Bethlehem, with its clock-tower, took fire in the midst of this conflagration, and the tongues of flame mounting high into the heavens were seen at enormous distances, to the stupefaction of the surrounding populations.[1] Since then fire has broken out on various occasions, and partially defaced the city, but the consequences were trifling compared to the one referred to in 1324. Laid waste by fire, Zwolle was not spared by water. On the 1st November, 1571, 14th February, 1651, 21st November, 1775, in January, 1784, in 1799, and even during our present century, in 1825, the town was inundated to such an extent that the streets were flooded and the inhabitants were forced to go about in boats. Perhaps the last was the most severe of

[1] The memory of this fearful disaster has been given by Van der Aa as follows:—

'Post M, post tria C, post X duo, quatuor I que.'
Nox Margar tllis igni tu concita Zwollis.

these disastrous inundations; but fortunately the damage was not beyond the power of the rich townspeople to rectify, and in a few months the wounds the Yssel had caused were healed over.

Added to these calamities of fire and water, the pretty town of Zwolle fell a victim to pestilential diseases, which ravaged the population to a fearful extent. Perhaps there is no town in Holland which has suffered so considerably from epidemics of all kinds as Zwolle. In 1398 the plague, called black sickness, devastated the poor city for the space of many months, carrying off victims at the rate of eighty per day, not only from the town itself, but from the outlying villages—a rate of mortality which was enormous in proportion to the number of the existing inhabitants. The summer of 1422 was almost as fatal to the population as that of 1398, the number of deaths being so increased that they could not find grave-diggers to bury the dead. In 1440, 1450, 1453, and 1458 this epidemic raged with violence, and in 1602 such a large number of inhabitants fell victims to the plague that the cemeteries surrounding the Church of Bethlehem and that of the Frères[1] were closed, being too crowded to hold any more. In 1617, the epidemic only appeared for a few days, carrying off, however, a hundred or so persons. But in 1655 it reappeared with such violence, that a meeting was called among the inhabitants to discuss plans for stopping its ravages. Every precaution was taken, and hospitals built specially for those affected; but in vain—the number of deaths increased to such

[1] This fact is mentioned in the *Resolutieboek* of the three parishes already quoted.

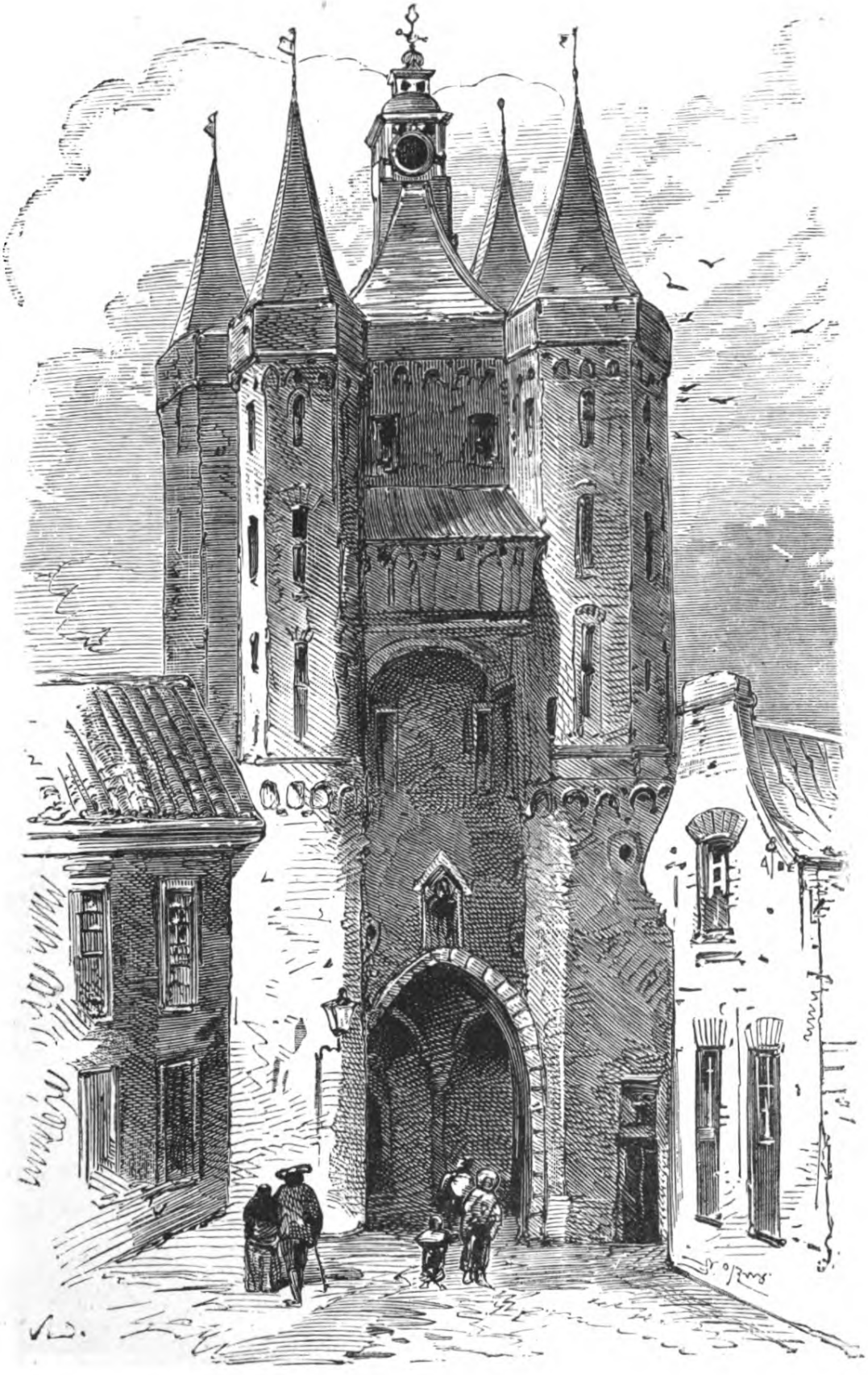
an extent that lawyers and attorneys were overworked, and not sufficient in number to draw up the wills and bequests of the dying; to obviate which inconvenience the municipality decreed that a will attested by three persons, and placed in the hands of the magistrate before three days had elapsed, should be looked upon as binding, and regarded as completely valid.

In 1661 epidemic fevers raged over the town, swallowing up a large number of victims, but happily there was no appearance of the plague; and from that year onwards Zwolle reassumed her right to be placed among healthy cities. The cholera visited the town occasionally, but made no greater havoc there than in the other large towns of the country; and since this pretty town has always remained as bright and joyous and coquettish as she appears now to those who visit her for the first time.

In spite of its charming aspect, pretty streets, and handsome shops, even of the *Buiten-Singel*, with its lawns, cottages, and fine trees, and the animated busy *Diezerstraat*, Zwolle has not so many attractions for the artist and tourist as Kampen. Its Palace of Justice is new, and its Town Hall, from an archæological point of view, is entirely devoid of interest. The churches and a very few rare old houses are the principal remarkable monuments, besides a grand old gate with its fine pointed spires.

