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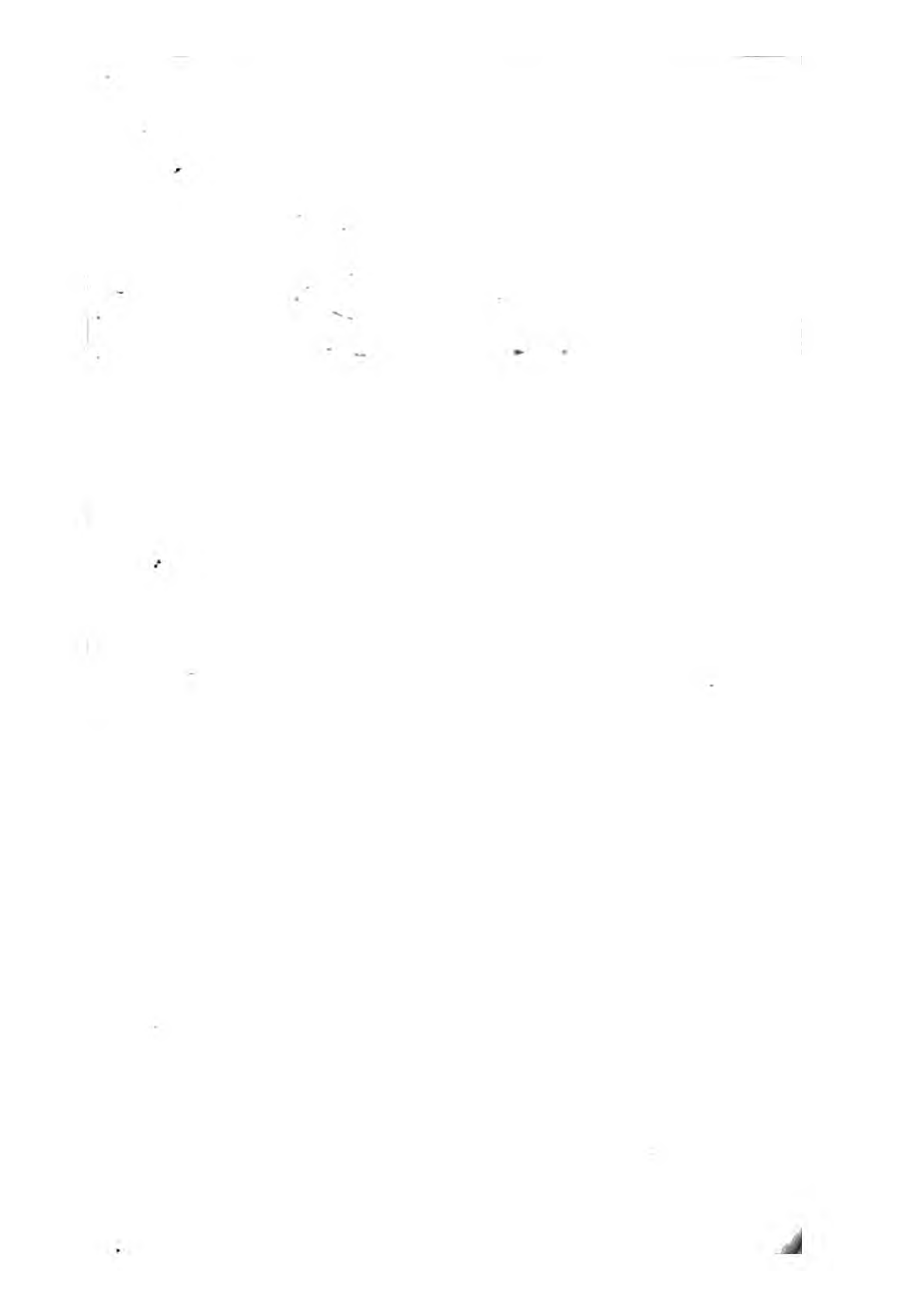
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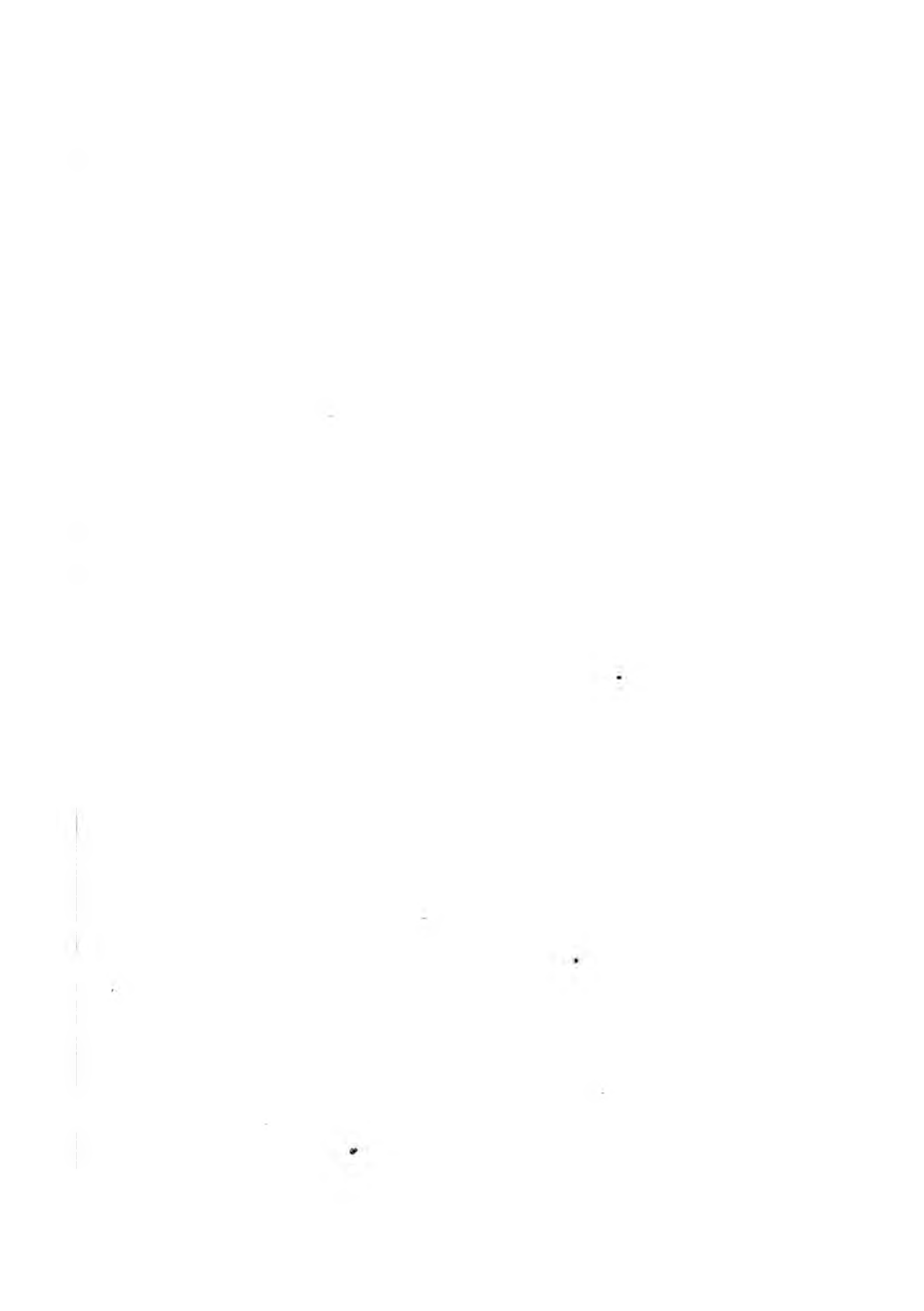
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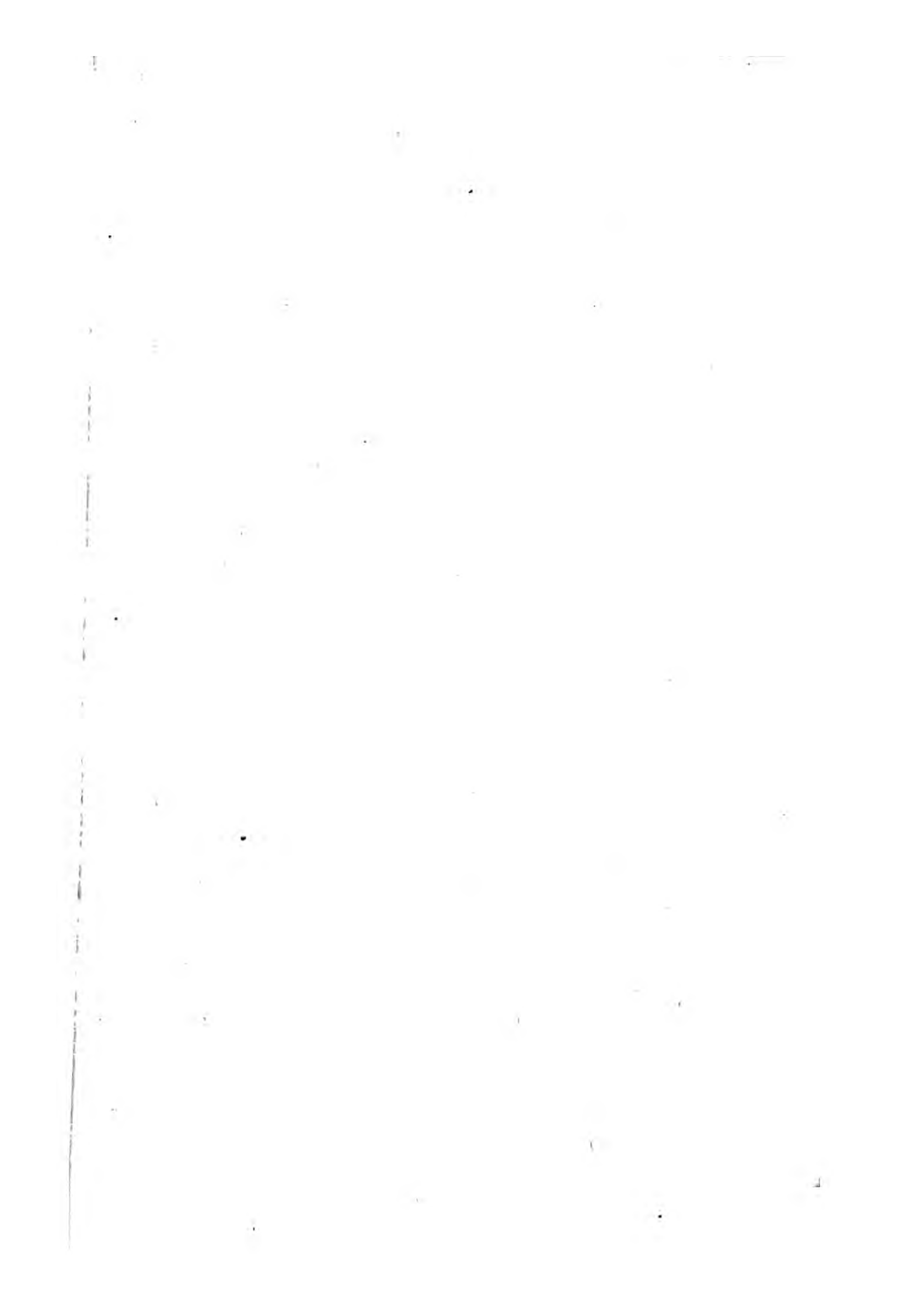












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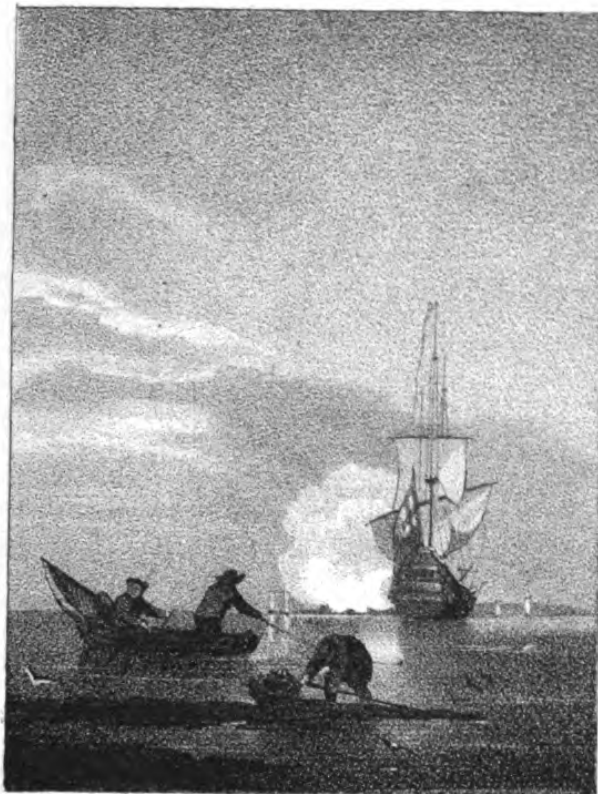
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TRAVELS  
OF  
MINNA AND GOREY  
IN  
Many Lands.



HOLLAND.

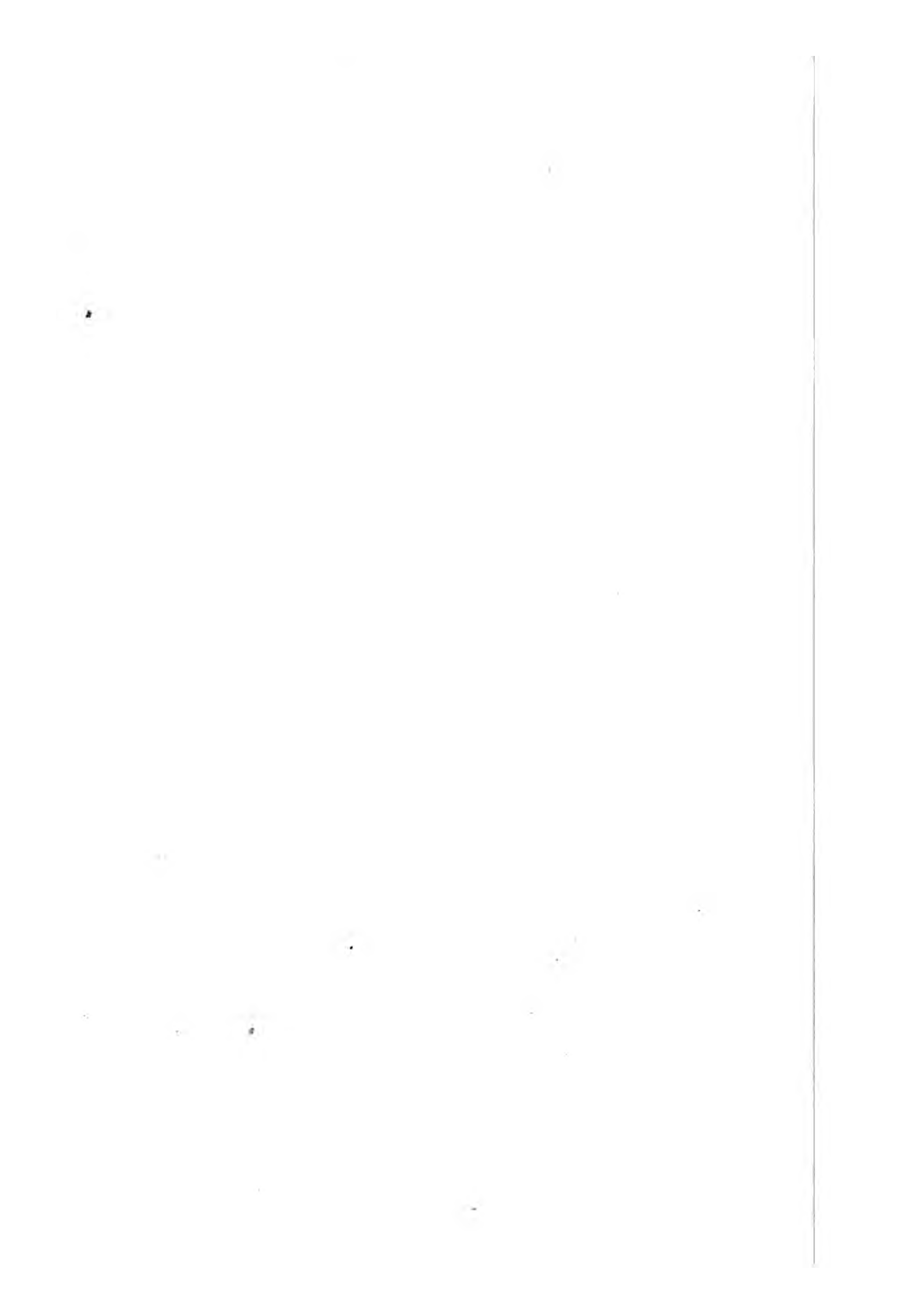
From the Journals of the Author



*W Van de Velde*

London,  
SMITH, ELDER & CO CORNHILL.  
1836.





**TRAVELS**  
OF  
**MINNA AND GODFREY**  
IN  
**MANY LANDS.**

FROM THE JOURNALS OF THE AUTHOR.

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**Holland.**  
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LONDON:  
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TRAVELS  
OF  
MINNA AND GODFREY.

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CHAPTER I.

THE VOYAGE.

ON the 22nd of June, 1834, Mr. Cavendish, a gentleman from one of the northern counties, his sister Ellen, and his two children, Minna, a lively girl of twelve, and Godfrey, a delicate and interesting boy of eight years old, left London for Rotterdam, in the *Batavier*, a Dutch steam-boat, well known in the river Thames.

Mr. Cavendish was a widower, Minna and Godfrey having lost their excellent and affectionate mother, after a long illness, in which she had set them an example of patient and cheerful submission to the will of her heavenly Father, which Minna, at least, was old enough



never to forget, and of which the remembrance might in some measure guide and govern her, in the absence of the watchful love of the mother, of whom death had deprived her.

Aunt Ellen loved them as though they were her own children, and perhaps felt yet more anxious about them than if they had been; and Aunt Ellen was very dear to Minna and Godfrey.

Health and instruction, amusement and knowledge, were their objects, and we will travel with them, and learn what Minna and Godfrey saw in the lands they went to.

When they reached the river, the steamer was on the point of starting; for the splinter-bar of their carriage had broken as they went from their hotel to the Tower-stairs, where they embarked. This occasioned some delay,—a few minutes more, and they would have been left behind.

“How glad I am, we were not quite too late!” said Minna, as she watched the wheels making their way through the white foaming water, and stood looking, half afraid, at the wherry, which a waterman who brought a solitary passenger, still later than themselves, seemed for a moment unable to manage in the disturbance caused by their rapid motion.

“The little boat is safe now,” she exclaimed, joyfully, as the steamer soon left it behind, and the waterman, resting his oars, sat looking after them.

“How large this ship is, Godfrey!” said she. Larger indeed it was, than any boat or vessel Minna had ever seen; either pleasure-boat or ferry-boat, or small sailing vessel, on the river which passed near her father’s house, or in a visit she had once made to a cousin at Ullswater.

“I wish it did not shake so much,” said Godfrey. Aunt Ellen took the little boy close to her, put her arm round him, and he soon forgot the tremulous motion of the vessel.

The steamer on this day, had more on board than it could well accommodate; and before the voyage was over, Aunt Ellen rejoiced that they had secured a small cabin, with four berths, a sofa, and a table. The little arrangements made by the numerous passengers to increase their comfort, the search for Mrs. Allen’s carpet bag, and Mrs. White’s basket, the shifting of seats to escape the smoke which some tried with every turn of the river, the crowd of shipping, the heavily laden coal-barges, London itself, with St. Paul’s dimly rising above the smoke of the great city—all were new to

our young northerns;—and the Tower, the Custom House—the huge piles of warehouses belonging to the London Docks, were passed by without observation; but when they were opposite the West India Docks, little Godfrey rose from his seat, and exclaimed,

“Look, Aunt Ellen! Is that a wood, without any leaves on the trees?”

“Something like one, indeed,” said Mr. Cavendish, who had been standing apart since they came into the boat, but now joined his sister; “but those trees left their native forests long ago, Godfrey. That is the West India Docks, and those trees are the masts of ships.”

“What is a dock?” said Minna.

“This dock,” said her father, “is an artificial bason of water, made to allow the ships to pass in, from the river, to receive and discharge their cargoes, without being in the way of other ships; and for the purpose of being more conveniently repaired.

“When docks are full of water only at high tide, or the water can be let in or out at pleasure, they are called dry docks—because the ships are aground when the water is out.

“Besides those large gates which you see, there are others within them, which are shut after a vessel has passed out through them,

from the dock into a smaller basin called a lock, just large enough for a ship to float in—before those outer ones which we see before us are opened, so that as little water as possible escapes from the dock.

“There are several of these convenient docks on the river Thames; four principal ones. This, the West India Dock, was the first built; and very shortly after it, the London, and the East India Docks—St. Catherine’s is near the Tower, where we embarked, and new within a few years. A church, and a whole parish, were pulled down to make room for them. The West India Dock was commenced in 1799.”

Godfrey did not attend very closely to the history of the docks, for he was puzzling himself about a new object of wonder.

“Indeed they do,” said he, at length, aloud.

“They do what?” said Minna.

“Why those ships are sailing on the dry land. Look! they are going across each other.”

Minna understood this, and explained to Godfrey, that it was the winding of the river which made him think so.

“Is not that Greenwich Hospital?” said Minna. “It is very like my picture of it.”

“Yes it is,” replied Aunt Ellen; “and you may see there some of the comfortable looking

old pensioners in their blue coats, sitting in the sun. It was a palace; and is now devoted, you know, to receive and shelter the brave sailors, in their old age, who have fought for us in their youth."

"Foreigners, who have served a certain time in our navy, are also admitted," said Mr. Cavendish. "The widows of sailors are the only nurses allowed in the hospital; and the pensioners, who are between two and three thousand in number, are provided with every thing necessary for them, and a little pocket-money besides.

"It is applied to a good purpose," continued Mr. Cavendish; "but of what various character have been the scenes which have passed upon that spot!

"Tournaments, and old English revels, have been held there; and in the palace of Greenwich was the first masquerade ever seen in England, in the year 1573.

"Edward the Sixth died here; Mary and Elizabeth were born here; and splendid was the pageant at the christening of the daughter of Anna Boleyn in the old palace.

"This building, as it now stands, was erected by Charles the Second, who found the old palace in ruins at his restoration. It was converted into a hospital for seamen in the reign



of William and Mary; and Sir Christopher Wren made the necessary alterations. He gave his time and talents to this good work, without any reward."

The Observatory was pointed out to the children, as the residence of the Astronomer Royal; and they were told how full the park was of the citizens of London on Easter Monday. Mr. Cavendish directed their attention to a ball at the top of the dome, with a rod extending above it. This ball is raised to the top of the rod, a quarter before twelve each day; it drops precisely at mid-day to its usual place. By this, ships regulate their chronometers. The accuracy of these chronometers is of the greatest importance, as all their calculations for longitude are made by the English from the meridian of Greenwich, which Minna and Godfrey knew to be an imaginary line drawn through this spot to the north and south poles.

The large Hospital Ship, and School for Seamen, moored off Woolwich, amazed Godfrey, who found there were ships much larger than the *Batavier*, and his delight was great at the "ships under houses," as he said, on the river side.

"Here are built our frigates, and ships of war," said Mr. Cavendish; and he pointed out



and explained the different decks and port-holes.

“ Here is also the Royal Arsenal, or great storehouse for arms and artillery. In peace, about a thousand men are employed here; in war, between four and five thousand.”

Godfrey could not tell why there should be any war; and thought it a great pity that men would not go to sea for amusement or trade only, instead of boring holes in their ships' sides to fire at, and destroy each other.

“ The day may perhaps come,” said Aunt Ellen, “ when children like you, dear Godfrey, will look at pictures of fights at sea, and battles on land, as monstrous inventions of a barbarous age; but it will not be in our time.”

As Mr. Cavendish surveyed the glorious forests of masts they had passed through, his heart swelled for his country.

“ I do not wonder,” said he, “ at the remark once made to me by a young foreigner, as we came up the river in a steamer from Ostend. ‘ Why do you English go so much from home? Does the whole world offer such a sight as this?’ ”

## CHAPTER II.

## THE FLOWER MARKET.

By some accident the steamer got aground in the river, and the next morning found our party still on the coast of Essex.

It was evening when they arrived off the Briel. The delay in the river made them too late for the tide. They could not go up to Rotterdam in the Batavier. All was calm and still around them; the sun set in golden clouds. The stars came out clear and bright above, and the low flat coast of Holland lay as if asleep before them.

It was well it was so calm a night; for the boat was again aground on the sand bank; and the heavy thump she gave, as the waters came and went against her, made the passengers feel it would have been a dangerous situation in boisterous weather.

A custom-house boat came off to them; and the very portly officer,—portly, even for a

Hollander, made his requisitions with good humoured self-importance. Godfrey had always thought his papa very tall—but any one so tall and stout as Mynheer Vanhoof, he had never dreamt of.

The boat departed, the officer promising to send a small steamer to the aid of the large one. It arrived at midnight, and great was the bustle it occasioned.

The noise and confusion caused by displacing goods and removing the luggage; the shouts of the seamen, and the murmurings of those passengers who thought the *Batavier* ought to have gone up to the Boompjies, roused Minna and Godfrey from the sleep they had dropped into, when Aunt Ellen put Godfrey into his berth, and threw a cloak over Minna as she lay on the sofa at night-fall. The boat was the market-boat of Briel, and stopped there to take in its usual passengers;—it was five in the morning when they landed at Rotterdam—a thick fog had succeeded the bright clear evening, and thoroughly wet, lank, and dreary were the ladies' clothes and uncurled locks, as they stepped from the crowded boat on the Boompjies.

The hundred and thirty passengers brought by the *Batavier*, overfilled the adjoining hotels, and Aunt Ellen was glad and thankful, when

she had covered up Minna and Godfrey on some small mattresses laid over the baths in the garden of Hendrickson's bath hotel. They were soon asleep—too fast asleep to dream of the steam, or the fog, or even the fat Dutchman, whose immense size, and noisy good-humoured greatness had so much amused them.

It was the market-day for fruit and flowers at Rotterdam; and, as Mr. Cavendish went to have his passport looked at, and attend to other little cares of which his happy children knew nothing, and had no concern with, Aunt Ellen took them to see the market, when they left their novel little bed-rooms about noon.

As they were passing along the quay of the Scheermaker's Haven, Godfrey exclaimed, "What are those things, Aunt Ellen? are they for playing bat-trap and ball?"

She looked, and saw a barge loaded with wooden shoes; they were piled on the deck, and formed the whole of the cargo.

"They are wooden shoes, or sabots," said she, "and if you look about you, you will soon see some one wearing them in the street."

"They make noise enough," said Minna, as a little girl passed her with a pair on her stockingless feet.

"They are lighter and less uncomfortable

than you may suppose," continued Aunt Ellen, "and keep out the wet nicely. They are still more commonly worn in some parts of France."

Alongside this barge, was another filled with bright yellow ware, such as was, in former days, very commonly seen in the farmer's parlour in England.

"I believe it is from a town called Delft," said Aunt Ellen; "a place we shall pass through by-and-bye. It was one of the first in Europe which manufactured pottery."

They had to cross many of the canals, which run through nearly every street; and the chains suspended from the slight white wooden bridges, struck Minna. She had never seen bridges at all like them before; and Aunt Ellen told her they were drawbridges, and made to open in the middle, to allow boats, and barges, and ships, which were always passing up and down the canals, to go through.

"I thought drawbridges were always over the moats of old castles," said Minna; "I have read about many of them."

"They are not only for old castles," said Aunt Ellen, "as you see. They are used every where, wherever a bridge which could not be opened would stop the way. They are not all precisely alike in construction; and the bridges of the



old castles, my love, were much more ponderous and strong than these."

"How strangely all the women are dressed!" said Godfrey, as they entered the market. "They have no hair over their foreheads, and their caps are all alike; and they have all white bedgowns and stuff petticoats, like old Hannah the woodman's wife; and they all look clean and neat as she does when she sits down to darn old Peter's stockings in the afternoon."

"But old Hannah's petticoats are longer, and not of such gay colours," said Minna; "and I never saw her with blue stockings, nor in wooden shoes, nor with ear-rings in her ears. Only see what long ones that woman has who is talking so good-temperedly to the little boy!"

They were standing near a tall happy-looking Dutch woman, fit for a picture by Teniers. The ground beside her was piled with magnificent cabbages, cauliflowers, and all kinds of early vegetables; and large baskets stood near them full of strawberries, raspberries, cherries, and currants, white and red, of tempting beauty.

They passed on, through rows of stalls covered with beautiful flowers; roses, pinks, carnations, heliotropes, and some brilliant ranunculuses were joyfully pointed out by the children, as like those in their garden at home.



But there were many they did not know, and some which they had seen only rarely in a greenhouse. And Minna thought the flowers here were the finest and largest she had ever seen. She looked about for the gay tulip and sweet jonquil; for she had heard that the Dutch were very fond of bulbous roots; but they were rather too late for them; the hyacinths too were all gone by.

They were admiring a beautiful Cape Jessamine, which scented the air around it, when Minna's attention was called off by seeing two women approach to speak to the owner of the stall, who had what seemed to be gold half caps, closely fitting round the back part of the head, and projecting in thin plates on their cheeks, and ending on the forehead above the eyes in a spiral curl.

"They are Friezlanders, or North Hollanders, young lady," said a young Dutchman, respectfully, and in excellent English. "These head-ornaments are part of their country's ancient dress, and they are mostly of real gold and silver, and of considerable value, and pass from mother to daughter and grand-daughter. The Dutch have suffered much from war, and have always been fond of jewels, and gold and silver ornaments, which can be easily hidden away or

carried about us, if obliged to fly from our homes.

“Besides,” said he, with a slight smile; “we are a sober-minded and staid people, and do not easily change the habits or depart from the customs of our ancestors.”

“You learn another language than your own well at least,” said Aunt Ellen to the courteous stranger, whose pure English, with its almost entire freedom from accent, surprised her.

“English is much learnt among us,” said he. “Long friendship with England, and our great trade with her, led to this. I have passed some years in a merchant’s counting-house in London; but my sisters and brothers speak nearly as well as I do, and there are few of my young companions who do not read your books and speak your language.”

Minna, and Godfrey too, had learnt a little French. Minna, indeed, considered it more than a little, for she could read ‘*L’Ami des Enfants*,’ and ‘*Les Veillées du Château* ;’ and Aunt Ellen had promised that she should learn German and Italian, before long, and she hoped to be able to read such pretty stories as Aunt Ellen translated for her, some day—but, that she should ever speak any language but her own English, as this young Dutchman did, seemed to her impossible—and perhaps Minna

never may, for English people do not often speak German, or Italian, or even French, so well as this young Dutchman spoke English.

They returned to their hotel, and found their father and their dinner waiting for them.

The height, and curious steep projecting roofs of the houses, with their gable ends facing the streets, had struck them as they walked along, and they were still more surprised at the loftiness of the rooms in which their dinner was laid, and with the naked beams above their heads; for the room was not ceiled; and so they heard the tramp of the persons in the floor above them a great deal more plainly than they had ever done at Oakhill—and Minna and Godfrey thought wonders would never cease when they looked into the little closet-like places in their dining-room, which were to serve them for bed-rooms, at night.

“We never eat in our bed-rooms in England,” said Minna.

“Many lands, many ways,” said Aunt Ellen. “You will see stranger things than this.”

And the dinner was good, and the children were hungry:—they were tired; and their beds were comfortable; and the sheets were clean and dry; and their sleep was sound; and the dinner and the sleep refreshed them; and what mattered it to Minna and Godfrey, that they found both in the same room?

## CHAPTER III.

ERASMUS—DELFT—ADMIRAL TROMP.

NEXT day they rose early; and after breakfast walked with their father and Aunt Ellen beyond the fine trees on the further end of the Boompjies. They passed along the Oude Haven, by the Exchange, and through several streets; and in nearly all of them was the canal bordered with trees, mostly limes, and lined on both sides with good high houses and shops. Godfrey said he had never seen such a river, it was so still and quiet.

Mr. Cavendish told them the difference between the canal, made by man's hand, and the free gushing river which bursts out of the rock, and flows at its own glad will, diffusing health and blessing around.

He told them that Rotterdam, that Holland generally, was swampy, marshy land, some parts of it being even lower than the sea. Without the canals, and ditches, and windmills, which served to drain the land, corn would not

grow there, man could not live there: without dykes and dams the sea would overwhelm it; and this happy prosperous country, with its industrious, domestic people, its universities, museums, and fair flower gardens, would be covered with water and sand,—would be again the swampy morass, from which the skill and labour of man had reclaimed it.

“Holland,” said Mr. Cavendish, “has neither mountains, mines, nor forests. The Dutch have deserved the thanks of mankind for the example they have shown of what may be done, when skill and determination are united. They were at one time the chief traders in Europe; and though their commercial superiority has found a rival, they have never forfeited the high character they obtained for probity and punctuality.”

Minna could understand much of what Mr. Cavendish said; and what she did not, Aunt Ellen would explain to her when they got home.

Godfrey was busily watching some high narrow wagons full of people,—the fruits and vegetables piled on the quay, and wondering at the bright shining copper vessels, very unlike any he had ever seen at home; and as he was looking at one, which Aunt Ellen said was to bathe children in, he thought the Dutch chil-



dren would like his tub, painted so nicely white inside, better than this cold hard shining copper bath; it made him shiver to look at it! They wandered on till they came to the great square or market, in which, on a bridge across the canal, there is a statue of bronze to the memory of Erasmus, who was born here; the square is now called Erasmus Platz.

“This is the only statue in Rotterdam, to the best of my belief,” said Mr. Cavendish, “and the Dutch may well honour the memory of Erasmus. Like Luther, he became a monk in early life, but obtained permission to leave his monastery at Stein, in Thurgau. He travelled, and taught in France, England, and Italy, and would probably have remained at Rome, had not Henry VIII. recalled him to England. He lived in intimacy and favour with the King and Cardinal Wolsey, and abode some time in the same house with Sir Thomas More. His latter years were spent at Basle, in Switzerland, in the society of friends who loved and valued him. He published the New Testament there in Greek and Latin, and died in 1530, aged 69;—he was buried in the Cathedral with much solemnity, and his tomb may be seen there now. Though he never joined the Reformers, he helped their cause, by connecting learning with reason and common sense. An inscription on the walls points out the house in

this town in which he was born ; but I have not seen it.”

Minna had read of Erasmus ; she was glad therefore to see this statue ; and Godfrey determined that if they passed through Basle, he would go and visit his tomb.

Mr. Cavendish had arranged to proceed to the Hague this day ; and the carriage was ordered at eleven. He had once thought of sending it by steam in charge of his servant, as far as Cologne, and making his little tour through Holland in the conveyances of the country, the canal boats or treckschuyts ; but he had been advised against this by a friend, because the dykes on each side are so high, that little can be seen from the canal ; and the boats go on so slowly, that they would be on the water longer and later than would be good for Godfrey.

Minna and Godfrey had little choice about it. They would have liked very well, they thought, to have seen the fruits and flowers a little more nearly, which looked so tempting as they passed the slow calm-looking boats ; and they had some curiosity to know whether the round-faced children, with their tight white caps, and the clean women, and the men whose pipes seemed to be put into their mouths when they left their beds, could speak English like the young Dutchman in the flower-market : but they were always well

pleased to be in the comfortable britschka, and Aunt Ellen had many a tale to amuse a dull day with. The great boots into which the postilion put his leg, shoe and all, Godfrey said, he thought must have been made after the pattern of the famous seven-league boots, which he fancied must be large and wide in proportion to the wonders they did; and at any rate he was sure the postilion could carry his pipes there, or even one of his little boys, if he was very little! He thought it nearly big enough for little cousin Henry.

“Dear Henry!” said Aunt Ellen, “how he will be grown before we see him again!”

Their road went for some distance on the raised bank of the canal, with long rows of trees, chiefly poplars and willows, on each side of them. They passed many boats full of people, looking as calm and quiet as the canal beneath them. Godfrey was particularly astonished at the number of windmills; and that they were thatched on the sides like the thatch on the roof of old Peter's cottage, was very strange; and Mr. Cavendish could not tell him the reason of it.

“Windmills seem to do almost as much work here as the steam engines in England,” said Aunt Ellen. “They enliven this pretty, but very un-english landscape, exceedingly; and the bright red and green painting of the houses, their



verandahs and blinds, the formal but gay and brilliant flower gardens, the Chinese-looking summer houses, which seem placed as though they were to catch all the dust of the roads, or inhale the vapours of the stagnant pool, or sleepy canal; the very trees, trimmed as they are in many gardens into peacocks, boars, and all strange and ugly things, seem in place in this trim and neat and artificial country." The exclamations of Minna and Godfrey, who had never seen trees but in all the freedom and beauty of nature, as they made out what the grotesque green animal was intended for, were loud and frequent.

"Such trees were often to be seen in England," said Mr. Cavendish, "when I was your age, Minna, and they may still be found in the garden of the old hall, or the venerable rectory."

About four miles before they reached the Hague they passed through Delft, one of the prettiest towns in Holland. The houses are of red brick; high roofs, with the picturesque gable end so general in Dutch building; straight canals bordered with lime trees, at that time full of blossom, ran through the middle of the streets. The fronts of many houses are paved with black and white marble; the bridges have steps on each side of them, also of red brick; of red brick too, are the churches. It was pretty, if not in

good taste; and Minna thought all looked so neat and clean, all so bright and fresh painted, that the people must be very happy in those high strange houses!

“There is something very Chinese about it all,” said Aunt Ellen. “Those bridges with their outside steps, I have seen on a plate: and where was ever such a mode of fishing seen as that, but on a china teacup?” She pointed out a man who was fishing, with what appeared to be an open inverted umbrella, suspended from three or four slender rods, which met in one in his hand. Minna looked at them and at Godfrey, for they both remembered the china in grand-mamma’s drawing-room at the old Hall, which they always kept a respectful distance from; especially some tiny teacups and saucers of delicate pencilled china, about which we could tell a story if we would. They did not remain long here, but Mr. Cavendish pointed out to them the church in which is the monument of Admiral Tromp.

“I have heard a song about him,” said Godfrey.

“A song in derision of him, I dare say,” said Mr. Cavendish, “for putting a broom to the top-mast of his ship, as though he had driven the English from the Channel, when he forced Admiral Blake to retire, with a loss of five ships,

into the Thames. If he was vain, he was kind and generous too; for he sent a frigate to save the life of the Spanish Admiral he was fighting against, when his ship was sinking, and he must otherwise have perished."

"That was the Spanish Admiral Oquendo," said Minna. "I read Admiral Tromp's life not long ago. He went to sea when he was no older than you, Godfrey; at eight years old, in an East India ship. He was taken prisoner by an English pirate, with whom he remained two years; so he learned all the tricks and ways of the pirates. He was made prisoner also by the Turks, from whom he contrived to escape.

"Towards the latter part of his life, he and Admiral De Ruyter fought together against the English Admiral, Blake, with inferior success," said Mr. Cavendish, "and on the 8th of August, 1653, the English fleet, with ninety-four ships, and the Dutch, with one hundred and twenty, had a desperate conflict. The first day was indecisive; the second, Tromp pierced the English line, which was his usual plan. He was surrounded by the English; his own squadron could not or at least did not, help him; he fought with desperate valour, and was struck by a musket ball on deck. 'Take courage, my lads,' said he, 'I have run my course with honour!'"

“ His second son, Cornelius, was also a distinguished sailor. After peace was made with England, he visited London, and was created a baronet by Charles the Second. He died at Amsterdam, and is interred with his father in the magnificent tomb in the church I pointed out to you.”