This gate is called 'Sassenpoort,' and is the only one remaining of the nine entrances to the town, its massive form rising above the houses which surround it, which take the place of the ancient city walls with an air of proud superiority.

It is built in a very high massive square. At the



SASSENPOORT AT ZWOLLE.

From a Drawing by M. van Heemskerck van Beest.

angles are four octagon-shaped turrets, which, about a third of their height up, swell out and rest on trilobed modillions, terminating in an open gallery and crowned by a pointed roof. The doorway is arched, above which is, first, a small niche formerly containing the statue of Saint Michel, and then a couple of large windows; above which again is a hanging arch, with a small covered gallery, three windows and two niches, the machicoulis of which are daubed by coatings of plaster. The towers, as also the massive centre, are lighted by enormous windows, grated with large iron bars, and in the centre of the four pointed spires rises a heavy campanile, about a century old, furnished with a chiming-clock.

The beauty of this gate makes one very much regret the destruction of the others, which happened in 1674, at the command of the vanquishing enemy.

The only two churches in Zwolle which are interesting from an archæological point of view, are Notre Dame and St. Michel, of which the latter is certainly the most important and the most beautiful. This church dates from the year 1406, but already, in the eleventh century, the site it stands on was occupied by a sacred edifice, which was assigned to the Chapter of St. Libuin of Deventer, in 1040, by Bishop Bernulfe. Of this ancient church but one stone remains, a very flat bas-relief, which is now inserted in the east wall of the present church. Eyck van Zuylichem, in his 'Style Ogival des Églises des Pays-Bas,' says that this bas-relief represents the patriarch Abraham surrounded by three saints, but I think it is intended to represent Jesus Christ and

his three Apostles. Whichever it may be, it is one of the rarest specimens of the eleventh century architecture and sculpture in the country.

Although the present church was commenced in 1406, it was not actually finished till forty years later. Like the greater number of churches and monuments built in Holland at that period, it is not constructed in the form of a cross, but has three naves of equal height and breadth, with bricked vaulted roofs, supported by oblong square pillars, having at each side three tores at the base, and capitals corresponding to the three mouldings of the vaulted roofs. Strictly speaking this church has neither transept nor choir, but each nave terminates in three sides of an octagon, the centre one forming a choir divided from the rest of the building by a wall and a magnificent carved wainscoting, dating from 1597, which rare specimen of Renaissance art has been desecrated by being painted in marble, and daubed over with several coats of colour. The exterior of this church is chiefly noticeable for its jutting buttresses and the grand simplicity of its style. There is a very remarkable portal on the north side, and on the market side a kind of vestry was built against the wall, in the fantastic and peculiar style of the early part of the seventeenth century, which, however, is now employed as a guard-room.

The present tower dates from the same period (1614). The one constructed out of the materials taken in 1362 from the Château of Voorst was destroyed in 1612, and the present one raised in its place. These two, however, are not the only towers which were built for this church. In 1324 a large

wooden steeple, which belonged to the primitive Church, was destroyed by the flames of the terrible fire we have already mentioned. The second tower was of a very remarkable height, was renowned throughout the country, and was constructed, as we have said, from the *débris* of the Seigneur de Vos' château. The architect had engraved at the base the following four lines, for the corrections of which I leave Van de Aa responsible, from whom I borrow them :—

O MichaelL SanCte, tVRRES alTÆ de Corant TE
INSE ConclVSVM VERSES TVRRES TENET ORTVM
MILLE QVATVOR CCCC SEX ANNIS JVLII QVOQVE DINO
FIT TEMPLI SWOLLIS PRIMVM FONDATIO TVRRES.

Before quitting this church I must mention the pulpit, which is a fine monument, with a raised roof of four or five storeys, with a number of columns, porticoes, pinnacles, and pyramids finished in crescents. It dates from the year 1620, and is considered a great monument, though the taste of its style is not perfect.

Notre Dame, the other church, is devoted to the Catholic religion, and dates from the end of the fourteenth century. It is built entirely in bricks, without collateral naves, but with a transept and arched roof also of brick. The arches are supported against the walls by semi-octagon shaped pilasters; the windows are not curved even in the transept where their ogives are fixed. The interior of Notre Dame contains a fine altar in modern style, and a curiosity or relic, the peculiar signification of which I have not been able to find out. It is a crucifix

secured in an iron cage, which is inserted in the wall. What crime could it have committed to be thus caged out of reach? Or was it placed there to save it from the fury of the iconoclasts? I am inclined to lean towards the latter hypothesis.

Independently of its churches, Zwolle boasts of a considerable number of handsome old houses, which, however, have no special artistic attraction to the stranger who has visited Hoorn and Leeuwarden. One I ought to mention, on account of its elegant appearance and the beautiful pedestals, graceful boughs, bucranes, dolphins, and other fantastic designs which adorn it. It dates from 1571, and is a very precious specimen of Renaissance art. It is occupied by a merchant dealing in 'lady's work,' and is situated in the Sassenstraat.

Quite near to the Bethlehemkerk is the museum of natural history, and collection of public antiquities, which is arranged in a manner that is very attractive. It contains a specimen of everything, from a butterfly to a medal, from an oyster-shell to Egyptian, Indian, Chinese, and Syrian divinities. Unfortunately it lacks objects of local interest, save perhaps a few stones from the old church, one or two of which depict licentious scenes; half a dozen carved pieces of wood, and a couple of stuffed beavers, killed it appears in the neighbourhood of Zwolle, where these animals formerly were very numerous, though they have long since disappeared.

I was disappointed at not finding one specimen of the works of the celebrated painter Gérard Terburg, who was born within the town walls in 1608; and since this museum devotes itself to natural

history, I would have liked to see a wax figure of the savage girl found in 1718 in the Cranenbourg Forest. 'She was quite naked,' says a contemporary,[1] 'with the exception of a kind of straw belt or apron; her disposition seemed soft and quiet, and she spoke a jargon that no one understood; living on herbs, roots, and leaves.

The peasants working about the forest had often perceived her, but no one could approach her, owing to the extreme rapidity with which she always darted away the moment a human being drew near. At last, one day, it was decided to catch her, and nets were extended in the spots which it was known she frequented; and the men, hiding themselves behind the bushes, succeeded in capturing her without hurt. She was conducted to Zwolle, and led into the presence of the magistrates, who immediately had her clothed in a more fashionable costume, took great care of her, and caused an announcement of the discovery to be published all over the country, adding a detailed account of the girl's appearance, relative age, and the natural marks about her body.

This account reached Antwerp, where a poor woman was living who had lost a daughter in 1702. Immediately remembering that her missing child had the same marks about her body as the savage girl found in Cranenbourg Forest, she started for Zwolle, and on her arrival in the town recognised the poor creature as her long lost child. The girl was handed over to her newly found mother, who carried her about from town to town exhibiting her for money.

[1] See *Les Délices des Pays-Bas.*

This *dénouement* to the story made one inclined to suspect that the good woman from Antwerp was not in reality the poor savage girl's mother; but evidently the magistrates of Zwolle had no such doubts.

The country around Zwolle is very magnificent, being hilly and diversified, and much more picturesque than the flat scenery of Holland and Friesland, and the immediate environs of the town offer the inhabitants many charming spots for excursions and pleasure trips.

There is one lovely promenade through an avenue of trees a hundred years old, to a place called Katerveer, where on Sundays the inhabitants flock in crowds to enjoy the beauty of the landscape and the exquisite charm of the long walk.

From Katerveer one can see the Yssel winding its silvered waters through green meadows and wooded hills like an enormous serpent unfolding its coils on a green velvet carpet. Nothing can be more charming than this beautiful country, and the pleasing impression it produces at first sight is greatly enhanced by suddenly coming upon it as we did, after looking for months on a monotonous country full of flat plains, where the only thing that forms a line against the horizon is a sheep grazing or a cow chewing the cud.

I shall never forget the peculiar effect the contrary impression produced on me in 1871. I had been travelling for some time in Norway and Sweden with one of my friends. At Gottenburg we embarked on board a Dutch vessel bound for Rotterdam. The voyage was a fearful one; during the

seven days our journey lasted the wind howled around us in such a continuous tempest that we could only stand on the bridge of our boat for an hour or two. At last, on the morning of the eighth day, we reached Hellevoetsluis, where, without any apparent transition, we found ourselves in a huge canal bordered on either side by immense interminable prairies with only a tree here and there for the eye to rest on. The flat monotony of the country around us was indeed a striking contrast to the bold flights of mountain scenery, apparently desirous of penetrating beyond the blue vaults of the heavens, which we left behind us; and words fail me to express the curious impression this change of scene produced on me.

It was in the neighbourhood of Zwolle, on a hillside, that the Convent of St. Agnes formerly stood, where in the fifteenth century Hamerken, better known as Thomas à Kempis, lived, and wrote his 'Imitation of Jesus Christ.' It was here that the holy man took his vows in 1405, and died at the age of ninety-one, in the year 1471. We have already referred to the fact of how his identity with the author of this famous book was discovered, by the similarity of his handwriting in other documents with the MS. of this work. There is no work which has been translated into so many languages, not only for the benefit of Christian nations, but for those of infidels as well.

It is said that early in the seventeenth century a few religious Spaniards, visiting the King of Maroc for the purpose of ransoming some Christian slaves

were astonished to find the monarch reading a copy of the 'Imitation of Jesus Christ' translated into Turkish.

On expressing their surprise, the King replied, 'Of all the books I possess, this one seems to me the best in every way.'

CHAPTER XXVII.

FAREWELL TO THE SEA—HARDERWYK—THE PURVEYORS FOR INDIA—THE LION'S DEN—FRENCH SIGN-BOARDS—THE ORIGIN OF HARDERWYK—ITS ACADEMY—LINNÆUS—THE SEA IN THE STREETS.

CHARMED as we were with Zwolle and its environs we were bound to quit the little town and continue our journey. Two ways presented themselves for us to accept—to return to Amsterdam by sea, or stay on land and follow the course of the banks. We determined on the latter, for two reasons: first, because what remained for us to see of the Zuyder Zee was not a very interesting part; and, secondly, the country between Zwolle and Utrecht varies absolutely in character. Consequently we sent the boat and our luggage back to Amsterdam, and travelled by land to Harderwyk.

If the scenery around Zwolle produces a strange impression on one who has just come from Friesland, what would be said to the landscape between Wezep and Harderwyk? Dikes, heaths, and sandy grounds! No green meadows, or farms, or cattle grazing, as signs of the richness of the soil. The ground is uncultivated and desolate, burnt by the sun, devastated by heavy rains, lined with long white roads, the loose sand being blown on the heaths,

which extend to an enormous distance; and here and there one sees a shepherd tending a few miserable-looking sheep which can hardly find enough to support life on these desolate plains. Sometimes, however, man's industry has triumphed over nature, for occasionally stunted trees with dark or reddened foliage are to be seen, contrasting with the grey tints of the soil; or meagre pines with their slender forms standing out against the horizon. On approaching Harderwyk the soil is better; the fields are stocked with ripe corn, hedges and houses line the road, and it is through a magnificent avenue of fine green trees that one enters the little city.

Harderwyk is a pretty town, containing four or five thousand inhabitants, mostly peasants and fishermen; it nevertheless is very gay, owing to the troops which are garrisoned there and destined for the Indian army.

It is there that soldiers are enrolled, equipped, and armed, and that volunteers are divided into regiments to defend colonial possessions under the Dutch Government. The greater part of these soldiers mingle with all ranks, but generally speaking they fraternise more with the lower classes of society than with the higher. The allurement of being somebody and the attraction of the unknown entices them into the gulf, where, as in the den of lions, many enter but none ever come out. The daily quarrels, fatigues of all sorts, and more especially the murderous climate of Java, are not backward, alas! in claiming their victims.

I was talking one day about these campaigns with General Smits, who, after having served as a

most distinguished officer in the colonial army, is now Governor of the Hospital established at Bronbeck for the Indian service.

'This war is terrible,' said he; 'the marches are so long and dangerous that one must succumb under the fatigues and privations one is obliged to endure. Once, when I was only a major, it happened that I had to start with an entire battalion, that is to say, with more than eight hundred men, and on returning we were reduced to two hundred enfeebled poor devils, broken down with the numerous ills we had had to contend with, and which by far the greater part arose more from natural consequences than from the violence of our enemies. But what can be done? —a similar war demands great sacrifices.'

Holland, knowing the terrible vicissitudes to which the soldiers are exposed, sends very few natives to India, and enrols mostly strangers, so that the colonial army is composed of men coming from all parts of the globe. Germans, Belgians, Russians, Spaniards, Italians, and French abound at the present moment; more especially the latter poor fellows, who having nothing to expect from their own country, sentence themselves to a voluntary exile, trusting to find there means of existence which were refused them in Europe, taking with them their usual recklessness and good-humour, which can never be destroyed, and which always remains their inheritance. Numbers embark for this inhospitable soil, but how many of them ever return? If, however, this anomalous army, recruited as all European armies were a century ago, gives an animated aspect to the town, we must remember that when we

visited it nothing of the kind existed. A war which broke out at Atschin required the assistance of numberless troops and regiments, which were therefore hastily formed. The premiums were raised, and at the same time were armed and equipped hurriedly all those who were qualified to be sent abroad; therefore there was as it were in Harderwyk a continual going to and fro. The large barracks which were built on the place formerly occupied by the ancient buildings called La Monnaie (which name meant, however, nothing more nor less than a convent for Grey Sisters —*Sœurs grises*) was only emptied in order to take in new inmates, and being refilled almost immediately became empty again; and as on the eve of their departure the soldiers were allowed a little liberty, they were seen traversing the streets of the town in long files, making the air resound with songs which though intended to express great joy, only succeeded in being loud and deafening.