They quitted the town through a high-arched gateway, with iron gates, and were again on a raised bank above the canal: but the trees were no longer poplars or limes, but elms. The Town Hall in Delft is a handsome building, and the Arsenal was formerly the best furnished in Holland. The noble tomb of William the First of Orange, the founder of the Batavian Republic, who was assassinated in 1584, is in its principal church. Delft owes its origin to Godfrey, called the Hunchback, duke of Lower Lorraine, who built a castle here in 1072. It is chiefly known to the rest of the world from its pottery, formerly of great importance; made of baked earth, covered with a white enamel or glazing, which gives it the appearance of porcelain. The town is about two miles in circumference, and is protected from inundation by three dams or dykes.

They soon saw the Hague before them, on some gently rising and well wooded ground. The southern suburb is not at all striking; but

the town improved as they went on, and they passed through many squares with shady walks and straight avenues. In one of the squares, the Vyverburg, there was a fine piece of water, with an island in the middle of it; and Minna pointed it out, with its untrimmed trees, allowed to fall their own graceful way, even down into the water. They drove to the Hotel de Belle Vue, pleasantly situated on the skirts of the park. They were shown into a very different room from that they dined in yesterday; —the top was ceiled over; the chairs and sofa were covered with blue damask; French commodes, and chiffonières were against the walls.

“It is very pretty,” said Aunt Ellen; “but not so characteristic as our old room yesterday. —It might be seen in London, or Paris, or any where.”

“After all,” said Minna, “I like better not to dine in my bed-room.”



## CHAPTER IV.

## THE HAGUE—MUSEUM.

THE next morning, Mr. Cavendish and Aunt Ellen had letters to write to England; and Minna heard Godfrey read, and had a little conversation with him over a map of Holland. She pointed out Briel, the birth-place of his favourite Admiral Tromp, and the first place they had seen in Holland. Godfrey discovered that they had come in a north-west line from Rotterdam to the Hague. His little lesson over, he amused himself with watching the deer in the park, which he overlooked from the window.

“The trees are in straight lines in the park, too,” said Minna.

Miss Cavendish said, it reminded her of Bushy Park and Hampton.

Minna had never been there, and therefore could not dispute the resemblance.

About noon they went out to the Museum, in which there are some good pictures, mostly

by native masters. Paul Potter's master-piece, the Young Bull, is here; and it is the pride of the collection.

"He excelled in cattle," said Mr. Cavendish. "He always studied out of doors; and as he has left but few pictures behind him, they are very valuable. He died at the age of 29, in this town. His etchings from his own drawings are much prized."

"Look at that boy, Minna," said Godfrey. "He blows bubbles capitably! but when I blow them I like to be out of doors, that I may run after them."

"It is a boy blowing soap-bubbles out of a window, by the elder Mieris, and true to the life. He and his son, the painter of the next picture, the 'Marchand d'Epicerie,' were both natives of Leyden."

Minna, who could draw a little, staid long before some exquisite flowers, by Van Os; and Aunt Ellen was particularly delighted with the beauty of some landscapes and sea-views, by Van de Velde.

"There are three artists of that name," said Mr. Cavendish. "Adrian Van de Velde, the landscape-painter, showed his talent very early, and, while yet a boy, covered the walls of his father's house with sketches of animals. Wynants led him to study nature in the open air.

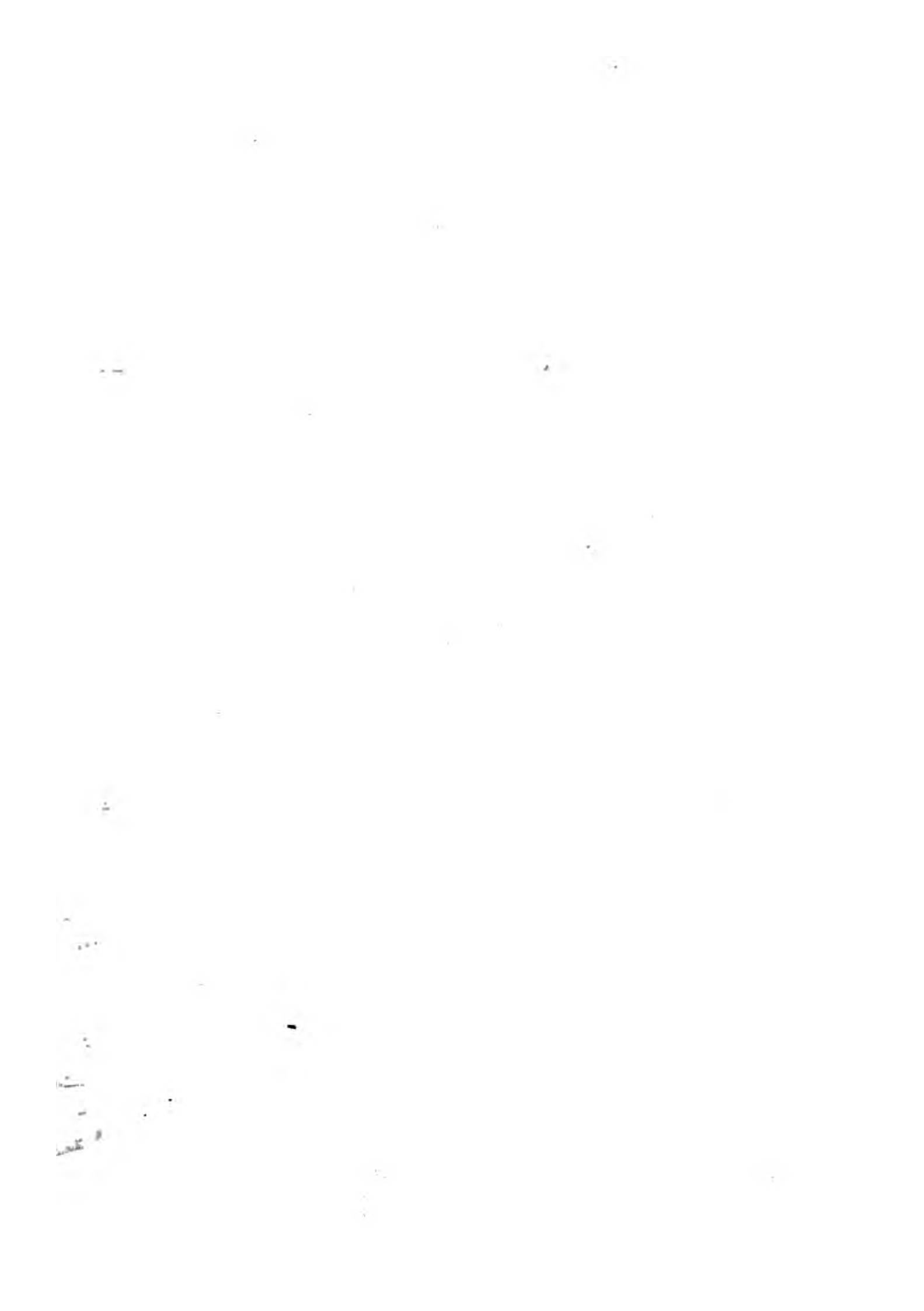
His scenes have seldom any thing striking in themselves ; but in purity of colour, and fulness of execution, they are not to be surpassed. I do not know whether he left many historical pictures behind him ; but there is one at Amsterdam, the altar-piece in the Catholic church. The subject is, the ‘ Descent from the Cross.’ He died at the early age of 33 ; but his pictures are numerous.

“ The sea-views of William Van de Velde, the younger, are frequently met with in England. His father persuaded him, when his reputation was established in Holland, to join him in our country. He had apartments assigned to him in the palace at Greenwich, with a salary of 100*l.* a-year. There is still extant an order of the privy-seal, by which it appears that he was employed at first in painting from his father’s sketches. His master-piece was, and I suppose still is, in the gallery of the Marquis of Stafford ;—it is a storm. He is the most tasteful of marine painters. His ships are accurately drawn, his sails, cordage and rigging are finished with great delicacy and freedom. He died at an advanced age, 74.”

“ I do not see any of the elder Van de Velde’s here,” continued Mr. Cavendish. “ His black and white sketches of marine subjects gained him considerable reputation before he was







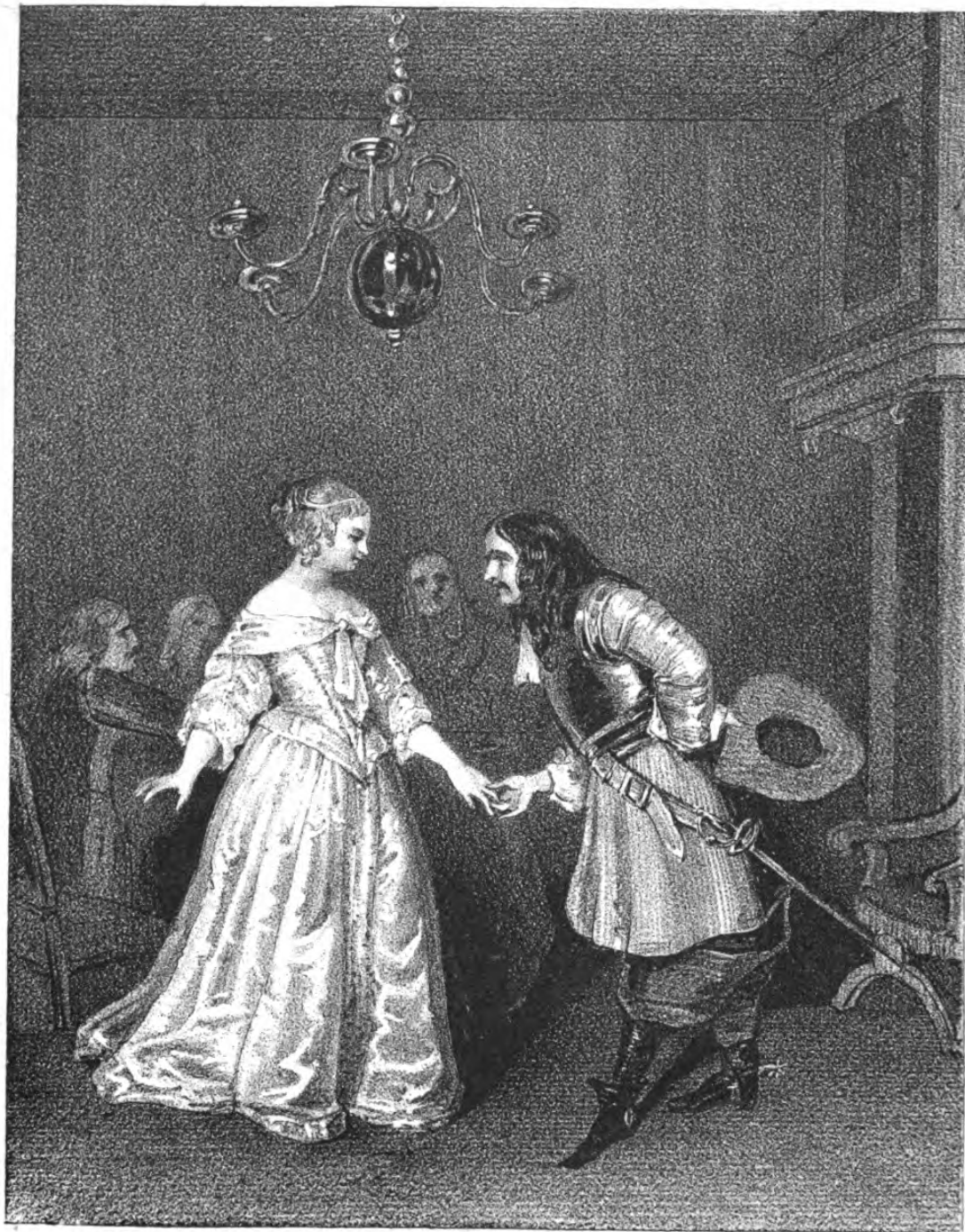
twenty, and while he yet remained a sailor. The States-general furnished him with a small vessel, in which he could follow the fleets, and watch their movements at his ease. He passed his latter years in England, a pensioner of Charles the Second, and his successor James; and was buried in London in 1693. His tomb-stone may be seen in St. James's church-yard. As an artist he is inferior to his son."

Miss Cavendish, who was fond of paintings, and drew very well herself, was glad to have this slight sketch of the masters whose works delighted her. And Minna thought the pictures more interesting, as she learnt something of the artists who painted them. She had been her aunt's pupil hitherto; but papa had promised that, when they got into Italy, she should have masters.

"Minna has some talent for drawing," said Miss Cavendish. "Even if she had not, I should be willing to try to give her a taste for it. It is an acquirement so delightful, so interesting, and, I believe, so valuable to a woman, whose time is likely to be a good deal at her own disposal! It gives accuracy to the eye—accustoms the mind to attention, order, and proportion. It is an interesting, yet not an exciting, pursuit—it is ever at hand, and requires no expensive nor burdensome appa-



THE RECEPTION.



TERBURG.

ratus. I owe much to my love of drawing. The beauties of nature are doubled to me, and I know of no employment, after those of active benevolence, or immediate usefulness, which I consider more valuable. It is a good friend to the sad and lonely."

Even Godfrey had learned to consider those winter evenings as among the most pleasant, when, with a pencil for ever wanting cutting, he made horses and cows, as beautiful in his own eyes, as Paul Potter's or Landseer's.

There was a picture by Terburg, which particularly fixed Minna's attention. It was an officer, reading a letter just brought by a young trumpeter, and a lady listening to it.

"The satin gown is so beautiful and glossy," said she, "I long to stroke it."

"He has a great reputation for painting satin," said Aunt Ellen, "and there are a great many portraits by him. Look at those two inimitable small pictures."

"They must be Gerard Dow's," said Mr. Cavendish. One was a woman sitting before an open window, with an infant in a cradle; the other, a woman at a window, with a lamp in her hand.

"You are right," said she. "They are not to be mistaken. Gerard Dow became a pupil of Rembrandt's, at the age of 15, and remained



with him three years : and well did he profit by his great master's lessons.

“In painting portraits, he used a concave mirror; and sometimes looked at his objects through a frame, with many squares of fine silk drawn across it; in this way, he obtained astonishing accuracy, but frequently wearied out his sitters.

“Some one was one day admiring the elaborate finish of a broom. ‘That broom,’ said he, ‘will occupy me three days yet.’ He once worked five days at the hands of a lady seated in an arm-chair ! She was the wife of his patron Mr. Spiering, who, it is said, allowed him 1000 guilders (about 80 guineas) a-year, for the first choice of his paintings, over and above the value of the picture. He was born in Leyden, in 1613.”

“Leyden has produced many distinguished men,” said Mr. Cavendish.

The Flight into Egypt, and a portrait by Van der Werff were the last the party looked at.

“Is not the purer style of his figures, when compared with those of his contemporaries, supposed to be due to Italy ?” said Miss Cavendish.

“I do not think he was ever there,” replied Mr. Cavendish, “but his friend, M. Fluik, had a collection of Italian drawings, from which he is supposed to have derived much benefit. His heads are well drawn ; his drapery is excellent,

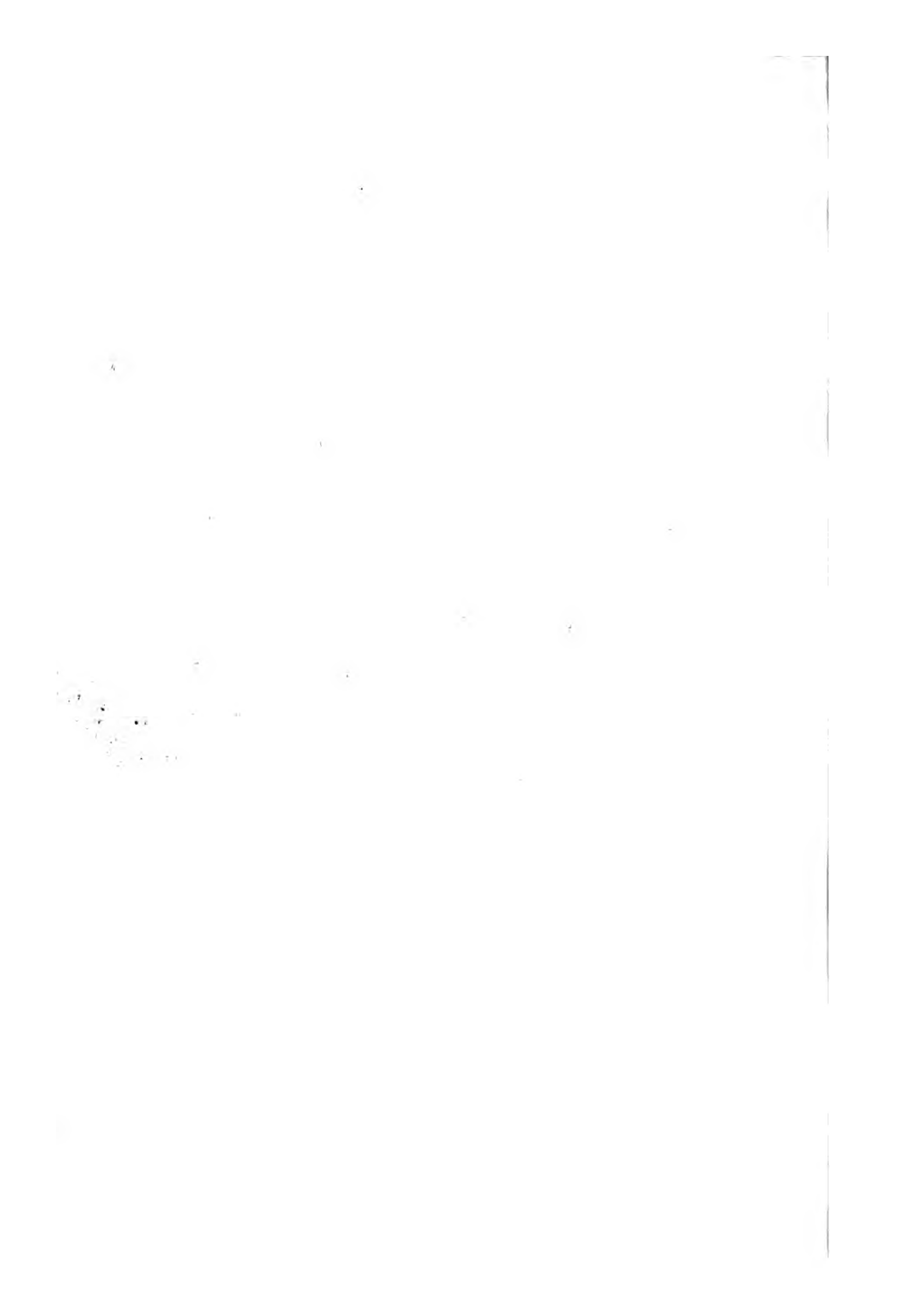


SELLING HERRINGS



GERARD DOW.

*Published by Smith, Elder & Co London.*



He was a native of Ambacht, near Amsterdam, and died at the age of 68."

Godfrey thought they had been among the pictures long enough; and they went down stairs into a suite of rooms, filled with a large collection of Chinese and Japanese curiosities, many of them royal and imperial presents, and very splendid. Godfrey was delighted with the gay strange things, the models of gardens, the high towers, with their bells all of porcelain, the Emperor with his Mandarins and Bonzes in their dresses of state, the green dragons, and miniature castles, and elephants. Minna thought their houses and gardens were very like many of the gaily painted summer-houses they had passed; and the early and great intercourse with the East, in consequence of their colonies in Batavia and Japan, and the great trade the Dutch carried on in the productions of the East Indies, is likely to have influenced the taste of their opulent merchants.

Mr. Cavendish was much interested with the models of forts and other buildings of the Dutch settlements in India. The collection is large and various: there was amusement for all, and the time passed rapidly away.

As they returned to their hotel, Godfrey was tempted by some of the largest and finest raspberries he thought he had ever seen, at a stall

near the Belle Vue. He obtained permission to buy them. The good woman who had to sell them, and Godfrey too, would have found it convenient if she could have spoken much worse English than their friend in the flower market. They soon understood each other, however; and as she closed the large leaf which held them over the raspberries, that he might carry them, he offered her a sixpence in exchange. Here a new difficulty arose. She took it in her hand, looked at it, then laid it down and shook her head. "Sixpences and shillings will not do for you now, Godfrey," said Mr. Cavendish; "you must have cents and guilders."

He paid a few copper pieces for the fruit, and the happy boy carried them to the Hotel.

## CHAPTER V.

## WILLIAM OF NASSAU—THE DUNES.

“I SHOULD like to keep a journal too, if I could,” said Minna, as she saw Aunt Ellen making a few notes in the evening, after Godfrey had gone to bed, of what they had seen in the day.

“Why should you not?” said Miss Cavendish; “you will find it very pleasant to refer to afterwards, and remember much better what you have seen.”

“But is it not very difficult?” said Minna.

“I do not find it so, nor can I imagine why you should; it is but to write down what you remember, in your own words, and for your own use. I will help you when you are at fault, if I can; and any thing you may like to read to me, I shall be glad to hear: but I shall never require to see it.”

Minna determined to try; and Aunt Ellen gave her a little book like her own.

The next morning, they visited the palace, which is very simple in its furniture and decorations. "I thought a palace had been a much finer place," said Godfrey, whose ideas of palaces and kings' dwelling places were mostly from fairy land.

"Many are, I might say most are," said Mr. Cavendish; "but this suits well the unostentatious character of the nation, and of the prince who rules it. It is splendid enough for happiness and comfort, Godfrey."

Miss Cavendish looked with interest at some paintings, by the Queen.

They then drove to the palace in the wood, 't *Huis in den Bosch*, about a mile and a half from the town. Here was splendour enough for Godfrey in the large saloon, called the *Oranjezaal*, painted by Rubens and his pupils. The lofty domed ceiling, and octangular walls, are covered with gilding and the most brilliant colouring. "This is a palace," cried he, clapping his hands.

"It is indeed a gorgeous room," said Mr. Cavendish: "though artists find much fault with the paintings, in point of drawing and composition, the effect is splendid, and splendid were the deeds they commemorate. This room was painted in honour of Prince Frederick Henry, the second son of the great William, and



his successor, after the death of Maurice, his elder brother. The war still continued against the power and domination of Spain, which Philip the Second vainly thought to put an end to, by the assassination of the Prince of Orange."

"Did the king of Spain murder him, Papa?" said Godfrey.

"Not by his own hand," replied Mr. Cavendish; "but by his promises and money. Finding that he could not win him by flattery, nor conquer him in the open field, he issued an edict of proscription, in which, to exasperate the ignorant and the fanatic against him, he accused him of profaning the churches, and murdering the priests,—of hypocrisy, perjury and tyranny, and of having introduced freedom of religious belief among his countrymen. For these reasons, among others, he declared him a proscribed and public pest,—and furthermore, "for the recompence of virtue, and the punishment of crime," promised the sum of twenty-five thousand golden crowns in land or money, with a title of nobility, to any one who should deliver William of Orange into his power, alive or dead."

The answer, termed an "*Apology*," which William published to this atrocious edict, is one of the greatest and noblest records of history. Not quite two years after this proscription was



published, a grand dinner was given at Antwerp, in honour of the birthday of the Duke of Anjou, then on his return from England. As William was quitting the dining room, a young man stepped forward and presented a petition: William received it courteously, and while he was reading it, the assassin discharged a pistol at his head. The ball passed under his left ear, and came out at the right cheek. He tottered, and fell. His assassin, perceiving he was not dead, attempted to stab himself, but was put to death by the guards. His name was Jauregui; he was clerk to a Spanish merchant of the name of Anastro, living in Antwerp, who had given him a promise, which was found on him, signed by Philip, of twenty-eight thousand ducats, and other rewards, if he would assassinate the Prince of Orange. The bigotry and ignorance of Jauregui had been also worked upon by Antonio Timmermann, a Dominican monk, who had persuaded him that the death of the heretic would be well pleasing in the sight of God, and administered the sacrament to him before he set out on his wicked enterprise. Timmermann, and Venero the cashier of Anastro, who from fear had declined the deed himself, were executed, but Anastro made his escape. This was in the year 1582—and may be called the first fruits of the edict of Philip.

“The second was fatal. On the 10th of July, 1584, as William was again quitting his dining room after dinner, and about to proceed up stairs to his private apartments, a man, named Balthaser Gerard, discharged a pistol at him. Three balls entered his side. He fell into the arms of an attendant, saying in a faint voice — ‘*Dieu, mon Dieu ! ayez pitié de moi et de ce pauvre peuple,*’ (my God have mercy on me, and on this poor nation !) He was carried back into the dining room, and immediately expired.”

“Did you not say this was at Delft, papa ?” said Godfrey, who had listened with eager attention. “Yes, dear boy,” replied Mr. Cavendish ; “he had gone there for the ceremony of his inauguration as Head of the United Provinces, which he had rendered free, and which gratefully called him to be their ruler. But he was taken thus suddenly from an earthly to a heavenly throne. The house is still to be seen in Delft, where this atrocious murder was perpetrated. The narrow space between the foot of the old staircase and the door of the dining-room is barely sufficient to allow the murderer room enough to extend his arm with the pistol in his hand. I saw the pistol in the museum yesterday, with two of the fatal bullets, and the clothes the great and good William wore at the time. The simple leathern doublet, pierced by the balls, and burnt

by the powder, lies with the other parts of the dress."

"Was there not another attempt made to assassinate him," said Aunt Ellen, "earlier than these?"

"Yes," said Mr. Cavendish, "as early as the year 1572, when the camp was at Mechlin. He was then saved by a faithful dog. When the Spaniards, in the darkness of night, had approached very near his tent, he jumped on the bed, and awakened his master by barking, and tearing off the clothes with his teeth and feet. This faithful animal pined to death, after the murder, from which he could not save him, and lies at his feet on the tomb erected to his memory in the church at Delft. An inscription on the monument records the faithful attachment of the dog."

"I wish we had seen his tomb," said Godfrey.

They passed thoughtful and silent into the Chinese saloon; every thing in it is from China, and of most exquisite and elaborate workmanship.

"I never saw such tapestry as this, if indeed it should not rather be called embroidery," said Miss Cavendish. "Such birds and insects, surely, never lived in worsted and silk before."

"Then all tapestry does not come from the Gobelins?" said Minna.

“Oh no,” replied Aunt Ellen; “tapestry is very ancient, and is said to have been introduced into Europe from the East, in the time of the Crusades. In the days of Solomon it was among the merits of a frugal and virtuous wife—‘that she made coverings of tapestry,’ as we learn from the Proverbs.”

“We see very little tapestry in England,” said Minna.

“Nor will you see much of it any where now,” replied Aunt Ellen, “until you get into Catholic countries, where, on festival days, a good deal is suspended from the balconies of houses, and from the galleries and walls of churches. Some of the finest in the world is on the front of altars, and in the small chapels of monasteries and nunneries. How beautiful this is!” she continued, “the colours are as fresh as if it was hung here yesterday!”

“You must search for the secret of this among the wisdom of the East, I imagine,” said Mr. Cavendish.

They looked into the garden from the windows, and then returned to their carriage, and drove towards Scheveningen, through the stately avenues of fine forest trees. The driver would have had them visit the house of the Poet, *Jacob Cats*, at Sorgvliet, assuring them they could still see there the stone table on which he



used to write, with a hole cut in it for his ink-stand. They knew nothing of the Dutch poet, beyond his name, and therefore declined the pilgrimage to his shrine.

“If it had been the table of Prince William,” said Godfrey, “I think we should have gone.”

They were soon among the Dunes, or ranges and hills of sand, after they left the wood.

Minna thought of the sandy deserts of Arabia she had read of; but they needed no camels to carry them on the firm hard road, which crosses this northern desert, and which they were driving over. These hills are of considerable height, and sedge and reed are kept growing on every ridge; firs are planted wherever they will live, and the dunes are sowed every year with seeds of plants suited to the sand, to retard their progress into the interior. The sea has committed great ravages at Scheveningen. The church, once in the middle of the village, is now close by the sea, the ocean having overwhelmed half the place in 1570. Catwyk too, once far inland, is now on the sea; and Petten, further north, has only been preserved by embankments.

The children had never seen such a world of sand. “How high are those sand hills, papa?” said Minna, “and is there such a place as this any where else?”

“They are forty or fifty feet high, generally;

SAND HILLS.



D. TENIERS.





some are much more," said Mr. Cavendish; "and dunes are not peculiar to Holland. They extend along a considerable line of coast here, and, as you see, travel in some places above a mile inland. They are thrown up on flat low coasts, when the bed of the sea is composed of sand; and where means cannot be found to obstruct their progress, they advance as surely and irresistibly upon the land, as the alluvial deposits do in the deltas of rivers, upon the sea."

"What do you mean by alluvial deposits, and what is a delta?" said Minna.

"I will explain to you upon the map of Holland, when we return," said Mr. Cavendish; "and you will see that this fair and rich country is a mass of alluvial deposits, and that this is the reason of its great fertility. These dunes we were speaking of, often push before them great pools of water, which have no means of running off through the large masses of sand. They overwhelm houses, and cultivated fields in their progress. Those in the Bay of Biscay have destroyed many villages mentioned in the records of the middle ages; and in the department of Landes, in the south of France, they threaten still to commit great ravages; a village called Mimigan, in particular, is in the greatest danger from a sand hill, sixty feet high, which is evidently advancing. They have long since

covered up every vestige of a fine Roman road between Bordeaux and Bayonne. In different parts of England, on the coast of Yorkshire, particularly at the mouth of the Tees, as at Redcar and Coatham, where I have myself traced their inroads for many years, and on the Norfolk and Suffolk coast, these dunes are to be found. The sands of the deserts of Libya have left no land capable of cultivation on the western bank of the Nile, not protected by mountains. Their encroachment on lands formerly cultivated is very evident. M. Denon informs us, in his account of Upper and Lower Egypt, that traces of the remains of cities buried under the sands, still appear above the surface, and that but for the protection of the mountains called the Libyan chain, which borders the left bank of the Nile, and forms a barrier against these sands, the shores of the river on that side would long have ceased to be inhabited."

"Will, then, all the land be covered with sand by and bye," said Minna, "and Holland and England be like the deserts of Egypt?"

"No, my dear," said Mr. Cavendish; "man has found the way, in most cases, sufficiently to arrest the progress of the sand floods, in the districts where they occur, (which are but limited) to remove all fear of such a calamity. Besides, if the coast is injured by the inroads of

the sea on one point, it perhaps gains land by its retreat on another. The sands themselves become converted into fertile land, and the sea is an agent in the work of production. Suppose a wall of heavy materials—portions of rock, masses of sea-weed, &c. to be thrown up by an extraordinary tide, and a high wind; subsequent tides widen the base of this high bank of shingles, and the spaces left between the masses of rock and stones, are filled up with sand blown from the beach. This plant,—the marram, or *arundo arenaria*, with its long creeping roots, grows abundantly in such places, and binds the sand into a hard compact mass; it creeps along the ridge, and forms a matted covering of turf. Meanwhile, another mound is forming beyond, which rises by the same process, and gives protection to the first. If the sea, some stormy day, forces its way through one of the outermost and incomplete mounds, the breach is soon and easily repaired. After a time, the marine plants, in the space enclosed by these embankments, are succeeded by other plants, affording good food for cattle; and the shifting sands have become sufficiently firm to support buildings. What is called the *set of the tides*, too, sometimes changes; and the sand hills thrown up at one time by one long, prevailing wind, become a safeguard against others.”

They passed some pleasant houses on their return, with wood and verdure around them—

“Looking as though they defied the sand hills,” said Minna.

They returned, delighted with their ride, and passed a band of music on its way to the wood, to enliven the evening promenade.

## CHAPTER VI.

## THE WEALTH OF THE WATERS.

THE next morning, Godfrey was very busy with his shells and sea-weed; and Miss Cavendish showed Minna how to spread some of a delicate pink-colour and very fine, over a sheet of writing paper, by letting it float in a basin of water, and passing the paper under it.

Mr. Cavendish was sitting beside the open window; but he was not thinking of the fawn in the park, nor of the fish-woman with her little dog-cart full of turbot and soles which she was bringing from Scheveningen, hoping for a customer at the Hotel,—and Minna and Godfrey too, always felt they must not trouble him with their questions when he looked as he did then.

After a while, he rose, and with his hands on the back of Godfrey's chair, stood watching their proceedings.



Minna, whose thoughts were among the sand-hills, looked up at him, and said, "Now, papa, will you explain to me what you meant, when you called Holland a Delta?"

Mr. Cavendish opened maps of Holland, Switzerland, and Germany, on the other side of the table, and putting his left arm round Minna as she stood beside him, traced for her with a pencil the different streams, which branch off from the Rhine; which are, in fact, its various mouths.

"Alluvial deposits," said he, "are collections of mud formed of minute portions of rock, of clay, of gravel, of every thing through which a river passes in its headlong course, or over which it glides in a peaceful current. These roll along with it until it reaches the sea. Here large beds are formed, by its mixture with the sand of the ocean, called *deltas*, from their resemblance, more or less, to the Greek letter  $\Delta$ , which you see is like a triangle; two sides being marked by the divisions of the river, the base by the sea. You will perceive then, that the Low Countries, and great part of Denmark, are little else than the mud banks formed by the mouths of the two great northern rivers, the Rhine and the Elbe; and that this mud must be composed of the various soils through which they flow. Trace back the Yssel, the Leek and the Waal, and you

will find, they are all lost in the Rhine a little south of Nimeguen; follow its course backwards through Germany and Switzerland, till you discover its source in the heights of Mount Gothard. The first contribution it levies there, in the melting of the mountain snows, is from the rocks of the Alps. See, how every stream of the Swiss valleys runs into it! The Aar pours in its mountain-tribute near Basle, the Mayn at Mentz, the Moselle at Cologne, besides a hundred minor streams which have reached it through various parts. It flows on in undivided greatness, until it reaches the flat low land at Schenken; here it is parted into two branches, the larger turning westward, is called the Waal, which is joined in its after-course by the Maas or Meuse; their united stream splits afterwards into many branches, some of which empty themselves into an internal sea here, among the islands of Zealand, called Holland's Diep; but the larger branch of these united waters continues its course to Dort. Here there is another division into the old Maas, and the true Maas; this last flows by Rotterdam, and rejoins the old Maas before it reaches the sea."

Minna saw clearly that all these rivers were but parts of the Rhine, and thought they should not have given so many new names to it. Returning to Schenken, she traced the course of

the northerly current to Arnheim, where it is again divided into two streams,—one taking a northerly course, and under the name of the Yssel, passing Zutphen and Deventer, and falling into the Zuyder Zee; the other is once more divided into the Kromme, and the Leek, which joins the Maas above Rotterdam.

“ At Utrecht,” continued Mr. Cavendish, “ the Kromme is again separated into two; the larger and more westerly current, retaining the name of Old Rhine, flows on by many divisions and subdivisions to Leyden, whence it is carried, by an artificial channel, or canal, to Catwyk. Some portion of it, however, branches off to the northward, and passes into the large lake called the Haarlem Meer. The branch we left at Utrecht, after supplying water to the numerous canals of Amsterdam, falls into the Zuyder Zee, under the name of the Amstel.

“ As Holland is our object of inquiry just now, we will not devote so much time to the Elbe, which falls into the sea at Hambro’; but you may trace it upwards by Dresden, Prague, &c. into the mountains of Bohemia. The smaller rivers, such as the Weser, the Ems, the Scheldt, and the Meuse, which aid in forming these great deltas, you can follow into the lower intervening ranges of hills. The decomposed fragments of these mountains and plains, and of their vegetable products unite, and form a soil peculiarly fitted

for cultivation, and which the inhabitants of these countries have known how to secure from the sea, and convert into solid land, and fertile pastures.”

“A delta, then,” said Minna, “is the mud brought by a river, and, together with the sand of the sea, formed at its mouth into solid land.”

“Exactly so,” said Mr. Cavendish. “To assist in securing and forming the soil, various means have been resorted to: dykes and embankments to keep out the sea; and canals, sluices, and windmills, to carry off the overflowings of the rivers, and drain the mud and the swampy morasses. The dykes in this country, so necessary to its preservation, have become a national object; they are maintained at the public expense, and any injury done to them has always been severely punished. The veriest child in Holland would resent as an injury, any suspicion that she had rooted up a sedge or rush which had been planted to strengthen the embankments. The sluices formed to let off the water from the land, very much resemble in construction the lock I described to you at the West India Docks, and are to be met with of various sizes in different parts of the country. I will describe those at Catwyk to you, which are, I suppose, among the largest in the kingdom. Here, the waters of the Rhine are let out into the sea, and those of



the sea shut from the land by enormous flood gates.

“The distance of Catwyk from Leyden is ten miles. For about the last five miles, nearest the sea, a broad and deep canal has been cut, receiving the branch of the river which we saw, and retains the name of Old Rhine : across this a triple set of double gates has been thrown, the first having two pair, the second four, and the last seven pair, with stone piers of strong masonry between them. Against these last gates, the tide of the sea rises twelve feet ; and, to meet the pressure, an equal depth is preserved in the great dam or lock within them. When the waters of the Rhine have accumulated behind the inner gates to a certain height, the whole of the gates are thrown open at low water. The rush completely scours the passage of sand which accumulates without, and which, before the use of these gates, constantly choked the channel of the Rhine ; and the water thus impeded in its course frequently inundated the surrounding country, and had more than once nearly overwhelmed Leyden. It has been calculated that these seven gates, when thrown open, are capable of discharging a volume of water not less than one hundred thousand cubic feet in a second of time. These great works were constructed by Conrad, a French en-

gineer, when Louis Bonaparte was king of Holland."

"A volume of water?" said Godfrey, who, still busy with his shells, gave some of his attention to what seemed so interesting to Minna. "What is a volume of water?"

"It means a body, or a quantity of water," said Mr. Cavendish. "You have a very small volume of water in your basin, Godfrey. It is a larger one which rushes over the rock at the waterfall, by the wood, at Oakhill."

"It is a term only properly applied, I think," said Miss Cavendish, "to a quantity of water which finds its passage impetuously, when it has been forcibly kept back."

"Like the waters of the Rhine at Catwyk?" said Minna.

"When the sea," continued Mr. Cavendish, "breaks through the embankments raised against it, the damage it occasions in this country, some portions of which are lower than its surface, is very great indeed. One of the most fearful of these was in 1421, when the tide, unusually high, poured in through the mouths of the Meuse and Waal, burst through a dam in the district called Bergseveld, and overflowed seventy-two villages, forming a large sheet of water called the Bies Bosch: You see it on the map, close by Holland's Diep. Thirty-



five of these villages were so completely destroyed, that not a trace even of their ruins has been seen. The rest were drained again, and the Bies Bosch itself, though still represented on our maps as water, has in fact been gradually filling up with alluvial deposits, and is now an immense plain, yielding abundant crops of hay, though still uninhabited. When we were at Scheveningen yesterday, you remember that we were told, that the church now close by the sea, was once far inland, which land the sea has now carried away.

Between the sea and the travelling sand-hills, Godfrey was sure the people could never feel safe in Holland. He should not like to live in it, he thought, at least unless they made the dykes stronger.

“How do they make the dykes, papa?” said Minna, whose attention had never flagged through the whole of the conversation.

“They are made,” said Mr. Cavendish, “in some instances, by driving piles into the shore, filling up the spaces with clay, and building on them an embankment of earth and clay, which they render firm by every means in their power, and then finish the base towards the sea with stone. The face of the dyke is protected by willow-twigs, or osiers interwoven, so as to form a sort of wicker-work, which is filled up with

kneaded clay. This is renewed very frequently. The dykes are often planted with trees, as their spreading and interlacing roots assist in binding the earth together. They are protected also by vast heaps of stones brought by their ships, and by rows of piles driven in to form breakwaters; these are covered with turf, and sometimes rise to the height of forty feet.

“I will tell you how they went to work on the coast of Denmark, long ago, among the islands of the Baltic, and on the coast of Sleswick.”