The other streets in Harderwyk are very pretty and clean, and bear more or less distinctly the stamp of those who inhabit them; little cross-roads are formed in dividing them, and have a surprising number of wells and pumps erected by the provident edileship, who is aware that soldiers about to depart are always exceedingly thirsty; however, it seems these fountains were not sufficient to supply their wants, or else the thirsty troops did not hold water in very high esteem, for at every step the words 'Slijterij,' 'Tapperij,'[1] meet the eye, written in large letters over the shops; and modest-looking houses have alluring placards pasted on their window-

[1] Public-house, tavern.

panes publishing all the various seductions of '*genever, sterkedrank*, and *gedistilleerd*.'[1] Further on strangely painted houses, from whence roars of laughter and the frightful noise of an orchestra playing an interminable waltz proceeded, seemed to testify that pleasures permitted by Mahomet go hand-in-hand with those prohibited by that Prophet.

Among the signs which decorate these drunkards' retreats, I remarked that there were several in French. I saw 'Café national,' 'Café français,' written up, and as I passed I noticed many more of the same sort. One, however, occupied our attention for a moment, and its title, 'A la jambe de bois,' made me stop to consider; the name 'la jambe de bois' being closely allied in popular history to the memory of brave Daumesnil, the heroic defender of Vincennes, this seemed to me to be a delicate attention shown to those of our compatriots whose bad fortune had led them to this fatal place. But I was very soon undeceived when the proprietor came out to shut the shutters, for he leant on two crutches, and his left leg was wanting, which at once convinced me that the good man had only had thoughts of his own maimed condition when he planned his sign-board.

These establishments do not only offer numerous ways of spending money to the poor misled soldiers, but the town in addition abounds with those who find ways and means to drive them into extravagance. 'The way they press and torment these unfortunates, said excellent Colonel R——, 'has no name, for they urge them on to spend their last halfpenny, so that I have actually heard one congratulate himself after

[1] Brandy, gin, strong drinks, liqueur.

having eaten the value of everything he possessed, by saying "At any rate, I shall now be left in peace."'

Is not this curious language from the mouth of one who has just risked his life for the sake of a little gold?

If the presence of the Indian army is now the only attraction of Harderwyk, it has not always been so, for its name, which signifies 'the shepherd's refuge,' indicates its origin. When the Zuyder Zee reached its present limits the large prairies on its banks were inundated, and the shepherds with their flocks were obliged to take refuge on higher ground away from the encroaching waters. There they built huts; soon the fishermen joined them; this mixed population increased, and, in 1229, the 'shepherd's refuge,' by favour of Count Othon, became the town of Harderwyk.

Like all other towns on the Zuyder Zee, this new city rapidly grew in size.

In 1231 this same Count Othon called it a city: 'Civitati in Harderewyk et civibus in eâ commorantibus,' he wrote in a letter in which he regulated the payments which the town should make to him. In the year 1280, the importance of Harderwyk not having decreased, it manned flotillas and stationed them at Hamburg. This is at least the result of a most curious charter proceeding from the archives of Zwolle.[1] In this charter it is explained that the two commercial towns, having been at war for some time, came at last to the conclusion that strife was more harmful than advantageous, and that they were

[1] Geshiedenissen van Zwolle.

being ruined without benefiting any one. They therefore begged the three towns, Deventer, Zwolle, and Kampen, to establish conditions of truce and final peace. The two latter consented, and made a certain number of rules to be accepted by all parties: the prisoners were to be liberated, the plunder restored, and indemnities granted to sufferers. The whole of these arrangements form a most curious document, and give a very exact idea of commercial rights about the end of the thirteenth century.

Less than a century later the commercial and maritime importance of the little city was confirmed in a peremptory way, by the union of the Hanseatic towns, and the name of Harderwyk is mentioned by the side of Middelburg, Amsterdam, Kampen, and Deventer. Several sieges which the new town sustained without weakening its power shows us that its inhabitants were as good soldiers as they are clever merchants.[1]

But its principal glory was not so much in military skill or in the industry of its population, as in the advantage of having an Academy.[2] During more than four centuries natural science and theology were studied within these walls. Though founded only in the year 1372, this scientific institution contained in the year 1441 more than three hundred strangers, who had come to the town to go through

[1] In the year 1508, Charles Egmont, last Duke of Guelders, besieged it, but could not take possession of it. However, in 1522, it was taken by the troops of the Emperor Charles V., which were commanded by Count de Buren, and in the year 1572 again by the soldiers of the States, under command of Count de Bergh.

[2] An inscription on a slab of white marble, placed on the façade of the Academy, tells its history. Here is the inscription:—

its course of study. In 1503 a shocking conflagration devastated the city; 'scarcely two or three edifices,' said a contemporary, 'remained standing.' The Academy followed the general fate, and was destroyed from top to bottom, causing death to three hundred and fifty students. However, the town was raised out of its ruins, and with it the Academy also. In 1540, on a decision of the States issued from Veluwe,[1] the institution again began work, and in 1603 it received the name of 'The Illustrious Gymnasium, or the Nassau Gymnasium,' from Prince Maurice. In 1708 it was altered, enlarged, and required nothing less than the inflexible French dominion to rob this little city of what it considered one of its most noble prerogatives.

Nevertheless, before disappearing this Academy had gained a justly merited celebrity, and posterity will ever remember that it was within these walls that a number of laborious and clever men, an honour to their country—such as Scheiduis, Muntinghe, Kemper Reuvens, Ten Brink, Bouman, and Schacht—lived in this town; as well as such great geniuses

DEO ET
STVDIIS HVMANITATIS SACRVM
ILLVSTRE . HOC . GYMNASIVM . ANNO . CHRISTI . CIↃ CCC LXXII . FVNDATVM . ANNO CIↃ CCCC XLI . A . TRECENTIS . CELEBRATVM . STVDIOSIS . ADVENIS . SVPRA . DISCIPVLOS INDIGENOS . ANNO . CIↃ IↃ III . DEFLAGRAVIT . CVM . TOTIVS . VRBIS . TRECENTORVM ET . QVINQVAGENTA . DISCIPVLORVM . PERNICIE . POSTMODVM . ANNO . CIↃIↃXL. INSTAVRATVM . AB . ORDINIBVS . TETRARCHIÆ . VELAVICÆ . ANNO CIↃ IↃ C III ILLVSTRI GYMNASII . NOMINE . INSIGNITVM . A . MAVRITIO . NASSAVICO . GYMNASIVM NASSAVICVM DICTVM . TANDEM . IN . PRÆSENTEM . FORMAM . REDACTVM . EST . DD. CVRATORVM MANDATO ANNO CIↃ IↃ CC VIII

[1] Gueldres was formerly divided into three provinces: that of Nimeguen, that of Count Zutphen, and that of Arnheim or Veluwe. It was in this last province that Harderwyk was situated.

as Boerhaave and Linnée, who have adorned the whole human race. Boerhaave has had the honour of a bronze statue being erected to his memory by his countrymen. They only did what was due in rendering homage to the most complete and purest genius that ever existed. The town was in no way backward in showing respect to another illustrious scholar. Though the Father of Botany had only resided a short time within its walls, and was no native of the town, a bust of the immortal Swede is placed under the shelter of a turret belonging to ruins of an ancient cloister, reminding the inhabitants that formerly people came from most distant countries to their little city in order to make progress in science and to procure fame.