“Fanoë, Rom, Sylt, and Amrom, were originally small islands of the same soil as the adjoining continent, but have been much extended by marsches. The *marsches* are sand-banks accumulated by the waves, and, when covered with grass, continuing to be farther raised, by the sediment they leave between its blades. Some of the islands consist entirely of these marsches, and are now surrounded by dykes; the most considerable of these are Pellworm and Nordstrand. Though the original island was never attacked by the sea, which, by adding to its shores this new land or marsch, created a barrier against its own encroachments,—this new land itself, and the islands which were wholly formed of it, were subject to great changes, and even to be overwhelmed by its floods; so that the inhabitants who were in-

duced to settle there, by the superior richness of the soil, were in continual danger; they were very ignorant, and for a long time attributed these evils, when they occurred, to the anger of their gods, and would try to win their favour by their prayers and ceremonies, instead of setting themselves to work. On the high land of Heiligeland, they raised a temple to their goddess Phoseta, or Fosta. In the year 516, an inundation occurred in which more than six hundred persons perished; it was then that they set about the great work of dyke-making. They dug ditches around all the marsches, heaping up on their exterior edge the earth which was taken out; and they opposed to the sea dykes of eight feet in height. After this, they tried to remove the sea farther from them, by excluding it from the spaces between the islands, and united as much as possible those islands to each other: they availed themselves for this purpose of all such parts of the sand-banks as lay between the large islands, and were beginning to produce grass. These, when surrounded by dykes, are called Hoogs, and their effect is to break the force of the waves against the larger islands, and assist the accumulation of mud between them; but the ground thus gained from the sand-banks was still very insecure, and the people frequently suffered great calamities before

experience taught them the means necessary for their security.

In the year 1300, seven parishes in Nordstrand and Pellworm were destroyed; and in 1362, the islands of Fora and Sylt, which they had joined in one, were divided by the destruction of the dykes. For a long time the inhabitants, who were quite discouraged, did no more than erect dykes again, like their old ones; till at length, in 1525, they turned their attention to the hollows, made in the borders of their marsches by preceding inundations. In front of all the creeks of this kind, they planted stakes, which they interlaced with osiers, (slender branches and twigs of willow,) leaving a certain space between the lines. The waves, thus broken, could no longer do injury to the marsch; and solid fore-lands were thus formed. In 1550, they raised these dykes considerably higher, employing wheel-barrows, the use of which was then first known; they deepened their interior canals, to obtain more earth; not merely to add to the height of their dykes, but also to widen their base on the outer side. At last, they began to cover their dykes with straw ropes; one of the best means of preserving them.

“When the dykes were thus raised, and their surface rendered firm by the straw ropes, though they did not yet know how to fix and secure



them properly, the inhabitants for some time were left in peace; but on the 11th October, 1634, the sea rose very high, and committed great ravages, carrying away the hoogs which united Pellworm and Nord-strand, which have ever since remained distinct islands. The ravages extended as far as the very extensive new lands of Jutland. Frederic the Third, Duke of Sleswick, among others, then came forward to the relief of his subjects; and, finding that the inhabitants of Nord-strand were unable to build secure dykes for themselves, and knowing that the art was better understood in Holland, which was now become a rich country, he requested the States-general (the government of Holland,) to send him an engineer of dykes, with workmen accustomed to repair them. This was granted, and the dykes of Nord-strand were repaired in the most solid manner. The Dutch engineer, seeing the fertility of the soil, advised his son when he was dying, to buy lands and settle there, if the duke would allow them the free exercise of their own religion. They were catholics, and the inhabitants of the islands Lutherans. The duke consented to this, on condition that they and their descendants should continue to superintend the works carried on upon the dykes. From that time, the art of dyke-making, and particularly that part of it which consists in

covering them solidly with straw, has become common to all the marsches; and the Dutch families which have contributed to this fortunate change, still inhabit the same island, and continue to enjoy the free exercise of their religion."

"Thank you, Papa," said Godfrey. "That Dutchman was a clever fellow, and the people must have been very fond of him."

The children then put away the maps, the shells, and sea-weed; and went out, when Minna had written down as much as she could of the morning's conversation.

"I should be so sorry to forget it all!" said she, "and I do not think I shall remember it clearly unless I write it in my journal at once."



## CHAPTER VII.

## THE STORK'S NEST.—DUTCH POETS.

THE handsome street called the Voorhout is full of excellent houses. It has several rows of trees in the centre, with gravel walks between them, and a carriage-road on either side.

The Vyverberg,—a square, on one side of which is the palace, can also boast of splendid trees, and a large basin of water. As our travellers passed along-side it, Minna observed, close to the water's edge, some fine white water-lilies; their cups glistening like silver in the bright sunshine.

“And there are yellow flowers,” said Godfrey, “are they lilies too?”

“Yes, I think so,” said Minna, looking at Aunt Ellen.

“The botanist will tell you, you are not quite right, my love,” said Miss Cavendish; “though they are very similar. They are not very uncommon in England, though we have none in

the pond at home. You might have seen them many times as we came from Delft, on the canals and ponds. They are very plentiful here."

"I wonder whether I can find my favourite, the flower I call the water-hyacinth," said Minna.

"You mean the fringed buckbean," said Miss Cavendish, "the most elegant of our water plants. I fear you will not find it in blossom. When did you see it at home?"

"Oh, it was early in May," returned Minna.

"Then you will look in vain for it now, I think," said Miss Cavendish. "It only remains one month in flower: whence its botanical name, *menyanthis*."

Godfrey had never noticed the buckbean, but the white water-lily was a great favourite.

"It is fit for a water fairy's palace," said he: "so white, so pure, and so grand too! on its broad green throne."

"It has no perfume," said Minna.

"So much the better for my fairy," said Godfrey. "One would not like to live in a scent-box."

Minna laughed at his ready advocacy of his beautiful favourite, and told him that he should have a wig of thistle-down, and be Flora's chancellor.

In the Lange-Voorhout, Mr. Cavendish went through the library, which is open to strangers

every day: it occupies many rooms, and consists of more than seventy thousand volumes.

The collection of medals in the same house is very extensive. Among them, are a series of Egyptian coins, and another of Philip of Macedon, and Alexander the Great, and his successors. Mr. Cavendish wanted to make some inquiries about Egyptian coins, and Aunt Ellen and the children left him to pursue his investigations alone.

As they were returning homewards, Godfrey called Minna to look at something on the roof of a very high house, between the chimneys.

“I do believe it is a bird’s nest,” said he, “and see, there is a large white bird upon it!”

“It is a stork’s nest, I think,” said Minna: “I have read of their building their nests on houses; but I thought we should see them on some farm-house in the country first, and not in a town.”

“The stork is very sociable,” said Aunt Ellen; “indeed it must have learnt, if it has any sense at all, that it is sure of protection. The people of Holland and Germany consider it a lucky bird,—that it brings good fortune to their dwelling; and, if it constructs its nest in the chimney, as it most frequently does, instead of by its side, they will give up their fire rather than disturb it. They are looked upon with

great reverence, because they are said (and I believe the tale is true) to assist their old birds by taking them upon their backs, or upholding their feeble wings, during their long and weary flights to milder climates in the winter."

"I never saw a stork's nest at home," said Godfrey.

"No," returned Miss Cavendish, "they do not build with us now; they are very rare birds in England; I never saw one but in some collection of dead or living birds;—but it was not so formerly; and when England had as many swamps and bogs as Holland, the stork used to visit us, but was never prized, I believe, as it is here.

"The Turks, who are humane to animals generally, hold the stork in special reverence; they call it Hadji, or pilgrim, from its annual journey, and its fondness for building on the mosques or temples. It always chooses the highest spot it can find, and therefore constructs its nest on the summits of the towers or minarets, where these do not terminate in a point; and the round ball of a nest corresponds well with the architecture, and is very striking. They make strong nests of sticks and reeds, and line them with fine mosses and down, and they will endure many years."

"Then, do they come back to the same

nests?" said Godfrey. "Do they keep their own nests, as the rooks do in the rookery?"

"It is said so," replied Miss Cavendish. "The country people believe that the young birds conduct back their aged parents to the nest in which they were hatched by them. They are very valuable in countries where frogs, and lizards, and serpents abound, and in ancient Egypt, it was death to kill a stork. You will probably see them as we go on, standing by the side of a pond, or in it, watching with eager eye the frogs and toads, with which this country abounds. They are so much attached to their young, that they never both leave the nest; and it is related of a stork, which had built her nest in an old tree, which took fire from a bomb falling on it, on the day of the battle of Friedland, that she did not quit the nest, until it was quite surrounded with flames. She then flew up to a great height, and descended repeatedly straight down into the midst of the fire, as if endeavouring to carry the nest down by her weight. In one of these descents, enveloped in fire and smoke, she fell into the midst of the burning embers, and perished. Storks have no cry; but when they are disturbed, they make a great clattering, by striking their mandibles (the upper and lower parts of their bills) forcibly together."

"I like the stork very much," said Godfrey,



“and I hope I shall see one by a pond some day; I should like to look at it nearer.”

“You may perhaps see its nest in a cart-wheel too,” said Aunt Ellen.

“In a cart wheel!” said Minna. “That would be a very low nest.”

“In some marshy places,” continued Aunt Ellen, “where there is no chimney nor old tower to build in, and where the storks are much wanted, they fix an old cart wheel on the top of a very high pole; on this broad round platform the stork is glad to build his strong abode. As his food is close at his feet, the nest remains and is inhabited, year after year.”

“Oh, that will be delightful!” said Godfrey; “I will look well after the storks on Monday.”

They passed a high narrow wagon, with slender hoops of wood carried across it, to support a covering not needed this bright sunny day, by the merry party who were not troubled about taking care of their complexions. They were a Dutch lady and her happy children, going home with their purchases of ginger-bread and toys: probably to one of the pretty houses on the road to Scheveningen.

“It is a curious carriage for a lady,” said Minna.

“It is the carriage of the country,” answered



Aunt Ellen, "and still used by many of the opulent among them. Though we now see here all varieties of carriages, as with us, many still use the *waagen*; and when Louisa de Coligni, wife of the great William the First, entered the Hague as a bride, it was in such a *waagen* as that, with a plank across it for a seat."

Mr. Cavendish had found what he wanted, and showed Aunt Ellen some drawings he had made of coins and inscriptions in the picture language of the Egyptians; and Godfrey saw a bird very like the stork among them; and a curious creature with a hawk's head, and some crocodiles.

Mr. Cavendish had found also a volume of English translations of Dutch poems in the library,—Dr. Bowring's *Batavian Anthology*: and as the Dutch was a dead language to him, he had copied a few short poems to give his sister an idea of the poetry of the country they were passing through, and now read to her the following on the Nightingale, by—

MARIA TESSELSCADE VISSCHER.

Prize thou the nightingale,  
Who soothes thee with his tale,  
And wakes the woods around;  
A singing feather he—a winged and wandering sound:

Whose tender carolling  
 Sets all ears listening  
 Unto that living lyre  
 Whence flow the airy notes his ecstasies inspire :

Whose shrill capricious song  
 Breathes like a flute along,  
 With many a careless tone,  
 Music of thousand tongues, formed by one tongue alone.

O charming creature rare  
 Can aught with thee compare?  
 Thou art all song ; thy breast  
 Thrills for one month o'th' year—is tranquil all the rest.

Thee wondrous we may call :  
 Most wondrous this of all,  
 That such a tiny throat  
 Should wake so wide a sound, and pour so loud a note.

“ Did I ever hear a nightingale ? ” said Godfrey.

“ I am not sure that you ever did, ” said Aunt Ellen. “ They do not come far to the north of England ; but I was once staying with a friend in Surrey, who had them in her garden : there was a nest just under my room window, and the excessive shrillness of the note was so piercing, that it quite disturbed my rest, night after night, so that I was obliged to put a pillow on my head, to deaden the sound. At first I was delighted with my close neighbour-

hood to this exquisite songster, but want of rest made me feverish ; and it grew quite painful at last : I wished it half a mile off, and then it would have been charming.”

“ You would not have heard it at all then,” said Godfrey.

“ I believe I should,” said Aunt Ellen. “ The shrill clear tones of a nightingale, I have heard, will reach as far as the loud bellow of a bull ; and in the stillness of night, may be heard a mile off.”

“ Here are some good lines, from an old poet, called *Jacob Cats*,” said Mr. Cavendish ; “ he whose stone table we did not go to see :—

“ We read in books of ancient lore,  
 An image stood, in days of yore,  
 Which, when the sun with splendour dight  
 Cast on its lips his golden light,  
 Those lips gave back a silver sound,  
 Which filled for hours the waste around :  
 But when again the living blaze  
 Withdrew its music-waking rays,  
 Or passing clouds its splendour veil'd,  
 Or evening shades its face conceal'd,  
 This image stood all silent there,  
 Nor lent one whisper to the air.  
 This was of old—and even now,  
 The man who lives in fortune's glow  
 Bears off the palm of sense and knowledge,  
 In town and country, court and college ;  
 And all assert, *nem. con.*, whatever  
 Comes from his mouth is vastly clever ;

But when the glowing sun retires,  
 His reign is o'er, and dimm'd his fires ;  
 And all his praise like vapour flies,—  
 For who e'er calls a poor man wise ?”

“ Poverty is the school to learn wisdom in, though it may not be the one in which to obtain its honours,” said Aunt Ellen. “ They are attained at last, too, though more slowly.”

“ Often too slowly to benefit their winner,” said Mr. Cavendish ; “ but here are some lines of a gayer character, by

GERBRAND BREDERODE.

Though treasures unbounded are not my share,  
 I still am as rich as others are ;  
     I care not for gold,  
     I care not for gold,  
 The mind may the choicest of treasures hold.

I leave to the miser his joyless hoards,  
 To ambition the bliss that command affords,  
     And ask not, my fair !  
     And ask not, my fair !  
 King's sceptre, or robes, or crown to bear.

For peace and the noblest enjoyments dwell  
 In the breast which contentment has made its cell.  
     And not in vain wealth,  
     And not in vain wealth,  
 Which cheats its master of rest by stealth.

“I will give you a verse from Constantijn Huijgens,” said Mr. Cavendish, “and then, my little Godfrey, good night to you.”

Once, afflicted with fancies, a miserly elf,  
In a moment of trouble, suspended himself;  
And a second or two would have ended the clown,  
When his servant came in, and with speed cut him down.  
But as soon as the miser could give his words scope,  
He said, “Tom, I thank you; but—*pay for the rope.*”

## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE SABBATH.

WHEN Mr. Cavendish had consented to travel for some time, and determined to take his children with him, the breaking in upon their religious habits and observances had been a matter of serious consideration with him ; though he, with the old Dutch poet,

Knew, that holinesse keeps her throne,  
Not in cloysters or temples alone :  
The temple where she loues to dwelle,  
Is a pure spirit's secrete celle.

God is above us euerie where,  
This be our counsel, this our care,  
To serve Him—stille with praises meete  
On hille, or vallie, or crowded street :

and believed, that in all the varied forms of Christianity, which would meet the eyes of his children in other countries, there was something good, something true to be found. To lead them to separate the chaff from the wheat, would be-



come a more anxious and constant duty ; and to maintain the superior importance of religious knowledge and feeling, among the incessantly varying demands upon their attention in strange places, would require his constant vigilance. He had determined never to travel on Sunday, if it were possible to avoid it, but to keep it as a day of rest, and as free as possible from the distractions of mind attendant upon travelling.

Aunt Ellen was a valuable assistant to him in all things ; she was particularly so in his plans for the best and truest interests of his children. She had been accustomed to instruct them at home ; and it was easy for her to continue her lessons now,—and the early morning was spent as it was at Oak-hill.

They went at the proper hour to church, not expecting to understand what was said, but they could feel that the preacher and his audience were in earnest, and they could worship with them in spirit. The King, Prince of Orange, and his sons, (tall youths, one almost a man,) were there. They were serious and devout. There was nothing in the place they sat in, nor the formalities of their entrance, to mark a station superior to that of their fellow-worshippers. Minna and Godfrey were attentive and quiet through the service, towards the end of which

there was a baptism. Three mothers, with their infants and nurses, entered a large square pew after the sermon, and the children were baptized according to the simple rites of the church of Calvin. Godfrey was surprised that they did not cry when water was thrown over them; it was the first baptism he had ever seen, and he was much interested by it. Our travellers walked home quietly after the service; the simple chariot and pair of the king, without any attendants, passing them on its return to the palace in the wood.

After their evening walk, little Godfrøy drew a stool to the feet of Aunt Ellen, who was sitting on a sofa by the window, watching the shadows thrown by the descending sun on the green park; and looking at her with beseeching eyes, said, "Now, Aunt Ellen, will you read to me out of the German book you are so fond of. Tell me of the death of Sulamith," said he. "It is all so still this evening, I should like to hear that."

Miss Cavendish took a book from the table beside her, and read the following:—

HANNAH AND SULAMITH. \*

"In the land of Israel, at the foot of the beloved mount Tabor, there dwelt a widow named

\* "Parabeln, Von Dr. Friedrich Adolph Krummacher."

Hannah, with her only daughter, Sulamith; and they were very poor, and the hut they dwelt in was small; but their hearts were glad and cheerful, and their days flowed softly on; for they led holy lives, and feared God, and Hannah trained up the heart of her daughter in all goodness. And she taught Sulamith how the blessed God bringeth up all plants out of the earth, and showers down his dew upon them; and how his sun goeth forth over all that lives; and how he giveth so many good things to men with the return of every day. Then she would read to her from the Holy Scriptures, many lovely histories and lessons: and when Hannah spake of these things, her eyes were filled with tears.

“Then, said Sulamith, ‘Mother, why weep-est thou?’ And her mother smiled, and said, ‘O my child, his goodness and mercy are so great, that they lay hold on the heart of man!’

“So they talked often with each other; and as their words were, so also were their deeds. God blessed them; and their little garden brought forth much fruit, and the trees also that stood around the house, and overhung the roof, so that they could share them with others, and cheer the sick and the needy with their abundance.

“Then said Hannah, ‘Seest thou not, Sula-

mith, that it is more blessed to give than to receive? O happy are we, that we also can bring our mite to the altar, and that no one turneth away from us sorrowing.'

"So they lived happy and full of peace in the quiet little hut; and they adorned it, and laboured in their small garden with industrious hands.

"And, behold! there came a bad pestilence into the land; and Hannah took it, and was very ill; and Sulamith was ill also, with anguish and sorrow.

"Then the mother perceived that she must die; and she said, with a smiling countenance, and cheerful voice, 'Dear child, my last hour is at hand: but be not sorrowful, nor cast down! Our Father above will make it well with thee.' Thus spake she, and she could say no more, for her strength had departed.

"And Sulamith wept from the bottom of her heart: and she knelt down, and prayed, 'O thou, dear Father in heaven, leave me still, I pray thee, my own beloved mother! How shall I live here all alone?'

"Thus prayed the little Sulamith: and the angels carried the prayer of innocence above the stars.

"Now came the morning dawn, and the sun went forth, and the ruddy beams of the new day streamed mild and lovingly into the little

room; and Sulamith crept into the bosom of her mother to warm her.

“And there came down the death angel in the golden beams of the morning light; and he set free their souls. So Hannah and Sulamith floated away on the beams of the morning sun to the beautiful world on high!”

A tear stood in the eye of the little boy, but he said nothing; and after a short silence, Aunt Ellen, turning over the leaves of her book, began to read another, called,

#### THE BLOSSOMING VINE.

“Samuel, the judge and master in Israel, visited one day a school of the prophets in Giboa, which he had himself planted there.

“And he rejoiced in the progress of the scholars of the prophets in many kinds of wisdom, and in the art of playing upon stringed instruments, and in song.

“And there was among them a youth, whose name was Adoniah, the son of Milcha.

“And Samuel took delight in the boy; for he was fair and lovely to behold, and his voice was full of strength and sweetness. But his soul was full of arrogance and hateful self-conceit, and he thought himself wiser than seven wise men, and that he excelled all the rest in know-



ledge and skilful arts, and he carried himself haughtily towards his teachers, and his lips were full of high-sounding words, and false conceit.

“Then the judge in Israel sorrowed for the boy Adoniah; for he loved him more than others, because he was full of spirit, and of a fair form. Therefore said Samuel, ‘The Spirit of the Lord hath chosen the boy to be a prophet in Israel; but he striveth against it and destroyeth himself.’

“And he led the youth forth into a vineyard over against Ramah; and it was the season of the blossoming of the vine.

“Then Samuel said unto the youth, ‘Adoniah, what seest thou?’

“And Adoniah said, ‘I see a vineyard; and there bloweth over me a delightful fragrance from the blossom of the vine, even from afar.’”

“Then said Samuel, ‘Step hither, and behold the blossom of the vine.’

“And the youth went forward, and examined it, and said, ‘It is a delicate little flower, humble in colour, and insignificant in its form.’

“Then answered Samuel, and said, ‘And yet it bringeth forth the fruit of God, to gladden the heart of man, and brighten his face, so that it becometh beautiful. Adoniah! even so is the most noble of plants, the vine, in the season of



its blossoming, before it bringeth forth the precious fruit ! bethink thee of the vine in the blossoming of thy youth !'

“And Adoniah, the son of Milcha, took all these words of Samuel to heart, and went on henceforth with a still, soft spirit.

“Then all men loved Adoniah, and they said, ‘The Spirit of the Lord is fallen on the youth !’”

## CHAPTER IX.

## THE ROAD TO LEYDEN.

OUR travellers left the Hague early for Leyden, a distance of ten miles, which they wished to reach before the heat of the day. Their road led through the wood, and very near its pretty small palace.

“Those fine trees are held almost sacred by the Dutch,” said Mr. Cavendish. “In 1576, when money was scarce, they were once doomed by the states-general to fall beneath the axe. The citizens came forward, and subscribed the ransom of their favorite wood.

“Philip of Spain himself respected it in his wars, and gave orders for its preservation. The Hague, I believe, derives its name from it—‘Graven’s-hage,’—the Count’s wood, or hedge.

This is said to have been a frequent resort for study to Hobbima, whose trees are to my mind peculiarly fine.

Minna saw fewer pretty summer-houses than on the road from Rotterdam, but many long avenues which generally did, but sometimes did not, conduct to a large and handsome house.

“They probably all lead to some mansion,” said Aunt Ellen: “but where the ground is level, the eye soon becomes unable to follow a long line of avenue. You will understand this better when you learn perspective.”

The country was more undulating than any they had passed through before. Mr. Cavendish pointed out to Minna, that much of the land, and many of the gentle hillocks were reclaimed sand, and sand-hills, made to yield food for man and beast.

Rye and buck-wheat were principally cultivated, as being best suited to the nature of the soil. Rye, Minna knew very well, when she saw it, but she could not discover any thing which looked like wheat. “Buck-wheat is not wheat, nor corn of any kind, but in reality a persicaria, first cousin to the docks,” said Mr. Cavendish.

“It bears a blossom resembling the sorrel, and a small naked triangular black seed. In England, it is frequently ploughed in to improve the light soils. The pheasants eat it gladly, and spirit is distilled from it. I do not know whether

it is made use of here for food ; but it is much eaten in America.”

As they approached Leyden, the small neat houses, with their gardens and summer-houses re-appeared. Godfrey saw water-lilies, yellow and white, in their ponds and canals, and discovered peat-stacks in the fields. Peat stacks were old familiar friends of his—“ But some of these look white,” said he ; “ I never saw any white peat before.”

“ It is because it is marine peat,” answered Mr. Cavendish. “ There is much of this in Holland, from beds of sea-weed. When perfectly dry, as that is, the crystallized salt upon it gives it the whitish colour you see.”

“ Our peat is not formed of sea-weed ; is it ?” said Minna.

“ I am not aware of any extensive marine peat beds in England,” replied Mr. Cavendish : “ but on the coast of Zealand, Friesland, and Picardy, they are very large.”

“ What are our peat beds made of ?” said Minna, whose curiosity about such matters had been roused by the sand-hills at Scheveningen, and seemed likely to afford Mr. Cavendish sufficient opportunities of explaining what was new to her, as they went along.

“ Peat,” said he, “ is vegetable matter, which is decayed, without being fermented or

rotten, and is confined to moist situations, and a low temperature. It may be composed of any plants which are capable of growing in such places.

“ Our peat marshes in the north of England contain a large proportion of a kind of moss, called by botanists *Spagnum Palustre*, which has the property of throwing up new shoots on the surface, while its roots are decaying below. Reeds, rushes, and water plants generally, are to be traced in peat. Peat is vegetable matter, in a state between plants and lignite, or wood coal. It is valuable fuel for the poor, and throws out a great heat, though it wants the flame, the brilliancy of coal.

“ It makes a good fire, I know,” said Godfrey. “ I have often roasted my chesnuts among the peat ashes in old Hannah’s cottage.”

“ But is not peat sometimes found on the hills ? ” said Minna.

“ Sometimes,” answered Mr. Cavendish, “ on the gentle declivities, where there is much moisture ; but it rarely exceeds four feet in thickness in such situations. In bogs, and low grounds, into which alluvial peat is drifted ; in other words, into which vegetable matter is carried by the rivers, it is found as much as forty feet in thickness ; but then, it is very spongy, and contains much water.

“ It is more common in the northern than the southern latitudes, and is very rare in the valleys of France and Spain.

“ In Ireland, the peat bogs are said to cover one tenth of its surface. Many of these, however, and of the north of Europe generally, occupy the places of the forests of pine and oak, which were once so vast. The fall of the trees, and the stagnation of the water, caused by their trunks and branches obstructing the drainage, give rise to these bogs. In a warm climate, such decayed timber would soon be removed by insects, or by putrefaction.

“ Buried trees are frequently found in the peat mosses of Ireland, England, and Holland, their trunks standing erect, their roots fixed in the soil, so that no doubt can be entertained of their having grown there.

“ In the marsh of Curragh, in the isle of Man, trees are discovered standing firm on their roots, at the depth of eighteen or twenty feet below the surface.

“ Leaves and acorns have been found on the oak, cones on the fir, and nuts on the hazel—thus imbedded below the surface.

“ Many of the peat-bogs in Ireland owe their origin to the disastrous wars between the Irish and English, in which the woods were



purposely destroyed, and the country given up to devastation. War has thus every where rendered sterile vast regions, which would have ministered to the wants of man.

“Desolation now reigns where forests of pine and oak once flourished, such as might have supplied all the navies of Europe with timber.”

“I never hear of any good that war has ever done,” said Godfrey.

“It would be difficult for any one to find it for you,” said Aunt Ellen, “unless it were the eagle, who, the fable tells us, called her young ones to rejoice over the banquet which two large armies were preparing for them.”

“I have heard of iron having been found in peat, I think,” said she, turning to Mr. Cavendish.

“A cake or pan of oxide of iron,” he replied, “is sometimes found at the bottom of peat-bogs. It is not ascertained whence this comes. The oak, which is so often found dyed black in peat, derives its colour from this metal. Some say there is iron in many vegetable substances; in all compact wood; and that heaths flourish best in a sandy soil, containing iron; and also, that they have more iron in their composition than any other vegetable substance.”

Minna was astonished to hear, that plants

and trees, that the purple heath of the moors, and the pretty white and scarlet ones of the greenhouse, with their delicate bell-blossoms, contained iron, or any metal. She said nothing about it, but her look showed that it was the most marvellous thing she had ever heard.

“Peat mosses,” continued Mr. Cavendish, “preserve animal remains buried in them for very long periods of years. Antique sandals were found on the feet of the body of a woman discovered six feet deep, in a peat-moor in Lincolnshire, the fashion of which proved that she had been buried for ages.

“On the estate of the Earl of Moira, in Ireland, a body was found a foot deep in gravel, under eleven feet of moss. The garments were entire, and made of hair: consequently it must have been interred before wool was manufactured for the use of man.”

“How do men get there?” said Godfrey.

“Men, and animals also,” said Mr. Cavendish, “may sink down into the half liquid mud, lying under a surface of turf, which prevents their seeing it: and sometimes a bog bursts, and overwhelms all before it, as the sea does.”

“Is a bog then hollow?” said Minna.

“It is not hollow like a bladder,” said Mr. Cavendish: “it is like a sponge, within a bladder,

and absorbs water sometimes until it swells far higher than the land around it. The turfy covering serves for a while, like the skin of the bladder, to retain the fluid within, but when that bursts, as has often happened in Ireland and other places, a violent and destructive inundation of mud is the consequence."

"To be suffocated by a mud bog," said Minna, "how terrible! I would rather be drowned by the blue waves of the sea!"

"Death soon puts an end to suffering in either case," said Mr. Cavendish.

Godfrey now called their attention to some carts laden with strange brass vessels, with long necks, which Aunt Ellen told him were to carry milk in. "They are as large as milk pails, indeed," said Godfrey, "What strange things they are!"

"And how bright!" said Minna.

They were now crossing the broad fosse of the ancient fortifications of Leyden, the embankments of which are so well planted, that they almost escape notice. Winding between them, the broad and handsome street conducted them past the Hotel de Ville, a very striking and elaborate piece of architecture, and our party found comfortable accommodations at the Hotel du Soleil.

“ Why do the Dutch innkeepers so often put up the name of their inns in French ?” said Minna.

“ For the accommodation of idle persons, like you and me, Minna,” said Mr. Cavendish, “ who will not be at the trouble to learn Dutch ; besides, French is the travelling language of all Europe : and in addition, it is not long since the Dutch, like nearly all the rest of Europe, had a French king, a French court, and a French army, to teach them their language.”

## CHAPTER X.

## SIEGE OF LEYDEN—MUSEUM.

At the Hotel de Ville, or Stadt-huis, are portraits of the heroic Burgomaster Van der Werff, and others; and a striking modern picture by Van Bree, showing him at the moment he made his celebrated answer to the exhausted citizens of Leyden. "Bread I have none; but if my death can afford you relief, tear my body in pieces, and let the most hungry devour it."

"How dreadful!" exclaimed Minna. "When was that, papa?"

"During the siege of Leyden, in 1574, my love," answered Mr. Cavendish. "It was a long continued siege, and famine threatened to leave the walls without defenders, when Valdez, the Spanish general, urged Jean Vanderdoes, the commander, to surrender. The latter replied in the name of the inhabitants, 'That when provisions failed them, they would devour



their left hands, reserving the right to defend their liberties.'

"Some writers say, they were reduced to draw lots for those who should be sacrificed to save the lives of the rest. Women also, fearless or desperate, fought among the soldiers on the ramparts.

"The siege lasted five months. At length, worn out with misery, the resolution of some among them gave way, and they wished to obtain the sanction of the Burgomaster to their surrender; he made the heroic but thrilling reply I have related to you. As the only resource left, William, prince of Orange, ordered the neighbouring dykes to be cut, and the sluices opened, laying the country under water, and sweeping away the besiegers by the waves of the ocean. The Spanish camp was destroyed; and above one thousand soldiers, who could not effect their escape, were drowned. The town was supplied with provisions by flat-bottomed boats; and William, who was ill, ordered himself to be carried into the heroic city in a litter.

"He founded and endowed their celebrated university, to mark his sense of their valour.

"The inhabitants were apprised of the deliverance intended for them by carrier pigeons, to whose feet were tied stalks of corn and hemp,



in which letters were concealed. It is said that many of the starving inhabitants died from eating too rapidly, when food was given them.

“The 3rd of October, the day of their deliverance, is still annually celebrated by the descendants of the grateful citizens.”

There was not much to detain them in the Stadt-huis, and they went on to the University. They were told that the buildings had been lately considerably increased, the number of students having nearly doubled. Here is a Museum of Natural History, beautifully arranged, and a very valuable one of Comparative Anatomy.

The museum is particularly rich in splendid birds, containing the brilliant collection of Mr. Temminck of Amsterdam, chiefly from Java, and the other eastern colonies belonging to Holland.

The humming birds, with all their splendid colours and elegant forms, were particularly attractive to Minna and Godfrey, who could hardly be got away from them, until Minna, saw something which she thought even more beautiful than the humming birds, with its long graceful tail feathers, so light that they moved with her breath. “I think it must be the bird of paradise,” said she; “I have seen a picture of one; but see, it has no feet!”

“Wiser people than you have fancied so,” said Aunt Ellen, “and this bird was distinguished by naturalists as Apoda, or feetless ; but more is known of it and its habits now than formerly, and it takes its place among the other bright birds of the woods. The beauty of the plumage caused it to be valued as an ornament for the head by the inhabitants of its native country, as well as with us ; and they have been used to prepare it for that purpose by stuffing the feathered skin with cotton and spices, removing the feet and legs as unsightly and useless. So well was this done, that the wise men of the West believed they had never had any.”

She pointed out to Minna a very dark bird whose plumage looked almost black, but showed in the bright rays of the sun lilac, green, and blue colours, of a rich metallic hue.

“There is but one of them in a flock,” said she : “it is called the king bird of paradise ; and is said to lead the rest. It is smaller than the others, and so rare, that when the Spice Islands were taken by the English, one was presented to an officer by a native, as the most valuable gift he could make him.”

They were both very beautiful, and Minna and Godfrey could not decide which they should prefer, if they had the choice of either.

In the room devoted to Osteology, were skeletons of creatures of all sizes,—whales, walruses, sharks, and seals, from the unwieldy rhinoceros, hippopotamus, and graceful giraffe, down to the bat and the snake, and the lizard.

“This is said to be the most valuable collection in Europe,” said Mr. Cavendish, “and the student may pass a month in it, and leave much unknown.”

“Many months,” said Miss Cavendish, “if he be like my American acquaintance, who was once three weeks under Cuvier in Paris, employed on the osteology of the monkey alone.”

Among the shells, Mr. Cavendish pointed out to Minna the large and beautiful oyster-shell of the Indian seas, the inner coating of which yields mother-of-pearl. The pearl oyster and mussel were also there; and he showed her some pearls of a pale pink hue.

Minna wondered why some pieces of wood full of holes were considered worthy of being there; but she thought them very curious when she learned that they were pieces from the piles which support the foundations of the dykes on the coast. They are pierced by a little creature called the *Teredo Navalis*; and the total ruin of the dykes was once apprehended from its ravages. To guard against it in future, the dykes

are now protected at their base, by stone, and the lock gates are coppered.

“Is the *Teredo* a fish, papa?” said Minna.

“No,” replied Mr. Cavendish, “it is a worm, which makes itself a very slender cylindrical shell. It has a mouth like a leach, by which it pierces the wood, as the leach does the skin. It has two horns, which appear like a continuation of the shell; the head is armed with a casing of armour, and the muscles of the neck are very strong; but the rest of the body is covered only with a thin transparent skin. The wood of the lower part of a vessel may be almost destroyed by the boring of these worms, without any signs of them appearing on the surface. They are from three and four inches to a foot long.”

There is in this museum also an extensive collection of Japanese curiosities, containing a great variety of the household utensils, arms, dresses, &c. of the Japanese, and the neighbouring Javanese.

Here were their musical instruments too, and the strangest set of ugly monsters Godfrey had ever seen. He was very much surprised when he was told that these were worshipped as gods, by the ignorant natives. There is a good collection of coins also from China and Japan:

but Minna and Godfrey did not look much at them.

“ I think the Chinese, the Japanese, and the Egyptians too, were all very fond of ugly things,” said Minna, when, after passing through the Egyptian museum, she found herself in the extensive and beautifully neat botanic garden. “ One would think they never saw beautiful flowers, and tall trees, and blue skies, or they would not make such monstrous things.”

“ Such are almost always the first inventions of barbarous nations,” said Mr. Cavendish: “ but neither the Chinese nor the Egyptians can properly be called barbarous, though their taste in sculpture is certainly bad enough ; but the Chinese tapestry is beautiful, and so are their exquisite carvings in ivory. The Chinese consider themselves the only civilized nation on the earth ; and the wisdom of the ancient Egyptians has been the well-spring from which Europe has drawn much of hers.”

“ How delightful it is to be in a garden again !” said Godfrey, throwing up his cap in the air ; “ but I could not run on these walks as if they were of good hard yellow gravel.”

They are covered with a mixture of peat earth and the spent dust of the tanners’ oak bark.



The children walked in and out, and round and round the clumps of shrubs and flowers in which the garden is laid out; its arrangement is a mixture of the system of Linnæus, and that of Jussieu, or, as it is called—the Natural System.

Here are collected all the varieties of plants found useful in preserving the embankments, and which will grow on the ridges, and in the nooks of the sand-hills. The gardener told them that the garden had been much enlarged within a few years; four acres having been added to it for medicinal plants, and devoted to the use of the medical students. It is now seven acres in extent.

The water plants were beheld with great interest; and in the conservatories Minna and Godfrey saw many shrubs and trees which were new to them. Date-palms, and sago-palms; the allspice tree, with its dark fragrant blossoms; the cinnamon tree, of which the gardener gave Godfrey one of the rich, thick, aromatic leaves; the coffee-tree; the cinchona, which produces the bark of medicine; and the tea-tree.

He showed them a *Fraxinus Ornus*, the flowering ash of Italy, planted by Boerhaave; and among other curious things, the trunk of a tree which had been sawn asunder, and in the centre of which was an iron trident, or fork, which our young friends wondered at exceed-



ingly. It had found its way there when the tree was young, and the wood had grown over it.

Aunt Ellen gathered a leaf from Boerhaave's tree, and said it was a worthy commencement of a collection of interesting relics, which she hoped to make before she reached home again.

Mr. Cavendish smiled; but Aunt Ellen said she thought any thing which recalled the life of a good and great man, like Boerhaave, quite as valuable as a piece of marble from the palace of the Cæsars, or even a mosaic from Pæstum itself.

"You are right, Ellen," said Mr. Cavendish; and, gathering another leaf, he gave it to Minna, and bade her put it among her treasures.

"Boerhaave," continued he, "has left a great name among the good, as well as among the scientific of the earth. He was very pious; he rose early, and was accustomed to devote the first morning hours to prayer, and meditation on the holy Scriptures. When asked how he could go through all the fatigue of his various occupations, he would refer to his morning hour, as that which gave him vigour for all the rest. He recommended its consecration to this end as the best rule of health which he could give, as nothing tends so much to bodily health as mental tranquillity; and he knew of nothing

which could support himself, and his fellow mortals, amid the trials and distresses of life, but a well-grounded confidence in the Supreme Being, on the principles of Christianity. He disregarded calumny, (for even Boerhaave had enemies)—‘ Evil reports,’ said he, ‘ are sparks which, if you do not blow them, will go out of themselves. The surest remedy against scandal is to live it down by perseverance in well-doing, and by praying to God that he will cure the dis-tempered minds of those who traduce and injure us.’

“ He used to say, ‘ That the life of every patient neglected, or trifled with, would be required at the hand of the physician.’ Dr. Johnson, whose praise was never lightly given, says of him, ‘ He was a man formed by nature for great designs, and guided by religion in the exercise of his abilities ; determined to lose none of his hours, when he had attained one science, he attempted another. He added physic to divinity, chemistry to mathematics, anatomy to botany. He recommended truth by his eloquence, and embellished the philosopher with polite literature. Yet, his knowledge, however uncommon, holds in his character but the second place, for his virtue was more uncommon than his learning. He ascribed all his abilities to the bounty, all his goodness to the grace of his

God. May those who study his writings imitate his life! And may those who endeavour after his knowledge, aspire likewise to his piety!

“Boerhaave was born at Woerhout, near Leyden, in 1668. He was professor of medicine, chemistry, and botany, in this university. His fame was so widely spread, that it is said a letter from a Chinese mandarin, addressed, ‘To the illustrious Boerhaave, physician in Europe,’ easily reached him. The city has erected a monument to his memory in St. Peter’s church, with this inscription in Latin—‘Sacred to the sanative genius of Boerhaave.’”

## CHAPTER XI.

## MANNA-TREE. — CARILLON.

“THIS large open space,” said their guide, a one-armed old soldier of Napoleon, as our party left the university to return to the hotel, “was once covered with houses. They were destroyed in 1807, by the explosion of a barge laden with gunpowder here, in the canal: one hundred and fifty persons were killed: among them two of the professors. These trees have taken the places of the houses.”

The church of St. Pancras contains the monument of the brave burgomaster, Vanderwerff; but as the churches in Holland, like those in England, are closed excepting during divine service, our party did not see it.

In the evening, they had a delightful walk by the banks of the Rhine. The Old Rhine, Minna remembered it was, which flowed gently and peacefully along, beneath a high bank covered with shrubs, and wild roses, and fragrant

honeysuckle. It is a promenade much frequented, and one of great beauty.

“ I have heard something more about Catwyk, to-day, Minna,” said Mr. Cavendish, when they returned to the hotel for the night. “ A gentleman tells me that there are, by the sea-side, salt pans, and evaporating houses ; that the sea water is pumped up to the top of a large building with open sides, and allowed to trickle down over the piles of faggots with which it is filled. This is repeated several times, losing each time many of its watery particles by exposure to the air and sun, until it is converted into brine fit for salt. It is brought here and boiled, and is then the salt we had on our dinner table to-day.”

“ That must be like the salt works Aunt Ellen described to me one day, at Bex, in Switzerland,” said Minna.

“ I imagine they must be very similar,” said Mr. Cavendish ; “ but the waters there, which are from salt mines, deposit a great deal of calcareous matter, or small particles of stone, on the slender twigs placed for it to pass through ; so that, after some years, they become covered with a thick coating of stone, and, from being no larger than a crow’s quill, become as thick as my finger.”

Minna had seen some pieces of this stony



twig from Bex; and Godfrey, who had his cinnamon leaf in his hand, remembered that they somewhat resembled cinnamon comfits in appearance, only "they were larger, clumsier, harder, and worst of all, had neither sugar nor spice in their composition."

"Your cinnamon is the bark of a tree too, Godfrey," said Aunt Ellen, to carry on the resemblance,—“of a tree, which grows finer and more abundantly in Ceylon, than any where else. That is a fine leaf in your hand; but in their native country, they are from six to nine inches long, and from two to three broad. When they are young, they are of a colour between scarlet and crimson, and the bark of the young shoots is beautifully speckled with green and orange. Pleasant as the fragrance of the leaf and bark is, the odour of the flowers is very peculiar and disagreeable.”

Godfrey thought it strange indeed, that the flowers should be so different from the leaves. He wondered, "Whether there were any other trees or plants, in which there was such a strange contradiction."

Aunt Ellen did not immediately recollect; and giving her his good-night kiss, he took his cinnamon leaf to bed with him.

"Can you tell me any thing about my leaf



Aunt Ellen?" said Minna, looking up from her writing,—“the leaf from Boerhaave's tree.”

“There is little to be said about it,” replied Aunt Ellen, “but that it is pretty, and fresh, and green; but under its native sky, that leaf would be covered next month with a sugary snow, white as that which sprinkles the holly hedge in the first light snows of winter.”

“I thought you said it was from Italy,” said Minna, surprised.

“It is from Italy,—from the southern parts of Italy and Sicily,” said Miss Cavendish. “The snow exudes from within: it does not fall from above; and many and gay are the groups of peasant youths and maidens, who collect together in the woods of the flowering ash for the manna harvests; the juice exudes on the leaves and branches, as you have seen gum on the plum-trees; but this is not valued: to obtain the manna which comes to us, incisions are made in the trunk of the tree; one incision a day. The juice or sap flows freely, and is received in a simple vessel, formed of the large leaf of the Indian fig, which dries into a basket-like form. It hardens into the white substance you have seen, and is of a sweetish insipid taste.”

“Was that the manna with which the

Israelites were fed in the wilderness?" inquired Minna.

"It is not agreed what that substance was. Whether it was food miraculously dispensed from above, or an unusually large supply of some well known nourishment, sent by Heaven miraculously, for the support of the famishing Hebrews, we cannot now ascertain. It certainly could not have been what we call manna, for that is medicinal, and could not have been used in any quantity for food. The manna can only be properly dried in fine weather: and if the rainy season sets in earlier than usual, great is the loss and distress of the poor Sicilians; and many are the pilgrimages, and loud the prayers and lamentations, at the shrine of the Virgin, or the saint of Sicily, Santa Rosalia."

Minna knew how the sago is obtained from the sap of a palm-tree; she understood readily, that manna was a somewhat similar substance, obtained in a similar manner.

"Come out, and let us look at the old Hotel de Ville, by the light of this fine moon," said Mr. Cavendish to his sister.

Minna begged to go too: and though it was bed-time with her, Aunt Ellen consented.

The tall spire of this curious old building, its pinnacles brought out by gilding, its highly ornamented gables, and its balustrades crowned

with stone globes, looked well in the brightness of the nearly full moon, and they stood some time gazing on it, before they wandered on in the handsome Breede or Broad Street, thought to resemble the high street in Oxford. The carillon of the Stadt-huis commenced as they passed before it.

“How musical those bells are!” said Minna.  
“I think I never heard any so sweet before.”

“The carillon or chimes, were the invention of the Low Countries and Holland; and they are still peculiar to them in their excellence,” said Mr. Cavendish.

“I could almost fancy them immense musical glasses, and not bells at all, they have so much sweetness,” said Miss Cavendish.

“I have been making some inquiry to-day about the manner, in which they are played,” answered Mr. Cavendish: “and I learn, that the bells are played on by hammers, communicating with keys, very much as those of your piano act on the wires. The performer has pedals, by which he can strike the large bass bells with his feet, whilst his hands are playing the treble of the melody. The keys are sticks, placed so far apart that the hand can strike them edgeways, without sounding more than one at a time; and the little finger is protected by a thick covering of leather. The larger bells require a weight

of 2lbs. to make them sound. The carillon of the Stadt-huis is small; but it is in some cases so fatiguing to play them, that the performer is obliged to go to bed when he has done."

"Listen!" said Miss Cavendish. "There is a different melody, and it comes from a great distance."

"At this quiet hour," continued Mr. Cavendish, "you would hear them from any tower in Leyden. In some towns in Flanders, they are so numerous, that they seem to be going all day long. I believe, they are very fine in Amsterdam: but I have not yet heard any in Holland, to equal those of Antwerp and Bruges."

"I have heard the chimes of our village church play the 100th Psalm," said Minna: "but I never fancied that any one was in the steeple playing it."

"Nor was there," said her father. "The chimes in England are played by machinery. The machinery resembles clock-work: but I cannot make you understand it now. There is, besides, a small instrument called a carillon, used in orchestras to imitate bells. In this, there is a cylinder marked, at proper intervals, with projecting wires, which strike upon iron bars instead of bells. The machinery of a musical box will explain this to you."

A third and more plaintive melody now caught their attention. It was softened by distance. It was an air they had all long known, and they returned in silence to their hotel.

## CHAPTER XII.

## A MERRY PARTY.—HAARLEM MEER.

IN their walk the next morning, Godfrey remarked with wonder, that Broad Street had no canal in it. It seemed to surprise him as much as it did when he first came into Holland, to find them in all the streets but one that he had seen in Rotterdam. He soon however found canals again, and numerous bridges, which he remarked were mostly of stone, with iron railings ; which was more like those he had been accustomed to see at home, than the brick bridges of Delft, or the wooden ones of Rotterdam. The streets are beautifully clean, whether with canals or without : and the quays are far less encumbered than those beside which he had seen the barge full of sabots, and the strange copper vessels. The cloth manufacture, for which Leyden was formerly celebrated, has much declined, and there is now little of the bustle of commerce to be seen there.



In the middle of the town, they ascended a mound, on the summit of which is the ruined castle which the people of Leyden say, was built by Hengist after his return from Britain. Some think it of Roman origin. Its green slopes are now covered with gardens and orchards, and are a great resort of the inhabitants on Sundays and holidays. There is an extensive view from its summit, and they had a bright day for enjoying it. As they were passing through one of the gardens, they remarked the gay pipes the men were smoking ; some of them very long.

“The Dutch are luxurious in their pipes,” said Mr. Cavendish, “and will give eight or ten guineas for a real Meerschaum, from Turkey.”

“Is that the Turkish name for pipe ?” said Godfrey.

“It is the name of the clay of which those most esteemed are made,” said Mr. Cavendish. “This clay is scarce, and the word Meerschaum means froth of the sea.”

Godfrey looked with more respect on the pipe with the strange name than he had ever looked on a pipe before :—but Minna was sure no name could ever reconcile her to the constant puffing, and the everlasting smell of tobacco, in which the people seemed to live.

A shower of rain fell on Minna's head as she was speaking, and put a sudden stop to her criticism on tobacco. She looked up with surprise, for there was scarcely a cloud in the sky. Godfrey laughed a very little, and pointed to a machine like a garden engine, with which a sturdy Dutch girl,—her short petticoats tucked up still shorter, the sleeves of her white bedgown rolled above her elbows,—was industriously sending up a stream of water to the third story of a house, to clean the windows.

Minna laughed too, and said that if she had been looking where she was going, instead of lecturing about smoking, she would probably have escaped a wetting.

She went to the hotel, and dried her bonnet, and changed her frock and shoes; and preparations were made, and horses ordered, to be off for Haarlem, at four in the afternoon.

“We will have an evening ride to day,” said Aunt Ellen.

As they drove out of Leyden, Minna pointed out to Godfrey the lofty brass pumps, kept scoured as bright as a parlour coal-scuttle; and Mr. Cavendish told them that good water was exceedingly scarce in Holland; and that in many of the towns, the inhabitants paid very dearly for it, brought from Utrecht, and even Germany, in stone bottles; and that, not the

Seltzer water they had seen him drink, but common spring water.

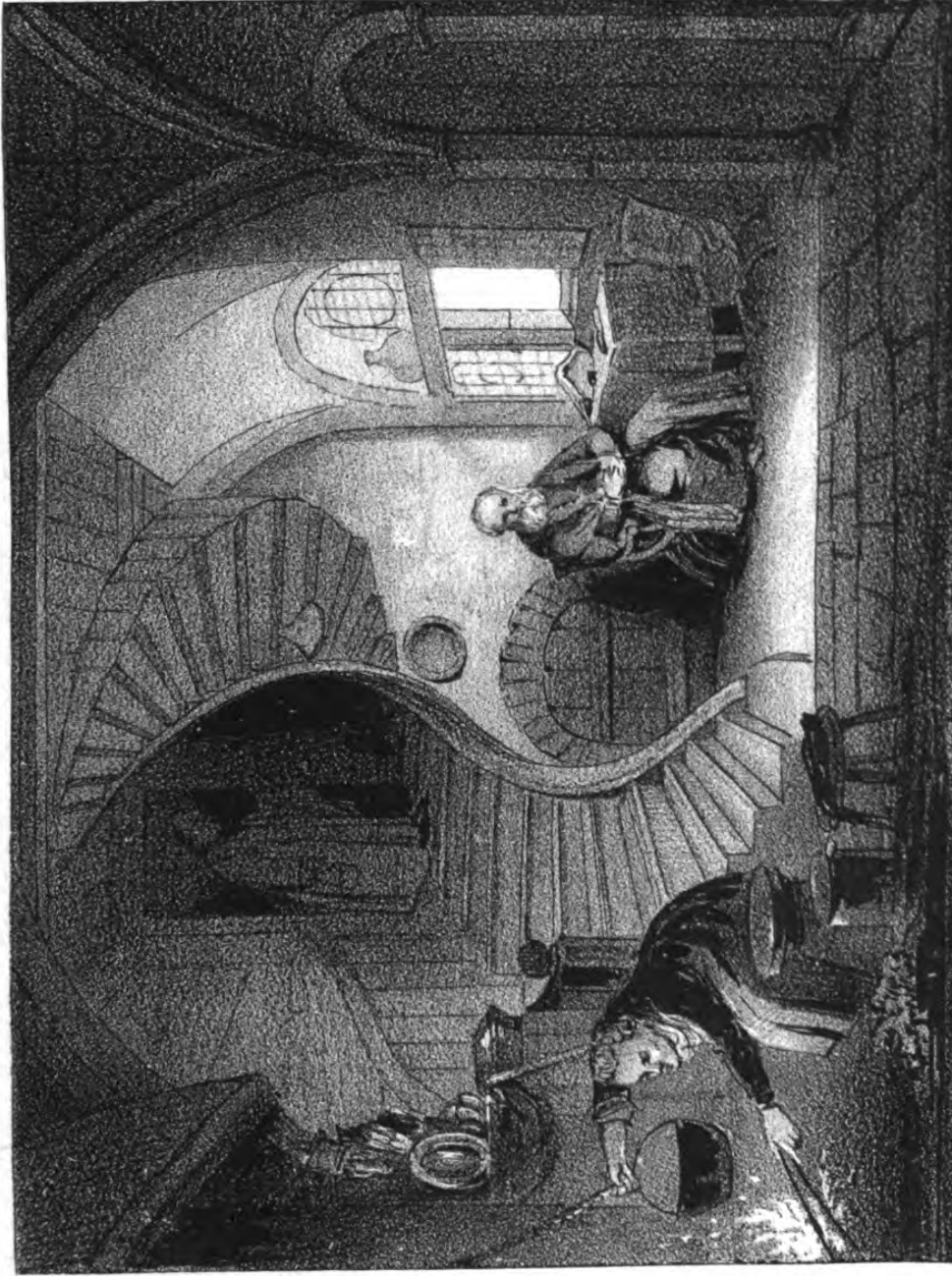
“Can you tell why, Minna?” said he.

Minna supposed that it was because there were no springs of pure water to be found in the mud soil, of which so large a part of Holland is composed; and Godfrey, because it was all so flat, there were no mountains or rocks for the rivers to spring from; and he thought, how they would value his favourite waterfall by the wood, if it could be placed in the botanic garden!

When they had passed the barrier, Minna said something about the numerous windmills with which Leyden is surrounded, and Mr. Cavendish told them that Rembrandt, the painter, was born in a mill in the vicinity of the town; and there is one, more ancient than the rest, which is pointed out as his birth-place, on the road to Utrecht. He is supposed to have derived his peculiarities of light and shade from the aperture in the top of his father's mill. He was very poor, and went on foot, carrying one of his pictures to Amsterdam for sale. He received one hundred florins for it; returned home in a carriage,—a waagen doubtless; and soon left the mill to reside in Amsterdam, where his talents for painting and saving made him a rich man.

He is said to have felt the death of a favorite

THE PHILOSOPHER.



REMBRANDT.





monkey so much, that he painted its dead body in a family group, and could not be prevailed on to efface it.

He told them also of Jan Steen, likewise a native of Leyden, and of his representation of the Deluge ;—how he painted a large Dutch cheese with the word *Leyden* upon it, floating in a sheet of water, which, he held, would show plainly enough, that all the world were drowned: and of Mieris, his friend and boon companion, who was taken care of one night by a poor cobbler and his wife, who found him fallen into a common sewer, after a drinking bout with Jan Steen, and where he would soon have been suffocated. They took care of him through the night; he was sadly ashamed in the morning, but very grateful to them. He painted a picture in his best style, and bade the wife offer it for sale to Cornelius Plaats. The poor woman's surprise was extreme, when he paid her 800 florins for it. The poor cobbler and his wife were never so rich before.

Drunkenness is a rare vice in Holland, however. It is as disgraceful for a man to be a drunkard, as to keep careless accounts.

The road to Haarlem from Leyden is exceedingly good, studded with gentlemen's houses, with large pleasure-grounds, well laid out, and all as beautifully neat as possible.



When they were little more than half-way, on a part of the road which widened out into a sort of village green, with a piece of broad green-sward, and a park paling on the right hand, with fine trees hanging over it, they met three of the Dutch, or as we should call them, German waggons; the hoops which passed across them, gay with green boughs and flowers, and full as they could be with young men and women, abounding with health and spirits, and in all their rustic finery. Some few, very few, had the Dutch cap, and the hair drawn tightly back from their foreheads; but many had caps of nett or coarse lace, and pink and blue, or orange ribbons above their long ear-rings, reaching far below their borders. Whether it were a wedding party, or only a detachment from the fair at Haarlem, our travellers could not decide; that they were full of merriment was clear enough, from their loud and joyous tones, and ruddy laughing faces.

They had come to a halt under the trees. What was the matter under consideration, our party did not learn; but one young *vrouw*, unable seemingly to restrain herself any longer, got out of the waggon, and began dancing by herself on the green. If a dance here were the matter in debate, she settled it. The rest soon followed her; and when our travellers proceeded,

after watering their horses at a small country public-house, they left a picture of Dutch merriment and enjoyment, which Wilkie would have been glad to have met with, and which Minna and Godfrey have not yet forgotten.

As they drew nearer to Haarlem, the road passed near enough to the sea, or meer, of Haarlem, for them to see it on their right hand, between some of the sand-hills, which it has thrown up on the sides. They are generally planted with firs, and other hardy trees. There are cottages by the road side, around which rows of potatoes and cabbages are seen to take the places of the hearts and triangles of the flower gardens; and the landscape was less peculiarly Dutch than what they had passed before. Boats were to be seen on the Haarlem Meer, and the whole scene was one of cheerfulness and beauty.

Mr. Cavendish told his children that Haarlem had formerly been the great place for the manufactory of the linen we call Holland, and for the bleaching of similar cloth from Friesland and Germany; that the waters of Haarlem Meer, which are brackish, thick, abounding with eels, and not very deep, possessed qualities peculiarly favourable for bleaching; and that after England and Ireland had rivalled the Dutch successfully, in the manufacture of the linen,

which the children knew better by the name of *Irish* than any other, and of which Godfrey said his shirt was made, the manufacturers were accustomed to send it to Haarlem to bleach.

“And many a good old-fashioned housewife now,” said Aunt Ellen, “will never be persuaded that the bleaching of our chemical preparations makes the linen half so white as it was formerly, when bleached by the sun and the waters of Haarlem Meer, or some other meer; and she is sure it is less enduring.”

“I suspect she is right,” said Mr. Cavendish.

The children saw a field covered with something white; it was hanks or skeins of thread, hemp and flax, lying to whiten beside the Haarlem sea. Just before they entered the town, the postillion turned round, and removing his pipe from his mouth, and touching his glazed hat, pointed out the fine wood belonging to the mansion, formerly Mr. Hope's, purchased by Napoleon for his brother Louis. Mr. Hope was an English merchant of great wealth: he had a splendid gallery of works of art here, and his house used to be much visited by English travellers in Holland.

Our party had passed through a village wake after leaving the party on the green, and it was fair-time at Haarlem. Gay garlands, with flowers of coloured, gold and silver paper, hung from

the windows ; the streets were crowded with people ; the church-yard square was full of booths. Stalls were loaded with household goods, with caps, and ribbons of all hues, blue stockings, and gay gowns for the women ; with pipes as gay, harvest tools, schiedam, and tobacco for the men ; toys and gingerbread for the children ; fiddles and tamburines, flags, fruit, and flowers for all ; and it was with some difficulty, and very slowly, that our party wended their way among them to their hotel, the Goude Leeuw.

Here the children were kindly greeted in English, by the bustling little landlady, who found a comfortable room, and good beds for her English guests, though her house was so full, that she declared she hardly knew where to put herself. After they had been refreshed with some good tea, and bread and butter, Mr. Cavendish took Minna out to see a little of the fair ; but Godfrey looked pale and tired, and Miss Cavendish said, she thought he must not go out again, and she would stay with him, for it was not quite his time for going to bed.

Godfrey felt disappointed ; but he only said, " Will you read me one of the pretty German stories then, Aunt Ellen ? "

Miss Cavendish was ready always to give him pleasure, and she began—



## TALES FOR GODFREY.

“Gustavus, Hermann, and Allwina, the blooming children of a countryman, wandered one bright spring day into the fields. The nightingale and the lark sang over their heads, and the flowers unfolded themselves in the early dew and the mild rays of the morning sun.

“The children looked around with joy, and bounded from hill to hill, and twined for themselves wreaths of flowers; and they praised in songs the glory of the spring, and the love of the All-powerful Father, who clothed the earth with grass and flowers; and they sang of the flowers, from the rose which groweth on a bush, to the lowly violet which blossoms in concealment, and the dear heath-flower which the bee sucks. So were the spring-time of life, and the spring-time of the year in beautiful harmony.

“At length the children said one to another, ‘Let us each choose a flower, which shall be his darling, above all others!’ And they were delighted with the thought; and they sprang into the field, each to choose his favourite flower.

“‘Yonder in the arbour we will meet again!’ cried they—so the children wandered forth their several ways over the fair field.

“They soon all appeared again on their way to the arbour, each with a bunch of his chosen

flower in his hand ; and when they caught sight of each other, they held the flowers above their heads, and shouted for joy. Then they entered the arbour together, and they agreed between themselves, and said, ‘ Now shall each tell the other why he chose his flower !’

“ Gustavus, the eldest, had selected the violet. ‘ See,’ said he, ‘ it blossoms and scents the air in modest beauty, amidst moss and blades of grass. And it is hidden away and cometh upon us unseen, like the soft approach and blessing of spring. But it is beloved and honoured by men, and sung in sweetest songs : and they call the lowly violet the first-born child of spring, and the flower of modesty ; therefore have I chosen it for my flower.’ And Gustavus gave some of his flowers to Hermann and Allwina, and they received them with joy ; for was it not the darling flower of their brother ?

“ Then Hermann stepped forward with his bunch of flowers. It was the delicate lily of the valley, which grows in the cool shade of the wood, and lifts up its bell blossoms, like pearls strung one after the other, and white as the sun’s light. ‘ See,’ said he, ‘ this flower have I chosen for mine, for it is the image of innocence and of a pure heart ; and it tells of the love which adorns the heaven with stars, and the earth with flowers. Was not the lily of the



field honoured above all other flowers, to bear witness to the love of our Father, in whom all live and move? Behold, therefore have I chosen the little lily for my favorite flower!' And the other two received it with pious gladness and respect: and thus was the little flower made holy unto them.

"Then came Allwina, the good and lovely little girl, with her chosen bunch of flowers.

"It was the delicate blue Forget-me-not. 'See, dear boys,' said the sweet child, 'this flower have I found by the brook. Is it not true that it shines like a small star in heaven, and it looks at itself in the clear water, and the brook flows all the fairer, and as if it were crowned beneath it? And it is to the brook as love and tenderness, and I have chosen it for my darling, and I give it to you both.'

"Then she gave it to her brothers with a kiss, and her brothers thanked her with a kiss, and the guardian angel of the children smiled on the sweet embrace of innocence.

"Thus were the favorite flowers chosen. Then said Allwina, 'We will bind them in two wreaths, and consecrate them to our dear parents!'

"So they twined two wreaths with the fair flowers, and carried them to their parents, and related to them from the beginning their choice

of their flowers. And their parents said, 'It is a lovely wreath! Love, innocence, and modesty entwined together! Behold how one flower sets off and heightens the other, and so they form together the most beautiful of flower crowns!'

"'But there is yet one thing wanting,' answered the children: and they crowned with touching gratitude their father and their mother. Then their parents were overcome with joy, and they pressed the children to their hearts, and said, 'Such a wreath is far more noble than a kingly crown?'"

Godfrey was delighted with this story, which he had never heard before. He would look for these flowers. "And will you help me, Aunt Ellen, to make a wreath for Minna? And will you tell me some more stories? I could sit up all night listening to them."

"Then your pleasure would be, you would soon find, like the apple of the chamberlain of King Herod," said she.

"I know that one, it is very short," said he; "read me that, and then I will go to bed."

#### THE APPLE.

"There was a rich man at the court of King Herod; he was his high chamberlain, and he clothed himself in purple, and costly linen, and

he lived sumptuously every day, and in gladness. Now there came unto him, from a far distant land, a friend of his youth, whom for many long years he had not seen. And the chamberlain made a great feast to do him honour, and he bade all his friends to it. On the table were many delicate meats served in gold, and in silver, and many costly vessels with ointments, and wines of every sort. And the rich man sat at the head of the table, and was in good spirits; and on his right hand sat his friend, who had come to him from a distant land; and they ate, and drank, and were satisfied.

“Then said the man from the far distant land to the chamberlain of King Herod, ‘Such magnificence, and such pomp as this of thine house, I never beheld in mine own land, either far or near!’ And he commended all this splendour, and held him to be happy, above all the men upon the earth.

“But the rich man, the chamberlain of the King, took an apple from a golden dish. The apple was large, and fair, and ruddy on the outside as crimson; and he took the apple, and said, ‘See! this apple reposes upon gold, and its appearance is very fair!’ And he reached it to the stranger, the friend of his youth—and the stranger cut the apple in two, and behold a worm was in the midst of it!

“ And the stranger showed it aside to the chamberlain : and the high chamberlain cast his eyes on the ground—and sighed !”

“ Why did he sigh, Godfrey ?” said Aunt Ellen.

“ Because something troubled him in his secret mind,” said Godfrey.

“ And if the worm of sickness gets into the apple of your pleasure, I should sigh too, dear Godfrey ; so good-night to you ;”—and she put him into his clean little bed, and sat down to read and write beside him.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## HAARLEM ORGAN.—TULIPS.

THE first object with our travellers the next day was the wonder of Haarlem, the famous organ. It is no longer unrivalled in Holland ; for that erected of late years in the church of St. Laurence, in Rotterdam, is said to equal or exceed it in size and power. We recommend our young readers to hear it when they visit Rotterdam ; but as Minna and Godfrey did not, they went towards the church of St. Bavon, full of expectation.

They were conducted to the house of the sexton, who was not at home : but his wife led them, and two English gentlemen, who were at her door on the same errand, into the gallery of the church, through her house, and left them to descend into the body of it while she went for the organist.



Minna and Godfrey were surprised at the vast size and splendour of the organ. They had imagined it would be larger than that in the parish church at home, but could not expect such a building as it seemed to them, with the arms on the top of it, King David and his harp, the trumpet blowers, and other figures which ornamented it. It stands on porphyry pillars, and reaching to the roof, completely fills up one end of the church. One of the gentlemen said, he understood there were five thousand pipes in it, of which the largest metal pipe is fifteen inches in diameter, and thirty-two feet in length. It was built by Müller in 1738. The conversation was put an end to, by a fine burst from the vast pile, which vibrated along the roof, and died away in the distance. The wonderful performance lasted an hour. The powers of imitation which this instrument possesses are very great ; from the tones of the human voice, the fife, the hautboy, and the trumpet, to that of the loudest thunder ; and Minna and Godfrey too, looked up in surprise to the roof, and drew nearer to Aunt Ellen, when they heard the pattering rain, the rushing wind, and the loud crashing thunder. During the performance, there was a beautiful imitation of bells, which they could scarcely believe proceeded from the organ. They were told, that

this private performance was very superior to the public one, three times a-week, after the morning service.

Mr. Cavendish went with the English strangers into the organ loft, to examine the instrument, when the music was at an end. One of them understood organs, and said that in its numerous stops (sixty I believe) there were many not to be found in any organ in England. The fee to the organist and his bellows-blower was a louis-d'or, half of which Mr. Cavendish paid most willingly. It is very fatiguing to the organist to bring out the full power of this extraordinary instrument. They did not return as they entered, but passed out by the church-door after they had examined and admired the vast screen of brass, which divides the nave from the choir, and which is rich in fruits, and foliage, and various strange figures. In one of the walls they were shown a cannon ball, lodged there by the Spaniards during the ever-memorable siege in 1572.

In the market-place, near the church, is the statue of Laurence Koster, fronting the house in which he lived: and their guide said there was another to his memory in the wood, where the Dutch assert he made the discovery which led to the art of printing. It is said that when he was a youth, he had cut some notches in a

branch of elder which he had in his hand ;— he fell asleep grasping it, and when he awoke he found the raised traces on his hand stained with the green juice of the stick. How far this tale is true we do not know ; but there remains little doubt any where, that printing in its first rude attempts arose in Holland, in this town of Haarlem ; and the Dutch celebrated the fourth century of this most important discovery here, on the tenth and eleventh of July, 1823, to which pilgrims came from afar, even from the United States of America. The statue holds the letter A in his hand. It is said that the first book which he printed, “ Le Miroir de notre Salut,” (the Mirror of our Salvation,) is preserved in the town-house in a silver case, wrapt in silk, and shown with great caution. The famous Fust, or Faustus, for whom the Germans claim the honoured invention, we are told by the Dutch, received Gutenberg, a servant of Koster’s, who stole his types, and carried them and his skill to Mentz, the city which disputes the honour with Haarlem. Perhaps our gratitude is due to all,—Koster the discoverer, Gutenberg and Faustus, the improvers of this art, to which we are so much indebted ; but we would fain hope that ingratitude and treachery do not rightfully attach to the memory of the origina-

tors of this great art. Haarlem is still famous for its types, especially of Greek and Hebrew. The Jews are principally supplied from here.

Mr. Cavendish had a commission from a friend in England, to purchase a selection of bulbous roots for him : and the children were delighted to accompany him to the garden of *Veuve Arie Van Eeden et Fils*, in the *Kliene Houtweg*. They passed out to the barrier by which they had entered Haarlem, and turning down a road to the left, reached some houses facing the planted embankments of the town. They were received in a neat clean room, by a young man speaking a mixture of English and French. He led them out into the garden, where they found a building for drying the roots. Along one side of it were ranges of open racks, or frames ; the spaces between the bars not wide enough for the roots to fall through. These were lettered and numbered, and the roots arranged according to their kind and value. The prices of tulips varied from twenty pounds a hundred, to three or four, except the very rare ones which sold singly, much higher. Hyacinth, and some few other roots varied in proportion.

Mr. Cavendish made his selection of hyacinth tulip jonquil and ranunculus roots ; and left the choice of some other sorts, not yet out of the ground, to *Veuve Van Eeden*,



*et Fils*, who undertook to forward them in proper time, through their correspondents, Messrs. *Kops, Cousmaker and Guitard*, Birchin Lane, London.

The young gardener then accompanied them through the garden, which was very similar to an English nursery-ground, only that a much larger proportion of it was devoted to bulbous roots, for which Haarlem is the nursery-ground of Europe. The soil was mostly fine light sand. They saw some new species of the gladiolus and iris; some very fine tiger-lilies, and tigridia, a splendid flower of a few hours' beauty, which was new to our young visitors. There were beautiful pinks and roses, and several species of *pancratium*, of which Mr. Cavendish added some to his selection. As they returned through the town, their guide pointed out two houses, which he said had been given for one tulip root. They were not the best, nor the newest in Haarlem, but Minna looked so astonished, that it was clear she doubted how far it was true; and Mr. Cavendish told her, that more than that had been given for a root in the days of Holland's prosperity and folly; 380*l.*, a carriage and horses, and complete set of harness, had been offered for one, and many acres of land had been refused for a single tulip-root; 10,000



florins had been given for one bulb; and it is said, from 50 to 100 florins is sometimes given now.

“In truth,” said Mr. Cavendish, “there was a great deal of gambling, similar to our stock-jobbing, going on about these roots, which were sometimes bought and sold when they were not in existence.”

Aunt Ellen said that the taste for tulips was by no means confined to the Dutch, and that she remembered her father speaking of an English merchant, who told him with great glee one day, of the capital purchase he had made of a bed of choice Dutch roots, for which he had given only 500*l*. “These were real roots,” said she, “and were planted in his garden at home.”

Minna said she should prefer the hyacinth; the tulip was handsome, but had no scent.

Miss Cavendish allowed this, but thought there was great beauty in the bright distinct hues of a tulip, and its graceful form; “besides,” said she, “it is only to make any thing an object of study and cultivation to feel attached to it, and interested in it above all others.”

“But we must not praise it above all others

to other people," said Minna, "or we shall be like the gardener and his tulip-tree."

Godfrey, whose ears were always open to the promise of a story, asked what that was, and Minna promised to tell him another time.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### A TALE OF TREACHERY.—KOSTER.

WHEN they were sitting quietly after dinner, Godfrey remembered the cannon-ball in the wall of the church.

“Why does the clergyman let it stay there?” said he.

“To keep alive the memory of the bravery and resolution of their ancestors in the minds of the people,” answered Mr. Cavendish. “The town of Haarlem, with a garrison of only 4000 soldiers, maintained a defence against the Spaniards for seven long months, though its fortifications were but weak. In order to prevent their having any supply of food, their enemies put a fleet of war-boats on the lake of Haarlem. Every citizen took up arms, and the women fought, led on by one called Kenau Hasselaar,

as they did the following year in the defence of Leyden.

“The garrison, seeing they must die of starvation, determined to place their women and children in the midst of them, and cut their way through the enemy’s camp. The Spaniards, being informed of this determination, sent a flag of truce with offers of pardon, on surrender of the town and fifty-seven of the principal inhabitants. Fifty-seven of the first citizens immediately devoted themselves, and the garrison, now reduced to 1800 men, opened the gates to the enemy.

“The Spaniards kept their promises for three days ; but when they had possessed themselves of all the arms of the poor famished people, they began their work of murder and treachery. The fifty-seven hostages, and the governor, were the first put to death ; and four executioners were then employed in butchery, till they were so exhausted that they could do no more, when the wretched victims were tied two and two, and thrown into the lake of Haarlem. It is calculated that more than 2000 were thus put to death in cold blood.

“ This siege lasted from December 1572, until July 1573 ; and it is probable the treachery of the Duke of Alva towards the town of

Haarlem, determined the heroic Vanderwerff in his obstinate defence of Leyden."

"I think the Spaniards were very bad people," said Godfrey. "I never heard of any so wicked."

"They were ignorant and fanatical, say rather," replied Mr. Cavendish. "Religious bigotry always inflames men with more cruelty than any other cause of quarrel, and the battle of Protestantism was fought in the Low Countries. Besides, we must not blame a whole nation for the conduct of its rulers, nor an army for obeying the commands of its general."

"The name of the Duke of Alva has come down to us loaded with the execrations of mankind: and when you know more of history, you will find great deeds related of the Spaniards, and that other nations have been cruel and treacherous, as well as they. The history of the Dutch colonies in the East has many a black page, as well as that of the Spanish provinces in the Netherlands."

"I suppose Koster was as great a man as Erasmus," said Minna, after a short silence, "as a statue is erected to him in the market-place?"

"As great a man!" said Godfrey. "Why, he was only a printer!"



“Say rather, the discoverer of the most useful art known among men,” returned Mr. Cavendish. “If a man is to be ranked by the benefits he confers on his fellow-men, Koster will rank above Erasmus: at any rate his invention is of much more value than any thing he did. We must rather say his discovery, for it was not the result of study, if the tale be true we heard to-day.

“Try to imagine, Godfrey, what a dunce you would be, how ignorant we should all be, if there were no printed books. If all the knowledge of mankind was in written papers and parchments, and these were very few and costly, and the property only of kings and colleges, and very rich men,—if you can imagine what this would be, you will be very thankful to Koster, for trying to make use of what he had accidentally discovered, when he cut out letters of wood, and connected them together by a thread, to print words for his children.”

Godfrey tried to think what it would be, but he could not imagine such a world. “Without books about animals, and Alexander the Great, and fairy tales — Oh, it would be very dull!” and he thought he never should wish again there were no spelling-books, or Latin books, or French books, as he knew he had done some-

times of a bright sunny morning, when the birds were singing in the trees, and his poney Orson was only waiting for his lesson to be learnt, to carry him over the hill.

Minna believed, — “there were minstrels who went about from castle to castle, in those days, and related stories of knights and ladies, and the wonderful things which they had seen in other countries; for the minstrels were the travellers then.”

“That might do very well for the amusement of idle squires and dames,” said Aunt Ellen; “but the minstrels would not spend their time upon the poor; and how far either rich or poor got any true knowledge from these story-tellers was very doubtful, when each said what he pleased, and could not be contradicted as travellers are now, when they say what is not true in printed books, which every one may read.”

## CHAPTER XV.

## THE CAUSEWAY—AMSTERDAM.

As Mr. Cavendish had relinquished the idea of making a little excursion into North Holland, on his road to Amsterdam, our party passed out of Haarlem the next morning through an old gateway, part of the ancient fortifications of the town. The country was very different from any they had passed over before; the broad paved road ran on the top of a fine causeway, in a straight line, further than the eye could reach. It is the summit of a dyke of amazing strength, a wall of defence between the waters of the Haarlem river, which press against it on the south, and those of the Ai or Y, or, as the Dutch write it—Het IJ—a branch of the Zuyder Zee, on the north.

At the end of the first five miles, these waters

meet under the artificial isthmus made by the causeway. The relative heights of these two bodies of water are kept nicely regulated by measuring posts and sluices, and the state of the water is carefully watched, as the safety of Amsterdam, and the adjacent country, four or five feet in some places below the level of the water, depends on the management of these two inland seas.

“The Haarlem Meer,” said Mr. Cavendish, “was formed towards the end of the sixteenth century, when four small lakes, previously distinct from each other, burst their boundaries, owing to some extraordinary increase of their waters, and united in one, overflowing the intervening marshes, and surrounding many villages, which still remain partly in the water.

“The Meer is now eleven leagues in circumference, with not a shadow of a hill to break the force of the wind upon it; and though the water is not deep, it is very formidable when heaped up by storms against the sides: and it requires all that the greatest attention and skill, the utmost powers of the art of dyke-making can do, to prevent the low adjacent land from being swallowed up.

“There has been a plan in agitation for draining this district, by pumping the waters of the

Haarlem Meer into the sea ; and in Holland, we must not say that this would be an impossible thing. The reclaimed land, like that of the *Bies Bosch*, would then be fine pasture land, of an extent of twenty thousand acres : some say much more than this, — more than fifty thousand.”

When they were above the artificial isthmus, dividing the Haarlem Meer from the waters of the Ai, it seemed as though they were traversing a sea ; and Minna was glad they were there in summer weather.

Mr. Cavendish pointed out to her the great height and strength of the dams and sluices, over which the road passes, erected against these opposing floods. He believed the castle of Zwannenburg, with its sculptured swans, was now the residence of the Waterstaat, or directors and guardians of these works ; it was so formerly, he knew.

When they had passed this spot, the road continued as before, on the raised causeway ; but they left the Haarlem Meer, with its fearful waste of waters, behind them. The canal of the Ai, in many places the Ai itself, was on their left ; while on their right, the eye wandered over a vast expanse of low, very green pasture land, having all the freshness and vividness of water-



meadows. A row of strong posts, with booms attached to them, breaks the force of the waters of the Ai, and protects the high bank of the causeway, which seems in constant danger of being washed away, where the road approaches too near the great body of the water for the canal to have an outer bank.

Another row of posts of hard blue stone, from the Rhine or the Meuse, about three feet in height, are planted in the ground, about twenty feet from each other, to prevent the horses which draw the trekschuyts and other canal boats, from intruding on the carriage-road. These extend a long way.

It was an impressive ride; and it is difficult to imagine any thing more calculated to shew the difficulties the Dutch have to contend with, or the skill, patience, and perseverance with which they surmount them, than the journey from Haarlem to Amsterdam.

The waters of the Haarlem Meer now find an outlet at Katwyk, and the danger to be apprehended from them is much diminished, since the formation of these great works.

Soon after they had passed the castle of Zwannenburg, they came very near an English travelling chariot which had preceded them out of Haarlem. Mr. Cavendish's carriage being

open, came under the denomination of Calêche ; therefore he was allowed to post with two horses ; but the other carriage, though probably lighter, and certainly conveying fewer persons, was obliged to take three. It was a close carriage, a chariot, or, as they call it in France, where they have similar regulations, a Coupé.

The leader was a young and troublesome horse ; and the preposterously long traces of rope, by which he was connected with the carriage, almost put him beyond the guidance of the postillion, who was on one of the wheel horses. He wandered first to the left, then to the right ; and sometimes, as if quite determined to go back to Haarlem, would turn nearly round, which his long harness allowed him to do, to the evident risk of the lives of those in the carriage, who seemed about to be plunged into the canal on the left, or the broad ditch of the meadow on the right, at the pleasure of the horse. It was really frightful to see him ; and Minna and Godfrey could hardly forbear screaming ; and the whole party were very glad to go at a foot-pace for some time, while the gentleman's servant, who, as a last resource, had descended from the rumble, led the unquiet animal for some distance along a part of the causeway peculiarly dangerous for such gambols.