This little turret became a commemorative monument, and formed one of the finest edifices of the town; but the great fire of 1503 destroyed it entirely. Of all the numerous convents, churches, chapels, and cloisters that crowded the city, none were preserved with the exception of the large church dedicated to Our Lady. The beautiful vault and square tower which crown it are celebrated in all parts of the country, and for many years fires were burnt on the top of this steeple in order to indicate at night to fishermen and sailors the situation of Harderwyk.

We were told that the Stadhuis contained several pictures, also ancient furniture, but the first look we bestowed on its large daubed columns restored afresh in the year 1838 (RENOVATUM ANNO MDCCCXXXVIII) made us take flight, and we directed our steps towards the gates of the town, or rather towards the only gate, for the other four graceful monuments with

their turrets have been entirely demolished. It was composed of a large massive square without character or ornaments, bored through in the form of an arched bay resembling the Luttke-Poort and the Semede-Poorti, both being double, that is to say, with two successive walls, both ornamented with tall towers, battlements, and machicoulis.

This gate, which has now no name, overlooks on one side the port, and on the other the fish-market, the latter being situated in that quarter of the town more especially set apart for fishermen. All around are little tottering houses, clean and well kept, but the walls of which are disjointed and menaced by ruin. These small houses are painted blue in the interior, similar to those of Urk and Marken, and one can easily see the link that unites all these fishermen belonging to the Zuyder Zee by the good-nature and kindness of their inhabitants.

The port consists in a long and narrow canal, which has very little depth. Soldiers destined for the Indian army embarked from this place, but only, however, in small longboats, which joined the vessel further out at sea, for the transport ships could not approach the banks on account of their depth.

The sea is very wayward in these parts. Formerly it was at some little distance from the town, but gradually it advanced, and ended by washing its walls; now, however, it has in some measure receded, restoring a part of what it had formerly conquered; still often, when the tide is low, fishermen discover under the sand, roads washed up by the waves, paved with stones and bricks, which prove that at some

distant period streets existed where now the sea rules.

Several times, however, the sea has inundated the roads of Harderwyk; and two commemorative inscriptions—the one dated 1570, which is completely effaced and absolutely illegible, the other erected in 1825—indicate the height which the waters attained during these two years. They are placed at the entrance of the town, the first at an elevation of one mètre in fifty, the other at two mètres in fifty. Thus one could sail about these pretty winding streets in boats without the necessity of walking upon their uneven pavements, which tire and bruise the feet of visitors beyond endurance.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

AMERSFOORT — JAN DE OLDENBARNEVELD — ILLUSTRIOUS CHILDREN OF AMERSFOORT—REBELLION—THE CHURCH OF ST. GEORGE—THE TOWER BURNT SIX TIMES—THE KOPPEL-POORT —CONVENTS AND BARRACKS.

HALF-WAY between Harderwyk and Utrecht lies the charming town of Amersfoort. From the railway one sees the old gate, with its battlements and belfries, behind which there appears to be hidden an army of old gabled houses and high towers, which command a fine view of the surrounding country.

One cannot resist such a pleasing sight. We therefore stopped several hours in this ancient city, which the writers of olden days have called by different names, from Heemsfurt to Amisvoort, and to which we were attracted by a still more powerful allurement, for this little town well deserves a visit. It has claims certainly to a sort of patriotic pilgrimage, for it gave birth on September 14, 1547, to Johan van Oldenbarneveld, who was chief counsellor of the Netherlands, pensioner of Rotterdam, and one of the greatest citizens the world has produced.

Oldenbarneveld was a scholar of high repute, even at a time when it was the fashion to be erudite; a surprisingly clever diplomatist, an austere republican, a magistrate without reproach, and a most

energetic politician, and, like the great Taciturn, he shared the honour of gaining liberty for his country; for with a scanty army these great men created an independent nation, both rich as well as proud, so that their successors had only to follow their example in order to make a truly great nation.

When Oldenbarneveld entered on this heroic strife, which was one of the most extraordinary ever known in history, he and his companions were disdainfully treated as rebels; and it was he who signed the truce of Antwerp in which the United Provinces, now become powerful, conferred with the King of Spain as equal with equal. But great virtue does not remain long unmolested. Forgetting his services, and only remembering their jealous and hateful feelings, his enemies attacked him with most infamous libels. Instead of making him the first citizen of the great and liberated State, they made him burgomaster, against whom they enraged the people; and partisan of a tolerant religious sect, against which they raised the mass of rigid orthodox Protestants. At last they went so far as to accuse him of having sold his country, although he had spent his life in making it great and prosperous.

Oldenbarneveld's enemies might take his life, insult him with all sorts of indignities during his last moments, by aid of a subterfuge even prevent his taking farewell of his children, and at his last hour even refuse him a cushion on which to rest his knees trembling with age, yet they can never efface his memory from his country. On May 13, 1619, this advocate of Holland placed his fine white head on the block, and cried out with a loud voice, 'Citizens,

do not believe that I am a traitor to my country, for I have always behaved as a benefactor and patriot, and as such I now die.'[1] History has registered these his last words, and none dare to deny his noble declaration.

Amersfoort might well be content with being the birthplace of Oldenbarneveld, as such a man is a glory to his native town; but it appears that this city has been also the nursery of many great personages and ministers. Besides a number of admirals, colonial governors, and illustrious generals, Amersfoort has produced Albert de Wijs, who was ambassador to Maximilian at Constantinople; Johannes Vonk, provost of Notre Dame at Utrecht, who was made President of the Netherlands by the King of Spain, and who died at Cologne in the year 1585; Nicolas Zoesius, Bishop of Bois-le-Duc; and the historian Michel van Isselt, besides many other renowned men.

Although Amersfoort has produced so many remarkable men it is not at all ancient, and it is in vain that Oudeiffius pretends that in 1006 the town was already surrounded by ramparts; for Verhoeven[2] denies the fact, and the anonymous writer of the 'Ancient Chronicles of Amersfoort' declares that 'he found nothing in this town in which a man could have faith.'[3] He even adds that he can neither fix

[1] 'Mannen, gelooft niet dat ik een landverrader ben; ik heb opregt en vroon gehandelt, als een goed patriot; en die Sterf ik.'—Groen van Prinsterer.

[2] Theodor Verhoeven, Rerum Amorfortiarum scriptores duæ inediti. Leide, 1693.