Mr. Cavendish recognized an old friend in one of the gentlemen, and they found they were going to the same hotel in Amsterdam.

Accustomed as they were now to windmills, great was the surprise of our young travellers at the crowd which met their view across the water, at some distance on the left. It was a landscape of windmills ! The postillion said it was Saardam they saw, and that there were two thousand windmills before them ; and in this he was supported by a guide book. It was Saardam ; and they ascertained afterwards that the number of windmills was actually three hundred and eighty.

As they approached Amsterdam, they found windmills mounting guard over the town. Their party-coloured sails were amazing things. When Godfrey was told there was one perched on all but four of the six-and-twenty bastions of the ancient fortifications, he said something about the different coloured flags and standards of an army ; and Minna, about Don Quixote and his battle with the windmills.

The fosse surrounding the town is eighty feet in width : and the immediate approach to Amsterdam, through the Haarlemmer Poort, and the suburbs on that side, does not give any intimation to the stranger of the magnificence

of the city he is entering; but, as they drove through the splendid Heeren's Gracht, great part of which they traversed before they reached Doelen Straat, in which their hotel, the Old Doelen, is situated, Minna exclaimed, "Amsterdam is a finer city than London."

"Say, rather, more striking, on a first glance," said Mr. Cavendish. "Heeren's Gracht is certainly more imposing than the entrance to London from our high north road."

The immense height, and the uniformity of the houses, their strange lofty roofs, intended for warehouses and storehouses, when Holland's republican merchants, like those of Venice, were princes,—nearly all bearing still the mark of their destination,—the stamp of trade, in the strong beam projecting from the roof, for hoisting up the goods; the length and breadth of the street, more than a French league, or nearly three English miles in extent, two-thirds or thereabouts of which they traversed before they turned into Doelen-street; the wide canal and noble trees were all very striking. It was a fine termination to the impressive ride: and the whole left a remembrance on the minds of our travellers, strong in its singularity, and which will never be effaced.

They found excellent accommodations in

their hotel, secured for them the day before by one of the gentlemen they had met in the cathedral at Haarlem : and they expected much pleasure from remaining a few days in Amsterdam.



## CHAPTER XVI.

## THE STADT-HOUSE.—THE NEW CHURCH.

THE first visit our party made was to the noble Stadt-house, the splendid monument of the commercial and republican greatness of Holland, which Louis Bonaparte converted into a palace!—A palace it still remains, under the descendants of William of Nassau!

The marble floor of the grand saloon was covered with boards, to serve as a ball-room, when our party entered it, and a drapery of linen had been gracefully folded over the statue of Death, which might cast a gloom over the gay spirits of the dancers. A colossal Atlas, supporting the globe on his brawny shoulders, is over the principal entrance; a group representing the hard endurance of the Dutch in their struggle for liberty, by the sufferings of the wounded, and of the famishing prisoner, whose

sorrows death is about to terminate, is on his right hand: on his left, Liberty triumphant, with the emblems of prosperity and peace.

“ I think that mysterious drapery more awful than any uncovered statue could have been,” said Miss Cavendish, who found the eyes of Minna and Godfrey continually wandering towards it, as well as her own. “ It would be to me like the veiled skeleton the Egyptians had at their banquet tables, were I a dancer here! The drapery falls beautifully, and might easily be mistaken for marble.”

“ By the short-sighted,” said Mr. Cavendish.

When Minna could look away from the draped statue, she was much delighted with the large and beautifully light chandeliers, suspended from blue starry globes (an odd fancy), and made to contain an immense number of lights.

Their aged conductor, one of the inferior officers of the house, told them that the room was one hundred and twenty feet in length, sixty in width, and one hundred in height; eighty feet of this height is lined with Italian marble, and ornamented with pilasters of the Corinthian order, and some groups and bas-reliefs of very good and appropriate sculpture; among others, some beautiful corn, fruit and flowers. The heavy crimson curtains were looped with

gold ; and when the brilliant chandeliers were lighted, he assured them it was very splendid. It was impossible to doubt it ; but Miss Cavendish said, she feared she should remember that it was not for a ball-room it was intended, even then.

Outside this noble room, perhaps in its size, its simple majesty, and noble and appropriate ornaments, the first in Europe, there was a marble corridor, formerly of one unbroken length. The effect is now sadly injured by its being broken up into small rooms, by double doors, painted to imitate marble.

Different offices for the transaction of public business open out of this gallery. Over their doors are appropriate emblems in white marble.

Minna recognized the figure of Charity, which presides over the office for the provision for orphans. A famished dog watching the body of his murdered master, indicated the fidelity, and Silence with her finger on her lips, the secrecy expected from the secretary ; and over the bankrupts' door, the tale was plainly told, by a man overturning a chest, from which the rats were running out.

In the apartments formerly the burgomaster's, and in the grand cabinet, there are richly carved

chimney-pieces, and large paintings, illustrative of Dutch history. A magazine of arms occupies the second floor, and in the strong apartments of the ground floor were formerly laid up the immense treasures of the celebrated bank of Amsterdam. This bank in its peculiarities no longer exists, but is said to have had no less than forty millions sterling in bullion laid up here, at one time. One of the courts of the Stadt-house was a prison, and there are dreary underground dungeons running round two sides of it.

They left, as they had entered, by one of the entrances of the back front, and turned to contemplate the outside of this noble edifice. This front is crowned by an immense Atlas in lead, supporting, like the one within, an enormous globe. Temperance and Vigilance are his worthy companions, on either side. The guide said that the chimneys were lined with copper, to guard against fire; and that there are six large cisterns of water on the top of the building. A round tower surmounts the whole, and contains a great many bells, the largest said to weigh seven thousand pounds.

Mr. Cavendish led the way round to the other side of the building, where its principal front rises from the head of the great canal, called the *Damrak*. On its façade are two rows of

lofty pilasters. The second, of the Corinthian order, supports an entablature and pediment, on which Godfrey exclaimed, he saw Britannia with the branch in her hand.

“ I think it is not Britannia,” said Minna, “ for I do not see her lion; and there is a crown and not a helmet on her head.”

Mr. Cavendish told them it was the city of Amsterdam, they saw represented there. Four sea-nymphs are presenting her with a crown of palm and laurel: others bring her offerings of fruits; and Neptune is there in his car, with his Naiads and Tritons, sounding a blast to her praise over the waters.

“ And worthy was she of praise,” said their guide through the Stadt-house, (who, pleased with his party, had followed them round the corner,) “ if it were only for having built this glorious Stadt-house.

“ Holland has no stone of her own, you know, sir,” he continued, “ but she has raised this mountain of stone and marble. There was no solid land to build upon, and more than thirteen thousand massive piles,—you may call them forest trees, were sunk, and secured for its foundations!

“ This building is two hundred and eighty-two feet in length, two hundred and fifty-five in depth; it is one hundred and sixteen feet



high. It has had a mine of gold and silver within its vaults, and it rests upon a bed of sand and mud !”

The old man was warmed with his subject, and delighted with the evident admiration of his listeners. “ This was the work of our famous Van Campen,” he continued. “ It was begun in 1648 ; and finished in 1655.”

“ That was but seven years,” said Mr. Cavendish,—“ a short time for such a work, foundations and all. Labour did not go on so rapidly in those days as it does now.”

The old man was sure he was right. “ The hearts and souls of the people were in the work.”

Mr. Cavendish saw that his was also ; and, as he spoke English very well, he gave him a copy from his pocket-book, of some lines he had found in the book of English Translations in the library at the Hague. He was delighted to find them in a foreign tongue, and they parted well pleased with each other.

To the Directors of Amsterdam, in their New  
Stadt-huis, by Constantijn Huijens.

Illustrious men ! who bade the world's eighth wonder rise ;  
Lifting its crown of stone sublimely to the skies ;  
Whose splendid walls are reared by skill's unerring hand,  
To use, the end of all that 's rich and grand ;

May God, who gave you power to mingle good with show,  
Within that stately pile, his favouring smiles bestow,  
That ye to all the world, may prove what men ye are ;  
And peace be ever there, and misery banished far !  
But if it be ordained, when years have rolled away,  
That e'en these marble walls must crumble and decay,  
And if it be by Heaven, in future times, decreed,  
That to your wondrous work another must succeed,  
May God, your Father's God,—may God, your children's  
Father,  
Beneath his shadowing wings, those children kindly gather,  
And give them an abode, when ye from earth have past,  
As much excelling this, as this excels the last !

“ The truth is, I believe,” said Mr. Caven-  
dish, when their aged acquaintance had turned  
the corner, “ that the Stadt-house was covered  
in, and completed sufficiently for occupation in  
seven years ; but that it was only after a long  
course of time that it was finished as we see it  
There was no limitation in time or expense at  
its commencement ; and a prediction became  
current, that the trade of the city would decline,  
from the year in which the Stadt-house was  
completed, as that of Antwerp had done.”

The Nieuw Kerk, or New Church, as it is still  
called, though more than three hundred years  
old, was close by ; and they took advantage of  
some slight repairs which were going on, to  
enter it.

Here Godfrey saw the monument of Admiral de Ruyter, who, he remembered, fought against Blake with Tromp, and who was killed at Messina. It occupies the space formerly filled by the altar, when it was a Catholic church. Throughout Holland, these are removed from the reformed churches, and their places supplied by pulpits, or, as in this instance, by monuments.

There is a handsome monument lately erected, close to that of De Ruyter's, to the memory of Van Speyk, who sacrificed his own life, and those of his crew, to his sense of loyalty, during the late conflict between Holland and Belgium. He commanded a gun-boat, and was stranded during a heavy gale, just under the guns of a fort in the Scheldt. Unable to get his boat off, or to make any effectual defence from his position, he felt that he must fall an easy prey to the Belgians, who rushed on board to make a capture of his stranded vessel. Van Speyk had sworn never to lose his boat: and, rushing down to the powder magazine, he laid a lighted cigar on an uncovered barrel of gun-powder, and, imploring pardon of the Almighty for the crime of self-destruction, calmly awaited the result. In a few moments the explosion took place, and the resolute lieutenant, and all

but three of his crew, consisting of thirty-one men, were blown into the air.

“Van Speyk had been educated in our charitable institutions here, for he was an orphan,” said the overseer of the workmen, who related the story: “and nobly did he prove his gratitude to our good king, and his country. This monument has been raised to his memory, and there is to be evermore a vessel called Van Speyk, in the Dutch navy.”

“Did he do right?” said Minna, with a bewildered look.

“According to man’s judgment, he acted nobly,” said Mr. Cavendish. “The first virtue of a soldier, a citizen, and a subject, is devotion to his king and his country. By the law which says, ‘Thou shalt do no murder,’ which bids us, ‘not do evil, that good may come,’ he must be condemned; but we are a long way from the state of things to which a thorough application of these principles would lead us, Minna. Were it not so, such a situation as this in which Van Speyk was placed, could not exist; and his heroism and firmness would not have been subjected to trials, which make them become of doubtful character.”

The pulpit was a fine specimen of the art of wood-carving, and Godfrey made out St. Mat-

thew, Mark, Luke, and John upon it. The art of wood-carving attained its highest perfection in the Low Countries, and the pulpits in the old churches are some of the most curious and elaborate in the world.

The painted windows show us the emperor Maximilian, presenting an imperial crown to the burgomasters of Amsterdam, for the crest of the arms of their city: and it appears also on the eagles of gilded bronze, which surmount the pavilions at the angles of the Stadt-house. One of the handsome brass screens so frequently seen in these countries, divides the chancel from the body of the church: this is said to be of Corinthian brass. The organ is also of high reputation.

Mr. Cavendish looked into the Corn-exchange, which was crowded; Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays being the days when it is open for business.

Godfrey thought it must be dinner time, and he was very tired; and Mr. Cavendish, though the distance was short, put him, with his Aunt and Minna, into an odd little coach, of which there were two standing close by. It had no wheels, but was fixed on a wooden sledge, and drawn by one horse, driven by a man who walked beside it to prevent its overturning. Mr. Cavendish walked with him, and listened to



his praise of these odd little carriages, which he said were much better for a place like Amsterdam, built on piles, as it was, than any other; it did not try the foundations as the passage of wheels did.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## THE HELDER.—THE COAST GUARD.

MR. WILLÆRT, the gentleman whom Mr. Cavendish had recognized in the carriage with the troublesome horse, on the causeway, came into the rooms of his friends in the evening.

He was the son of a Dutch merchant, but born in London, where his father had spent many years of his life. Business had led him, when very young, into the part of the country where Mr. Cavendish resided, and a letter from a common friend had introduced him at Oak-hill. The intimacy had been continued as much as the distance between their general places of abode would allow, and his good humour and playfulness made him as welcome to Minna and Godfrey, as his higher qualities and general information rendered him to Mr. and Miss Cavendish. He had travelled a good deal, and for Minna he had many an interesting descrip-

tion, often a nice book : and there was no one, not even old Hannah herself, that had so many stories for Godfrey as Mr. Willært.

As soon as he had been welcomed by Miss Cavendish, and almost before he had well seated himself, Godfrey was between his knees, exclaiming, " Now, Mr. Willært, I have something to tell you, — something very curious. I know of a land where there is the largest house, the greatest building I have ever seen, built on the water. It is all made of stone, and yet they have no stone in that country, but they send ships for it a long way over the ocean ! And they make high roads, and travel on them in the midst of the sea !—

" There, Mr. Willært, can you tell me of any thing more wonderful than that ?"

" It is very curious, my young friend," said Mr. Willært, " but I saw a larger and broader dyke than that we traversed to-day, last year ; and at the northern extremity of Holland, there are vast rocks reared against the might of the sea, mountains of stone, which would build many Stadt-houses, (for I see where you have been to-day,) and they were all brought in ships from the coasts of Norway !

" The vast dyke of the Helder," said he, laying his finger on the map of Holland, before which Minna was standing, " surrounds the

outside of the town, and the strong fortress, which commands the narrow passage between the continent and the island of Texel, which was probably, like the island of Wieringen to the south of it, formerly part of the main land ;—this was separated from it in the 13th century.

“The dyke is nearly two leagues, or somewhat less than six miles in length, forty feet broad at the summit, and the road on it is as good as that we came over to-day. It descends into the sea by a gradual slope of two hundred feet. The highest tide never washes over it ; its base is so deep in the foundations of the ocean, that the lowest never leaves it dry. Enormous buttresses, of vast height and strength, project far out into the sea, and break the force of the waves, which is very great in this narrow passage.

“This gigantic rock-bound coast is all as much the work of man’s hand as the Stadthouse ; and these mountain masses, which look as though they defied the power of man or the elements to stir them, are all squared and levelled like the blocks which form its walls ! Vast as they are, they are less than the quantity buried to serve them for a foundation.”

“Is this all true ?” said Godfrey, who had heard many a tale which was not true from Mr. Willært.

“Quite true, Godfrey,” said he; “and there is a formidable fortress there besides, which Napoleon intended for a Northern Gibraltar, but was obliged to leave unfinished; and, moreover, there is a road made for ships to come across the land from the Helder to Amsterdam, a journey of fifty miles, instead of sailing through the Zuyder Zee, and passing through this narrow opening, called the Pampus channel, into the Ai, which we had on our left to-day.” As he spoke, he traced the course from the Helder through the Zuyder Zee with his finger. “The Zuyder Zee,” he continued, “is very shallow, and full of shoals and sandbanks; so that ships may more easily get aground there, than not. In fact it is much like the sea of Haarlem, a large lake, made out of several small ones. This great body of water, or gulf, was begun to be so formed about the commencement of the thirteenth century, and was completed towards the end of it—and great destruction was occasioned by it, both of land and lives.

“The navigation is dangerous, and the prevailing winds are adverse to the passage of outward bound ships, past the Helder. Therefore have they made a road for the ships over the land.”

Godfrey looked much puzzled, but Minna



exclaimed—" You mean a canal, Mr. Willært. You know, Godfrey, we have seen many boats and barges, and ships with sails too, on such roads since we came here."

" This canal only differs from those in its greater size," said Mr. Willært. " It is fifty miles long, one hundred and twenty-five feet wide at the surface, and thirty-eight at the base; for it has shelving sides. Large ships and frigates can pass each other, and Indiamen of a thousand tons burthen are dragged along by six or eight horses, as you have seen the trekschuyt by one, at the rate of three miles an hour, through this vast water-road. The level of the water is maintained by flood gates at each end, of enormous strength and magnitude, which are opened at high tide, to supply the waste which may occur at low tide. Neither wind nor sand-banks can now keep the ships from reaching Amsterdam; nothing but the ice which stops all passage for ships on the canal for three months in the year. The Dutch have yet found winter too strong for them."

" I do not think they always will," said Godfrey. " They seem able to overcome all they want to conquer."

" They cannot command heat and cold," said Mr. Willært, " but they do much to meet the

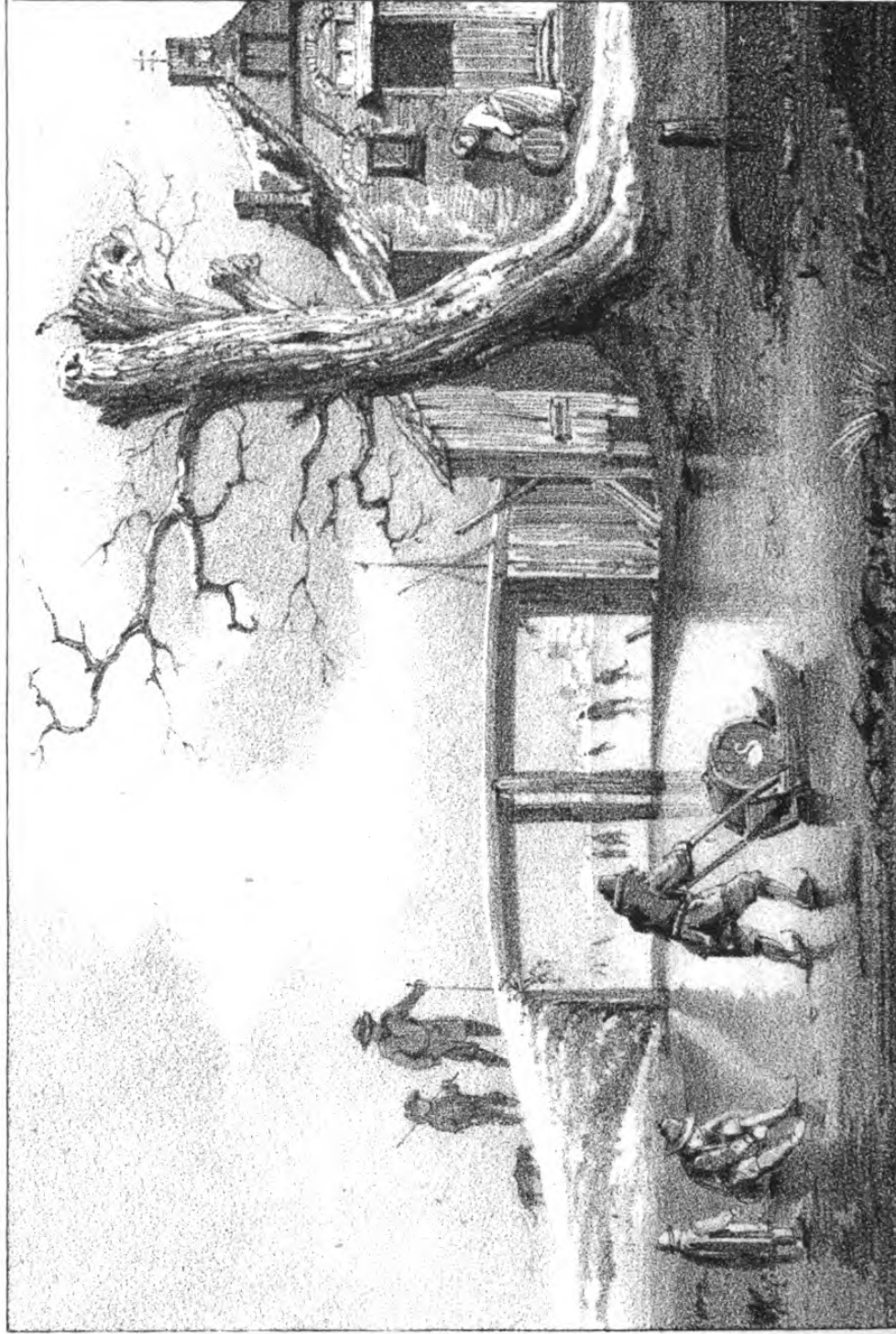
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SKATING.



OSTADE.

difficulty. They make the ice itself their pathway; and that is neither the dullest, nor the most dreaded season of the year, when the men and their wives, all with pipes in their mouths, their loaded baskets, or copper milk cans on their heads, and skates on their feet, come to Amsterdam in rapid races along their frozen canal, or over their ice-bound sea, when the sledges carry the old, or infirm, or those who are too rich to know how healthful and pleasant skating is.

“The port of the Helder has been made within the last eighty years,” continued Mr. Willært, turning to Mr. Cavendish. “It affords effectual protection by its vast piers and jetties to all vessels entering the ship-canal. They have now a steam-engine for emptying the dry dock, and at the entrance of the basin, they have adopted fan-sluice gates; so called from their form like a fan. The force of the rising tide so closes these gates, that it makes them an effectual barrier against itself.

“It is a strange wild district. The screaming of the sea-fowl, which flock there in vast numbers, alone breaks the dreary monotony of the scene; but the wonders which have been wrought there by the hand of man make it a very interesting spot to visit. The island of Texel is

as abounding in sea-birds as your Orkneys, and its inhabitants retain the primitive manners and dress of the olden time. The wool of the island is much prized, and they make cheese there of ewes' milk of a greenish colour. The country south and south-east of the Helder, in which Schagen is situated, is a vast drained lake. It was the first drained land in Holland, and very fine flax is grown there.

“South of Schagen, the province of North Holland, towards Amsterdam, is fine pasture land, and famous for its cattle. Canals intersect it in all directions; and it is curious to see the masts and distended sails, moving about among the fields and herds of cattle, overstepping the low trees, and threatening to interfere with the windmills; while, from the nature of the ground, the canal is hidden from the sight.

“The polders, or drained lake beds, form a large and most interesting district. In the Beemster, the largest and most fertile of these clustered polders, there are many large trees, the trunks and lower branches of which are painted of various colours; whether this is to improve their beauty by variety, or destroy insects I cannot tell you.”

“Oh! Mr. Willært! painted trees!” cried Godfrey. “Am I really to believe that?”



“ I tell you the tale as it was told to me,” said he, laughing, “ for I have never been there ; it was out of my road ; but I have no reason to doubt it.

“ The whole of this province is famed for its dairies. The round Dutch cheeses, (called Edam cheeses, from a place on the edge of the polders,) go from here to all parts of the world. And in the town-scales of Alkmaar, which may be called the second capital of North Holland, eight million pounds of cheese are annually weighed. A great deal of butter is also exported to England and other countries.

“ The Dunes, or sand hills, range nearly without interruption from Scheveningen, all along this coast, to the Helder. The most dangerous place on the coast is where the sand is not blown up into hills ; there, at Hondsbossche, the sea is always gaining upon the land, and is only kept out by break-waters and jetties. The sand of the Dunes near Camperdown, where Admiral Duncan defeated us in 1797, is so fine, so very white and pure, that it is sent in large quantities to England for the glass manufactories.”

“ Even the sand is of use then,” said Minna, who looked with astonishment at the long range of hills, marked on the western coast

of the large map of Holland hanging in the room.

“The sand hills, destructive as they seem to a stranger,” said Mr. Willært, “do good service here. They are the life guard of Holland against the German ocean.”

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## THE TROLL'S LAKE.—CLAAS VAN HOPPEN.

“IT will be a pity not to go a little way into this curious district north of us, now you are so near it,” said Mr. Willært to Miss Cavendish. “My friend proceeds on his way to the Rhine to-morrow; but my journey ends here; and, if you will allow me, I will steal Monday from business, and go with you to Saardam and Broeck, which are worth a visit.”

“Saardam! that is where Peter the Great was! Oh! do, papa—do, Aunt Ellen,” cried both the children at once.

Mr. Cavendish said he would see what he could do; his destination was the Rhine also, and he was staying longer in Holland than he thought of when he left London.

“Have you got no fairies, or brownies, or elves here in Holland, Mr. Willært?” said Godfrey.

“ I am afraid not,” said Mr. Willært; “ at least I have never met with any, nor with any one who has. But I think it highly probable that there were tales of their doings before our great dykes buried them all, and our ropes of straw, and fetters of stones, prevented their playing such pranks as they have done among our neighbours of North Zealand, who have lakes enough of nature’s making too, to contend with, without more of their raising. I will tell you how they made the lake of Tiis long ago.

“ A Troll, (that is, a Zealand fairy or dwarf,) had once taken up his abode near the village of Kund, where the church now stands ; but when the people about there had become pious, and went constantly to church, the Troll was dreadfully annoyed by their almost incessant bell-ringing in the steeple of the church. He was at last obliged, in consequence of it, to take his departure : for nothing has more contributed to the emigration of the Troll-folk out of the country, than the increasing piety of the people, and their taking to bell-ringing. The Troll of Kund accordingly quitted the country, and went over to Funen, where he lived for some time in peace and quiet.

“ Now it chanced that a man, who had lately settled in the town of Kund, coming to Funen

on business, on the road met with this same Troll.

“‘Where do you live?’ said the Troll to him. Now there was nothing at all about the Troll unlike a man, so the traveller answered him, as was the truth, ‘I am from the town of Kund.’ ‘So!’ said the Troll, ‘I don’t know you though! and yet I think, I know every man in Kund. Will you, however,’ continued he, ‘just be so kind as to take a letter for me back with you to Kund?’

“The man said, of course, he had no objection. The Troll then thrust the letter into his pocket; and charged him strictly not to take it out till he came to Kund church, and then to throw it over the church-yard wall, and the person for whom it was intended would get it.

“The Troll then went away in great haste, and with him the letter went entirely out of the man’s mind. But when he was come back to Zealand, he sat down by the meadow where Tiis lake now is, and suddenly recollected the Troll’s letter. He felt a great desire to look at it, at least; so he took it out of his pocket, and sat awhile with it in his hands; when suddenly there began to dribble a little water out of the seal. The letter now gradually unfolded itself, and the water came out faster and faster, and it was with the utmost difficulty that the poor man



was enabled to save his life, for the malicious Troll had enclosed an entire lake in the letter.

“The people say, that it is plain the Troll had thought to avenge himself on Kund church, by destroying it in this manner : but God ordered it so, that the lake ran out in the great meadow where it now flows.”

“There, my young friend,” said Mr. Willært, “is a tale of a northern sprite for you ; a tale, remember, of which I leave it to your judgment to believe as much, or as little, as you think proper.”

Godfrey promised not to believe more of it than a boy of eight years old ought to do, without being very foolish, and begged hard for another. Aunt Ellen gave Mr. Willært a smile which said (yes,) and he began the tale of the farmer who tricked a Troll.

“A farmer, on whose ground there was a little hill, resolved not to let it lie idle, and began at one end to plough it up. The hill-man, or dwarf, who lived in it, came to him, and asked him how he dared to plough on the roof of his house. The farmer assured him, that he did not know that it was the roof of his house, but, at the same time, represented to him, that it was at present equally unprofitable to them both to let such a piece of land lie idle. He therefore took the opportunity of proposing to him that

he should plough, sow, and reap it every year on these terms:—that they should take it year and year about, and the hill-man have one year what grew above the ground, and the farmer what grew in the ground; and the next year the farmer have what was over, and the hill-man what was under.

“The agreement was made accordingly; but the crafty farmer took care to sow carrots and corn, year and year about, and he gave the hill-man the tops of the carrots, and the roots of the corn for his share, with which he was well content. They thus lived for some time on exceedingly good terms with each other.”

“I do not like any one to be cheated,” said Godfrey, “even a Troll; I dare say he will find the farmer out by and bye, and then perhaps he will have a lake for him with his tops of carrots and roots of corn.”

Mr. Willært promised to go with them to the Oude Kerk in the morning, and the tale-loving friends were obliged to say good night.\*

“Our Oude Kerk or Old Church,” said Mr. Willært, as they drove towards it the next morning, “was dedicated in Catholic days to St. Nicholas, as that called the New Church, was to St. Catharine. The reformers were more un-

\* For the Superstitions of Scandinavia, see “Fairy Mythology.” London, 1828.

sparing with us than with you ; and would not even suffer the churches to be called any longer by the names of the saints to whom they had been dedicated, and with whom they were associated in the minds of the people. A statue of St. Nicholas in solid silver, with all the plate with which the church was enriched, was melted down ; and we have not here even a splendid pulpit, as the church has which you saw yesterday. But the Oude Kerk boasts the finest painted windows in Holland, and it is curious that they were the penalty paid by one suspected, (we are not told that it was more than a suspicion) of holding the opinions which are now those of the established religion of Holland.

“ Claas Van Hoppen was a wealthy merchant, and a burgomaster to boot : his confessor suspected him of favouring the new opinions ; and he was threatened with excommunication unless he recanted ; and besides this, undertook a pilgrimage to Rome, to obtain absolution from the Pope. A journey to Rome is to you, Minna, I see, a very pleasant anticipation, and you do not think Claas Van Hoppen much to be pitied ; but a pilgrimage is a very different thing from a journey ; though I cannot say for certain, that he was ordered to walk there with peas in his shoes ; but if he went with every convenience the times would permit, still it was a matter of

penance or punishment, which makes a wonderful difference in our liking for any thing. And we are not informed that the confessor ever troubled himself to inquire, how far it would suit the profitable management of Van Hoppen's cargoes of spices from the East, or his whale-ships from Greenland, that he should be crossing the Alps instead of pacing the Quay at Amsterdam. However, excommunication was not to be risked : and so, taking a sorrowful leave of his wife Fransje, and his daughter Kaatje, he went forth on his pilgrimage. The Pope sentenced him to make a present of two painted windows to the church of St. Nicholas ; and for a whole year to drink nothing but water. He was too wealthy to care much about the glass windows : but for a whole year to drink water!—a portly burgomaster!—one accustomed all his life to consider the best Schiedam and Curaçoa, to say nothing of strong beer, necessary to give battle to the fevers and agues of which our marshes and canals are so liberal ! It was not to be thought of—Claas Van Hoppen shivered under the bright sun of Rome at the idea. He solicited a second audience of the Pope, in which he acquainted his Holiness with the great unwholesomeness of the waters of Amsterdam ; adding, that unless he was permitted to qualify it with a few grains of corn, he



sadly feared he should die before the windows could be completed. He obtained his request ; and the chronicle does not inform us of the quantity of malt which went to qualify the water drunk by Van Hoppen."

" He cheated his confessor then, as the farmer cheated the Troll," said Minna. They were now within the entrance of the church, and Mr. Willært pointed out the windows of Van Hoppen. It was allowed that they were very beautiful, and that it would have been sad if any thing had prevented their being there. The subject of the first is the Salutation of the Virgin ; the other, the meeting of Mary and Elizabeth ; beneath are the two Apostles, St. Peter and St. Paul. Van Hoppen, himself, is among the group of worshippers on the right, and his arms are painted also on the window. The tombstone of the family is likewise in the church.

There is a third window of great beauty, evidently painted by a different artist. It represents the death of the Virgin. She is receiving the last sacrament, and holding a lighted candle in her hand ; a host of angels are awaiting her last sigh.

The window behind the choir is enriched with the armorial bearings of all the burgo-masters of Amsterdam from the Reformation,



1575, down to the present day. Here, on the skreen of bronze which divides the church, is an inscription, which, translated, runs thus—  
“The abuses introduced from time to time into the church of God were here exploded in the year 1578.”

Miss Cavendish was glad the painted windows of Claas Van Hoppen were not included in the work of reformation. It was a wonder they were not, considering their history, we think.

Our party admired the elegant tower and spire, and thought the carrillon which saluted them as they drove away deserving of its high reputation.

There are nine or ten churches of the established religion besides these in Amsterdam, and chapels belonging to the Lutherans, Catholics, Anabaptists, &c. The Jews have two handsome synagogues. At one time, here, as elsewhere, the reformers were very intolerant to every creed and mode of worship but their own. That has long been over; though none are allowed the use of bells, or a tower or spire above their places of worship, but the Dutch church. Mr. Willært did not think it necessary to visit any other. He pointed out the building used by the city authorities, since the *Stadt-house* has been converted into a palace. It is a

large edifice, once a convent, but taken for the abode of the Prince of Orange, at the Reformation. It surrounds a square court, in the middle of which there is a fountain.

The Exchange of Amsterdam, that spot so famous in the history of trade, is on the quay of the Binnen Amstel. It is a quadrangular building of freestone, with a gallery running round it, resting on columns, each of which is numbered, and appropriated as the accustomed stand of some particular class of traders or merchants.

“It is not change-time,” said Mr. Willært, as he asked Miss Cavendish to ascend the handsome staircase, which led to the open gallery, from which she looked down on the space below, then nearly deserted. “If you had been here at half-past three, yesterday, you would have seen as busy a scene as in your own Exchange in London.”

Miss Cavendish said she had never been there.

“You may imagine you have now, then,” he added, “for it is very much like this: but it does not stand like this on two thousand piles of wood. In fact, the whole city is built on them; and Erasmus used to say that it was a city in which all the inhabitants lived like crows, perched on the tops of the trees. Unless

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the roots of these trees be firmly driven down, through the upper mud into the firm sand below, no structure can be made to stand, but would sink as the warehouses of the Dutch East India Company, now used for storing corn, did in 1822, down into the mud, from the piles giving way beneath them. They contained more than three thousand five hundred tons of corn at the time; and the weight was too great."

The Exchange stands across the Amstel, and a colossal Mercury is on the centre of the arch which is thrown over it.

"The God of thieves," said Godfrey, "to keep guard over the Exchange!"

Minna assured him Mercury was the God of trade also, and a very respectable gentleman in general, though there were some sad stories of him, she allowed. Godfrey could not recollect any but these, and wished the Dutch would take him away from their Exchange.

Mr. Willært accompanied them to the door of the Museum, and took his leave until the evening.

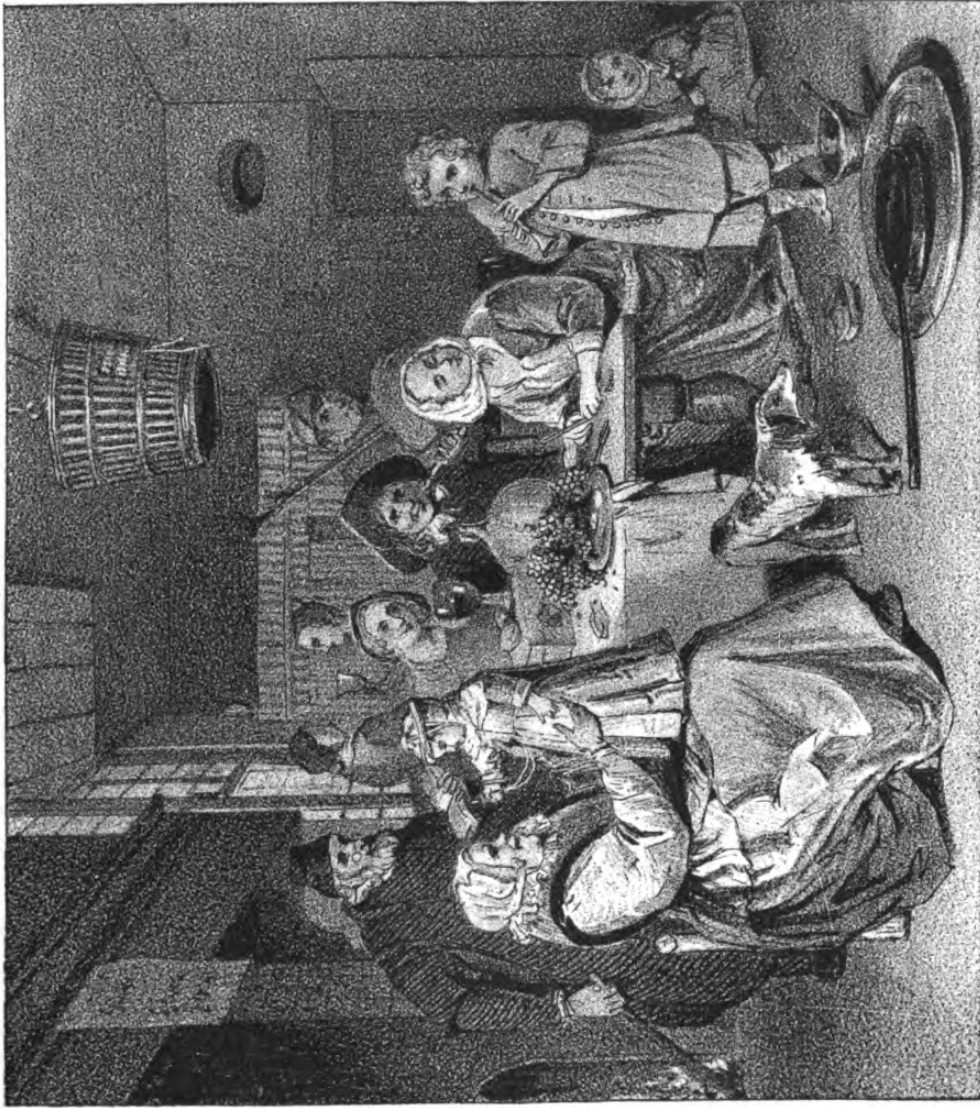
## CHAPTER XIX.

THE PICTURE GALLERY.—GROTIUS.—

OLDEN BARNEVELDT.

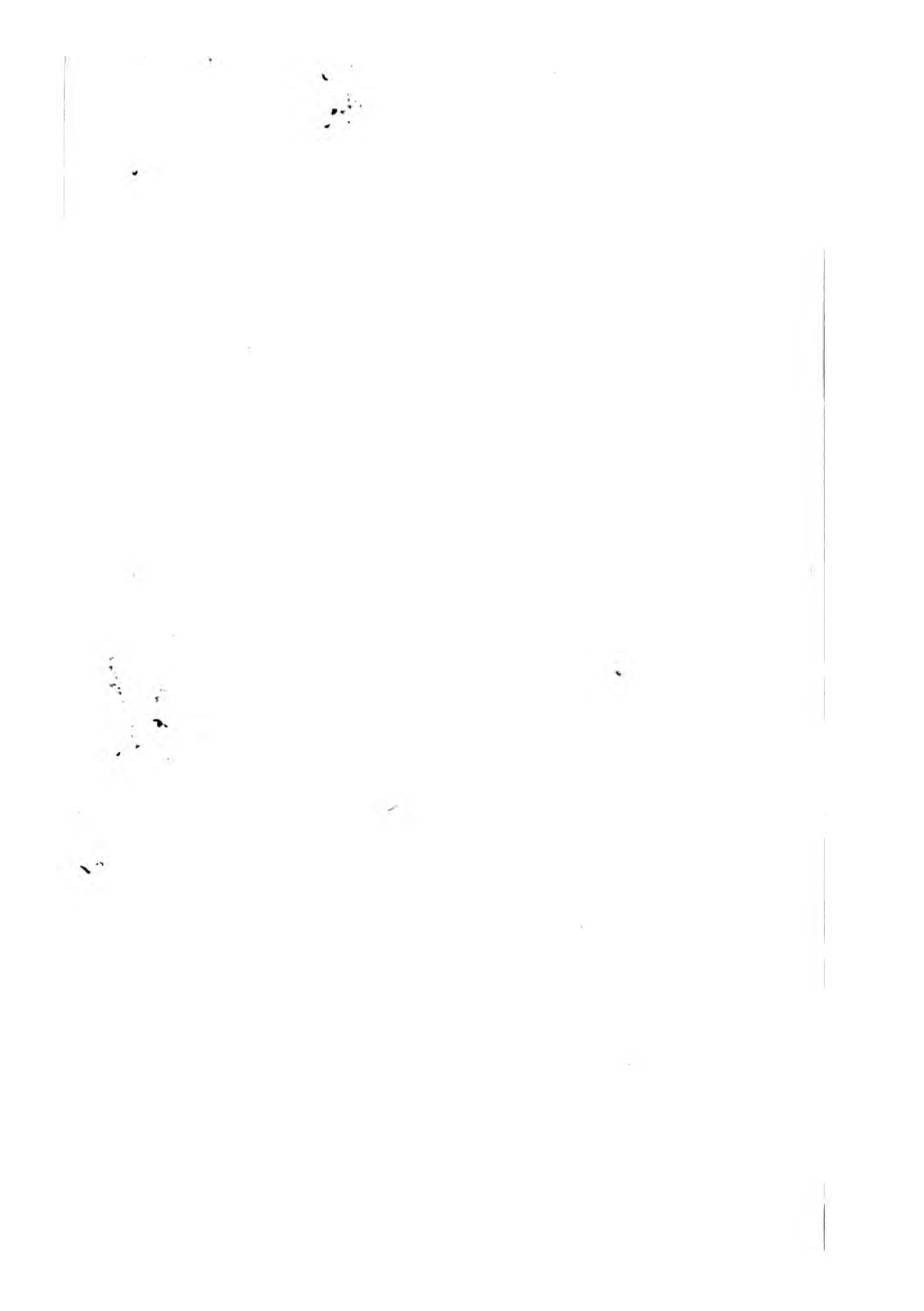
THE Museum is open daily to strangers, from twelve to three. It is in a house called Trippenhuis, from its having belonged to a person of the name of Trip. It contains pictures in seven or eight rooms, chiefly of the Dutch and Flemish, school; and Mr. Cavendish and his sister thought the collection superior in value, as well as number, to that of the Hague. Some of the finest of these paintings were formerly in the Stadt-house. Mr. Cavendish pointed out to Godfrey the portraits of some of the great men he had heard of;—of the great William the First of Orange; of his eldest son Prince Maurice, and his second son Frederic Henry, (grandfather of William III., king of England,) in whose honour the saloon in the palace in the wood was painted. There was also the embarkation of William III., at Scheveningen

THE HAPPY FAMILY.



JAN STEEN.





for England, when he came to battle for the crown, or rather to receive it. There was the portrait of Admiral Tromp, and of Jacob Cats, the poet. Godfrey was glad to see these; but he was more particularly delighted with a picture which represented a school; a school of boys and girls together, and by candlelight! It was very strange, he thought. The master, seated at his desk, is reprimanding a scholar, who is making his escape, and looking frightened; a young girl is saying her lesson, and a candle is near, which throws light on this group and story. On the right, is a girl holding a candle, and talking with a boy writing on a slate; a lamp of horn, half open, is at their feet; these three lights illumine the foreground, and their effect is excellent. In the back-ground of the picture, there are several scholars, studying by the light of one candle, while one of their number is descending a staircase with another in his hand. A large drapery skilfully arranged, is in front of the whole.

“You have chosen well, Godfrey,” said Mr. Cavendish. “That picture is a masterpiece of Gerard Douw.” And he called his sister’s attention to the wonderful skill with which the five several lights were managed.

There are others of Douw’s here; a lady and a cavalier seated under a thick wood, of this

picture Berghem has painted the landscape. A girl with a lamp in her hand at the window, and a hermit at his devotion in his cave, particularly interested our young friends.

The splendid picture called in the catalogue "*La Merveille de l'école Hollandaise,*" represents a feast given by the civic guard of Amsterdam to the Spanish ambassador, in honour of the peace concluded at Munster, in 1648. It contains thirty full-length portraits; and is pronounced by Sir Joshua Reynolds to be "the first picture of portraits in the world;" full of life and variety of expression. It had attracted the notice of a party, to some of whom it was evidently as new as to our travellers. This party consisted of a lady and gentleman, a fair-haired boy of about six years of age, and two young women, dressed in all the glory of the North Holland head-dress. A cap of lace, with long lappets which fell down to the shoulders, was confined on the head behind by the sort of gold horse-shoe already described, and held by clasps of gold across the forehead; the hair was drawn to each side in one large roll of curl, something like one of the curls of our judges' wigs; the plates of gold projected over the cheeks on each side, and the long ear-rings were enriched with precious stones, like the clasps on the forehead. One of the ladies had

several rows of gold chain round her uncovered throat ; the other, a necklace of gold which fell in ringlets, and was of beautiful workmanship. The rest of their dress was handsome, but presented nothing to notice, excepting the large buckles which confined their low-quartered shoes. The gentleman, evidently a resident in Amsterdam, in his violet-coloured coat, clean white stockings, and white hair tied in a queue behind, was explaining the picture to the young ladies, who, the blush of pleasure and attention on their cheeks, were listening to him, quite unconscious that there was anything in their own appearance, that others were regarding with interest and curiosity. They were evidently visitors from North Holland to their relations in the city : Mr. Cavendish thought from the neighbourhood of Alkmaar. Minna and Godfrey knew it was very rude to stare : but the attention the ladies were giving to the pictures enabled them to observe them without any rudeness.

Minna thought it must make their heads ache sadly to have such a weight of gold about them ; and felt that her own straw bonnet was more comfortable than usual. Godfrey would willingly have made acquaintance with the delicate boy in his vest of pale blue, his flat falling collar, and hair reaching to his shoulder ; but the child clung closer to his mother when he ap-

proached him, and Godfrey was contented to admire him at a distance ; many a glance was however exchanged between them, and Godfrey would have made another attempt at closer intimacy, had he not heard the little boy speak to his mother in Dutch. He had forgotten before that he was a foreigner to the pretty child.

Van der Helst was a native of Haarlem. There are several portraits of his here.

Next to the living pictures they had left in the large room, Minna and Godfrey were particularly pleased with the magnificent birds of Hondekoetter, in which this collection is very rich. There is one painting particularly, in which there is a fine pelican, and strange ducks of beautiful plumage, and other birds on the water, that is very striking. The falling feather, which gives the name to the picture, (*La Plume flottante*,) Minna thought at first was an accident, and would have taken it off. Melchior Hondekoetter was a native of Utrecht, and the third painter of the family ; but very superior as an artist to his father and grandfather. He seems to have devoted his talents to painting birds ; and it is said of him, that he had trained a cock to stand in any attitude he wished to describe. He would place it near his easel, and at a slight motion of his hand it would assume the position he wanted, and



remain in it for hours, without the slightest perceptible alteration. The swelling softness of his feathers is inimitable.

Van Huysum's flowers, they agreed, equalled Hondekoetter's birds. So beautiful are they, that it is said the florists, who supplied him with the finest their gardens and green-houses would afford, considered that he surpassed his originals in beauty. He obtained astonishing prices for his pictures. A flower group sold for one thousand four hundred and fifty guilders, (about one hundred and twenty pounds,) a great price in those days, and in his life-time. He never took but one pupil, (a lady named Haverman;) and is said to have become jealous of her success. His nests, eggs, and insects, equal his flowers. He was born at Amsterdam in 1682, and like many of the Dutch school, was a pupil of his own father. There are two beautiful pictures of his, one of fruits, the other of flowers, hanging side by side.

The strange figures, the collection of the frightful and grotesque in the celebrated "Temptation of St. Anthony," by Teniers, attracted Minna's observation. There were creatures in it as ugly as any thing Chinese or Japanese that she had seen, either at the Hague, or at Leyden.

"The father and sons of this name," said

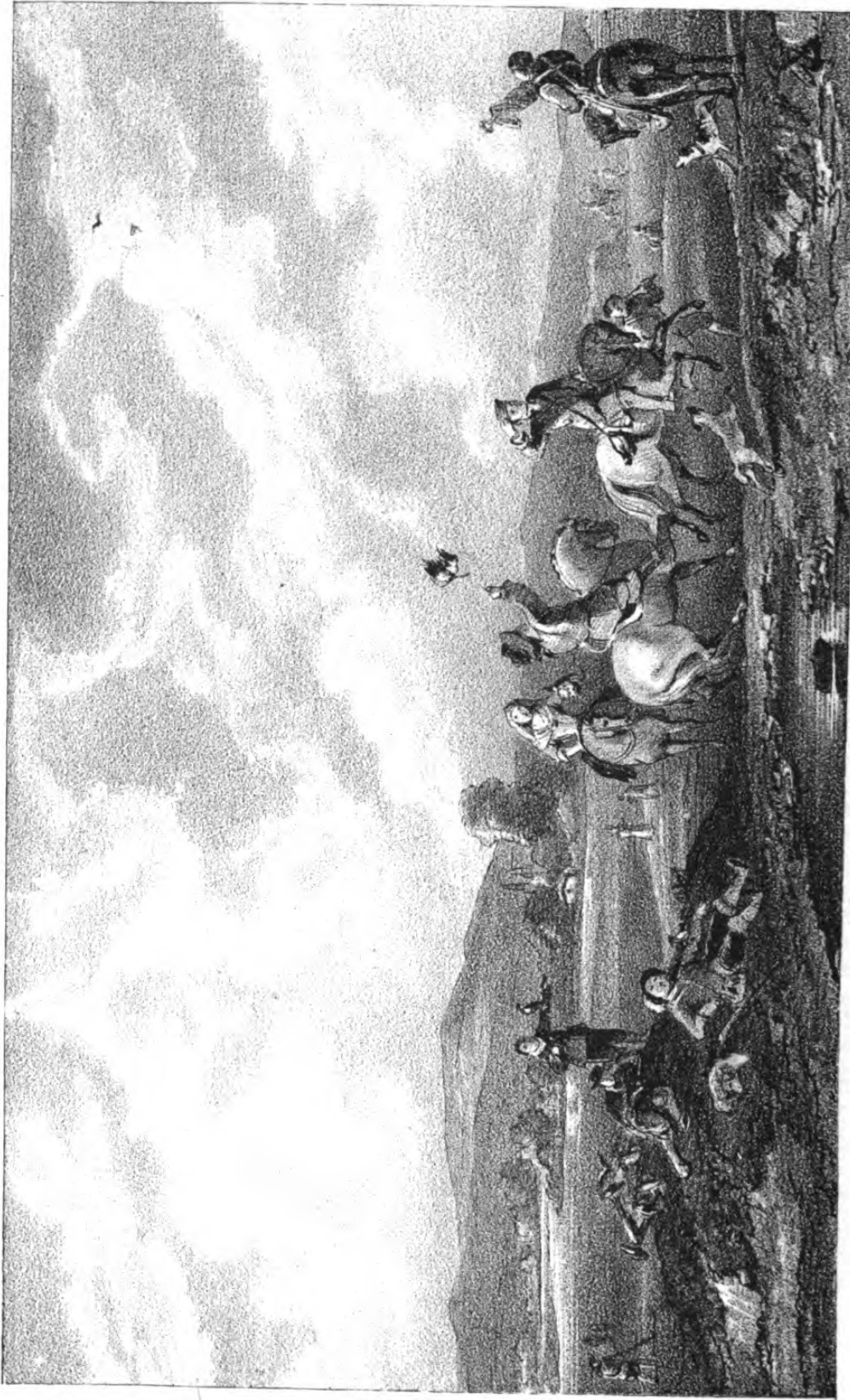
Mr. Cavendish, “are another instance of what, to the best of my belief, is scarcely to be met with in the history of art in other countries. It is rare to find talent of this kind an heir-loom in families. The Teniers do not strictly belong to the Dutch school, if that of the Low Countries generally be not included in this name; for they were natives of the Flemish provinces, and lived and died at Antwerp, or its neighbourhood. The number of pictures painted by David Teniers the younger was so great, that he used to say playfully, that it would require a gallery two leagues long to contain all that he had done. His works are numerous in England, and are very valuable. Adrian, and Isaac Van Ostade, said he, passing on to the next pictures, “were brothers. The pictures of the elder brother, Adrian, are the most prized; and as they are scarce, those of Isaac, who used to copy his paintings, are frequently passed for his. The choice of Ostade, in his subjects, is very similar to that of Teniers. Though he generally depicts scenes of the lowest class, they are delineated with an energy and truth which command the admiration even of the most refined and fastidious taste. The greatest artists of his time considered the value of their pictures increased, when they could prevail on Ostade to put the figures in their landscapes.”

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HAWKING.



WOUWERMAN.

He was not a favourite painter with Aunt Ellen, but she readily allowed the excellence of the specimens in this collection.

“Poor Wouvermans !” said Mr. Cavendish, as they stood before his celebrated hawking scene, “so long had he to struggle with poverty, and so much did he feel its bitterness, that he burned all his studies before he died, that his son might not be tempted by having them follow so uncertain a profession.

“His confessor having, in the early part of his career, freed him from embarrassment by a loan of six hundred guilders, he doubled at once the price of his pictures, which he had been selling for any thing he could get, to purchase bread. This laid the foundation of better fortune ; and he gratefully presented the kind priest with the best picture he ever painted ; St. Hubert kneeling before his horse.”

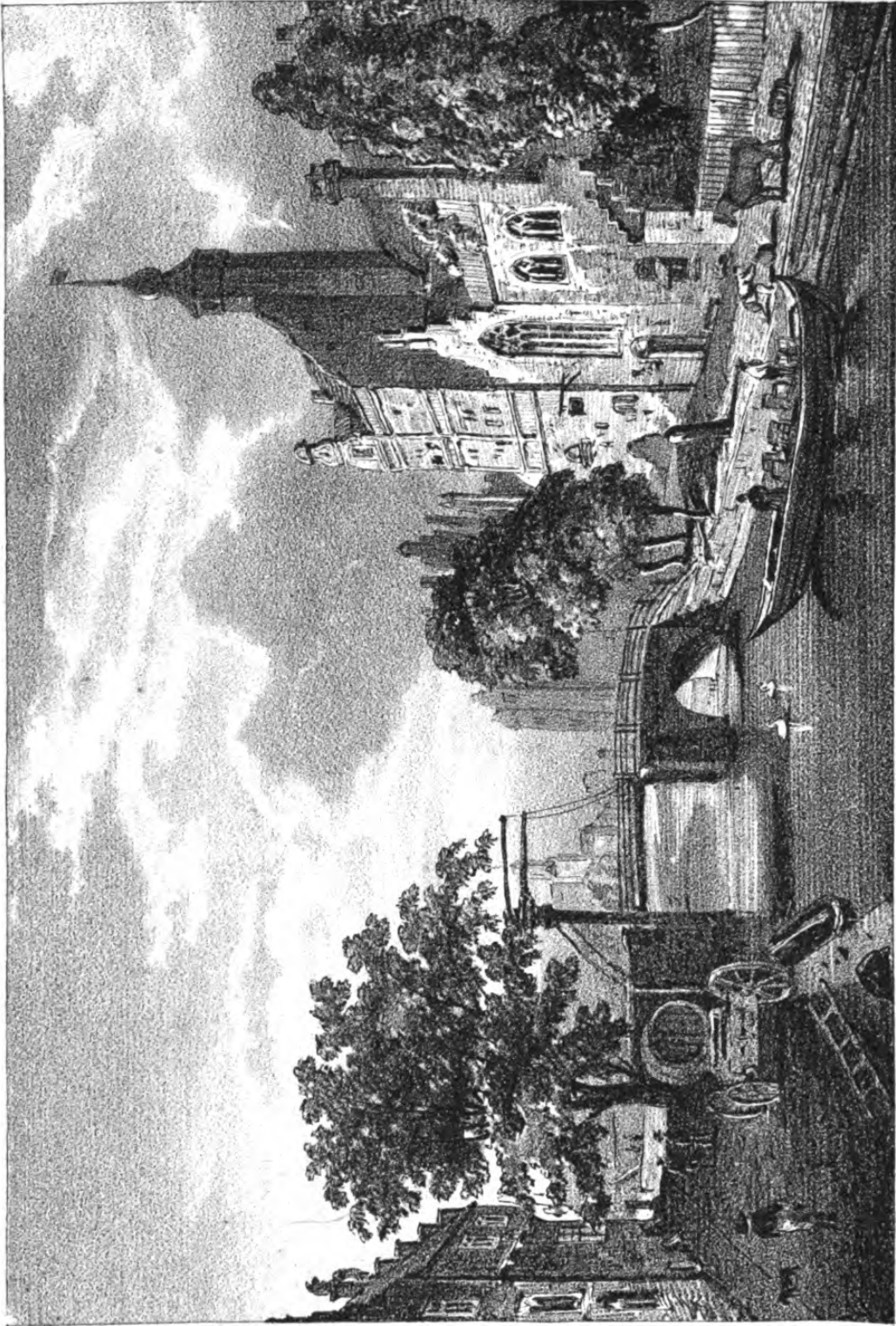
Wouvermans' pictures are numerous here, and of first rate excellence ; particularly a stag-hunt, with ruins in the distance.

Rembrandt's picture, known in our print-shops as the *Garde de Nuit*, (or night watch,) is here ; said by the Dutch to be the departure for a Shooting Match of Captain F. B. Kok, Lord of Purmerland and Ilpendam, accompanied by his officers : a fair girl is bearing

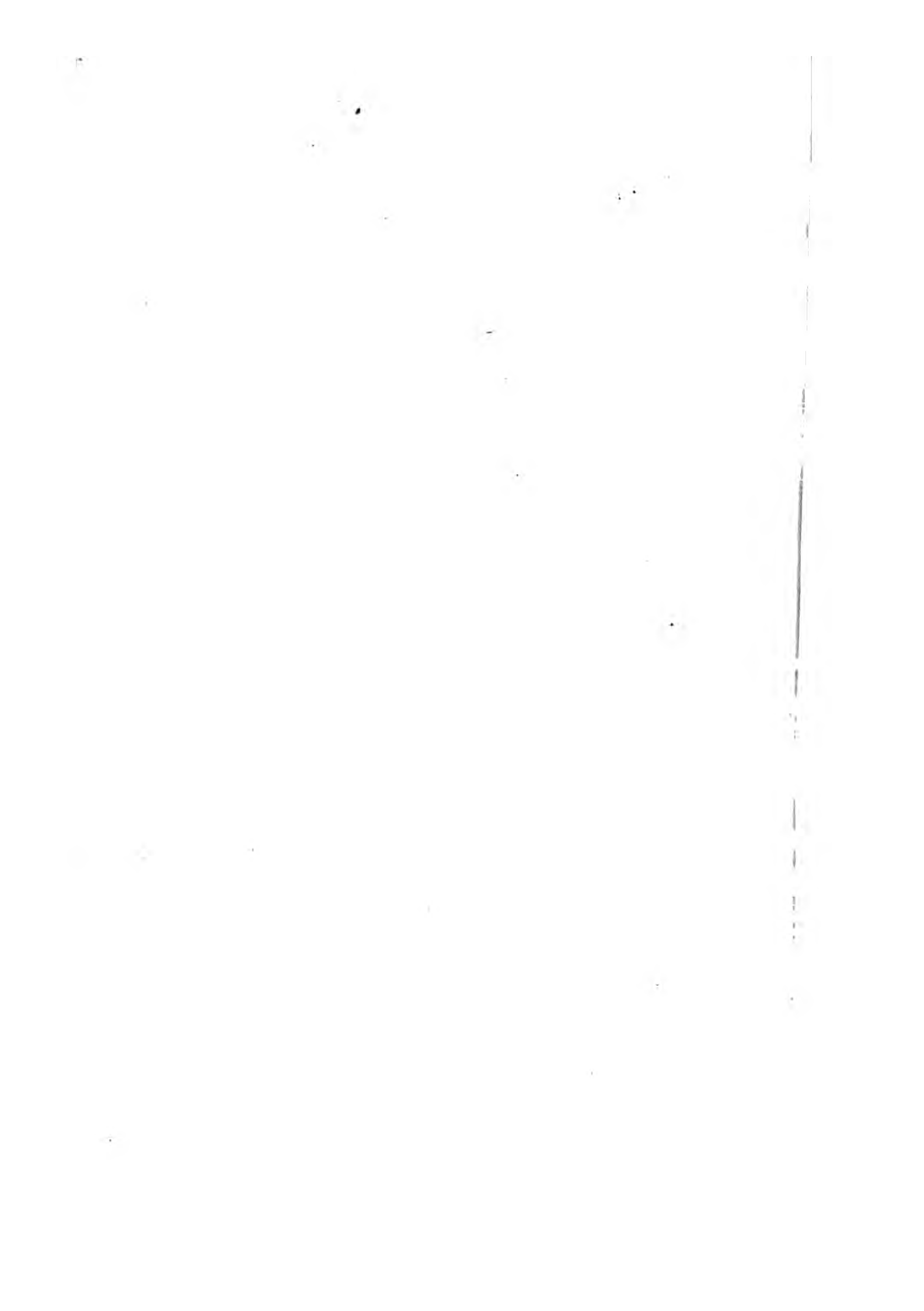


a white cock, probably the prize of the victor; and the casque of one of his followers is entwined with oak, the ancient crown of such victories. Miss Cavendish wondered how it ever was misnamed, or the wrong name continued. This, at least, is not surprising: the error of the first copyist would be transmitted by all who came after him; like that of the *Chapeau de Paille* of Rubens, which is a lady in a black Spanish hat and feather, on which there is not even a stray straw. There were interior to the life;—ladies writing, and lap-dogs at their feet on foot-stools, by Mieris and Metz. Some splendid satins of Terburg's, and a magnificent bear-hunt, by Paul Potter. Miss Cavendish thought that she preferred to this a quieter picture of his; a landscape full of cattle; with a mother and infant under a tree, and a man amusing her with his bag-pipes. Minna and Godfrey thought they had found the outpourings of Noah's Ark, in a picture of Orpheus, playing on his lyre to a strange audience, which is near this pretty scene; and we must not omit to mention, three of the exquisitely finished, clear and true landscapes of Vanden-Heyden, with figures by A. Van de Velde. Theirs was one of the happiest partnerships in the history of the fine arts.

THE DRAW-BRIDGE.



VAN DEN HEYDEN .



It is indeed a splendid collection! and Mr. Cavendish and his sister agreed, that they had before no just idea of the variety, power and beauty of the Dutch school. Mr. Cavendish felt staggered in his decided preference of the Italian school, with which he had always thought the Dutch could not be named at all. Though he did them more justice henceforth, we are at liberty to add, that the Italians were confirmed in their pre-eminence when he reached Italy.

There are five pictures in this gallery, which Mr. Cavendish did not suffer his children to pass unnoticed: they are, two portraits of Hugo de Groot, better known to the rest of Europe by his latinized name of Grotius; his wife, Maria Van Reigersbergen; his faithful servant, E. Van Houwening, afterwards the wife of W. Vanvelden; and that of the virtuous pensionary Olden Barneveldt. As works of art, these pictures are not to be very highly praised; but the history of Grotius is too interesting, his fame too universal, for them to be passed by. The portraits of himself represent him at the different ages of twelve and forty-one years of age; and a likeness may be traced in them.

A Latin poet, at the age of eight, Grotius maintained theses in public at fourteen, in law, mathematics, and philosophy. His reputation was quickly established; and he is mentioned

at this early age, by the first scholars of the day, as a prodigy of learning, and as one destined to make a conspicuous figure in the world of letters. Going to France with Barneveldt, who was appointed ambassador extraordinary to that court by the States-General, at the age of fifteen, he was honourably received by the King, Henry IV., who presented him with his picture and a gold chain. He took the degree of Master of Arts in France, at the age of sixteen. Grotius, destined for the profession of the law, pleaded his first cause at Delft, his native place; and such was his reputation, that he was appointed historiographer to the United Provinces, when only seventeen, in preference to several learned men who were candidates for the office. This was followed, not long after, by the appointment of Advocate General to the treasury of the provinces of Holland and Zealand. In his book, written about the time, entitled "*Mare Liberum*," he asserts the right of the Dutch to trade to the East Indies, in opposition to the claims of Portugal; and in another, published soon afterwards, he seeks to exalt the honour of his country, by the attempt to prove the continued independence of the Batavian nation, from the time of the Romans. Solicited to become Pensionary of Rotterdam, he consented, on condition of its being



made an office for life ; this gave him a seat in the assembly, first of the States of Holland, afterwards of the States-General. Sent over to England to adjust some matters in dispute, relative to the right of fishing off Greenland, which the English claimed exclusively, he was received with respect and kindness by King James, and ably defended the rights of his own country.

Becoming deeply involved, after his return, in the political and religious disputes of the day, he was arrested, together with the Grand Pensionary Barneveldt, and thrown into prison at the Hague. Barneveldt, after a mock trial, was executed on the scaffold. Grotius was condemned to perpetual imprisonment, and conveyed to the fortress of Louvestein, near Gorcum, in South Holland.

Here, his admirable wife Maria Van Reigersbergen procured with much difficulty permission to be his companion. He had been dangerously ill during his imprisonment at the Hague ; but she had been denied access to him, and, in one of his Latin poems, he touchingly describes the light her presence cast over the gloom of his prison at Louvestein. He now applied himself to the close study of law, morals, and the evidences of the Christian religion. Here he drew up his notes on the New

Testament, and laid the ground-work of his famous work "De Veritate;" a book on the truth of our holy religion, which has been translated into all languages, and which, with his commentary on the scriptures, gives him high rank as a divine.

He wrote in Dutch, on the "Institutions of the Laws of Holland;" thus labouring for the good of his countrymen in the prison to which their harshness and severity had condemned him.

He had been a prisoner for a year and a half, when he was delivered by the courageous contrivance of his wife, and the fidelity and presence of mind of his servant. She persuaded him to conceal himself in a large chest, in which books and dirty linen had been exchanged for some time. She obtained permission one day to send off a load of books instead of linen, to prevent Grotius from killing himself with hard study. It is said that as the men were carrying it out of the prison, they remarked that "It was as heavy as though an Arminian were within it." The faithful servant who accompanied it, replied, "that is not wonderful; for it contains doubtless much Arminian doctrine." She put it on board a boat going to Gorcum, and got it conveyed safely to a friend's house. Grotius quitted it uninjured; and, disguising himself in

the dress of a mason, with his rule and trowel, and other implements of the trade in his hand, passed through the market-place, and stepping into a boat, was transported to Antwerp. This was on the 22nd of March 1621.

HIS wife kept up the belief that he was confined to his bed by illness; silencing her own agitation as she best could, until she was informed that he was beyond the reach of his persecutors, when she announced the truth. The enraged commandant of the fortress put her into close confinement; but she was released on a petition to the States-General, which refused to listen to those, (and such there were,) who urged her imprisonment in the place of her husband.

Grotius retired to France, where a pension of one thousand crowns was settled upon him by Louis XIII. Here he composed his celebrated work, "*De Jure Belli et Pacis*," ("On the rights of war and peace;") of which it has been said, that it was the first attempt to systematize the law of nations; and that it is, though imperfect, perhaps the most complete work that the world has yet owed, at so early a period in the progress of any science, to the genius and learning of one man.

On the death of prince Maurice, Grotius hoped to be recalled to Holland: but the succes-

sor of Maurice, Frederick Henry, though personally his friend, would not risk his popularity by recalling the illustrious exile; and the glory Grotius acquired by the publication of his book could not recompense him for the disappointment.

Cardinal Richelieu would have engaged his great talents in the service of France: but the noble minded Grotius could not forget his country, and was consequently made to feel all the mortifications of a dependant out of favour.

After eleven years of banishment, he ventured to return to Holland; but the unextinguished animosity of his enemies, and the dastardly timidity of his friends, obliged him again to fly, and he took refuge in Hamburg, where he resided two years.

Sent by Christina, Queen of Sweden, ambassador to France in 1634, he wrote to the Prince of Orange and the States-General to say, that he wished no longer to be considered a Dutchman. His wrongs and indignities would seem at length to have overpowered his love of country.

Having discharged the duties of his honourable office for eleven years, he obtained his recall, and set out for Sweden by way of Holland, where a very different reception from his last awaited him. The city of Amsterdam made a



public banquet in honour of him, and fitted out a vessel to convey him to Hamburg. Lubeck vied with Amsterdam in his reception; and Christina, eager to see him, not merely as her servant, but as a man of distinguished reputation, favoured him with a long audience, with which he was well satisfied. Receiving, however, only honours and compliments at her hands, when he hoped for some reward for his long services, or some other honourable employment, he requested his passport. This was refused by the queen, who would gladly have retained him at her court as her counsellor. He set off without one, when he was recalled by Christina, who requested another interview, at which she presented him with a considerable sum of money, and a handsome service of plate. A vessel was provided for his accommodation, and the helm was turned to his beloved country, when a violent storm obliged him to land near Dantzic. He travelled by land to Rostock, where he died in August 1645, only a few months after he quitted France!

His body was conveyed to Delft, and buried there in the tomb of his ancestors. He was one of a worthy family. His father had been burgo-master of Delft, and curator of the University of Leyden. Few writers have distinguished themselves in more branches of literature than



Grotius ; and he is one of the rare instances in which the reputation of being a prodigy of learning in extreme youth has been sustained by the productions of manhood, and confirmed by the respect of posterity.

Olden Barneveldt, in whose fate Grotius was thus implicated, was so much beloved by the people, that they crowded round his scaffold for two days after his execution, to collect some of the sand or earth tinged with his blood, which they preserved as precious relics in glass bottles. The pretence for his condemnation was his toleration of the Arminian doctrines, and occasioning disturbances in the church in asserting, that according to the fundamental laws of the Reformation, each province had a right to judge and ordain for itself in matters of religion, within its own respective jurisdiction, without the interference of any, or all of the other provinces. The real cause of the execution of this aged servant of his country, in his seventy-second year, is asserted by historians to have been his refusal to aid Prince Maurice of Nassau in overthrowing the newly acquired liberties of the people, by helping him to the possession of more power than that conferred on him by the constitution as the successor of his father, the great William, as Stadtholder, admiral, and general-in-chief of the United Provinces. The influence

of France was exerted in vain to save this illustrious man, and the enthusiasm and indignation of the people alone, as shown on his behalf, is supposed to have preserved his associates from the like fate. Prince Maurice, who witnessed the execution of his aged counsellor from his windows, did not succeed in his ambitious projects after his removal, and his great reputation as a soldier, cannot wash from his memory the stain of the death of Barneveldt.

## CHAPTER XX.

## THE EVENING RIDE.—THE SYNAGOGUE.

IN the early evening, Mr. Willært rejoined his friends, and they drove out to see something of the harbour and the environs of the city. They took a north-eastern direction, and rode on the sea-wall until stopped by the enormous sluice-gates, over which there is only a foot-path. The sea front to the east and north-east, is protected by a double stockade of strong posts and booms; with openings at certain intervals, to allow the vessels to enter the capacious harbour. There are twenty-one of these openings, through which nothing can pass after a certain hour at night. The dock-yard and arsenal are at the south-eastern extremity of the quay, on the island of Kattenberg. Mr. Willært had been there with his friend since he left our party at the museum.

“There are in it,” said he, “five slips for building ships of the line, united under one roof; besides these, there are four slips for large frigates; and in different parts of the yard, other covered structures, under which are built small vessels of every description. The larger slips have galleries beneath the roof, from which visitors can witness a launch. The timber is mostly from Brabant and Flanders, and much of it is brought squared and prepared, to Amsterdam.

“There is besides a very large and handsome storehouse, containing all that is needed for finishing the ships, at the entrance of the yard; and a long range of building consisting of the officers’ and workmen’s houses. In one of the rooms of the dock-yard, there is the model of a machine called a *camel*, formerly used for raising vessels over the shoals of the Zuyder Zee. It consisted of two large wooden vessels, connected by iron chains, and so constructed as to hold the hull of a ship. This machine was filled with water, the weight of which sank it, and the vessel to be lifted over the sand-bank, was thus brought into the middle of the camel. The water was then pumped out, and the vessel raised to the height required to float it safely over. This machine is no longer wanted,” continued Mr. Willært; “it was used only for the

navigation of the Zuyder Zee. We do not need it in our ship canal."

They retraced their road from the enormous sluice gates, and passed round the south-western side of the port, full of vessels of all sizes. Here were some fine specimens of the ancient Dutch costume, which is found too well adapted to their mode of life to be discontinued among the fishermen and their wives. The close jacket with long flaps, short full-plaited petticoats containing, we will not say thirty, but surely twenty yards of red, green, or blue baize. The warm blue stocking, finished, on holidays, by the yellow slipper without quarters, confined by the massive buckle; the gold and silver clasps on the forehead, the large gaudily lined hat over the close cap of the women, and the ample nether-garments of the men, are to be found abundantly in the fishing boats, and in the fishermen's huts, in the neighbourhood of Amsterdam. In the town of Vlaarding, it is held so disgraceful to a man to change the dress of his ancestors, that he who should attempt it would be hooted from the streets. Our party went into a vessel of respectable size, whose owner was also its captain, lying close by the quay. On the upper deck, were comfortable rooms, in which his family always lived. There was the poultry hatch, and the sty boarded off,



for the pig; there was even the little garden; but its glory was departed, for the time of tulips and hyacinths was past; but there were still gay flowers in it, and parsley for the water-soucy, and salad, of which the Dutch consume a great deal, with the fish on which they principally live, and of which their supply is very great. A little square parlour boasted of a few gay-coloured prints. A girl in worsted, with two cherries in one hand, a dog, with a blue ribbon round his neck in the other; and a sampler, with all the letters of the alphabet, great and little, in all the colours of the rainbow, hung against the side. A small cooking stove was close to the door of the sitting room, but not in it; with brass and copper vessels so bright, that, dwelling as she did in the midst of damp and vapour, it was wonderful how the good woman could keep them so. Minna and Godfrey were delighted. The good vrouw, and her two children, received them very graciously in the absence of her husband, who was known to Mr. Willært, and offered them some gingerbread and scheidam. The first was accepted; but we believe all the party declined the latter.

Mr. Willært pointed out to his young companions the lee-boards, somewhat like fins, made of several pieces of wood, approaching,

some more, some less, to the form of a fan, which is found necessary in the sailing of the flat-bottomed vessels used for the navigation of the shallow seas of this coast. As the form of the bottoms of these vessels is such, that they sink very little into the water, there is not much opposition made to the force of the wind, by the water on the lee-side of the boat, so that it would be completely at the mercy of a strong wind; and a vessel with a northerly breeze must go south, however much it might be desirable to go eastward. By letting down these pieces of wood on the leeward of the vessel, it presents a greater surface, and consequently offers more resistance to the water; and between the opposing water on the south, and the driving wind on the north, the boat pursues her course to the east or west, as her head is turned, and her helm directed. These lee-boards, as well as the square sterns, are characteristic of the Dutch vessels, and familiar to all who have seen Dutch sea-views, or fishing boats.

As they passed along the various piles of warehouses which line the quays and canals, Mr. Willært pointed out those of vast size, constructed for the East India Company, which he had mentioned to them before, as having been

much overloaded. It was evident that their foundations had given way, and they still remained about one-third sunk into the mud. Our travellers then passed through the plantation or park, and past the bastions with their crowning windmills, to the eastern and south-eastern environs of the city, full of tea-gardens, and *Lust-huisen*, or pleasure houses. Various games were going on here. Thousands of pipes were sending up their white clouds of unfragrant tobacco. The villas of the merchants and traders were enriched with the usual fish-ponds and summer-houses, trim gardens, and Chinese bridges, in the greatest perfection. Many mottoes adorned the gay little places, mostly expressive of the peace, contentment, and sense of security, enjoyed by their owners. "*Lust en rust*," which we will translate *pleasure and rest*:—" *Vriendschap en gezelschap*," *friendship and society*:—" *wel te vrede*," *well content*, &c. The most curious among them, was that over a tea-garden gate:—" *The Flesh-pots of Egypt*."

Our party then drove through the Prinsen Gracht, and retraced their course through the Keiser's Gracht, to see these fine streets, which run parallel with the Heeren Gracht, taking the form of the city, which is that of a long crescent. They, as well as the Heeren Gracht,

have a wide and well-bordered canal through the centre of their whole length, from which indeed they derive their name; *gracht* being Dutch for canal.

All doubted whether these streets could be equalled in any city in Europe for their length and width, and the effect produced by the height and size and uniformity of their picturesque houses. They are more than a league in length; the outermost, Prinsen Gracht, must exceed three English miles. Many stone bridges cross the canals, and they are bordered with rows of fine oak, elm, and linden. Some of the houses are from six to eight stories high, with a range of six, eight, ten, and twelve windows in the front. The curious high chimney in the form of a Y, is peculiar to Amsterdam; and the elevated beam very generally crowns the high roof and ornamented gable. Though these houses may be no longer the abode of merchants, the beam is still retained, and furniture is hoisted up by it to the roof, whence it descends to its appropriate place in the apartments; or the family linen is so raised when brought in from the country washing and bleaching grounds, into the large warehouse, now a laundry, where it is ironed, or as we say, *got up*; an operation in which

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the daughters of the wealthiest families assist as readily as though they were not accomplished in the fine arts, or were not going in the evening, attired in the richest silks and laces, to the ball, or the theatre.

The Dutch have probably retained more of the simplicity of living common among their ancestors than most of the northern nations of Europe. The innovations the French made in their habits have, we believe, in a great measure taken their departure with them; and the picture given of the mode of life of one of their greatest officers of state, more than a hundred years ago, by Sir William Temple, is not so inapplicable here in the present day, as a portrait of that date would be elsewhere.

“The other circumstance,” he says, “I mentioned as an occasion of their greatness, was, the simplicity and modesty of their magistrates in their way of living; which is so general, that I never knew one among them exceed the common frugal popular air; and so great, that of the two chief officers of my time, Vice-admiral de Ruyter, and the pensioner De Witt, (one generally esteemed by foreign nations as great a seaman, and the other as great a statesman, as any of their age,) I never saw the first in clothes better than the commonest sea-captain, nor with



above one man following him, nor in a coach : and in his own house, neither was the size, building, furniture, or entertainment, at all exceeding the use of every common merchant and tradesman in his town. For the pensioner, De Witt \*, who had such great influence in the government, the whole train and expense of his domestic, went very equal with other common deputies and ministers of the state. His habit grave, and plain, and popular : his table, what only served turn for his family, or a friend : his train (besides commissaries and clerks, kept for him in an office adjoining to his house, at the public charge,) was only one man, who performed all the menial service of his house at home ; and upon his visits of ceremony, putting on a plain livery-cloak, attended his coach abroad : for upon all other occasions he was seen usually in the streets, on foot and alone, like the commonest burgher of the town. Nor was this manner of life affected, or used only by these particular men, but was the general fashion and mode among all the magistrates of the state ; for I speak not of the military officers, who are

\* *Pensionary* was the title of the first minister of the States in the province of Holland ; *Grand Pensionary*, that of the prime Minister of the States-general of the United Provinces. Barneveldt was the first who had this title.

reckoned their servants, and live in a different garb, though generally modester than in other countries.”

After having distinguished the three orders of men in Holland; the nobles or gentry; the merchants and traders; mariners, and boors or peasants, Sir William says, “Their common riches lye in every man’s having more than he spends, or to say it more properly, in every man’s spending less than he has coming in, be that what it will: nor does it enter into men’s heads among them, that the common port or course of expense should equal the revenue; and when this happens, they think at least they have lived a year to no purpose; and the train (continuance) of it discredits a man among them, as much as any vicious or prodigal extravagance does in other countries.”