[3] *Vetus Chronicon Amorfortium* incerti auctoris à primordiis unis urbis usque ad annum 1572.

the date of the foundation of his native city, nor does he know who was the founder. The first authentic document is that of the consecration of Saint George, the first parochial church in Amersfoort, which was consecrated by Othon III. Now, as the said Bishop died after a long illness, on April 2, 1249, we presume that this sacred edifice was blessed in 1248 at the very latest. After this period, numerous proofs allow us to follow up the relations between the civil and episcopal power of Utrecht; for in 1259 Amersfoort was permitted *jus municipale*, or the right of its own administration. At any rate the names of the sheriffs and burgomasters are not given in the *Beschryving van de Stad Amersfoort* till the end of the year 1405.

Independent of all the vicissitudes through which the province of Utrecht passed, in which Amersfoort had its share, arising from the episcopacy, this little city was visited by all the conquering princes who passed that way.

In 1543 Martin Vas Rossem attacked it; in 1579 the army of the States took possession of it, and annexed it to the United Provinces. In 1639 Count Montecuculli made himself master of the place on behalf of the King of Spain. At last Louis XIX. besieged it, and having taken it, occupied it for fifteen months.

In the year 1703 the town was again besieged by the States troops for rebellion and insubordination. The position of Stadtholder of the United Provinces being vacant on the death of George III., the townspeople pretended that they had the right of changing the administration of their town, and of creating

sheriffs and burgomasters at their pleasure. The old government was broken up and dismissed from the town, and they proceeded to instal a new ministry. Informed of these doings, the States sent four regiments to lend a strong hand to the old burgomasters, so as to restore order, but the burghers shut the gates and refused them entry, upon which the four regiments made a breach with cannon and prepared for an assault.

This state of affairs becoming serious, the town resolved to enter into peaceful negotiations, and, after a great deal of parleying, finally surrendered to the States troops, who entered the town, and under promise of staying there quietly half pillaged it. The ringleaders of the rebellion were sent to prison, and the burgomaster and one of the magistrates were executed in the grand square of Amersfoort.

It is in this very square, used now as a market-place, that the large Church of Saint George stands, already referred to—a huge building whitewashed in the interior, and stripped of all artistic adornment at the time of the Reformation. With the exception of a large drawing of St. George overcoming a dragon, and a very small set of chimes which strike a queer little figure dressed in the costume of the sixteenth century, there is nothing worthy of notice in this finely proportioned noble-looking building. The good 'Koster' who performed the part of *cicerone* to us, accompanied by a child who would put his fingers in his nose, proposed our seeing a chamber which had formerly been used as a 'dissecting room,' but not being tempted by the offer, we decidedly refused to

penetrate into this scientific sanctuary hidden within the church walls.

The *Sint Joris kerk* is not the only religious edifice possessed by Amersfoort. Preceding the Church of Notre Dame was a huge massive building with a tower, which was six times destroyed by fire, and six times reconstructed; and after being used as a place of worship by the Roman Catholics, was turned into a kind of warehouse, and finally demolished in 1787, to make room for a piece of ground thickly planted with trees, and now called the Cemetery. Fortunately, the tower itself still stands on the borders of the canal, with a proud and majestic air, hiding from view as far as possible the terrible ravages man and fire have made on its grand old walls. To reach the summit of this tower we had to mount three hundred and sixty-five stairs—decidedly a work of labour for those who are not very young; but once at the top, the magnificent view from the height compensates those who have the courage to ascend the tower. Around the town the country is here fertile, undulating, and rich in pasturage; there arid and covered with heath; and in the distance, touching the horizon, extends a long interminable hill or height, to which the inhabitants have given the pompous-sounding title of Amersfoort Mountain (*Amersfoorderberg*). The little river Eem winds in and out, now lost in thick heavy groups of trees, anon flowing through green meadows and watering rich pasture land, and finally laps the foot of the walls around the tiny city.

The streets of the town are irregular; the houses are of brick, whitewashed, with red roofs; and here

and there rise the black-and-yellow steeples of a Catholic Church of recent date and bizarre form. On both sides of the sleepy-looking canal are long lines of overhanging trees.

The day we looked down from the tower-height was a market day, so the quays were alive with foot passengers, beasts of burden, and carriages. Country people were arriving laden with provisions. Huge baskets containing fowls and cages of pigeons were piled one on the other close to the church; and numberless pigs, not liking to be packed in carts and driven along, were pushing their snouts through the rails and squealing and grunting to a deafening extent.

If one gazes around one can still see the double trenches which at various periods were built for the protection of the town. Even now Amersfoort is divided into two concentric cities, the one completely enfolding the other by a triple ring of quays, streets, and houses. No other town ever possessed so many gates. A couple of centuries ago the place had not only outer but inner gates (*buiten en buinen poorten*), of which only two exist at present. The one, Kampbinnenpoort, is almost entirely in ruins, consisting of two broken-down towers, enclosed within some old shaky houses; the other, Koppelpoort, is fortunately in a better state of preservation, standing proudly above the *Spui*, presenting on the summit of its bulky form the arms of the town enclosed between two embrasures of cannon. On either side of the canal two arched gates, ornamented with small pointed towers, complete the imposing appearance of this noble monument. Close to the *Kerk hof*, and at the corner of the

street Notre Dame, I noticed an ancient-looking house with gabled roof, columns, and lowered arches resting on curious-shaped modillions. I made many inquiries as to whether this interesting relic of ancient times had formerly been built for a special purpose, but everywhere I received the same answer: 'No, it is only an ordinary house.'

Not so, I thought to myself, for that house belongs to the earliest period of your town, my good people.

Amersfoort possesses a regiment of artillery, whose music charms the bourgeois, and whose martial appearance is the delight of all the servants. We had the pleasure of watching the regiment march to the promenade. Nevertheless its fine appearance did not prevent us continuing our search after old china and curiosities of other days, but our search was fruitless. We therefore decided to bid adieu to Amersfoort without even having the pleasure of hearing the voice of its nightingales, sung of in the pretty poems of Vondel.[1]

Soon the train carried us far away from the red roofs and steeples of the town, and the trees concealed the tower of Notre Dame. Soest and De Bildt, two pretty villages, were passed, and we soon perceived the green bastions and curtains of the forts of Utrecht, where we arrived, after crossing that famous line of defence which serves as a rampart to Holland, and gives her time to open her sluices and drown presumptuous invaders.

[1] Vondel has addressed some lines to the town of Amersfoort called 'De Nachtegael van Amisfort.'

CONCLUSION.

We remained a few minutes at Utrecht, sufficient time only to change the train leaving the Central Railway for the well-known Dutch Rhine; and soon we were once more flying along the rails for Amsterdam, losing sight of Utrecht and the immense spire and dome of the Church of St. Martin, and its gay canals and pleasant villas—Breukelen, Neiuwersluis, and Abcoude. In the midst of the great meadows as we passed by at railway speed we scarcely saw the cattle cropping the wet rich grass of these wide-spreading prairies, divided in all directions by broad ditches, some of them growing to the size of canals. Enormous windmills were seen on every side. We felt we were returned to fertile Holland, that blessed country, rich and fertile above all others—industrious, hospitable, and free.