To return to our ride.—Many of the houses of Amsterdam have double gates leading into a square court, where the want of a garden is supplied by tubs filled with the orange, the oleander, the pomegranate, and the tuberose. The mirror affixed to the windows, which shows to those within all coming up and down the street, and the cushion for the elbow to lean upon, on the outside of these windows, are very general; and where there are balconies, they are full of the gayest flowers. The Aans precker, who was passing

from door to door in his black gown, low cocked hat, and long weeper of black crape, probably announcing a coming funeral to the neighbours and friends of one who had lived in one of these houses, attracted the attention of the children, as resembling somewhat the mutes at an English funeral. He is also employed in announcements of births, marriages, and festivals. The dress is then, we doubt not, changed. Funerals in Holland take place at all hours of the day. It is a mark of distinction to be buried late in the afternoon: probably, because it is more costly.

The party passed a Jews' Synagogue, as they came within a walk of the hotel. It was the time of evening service; and leaving Miss Cavendish to go home with the children, Mr. Cavendish and Mr. Willært entered it.

The building was an oblong square. Towards one end on the left side, there was a venerable old man with a flowing beard, in a reading desk, who was reading, or rather chaunting, in a rich deep voice. The alternate verses were chaunted in like manner by the congregation, which was composed entirely of men, excepting one girl of twelve or thirteen, who appeared to be in attendance on an aged blind man with a long white beard, who might be her great-grandfather, and who was leaning against one of the pillars. The women sit in a place apart, in a gallery above;

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where screens of brass wire hide them from view. To-night there were none present. Between the chaunting, there was a good deal of quiet whispering ; but on the whole, there was more decorum than may be sometimes witnessed in similar places. The Jews are a very numerous and respectable body here, and in Holland generally. There are few towns without a synagogue.

## CHAPTER XXI.

## THE POMEGRANATE TREE.

Types of eternal rest,—fair buds of bliss,  
 In heavenly flowers unfolding week by week—  
 The next world's gladness imaged forth in this—  
 Days of whose worth the Christian's heart can speak!

Days fix'd by God for intercourse with dust,  
 To raise our thoughts, and purify our powers,  
 Periods appointed to renew our trust,—  
 A gleam of glory, after six days' showers.\*

AFTER Aunt Ellen's morning (as the children called the early hours of Sunday) was over, our party attended the service of the English church: a privilege our countrymen have long enjoyed at Amsterdam. On their return from service, they went into the Nieuwe Kerk, where they were informed there would be some fine music after the service. Crowds were pouring out as they entered: and in the rich swelling

\* From "Sabbath Recreations," modernized from Vaughan's "Silex Scintillans."



tones of the organ, they recognized a favorite anthem of Handel's.

This was followed by more music of the same character, and was exceedingly delightful, and elevating, and justified all they had heard of the excellence of the instrument.

The sermon in the morning had been upon the history of the Jews, their hard bondage in Egypt, their miraculous deliverance from it; their long wanderings in the wilderness; their instruction in that law which was to preserve them a peculiar people, that through them all the world might be enlightened. The miracle of the quails, and the manna from heaven; the double provision on the sixth day,—that expressive seal to the law which forbade them all labour on the sabbath; the guiding cloud by day, and the pillar of fire by night;—it was a wonderful history! and not the least so, in the eyes of Minna and Godfrey, was the blindness and folly which could turn aside, and set up a golden calf, with these miracles before the eyes, or living in the memories of all, young and old. And Mr. Cavendish told them of the universal idolatry in which all the nations around them lived: and of all they had seen, and of which their fathers had told them, in the land of Egypt; and how easy it is to forget what we have only lately learned. He spoke of the strength

of old habits, and the miserable influence of bad example: of the weakness of faith, which here could not bear up against the absence of their leader and teacher for forty days.

“But the pillar of fire was still there,” said Minna.

“It might have ceased to be considered a miracle by them, or even an evidence of the Almighty’s presence with them,” said Aunt Ellen. “We all know how easily we forget how wonderful any thing is, to which we are long accustomed; how soon we learn to consider it a common every day matter, however extraordinary it might have seemed to us at first; and how little the continuance of any great but accustomed blessing, reconciles our weak hearts to the withdrawal, or denial of any we had set our minds upon having.”

“Still,” said Minna, “if we could only see a miracle! I cannot imagine how any one could be wicked, or forget God—but there are no miracles now!”

“I will tell you Dr. Krummacher’s story of Solomon, who wished as you do, and as many others beside you have done,” said Aunt Ellen.

#### THE POMEGRANATE TREE.

“On a certain day in spring, Solomon the youth, sat under the palm-tree in the garden of

his father, the king, and his eyes were fixed on the ground in deep thought. And Nathan his teacher stepped before him, and said, 'What thinkest thou of so earnestly under the palm-tree?'

"And the youth raised his head, and said, 'Nathan, I should like very much to behold a miracle.'

"The prophet smiled, and said, 'That is a wish which I had also in the days of my youth.'

"'And was it granted unto thee?' demanded eagerly the king's son.

"'A man of God,' said Nathan, 'came unto me, and he had a pomegranate kernel in his hand. 'Behold!' said he, 'what will come forth out of this kernel!' Then he made an opening in the earth with his finger, and laid the kernel therein, and covered it over: and as he withdrew his hand, the clods separated from each other, and I saw two small leaves come forth; but I had scarcely looked at them, before they parted on either side, and there was between them a round stem, and a bark was about it, and as I looked at the stem, it grew higher and higher.

"'Then said the man of God unto me, 'Give heed!' And even as I watched, there came forth seven branches from the stem, like the seven arms of the candlestick of the altar.

“ ‘ I was astonished, but the man of God signed unto me that I should keep silence, and watch. ‘ Behold!’ said he, ‘ soon will a new creation begin!’

“ ‘ Then he took water in the hollow of his hand, from the little brook which flowed above, and he sprinkled the branches three times : and behold ! the branches were all covered with green leaves, which cast a cool shade around us, mixed with a sweet fragrance. ‘ Whence cometh,’ said I, ‘ this delicious fragrance with the refreshing shade?’

“ ‘ Seest thou not,’ said the man of God, ‘ the crimson-coloured flowers, how they have sprung out from among the green leaves, and hang down in bunches?’

“ ‘ I would have answered, but a soft wind swept through the leaves, and strewed the blossoms around, even as the snow is swept down from the clouds of heaven.

“ ‘ Hardly had the blossoms fallen, before the red pomegranates hung down, like the almonds on the rod of Aaron. Then the man of God left me, in deep amazement.’

“ Here ended Nathan. Then Solomon asked hastily, ‘ Where is he? What is the name of the man of God? Doth he yet live?’

“ Then Nathan answered, ‘ Son of David, I have related unto thee a vision.’

“ When Solomon understood these words, he was sorrowful in his heart, and said, ‘ Wilt thou then also deceive me ?’

“ But Nathan said, ‘ I have not deceived thee, son of Jesse. Behold ! in thy father’s garden thou mayest see all this going on, even as I have showed it unto thee. Cometh it not to pass even so with all the pomegranate-trees, and with all other trees, in like manner ?’

“ ‘ Yes,’ answered Solomon, ‘ but imperceptibly, and in a longer time !’

“ ‘ Is it the less a work of God,’ said Nathan, ‘ because it goeth on in quiet stillness, and unnoticed ? I should deem it only the more divine. Learn first to know nature, and her works ! then wilt thou readily believe on a higher than nature, and not desire to see miracles from the hand of man.’ ”

When evening came on, our young friends took their quiet walk on the broad sea-wall ; and they beheld the last rays of the sinking sun ; and they talked of the earth’s wondrous path in the heavens, and of the force of the mighty waters of the deep, and of the wonders which the hand of man had wrought around them ;—of the creating and contriving mind of man, with its guardian conscience, equally, with the sun, and earth, and the overwhelming waters of the great deep, the



creation of the Almighty hand, and its highest creation ; and Minna thought Aunt Ellen was right when she said, that miracles were not now needed, to teach us there is a God, however necessary they might have been in the days of ignorance and thick intellectual darkness, when men knew only what they saw with their outward eyes, and handled with their hands, and thought not of the laws which guided the planets in their course, and heaped up the ocean waves into high mountains, or smoothed them into glassy plains.

Let the night of ignorance be chased away ;— the black veil which vice and selfishness have put before us be lifted up, and the light of truth will shine clearly before the eyes of those who seek it in wisdom, in earnestness, and in humility !

## CHAPTER XXII.

MASTER PETER.—THE HERRING FISHERY.—  
THE SHIP-CANAL.

“Now, Mr. Willært,” said Godfrey, joyfully, as that gentleman entered to breakfast with his friends, before they went off on the excursion they had planned the previous week,—“Now for Saardam and Peter the Great! I have been reading all about him in my book this morning, for I thought you were never coming, and I want to see the little house he lived in. How strange it must have been to all the people, to see an emperor working among them as a common man!”

“By which he proved himself to be no common man;”—said Mr. Willært, taking his extended hands. “To leave a throne on which he had been seated for years, to improve himself and his country, showed no ordinary ambition: though even we, who do not sit on one, can

easily imagine an absolute throne no pillow of down. But what can you tell me about him, Godfrey?"

"That he came and worked in the Admiralty-yard here, as a shipwright, and carpenter, and blacksmith; and in the dock-yards at Saardam also; and that he called himself Michaelhof, the son of Michael; and the workmen called him Master Peter; and he lived as they did, and worked as they did, and lived in a little hut like them; but, for all that, they found out he was a greater man than they were; and therefore Saardam was not so pleasant to him as it would have been if they had had no curiosity about him. Besides the ship-building, he attended lectures on anatomy, and studied natural history, and astronomy, and geography, for he had been taught nothing when he was a boy; and he went over to England, and learnt watch-making at Clerkenwell, and worked in our dock-yards also, and went to Woolwich to learn all he could there: and our king gave him a fine yacht when he went home, all properly fitted up; and he sent home learned men of all kinds, from England and Holland, that his own children, and his people too, might be taught like those of other nations."

Godfrey had talked himself out of breath, and was obliged to stop; and Mr. Willært said,

“ Besides all this, he directed his ministers, and his affairs at home, and sent his armies where he wished them to go: and when he was at home again, and had no battles to fight, he built a great city, as he had seen the Dutch do, at the mouth of a mighty river on the Baltic Sea. On one small island, he erected a fortress; and on another, a hut for himself. A wooden house for his favorite Mentschikoff, and an inn, were the first beginnings of the mighty northern capital, St. Petersburg; to which in less than nine years, he had removed the seat of government from Moscow. When he mounted the throne, his country had no ships of war. At his death, she had forty ships of the line, and four hundred galleys. He intersected Russia with canals and roads. He left her academies, naval and military colleges; a botanical garden, an observatory, a library, and printing-offices. He placed the means of civilization within the reach of a rude and barbarous people; he taught them how to use them; and they have been steadily advancing ever since.”

It suited Mr. Cavendish better to take the ferry-boat which is constantly plying between Amsterdam and Buyksluys, than the steam-boat direct to Saardam; for he wished to see the entrance to the great ship-canal. They passed through the long lines of piles, which are closed

at night by booms covered with iron spikes, drawn across the openings, and fastened with chains; and the boatman told of the trouble the teredo had occasioned, which had made the piles full of holes, like a network. There are summer-houses in abundance; several long rows of little pavilions stretching out into the water, also upon piles; and the view of the receding city, as they crossed from it, was very fine, looking at it, as they did, through all the rigging and masts of the crowded harbour; and the sweet tones of the carillon floated to them over the water. Towards the eastern side, Mr. Willært pointed out the *Schreijershoek Toren*, or tower of lamentation; so called, because it stands on the place of parting between the sailors who went on distant voyages, and their wives and children. And near the Saardam stairs is the *Haring-packery* Tower; so called from its being surrounded by rope-sellers, dealers in marine stores, &c., and because here, in front of this tower, all the weighty business, connected with the sorting and packing the fish for foreign markets, was transacted, in the presence of the proper officers, appointed by the committee of management of the *great fishery*, as the herring fishery is called: and a great fishery, and a great source of wealth, it has proved to the Dutch since 1164; when they



were the first people to note the seasons of the appearing of the fish, and the stations in which they were to be found the most abundant. They have maintained their superiority, and have one mode of curing the fish, wet and white, which is practised we believe only by them; or which is at least unknown to the English.

This method was discovered two hundred years after they first gave much attention to the fishery, by a Fleming, called Beukels, of Biervleit; in whose honour, some writers tell us, Charlemagne made a pilgrimage to his tomb. These herrings are eaten raw. The ferry-man offered a morsel of one to Minna and Godfrey, who could with difficulty be prevailed on to taste it; a second morsel was quite out of the question; and they were astonished to learn that the first barrel of this dainty was always sent to the king, who rewarded the fortunate fisherman with a purse. The first herring buss which lands its cargo receives a premium at Amsterdam. Mr. Cavendish said that in 1636, the Dutch paid thirty thousand pounds to Charles the Second of England, for permission to fish during the summer on the English coast. This was for the encouragement of the English Fishing Company, then newly established. But De Witt tells us, the English fish were so badly cured, that they were rejected at Dantzic

the following year, and the company fell into disrepute, and, as it deserved, to nothing; "wherefore," he adds, "the English changed their heavy tax into a demand of the tenth herring which the frugal and diligent Hollander reputed no less than to fish, and pay tribute to a slothful and prodigal people, for a mere passage along the coasts of England."

Herrings were formerly in such repute, or were so difficult to be obtained, that land was long since held at Carleton in Norfolk by three persons, on condition of bringing to the king, when he was in England, twenty-four pasties of fresh herrings yearly.

De Witt also tells us, that, in 1547, the States-General, though poor and at peace, were at the expense of fitting out eight ships of war, for the protection of the herring fishery.

Great care was taken, by very minute regulations to preserve the high character of the Dutch herrings in foreign markets.

"The time for commencing the fishery," said Mr. Willært, "is fixed for five minutes past twelve on the night of the 24th of June; and every master of a boat, and every pilot in Holland, is obliged to take an oath to observe this regulation."

"That is, that they may all start fair, I suppose," said Godfrey, "as they fish for a prize."

“Perhaps so,” replied Mr. Willært. “Then, the size of the barrels, the number and thickness of the staves of which they were to be made, the number and breadth of the hoops, the cleaning and packing of the fish, the branding of the barrel, the kinds of salt to be used in the curing of the different sorts of herrings as they were to be red or white, smoked or wet, were all fixed by endless regulations; with the view of supporting the high character of the Dutch fish.

“The fishery is much fallen off. Of the two thousand vessels which formerly left the coasts of Holland, there are now about as many hundred; and the English are no longer beaten out of foreign countries, or obliged to look to the Dutch for their own supply; and the bustle at the herring-packing tower is very different from what it was in former days.

“They were the first whale fishers, as well as herring catchers,” said Mr. Cavendish; “and in 1664, the Dutch and the Hamburgers had from four to five hundred ships which sailed to Greenland, when the English had but one.”

“It was before that time,” said Mr. Willært, “that the Dutch Greenland Company tried whether it would be possible to have establishments in those icy regions, where it had been

considered impossible that human beings could exist through the winter. They left seven men at Spitzerbergen one season. When the Dutch ships returned, the following spring, they found the bodies of the seven, stiff and cold, in the hut they had erected for themselves, and a journal kept by one of the poor sufferers, from the 11th September until the 26th of February, when they were, it seemed, all nearly dead with scurvy, and their limbs so benumbed with the cold, they could neither help themselves nor each other, and the pen of the writer had written no more !”

The boat had now crossed the harbour ; and as Mr. Cavendish was speaking of the crowd of shipping which met the eye in every direction, and comparing it with the crowded masts he had left in the Thames, Mr. Willært told him that he had heard, that in the severe winter of 1782, there were 2000 ships blocked up in this harbour by the ice ; and that the people of Amsterdam and the surrounding places, crossed from ship to ship, on planks laid from one to the other, for a distance of eight miles. He asked the boatman if it were true ; who declared it was ; for he had heard his father talk of it, and of the skating matches got up by the crews, who were all too many for the work of the ice-bound ships.”



They turned aside to see the entrance to the ship-canal, the water of which is, at Buyksluys, ten feet below the mean level of the sea, and, of course, more at high tides. There are enormous lock gates.

“This is a grand canal, sir,” said a young boatman, who was standing by: “and if we could only keep it from being choked with ice, it would be every thing we could want: but that is impossible; and it costs a great deal of money to cut a way for the ships in winter. When it is free, a vessel will reach Texel from Amsterdam in eighteen hours.”

After examining these works, they proceeded to Broek, along the side of a canal. On its bank were men and women, harnessed to the towing rope, and doing the work of the tracking horse of the trekschuyt. Mr. Cavendish had never seen this before in Holland. The low cottages by the way-side had roofs about twice as high as themselves, which served as barns for their winter fodder; and, where there is not cellar room, for the French beans which are secured in jars, the cabbages, the carrots, potatoes, and other vegetables for the winter store, well-protected by straw and sand; but the cellars are better for this purpose. Vegetables, milk, and fish, form a larger proportion of the food of the Dutch labourer than of the



English. Animal food is but little eaten by them ; and the bread mixed with rye which they usually eat, is often given into a tub with beer, cut up to the horse, who seems to like it as well as his master. In this way were the horses which drew our party refreshed, when they left their vehicle at the entrance of Broek, through which there is no horse nor carriage road. They were the first horses Minna had ever see drinking beer or eating bread, and she remembered it in her journal.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

## BROEK.

“BROEK is renowned throughout Europe as the cleanest place in it,” said Mr. Willært, “and the most absurd; but there have been many travellers’ lies about it, and I do not believe that families here keep painters to paint their dwellings inside and outside every year, any more than I call these pretty patterns in small brick or pebbles in the pavement, under these neatly arranged shells and sand, strewed in all sorts of devices, by the grand name of mosaic; nor is it likely that any among its inhabitants however rich, have culinary utensils of pure gold as I have heard.”

“The houses look fresh enough to have been all painted this spring,” said Miss Cavendish: “and these pretty polished stones, and tiles, and bricks of various colours, look as if all just cleaned by the hand. One is almost afraid to tread on them.”

Beside the door of each house, there is a seat of rare and foreign wood, inlaid, or curiously carved ; and the little front court, enclosed, like those of our English cottages within rails, is paved in a manner which might perhaps be called mosaic, without much exaggeration. Before many of the entrances, there was a pair of slippers laid, that any dust contracted on the road, (for in the clean street it would seem there could be none,) should not be brought into the house.

“It would be much more cheerful,” said Minna, “if some of the doors were open, and the shutters were not so often closed.”

And Mr. Willært told her of the strange custom which existed here, of never opening the front entrance, or the most handsome room, excepting on high days and holidays, at baptisms, marriages, or on the death of any member of the family, when the funeral passes through it. And he pointed out to her the communications behind from house to house.

As they were going along the side of the small lake, Godfrey reached beyond his balance for some beautiful fringed yellow water-lilies, (*Menyanthes Nymphæa*,) which bordered its sides. Aunt Ellen had told him he could not reach them, and desired him to let them alone ; but the temptation was too great for Godfrey ; and, setting his foot on a stone, which rose out

of the water, he extended a small stick, which he had picked up, with a sort of hook at the end of it, towards the tempting flower. The stone turned under his weight, and he fell in, head foremost.

Mr. Cavendish pulled him out almost instantly, frightened and wet; and they were invited to enter one of the houses close at hand. The kind mistress of the house led them into a kitchen, where a bright fire of peat was burning; and master Godfrey was quickly stripped of his wet garments, and laid into a neat bed, in a closet close by, while his clothes were dried. Some hot milk and water was given to him to drink; and Miss Cavendish, flushed and fearful, hoped that he might not be ill in consequence; and Godfrey, as he looked on the anxious countenance of his kind Aunt, determined that nothing should ever make him disobey her again.

“Indeed, indeed, Aunt Ellen, the stone looked large enough and firm enough to bear me,” said he; “and so I think it would, if I had not been in a great hurry, and so did not take care to put my foot in the middle of it. I wanted to get the flower, while you were looking the other way at the curious things cut in the trees, which Mr. Willært was pointing out to you. Do not look so anxious about me, dear aunt. I will never do so again, and I

do not think I can take cold, I am so warm in this nice little bed."

Miss Cavendish kissed him, and begged that he would try to sleep, and sent Mr. Cavendish and Mr. Willært and Minna away for half an hour, that they might see the rest of the curiosities of Broek, which Godfrey had lost for himself and her, by his foolishness. She drew the curtain before him, and taking the chair the good lady of the house offered her, sat down to admire the neatness of all around her.

The room in which Godfrey was lying communicated by a door with the kitchen, and was evidently the common sitting-room. There was a black Japan cabinet in it, all the shelves of which were covered with curious gay china, also from Japan, with high flower jars, and mandarins, on the top. The chimney was lined with bright tiles, on which was pictured the story of Joseph and his brethren. The beautifully clean floor was of different coloured woods, inlaid in diamonds. Gay festoons of coloured paper adorned the grate, bright as silver; and roses of gold, and lilies of silver paper enriched the wreaths. Against the walls, there were gay prints of Dutch merry-makings; and two oil paintings, of no despicable merit, representing fishing scenes. Beside the window, there sat an old lady spinning, with a large old-fashioned



wheel; her chafing dish full of live charcoal beside her, though it was the middle of summer. Her hair was drawn tightly back from her forehead, and she had none of the gaiety of the head-dress of her countrywomen. A narrow border of heavy old-fashioned lace alone went round her close cap; and a massive clasp of wrought gold (her only ornament) fastened a strip of black velvet round her throat. She might be the grandmother of the household; for beside her lay a large doll, and various other toys, as though her companion had lately been a little one. She spoke no English; Miss Cavendish no Dutch; therefore nothing more than a smile and cordial nod, passed between them. In the kitchen there hung from the beams sundry pieces of bacon, and two hams, in addition to a cage with a magpie, by the window opening into a court-yard, in which was a shed for two cows, which looked sleek as our horses, and were curried as they are; and their tails were secured to the rafters by cords, which ran through rings placed on purpose to receive them. The very brick floor of the shed was as clean as that of the kitchen; and off that you might have eaten. The copper, with its ever-ready hot water; the brass stove, with its various little holes for cooking over; the range of copper and brass pans; all

shone as though kept only to be rubbed. In fact, nothing seemed used, excepting the large pot then hanging over the fire, in which a sturdy girl was preparing the water-zootje for the family dinner. She cut the heads and fins off the flounders; and, putting them into the water with the parsley roots, left them to stew, while she prepared a huge plate of brown bread and butter.

There was a heavy projecting chimney-piece; and on it some pipes which bespoke a master of the household; though perhaps the old lady had a pipe also before she went to bed. Some rush-bottomed chairs were the only things which did not look in perfect order; and the servant gave Miss Cavendish to understand, that she was expecting the travelling rush-man who was to mend them. A table covered with a clean coarse cloth stood in one corner, on which was a round white cheese, a large loaf of rye bread, a knife big enough to carve a baron of beef, and a huge horn drinking-cup, ready to receive the beer, which foamed in a can with a long high neck, at the foot of the table. In one corner stood the spinning-wheel, for the evening amusement of the servant. Outside the kitchen window, there were pots of marigolds, and mignonette, and rosemary. A cat lay among them purring and winking her eyes at the bright

sun ; and a dog, stretched by the fire, watched her with glances which seemed to say, he was thinking whether it was best to enjoy himself, or leave his own warm berth to destroy the comfort of pussy.

The court yard was inlaid with pebbles, bright, and of gay colours, which were disposed in hearts, and squares, and circles,—in many a figure, which may, and many which may not be found in geometry. A border of kitchen herbs ran at the foot of the wall on one side, covered with the myrtle, and tea-tree and jessamine, and leading to a garden, in which were many splendid monsters.

A blue lion sat on a pedestal on each side of the wicket gate: and you entered under their meeting paws. At the end of the walk which faced you, was a leaden Mercury, with a painted mantle of red, flying behind him. In one corner was a pagoda: in another, a grotto full of shell-work. At a table within it sat a hermit, with his hat and scallop shell beside him, to show that he had been a pilgrim ; and as the lady who had invited Miss Cavendish to sit on the seat, touched a spring with her foot, a hundred little jets threw up their streams of glittering water drops ; from which however, Miss Cavendish was secure, on the seat on which she had placed her.

There was a box-tree cut into a ladder, leading to a small house, in which sat a puppet of good size, smoking a pipe.

Miss Cavendish did not smile at all this: but she admired, with perfect cordiality and truth, some of the finest pinks she had ever seen; around each of which there was a piece of card or stiff paper, placed to prevent the sheath from bursting open, with the crowded petals.

Miss Cavendish found on her return to the house, that Godfrey had waked out of a short nap, and that his clothes were dry; she had just got him dressed, when the rest of the party returned. They too, had been into a garden; a large and gay garden, and had seen a pond with pasteboard ducks and swans in it, Minna said, and a man with a musket, pretending to shoot them, but as they were all sham together, he did not even serve as a scarecrow! And they had seen a figure of a man who smoked a pipe by clock-work; and (this was the most curious of all) a woman who spun by machinery! And there were so many pretty bridges, and temples, and Swiss cottages, and arbours covered with creeping plants, and grottos lined with shells and stones, and animals of all colours carved in wood, and trees cut into peacocks and boars! "How I did wish for you, Godfrey!" said she.



Godfrey said nothing about himself. He wished Aunt Ellen had been there, and could have cried when he thought why she had not.

Mr. Willært asked the lady of the house to allow the English strangers to see her best room. She was pleased with her guests, and pleased that she had been able to be of service to them: and she opened a door which led into a darkened apartment, placing before the gentlemen, as she did so, two pair of slippers. They understood her, and readily slipped their feet into them. She unclosed the shutters; and they saw all the wonders of the state-room, held sacred to the ceremonials of joy or sorrow.

The floor was inlaid with black and coloured marble; a stone, covered with white embossed and coloured tiles of porcelain, telling the history of Elisha, and the mocking children and the bears, was half-way down one side of the room. There was sculpture on the walls, and on the ceiling; large jars, full of spices and sweet herbs, were in each corner. The seats of the heavy carved chairs and old-fashioned *settée* were of needle-work, in worsted, and silk, and gold, and silver thread, and carefully shielded from the suspicion of dust, by a linen cloth thrown over them, which its owner courteously raised; and



a cabinet of black japan, richer a great deal than the one in the other room, faced the windows.

The doors of the lower part of this cabinet were enriched with birds and shells in raised gold. The locks and hinges were of gold, or of what looked like gold; and besides the rich jars and tiny cups, the transparent plates, and mandarins of the common sitting-room, here was a temple in exquisite ivory carving; a nest of globes of minute workmanship, one within the other, which must have been carved out of one solid piece; for there was no opening in the outer one: an interior of a Chinese house, the open galleries running round the sides of a court-yard, with trees in tubs in the centre, and containing figures in the various offices of Chinese domestic life. A man shaving another stood on one side; not far from him a woman preparing rice; before a grated aviary, sat a lady fanning herself, and a servant holding an umbrella over her head; all in carved ivory. It was a cabinet of exquisite toys! and there were two walnuts, each with a pair of white kid gloves folded in them; one of which, the Dutch lady begged so earnestly of Miss Cavendish to accept in remembrance of Broek, that she felt she could not refuse.

They parted with regret from this kind family, leaving a trifling present with the servant, who was serving up the water-zootje as they left the house. Taking some refreshment at the little inn, where they had left their carriage, they proceeded towards Saardam.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

SAARDAM.—PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS OF AMSTER-  
DAM.—THE WATER-BARGE.

ALL were loud in praise of the kindness and courtesy of the lady of Broek, and the cleanliness and neatness of every thing around her, and of the venerable appearance of her aged mother. And Mr. Willært said, that this, though by no means one of the largest or most wealthy houses in Broek, would give them a fair notion of what they were generally in the interior.

“The village is reputed very wealthy,” he continued. “Many live without any trade or occupation ; many employ themselves in the manufacture of the cheeses, for which this district is celebrated. The strangers among them are rich traders, and merchants, who, retired from business, occupy themselves in maintaining every thing in the scrupulous exactness in which you see it. Those who fail in keeping all about

them in high repair may expect to see their names posted on a board, in the most conspicuous part of the village. It contains from eight hundred to one thousand inhabitants, who live much among themselves. As to their wealth, I know nothing; but it is certain, that after the great inundation which took place a few years back, and which laid the place under water, and threatened Amsterdam itself with destruction, the people of Broek not only refused to receive any part of the subscription raised for the sufferers, but contributed to the fund for the relief of those poorer than themselves.

“On the 1st of February, 1825, the tide rose unusually high; the bridge over the Amstel, at Amsterdam, was under water, and was expected every moment to give way. Every one was on foot; the cellars and areas of Amsterdam were filled with water; the great dyke had burst; and nothing but destruction seemed before the inhabitants, when the tide suddenly turned, and the city was saved as by a miracle!

“Some of the strongest dykes in this part of the country had given way; and the western side of north Holland, containing its lowest, but richest soil, was all under water; ruin was over the land. The dykes of Edam also gave way, and three thousand acres under cultivation were

destroyed. The great dyke of the Helder was overflowed. The number of lives lost, of acres of land rendered useless for many years, of sheep and cattle swept away by the floods, was enormous. The island of Schokland disappeared altogether in the Zuyder Zee. Those who escaped drowning were in danger of perishing from thirst; for their few fresh-water springs had disappeared. Among the incensed and famishing people, many desperately refused to leave their ruined abodes; and some turned robbers and pirates in their misery.

“Marsh fever and ague carried off their thousands in addition. A liberal subscription, headed by the royal family, was set on foot.

“The dykes, canals, and highways were restored; the villages rebuilt; and in an almost incredibly short time, the eye of the traveller could find no traces of the terrible desolation which had swept over the land. The great dyke had been out of repair; and, it is said, that the different districts were so long in agreeing on their relative proportions of expense, that the sea came in to settle their differences.”

The travellers retraced much of their road to Buyksluys, and then went on to Saardam, (or more properly Zaandam), on the ridge of a vast sea-dyke, which follows the windings of the shore, and keeps the sea from breaking in



upon this country of canals, where the extent of water is almost as great as that of land. As they approached this town of windmills, they saw two of large size, and standing side by side, with standards and many-coloured flags, floating to the wind; and the wings of the mills were decorated with gay garlands and crowns of flowers, and streamers of blue and white, and orange and red ribbon; and crowns of flowers, and coloured paper, were hung, and ribbons floated from the extremities of the sails, which were going merrily round. And gay groups were sitting about on benches, and the drums and the bag-pipes were silent, but seeming only to wait the signal to begin; and Mr. Willært inquired what was going on, and he was told it was the wedding of Peter Heins, with the only daughter of Jakob Vanholst the rich miller: and the spiced wine-cup was handed to him by the smart maid-servant of the bride's house, as she gave him this information.

Some of these mills are of gigantic size. Water is pumped up by them; the land is drained; tobacco ground into snuff; timber sawed for various uses; seed crushed for oil, and colours ground for the painters.—Jakob Vanholst had mills for grinding the volcanic refuse brought down the Rhine from about Brohl and Andernach, and the whole of the extinct vol-

canic district of the Eifel; which, when ground to powder, and mixed with lime and sand, forms most valuable cement. It is used in the construction of locks, sluices, and dykes. It hardens into stone below the water, and is sent by the Dutch even to their Indian settlements. In England, we call it *terrass mortar*, from its local, now become its scientific name, *trass*.

Vanholst's new son-in-law had mills for crushing rape, and linseed for oil. There is a great trade in seed-oils here: and it is to Holland that we in England are indebted for the secrets of making and purifying them. He had also mills for grinding the sand-stone from Bremen, which yields to the Dutch housewives the fine sand they spread so freely over their floors. All the windmills were going round merrily in the quarter of the wedding; but at some distance, there was a cluster whose sails were still: and a stander-by said the owner, Hans Groesbeek, had lost his only son!

Godfrey was allowed to go and visit the house or cabin in which Peter the Great had lodged; for he did not appear ill or feverish, even to the anxious gaze of Aunt Ellen. The foundation on one side had somewhat given way; and it was beginning to decay, with the frosts and snows of winter, when the Princess of Orange, a Russian princess, sister of the

present Emperor, had a sort of case or hut of brick-work built over it, by which, when the shutters are closed, it is now quite secured from the weather. In one of the two small rooms of which it consists, was Peter's bed, in a closet, closed in front with doors. Above these there was a loft, which could only be entered by a ladder. The walls of both rooms are so scribbled over by pen, and pencil, and penknife, that Godfrey had no little difficulty in finding space for the large M. C. and G. C. he wished to leave there, in remembrance of Minna's visit and his own.

A marble tablet is let into the wall, with these words inscribed on it:—

“PETRO MAGNO — ALEXANDER.”

This was by order of the late Emperor of Russia, when he visited the humble dwelling-place of his great ancestor.

This visit over, Miss Cavendish was anxious to return; and rolling a shawl she carried over her arm, round the chest and throat of Godfrey, they went on board the steamer, which soon conveyed them across the harbour. Here they got into a little carriage, and giving him some tea, and a warm bath, she put him into bed as soon as they reached the old Doelen.

Besides the various operations carried on by the mills of Saardam, Amsterdam has manufactories of cotton and woollen cloths. There are here refiners of borax, a salt produced from the mud of large lakes, in Thibet, Persia, and South America, and used by jewellers in setting their jewellery, in the laboratory of the chemist, and in making the finer kinds of glass. The Venetians were the first refiners of borax, and the Dutch long kept the secrets of the art; but they no longer possess them exclusively.

Amsterdam produces the finest smalt, so valuable in China painting, for the beautiful shades of blue it yields. The Dutch have still secrets in the preparation of smalt, which they guard very jealously from the interested curiosity of other countries. They manufacture here, also, aquafortis and liqueurs, such as noyau, curaçoa, anisette, and for which they are very famous. Rouge, white lead, vermilion and gold lace, are manufactured here. The art of cutting and polishing diamonds was long confined to the Jews of Antwerp and Amsterdam. It is so no longer; and diamonds are now more highly polished in other countries; but there are still diamond mills at Amsterdam, and they continue to be the property of the Jews. The diamond to be polished is



fastened to a piece of stick, by an amalgam or cement, of zinc and quicksilver, and subjected to the friction of diamond dust on metal plates, acted upon by the cogs of small wheels in an upper room, which are kept in motion by a large one in the room beneath, turned by horses. When the diamond is to be cut previous to polishing, the diamond dust is fixed on a metal wire, which is moved rapidly backwards and forwards, over the stone which is to be divided. In London, this is now all done by the steam-engine.

Amsterdam is rich in charitable institutions now, as it was in former times, when Charles the Second, who knew it well, said he believed they would be a sufficient wall of defence against all the power Louis the Fourteenth could bring against it. A city which did so much good would not be allowed to fall. Here are hospitals for the aged, the infirm, the orphan, the widow, the foundling, and the insane. The alms-houses are numerous and handsome, and comfortable. Schools are generally established throughout Holland; and they have Houses of Correction for trifling offences, called Rasp-huisen, because offenders were employed in them to rasp logwood, of which two men were required to produce fifty pounds a-day between them. This was hard work; and we are told by an old writer they were kept to it



by fear of stripes : and if stripes would not do, they were put into a cave or cellar, so contrived, that if they did not work well at the pump, the water would soon rise above their heads.

The Spin-huis, another place of discipline, was formerly made to serve by heads of families for places of domestic correction. Husbands, and fathers sent their idle wives, or disobedient children there, and the wife could confine her drunken husband to the sober diet of the Spin-huis ; but modern refinement has done away with this, and domestic faults are now cured or endured at home.

There are many literary and scientific institutions, and a Dutch, and German, and French theatre, besides an Italian Opera sometimes ; but none of them were visited by our travellers.

The most serious disadvantage connected with Amsterdam,—that city built on the water, obliged for very existence to keep up a constant guard against it ; where, as Hudibras says, in —

“ A country that draws fifty feet of water,  
 In which men live as in the hold of nature,  
 And when the sea does in upon them break  
 And drowns a province, does but spring a leak :—

\* \* \* \* \*

They always ply the pump, and think  
 They can be safe, but at the rate they sink,  
 A land that lies at anchor, and is moored,  
 In which they do not live, but go aboard—”

—in this land, the greatest want they feel is the want of water; such water as they can drink with health and safety. All the houses where it can be any way managed, have large tanks on their roofs, in which they catch every drop that falls. This rain water forms the great supply for culinary purposes, and domestic use; but those who can afford it, purchase, in addition, the water of Utrecht, brought in stone bottles.

The poorer classes are obliged to content themselves with the water from the river Vecht, about twelve miles off, to the south-east. Our party had seen the large water-barges, used for its conveyance, in the canals.

A pump is inserted into the deck of the deeply sunken barge; the water is pumped up, and dispersed to the thirsting multitude, and the carts waiting to carry it round to the houses, until the empty vessel floats on the surface of the canal, when it returns for a fresh supply. In winter, this is often sold at a very high price; as in severe weather it is necessary to cut a passage for the barge through the ice. Louis Bonaparte attempted to convey a regular supply of water from Utrecht; but the plan failed, some say, through the ignorance of his engineer.

All kinds of fish abound on these coasts, and in the shallow seas of Holland. We have sat

down to a dinner in a passage boat, in which the varieties of delicately dressed fish seemed endless: and at the table of a Dutch family it is not unusual to see six or eight different varieties. We have heard of as many as fifteen on the table at once. Much of this is brought to Billingsgate in the Dutch boats, which supply the greatest part of the turbot consumed in London, and pay some hundreds a-year to the Thames fishermen, for lampreys (the smaller kind), the favourite bait of this fish.

Amsterdam is said to stand on ninety islands, formed by the intersecting canals, communicating by nearly three hundred bridges, of stone or wood; the latter having drawbridges, and the former sluices, which open for the passage of boats. It is not so unhealthy a city as might be imagined from the effluvia, which rises under a hot sun from the canals; into which the sewers run from the streets and houses, and refuse of all sorts is thrown from the dwelling-like barges, inhabited by whole families, which are moored on their quays.

Their physicians deny that it is at all an unhealthy city; and the trees which border every canal, are asserted to purify the air.

The thick clothing, for which the Dutch have been so much ridiculed, is demanded by their damp and chill atmosphere; and smoking may

be excused here, if any where. In addition to this, every good *vrouw* has her little stool, in which there is a pan of burning charcoal concealed, under her ample skirts. To this habit some writers refer the generally pallid complexions of the Dutch women ; but the men are pale too :—for that, smoking may be in fault : or more probably the climate is answerable for the complexions of both.

## CHAPTER XXV.

THE POOR-SCHOOL.—SHOPPING.—THE FARM-  
HOUSE.—UTRECHT.

MR. Cavendish and Mr. Willært, when they parted the evening before, had arranged a visit together to the poor-school nearest to them; and, taking Godfrey with them, they went there directly after breakfast. It was one of those maintained at the public expense, for the very poorest and most destitute; for those who are in many countries trained up by beggary to robbery. In this school, the children, between four and five hundred, were divided into two rooms, large and well aired. The boys and girls clean and neatly dressed, entered, and seated themselves with the greatest quietness and decorum; in quietness, too, proceeded their instruction; for they did every thing by signals, which they understood without the necessity of



words. Here they are taught reading and writing;—to understand the most necessary rules of arithmetic; and to express their thoughts clearly in short written exercises, and compositions.

The prayers, and hymns sung by the whole school, were composed expressly for the children, and breathe a spirit of duty and gratitude, — of religion and benevolence. Their religious instruction is general. It does not inculcate any particular creed, belonging to any of the different religious communions in Holland; but Bible History, as the basis of the religion of all, is taught; and the moral precepts which arise out of it are then inculcated. Measures are adopted by the government to secure for these children instruction in the doctrinal part of religion, by circulars addressed to the synods and consistories of the different reformed churches, and the prelates of the Catholic church throughout the country, inviting them to take upon themselves the whole religious instruction of the youth of their communions, and requiring an account of the methods they adopt for that purpose.

The cities throughout Holland have these schools. Amsterdam has one in each of the eleven districts into which the city is divided. Into these, no children under the age of eight are admitted; and none remain after fourteen.

At that age the girls who have behaved well are received into schools of industry, where they are taught needlework. The children brought up in these poor-schools are much sought after as domestic servants or apprentices; such is the public opinion of their training.

The first class was going through its lessons when our party entered the room in which they were. The little children were arranged on benches, opposite a black board; so that the whole class could see it at once. The master wrote down single letters, beginning with vowels. The children called out the name of the letter all together; then the consonant which he placed before or after it; and then the syllables and words thus formed. This lesson concluded by making the children read whole words in chorus. In their writing lessons, they have small slates, on which each copies what the master writes on the board; beginning with simple strokes. With the more advanced pupils, answers are written by the scholars to the questions given by the master on the board; from this they are easily led to the composition of letters, on such matters as belong to their situation in life.

This, though carried on in Dutch, was all very intelligible and very interesting to Mr. Cavendish; and before Godfrey had time to get

weary, he was interested in the geography lesson, which he could understand very well. A large map of Amsterdam is the first put before the children; in this, too much is not marked, which is confusing to a young head; as Godfrey knew very well. This was followed by other large maps on the same plan,—of the district,—the province,—of Holland, and Europe, until the lesson finished with a map of the world.

“I am sure I should remember much better where the different countries are, if I was taught in that way,” said our young friend, who, for a youth so fond of adventure, had strangely little love of geography. Mr. Cavendish took the hint: and we may record that he learnt better from that time.

The order which reigned among all these children was curious and interesting. The pupils made signs, instead of asking for what they wanted. When a question was put, those who thought they could answer it held up their finger, and the master called up one of them for his answer. Not a word unless absolutely necessary is allowed during school time, tranquillity and decorum being considered some of the essentials of education.

The second class of this school was taught the principles of grammar, writing, reading, the elements of numeration, and singing; its

upper form, in addition to these,—arithmetic, written and mental ; the history of the Netherlands, and sacred history from the Bible.

The third class were doing the Rule of Three, and the higher rules of arithmetic ; studying the grammar of the Dutch language, general history, sacred history from the Bible, and other valuable reading. A lesson each week is devoted to instruction in the principles of religion ; when the pupils are questioned, to ascertain whether they fully comprehend what they have read.

“The great improvements in our Dutch schools,” said Mr. Willært, as they went homewards, “emanated from an association, called ‘The Society for the Public Good;’ founded by a pious and benevolent Mennonite or Anabaptist, John Nieuwenhuizen, a clergyman of Monnikendam, in North Holland. He commenced by prevailing on some friends, as long ago as the year 1784, to combine together, with the view of simplifying the books and the methods of instruction. The usefulness and prosperity of the society were continually on the increase, until it became spread all over the country, and its branches extended to the colonies. Besides the publication of cheap and useful books, this society formed libraries for the benefit of men and women ; and established schools for the gratuit-



ous instruction of the poor, in addition to those intended only for the children recommended by its own members. The influence of this society was powerfully assisted by the government: the different towns were led to the reformation of their old schools, or the establishment of new ones on better methods; and the consequence of the universal diffusion of sound education may be read in the small numbers to be found in our penitentiaries, or houses of reformation for juvenile offenders.

“The village schools differ from those in the towns in this,—that all the pupils pay; the parish, or some charitable institution paying for those who are too poor to part with the very small sum required, themselves. Those of the reclaimed peat districts of North Holland are peculiarly interesting. The villages of these districts, particularly in the colonies founded by the town of Groningen, are built on the dykes of the canals by which the country is drained. In the centre of the village stands the school-house, and it is generally a handsome building. The principal part of this structure is a very large well-ventilated school-room. In some of them there are rooms for the division of the classes. At a short distance are the churches belonging to the different sects, to which the children go on the sabbath in separate



groups, free from animosity or discord : and the master, whose education would put him at his ease in any society, is clothed like the peasantry among whom he dwells. The salaries will seem to an Englishman much too low; but every thing is cheap in the country in which they live; and custom and fashion impose no heavy tax on the schoolmasters of Groningen. Their salaries vary from four to five hundred florins, according to the localities. In addition to this, they receive five florins weekly from every hundred pupils, so that a school of three hundred yields seven hundred and fifty florins in aid of the salary. Out of this, equal altogether to about one hundred pounds, the master has to pay his assistant.

“The education given is very similar to that in the schools for the poor here; only, as there does not exist any dread of making the children discontented with their situations, (for where is there another so happy as that of the peasant of North Holland?) it is rather more extended. Geometry is added for those who are to go to sea.”

Putting into the hand of Mr. Cavendish some reports of Baron Cuvier, and other documents\* relative to the state of education in

\* These documents, and other valuable matter, are now opened to the English reader by Mr. Horner's valuable work, just published,—the translation of Cousin “On Education in Holland.”

Holland, (a subject on which in every country he felt much interested,) Mr. Willært now devoted himself to a ramble in the direction of the shops, with Miss Cavendish, who had completed her arrangements for her departure, and was waiting for him.

Kalver's-straat and Warmoos-straat are the Regent-street and Cheapside of Amsterdam; and into these did Mr. Willært conduct Miss Cavendish and Minna and Godfrey, to seek for a cap for the latter, who, among the penalties he had inflicted on himself and others by his disobedience yesterday, had made his pretty cap unfit for wear, and went now to try to replace it, with one of Dutch or German manufacture. They found what would do for a covering for his head; a light, and sufficient one; but Godfrèy wished again he had attended to Aunt Ellen, when he saw how much it was inferior to the one he had destroyed, and which was his own choice in London, the day before they embarked in the *Batavier*.

They strolled afterwards into a toy-shop; and Mr. Willært found for Minna a walnut, which rivalled the one given to Aunt Ellen by the kind lady at Broek. It contained a thimble, an almanac, an ivory needle-case, scissors, tweezers, bodkin, a pencil and ivory tablet, and an ear-picker. Besides all the necessary

information of an almanac, there were twenty pages of poetry in it, and each song had its appropriate picture. The thimble Minna could wear, and did so for long after. The almanac she might refer to, for the date of the day in the month, the moon's rising and setting, &c. throughout the year. The ivory tablet would receive memoranda (we will not say very long ones); the rest of the implements of industry were fitter for a fairy's huswife; and in the top of the upper shell there was a mirror, in which the little sprite might dress herself. Minna was quite delighted.

For Godfrey, his kind friend found a model of the cabin of Peter the Great; accurately fitted up, and so small, that he could take care of it in his own trunk. Mr. Willært looked in vain for a carved cherry-stone, or plum-stone, to equal the famous cherry-stone mentioned by Dr. W. Oliver, in his travels through Denmark and Holland, more than a hundred years since; in which there is the following account of this stone of discord.

“I did not see the cherry stone in the King of Denmark's cabinet, which I was told had some hundreds of heads engraved on the outside of it; but I remember an English gentleman showed me one in Holland in the year 1687, —a cherry-stone of this kind, with one hundred

and twenty-four heads on the outside of it; so that you might distinguish them with the naked eye,—popes, emperors, kings, and cardinals, by their crowns and mitres. It was bought in Prussia, where it was made for three hundred pounds English, and is now in London; there having been a law-suit not long since commenced about it in Chancery. Whether this, or any other artificial curiosities before mentioned, of ivory, &c., may compare with Homer in a nutshell; or the ivory ants, or other small creatures, said to be made by Callicrates, whose parts were so very small, that no body could see them so as to distinguish one from another, but he who made them; or the ivory chariot made by Thermeceides, which a fly covered with his wing; and a ship of the same, which was hid under the wing of a bee? And if these things be true, as Pliny and Solinus tell us, whether the ancients have not outdone us in such kind of impertinences, I leave others to judge.”

“ You do not believe there was such a cherry-stone, surely, Mr. Willært !” cried Minna.

Mr. Willært looked serious, and said it was gravely asserted by a grave person; and if he had only affirmed that these heads could be seen by the aid of a powerful glass, he should believe it, he thought, without much difficulty. He had seen such very minute and exquisite



things, of no possible use, of the same kind: and then he told them of the many things of that sort they would meet with in some parts of Germany; and they remembered the globe within globe, and other things, they saw yesterday; and talked of them till Mr. Willært left them to prepare for their journey to Utrecht. He wanted to call at a farm-house a little way out of Amsterdam, and was to accompany them so far on their road.

They were off by the middle of the day, through roads bordered with avenues, canals, gardens, and summer-houses, much as they had seen them so often before. When they had gone above two miles, they turned off towards a little cluster of houses, one of which was Mr. Willært's farm-house, which he told them they might consider as very similar to other farm-houses in that part of the country.

A large door in the entrance stood wide open: and about half-way down the passage, they were met by a half-door, which was closed; behind this sat Vrouw Vanden Heyden, with whose good man Mr. Willært had come to have a conference on some matters of business. She courteously invited the party in, when he had introduced himself; and they passed through the common hall, with its floor of varnished tiles, its chairs of willow and horse-hair of



various colours, shelves loaded with china, and walls hung with pictures of cows, horses, and pigs, into the inner or better room. Here were the beds of part of the family ranged along the wall, one above the other, like the berths in a ship's cabin. Brightly painted and varnished pannels were made to slide before them, if needed, and the festoons which adorned the top of each little resting place were fringed with coarse lace.

Mynheer Vanden-Heyden had large dairies, and was "well to do in the world;" and his wife had a third room, which was kept in all the stateliness of a best parlour; which boasted its glazed corner cupboard, displaying some old fashioned plate, and bright shells from the Indian seas; and some monstrous rarities in green china,—dragons, and deities, which might defy all Holland to rival them in absurdity and ugliness. Two dragons of this same green china, with staring eyes, and wide open mouth, were on guard on each side of the heavy mantel-piece, which was surmounted with a gay picture in needle-work, of Eve listening to the wily serpent, under the tree of good and evil. The apples were worked in gold, and the hair and dress of Eve were enriched with seed pearl; and small emeralds, or imitations of them, formed the eyes of the serpent. Around Eve were grouped all the animals of Paradise, (and

some which certainly never were there); and a row of brilliant tulips formed the fore-ground of the picture.

An inscription in thread of gold, on a scroll of blue, at the head of the picture, set forth; that this was the work of the young maiden, Gertrüd Bosch; who was afterwards mother of the Vrouw Vanden-Heyden. A picture of the sempstress faced her work, and was pointed out to them with pride and love by her daughter. It was taken at an advanced age, and represented her reading in a large book, with heavy wrought clasps. She had on a dark velvet mantle, bordered with fur, and a sort of hood on her head.—“Her sight remained good to the last, though she worked so well,” her daughter said.

A pretty fair-haired girl was playing with a large cat on the floor of the room, and Miss Cavendish was appealed to, to say whether the little Gertrüd was not very like her grandmother.

She might be, when at her age, she thought; but the difference was now great indeed, between the smooth round cheek of the one, and the strong lines on the face of the other. She drew the fair child to her knee, and they soon established a good understanding by smiles and caresses.

Mr. Cavendish and Mr. Willært went out to admire the long range of cow sheds ; the stables for the farm horses, all neat and clean ; and the dairy, like a parlour in niceness, with its brass pans, tiled floor, and stone slabs. Water was carried through in a narrow channel at their feet, and all was fresh and clean as possible.

The entrance of the farmer was the signal for their departure ; and taking a sorrowful leave of their friend Mr. Willært, and a parting kiss of the little Gertrüd, our party proceeded on their journey.

They had passed many a pretty house or cottage, with its summer-house—the old accustomed summer-house, projecting over the green ditch,—many a polder, or collection of small villas, enclosed with their gardens within dykes and ditches, before either Minna or Godfrey observed or thought of any thing but the friend whom they had left behind, and who had been so kind and useful to them at Amsterdam.

Mr. Cavendish directed Minna's attention, at length, to the sand-hills bordering Haarlem Meer, which they saw in the distance on the western horizon ; and before long, they were once more traversing a high causeway, with green, bright green pastures filled with cattle, and boasting no trees but a few shrubby willows below the raised road. And they talked of the

wonders of Amsterdam ;—the great city which had risen to such size and wealth, from the huts of a few poor fishermen, who, tempted by the abundance of fish in these shallow waters, first planted themselves here amid the swamps and morasses, early in the thirteenth century ; and Mr. Cavendish told them how these poor men battled with the waves, and erected such weak defences as they could, until their trade with their neighbours, north and south of them, from whom they received cloth and grain, and furniture, in exchange for their salted fish, made them wealthy ; and then the Earls of Holland granted them the privileges of a city ; and Mary of Burgundy, after a while, enclosed their town with a brick wall, to defend them against the people of Utrecht, with whom they were frequently quarrelling. And the city went on through many mischances, continually increasing through the industry and perseverance of her citizens, until, from these poor beginnings, she became the mighty Venice of the North, better placed than Venice for facilities of commerce ; because, independently of its fisheries, of which Venice was destitute, it was not like Venice seated at the bottom of a deep gulf, where the corsairs of Turkey, and the pirates of Barbary, could lie in wait for her ships as soon as they quitted the lagunes. And he told them of the Dutch East India Com-



pany, and of the first fleet which went out of Amsterdam to China and the Spice Islands, in the year 1594; and of the long contest which was maintained by the Dutch for fourscore years by land and sea against the power of Spain, (then the most mighty nation in Europe,) for their liberties and for freedom of conscience, of which their noble Stadt-huis is the glorious memorial.

And he told them how the revocation of the edict of Nantes, by which the French King, Louis XIV. broke his faith with the Huguenots or Protestants, (who were persecuted in consequence,) obliged them to fly into other countries. As these Huguenots were the best manufacturers and traders of France, they carried into other lands their knowledge and skill; and by that means those countries became superior to France herself in the arts, of which she had been often the inventor. Many settled in Holland, more in Brandenburg, where they introduced the manufactures of cloths, serges, stuffs, druggets, crapes, stocking-weaving, hats, and the art of dyeing.

The Spitalfields weavers were French protestants, and brought the silk manufacture in its perfection to London; and many settled in Norwich, and established there the manufacture of light stuffs, such as bombazines, Norwich crapes, and shawls. The making of clocks, watches,



jacks, locks, musical instruments, hardware, toys, and many other things too numerous to mention, was carried on by the intelligent, persecuted protestants, into countries either ignorant of these manufactures, or very backward in them.

“And this is one of the many instances, Godfrey,” said Mr. Cavendish, “in which good comes out of evil; even out of war itself we shall find, if we search history well, that some good has arisen to the world.”

Godfrey still thought it a strange thing that people could not learn, or teach others what was good and useful, without destroying and persecuting each other. And Minna wondered that Catholics should persecute Protestants, and Protestants, Catholics; and why they could not let each other alone, to be what they pleased, and worship God as they thought best.

They had now crossed the Amstel; and the face of the country was much changed. The houses occupied more ground; they had more the character of the dwellings of English country gentlemen. Fine wood was not scarce, and game seemed to be preserved; for on many a paling on each side of the city of Utrecht was notice put up, signifying the extent of the land over which the proprietor claimed the right of shooting: such as “*Privative Jagt van Hans Mees,*” or “*Myn eigen Jagt.*” They now

and then saw a hare running across from one coppice to another; and they were told that rabbits were abundant here, and indeed all over Holland. Among the sand-hills they run riot, and their burrows extend a long way under the loose ground.

A stork was standing half up the leg in a pond, stretching his long neck after something making the best of its way from him, by swimming; and Godfrey declared it to be a frog, but such a large one as he had never seen before.

Mr. Cavendish told him, it had probably lately changed its skin, as he said it was of a very bright colour, and might be one of the edible frogs which are rare in England, but common enough here, and larger than our frogs. Minna and Godfrey had heard Mr. Willært talk of frog-pies, but were sure they never should make up their minds to taste them, and were astonished when Aunt Ellen said they were considered great rarities, and could hardly be known from chicken-pies, but from their greater delicacy; and that, where the frogs are much esteemed, they are well-fed and kept in holes or pits covered with straw, to prevent them becoming torpid in the winter. Godfrey declared he never *would* taste them; and Aunt Ellen promised to observe whether he kept his word.

They fell in with the Rhine, before they

arrived at Utrecht. It runs in a bed elevated above the low pasture lands; and the summits of the gentle hills which were rising around them were crowned with beech and fir trees.

The tower of the old church at Utrecht appeared at times above the trees; a noble and striking object, though falling to decay. About four o'clock they entered Utrecht, an old fashioned fortified town, with a fine citadel. The name of the inn they went to we cannot tell; but this we know, that the sitting-room was a very high old fashioned room, with dark pannelled and carved wainscoting, hung with old pictures: and a bed of rich green satin brocade, which would stand by itself, was at one end of it. The one large Venetian window in the side of the room facing the door, looked into a flagged court-yard, in which were some of the finest oleanders in tubs our party had ever seen.

Mr. Cavendish and Godfrey were to sleep to-night in the rich old bed, in the dark-pannelled room, and Aunt Ellen and Minna found one up-stairs, somewhat more cheerful in its aspect, though less majestic. After an excellent dinner, in which Godfrey watched well, but in vain, for any thing which could possibly be a "frog pie,"—they sallied forth to explore the town. In one part of it, their path lay level with, and

over the roofs of the low houses and shops which line the side of the canal, which is here many feet below the streets. They soon found themselves in the pleasant gardens and walks, which have been laid out in the ancient fortifications of Utrecht.

They are planted with trees, and flowering shrubs; small *caffés* are scattered here and there: fruit and lemonade, and ice, were to be bought, and more than one band of very fair musicians enlivened the gay scene. Our party passed many a group of father, mother, and children; and more than once Minna looked lovingly after a pretty lap-dog, with a blue or pink ribbon round its neck, panting after its young mistress. They returned homewards by the cathedral, which stands on one side of the street; its tower on the other. Whether this has been one of the accidents of war, or whether it was so built originally, we know not. The view from the top of this tower, it is said, is very extensive: from it the Stadt-house of Amsterdam can be seen, and nearly the whole of the province of Holland, besides Brabant and Guelders. Aunt Ellen was too much tired to mount so many steps, and Mr. Cavendish was not disposed to ascend alone. They admired the fine old porch of the venerable Minster; and a young man, looking like a student, who was sketching



it, fell into conversation, first with Godfrey, and afterwards with Mr. Cavendish. He told them that Utrecht was formerly, long ago, governed by bishops; and that these warlike bishops had many a contest with the Hollanders, and the city of Amsterdam, before the time when Bishop Henry of Bavaria, expelled by the inhabitants, transferred his temporal authority to the Emperor Charles the Fifth of Spain and Germany, under whom the Netherlands as a fief, or dependance of the House of Burgundy, had passed under the government of Spain. Charles built a strong castle in Utrecht; and held a chapter of the Order of the Golden Fleece in this cathedral.

Utrecht joined Holland in the contest against Spain, and became one of the Five, afterwards increased to the Seven United Provinces. The Spaniards were besieged in the castle of Utrecht by the States-general, in 1577, and obliged to surrender it; when it was razed to the ground on the fourth of September, that same year.

It was getting too dark for the young artist to proceed with his drawing, and he took his leave.

“Pope Adrian the sixth,” said Mr. Cavendish, “was a native of Utrecht. Some say he was the son of a tapestry weaver; others of a brewer. Be this as it may, he distinguished



himself so much by his learning, that he was made professor of Divinity in the university of Louvain, where he had been gratuitously educated. He passed through various offices of dignity in the then famous university of Utrecht. Appointed tutor to the prince, afterwards the Emperor Charles the Fifth, he was first ambassador, then bishop, afterwards Regent in Spain. Recommended by the Emperor Maximilian to Pope Leo the Tenth, he received a cardinal's hat ; and, to crown his extraordinary advancement, was to his own astonishment and that of all Europe, raised to the papal chair on the death of that Pontiff. Here was an end of his happiness ! The troubles and anxieties of his elevated situation, at that time peculiarly great, were too much for him. He was buried in St. Peter's in less than two years after his elevation to the pontificate ; and the inscription on his tomb informs the world, that the great honour to which he had been raised was the greatest misfortune of his life. The house in which he was born was shown to our travellers, as well as that which he built, and which the people still call "The Pope's house." This is now the residence of the governor.

"Utrecht was also the birth-place of a very distinguished woman," said Aunt Ellen. "Anna Schurman knew many languages ; and what is

much more rare in a woman, was an excellent painter. The famous Christina, Queen of Sweden visited her here."

She told then of David Beck, Christina's favorite painter, likewise a native of Utrecht, who owed his life to the drunkenness of his servant. When travelling in Germany, he was suddenly taken ill in the night, and after suffering extreme pain, to all appearance expired. He was laid out for dead. His servant watched the body, and, to allay his grief, drank until he became intoxicated, and in this state poured wine down the throat of his master. To his great terror, soon changed into joy, this revived him, and Beck lived again !

"Another instance of good coming out of evil," said Godfrey, as he prepared to occupy the stately, but gloomy bed ;—not sorry in his heart that Aunt Ellen and Minna were sitting there, writing and reading at the heavy old table, until Mr. Cavendish came in from his lengthened stroll.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

KOLFEN.—ST. WILLEBROD.—FREDERIC'S-OORD.

AT breakfast the next morning, Mr. Cavendish told his children what he had seen the evening before, after he left them. He had rambled on in the direction of the old walls of the town, for some time, when he followed some persons through an open gateway, into a long covered gallery, about one hundred feet in length. For some time he could see nothing clearly, in consequence of the tobacco smoke which curled in the air on all sides. As he became accustomed to this, he saw at a short distance from each end of the gallery, a pillar of wood, the lower part of which was sheathed with brass, and a game was going on, played by two persons at a time. Each of these had a club loaded with lead in his hand, with which he struck an elastic ball of the size of a cannon-ball. The

first player drove it towards the pillar, with his club ; his opponent followed up the stroke ; and the one who succeeded in hitting it against the pillar, won one point. Of how many points the game consisted, he did not learn. A narrow space was marked off on each side for the spectators, and the floor was covered with a composition resembling stucco. The players called this game *Kolfen* ; and an old man who stood by, shook his head, and his looks and gestures implied that they played with more spirit in his young days, than now.

The clubs were faced with horn. In this, and in name, it resembles the Scotch game of Golf ; but in nothing else.

The Queen of England was expected ; and all the post-horses of Utrecht were retained for her carriages and suite ; and Mr. Cavendish was informed that if he wished to proceed, he must take voiturier horses, if he could get them, which was doubtful. A man was however found, willing to convey his carriage to Nimeguen, a distance of fourteen leagues, in ten hours ; for which, as horses were scarce, he was to receive about one-third more than would have been paid at any other time. Mr. Cavendish, finding that the arrival of the Queen was uncertain, thought that he might not be better served the next day ; and only regretted that

he must give up the route by Arnheim, and take the more direct, but less interesting road to Nimeguen.

As they caught the last glimpse of the cathedral tower of Utrecht, Mr. Cavendish told Minna and Godfrey that an Englishman was its first bishop. St. Willebrod left his own country in the seventh century, to attempt the conversion of the ancient Frisons, or Frieslanders, who then possessed this part of the country. He baptized great numbers; and the Pope ordained him bishop over his converts. Charles Martel, Duke of the Franks, who had conquered the Frisons after a long struggle, gave him the castle of Utrecht, and the district surrounding it, for his See. Many had been the attempts made by the Dukes of Brabant, to reduce this fierce race to obedience, and to convert them to Christianity, before the time of Martel and Willebrod; but they were all in vain. It is related of their king Radbod, that at the moment in which he put his foot into the water to be baptized by one of the first missionaries, he stopped, and suddenly asked the priest where all his old Frison companions in arms had gone after their death?

“To hell,” replied the priest.

“Well then,” said Radbod, drawing his foot out of the water; “I would rather go to hell



with them, than to paradise with you and your fellow-foreigners." He refused the rites of baptism, and remained a Pagan.

The work Willebrod began was completed by Boniface, Archbishop of Mayence, who may be called the Apostle of Germany; and who, after many years of usefulness, perished a martyr to his zeal, and the violent measures of his colleagues, in that part of the country which still preserves the name of Friesland.

The last champion of the independence of the Frisons, and of the worship of their idols, was Witikind, whom the ancient chronicles call Azing—or judge. The historians of the two races which peopled this part of Europe, the Saxons and the Frieslanders, both claim this illustrious chieftain as their own. He probably belonged to both of them, as intermarriages were frequent between the noble families on both sides. The fate of Friesland was decided when Witikind, after his conversion to Christianity, became a noble at the court of Charlemagne. The subjection of his country was complete when he wore the collar of gold!

The mint of Holland is at Utrecht; and the city is said to contain many choice private collections of pictures. It has some manufactories, and bleaching grounds, which should be visited, as well as the ancient but decayed university,

by those whose time permits their longer stay than that of our party.

Utrecht is famous throughout Europe for the treaty of union signed here by five of the seven United Provinces, as they became in the sequel, when joined by Brabant and Friesland. The deputies of Holland, Guelders, Zealand, Utrecht, and Groningen, convened by William of Nassau, met here in 1579, and signed the treaty which laid the foundation of the Republic. This city is also celebrated for the treaty of peace, signed here in 1714, between France and the grand allies, Austria, England, and the United Provinces,—the treaty which settled the question of the Spanish succession, consolidated the peace of Europe, and is known in history as the *Peace of Utrecht*.

The fame of its university, and the political events of which it has been the theatre, have together made Utrecht more the resort of foreigners of distinction than the other towns of the United Provinces; and its inhabitants have less of the peculiar character of the Dutch, as their soil also has less in common with the swamps and morasses of Holland, than with the land of the Rhine.

The route our party was compelled to take was for some miles the same with that to Arnheim, and led through the Mall, with its rows

of noble linden trees, three or four deep on each side of the road. This Mall has been said to be the finest avenue in Europe. It may be called a collection of avenues, and extends for some distance beyond the town.

Rows of beech, elm, and linden continue to line the road for some miles; and each of the capital houses which meet the eye on every side, can boast its own avenue of majestic trees. On many a park-paling, the inscription, "Privative Jagt," &c. marked the owner's love of shooting his own game, whatever might be the extent of his domain:—an announcement probably equally respected with our own lying boards, (as we must suppose them to be,) which tell, in defiance of the law, of "Spring guns, and steel-traps," to scare the poacher and orchard-robbing school-boy.

Our travellers were obliged to leave Zeist, the celebrated settlement of the Herrnhütters, unvisited. It was some distance from the road on the left, and out of their way. This was a disappointment to Miss Cavendish, who had never had an opportunity of seeing a community of the followers of Count Zinzendorf. With the voiturier horses they could not extend their journey.

"Zeist is the only settlement of the Moravians in Holland," said Mr. Cavendish, "and

forms a barony in the province of Utrecht. I have heard that it consists of two squares, lying between the old village and the castle. The native beauty of the place, the well-built houses, the stately avenues, and beautiful gardens, joined to the peculiarities of the Moravian mode of life, have always attracted travellers to Zeist: and the opportunities thus afforded to the discerning of judging for themselves of the nature and influence of the Moravian doctrine and discipline, have done them more good service than many an elaborate refutation of the calumnies of which the society has, from time to time, been the victim.

“As we cannot see Zeist, I will describe to you Grace-hill, a settlement of the *United Brethren*, as the Moravians call themselves, in the county of Antrim, in the north of Ireland, which I visited in a walk to the Giant’s Causeway, some few years ago. These communities are all on one plan; and Grace-hill may give us some idea of Zeist.

“The settlement, or town, (as every collection of buildings, be they only mud hovels, is called in Ireland) stands on the side of a gently sloping hill, in an open healthy situation. The church, which is a handsome building, is near the top of the hill. On one side, is the house of the minister; on the other, the school-house.



Beyond this, on the right, is the dwelling-house for the single brethren : and answering to it, on the left, a similar one for the single sisters. These, together, form the principal front of a square, in the centre of which is the common garden and shrubbery, accessible to all the community. On the right of the square are some buildings terminated by the general shop ; and facing them similar houses, terminating in the inn, erected for the accommodation of visitors. Besides these dwellings, there are two streets of neat detached houses, each within its own fenced garden, the owners of which seemed to vie with each other in the beauty and neatness in which they kept them. These were the houses of the married brethren. The churchyard extends back from the church to the summit of the hill. It is planted with trees ; and all was uniformity, neatness, and decent beauty.

“ The plain flat tombstones were arranged in regular rows, those of the men and boys on the one hand ; of the women and girls on the other. It was a lovely evening ; and as we looked over the extensive landscape, beautiful in itself, and now gilded with the last rays of the sinking sun, and thought of the varied scenes we had passed through in our few days’ ramble, in strong contrast with this fair and peaceful settlement of the Moravians, we hoped that of the



virtues of cleanliness and good order, at least, they might be successful missionaries in Ireland.

“ My companion had an acquaintance among the single sisters ; and we were courteously received by sister Agnes, in her small but comfortably furnished room. No vows bind this sisterhood ; nor is any one looked upon with less esteem for wishing to quit the society. An asylum is here provided for the widows of ministers ; and single ladies sometimes, not of Moravian opinions, find shelter among them. Besides these settlements, (in which there is not, as generally believed, a community of property) the United Brethren have congregations in towns and villages, the members of which dwell among the other inhabitants.

“ The Moravians claim descent from the Vaudois or Waldenses. Of their peculiar doctrines, I need not give you an account. I believe that their mystical language has caused much misapprehension about them ; but, whatever they are, they have sent forth the most active and successful missionaries to the heathen and the negro. In the West Indies, especially in Antigua, they have numerous converts among the slaves : indeed, three-fourths of the blacks there are their disciples. They have had missions in Antigua since the year 1756.

“The consequent improvement of the slaves is very great: and when the act passed, for converting slavery in the British West Indies into apprenticeship, with a view of fitting the slaves gradually for free labourers, the merchants and planters of Antigua declared themselves ready to try immediate emancipation, and petitioned, and obtained permission to free their negroes at once. No opposition was made by the other islands; and the state of Antigua is confidently appealed to, by the advocates of immediate emancipation, as decisive in its favour;—as proving its safety and superiority in the abstract, however; not admitting that the more improved condition of the negroes in this island has anything to do with the favourable result of immediate freedom, as compared with the apprenticeship system.

“It is certain that the quantity of goods,—of the comforts and luxuries of life, exported to Antigua, is, at the time this is penned, increased four-fold, from the enlarged means and demands of the slaves; and if the freed slaves of the other islands are equally well conducted when the term of apprenticeship expires, Great Britain will soon be repaid the £20,000,000 she voted, as the price of their liberation.”

“I wish there were more Moravians,” said Godfrey,—“that there were none but Moravians

in the world : and then, I think, there would be no slaves to set free.”

Then Mr. Cavendish told his listening children of other good men, who were not Moravians ; but like them, full of love for all their brethren of the human race ;—of Clarkson and Wilberforce, and others who fought the good fight, and won it, in our own land ; and of those noble men and women, who are now bravely struggling in that powerful country full of the energy of youth, which will not long submit to wear the shackles the father-land has had vigour enough to throw off !

Miss Cavendish asked whether Frederick's-oord, to which she had heard Mr. Willært allude, was the settlement of any religious society.

“ The settlement of Frederick's-oord,” replied Mr. Cavendish, “ is an attempt to employ happily and beneficially the necessitous poor. It is a pauper colony ; and the most valuable thing undertaken of late years, by this humane and benevolent people ; and which their methodical and business-like habits are well calculated to bring to a successful issue.

“ There is nothing in this interesting country (for such it most surely is, notwithstanding all that wicked wit can find out, or invent to ridicule,) which I should more like to see : and I

should certainly have visited it, had I been alone, or it had been more within our reach.

“It is situated near Steenwyk; a town not far from the north-east shore of the Zuyder Zee, and a large proportion of it consists of heath-land, to which the spade system of agriculture is applied, with other matters of management and detail practised successfully in China; the principal peculiarity of which is the wise economy and use of manure. The Chinese system was brought here by General Vanden Bosch, who acquired it in Java of a Mandarin, an emigrant from the celestial empire, who settled near him.

“A pamphlet which the General published on his return to Holland attracted the notice of the king; and a society of twenty thousand individuals soon raised the funds necessary for trying this grand experiment. Prince Frederick, the second son of the king, became president for life; whence its name of Frederick's-oord; *oord* meaning district, or canton.

“A portion of land, about fourteen acres, was allotted, at an annual rent, to each of the fifty-two families at first located here; and the experience of a few years was so satisfactory, that the society was much enlarged, and the funds increased, by loans advanced by the king in his private capacity, the government, public corporations, and individuals, with the



view of settling more of the pauper poor here, and providing also for the orphan and the foundling.

“These loans were advanced in sums required for the outfit of three families. Two-thirds of this little group, as we may call it, were to consist of families of six persons each : the other third was to be a household of destitute children, under the care of a single woman, or a married couple without any of their own. The person subscribing the loan had the privilege of sending in the inhabitants of these three dwellings : and it was expected that the money would be repaid in yearly instalments by the successful industry of the colonists.

“The prosperity, and above all, the moral improvement of the colonists, have been most encouraging ; and (especially among the younger portion of them) the unwearied efforts of an active and pious clergy have been most valuable. Some years since, the colonists amounted to above six thousand, of whom about two thousand were orphans and foundlings.

“The great secret seems to be, the constant employment of all the colonists ; and this was effected under the zealous and intelligent superintendence of General Vanden Bosch, who maintained all the strictness of military discipline, and had under him a sub-director, a



quarter-master to every division of twenty-five, and a section-master to every division of twelve men. The section-masters are required to be practical agriculturists. Besides field labour with the spade and hoe, (the employment of the greater number,) the colonists make bricks, build houses and barns, and prepare lime for manure from shells. The women are occupied in spinning and weaving; and accounts of their earnings are carefully kept and paid to them; not in money, but in tickets; for which they receive what is due to them in food, or any articles they need, at the general store.

“ Similar colonies were set on foot in the southern provinces of the Netherlands, now the kingdom of Belgium; at Wortel near Antwerp; and at Bruges. Whether they are successful, or even continued under the new government, I do not know. Much of the success of Frederick's-oord, (as it ever is in the commencement of any great public good,) must be attributed to the intelligence and self-devotion of General Vanden Bosch. I believe he went back to India, as Governor of Batavia, some years ago, and is since dead. His place has been ably and zealously supplied by his brother, Colonel Vanden Bosch, under the direction of a committee at Amsterdam; and the habits of order and regularity, inherent in the Dutch, lead us to

hope that it will not decline with his strength, and drop with him into the grave.

“It is an experiment which deserves the attention of the wise and humane of all countries: of none more than of our own.”

## CHAPTER XXVII.

## UTRECHT TO NIMEGUEN.

MINNA almost shouted for joy at the first sight of the purple heath, which she had not seen before since she left England; and Godfrey would gladly have got out of the carriage to run races with the rabbits, which were even scampering across the road, and were looking up at him from under many a little mound, or from the edges of the young plantations of fir, or the oak coppice which bordered the road. The peculiar features of Holland were all left behind; and Minna and Godfrey thought the country was more like that they knew at home: but it was less amusing, less like an animated picture, than what they had lately passed through.

They reached the point about mid-day, at which the voiturier said he must rest, and bait

his horses. It was a lone country inn; and on entering it, Miss Cavendish thought it might be a good thing if they could be baited as well as the horses. It was pretty clear that there was here no extensive larder; but the word *brod*, be it Dutch or German, procured them some excellent bread and cheese and butter, hung beef, Seltzer water, good milk, and a large plate of such raspberries! they were both white, and red; and pronounced the very finest ever seen.

Our party dined luxuriously, and were charged two guilders, (equal to three shillings and fourpence of our money,) by their ancient landlady, a model of civility and neatness. Here they were to remain two hours; and Mr. Cavendish, taking Minna with him, set off to explore the country towards Arnheim, the road to which they were now soon to quit, for the banks of the river.

Miss Cavendish and Godfrey contented themselves with wandering near the little inn, and were accosted in French, by a young lady, who came out through a wicket gate, at the foot of a wooded hill. Perceiving they were strangers and travellers, she offered to retrace her steps, and conduct them through the shrubbery to the opening at the top of the hill.

The ascent was not steep, and there were seats for the weary, by the way-side. From the summit of the hill there was a good view of the surrounding level country, and of the road to Arnheim.

The young lady was from Amsterdam, and on a visit to a friend in this neighbourhood. She was intelligent, simple, and courteous, in her dress and address; and the time was passed in pleasant conversation, until Miss Cavendish found she must return to the inn, as the two hours had expired. Admiration of the city of Amsterdam on the one side, and especially of its Stadt-huis, was answered by inquiries about the public buildings in London, on the other. Of the Mansion-house, I am sorry to say, Aunt Ellen could give but little information; but of the greatest modern wonder of our vast city, and that about which our party found foreigners every where very desirous of information,—the Thames tunnel,—she could give a full account; having visited it just before it first fell in.

Once more on the road, our travellers came near the river—(that branch of it, which retains the name of the Rhine,) shortly before they reached Rheenen; and Minna and Godfrey were much puzzled to make out what it was



that was growing so abundantly around the small villages, or the lone farm-house, planted in square patches, and surrounded with hedges, Godfrey declared, of white scarlet-runners. Minna laughed; and Godfrey was half offended, because, he said, he could not tell why there should not be white scarlet-runners, as well as white lilac, which was common enough, every body knew. White runners, they certainly were, in full blossom, surrounding and dividing the small plantations of tobacco, which Mr. Cavendish told them was the plant they now saw for the first time, with the broad leaves, and the pink blossom which had puzzled them so much. They fancied they smelt it, when they learnt its name; and, as the wind was from that quarter, they were probably right.

A sandy road, full of deep ruts, brought them down to the side of the river, which they crossed, on what is called a *pont volant*, or flying bridge,—carriage, horses, and all driving into the ferry-boat, which is connected with a line of seven or eight other boats, the first of which is moored in the middle of the stream. These, all governed by the helm of the ferry-man, are floated across by the force of the current; and our party were soon landed on the opposite side.

They had now again to cross a wide, well cultivated plain, of some miles in extent, considerably below the level of the old Rhine they had left, and the Waal, to which they were going. The last few miles of their journey were traversed on the broad summit of a dyke which borders the Waal, and which rises above the roofs of the houses, and the tops of the well-covered apple-trees close beneath it.

Nimeguen is situated on the south bank of the Waal; and the carriage with its occupants again crossed on a flying bridge. It was a new thing, Godfrey thought, to wait for a bridge; but for this they had to wait so long, that the patience, at least of himself and of their driver, Dutchman as he was, was nearly exhausted. The ferry bell was rung again and again, in vain: and when, at last, the boat did come, it was gay with flags and streamers, and music was heard on board. Our driver had to draw back from his advanced position on the bridge of fixed boats which crosses part of the river, to allow of the landing of the carriages of the Prince of Orange, and his brother, Prince Frederick, with their suite. They had been, for some time, waiting with a portion of the troops of which Nimeguen was full, drawn up to receive the Queen of England, who had been

expected here to-day, on the road to her native Germany. It had been just ascertained that her arrival was delayed for a day; and the princes were proceeding to pass the evening at the house of a friend, on the north side of the river.

A bow greeted the English party as they passed : a crowd soon gathered ; and if cheers, huzzas, and waving hats mean any thing, the Princes of Holland were very popular in the neighbourhood of Nimeguen.

Whether the near proximity of royalty made double caution necessary, or the officers more scrupulous in the discharge of their duty; whether it was because Nimeguen was near the frontier, or that there was some slight informality in his passport, we cannot with any certainty decide : but Mr. Cavendish had no sooner quitted the carriage, than he was marched off half way up the town to the police-office, by the order of an officer, wearing the insignia of the iron cross at his button-hole. The carriage was kept waiting where it was, until his return. All was right; and our tired travellers were at length allowed to take quiet possession of tolerable accommodations at the Hôtel du Pays Bas. They could not be boasted of; but it might have been worse for them, had our

respected Queen Adelaide arrived at Nimeguen before them.

Minna and Godfrey were both weary, and gladly laid their heads on their pillows, and dreamed of the old castles and vineyards of the Rhine, on which they were to embark the next morning.

THE END.

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