The graceful cottages, the black-and-white cows, and the storks with one foot lifted in the air, appeared to salute us as we passed. Nature seemed to us in holiday attire; but suddenly a shrill whistle greeted our ears, massive buildings were seen on all sides—we were at Amsterdam!

We had telegraphed to the Amstel Hotel for rooms, and to order a good dinner, which met us

on our arrival; it was to be the dinner of adieu, for our party was now to separate. People do not live together for a month, travelling and enjoying the different incidents of the journey, without some regret at parting, particularly when—and it happened to be our case—not a cloud had come to trouble the pleasant intimacy in which we lived. Strange perhaps, but true, we were always of the same mind and ready to make mutual concessions for the general good. The separation was therefore painful to me, and I have no doubt my two companions shared with me this feeling.

When I retired to my room after our early dinner I leant on the balcony, which commanded a view of the River Amstel, and I could not but admire the scene spread before me; the shining river gleaming with the reflection of the setting sun; the great building of the Palace of Industry, with its minarets and great centre dome; a little further beyond I could distinguish the Nautical Club, called the Hoop, with its elegant embarkation and its kiosque planted on a little stage in the midst of the waters, like a lacustrian habitation; to the right the great city, with its drawbridges over the canals, its pointed roofs and its quays full of life and animation; the great sluices which separate the Amstel into two streams, and in the background the high chimneys of the Diamond-cutters; on every side a confused murmur of active life and industry was heard, now a heavy waggon passing one of the drawbridges, now the whistle or steam screech of an approaching vessel.

While contemplating this spectacle, my memory

reverted to the Dead Cities, the ruined sleeping towns and ports we had just now visited. I seemed once more to see Medemblik and Stavoren, Enkhuizen and Hindeloopen; but I pictured them to myself in the time of their splendour. I saw these royal cities equipping fleets, arming soldiers, and treating on equal terms with neighbouring dukes and princes; independent and free, knowing how to throw off all restraints on their liberties, subjugated only by their love of money.

Then I saw these cities as they are now; their streets deserted, the grass growing between the stones, the roofs fallen in, and the calm of death.

I said to myself—

Is it true that humanity is like a great army always marching? If it is so—and no doubt it is so—then destruction must fall on those who linger on the road to take an instant of repose; others arriving push them from their seats or pass over their bodies, crushing them as they advance.

It is thus with cities whose people stop on the road to improvement, whether gorged with wealth or surfeited with glory and pride of arms.

It is thus that the towns of the Zuyder Zee have perished; their extreme wealth, their excessive opulence—to these we must attribute their decadence. It was abundance which ruined them; the desire of saving their wealth, the fear of losing it, has been their perdition.

We cannot but believe that the sanding-up of their ports was but an incident to their fall. Was it in their fine ports only that life prevailed? Were their ports the only causes of their existence as

towns? What has become of the sons of those persevering, indomitable men, who absolutely created the soil of the Netherlands? Are they degenerate and incapable of battling with the ancient enemies of their fathers—the moving sands and the encroaching seas?

When Amsterdam was menaced in a like manner, no longer to be capable of receiving in the great basin of the Y ships of heavy tonnage, in consequence of the uncertainty of the navigation of the Zuyder Zee, did Amsterdam sleep? No! With all their ancient energy, not fearing to expend their wealth, they cut through the whole length of the Peninsula of Noord-Holland; they created a canal of 40 miles in length and 120 feet in width, wide enough for two frigates to pass one another. Then again, when this canal, which then passed for one of the wonders of the world (for the Suez Canal had not then united the seas), when this great work, we repeat, was found insufficient for the commerce of the Dutch capital, they again cut through the width of the Peninsula, as they had already cut through its length, thus giving to ships of the heaviest tonnage two roads to their magnificent port and splendid basins. This was the manner the sons of old Batavia fought against the elements; nothing stopped them, and we see that the generations which succeeded them are animated by the same spirit, the same firm will, the same calm energy, never to be beaten by difficulties.

As for the people of Enkhuizen and Stavoren, the battle they had to sustain was much less difficult; but they shrank from it, as we observed before

when writing of the towns: they were unwilling to risk the wealth they had acquired.

All they need have done was to cut a canal through the sand, and embank it as the Dutch so well know how to do, and they were saved! But, as we said just now, is a port necessary to a town? How is it that Paris, Vienna, Milan, and Berlin, Munich and Lyons, are still strong and rich, and far from decreasing in wealth and importance — are growing greater and richer every year? Now, who knows these people? Who has seen them? Who cares about them? It is even difficult to reach their towns, for they are left on one side by the great network of railways by which the rest of Holland is covered.

If an accident—one of those terrific inundations such as that which covered the villages of the great plain of Haarlem, now once more risen above the waters—were to swallow them up, many would ask, on seeing their names disappear from the map of Holland, how recently have they existed? We have not heard of them for ages. Will this terrible example bear fruit? Will the Netherlands, a country that all who know love and admire, understand this lesson, written in lugubrious characters on her proper soil? Will it warn her that the tendencies towards isolation, which were perhaps good in former times, must be avoided by her now? Does Holland realise the necessity of not yielding to the stagnation, or, as the French say, *engourdissement*, which is the frequent result of prosperity and constant good fortune.

When John Sasbout, who was once the Chan-

cellor of Gueldres, a Doctor of Laws of great learning—when he felt that his last hour was rapidly approaching, he sent for his secretary and dictated the following Latin epitaph, which he directed to be placed on his tomb:—

Siste gradum: Quod es, ipse fui; fortassis eris cras
Quod sum, cadaver putridum.
Olim jucondus eram Sasbout. . . .
[Here his titles were inserted.]
Quid tituli? quid opes? quid nunc prudentia prodest?
. . . . . .
Sola manet virtus homini post funera, solam
Dum vivis, hanc ama: vale.

'Stop: that which you are I was once myself; perhaps to-morrow you will be as I am—nothing but a putrid corpse. Formerly I was the happy Sasbout.' He then enumerates his dignities and appointments, and continues: 'What are my titles and my riches worth now? of what use was my prudence? Virtue alone survives after the death of man: as long as you live love virtue. Adieu.'

These ruined townsmen—to address a like recommendation to the rest of the Netherlands—what was the use of their wealth? *Quid tituli? quid opes?*

This supreme exhortation! Will it be listened to? Will it be understood?

More than one danger menaces Holland, and she knows it, and yet she shuts her eyes. She could be great in future days, but she is content to repose on her laurels.

The glory which their fathers so dearly bought their children consider as their patrimony. But they little know the sacrifices, the blood and labour their forefathers gave for it.

The Netherlands were free when the rest of Europe was in a doubtful state, as far as liberty was concerned. She was mistress of her destinies when those of the greatest people depended on the fancies of a woman or the good pleasure of an absolute monarch. She was quite at her ease when other nations were periodically attacked by famine. She maintained her place on the seas on an equality, if not superiority, with the greatest naval powers of Europe; this position was not maintained without the most sublime abnegation and the greatest efforts and the effusion of the best blood of her citizens.

We have now softer manners, which do not require this abnegation; but in our age, as in all others, the nations who do not interest themselves in the social progress of the world, but prefer repose to a forward march, must eventually disappear.

Indifference is more dangerous to a nation than the sword; they wake one day to find themselves absorbed by another power, and wonder how it has come to pass.

I have often heard leading men of other countries complain that Holland was completely unknown outside her frontiers. This is too true. Nobody outside knows that among the Dutch are to be found honesty, cordiality, and sincere friendship; they do not know that her language is rich and poetic; that she has exceptionally fine institutions, with sincere patriotism and absolute devotion to her country.

And the world knows nothing of this. And whose is the fault? How can Europe know that Holland has a brilliant literature, when she has done nothing to encourage her writers; that she has artists

of talent, when she does nothing for her artists; that she has men of great political merit, when she refuses them all credit, and forces them to submit to paltry coteries.

Vondel her poet, Rembrandt, Spinosa, Belderdyk, are all dead of misery. Oldenbarneveld and the two De Witts were assassinated, and De Ruyter nearly shared the same fate. These are terrible precedents.

It is not by treating her children with indifference that she will excite them to great deeds; it is not by forcing her artists to go and reside elsewhere to seek for the conservation of their talents, which will push them to the creation of *chefs-d'œuvre*.

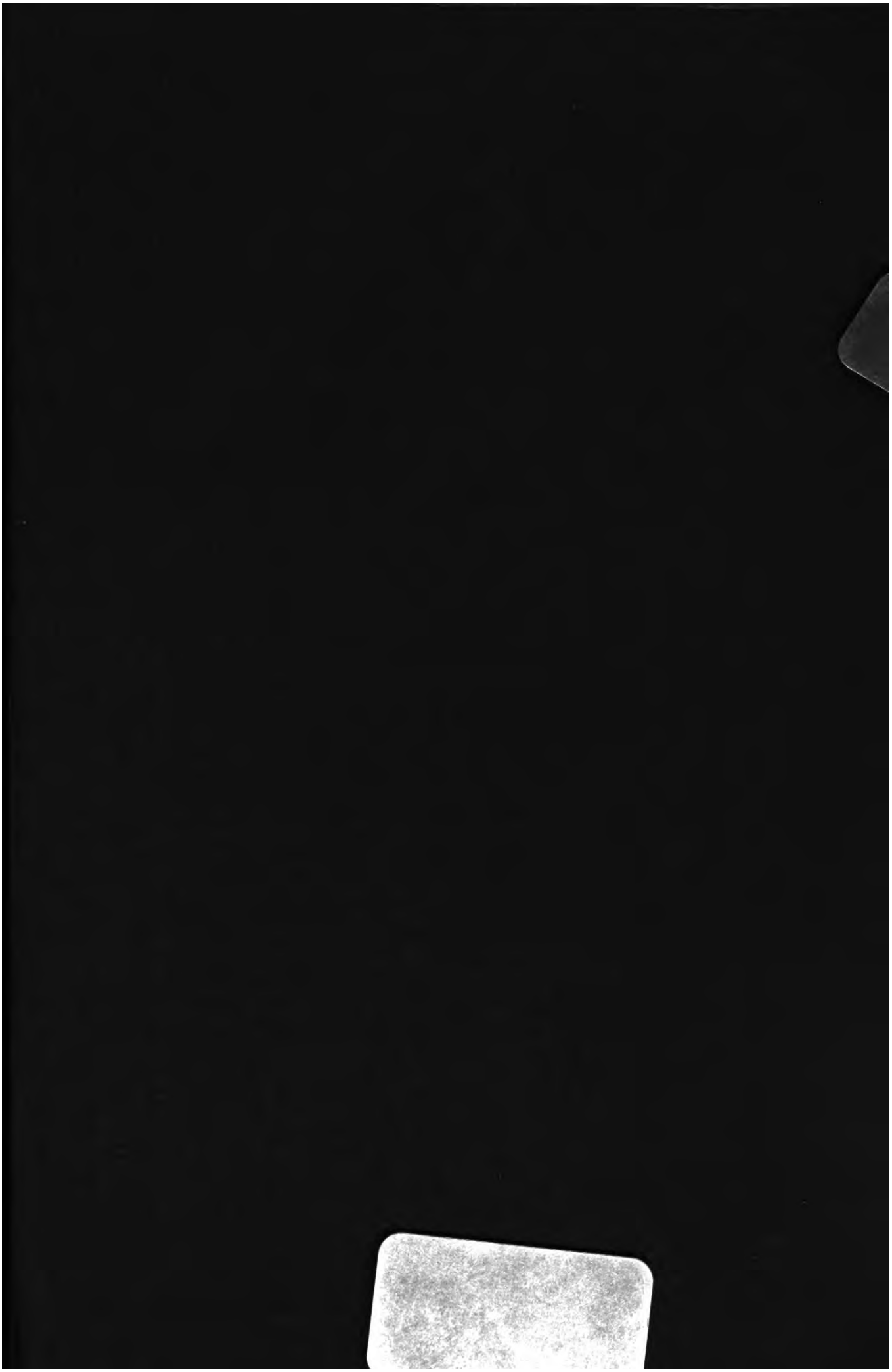
As the Netherlands are so fortunate as to have a literature and a language of her own, of which possession she glorifies herself, let her encourage literature, let her grant honours and dignities to learned men, which will assure them of the consideration of which they are worthy.

As she possesses an autochthonic art, let her glorify it. Let her honour her artists, and persuade herself that the glory which they can acquire will reflect glory on the whole country.

As she possesses politicians of the highest order, let her glorify them, and make to cease the jealousies of party; let her enter energetically upon the liberal courses which she followed in the time of her glory; let her not slumber; let every man who lives on her soil be in a position to aid her with his blood; let every man know how to handle a book as well as a sword; let her not sleep on the glory of her forefathers; let her not believe that the glory of the father is sufficient for the child!

It is necessary to go forward with the times we live in.

It is absolutely necessary that all Europe should be compelled to turn its eyes on this little corner of the earth, created by the genius of man, and preserved by indefatigable perseverance, and which has been the cradle of such noble citizens. The world must be made to know that not only the love of liberty, good sense, and patriotism exist in this blessed land, but also talent, science, and genius.

It is necessary that the Dutch force the whole world to once more talk about their country—that they once more illuminate the world with her greatness, so that if, on some unfortunate day, the name of a great nation should be effaced from the map of Europe by another victorious people, that the world will not say, Was there still a Holland?

LONDON : PRINTED BY
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE
AND PARLIAMENT STREET